

Poetry Series

**Alec Vagapov**  
**- poems -**

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Hobby: Poetry, Languages, Translating poetry, the Beatles

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Pskov Branch of Moscow Academy of Law

Teacher of English and German

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Pskov Polytechnic Institute

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Pskov Branch of Central Bank of Russia, Interpreter and translator (Russian-English & Russian-German)

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Comprehensive Secondary School, Teacher of English and German, Pskov

1978-1982 Construction Trust in Pskov, Chief of Dept

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Micro-Motor plant in Pskov, Interpreter and translator (Russian-English; . Russian-Japanese)

1974-1976

Moris Torez Institute of Foreign Languages in Moscow  
Refresher Course

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Comprehensive Secondary School, Teacher of English and German, Karshi, Uzbekistan

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Interpreter Faculty at Moris Torez Institute of Foreign Languages in Moscow, Student

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Construction Enterprise, Worker

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Pupil at Comprehensive Secondary School in Karshi, Uzbekistan

# Blok, Yesenin In Mp3 Format

An extract from Hamlet (by William Shakespeare)  
Read by Alec Vagapov

Alec Vagapov  
Poems in mp3 format

Popular Poetry Page  
Good Rhymes from Russia  
Translated and read by Alec Vagapov

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See all files in one:

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Let the dawn keep shining out...

mp3

The girl was singing in a church choir...

mp3

With years you haven't changed, my fair...

mp3

Sergey Yesenin  
The Stars

mp3

Don't you force a smile, girl, tensely, like you do...

mp3

I Do not Regret and I Do not Shed Tears...

mp3

Alec Vagapov

# Love Poems From Russia

Poems from Russia

300 Hundred Years of Russian Poetry

(An Anthology of Literary Translations)

Translated and compiled by Alec Vagapov

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Blok

Let the dawn keep shining out...

We were together, I recall...  
You were the fairest of all, no denying...  
Although I have never loved...  
I know your face so well, my fair...

Yesenin

You were crying on a quiet night...  
It's sad to look at you, my love...  
You don't love me and don't feel compassion...  
Let's sit down here, my dearest...

-

Alexander Sumarokov

(1717 - 1777)

и; и; и; и; и; и; и; и; и;  
и; и; и; и; и; и; и; и;  
и; и;

\*\*\*

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

My sighs, fly to my sweetheart, I want you to explain  
And tell her how I miss her and how I suffer pain.

Stay in her heart and soften her proud look, and then  
Do not delay and linger, fly back to me again.

However, you should bring me good news from up above,  
and give me her assurance that there is hope for love.

I will not sigh too long for I'm not that kind of man,  
Such beauties are not rare, I'll find another one.



Translated  
September 2007

Alexander Sumarokov

\*\*\*

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

You looked for me but now that time is gone for ever,  
And all the joy we shared is lost, as I can see.  
You are unfaithful to me, and you lost my favour,  
You're quite different from what you used to be.

My moans and grieves are torments  
You know how it can be.  
Recall the happy moments  
When you did care for me.

Look at the places where you and I have dated  
They'll help us to recall the way it used to be.  
Where are my joys? Where is your passion, fated?  
They're gone and never ever will come back to me.

Another life is here;  
But did I wait for it?  
Gone are my life, so dear,  
My hope, and dream, so sweet.

I am unhappy to have met you, so elated,  
It started with the painful torments that I feel,  
I was unhappy to be charmed by you and tempted  
And worst unhappy to adore and love you still.

You caused an inflammation  
And heated up my blood.  
Why have you turned affection  
To enmity, so hard?

But what's the use of worrying and grieving  
When, having lost my freedom, my passion I retain.  
And what's the use of blaming and revealing,  
You do not love me - all my arguments are vain.

You've overwhelmed me, really,  
Forgetting all at one:  
The way you loved me dearly,  
The time when we had fun.

Translated  
September, 2007

Alexander Sumarokov  
Sonnet  
(translated by Alec Vagapov)

My fair girl, don't waste your time for nothing, easily,  
Love someone, - all is vanity without love,  
Be nice and good, don't lose the charm you have,  
So you might not regret you've lived a life of misery.

