

Anthology of Translations

Ksey_Gan



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To my famely members

Acknowledgement

These are my attempts in English poetry

About the author

I am Ukrainian, was born at 11/08/1942;.

Immigrated US at 1990, worked , now retire. Most of
my poems on Ukrainian and Russian

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A.Pushkin. Mozart and Salieri

The first monologue Salieri

All people say: no justice on the Earth,
But justice's nope above it. For me
It sounds clearly as a simple scale is.
I was the in-birth art amateur;
Still only a child, when the high organ
Resounded in our ancient chapel,
I listened and reveled so stealthily ? My tears
Streamed unwittingly sweetly...

I early flung of vacuous amusements;
I hated Sciences distant from the music.
I renounced them and surrendered
Only music. Such difficult t'first step is
And the first way is boring. I overcame
Then early adversity. Handicraft
Was laid down as pedestal for artistry;
I turned myself a handicraftsman. My fingers
Obediently run flatly. My hearing
For music has been honed. Killing all sounds,
I then dissected music like a corpse.
I studied harmony with algebra! And then
Already dared, sophisticated in the science,
I indulged self into the bliss of an invented dream.
I started to create; but secretly in silence,
Not daring yet to think about glory.
Often, confined myself into a silent cell
For two, three days, forgetting sleep and satiety,
Having delight and tears of inspiration,
I burned off my creation and looked insensibly
As my idea and sound, whom I gave birth,
Replace themselves with light smoky flame.

What do I say? When such a greatest Gluck
Appeared and revealed new secrets to all us
(Profound, deep, enchanting secrets)
Would I abandoned everything I knew before,
What loved so much, what I believed so fervently,
And would not me cheerfully follow him
Resignedly like one who was deluded
And sent him straightly the back directions?

By strong and very tense constancy
I am finally in the art sans bounds
Has reached lofty degree. And the Glory
Gave me its smile. I was in hearts of people.
I found full consonance with all my creatures.
I was happy: I enjoyed myself such calmly
By own work, success, and deserved glory; also
Frankly by the efforts and successes of truly friends,
My comrades in the marvelous crafting.
Not! Never I possessed a spiteful envy.
Oh, never, never!- even when Piccini
Did know how to captivate the ears of wild Parisians,
Even when I heard for the first time
Iphigenia opera's the initial sad sounds.

Who will tell that proud Salieri is
Someday an despicable envious
Snake, trampled by the people, all its life gnawing
Pebbles and dry dust such impotently?
Nobody! .. And now - I myself could say -
I am now envious. I envy deep,
I am painfully jealous. - Oh, heaven!
Where is the righteousness, when a sacred gift,
When an immortal genius not as a reward
For fervent love, precision dedication
Labor, diligence, prayers sent -
But illumines the head of a madman,

Idle reveler?.. Gee! Mozart, Mozart!

Mozart shows Salieri a sketch

(Mozart comes in)

Okey! You have caught all!

However, I would like

To regale you with a sudden little jest.

Salieri

You here! - How long?

Mozart

Just now. Going to you

I took with me something to show live you .

But when walking past the inn house, heard

The violin just played ... No, my friend, Salieri!

Thou have not listened anything more funny in your whole life ...

The sightless violinist in tavern

Performed 'voi che sapete'. Nicely!

Eagerly I brought the violinist here

Immediately introduce you to his art.

Enter!

(The old blind man brings a fiddle)

A piece of Mozart, please!

(The old man performs Don Giovanni's aria,

Mozart burst into laughter)

Salieri

How can you laugh for that?

Mozart

Ah, Salieri!

In deed are you not laughing loud?

Salieri

No.

I'm not in fun when an unworthy painter
In front of me gloss over Raphael's Madonna,
I'm not in fun when a paltry buffoon
Makes shame to Alighieri by burlesque.
I'm not in fun.

Mozart

You Salieri

Out of sorts now. I will see you
Another time.

Salieri

What did you offer me?

Mozart

So-so; bagatelles. The other night
My insomnia tormented very badly,
And two, three thinks appears at my think-tank.
Today I wrote them down. I wished
To hear your point of view; but now
You are not up to me.

Salieri

Ugh! Mozart, Mozart!

When am I not up to you? Sit down;
I'm listening to.

Mozart (at the piano)

Imagine you ... whom would?
Well, even me being a bit younger;
Enamoured - not too much, a little -
With pretty, or with sidekick - even you,
I'm funny ...Bang: a sepulchral apparition,
A sudden gloom or something like that ...
Well, listen now.
(Plays)

Salieri

 You went to me with this
And could stand still beside the inn house
And listen to a sightless fiddler! - Jesus!
You, Mozart, really are not worth of you.

Mozart

Or is it so good?

Salieri

 What such profoundness,
What daring courage and what such grace subtle !
Mozart, you're god, and you yourself do not know that;
Me know, me.

Mozart

 Bah! right? may it be...
But my divinity wants to eat badly.

Salieri

Listen: we'll dine together
In famous Golden Lion tavern.

Mozart

 Possible;
I'm glad. But let me go home and say
To wife and children at the dinner
Not to expect me.
(Went out)

Salieri

 Expect you; look then.
Monologue Salieri with poison in his hand

Not! Not! I can not anymore counter

To my destiny: So I is chosen
To bring him to a stop or we will perish,
All sacrificers, ministers of music,
Not only me with my indistinct glory...
Would it be useful Mozart was alive
And reached more new superlatives?
Will he uplift art by that? Alas, nix;
It will fall down after his disappearing.
He will not leave his heir to all us.
What for is he? A real cherubin
He gave us several songs of Eden,
And to, awakening wingless such desire
In us, offsprings of dust, finally fly away!
So fly away you! Sooner is the better.

(Salieri takes out a rosary)
This poison is the gift from lost Izora
I'm keeping it for eighteen years with me -
And often after that I thought my life was
As a painful wound, oft I was sitting
At a thoughtless opponent table.
And never, never I listened whisper
Of seductions, though I'm not timid.
Although I perceive resentment profoundly,
Though I don't love a life. Was hesitating I.
Desire for death excruciates my soul!
Why should I die? I believed in life
Which bring me its presents unexpected;
May be exaltation will visit me,
A creativity night of inspiration;
May be the new Hayden will create
The sublime - and I will enjoy it ...

When I caroused with a guest, by me hated,
Perhaps, I thought, I'd find more unkind
foe; maybe the even worst obloquy

From the haughty heights would broke down on me.
Then you will not be lost, gift of Isora.
And I was right! I found in final
My enemy and the new Hayden
Ravished me marvelously with delight!
Now - it's time! The sacred gift of love
Transfer yourself into the friendship gablet!
Salieri poisons Mozart
(A privet cabinet at an inn. There are Mozart and Salieri at the table)

Salieri
Why are you despondent today?

