

## ANNA DENEJKINA

### Find the Woods

The air was cold, and I was spinning with a basket in my hand,  
Head tilted back in a chorus of mist and leaves,  
And my skirt circled and air passed through the fingers of a palm opened,  
Spinning on and on until the trees and leaves and the brown seemed to be a white room  
surrounding me;  
Binding me;  
In its centre, of the never-ending white on white on white,  
The disorientation pounded my head,  
Like the time I was lost at a fair in Yalta:  
Spinning around and around glued to that one point in the concrete,  
Trying to catch a glimpse of the familial beyond my purple sunglasses masking red eyes.  
And so the forest was a white room,  
And each side and sight identical to the last,  
And I had finally figured out how people became lost in the summerwoods in the East of  
Europe,  
And found limp and peaceful only meters from the road and their car that stood on that road:  
The final safety to take them home was cloaked in a plume of white on white on white,  
I have not stepped into that forest fifteen years now,  
But its white room comes back every once in a while,  
Catches me in its centre every once in a while,  
And I am still hoping to make it to the side of the road before the whiteness suffocates me,  
Before it seeps inside that place in my mind,  
Except, it feels like it's coming from the inside.