

Poetry Series

**Lyudmila Purgina**  
**- poems -**

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# Lyudmila Purgina()

I'm from Russia Urals.

You could see my russian poems and translations on the russian site

# A Burden

And every people has its own burden...  
And secrets every people hides is own shelves...  
But it is time to think about, certainly,  
When someone is going over the other's heads...  
He thinks, it will be easier at least  
To find the world, to which he's dedicated...

He thinks: 'I'll hold my hands in fists,  
And cover my heart with a mask of beast.'  
He thinks: 'Here's the world! I'm at your eyes! '  
But world considers him as a toy in game,  
As fascinating play on the brightest stage,  
Where all the incarnation costs high.  
Where every moment with whistling seconds  
By your head, as the bullets nearby,  
The world is changing from the past through nowadays  
To future... And is tearing off the cortex slight  
From his mask, which was put on by his fate...

The fancy of the destiny - to hide  
The bitter burden in the ages far...

=====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# A Haunting Melody - Rabbit N Fox

A haunting melody,  
A hunting melody,  
That tries to reiterate  
Once and again in mind.  
And I'm a rabbit,  
A little rabbit  
In world so sizeable,  
From fox to hide...

The fox is red as a fire tongue.  
She knows well her inner strength  
In her attempt to simply harsh  
The poor rabbit in a mesh...

Lyudmila Purgina

# A Key

What you do long for,  
That will have the light...  
What you do sail to,  
That will have the sight,  
Will have a talk, though about nothing...  
The life is opened with key, sometimes.  
But where are the doors?  
You couldn't ever find...  
Where is the house?  
For years we are going...  
But all - in vain...  
And better then to leave the way,  
Having gathered millions of reasons  
To stop one day,  
To have an end...

We sail, and sail, and sail,  
Following that far ship...  
You see? There's our bay...  
Our house there...  
Here... near...  
Take key... And open it quickly...

Lyudmila Purgina

# A Little Loss

A little loss is gradually changing  
Into the great, tremendous failure...  
And life becomes - the steady trick,  
When a man does not even try to think.

A little loss - he'd say: It's all of a sudden!  
And will be then consoled by everyone:  
Take, man, your life as a real fact now  
And, surely, you'll be in Paradise!

And man is bending, crooking in a time,  
And man - grows to be a gloomy creature that...  
The life will be a heavy burden like,  
So good was the beginning, sad - the end...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# A Love To Power

I heeded then to cries of monkeys,  
That jumped from one bough to other...  
Perhaps, I was in a state drunken,  
When trusted wholly to their advices:  
Advice - to jump, advice - to race,  
Advice - to fly in the passion jungles...  
Then I'd escaped all the bad vices -  
Of love to power...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# A Needle

A needle I was searching in moonlight,  
In a huge haystack... Perhaps, it shines?  
But all my efforts were in vain!  
Who could in the huge pile define  
The needle out of stalks, all faded?

But this was - the given task for me... They said,  
It was the only way to work out problem,  
Though it may be looking strange,  
Their eagerness it's useful to express  
In the affairs, to oblivion fated...

=====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



# A Point

From a point - a line will go to the hard eternity...  
The other line - obliquely - will cross the first one.  
And this is - a plane endless, no one  
Could imagine its sides, and destiny.  
Everything was born out of a small point... But I'm careless...  
Where in it was 'I'? My essence? ... the question...

=====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## A Rest, Which's...

A rest, which's hardly to be found  
Even under the hot sun of the south...  
And heart again melts to the ground,  
In heat of circle of the dancing,  
In the mysterious hearth of night,  
I'm pulled after it... It demands  
To go to transparency of darkness,  
To drain out the melancholy...  
Where's no love... Where nobody helps  
To reach with hand the passion's core...  
When I get up - a ray of sun again  
Touches my naked shoulder...  
I am - in light of this dark ray...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, A Sobbing Autumn - Translation (Rus.)

by Anna Akhmatova

15/09/1921

Tzarskoye Selo

A sobbing Autumn as a poor widow,  
All coloured black, today is hazing hearts.  
And sorting husband's words in row,  
Hard crying, and again restarts,

It would be so till the winter snow  
Will fall its pity on her constant grief,  
And she'll forget the former sorrow,  
And bliss, which life is worth to give.