Mozart

Me? No!

Salieri
You, Mozart, probably are sad about?
Lunch is so tasty, wine is wonderful.
But you are wordless angry such.

Mozart

I confide,

My Requiem perturb me badly.

Salieri

Yeah!

Are you writing Requiem? Whenever?

Mozart

Long ago, about three weeks. But case strange...
Did I not tell you yet?

Salieri

Nay.

Mozart

Some three weeks before, I came home
Quite late and I was told that visitor
Looking for me. Why - I don't know.
At night I discoursed, what would he be,
And was a deal between of us? At morrow he
Came again, but did not catch me.
Right the third day I was toying on the floor
With my dear sonny. They called me out;
I went out: A man in black camisole,
Civilly bowing down, asked to write
The Requiem and disappeared. I sat at once
To start my writing - and since that time
My man in black was not looking for me.
And I am glad: it would be pitty to stop
My writings though my Requiem almost
Finished.. I by the way ...

Salieri

What?

Mozart

Still small voice of confession ...

Salieri

About?

Mozart

My man in black disturbs me badly
Day and night. He's running after me
Far and wide. And really even now,
I believe, he's sitting close to us
As t'third.

Salieri

Enough, friend! what is this childish fearing!

Drive away an empty thought. Beaumarchais
Was telling often: "Listen, friend Saliari, ,
If darkness thoughts will visit you,
Uncork a bottle of Champaign wine
Or read again "The Wedding Figaro""

Mozart

Yes! Beaumarchais was your close acquaintance;
You wrote a music to his play "Terar"
And did goodly. There is a special tune...
I often croon it in time happyness...
La la la la... Ah, is it truly story
That Beaumarchais did poison somebody?

Salieri

Do not think so: he was too much absurd
For such handicraft profession.

Mozart

He is genius,

As you and I. So Genius and villainy
Two things are incompatible ... Is it not true?

Salieri

D'you think so?
(Throws poison into Mozart's glass.)
Well, drink it.

Mozart

I drink your

Good health my friend, for a frank union,
That connects and Mozart, and Salieri,
Two faithful sons of consonances.

(Drinks.)

Salieri

Hold on,

Hold! Hold!..You drank ... without me...

Mozart introduces Salieri his Requiem

Mozart

(throwing a napkin on the table)

Enough, I'm well-fed.

(Goes to the piano.)

So Listen then Salieri,

My Requiem.

(Plays.)

Are crying?

Salieri

I a sudden

Pour this water salt: and painful and such nicely,

As if i paid a gargantuan debt,

As if a knife of surgeons excinded

My suffer flesh! Friend Mozart, salty water...

Do not mention. Keep on hurrying

To pour sounds in my soul a gainly...

Mozart

If only everyone so felt the impact vividly

Of garmony! No way: then mankind

Could not be subsisted; no one would

Think about low necessities life of;

Everyone would devote themselves to free pure art.

There are few dedicated lucky people idle,

Neglecting despicable benefits and

Superlative beauty only Priests.

Isn't that true? But now I'm sickence fill,
Something is squab inside; let me go sleep.
Farewell!

Salieri

See you.

(Alone

Fall asleep

For ever, Mozart! But is he really just,
And I'm not a genius? Genius and scoundrelism
Are very incompatible things... Falsehood :
And Buonarotti?.. Or it is a fairy tale
From wanton goofy ?rowd - and really
Vatican creator is not a slayer.

Alexander Blok In the restaurant

I will never forget , if it was, or it was not,
Such an evening : by the fire of dawn above
The pale sky is burnt and practically parted,
And at the yellow day break - bright lanterns.

By the window I set at a crowded big hall,
Somewhere bows were singing about true love.
I sent-fetched you a black rose in a wineglass
With some golden as the heaven, ai.

You took glance. I accepted bashfully and boldness
Arrogant gaze and bowed you back.
You accosting your mate, markedly harshly
Remarked : "See, and this one is in love."

Now instant came sound of the strings too much loud;
Bows sang so sensually and sharp;
But you were then with me with all youth disdain only,
Hardly notable tremoring hand ...

You rushed by with the gest of the bird, which is frightened;
You passed by like my delicate dream ...
And the perfume exhaled, and eyelashes was blinking
And anxiety whispered in silks.

But from the depths of the mirrors you threw me your gaze then,
And you shouted: "Just Catch!.."throwing it.
A monisto was jingling, the gypsy was dancing
And she caroled the dawn of love.

Bird Catcher after Eduard Bagritsky

It is hard for the bird catcher
Learn about habits of birds,
Keep in mind migration due date,
Various whistle imitate.

But staggering along the roads,
Sleeping under stranger fences,
Didel's cheerful, Didel's able
Sing gay songs, catch any birds.

In elderberry, raw and round,
Nightingales struck with a pipe loud,
On the pine tree titmouses gingle,
On the birch, the chaffinch beats.

Defty Didel then pulls out
From his own reserved knapsack
Three decoys - for each bird special
He gives out it's decoy.

Blows into elderflower decoy,
And the elderberry calls back him.
From the elderberry cover
The nightingale promptly answers.

He blows into a pine decoy,
And the pine decoy is back whistling -
On the pine titmouses'r responding
And skuttering like the bells.

And pulls out our Didel
From his own reserved knapsack

His own lightest, most sonorous
His favorite birch decoy.

He will gently check the all frets,
Will blow through the sweetly channel, -
Birch with very loud voice then
Will sing, accompanying.

Hearing distinctly this voice, the
Voice of a tree and of a bird shout,
On alone roadside birch clearly i
Chaffinch thunders in response.

Near the country road spacious,
Where the carts has been calmed down,
Near a pond covered with duckweed,
Didel laid out all his nets.

And before him, green below,
Blue and dark blue on top above
The world rises like an immense bird huge:
Which is whistling, clicking, rings.

So goes the very cheerful Didel
With a stick, a bird and a knapsack
Through the Harz, overgrown with forests,
Near the banks of the stately Rhine.

By Thuringia with oak trees,
By Saxongia with pine trees,
By Westphalia with elderberry,
By Bavaria with beers.

Martha, Martha, no need crying,
If Didel walks in the field vastness,
If your Didel whistles the birds there,

And gives smiles off and on.

Ivan Bunin. Loneliness

And the wind, and the rain, and the haze
Over a chilliness water desert.
Here life had got died until spring,
till spring gardens became desolate
I'm alone at the camp. It is gloom
Near the easel, and sense window draft.

Last day you were present at me,
But you felt only sadness with me.
At a rainy day the evening
It was seemed you are really my wife
So, adieu! Any how till spring
I'll live lonely - at all chastely.

