

## IN ABUNDANCE

I am who I am.  
A coincidence as inscrutable  
as any other.

Other ancestors  
might have been mine, after all,  
then from some other nest  
I would have flown,  
from some other stump  
I would have crawled in my shell.

In nature's wardrobe  
there are many costumes—  
spider, seagull, field mouse.  
Each fits like a glove from the get-go  
and is loyally worn  
until it wears out.

I, too, had no choice,  
but I can't complain.  
I could have been someone  
much less singular.  
Someone from a school of fish,  
from an anthill, from a buzzing swarm,  
a piece of landscape thrashed by wind.

Someone much less lucky,  
bred for fur  
or for a holiday meal,  
something swimming under a cover glass.

A tree stuck in the earth,  
with a fire approaching.

A blade of grass trampled by a run  
of incomprehensible events.

One born under a dark cloud  
whose lining gleams for others.

But what if I had awakened fear in people,  
or merely revulsion,  
or merely pity?

If I hadn't been born  
into the right tribe and  
paths closed before me?

Fate has proved  
benevolent so far.

The memory of good moments  
might not have been granted me.

A penchant for comparisons  
might have been withheld from me.

I might have been myself—though without the wonder,  
but that would have meant  
being someone else.

Translated by Joanna Trzeciak