
Ana Doina

End of a century

Soon enough we will end counting this 19hundreds;
a collection of wars, ideals,
endurance, bravery and slaughter.

A new century fogs its way here, benignly,
and we skeptically bow
facing this increased numeral, as if
infinity is the end of our journey, as if
infinity has anything more to add.

Wars? There will be more.
We haven't wounded ourselves enough.
On our quest for perfect destruction
armourists were fused in atom baths
and cynicism took over dreams
for a better world.

Some of us will naturally fade into dust,
while others
will end up being
museum pieces. And really,
what else could be a more desirable
awe?