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, An Angel, Who Kept Me.. - Translation (Rus.)

An angel, who kept me that three years for...,  
Raised up in ascension in fire.  
But I wait for a sweet day, when he returns,  
I wait for this day in desire.

My cheeks looks like sunken and bloodless are lips -  
You shan't recognize me this day.  
Because I'm not beauty, as he knew really,  
When I made confused him some way.

I'm not afraid now of any thing bad,  
Remembering words of good-bye.  
I'll bow at his feet, when he comes again,  
Though I hardly beckoned in past.

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, And I Stopped Smiling... - Translation (Rus.)

And I stopped smiling, a frosty wind  
Is freezing all my lips this time.  
One hope's lesser. One song - seems  
To be once more. I know the rhyme.  
And this song unintentionally I'll give  
For further laugh and profanation.  
Because it's so painful then to keep  
My soul silent with the love's negation.

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, And In Time, When We Did Curse.. - Translation (Rus.)

And in time, when we did curse each other  
In the passion, which was heated white,  
We were unaware either,  
That the earth was little for both us.  
And the memory is then tormenting,  
That's the torture of the strongest men.  
In the night our hearts are learning  
How to ask: Oh, where is my friend?  
When the choir through the waves of fragrance  
Rattles the exulted song too high,  
I do see again without doubt  
All the same - inevitable eyes.

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, And So I Was Left... - Translation (Rus.)

And so I was left alone  
To count the empty days.  
Oh my friends, loving freedom only,  
Oh swans of my long days!

So with a song I can't return,  
With tears - all in vain.  
But in the evening hour all  
You will be marked in pray.

One of you passed by darting arrow,  
Falled on the ground lea.  
And other one became a raven,  
Black-coloured, when kissed me.

But one day in a year I  
Am standing, when ice's gone,  
At pure waters of the garden  
Of Ekaterina's own.

And hear the splash of so wide wings  
Over the blue pond's plain.  
But, interesting, who opened window  
Of that dark tomb's dwell.

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, And There In Corner My Marble Double.. - Translation (Rus.)

And there in corner my marble double  
Is lying under the maple old.  
It gave the image up entirely  
To lake, which's green by water colour.  
And fair rains are washing over  
Its wounded skin... Hey! Wait me while!  
My cold and white twin, I would also  
Become as marble as you are...

=====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



## tova, And You Became So Dull... - Translation (Rus.)

And you became so dull and heavy,  
Denying glory and debarring dreams,  
But you are so nice for me, unswayably,  
And being more dark, then more sweet.

You drink wine, and your nights are dirty,  
What's then in real or in dreams, not think,  
But your eyes're green and poignant, though, -  
The rest is not in wine - your screed.

And your heart longs for coming death now,  
Anathemising destiny for retardation.  
The wind from west is bringing hourly  
Your constant blames and supplications.

But how could return? I'm scared.  
Under the pale heaven of my land  
I'm able only to sing, remember...  
You dare not to think 'bout me that day.

So days are going, making the groans louder.  
How could I now pray God for your fate?  
You're right: my love is such tenacious,  
That you failed all to kill it, anyway.

1916(?)

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, Dream - Translation (Rus.)

Dream

Sweet are your ethereal dreams, aren't they?

Was it the prophetic dream, or not? or..  
Mars has shined among the stars in sky,  
It became scarlet, with a glow of horror,  
I dreamed about your arrival at the time.

It was in all around... And in Bach's Chackona,  
In roses, that bloomed out vainly,  
And in the toll of bells in suburbs  
Over the tilled earth blackness.