Love while you're young and while your heart is ardent:  
You'll change when youth is gone, I should presume.  
Twine wreaths while flowers in the garden bloom,  
Take walks in spring, in autumn you'll be saddened.

Look at the rosy flower, view it at the time  
When it has grown dim and faded, past its prime.  
Likewise, your charm will fade and disappear,  
so do not waste your time before you've seen your day

Remember, nobody will ever look at you, my dear,  
When, like the rose, you fade and waste away.

October 2007

V. A. Zhukovsky

(1783-1852)

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

V.A. Zhukovsky

### The Song

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

You loved me filling me with joy and admiration,  
My life was flowing like a fascinating dream.  
You have forgotten me - where is the fortunate perception?  
Oh yes, your love was my felicity, I deem!

I was beloved, inspired by you and cherished,  
I sang, and by your praise I breathed and lived.  
You have forgotten me, my instant grant has perished -  
Oh yes! Your love was my endowment and gift!

You loved me, and my hand conveyed donation  
To the abode of misery and need.  
You have forgotten me without consolation!  
Oh yes! Your love was my benevolence and treat!

Translated  
October, 2007

V.A. Zhukovsky

Her Voice from the Other World  
(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Don't ask me where I'm bound to, my dear,  
And what the bourn is that I have passed.  
My friend, I have done everything while living here,  
I've been in love till I have breathed my last.

Have they come true, my hopes and expectations?  
Compose yourself, my heart is not belied.  
All has come true, without deviation,  
This world is fine, and I'm by your side.

My friend, great things are not in vain, it's clear,  
Be firm, and they will never put you in a hole.  
And everything will find response, my dear,  
Your thoughts, your sighs, your bearing and all.

Don't grieve: the past will be with you as ever;  
You cannot see me but our world is one.  
Be faithful to me, heart and soul, with favour,  
And finish what we started, on your own.

Translated  
October, 2007

Vasily Zhukovsky

Recollection  
(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Gone are you days of charm and fascination!  
My heart will never see the like of you!  
Your trace is in the pangs of recollection  
I wish I could forget you, love, I do!

My wish is often turned to you, my fair -  
I try but cannot hold the tears of love!  
Reliving you is a distressed affair!  
Forgetting you is over and above!

Replace, you grief, my hopes and expectations!  
My joy is tears for the happy end!  
I'll die from memories and recollections!  
Can I survive forgetting you, my friend? !

October 2007

Konstantin Batushkov  
(1787-1855)  
(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

Konstantin Batushkov

\*\*\*

(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

Should you deplore the loss of youthful days?  
You haven't changed, in all your splendour,  
With time your charming grace  
Has come to be more glamorous and tender.

Your friend does not appreciate  
The art of love, mysterious and pleasing,  
Her eyes are silent, lifeless and inanimate  
Her kiss is shy, without feeling.

But you, great mistress of my love,  
Will even breathe in passion  
in a boulder,  
and in the prime of your unfading life  
the flame in living blood will never moulder.

1815

Translated on April 8th, 2008

Konstantin Batushkov  
(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

I swore I'd never fall in love,

I'll keep my word as I've declared.  
You want to know the truth, my dove?  
Well I'm.. already feeling scared!

November 17th,1811  
Translated on April 8th,2008

Konstantin Batushkov  
(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

Fatigued and worn, life in my frozen chest is fading  
And that's the end of strife, the end of everything!  
Kyprid and Eros, torments to my heart you bring!  
Just listen to my dismal voice before its ending.

I'm fading, and I'm bearing the pain:  
I'm half alive but I am burning,  
I'm fading, but I'm in love again,  
I'm dying, without hope, but yearning!

Likewise, the alter flame enfolds the prey  
And, turning pale, all of a sudden flashes,  
As if reviving on the final day  
It withers fading on the ashes.

1817-1818  
Translated April 10th,2008

Anton Delvig  
1798-1731  
(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Anton Delvig

Love  
(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

Well, what is love? A rambling dream,  
The link of charm and admiration!  
And you, in reverie and aspiration,  
Now moan in agony, now seem

To doze, absorbed in golden slumbers,  
And stretch your hand to dreams ahead  
Forgetting all your drowsy rambles,  
Unwell, and with a heavy head.