The same clouds are going today
Endlessly - like the wave after wave.
Your trace in the rain by the porch
Washed out by water at all.
And it hurts me to look such alone
Into grey impenetrable gloom.

I wanted to shout after you:
"Come back home, I got used to your face!"
There's no past for the woman, alas:
The love end makes you stranger to her.
I will light the fireplace, I'll take load...
Would be nice to purchase me a dog.

Last Sunday after Z. Friedwald From Polish

1

It's not the time to look for excuses.
The fact that it's over.
Now a stranger appeared, who richer
And better than me.
He stole my happiness with you.

I have one request, maybe the last one,
The first in many years:
Give me that only one Sunday,
Only old Sunday.
Then let all the world collapse.

Refrain

It's last happiness Sunday.
We will part after over,
We will part ways to-morrow
For eternity.
It's last happiness Sunday
So don't pity for me more
Look at me tenderly, implore,
Hide your pity.

You will have enough of happy Sundays.
What will happen then to me - who knows.

It's last happiness Sunday
So don't pity for me more
Look at me tenderly, implore,
Hide your pity.

You will have enough of happy Sundays.

What will happen then to me - who knows.

It is last happy Sunday.

All my dream desepiered

Happiness so desired

It's over goes.

On the railway after Aleksandr Blok

To Maria Pavlovna Ivanova

Under the mound, in the feral ditch
Lies and looks on, as if she's alive,
In a colored scarf, thrown on braids just.
She's beautiful and overly young.

Used to she walked with a dignified gait
To hear t'noise and whistle from the nearby forest.
Bypassing slowly the whole long platform,
She waited, worried, near an overhang.

Three bright eyes were approaching speedily -
Tenderer blush, and more twisted curl:
Perhaps one of the many travelers'll
Take a closer look from the windows...

The coaches were moving their chain,
They were trembling, creaking loudly.
The yellow and blue were taciturn.
In green then somebody wept and sang

Sleepy faces were behind the dark glass.
They looked around with even glance:
Long platform, garden with faded bushes,
Her, the gendarme next to her figure ...

Just once a hussar, with a careless hand,
Leaning on the bright scarlet velvet,
Glanced over her with such a gentle smile,
Glanced - and the train rushed into distance.

So rushed her useless youth from day to day.
In empty dreams, exhausted , suffered.
Depression of iron rails of the railway
Was whistling, breaking the girl's soul .

Yes, the heart's been taken for a long time!
So many salutes have been given.
So many greedy glances were thrown
Into the empty eyes of the cars .

Don't ever approach with any questions.
You don't care, but she has had enough:
By love, dirtiness or heavyweight wheels.
She's cruelly crushed - everything hurts.

The jail.

For trying some sort I was called to the court,
Bringing there all my pledges and reasons.
But because of my age they objected my pledge.
Finally I was sentenced to prison.

At the in nightmarish jail in a tiny dark cell
Every evening I dream, how soon to be free.
But at last I am free, I unfortunately see:
It was better to live in the jail.

The Tale of Solid Gold Cockerel after A.Pushkin

1

Someplace at thrice ninth the kingdom,
At trice tenth the state of vastness,
Once there lived nice king Dadon,
From young ages he was fearsome,

And to neighbours every while he
Applied detriment so bravely.
But with old age he desired
Take a break from martial deeds

And repose himself finally.
Now neighbours started assaulting
The old tired languorous king,
Doing terrible harm to him.

To protect from attacks promptly
All the ends of his possessions
He had to constantly keep
A large number of armies.

The governors did not doze off,
But they did not manage problems:
They're waiting from the South -
An army climbs from the East.

They will do it there - dashing guests
Comes from the sea. Out of anger
Even king Dadon had wept,
Even he forgot to sleep.

How to live at such anxiety?

So he asked for help urgently
The sapient, who lived far,
Astrologer and eunuch.

Sent the messenger with greeting.
So, the sage before Dadon face
Took from his mystery bag.
Purely golden cockerel.

"Put this little bird instantly,-
He said the king,- on the long spire;
My gold cockerel from now on
Will be your faithful watchman.

If the peace is just around,
He will sit without motion.
But if only from the side
War's expected suddenly,

Or hordes raid ferocious,
Or another your misfortune,
Instantly my cockerel
Will raise up his red cockscomb,

Will get scream and will get starting ,
Will turn straight in that direction".
The king thanks the wise eunuch,
Piles of gold promising him.

"Then for such a good favour,-
He proclaimed in admiration,-
Your first any requirement
I will do as for myself!"

Cockerel from a high spire
Started guarding every borders.

Barely danger visible,
Faithful guard, as from a dream,

Will get scream and will get starting ,
Will turn straight in that direction,
And shouts: "Cock-A-Doodle-Doo!
Reign you, lying on your side!"

And the neighbors all subdued:
They no longer dared just fighting.
Thus to them victor Dadon
Gave a rebuff from all sides.

2

A year or two passed quietly
The cockerel sat so calmly.
Suddenly once King Dadon
Was awakened by a noise.

"You are our king - the father",-
Governor, proclaiming, shouts,-
"Sir, wake up, trouble news now! -
"What's the matter, gentlemen?" -

Says Dadon, yawning plangently,-
"Or is there a problem urgent?"
Warlord loudly exclaims:
"Cockerel is crowing again!

Fear and noise throughout people!"
The king watched - indeed on the spire
Cockerel struggles furious,
Points direction to the East.

There is nothing to delay for!
People, horses be livelier!

The king sends a troop to East,
Elder son leads detachment.

Cockerel calmed down shortly.
The noise vanished, the king's sleeping.
It's been eight days already
But no news from the army.

Was, or was no any battle -
Dadon had no information.
Cockerel calls again.
The king calls for an army.

He does now the son younger
Send to rescue of the older.
The cockerel's quiet again,
But there is no news from them.

Eight days pass again in vainness,
People spend their days in fearness.
Cockerel calls out again.
The king the third army gains

(version
Eight days stretch gloomily again;
People in dismay pass the days.
Cockerel crows as before -
The king gathers the third troop)

And leads it to the east straightly,
But not seeing any use there,
Troops march day, and they march night;
They feel like exhausted worn.

Neither battlefield, nor encampment,
Nor a mound over soldiers

King Dadon does still not meet.
"What a miracle?" he ponders.

3

This is the eighth day already,
The king's army goes to highlands.
And beside wide mountain
He sees clearly a silk tent.

All in silence mysterious
Near the tent; in a tight ravine
The deceased warriors lay.
King Dadon aspires the tent...

What's a frightening appearance:
Before him are his two children
Helmet-less and armor-less
Both are dead, as real death.

Theirs swords plunged in both bodies,
Their horses roam at meadow,
On trampled down sorrowful grass,
Where ants crawl on the blood.

