
Daria Ivanova

Stumbling. Tripping.
Hobbling. Reeling.
Falling. Standing up.
Repeating all this crap.
That's how you write
When your language is not right.
I am the crazy professor,
And English is my Frankenstein.
You are, of course, a strict assessor
To correct everything you are taught very fine
My stitched. Folded. Glued creature
Tries to walk and imitate the human nature
All people around him scream and run away
Don't worry, my child, don't be ashamed to sway

One day I believe
One day I'm sure
It would not be so stiff
You will go through a cure
The ticking of clocks will align superficial
And people will forget that you're artificial.