

The Child's Breast in the Violin

Mykhailo Yatskiv

The musician was tuning his violin, and the soft cry of a child was awakening within it. The child was sitting on bedsheets, the sorrows of the violin embraced the forest's murmur, the wind's shrieking in the middle of the night, and his mother's thoughts.

In the house there was drinking, singing, and dancing.

Curly-haired heads, sweaty faces and wide, homespun sleeves flashed before the child's eyes and, together with the singing and the stomping of dancing feet, melded together into a single large circle, spinning as in a dream while the violin took charge over all the wonder.

Mother rested her head on her hand and smiled, as if crying.

One of the strangers led her into the company, and the child became uneasy. She joined the dancing circle, and the child became frightened. He calls for his mother, first quietly and then louder, but she does not hear him, does not see him; she just keeps running in the circle with the others, laughing as if crying, tearing at the child's heart.

He cannot look at this anymore and cries, shrieking at the top of his lungs, but no one hears him, because his cry is in the violin.

Translated by Mark Andryczyk

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