

## Goran Simic

### A simple explanation

I am a plum. And you are an apple.  
For a long time we've been lying in the same basket  
made of dead branches.  
And together we are fragrant with the scents  
we lend to each other.  
Only we can tell which belongs to whom.

I have nightmares that some day I'll wake up  
and only your scent will remain,  
the one I bear in me.

Therefore,  
when I start bothering you, please,  
do not persuade the pear to turn its  
spoilt back on me.  
It will force me upward in the basket.  
Bear in mind  
that the hand that reaches for fruit  
sometimes doesn't think of taste.  
Wait until I shrivel  
because I will shrivel with the scent  
that remains after you.

Please.