The king howled: "Oh, children, children!
Woe is me! caught in the mantrap
Both of our dear falcons!
Woe! My death has truly come!"

Everyone howled as Dadon did ,
Moaned with a heavy groan
Lowland, the heart of mount
Shocked. But suddenly a tent

Widely open... and the maiden
Shamakhn queen resplendent,

Brightly shining like sunrise,
Quietly met the mighty king.

Like a night bird before sunshine,
He shut up, to her eyes staring,
And forgot in front of her
Death of both precious sons.

And she is in front of Dadon
Smiled - and with an polite bow
Tight kept him by the both hands,
Quickly took him to her tent.

There she put him at the wide table
And fed him especially tasty,
Offered him to laid for rest
On a brocade cosy bed.

Afterwards, exactly all week,
Obeying her absolutely,
Bewitched deeply, enraptured
Dadon feasted there at her.

Finally, it's time to go back
With his military power,
And with a young girl as prey
The king's going backward home.

A rumor ran before his stepping
And declared the fact and fiction.
Under City, near the gate,
The folk greeted them with noise.
(Or The people roared towards them)

Everyone escorts the chariot,
With Dadon and with the young queen.

Dadon welcomes everyone...
At once he see at the crowds

In a Sarachin white turban
With hair like the swan grey feathers
His old friend, the wise eunuch.
"Ah, hello, my father dear,-

The king spoke,- "What are you saying?
Closer come! What do you order?".
"King!- The sage speaks him quiet back,
Let's get over with at last.

Do remember? For my service
Promised me as to your sidekick
My first every kind volition
You would do as yours it's one.

Give me a girl, mighty king here,
Shamakhn the queen, which fairly".
The king was so much surprised.
"Silly request",- He replied.

"Or the demon was into you,
Or you are a crazy psycho.
What is in your empty head?
Yes, I promised you, of course ,

But, everything has a limit,
And why do you want a girl, chap?
Do you know who am I?
Beg from me your any wish:

Though the wealth, though boyar's power
Even a horse from the royal stable,
At least half of my kingdom!"

"I want nothing in exchange.

Give me a girl, I crave so hardly,
Queen of Shamakhan solely",-
The sage's speaking in return.
The king spat: "So dashing: no!

You will get for never nothing,
Sinner, you yourself tormenting.
Get out of here alive still!
Pull the old man right away!"

The old man wanted to argue,
But it's hard quarrel to unashamed:
The king slammed him royal rod
On the brow; he fell down,

His spirit was gone. ? All city
Shivered, and the girl however -
Hee-hee-hee! and hahaha!
Of sin faithless not afraid.

The king was severely alarmed,
Nonetheless smiled at her sweetly.
He enters the city place.
Suddenly there was a voice,

And in eyes of the whole City
Cockerel flew off the needle,
Flew to the chariot direct,
Landed the king's sinciput,

Startled, pecked at the head then
And soared, simultaneously
Dadon fell from the chariot,
Gasped once and passed away.

And the queen suddenly vanished,
Like she hasn't never happened.
Fable lies, hiding a hint,
Certain have some lesson here.

To the Fellow (Fragments) after Sam Gudzenko

When they send clerk into the fire strike,
nobody brings deceased men information,
that why about marvel resurrection
the people tell veracily pure truth like.

And missing soldiers, overcoming gates,
by dawn all returns to t'regiments,
memorising memorable dates
of their deaths, fraternal funerals case.

But I could not refer to such occasions:
you'r in the forest, you'r not really dead,
because you died near Moscow close approaches,
when young cadets were thrown into gap.

Lonely bagpiper by Boris Mokrousov

Everything froze again until dawn,
Doors do not creak, the fire does not flash.
One can hear on the street beside somewhere
The bagpipe wanders gently alone.

It will go to the fields, beyond the gate,
It will come back again and again.
As if looking for someone in the darkness,
Having little reliance to find.

The night coolness from the field is so blowing,
Petals fly from the apple thick trees;
You admit who you need sure enough now,
Let you say to us, a young bagpiperist .

Maybe your joy isn't far absolutely,
But she does not know, you're waiting for her;
Why you wander all night alone always
Why don't you let the girls fall asleep...

The Will after M. Lermontov

Alone with you my brother dear

I would be stay for more; So little as they confidently say, I may to live at world. You will go home and very soon: Look... What? No one will give a care, Let us tell the painful truth, About my unfortunate fate. And if someone asks you by a chance... Whoever, well, asked you, Tell them, that into my poor chest I's wounded by a bullet through, That I died honestly for the king, That our doctors are bad thing. And to the own land I Sent my the last goodbye. My father-mother are hardly Both keeping still alive... It would be pity, I admit, To make all them too sad; But if one is still alive of them Tell that I'm lazy letters write, The troop's sent on a raid, And let them not expect me

They have a neighbor closely there

Do you remember, long ago

We separated!.. anyway

About me she will not ask...

You tell to her the whole my truth,

Do not pay pity to a flighty heart;

Just let her cry and cry -

For her it's never mind...

The riot at Vatican after Conte A.K.Tolstoy

The castratoes raised the mutin: Entered Papa's privet chambers: "Why are we not married, Father, How're we to blame for?" Papa says to them so strictly: "Is here realy synagogue? Whether you afraid of God our ? Get away from the threshold!»

Those to him: "You are all right, Sir!

You live in a pleasant coolness.

But we are very disappointed

We are too envious, Sir.

You live absolutely freely,

Maybe, you chafed there calluses,

Why is that not same thing ever

In our bitter fortune?"

Papa tells them: "Faithful Children!

You ought be always foreseeing:

Losing these necessary pieces,

You have to be patient!

I get pity for your lostness

And, perhaps, in the amends

I will order from the best wool

Insert to you patches!"

Those to him: "What's need the wool for?

It's good only for a bathrobe!

Not petaled soft but hard steadfastly

Object, which we need so!»

Papa : "I will give a place in Eden,

Beauty bride for every injured,
Two pounds of dough per month extra
Judge: the weight is something!

Those to him: "What are in the dough,
Whether it be two hundred pounds,
You can't make the such implement

For your bride be happy!"

"Oh, bad stuck has been arriving, -
Papa cried from the pedestal so, -
If a thing fell from the cart one fine day,
So write down: gone!

This good thing, - added them Papa
Get lost even from Priapus,
There is no such Aesculapius,
That is not a straw hat!

And what are you really wanting?
Would you live in my own chapel,
With the padre Antonelli,

Singing yours cantatas!

"No, - was all castratoes answer, -
Pius, the bad sort of ninth you,
We already hoarse completely

Singing these cantatas!!

Would not you shaw yours Miracle,
Singing "Casta diva" to us?
Only not rude, but high squeaky,
Subtly especially!"

Papa got so scared: "Oh, Children,
Why should I sing now thinly?
And how can I grasp by now
Silly these suggestions?"