And in the autumn, that sneaked quite near,  
But, after thought, hided once again.  
Oh august! How could you bring me  
Such news in the anniversary bad!

How could I pay for that King's present?  
Where could I go, who are the guests on feast?  
So I'm writing verses, as did ever,  
In my burned notebook, without mess.

14 Aug 1956

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, Echo - Translation (Rus.)

Echo

by Anna Akhmatova

All the ways to past are now closed,  
What the past for me today, what for?  
What do you see there? - The bloody stones,  
Or the bricked up surely so heavy door?  
Or the echo, which is still repeating  
Words, and never could this action stop,  
I am asking it to end, but really  
It is carrying weight, as in my heart, for long.

===

In russian and bulgarian translation  
by Maria Shandurkova:

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, Grasped My Hands... - Translation (Rus.)

by Anna Akhmatova

Grasped my hands under the veil dark 'n swarthy...  
'Why today so pale are you? '  
'That's from sorrow, the astringent sorrow,  
Which I've fed to him fully, as truth.'

How could I forget? He went staggering,  
The twisted mouth and grimace on face...  
I've run, trying not to touch rails,  
I've followed him up to gates.

Gasped for breath, I've cried to him: 'Joke!  
All was joke! I'll die, when you go...'  
Smiled he, said so quiet with horror:  
'Don't stay in the wind, it is cold! '

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, I Got The Skill To Live... - Translation (Rus.)

I got the skill to live so neat and wise,  
To look at skies, to pray God in my heart  
And walk through alleys in the evening time  
In order to make weak the needless trouble.

When in a ravine rustle the burdocks barbed,  
And droops the bunch of a yellow-red rowan,  
Then I compose jolly verses 'bout  
The perishable life, so perishable, glorious.

And I return back. Hands are licked by cat,  
The pussy one, who murmurs sweet,  
A bright fire burns there on the turret  
Of the lake's sawmill, as it seen.

Only sometimes I hear a loud cry  
Of stork, who fled to a house roof on rear.  
When you'd knock in my door at once -  
I think that your arrival I'd not hear.

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, I Heard A Voice. - Translation (Rus.)

by Anna Akhmatova

I heard a voice. It called me tenderly.  
It called: Come to me, dear.  
Leave country, leave the sinful land,  
Leave Russia - forever.

I'll wash a blood from your hands, dear,  
I'll pull a black shame from your heart.  
I'll cover with a new name, really,  
The pain from a defeat, from insult.

But calmly so and so indifferently  
I closed the ears with my hands,  
In order not to profane hearing  
Of mounful spirit with such spell.

- -

In russian and translation into bulgarian  
by Maria Shandurkova

Lyudmila Purgina

## **tova, I Know - You Are My Award... - Translation (Rus.)**

I know - you are my award for years  
Of pain unbearable, of hard work,  
For my strict always, good behavior  
In getting into earthly joys;

For that I said nothing to dear:  
'I love you', never ever told.  
For that I had forgiven everything  
For everybody: you'll be Angel - forth...

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, I Remember You Rarely - Translation (Rus.)

By Anna Akhmatova

I remember you so rarely...  
Your fate doesn't mean something to me.  
But a small snatch of feel hardly could I take  
From my soul, when we are to meet...

I shall pass by your red house, as with aim,  
It is situated above the muddy stream...  
I'm aware, that I am in anxiety,  
While you are existing in peace.

Though you fail to bend over my lips,  
Kissing me, asking love with a verse;  
Though you didn't throw to eternity  
All the inner temptation, languor -

I would like to conjure on my poor fate -  
In the view of this blue and nice evening...  
And I long, forebode of the next day,  
When again there will be our meeting...

Lyudmila Purgina



## tova, I'M Praying To The Window's Beam.. - Translation (Rus.)

I'm praying to the window's beam,  
It is so pale, and thin, and straight...  
I'm mute from early morning this,  
My heart's half-broken and jaded...  
On my washstand the copper turned  
To green colour, but the beam is playing  
On it's surface, and I'm enjoying  
It's innocence, simplicity of raying...  
In this vast and so empty church  
It's like a gold holiday and consolation.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, In White Night - Translation (Rus.)