Translated  
November, 2007

Anton Delvig

Romance

(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

Don't say that love will come and go,  
Your friend suggests that you forget it,  
He thinks that it's eternal, so  
His happiness, he says he'll bet it.

Why should my soul suppress the will  
That flashed and seized me suddenly,  
Now let me give myself, and humbly,  
All to your tenderness and thrill.

Why should I suffer? What has love  
Donated me from up above?  
Except for wounds and bitter tear,  
Except for sorrow, pain and fear?

Though love is not a lasting thing  
I'll never see it kiss the ground,

I'll die with it like the sad sound  
Of an abruptly broken string.

Translated  
November, 2007

Anton Delvig  
(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

### Romance

Oh what a lovely, happy day!  
There's love, the sun, the plain!  
The shadows all have gone away  
My heart is light again.  
Wake up, you groves and fields, and see  
That all is filled with life!  
She's mine! - my heart is telling me,  
She's mine, and all is live.

Why do you, little swallow cling  
Onto to my windowpane?  
Perchance, you sing about the spring  
Inviting love again?  
It's not for me, as I can see,  
The singer's love, divine.  
It is my heart who's telling me:  
She's mine, oh yes she's mine!

1823

Translated November 2007

Alexander Pushkin  
1799-1837

(translated by Alec Vagapov)



Alexander Pushkin

The Night  
(translated by Alec Vagapov)

My voice for you, so tender and so languorous,  
Disturbs the silence of the night time darkness.  
I am in bed, the candle by my side  
Is burning sadly; and my poems flow and slide,  
Like springs of love they `re filled with you, my dear,  
Your eyes, they glisten right before me here,  
They smile, and I can hear the sound of your voice:  
My friend, I love you... I am yours... I am yours...

Translated  
December, 2007

Alexander Pushkin

Elegy  
(translated by Alec Vagapov)

The reckless years of faded joy and laughter  
Are hard on me like a disturbing morning after.  
The pain of bygone days, however, just like wine  
Is getting stronger in my heart with time.  
My way is sad. The coming troubled sea as ever  
Will bring me grief and dreary endeavour.

But I don't want to die, I want to live  
And be with you, my friends, and think and grieve;  
I know that off and on I'll have enjoyment  
Amidst the daily cares, suffering and torment:  
I will indulge in harmony and now and then  
I'll cry over my fantasy again.

And, maybe, on the last and mournful trial  
My love will sparkle with a parting smile.

Translated  
December 12,2007

Alexander Pushkin

\*\*\*

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

When I enfold your waist, my dove,  
As an expression of affection  
And utter tender words of love  
To you, my friend, with admiration  
You put my arms aside in silence  
To free your supple waist from grasp,  
And I can read upon your countenance  
A smile of doubt and mistrust.  
And bearing carefully in mind  
The bitter talk of fornication  
Without notice and attention  
You listen sadly, deaf and blind...  
I curse the faithless aspirations  
Of my felonious days of youth  
And agonizing expectations  
Of our night time rendezvous.  
I curse the words of love and sentiment,  
The magic melody of verse,  
The petting of the trusting girls,  
The tears they cried and late resentment.

11 &#1103; &#1085; &#1074; &#1072; &#1088; &#1103; ,2008 &#1075; .

Alexander Pushkin

You and Thou  
(translated by Alec Vagapov)

She used the hearty thou, by chance,  
Instead of you, so stiff and formal,  
Arousing happy dreams at once  
Inside my loving heart and soul.  
I'm standing speechless in a glow  
Admiring her sincerely;  
I tell her: you are charming, really!  
I think inside: I love thee so!

17 &#1103; &#1085; &#1074; &#1072; &#1088; &#1103; 2008 &#1075; .

Alexander Pushkin

\*\*\*

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

There`s fire of love inside me, burning,  
You've hurt the heart and soul of mine,  
Keep kissing me: your kisses, darling  
Are sweeter than good myrrh and wine.  
Now cling to me, come closer, dear,  
And let me sleep in quiet, here,  
Until the sunrise breaks the day  
And night-time shadows flow away.

20 &#1103; &#1085; &#1074; &#1072; &#1088; &#1103; 2008 &#1075; .