Those to him: "The science is simple -
And in this we guarantee you:
Cut just once, and the whole thing is here -

Here the razor! Come on!"

Papa thinks: "It would be like, as
It wouldn't even be in fashion:
To be swank as the middle gender».
Sent for De Merode.

De Merode in the mean time
Prepared fight the neighbour king to,
Trained under the picturesque mountain
Papal brave infantry:

Foot-soldiers in the silk cassocks there,
Their knapsacks are made of pig skins
And filled with fir cones so fully,
Them in purple stockings.

Venerati runs up promptly
"You'd, - he shouts, - not care regiment!
There castratoes want, quite inopportunately,

Emasculate Papa!"

Tempered in military formation,
De Merode doubled over,
Seeing it's so bad occasion,

Says: "What is it, comrade?"

The trumpets immediately blew there,
A fierce heat flared up in the army,
So everyone looks, to whom would

Give a hard butt in the teeth.

De Merode, in a tricorn,
In the cassock just from tailor
Them all led in his one-wheeler

To the room of Papa.

Only soldiers came into there,
The castratoes got scared every.
They say: "We are to blame now,
Will sing you pay-less"!

Sacred Papa on the freedom,
And he cares about the people,
To castratoes De Merode
Says something like follow:

"Wait, you creepy frigging villains!
I will hang every for penis."
Daddy said there, blushing slightly:
"You must all be smarter!"

(Ladies option:

"Everyone who was involved in rebellion,
Would deserve to be height hanged!"
Daddy said, completely consoled:
"I alone am sinless!")

And the end came to all disputes;

At the court former ambiance.
And the castratoes squeal in chorus

Ad finem seculorum!

Ninka Thief mate after Vladimir Vysotsky

I am very excited today:
I will manage my Saturday.
And if Ninka is not capricious,
I will manage my life nesus.
They tell me: "She's a pointer - thief.
Why are you like this? - I really want her, you believe
- Wait, weirdo! We have a company share:
Let's go to the bodega, rum washes from desire.
- Don't mess with me today, my friends.
Today, I don't care about for booze a cent.
Today Ninka agrees to devote herself,
Today my life is decided very well.
- Well, what about this sinner Ninka,
She slept always with the whole Ordynka,...
And with her was, who ever wants to!
- I don't care about, I really want to.
-She said, she loves, would live another way...
- I wager dolar for a million, that she is lying, boy;
She gives the offer straight to everyone...
- I don't care, I really want to be done!
She's croaking , she is a dirty ugly hen.
One eye is broken, and the legs are different,
Always she dressed like a shabby scrubwoman.
- I don't care about it, I really want again!
Let every says: "She's not a beautiful girl!"
But I like such better, she is my own goal;
Well, though she befriends the thieves,
I want her even more. You must believe!

Aphorism 1

Men don't understand women
Do not unravel, and do not measure:
They have a mystical become -
You can only blindly believe in them.

Fragment from Eugene Onegin by Alexander Pushkin

These Poems fortunately preserved were
In my archive; here now they are:
Where to, where to did you retired,
My golden days of youthful spring?
What does the coming day bring to me?
My gaze does catch it unavailing,
He lurks in abyssal darkness.
No need; the law of fate is right.
Will I fall, pierced by the deadly arrow,
Or it will fly by, passing me,
All goodness: wakefulness and sleep
A certain hour comes necessarily;
Blessed is the day of solicitude
Blessed is the advent of darkness!

In morrow a ray of daylight will shine up
And the bright day will joyfully play;
And I, maybe I in the tomb deep,
I will descend into the mysterious curtain.
And the memory of the young poet
The slow boundless Leta will hide...
The world will forget me off, but you...
Or do you come, the maiden of all loveliness
Shed a miser tear over my early headstone
And think: he loved so endless me,
He dedicated to singular me
The dawn of sad stormy living.
My heart-to-heart friend, desired friend,
Come to me, come, I'm your husband!

Kostya-Sailor after Vladimir Garievich Agatov

Scows full of major silver mullet
Konstantin brought to Odessa,
And all draft drivers got up in moment,
When he just entered closest pub.

The sea turns blue over the boulevard,
The chestnut blooms over the city view.
And Konstantin takes the darling guitar
And songs in a low nice voice:

I won't tell you for all of Odessa -
All Odessa is very big thing,
But both Moldavanka and Peresyp
They both love the sailor Konstantin.

Once in May fisherwomen Sonya,
Sending a longboat to the shore,
Said to him: "Everyone knows you, pal,
But I see you for the first my time".

In response, opening a pack of "Kazbek",
Konstantin said her with a chill:
"You are an interesting weirdo woman,
But the point, you see, is only such:

I won't tell you for all of Odessa,
All Odessa is very big thing,
But both Moldavanka and Peresyp
They both love the sailor Konstantin.

The Fountain is covered with bird cherry,
French Boulevard was in sumptuous bloom.
"Our Kostya seems to have fallen in love"

Screaming all loaders in the port.

About this news for a whole week

The fishermen all heatedly told.

For the wedding every loaders put on

With a terrible loud creaking shoes.

I won't tell you for all of Odessa,

All Odessa is very big thing.

Day and night the whole Peresyp made merry

At a sailor's funny cheer wedding.

Spell of a front-line soldier after Konstantin Simonov

Wait for me, I will be back,
Only strongly wait.
Wait, when yellow dumpy rains
Bring to you sadness.

Wait, when snowing slowly sweep,
Wait, when the heat too,
Wait, when others do not wait,
Forgetting beloved.

Wait, when from so distant place
Letters will not come,
Wait, when they get simply bored
Who waits with you too.

Wait for me, I will be back.
Don't wish any good
To them, who just knows by heart:
It's time to forget.

Let the son and mother believe,
That there is no me.
Let friends tire of waiting ,
Sitting by the hearth,

Will drink quietly bitter wine
In memory of my soul ...
Let, but with them at one
Don't hasten to drink.

Wait for me, I will be back,
All deaths out of spite.
Let, who did not wait for me,

Will say: - Lucky both!

Who did not wait can't understand,
Why in the middle of a fire
Waiting for my safe return,
You saved life of mine.

How I survived, we'll know,
Only you and me -
Simply: you were patient to wait,
As no any else

I'm in business, and with me a knife after V. Wisotsky

When I take out a sharp knife,
Don't interrupt my urgent keif.
And after that - I always go to drink.
No matter what they maybe say,
I robbed alone - and drank myself,

I will continue such exactly thing.

A man comes up to me and says:
"In our difficult such days
I want to destroy people just like you!"
I quickly stabbed t'impudent boy,
I didn't explain, but ruined that toy,
And I will continue the same thing along to do.

