

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

*Volodymyr Bilyk*  
**The Letter**

My dearest reader  
The one you will be reading is  
The Translation of the text,  
Chinese one or it's fake, no matter

It was printed  
Some time ago  
Then it was spoiled  
From my cup  
With tea, i guess  
But hope - it's Vine.

So letters blurred some way  
Became a kind of fog  
The Mirage  
(you know what kind of magic they do)

Just like it really was:  
Written on a bamboo stick  
Then thrown to the stream of Yangtze  
(you can imagine what happened to the glyphs in those streams)  
Caught by the stranger  
Wittened up and written by the another stranger  
Rewritten by the second one, another and another -  
And after all - left flowing in those webs  
Later to be caught

once more  
To be translated  
By the ignorant  
But with the dictionary  
Comparing glyphs  
For longest while

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

And giving up.

With instinct: «Time will construct»

So time let something

To be spoiled

To let the image in

And after all - it is here

Not really It, but Gin:

«Everything and every thing

I wish and want to

Write - then - cast

- the moment -

- the collected -

The song of tray-lay-la

And under seas

Descending and descending

Then

Ascenting and ascenting

So it goes slow - so it goes slow

Palms turn out

For bending

To the ding

The smoky ending - to the eye

Like round with round with round

- different colors every round

Like wheel in wheel in wheel

The mechanism - maybe -

Of time

(believe it)

Just turning

While the din goes on

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Descending and descending

Then

Ascenting and ascenting

With the breath thing

- Air»

So

In the eye

There is a dot

aND from it

There is a line

Already bended-curved

The sail - seen from the side

IS hardly appreciable

As The question mark

Which There is

It's after: «Where is it?»

The wind blows

To this sail

- Flow Forward, my friend.