Alexander Pushkin

\*\*\*

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

I loved you so, and, maybe, my affection  
Has not yet faded, living as afore,  
But now you're free from worry and vexation,  
I do not want to grieve you any more.  
I loved you hopelessly, in silence, really,  
Now torn with jealousy, now shy as kid.  
I loved you so sincerely, so dearly, -  
God grant that someone loves you like I did.

Translated

January 26,2008

Yevgeny Baratinsky

(1800-1844)

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Yevgeny Baratinsky

We Are Apart

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Now in the wake of our separation  
It seems, my life has been the twinkle of an eye;  
I will no longer breathe in love, and I  
Won't hear the words of love and adoration.  
I`ve lost my love and everything I had;  
I fell asleep.. my dreams dissolved that instant!  
My happiness now seems to be so distant,  
It's gone. I am confused and sad.

.Translated  
March 15th,2008

Yevgeny Baratinsky

\*\*\*

Believe me, dear, you are more than fame to me,  
Or should I say, I'm bored with inspiration:  
For it impedes me, with its stir and agitation,  
To take the air of love in silence and be free!  
I give my heart to our cordial relation:  
Disperse my dreams, my dear friend,  
Caress me, do caress me, and  
Subdue the muse and the rebellious affection!

Translated  
March 14th,2008

Yevgeny Baratinsky

Assurance

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Oh no, the rumours tell you lies,  
I live and breathe with you as ever,  
With years you haven't lost the ties  
Which I have no intent to sever.  
I've always had you in my heart  
Though acting like a homage giver,  
I worshiped others but I had  
The cautions of an old believer.

1824  
April 4th,2008

Yevgeny Baratinsky

Love

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Love is a poison with a flavour,  
Though sweet, it's poison anyway,  
And for the instant joy and favour  
Long lasting grief is what we pay.

The flame of love is vivifying,  
They say it, but, in fact, we see:  
It's ravaging and rather trying  
And ruining the soul for me!

For who will crush the memories  
Of joys and painful reveries  
And your amazing days, love, too?  
I would revive to feel elation,  
Enjoy the youthful exaltation  
And open up my heart to you.

1824

Translated April 4th,2008

Fyodor Tutchchev

(1803-1873)

Fyodor Tutchchev

(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

I love your eyes, my dear friend,  
With their game of flaming wonder  
When suddenly you look up, and

Like lightening from the heaven yonder  
You glance, your stare so intent.

But there's a charm I value higher,  
When you look down as we kiss,  
The instant we are both afire,  
And through the lashes see the bliss  
Of gloomy flame of faint desire.

1836

Translated April 8th,2007

Fyodor Tutchév

### The Last Love

(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

Oh how in our declining years  
We love with tenderness and bias! ...  
Keep shining, farewell light, oh yes,  
Shine on, you light of final love of ours!

There's only light there in the west,  
Half of the sky is in a cloud, -  
Slow down, evening, don't make haste,  
Continue, charm, do not die out.

The blood in veins may be abating,  
But tender heart will always flare...  
Last love, you're really amazing!  
You're both enjoyment: and despair...

Between 1852-1854

Translated April 12th,2008

Fyodor Tutchév

(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapo)

\*\*\*

To me, as I recall, that day  
Was morning of my life's new way,  
She stood in silence, I am retrieving,  
Like tidal wave her chest was heaving,  
Her cheeks aglow were turning red  
Like sunrise glare overhead!  
Then, like the rising sun, abruptly  
Sweet word of love came out heartily...  
And hearing the golden word  
I got to know the brand-new world!

1830

Transl; ated April 15th,2008

Fyodor Tutchew

(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

I met you, and the bygone moments  
Awakened in my fainted heart;  
The good old times, like golden omens,  
Warmed up my soul, giving a start...

It's like in autumn, way belated,  
A day, or hour, comes to pass  
When breath of spring comes, unexpected,  
And... something palpitates in us.

And wholly filled with inspiration  
By all those hearty years and dates  
With long forgotten exultation  
I look at your amazing traits...

Like after years of separation



I stare at you, as if in dreams, -  
And now... I hear the augmentation  
Of never ending sounds, it seems.

It's not just simple recollection,  
It's life that has begun to chat, -  
The same old charm and admiration,  
The same old love deep in my heart!