If you just wanna having talk,
Sit down with me, tear out a cork;
We will discuss everything and decide.
But if you want be as he was again ,
We have one law for every guy,

And this law will remain perpetuity same.

Toys after Agniya Barto

Teddy bear

Dropping a teddy bear on t'floor,
They tore off the bear's left paw.
Never mind, I won't leave him now -
Because he is a pretty fellow .

Airplane

Let's build the plane ourselves.
Let's fly over the forests.
Let's fly over the forests
And then back to mama's nest.

Truck

No, in vain we made decision
To ride a cat in a car with mission.
The cat is not used to go for a drive -
Turned a truck upside down in a jiffy.

Little ship

Sailor's peakless cap,
Rope in my hand:
I am pulling a small boat
On the fast river sand.
And the frogs'r jumping
Behind me in vain,
And they beg me:
- Give us drive, dear captain!

My little horse

I love my little pony horse.
I will smoothly comb her hair.
I'll stroke the ponytail with a scallop,

Then I'll go on horseback to visit fellows.

Bunny

The hostess threw the pity bunny -
A bunny was left in the rain current.
It could not get off the bench itself, so
Wet to the skin, having no shelter.

The ball

Our Tanya is crying loudly:
Dropped a ball into the river unwittingly.
- Hush, little Tanya, don't cry ever:
The ball will not sink in the river.

Elephant

Time to sleep! The bull fell asleep,
Lying down in a box on a flank deep.
Sleepy bear went to bed indeed.
Only the elephant does not want to sleep.
The elephant nods now its head -
He sends a bow to its only mate.

Goby

A goby is walking, swinging, slow,
Sighs sorely on the go:
- Oh, the board ends shortly now -
I will fall immediately down!

Banneret

Burning in the sun
banneret,
As if I
Fire lit.

Overgrown stitches-tracks from Russian folklores

Overgrown stitches-tracks completely now,
Where the cute legs went often around;
They overgrown with moss and high grass-gooz,
Were used we walked, my dearest with you.

We hugged, tearfully said last goodbye,
We promised to remember each other for awhile.
I have not had peace since that matter:
It's true, the darling is walking with another.

If he forgets, if he falls out of true love,
If he another darling caresses there off,
I swear to take revenge on him by myself.
In the deep river I will drown at dark shelf.

Songbirds, tell me the actual truth.
You bring about the dear one the news,
Where did the darling hide, where'd disappear?
The poor heart cries, it suffers with tears.

Overgrown stitches-tracks completely now,
Where the cute legs went often around;
They overgrown with moss and high grass-gooz,
Were used we walked, my dearest with you.

From the movie Seventeen Moments of Spring after R.Rojdestvensky

Songs of Standartenführer Shtirlits

Oh, Motherland

I beg you, just a little while

My sharp pain, you should leave me off.

Cloud like, gray gloom cloud like

Let you fly to my own home sharp

From here to the native home then.

My sea shore, show yourself in far

As an edge, thinny-thinny line.

My dear shore, gentle dear my shore,

Oh, to you, dear, I would stubbornly swim

To swim up at least sometime.

Somewhere far, somewhere very far

It's raining torrential mushrooms.

Right by the river, in a small garden there

The cherries are ripe, leaning close to the ground.

Somewhere far away, in memory mine

Now, as in childhood, it's fondly warm,

Alack, though the memory is hidden

Under a such profound snows.

You, the heavy storm, give me seep a drink,

Not to death but to satiety

Here again, like the last my time,

I keep looking up at the blue sky

It's like I'm looking for an answer there

Moments-instants

Don't think about seconds haughtily

The time will come, you will perceive, possibility -

They whistle like bullets at your temple,

Moments-instants, Moments-instants and instants

Instants compressed sometimes into fool years
Instants compressed actually into centuries
And sometimes I don't really understand
Where is the first moment, where is it ending

But every instant has its own reason
Own golden bells, own mark indelible.
Instants distribute - whom a shame,
To whom is dishonor, and to whom immortality.

Rain is woven from such tiny instants -
Water is flowing from heaven ordinary
And sometimes you wait almost half your life,
When it comes, your instant

It will do come, big as a deep sip,
A sip of water during the heat...
In general, you just need to follow the duty
From the first moment to the last.

Don't think about seconds haughtily
The time will come, you will perceive, possibility -
They whistle like bullets at your temple,
Moments-instants, Moments-instants and instants.

From Ukrainian opera Cossack and his Wife

W. Where did you come from, old rogue,
Where have you been hitherto?
You would be ashamed of God your,
If the shame would be known to you.
Where did you have so much amusement?
Where have you been so long?
Perhapce, you fell to the dump ground.
Why you did not spend the night at home?

C.Listen, dear, here's what happened:
I am still afraid so much:
Woe-woe suddenly started -
Nearly I completely died!
I fell ill during my roading,
It was time me be vanished;
However, thanks, on passing cartloads
I was managed to get home.

W.Did You get drunk, did You get drunk along the road?
Did you get drunk only after the way?

C.Sure , I didn't drink, by God my!
I'm sober, God can see

W. May be you had drunk, may be you had drunk at once a full quarter ,
Or you swallowed, you swallowed a gallon ?

C.I d'not drink, believe me surely:
I sipped only little glass!

W.You drink full days and nights also,
You left me sitting alone;

There's no tears to cry from my eyes,
All I nights set by the windowpane,
I've been waiting all night in vain
Until the dawn at last came
To see you even a little
I shad tears during the night!

C.You are the sly devil-woman -
Now in tears, starts to bellow.
Scared the husband deeply-deeply,
Let him not know how to be.

W.If I only knew previously
How at marriage live exist -
I would have remained an old maid,
Tears would not be to shed as well.
I don't want to live with you more -
I'm filing for divorce.
And as a straw merry widow
I'll live year after year.

C.My eyes sobbed a little-little,
Cried almost like a waterfall,
Because they didn't sleep the night in vain,
Trouble was bound to be.
Lost I near outlandish villages,
It was time to disappear;
But thanks, that poor woman
Let me sleep at premises.

W.So you have whith that nasty woman
Been your missing all that week?
May all the pain be on you, a rogue,
Let the unclean take you away!
Let the unclean take you away!
I with a piece of weighty rocker

Will so beat you: you will know,
So that in the future don't think you
To try going to a whore.
Wait, my Cossack, darling Cossack
I'll wallop you with rolling pin.
How bitterly you will cry then,
Not be sleeping at my home.

C.Hey, Odarka, shut up in a moment
There's no point in screaming like that!

W.No, let everyone hear now,
And I'll not be silent anymore!

C.She doesn't want to live with me more,
Threaten to obtain divorce.
Hey, Odarka, God with you, broad,
Well, calm down now, witch!

