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*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.