July 26th,1870

Translated April 22,2008

Alexey Tolstoy

1. Please don't ask me questions and don't wonder...
2. Don't trust me when I say, in sorrow...
3. Since I've been all alone, since you have been so distant...

Alexey Tolstoy

(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

□

\*\*\*

Please don't ask me questions and don't wonder,  
Please don't rack your brains and do not ponder,  
Why I really love you,  
And how I really love you,  
What I love you for and for how long,  
If you are my sister or my dear spouse,  
If you are my baby or my little child...

I am not aware, I don't know my dear,  
What your real name is, and what they really call you;  
There are many flowers in the open meadow,  
There are many starlets up on high in heaven,  
And I cannot name them,  
I just can't make out, I just have no power...  
When I fell in love with you I did not ask questions,  
And I didn't wonder, and I didn't ponder,  
I just fell in love with you,  
Thoughtlessly and rashly!

October 30th, 1851

Alexey Tolstoy

(translated from the Russian by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

Don't trust me when I say, in sorrow,  
That I don't love you any more;  
Don't trust the sea at ebb, - tomorrow  
The tides will come back to the shore.

I long for you, my dear lady,  
I'll give my freedom back to you.  
From far away the waves already  
Are running back as they were due!

Summer 1856

Alexey Tolstoy

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

Since I've been all alone, since you have been so distant,  
When I am lost in thought, in troubled doze, my soul  
Is wide awake, so bright, and on the instant  
I think you are my nearest and dearest of all.

The sister of my soul, you smile with comprehension  
Your quiet timid face is closely turned to me,  
And filled with agonizing joy and exaltation  
Your loving eyes in troubled doze I see.

And if, this instant, you are dozing full of bother,  
I wonder if you think in harmony with me,  
And if the hazy image of your brother,  
Turned close to me, is that what you see...

1858

Appolon Maikov

(1821-1897)

Appolon Maikov  
(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

My little girl, gone are the blessed amazing times,  
The days of fragrant lilacs, water-lilies, limes;  
No more the trills of nightingales, no songs of oriole...  
You won't twine garlands any more, my girl,  
Nor crown your head with nice forget-me-nots,  
Nor walk on dew at sunrise in retired spots,  
Nor have a chance at dawn to stop and stare  
At clouds of steam over the lake, as light as air,  
With stars that look into the mirror through the haze  
And fluffy moss that spreads like early snow and glaze  
Resembling heather shrubs and multi-coloured flowers.  
And you're the same as ever, lively and so nice...  
I like the way you quickly run into my house  
Tired after running, heated, cold as ice,  
And, shaking off the snow from curly hair,  
You smile and kiss me tenderly, my fair!

1841

Translated July 15th,2008

Appolon Maikov  
(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

The night was shining, and the grove was filled with light.  
The rays were underfoot, with all the lights put out,  
The piano was uncovered, with trembling strings inside,  
Our hearts were also trembling to the mellow sound.

You sang all night, till sunrise, crying your heart out  
About love, the only love on earth you knew  
Oh how I wished I would live on and hear the sound,  
And love and hug you fondly crying over you.

It's been a tedious time, so long and boring,  
And now I hear your voice, in darkness, from above,  
And, like before, in these vibrating sighs it's blowing  
That you're the only one, my only life and love,

That there is no offence, nor heart's regrets and doubts,  
Life will go on and on, and all I want to do:  
Is trust in you, my dear, and in your sobbing sounds,  
And love and hug you fondly crying over you!

August 2, 1877

Translated

July 16th, 2008

Appolon Maikov  
(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

\*\*\*

It's such a joy, it's night and we are two  
The river is like mirror glittering with stars;  
Up there... look and see, oh what a view:  
So deep and pure is expansion over us!

Well, call me crazy, mad, insane, my dove,  
I am out of my mind, deranged, this hour,

And in my heart I feel such burst of love,  
I can't keep silent, it's beyond my power!

I'm sick, I am in love, I pine and yearn for you, -  
Just listen, understand - I don't conceal my fervour,  
I want to tell you that I love you, yes I do,  
You are the only one whom I desire and favour!

