



## 2020 Broadside Series

Poetry: All forms & styles

EVGENIA JEN BARANOVA









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## OX-EYE DAISIES

(TRANSLATED BY SERGEY GERASIMOV)

Ox-eye daisies live in me.  
Their white petals  
are transparent like the flight of dragonflies  
young Nabokov used to catch  
with a net of crêpe de Chine.  
Ox-eye daisies live in me.  
Their eyes  
look like medlars  
licked by the tongue  
of a stray rain.  
Ox-eye daisies live in me,  
they and the aroma  
of the hot earth  
you can pick up and smell  
but can't take anywhere with you.  
There's so much room in my soul,  
so much space for everyone  
who'd like to drop in,  
Is it because you don't live in it?

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celebrating the 2019 publication of Lind's poem and Pott's photograph.

**About the writer:**

Evgenia Jen Baranova is an author from Russia. Her most recent poems have appeared POETRY NORTHWEST, THE RAW ART REVIEW, PERSEPHONE'S DAUGHTERS, PANOPLYZINE, TRANSCEND: A LITERARY MAGAZINE, TRIGGERFISH CRITICAL REVIEW.

**About the translator:**

Sergey Gerasimov lives in Kharkiv, Ukraine. His writings span the gamut from philosophical poetry to surrealism and tongue-in-cheek fantasy. His stories have appeared in ADBUSTERS, CLARKESWORLD MAGAZINE, STRANGE HORIZONS, and other venues. Also, he is the author of several novels and more than a hundred short stories published mostly in Russian. He is a well-recognized translator of Russian poetry and prose.

**Image:** [THE GIRL IN A GOLD KOKOSHNIK](#) by [Anvar Saifutdinov \(1963-\)](#). Watercolor and gouache on paper. 30 x 40 cm. 2015. **By free license.**

**Original text in Russian:**

**Ромашки**

Во мне живут ромашки. Белый лист  
прозрачен, как движенья стрекозы,  
которую Набоков-гимназист  
всё ловит кредешиновым сачком.

Во мне живут ромашки. Их глаза  
напоминают цветом мушмулу,  
которую успеет облизать  
дворняга-дождь шершавым языком.

Во мне живут ромашки (турмалин,  
румыны, Ромул, Рим) и аромат  
горячей горки собранной земли...  
Неважно, что с собой не унесёшь.

В моей душе так много (чур-чур-чуть),  
почти что жарко, вроде бы простор  
для каждого, кто хочет заглянуть.  
Не потому ль, что ты в ней не живёшь?

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