Ah, I didn't close the door,  
Nor I was burning candles;  
You don't know, how, been tired all,  
To fall asleep I hesitated.

To look, how the stripes of light  
Go down in the dark of fur-needles,  
Got drunken by the sound of voice like  
Your's, and that was bitter.

And to define, that all's once lost,  
And life - was damned and hell!  
Oh, I was sure, I loved thought,  
That you'd come back!

6 Feb 1911,  
Tsarskoye Selo

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, Love - Translation (Rus.)

Love

by Anna Akhmatova

As a snake, coiling up in a knot,  
At the very heart she's conjuring.  
Or the whole day she like a tiny dove  
On the window white is tender cooing.  
Or she sparkles in a hoar-frost bright,  
And in dozing - like a gillyflower...  
But she surely, secretly guides  
You from a pleasure and from a quiet.  
She can sweetly and plaintively cry  
In a prayer of a boring violin,  
And is awe now to guess her in smile,  
Yet unknown, though such greeting.

24 11 1911

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, Moving My Dreams Aside... - Translation (Rus.)

Moving my dreams aside,  
Been tired of ideas,  
I'm waiting winter, as others  
Don't wait, in real.  
Do you remember, you promised  
Good weather without rains?  
But they are here and going  
All the days...

And, surprised, I look outside my flat's window -  
Am I in dream, or in reality?  
Do you remember, you said, that life - is dream?  
I woke up, and live, so strangely...  
And the other day again I'm in the chains  
To play my role and to laugh out of place.  
Do you remember, you said, that love - is pain? !  
You'd been mistaken, love - is Hell!

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, My Voice Is Weak... - Translation (Rus.)

My voice is weak, but my will's not the same,  
I feel at least some lightness love without.  
The skies are high, the mount's wind does race,  
And I have chaste and pure thoughts in mind.

The sleeplessness, my former nurse, had gone  
To others, I'm not languishing at ashes,  
And on a tower clocks the pointer curved  
Doesn't look like as an arrow deadly.

My past is losing power at my heart!  
My freedom's near. I shall all forgive.  
Following the view of sun ray rising  
And going down the ivy wet in spring.

1912

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Another translation into bulgarian by Maria Shandurkova:

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, Oh, Be Silent! - Translation (Rus.)

by Anna Akhmatova

Oh, be silent! with passionate words  
I'm inflamed and do tremble all over,  
And my eyes cannot rear from your's  
Filled with tenderness flow.

Oh, be silent! In junior heart  
You had raised something queer and odd.  
Life turned marvellous, wonderful part  
Of a dream full of kisses as drought.

Why you've bowed to me so low?  
What have read you in my shining eyes?  
Why I'm trembling? Why fired to whole?  
Go away! Oh, why for did you come?

--

In russian and other translation by Vladimir Chistyakov:

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, Our Sacred Art - Translation (Rus.)

Our sacred art  
Exists and for thousand years...  
It seems that its inner light  
Enlightens the world forever.  
But no any poet said  
That wisdom's absent,  
The old age - same,  
Perhaps, death's - as yet...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, Please, My Letter, Oh Dear.. - Translation (Rus.)

Please, my letter, oh dear, don't crumple.  
Friend, please read it at whole till end.  
I'm tired to be the unknown one,  
To be alien one on your way.  
Don't look at it, don't screw your eyes,  
Being angry - I'm your love, I'm your's.  
Not a sheperdess, not a queen, either,  
Not a nun to the time, by the word.  
This grey everyday dress I put now on,  
And on worn out heels I take chance...  
But, embraces are burning, as earlier,  
And there is the same fear in eyes.  
Don't crumble my letter, my dear,  
Don't cry about cherished, but lie,  
And, please, put letter in your so poor bag  
On the bottom, please, keep it awhile.