1854

Translated  
July 17th,2008

Mikhail Lermontov  
(1814 -1841)  
(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Mikhail Lermontov

\*\*\*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

Farewell! For once it is so hard  
Upon my chest. I am alarmed and how!  
Farewell! - these letters break my heart,  
They take away what I'm in love with now!  
I'll see the beauty of her eyes, and, maybe, I'm  
To see her for the last an final time!

March 3d,2008

Mikhail Lermontov

\*\*\*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

Though we have parted once for all  
I keep your portrait on my chest

It gladdens both my heart and soul  
Like feeble ghost of bygone years.

I love your image so divine  
Although new passions I have got.  
Like empty shrine is still a shrine,  
And conquered idol is still God!

March 1,2008

Mikhail Lermontov

\*\*\*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

The one I am in love with isn't really you,  
Your charm is not for me, as it appears,  
I love in you the bygone pain and tears  
And the departed youth that I went through.  
And when, my friend, at times, I look at you,  
When deep into your eyes I do intently stare  
I hold a magic conversation, I declare!  
But you are not the one that I'm talking to.  
I talk with an engaging girl-fiend of my youth,  
And in your face I look for other features,  
The living lips are silent now and speechless,  
And in the eyes the fire has died down, in truth.

Translated

March 17th,2008

Mikhail Lermontov

Why

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

I'm sad because I love you, and I know  
The rumours and the common talk that spread and grow  
Won't spare your blooming youth, my dear,  
And you will have to pay with pain and tear  
For every happy moment, every sunny day.  
I'm sad... because you're cheerful and gay.

Translated

February 8th,2008

Alexander Blok

1880-1921

(translated by Alec Vagapov)

Alexander Blok

\* \* \*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

Let the dawn keep shining out,  
Let the warbler sing at night,  
How I wish I was allowed  
To embrace and hold you tight!

Our boat will float with blessing  
In the canes with rustling leaves,  
You will cling to me, caressing,  
Heated passion on your lips.

Sing, my love, and let the air  
Flow with the amazing song,  
You're more beautiful and fair  
Than the bird that sings along.

May 1898 (March 3,1921)

Alexander Blok

\* \* \*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

We were together, I recall...  
The night was thrilled, the fiddle singing...  
You were mine, my kindly soul,  
The loveliest of all in being....

Through murmur of the brook in peace,  
Through the mysterious female giggle  
The lips were longing for a kiss,  
The heart for sound of the fiddle...

March 9th,1918

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You were the fairest of all, no denying,  
Please, don't curse me and, pray, don't disgrace!  
My train, like the song of a gipsy, is flying,  
Like those irrevocable days...

What I loved is gone by, disappeared...  
Up ahead is a hidden way...  
Unforgettable, blessed and revered,  
Irretrievable... pardon me, pray!

1899-1918

Alexander Blok

\* \* \*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

Although I have never loved,  
And to break my oath I'm bound, -



Whenever I see you around  
You stir up my soul and my blood!

Your hands, they are far and yonder!  
Into these boring days  
You bring your charm and your grace  
Even when we are asunder!

In my abode, not warm,  
Desolate, cold and abandoned,  
And in my dream ever bounded  
I see the forsaken home.

I dream about old instants,  
As well as the bygone days...  
It seems that my thoughts and ways  
Are bound with your existence!

Whoever might call I won't come  
And have the fussy caresses  
Instead of the hopeless cases.  
So I withdraw and keep mum.

December 14th,2006

Alexander Blok

\* \* \*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

I know your face so well, my fair,  
It feels like you have lived with me.  
At home, at parties, - everywhere  
Your dainty look is what I see.

Your footsteps follow me wherever  
I go or happen to be in.  
Somebody chases me as ever  
Isn't it you, - the one I mean?

It's you who flashes by, my fair,  
The moment I am at the door,  
Invisible, and light as air,

Like an amazing dream I saw.

I saw you in the graveyard, dear,  
You sat in silence, looking blue,  
A maid in cotton kerchief here,  
I wonder, was it really you?

I came up closer, you were sitting,  
As I approached you went away.  
When by the river you were singing  
The bells responded with a play.

The sound of ringing filled the air  
I waited humbly and I cried...  
Behind the sound of chimes, however,  
Your voice had faded out and died.

And in a while I hear no answer.  
The kerchief flashes up ahead.  
I sadly hope there is a chance that  
Some day we'll see each other yet.

