

Send to Postal Code: 184209

Alexandra Kluger

I am from naked birch trees,
that blend in with the gray skies seamlessly.

I am from the snow that blankets the ground
and chills the air with each breath,

from a small town that lives within the
Arctic Circle, hidden, not known of.

I am from borscht that simmers the back
of your throat as you sip, sip, sip on it—

hoping to not burn the roof of
your mouth or tip of your tongue.

I am from strange looking letters; mainly
symbols because “letters” are unrecognizable.

I am from pointe shoes that leave scarring,
bright red blisters and pink tutus that cinch

the tiniest waists and float effortlessly
as the twirls make us dizzy.

I am from the vodka that burns your throat,
tingles your tastebuds, causing them to dance

freely yet ever so painfully...
too much of me and you won't remember.

I am from Matryoshka's,
they unstack, stack, unstack, stack...

I am from Orthodoxy, beautiful, elegant,
modest, white baptismal robes.

I am from the brown bears that prowl
and hunt; resilient and preserving.

I am from Tchaikovsky, Swan Lake.
Layers of traditionalism.

I am from the red, blue, white
horizontal striped flag in Apatity, Russia.