Lyudmila Purgina



# tova, The Devotion - Translation (Rus.)

By Anna Akhmatova

You see, not under alien vault,  
Without proof of alien wings,  
Once I was living in the world,  
Where was unfortunately - my people...

1961

....

The Devotion

Before this grief the rocks're bowing,  
The river great is breaking flow,  
The prison's shutters solid so,  
Behind them 'penal holes' grow  
As well as mortal melancholy.

For somebody - fresh wind is blowing,  
For somebody - sunset's performing,  
But just the same we are and don't know,  
We heard odious keys - to gnash  
And soldier's steps - to go.

We did get up as to the mess so early,  
Were going through wild capital, then  
Were meeting all, filled with tremendous woe,  
The sun - to set, Neva - to fade,  
And far and far - our hope.

At last - the sentence...She bursts in tears,  
From others - separated. Life and heart -  
Are taken out with pain feelings.  
World - overturned. Unsteady... feared...  
Alone... she goes far...

Where are they today - my true companions  
Of these two damned and awful years?  
What do they see in vast Siberian snowpiles?  
What do they see under the moon at night?

Last farewell for them - my cheers...

March 1940

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, The Evening Light... - Translation (Rus.)

Anna Akhmatova

The evening light is yellow, wide.  
The cool of April's tender, soft.  
You seem to visit lately, but  
I'm glad and pleased, despite of all.

Oh dear, nearer to me please sit  
And look at me with joyous eyes.  
The old note-book, all filled  
With childish poems we'll glance.

And pardon me for old hard tears  
And lack of pleasure in sunshine.  
Excuse me, that instead of dear  
I've been receiving other one.

1915

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In russian and some other translations:

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, The Glory On Earth... - Translation (Rus.)

The glory on earth - is a smoke!  
I haven't seeked it ever.  
But every my lover I got  
A real luck and success.  
One of them is yet alive,  
Loving the other spouse.  
The other one - standing apart  
As a bronze monument in the snow.

1914

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Translation into bulgarian by Maria Shandurkova:

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, The Midnight Poems - Translation (Rus.)

The midnight poems

seven verses

Only a mirror self is dreamt by another mirror,  
Silence is guarding another silence...  
Heads (\* - of coins...)

- -

Instead of dedication

I'm roaming over waves and hiding in wood,  
Seeming to appear at the fair enamel...  
Perhaps our parting I'll bear good,  
But the meeting with you - a question?

Summer 1963

1. The fore-spring elegy

...toi qui m'as consolee.  
Gerard de Nerval

Between the pine-trees a blizzard's set down,  
But, got drunken without any wine,  
There, as Ophelia, throughout all the night  
A silence was singing to us.  
And he, who was only a reflection to me,  
Was betrothed with that silence, perfectly,  
And on leaving me, he lavishly remained, at least,  
He deathly remained with me, mortally.

10 march 1963  
Komarovo

2. The first caution

Look, what's the matter in real for us,  
That everything goes to ashes...  
How many a chasm I was singing above,  
How many a mirror I lived in.  
Let me be not a dream, nor a pleasure,  
Nor a bliss in any way,  
But, perhaps, more often, as it's necessary,  
You'll be remembering that:  
The boom of the subsiding verses,  
And the eye, which is hiding on bottom  
That rusted wreath, garland such thorny  
In silence, disquieting soul.

6 june 1963

### 3. At other side of mirror

O quae beatam, Diva,  
tenes Cyprum et Memphin...  
Hor.

The beauty is so young to be,  
But not from our century, thus  
We'll never be together - she,  
As the third, will never leave us.  
You are moving closer to her an arm-chair,  
I'm generous to present her the flowers...  
What we are doing - we don't know by ourselves,  
But every a minute I feel more troubled...  
As the creatures, from a prison gone out,  
We know something about each other  
And awful. Thence we are in the Hell's round,  
But, perhaps, that are not we, in fact.