November 19th,2006

Sergei Yesenin  
1895 -1925

(Compiled and translated by Alec Vagapov)

Sergei Yesenin

\*\*\*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

You were crying on a quiet night,  
Those tears in your eyes you weren't hiding,

I was so sad and so depressed inside,  
And yet we couldn't overcome misunderstanding.

Now you are gone, I'm here, on my own,  
My dreams have faded, losing tint and colour,  
You left me, and again I am all alone,  
Without tenderness and greeting, in my parlour.

When evening comes I often, crowned with rue,  
Come to the place of our dating here,  
And in my dreams I see the sight of you  
And hear you crying bitterly, my dear.

1912-1913

Sergei Yesenin

\*\*\*

(Translated by Alec Vagapov)

It's sad to look at you, my love,  
And it's so painful to remember!  
It seems, the only thing we have  
Is tint of willow in September.

Somebody's lips have outworn  
Your warmth and body trepidation,  
As if the rain was drizzling down  
The soul, that stiffened in congestion.

Well, let it be! I do not dread.  
I have some other joyous gala.  
There's nothing left for me except  
For brown dust and grizzly colour.

I've been unable, to my rue,  
To save myself, for smiles or any.  
The roads that have been walked are few  
Mistakes that have been made are many.

With funny life and funny split  
So it has been and will be ever.  
The grove with birch-tree bones in it  
Is like a graveyard, well I never!

Likewise, we'll go to our doom  
And fade, like callers of the garden.  
In winter flowers never bloom,  
And so we shouldn't grieve about them.

1923

Sergei Yesenin

\*\*\*

(Translated by Alec Vagap[ov])

You don't love me and don't feel compassion  
Don't you think that now I look my best?  
Though you look aside you're thrilled with passion  
As you put your arms upon my chest.

You are young, so sensitive and zealous,  
I am neither bad nor very good to you.  
Tell me, did you pet a lot of fellows?  
You remember many arms and lips? You do?

They are gone and haven't touched you any,  
Gone like shadows, leaving you aflame.  
You have sat upon the laps of many,  
You are sitting now on mine, without shame.

Though your eyes are closed, and you are rather  
Thinking of some one you really trust,  
After all, I do not love you either,  
I am lost in thought about my dear past.

Don't you call this zeal predestination,  
Hasty tie is thoughtless and no good,  
Like I set up this unplanned connection,

I will smile when leaving you for good.

You will go the pathway of your own  
Just to have your days unwisely spent,  
Don't approach the ones not fully grown,  
Don't entice the ones that never burnt.

When you walk with someone down the alley  
Chatting merrily about love and all  
Maybe, I'll be out, walking round shyly,  
And again, by chance, I'll meet you, poor soul.

Squaring shoulders, ravishing and winning,  
Bending slightly forward, with an air kiss,  
You will utter quietly: Good evening!  
And I will reply: Good evening, miss.

Nothing will disturb my heart and spirit,  
Nothing will perturb me giving pain, -  
He who's been in love will not retrieve it,  
He who's burnt will not be lit again.

December 4th,1925

Sergei Yesenin

\*\*\*

(Translated by Alec Vagap[ov])

Let's sit down here, my dearest,  
Look and see how much I care.  
I will listen to the tempest  
Under your submissive stare.

All this golden vegetation  
And this fair lock of hair, -  
They have come just like salvation  
Of the loafer free of care.

Long ago I left my village

With the blooming fields and thicket,  
Tempted by the city image  
And the life of fame, so wicked.

So I buried in oblivion  
Orchard, summer I enjoyed  
Where I, to the frogs' singing,  
Raised myself to be a poet.

Autumn with the golden branches...  
Maple, lime-trees, taking pleasure,  
Stick their twigs inside, like clutches,  
Searching for someone they treasure.

They are gone, our dear losses,  
In the homely yard the crescent  
Marks with beams of light on crosses  
That we'll join them in the basement.

Going through the troubles wholly  
We shall go like this to welkin.  
All the winding roads are only  
For the living beings welcome.

Come, sit down here, my dearest,  
Let me look into your face.  
I will listen to the tempest  
Under your submissive gaze.

1923

Alec Vagapov