W.I don't want to live with you more
I'm filing for divorce!
And as a straw merry widow
I'll live remaining years!

The Song of the Merchant from India

Nobody count diamonds in the stone caverns yet,
Nobody count pearls in the midday sea no purpose
At faraway wonder India.

On the warm sea there is a wonderful stone sapphire,
On that stone the Phoenix is a bird with the face of a maiden.
All heavenly songs it sweetly sings always
It spreads the bright feathers, closing the sea over .
Whoever hears that bird will lose memory then.

Nobody count diamonds in the stone caverns yet.
Nobody count pearls in the midday sea no purpose
At faraway wonder India.

Song of Venice Marchant after N.Rimsky-Korsakov

Stone city there spreads, mother for cities,
Venice-Vedenets, o'er the middle sea it arised.
Only once a year the church wonderful
Rises from the blue sea entirely.
People come close to it and show surprise,
They'r glorious knights from across the sea.
And the mighty doge, in the gold chateau,
Engaged with a ring to a bright blue sea.
Beautiful city, t'happyest city,
Queen of the sea, you, glorious Venice!
The cool wind there is softly fluttering;
Sapphirine blue sea, sapphirine blue sky!
Let you reign meekly over the blue sea,
Beautiful city , glorious Venice,
The moon shines from the night firmament
The blue sea's lapsing quietly.
Black-haired maidens poor out sweet songs,
Lute ringing strings are distinctly heard.
Beautiful city, t'happyest city
Queen of the sea, you, glorious Venice!
The cool wind there is softly fluttering;
Sapphirine blue sea, sapphirine blue sky!
Let you reign meekly over the blue sea,
Beautiful city , glorious Venice!
The city is wonderful!
Glorious Vedenets!

The Song of Varangian Merchants after N.Rimsky-Korsakov

The formidable rocks are crushed with waves, which loudly roaring.
And by white foam, they immediately run back.
But the hard gray cliffs endure the pressure of the waves strong,
Above sea staying.
From the rocks of those stone we, the Varangians, have bones,
From that wave of the sea, the blood went into us.
And the thoughts-mystery from the mists feed on. We were born in the sea,
We will die there too.
Swords are damask, arrows are sharp among the all Varangians,
They inflict death without a miss on every enemy,
Brave are the people of chilly midnight countries,
Great is their Odin god,
The sea is gloomy.

Song after N.A. Nekrasov

Let me go, my dearest mother,
Let go without quarrel!
I am not field grass, I neither -
I grew up by the sea shore.

Not about small fisher's boat sail
I dream of ship frigate.
Drearly! in this life is sluggish in vain
The days go without dates.

Here, as in a cage, I'm locked now;
Deep dream all around
Let me go, dear mother mine
To the wide open ground.

Where yourself dissect the waves
With whitish your breasts
Where I saw you proud, brave,
Full with excess blessedness.

You are not with a victory song
Arrived at the sea coast,
But an hour in your poor life
Knew the triumph at least

I may break with grief and lament
Don't feel sorry for t'daughter!
If it grows near the sea segment
Will not be saved the flower

Does not matter! Today's happiness.
Morrow the storm will collapse.

Bad weather'll play merciless,
The wind from the sea back elapses,

In one day it'll bring the sand ply
Over the coastal blossom
And forever will burry now...
Let me go, my light beam then.

Watermelon by name Kavun by Vsevolod Bagritsky

The fresh wind break all. The Sea of Azov washing trough
Asks for trouble there hell in.
The pile of watermelons - and the hold is loaded,
The piers is covered with watermelons.

Not do drink any hootch in pre-dawn chill,
On a boring guard do yawn and gape:
Three days and three nights we will have to sail -
And we unfurled the sails above waterscape.

A surf strikes as a white bearded man,
To scatter with splashes and sputter.
I will choose voiced , like a tambourine, watermelon
And I'll cut out with a knife the heart there.

The desert sun sets in the sea brine
And the moon will be pushed out in waves ...
Fresh wind blows! Backhand! Let's run!
Our bark , move by the sails!

The sea is full of thick lambs flock,
And watermelons rub, and it's dark in the hold ...
The wind whistles, in two fingers like a boatswain,
And the clouds are tightly packed in the rain.

We are drawn into a wild carousel.
And the sea stomps like a market eason.
Throws us aground, we are running aground, hell,
Our last fishing season!
The sea is full of shaggy goats the whole,
And watermelons rub, and it's dark in the hold ...

I have not yet composed originate last song,
But I feel the chill of death at the sea;
I played often cards, lived as a vagrant
And the sea brings a worthy reward me -

I can't make salvage for funny my life -
The rudder was torn off, and pallet leaked high.

The desert sun rises over the sea,
To melt and warm the frozen air;
The bark is now vanished, only floats by waves
Kavun with a painted heart blaze

A surf strikes as a thick bearded man,
The mackerel flock is merry playing.
Low flow on the swell shakes Kavun
And it swims to the shore slightly swaying

Here it will find the end of the stormy trip ,
The wind and pitching are over at least.
Watermelon with a painted heart keeps
My favorite Cossack-maiden missls

And there is no one here to make her mined,
That she took in her hands heart which is mine...

Waltz between fights by Evgeny Dolmatovsky

1

The night is short,
The clouds are t'mort.
And lies in handbreadth mine
Your hand unfamiliar sort.
After the alert
Town sleeps well.
I heard random waltz melody
Looked in here for an hour such short.

Refrain

Even though you are unread yet tome
And far from here is my family home
I seem once to be again now
Near home at my native small town.
At this empty cold hall
We dance alone night whole
So tell me the word now
I don't know what about.

2

We'll circle bends
Sing and make friends.
I completely forgot rules of dancing,
And I ask to excuse my movements.
Morning again
Back to campaign;
Leaving your small and tenderly town,
I will pass by your lovely gate.

Refrain

1943, Stalingrad

It does no mention -
Soil or cremation.
Nevertheless,
It is emptiness.

Tenderness by Leonid Martinow

You have faded. I am a wanderer, brown entirely.
It will be unpleasant for us to meet again now.
Only tenderness, once forgotten here in,
Makes me want to go back and allow.

I will enter without hello, I will say loudly such:
- The watchman is sleeping, the door is open, what negligence!
Don't you turn pale! Do not be you afraid! I don't threaten you much!
But I ask you: give me your ex-prior tenderness.

I'll take it to t'attic and put it in the gloom,
Where the mouse has settled in the porous boot now.
I'll take the old tenderness to the attical room,
So that street children don't find it no how...

The song of combat pilots from The last inch

A land mine hums with a heavy bass,
A fountain of fire just hit.
And in the sky Bob started his dance:
What do I care about your presence?
You don't care about me!

The earth is cracking like an empty nut wholl
Armor cracks like a wooden chip.
And Bob's laughter is heard for all:
What do I care now about you all?
You don't care about me!

But the stupid bullet entered between eyelids
At early sunset straight to him.
He managed to say this time amid:
What do I care about all of you, kids?
You don't care about me!

Forgive the soldiers all their last sins,
And don't keep it in your memory,
Don't put sad milestones over us with grin:
What do I care about your being?
You don't care about me!

On the Russian Front 1944 by Ion Dogen

Darling camrade, in agony mortal
do not call for friends you in vain.
Let me warm my cold palms total
above smoking your blood from the vein.

And don't cry, don't moan: you are not baby top ear?d,
you're not injured, you're just to death shot.
Let me take off your felt boots as the souvenirs,
We still have to arise for combat.

My Will by Yosif Utkin

Sometimes you think: not enough soon as
People will become sincere and simple!
Why does the watchman chase away lovers?
Drives them out of the cemetery! I don't? understand simply.

Appears from the grave mapgles sprouts
Life, which is cramped underground;
Why is this place for every lovers
And inappropriate and not the worth ground?

I disagree with such stupid things!
As an opponent of inertia and rot,
I will place in lieu of a willthing
Here is the inscription on the grave spot:

"If you are not a thief or a bad thug,
If you are in love and happy with a friend,
Come here! My only grave crag,
Citizen, at your service in moment!"

I believe by Victor Krupnik

She goes to serve in the IDF
She is waiting for the bus at the stop
It's hot to stand in the sun in morning.
The Army heavy rifle as a burden
Pulls back the swarthy shoulder of her.

And the bag - of very great dimensions -
Lies at her feet like a huge mastodon.
In the bag's pocket there's a Torah,
On the strap there is a keychain, a phone

She turned eighteen in September new,
The last bell rang loudly a time ago ,
Army riffle well nown type "em-sixteen"
She knows by heart from school years.

In her huge, brown deep as sea eyes
The biblical skies arise on spirit fire.
Her name is Aviv, or maybe - Tali...
On Hebrew Aviv is spring, Tal is dew.
Clasped out in a uniform neatly,
Chiseled girlish marvellous stature,
She stands, slightly mocking, perky,
It's not safe to any fighting with her

The resting cocky black pilot beret
Is pushed under the beige shoulder strap.
Who ordered her to cut her hair so shortly,
To upset men on military training fire field?

Stack of black hair - the antique myrrh -
Like wave swept over her subtle back...

Meet the new recruit, commanders.
Take heart because in war, as in real war.

The bus will take her strait to Hedera,
Or maybe it'll be Nazareth instead.
To an almost peer, an young officer
She will show proudly a new military ID.

Everything will happen just as usual
Without any pathos, the way it should be...
Tall guy, about seventy five inches
Will put her in a little car Renault

And he will drive in time for fast lunch,
He will offer tea from an ice thermos,
And he'll repeat to her - 'lhye besder'...
-Everything will be fine, a new friend!

The service, course, charter, work will begin,
And the woman, as a brigadier general,
Will allow for her holidays on Saturdays,
And she'll write the rank in the book - corporal

And yesterday's civil girl will start
With khaki sleeves, rolled up to the elbows,
Delving into the fluid couplings and oil cans
Of the Israeli tank "Merkava" iron body,

To sip hastily strong coffee in the morning,
Inhale gunpowder fumes and smoke,
And train the guys to drive a tank skillfully
In circumstances close to combat real .

Or on the dream she will remember the teacher,
And a school geography been lesson:
"...In forty-two seconds the usual combatiente

Crosses our country from west to east ..."

From her childhood and beginning
She'll understand a simple postulate:
Your land is very small, there'r so few of us,
Every resident is a soldier himself.

Next ninety-two weeks will promptly fly by...
She will return back to home, grown up,
And pleasant guy - Ron, or maybe Eli,
Will immediately find her and call his wife

A daughter will be born to them, and sons,
And in Jerusalem at the Wall of Tears
She will place a note between the stones
Whishing, that there is no war at world!

At evenings, combining daughters braids,
She will repeat her mama's heartfelt prayer:
- I still believe: when your adulthood become,
We won't have to make war anymore.

...The chestnuts will fall seventeen times,
And the crocuses in the valleys will bloom ,
And it will be restless in the mount Golan -
Bad news will come from the North to them

And her young daughter, funny and perky,
Without regrets for and empty speeches,
Named Lior, maybe Orna, it doesn't matter,
immediately will leave the house with a rifle...

The Things by Vadim Shefner

The owner may die, but his things still continue existing.
They do not care on stranger human troubles already.
After death of you even the cups on the shelves do not break self,
And the rows of sparkling glasses don't melt like ice in Spring.

Because for some reason you will not be existing
The electricity meter will not turn on the mourning reverce.
The phone will not die, the tape in the cassette will not light up,
The refrigerator, crying, will not go after your coffin sad.

Be their master, do not surrender to them to the slaughter,
Be an equitable impassive master of them, -
He who lived for things loses everything stopping breathing
The one who lived for people - after death lives in their memory.

The Foggy Morning

Foggy morning, gray sorrowful morning.
The fields are sad, covered with snowdrifts.
Reluctantly you remember the past old time clearly,
You will also remember faces long forgotten already.

You will remember the abundant passionate speeches,
Glances, so greedily, so timidly caught, once,
The first meetings, last farewell meeting,
Beloved sounds of quiet deep voices.

You will remember the separation with a strange smile,
You will remember many things from your distant native,
Listening to the incessant murmur of dully wheels now,
Looking thoughtfully into the wide deep sky occasionally...

Leitmotiv Paganini by Tatyana Kalinina.

Road without end

Who related our life to some endless road?

That's only love, that's only love.

Who coupled a song and a singer in this sadly world?

That's only love, that's only love.

A road without end, a road without beginning and no end.

Always being in the crowd, always one of many.

But more accurately than many others, you love songs and fragrant flowers,

You love the taste of water and bread and look at the sky for a long time,

and no one is waiting for you.

A road without end, a road without beginning or end.

Whistle like a bird and don't expect a reward.

There is no silence in the world, only the cry of your string,

Only eternity gives sounds, and there is a cruel fire in your chest, your only fire.

Who suggested this music to your soul? warmth passion

That's only love, that's only love.

Who will repeat your words in a quiet voice?

That's only love, that's only love.

The road has not The end.

And music that surely never ends,

They only will never deceive you.

Well, if some suddenly ask where your beloved gal and friend are,

Keep silent in response with a smile, let no one see your heart graying from sad parting nope.

The road without end,

It once chose you, your steps, your sadness, and song.

But walking along it becomes more and more painful with every stepping

Every night it gets brighter, every word gets deadlier,

It gets more difficult with every song!

A road without end, a road without beginning and no end.