5 july 1963

Komarovo

### 4. The thirteen lines

At last you said a word, not as the other man,  
Who is... that, who is staying on one knee -

But as one, who'd escaped from prison and  
Is looking on the sacred birch's leaves  
Through a rainbow of the unintentional tears.  
And silence bursted into singing you around,  
And twilight was enlightened as with sun,  
And world for a moment turned to the other one,  
And wine has changed its taste that time.  
And even I, who had a fate to kill  
The divine Word, stopped mere talking  
To stiffen in a reverence stockstill  
In one attempt to elongate love living...

8-12 august 1963

#### 5. A call

In one sonnet I'll hide you with great care.  
O! then you'll call me, troubled all,  
But irreparably guilty in your attempt  
To get close to me for one a moment...  
Your dream - is disappearing in radiance,  
Where the death - is offering to silence.

1 july 1963

#### 6. A night visit

All had gone, and no one had returned back

Not on the asphalt, covered with leaves, you'll wait  
So long.  
In the Vivaldi's Aajio once again  
We'll meet, know.  
Again the candles will become dim-yellow,  
With a dream cursed.  
But the bow wouldn't ask, how entered  
You my midnight house.  
In a mute deadly groan the half-hour quickly  
Will pass.  
You will read on my palm, dear,  
The same puzzle.  
And then your trouble prolonged,  
Which is your fate,

Will call you from my threshold  
Into the icy waves...

10-13 september 1963  
Komarovo

7. And the last...

There it was above us, as the star over the sea,  
Seeking the ninth mortal wave,  
You named it - only the sorrow and grief,  
But never called it - a pleasure.  
As a swallow it flew highly at day,  
And like a smile blossomed on lips,  
But at night it with its cold hand  
Throttled both. Even in different cities.  
And impartial to a glorifying pledge,  
Having forgotten all the previous sins,  
It leans to the sleepless head-beds  
And murmurs its damned poems.

23-25 july 1963

Instead of afterword

And there, where the dreams are made up,  
We both had lack of the different ones,  
As we saw one single dream, its power  
Was such as time, when spring comes once.

1965

Lyudmila Purgina



# tova, The Sleeplessness - Translation (Rus.)

The sleeplessness  
by Anna Akhmatova

Somewhere cats are mewling plaintively,  
The sounds of steps I'm catching from afar...  
Your words for me are similar to lullaby:  
I can't get sleep because of them three months.

And you again with me, the sleeplessness!  
Your's static cold face I recognize.  
Hey, dear beauty, hey, the mere lawlessness,  
My song is bad for you, could you be wise?

The windows are clothed with white material,  
And shade as weightless stream is running blue...  
The distant news could quiet, would they really?  
Why do I feel so easy matched with you?

Winter 1912  
Tzarskoye Selo

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In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, The Stone Word - Translation (Rus.)

By Anna Akhmatova

And the stone word has fallen down  
On my breast, being alive, awhile...  
No matter, I was ready, almost...  
I'll cope, overcome this time.

I'm today completely borrowed, rather,  
It is need to kill the memory to end.  
It is need for my soul - to harden,  
It is need - again to live, as well.

Or... The hot rumble of near summer  
Is outside my window as a feast...  
I've fore-felted this long ago: coming  
Of this bright day and my house - left.

22.06.1939

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, There Is The Sacred Border... - Translation (Rus.)

by Anna Akhmatova

May 1915

Tzarskoye Selo

There is the sacred border in the union -  
Which passion or affection to each other  
Could never step across, although junior  
Unite the lips so fast in silence weird,

Though heart is broken to simple parts  
By love, and friendship ruins attitude,  
As well as years of the highest luck,  
When Soul's free from passion lassitude...

All the aspired men - then mad,  
Achieved - then turn to melancholy.  
You see? Under your trembling hand  
My heart is beating quite normally.

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In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# tova, Through The Alley The Horses.. - Translation (Rus.)

In Tsarskoye Selo

Through the alley the horses are ridden,  
Long are waves of their manes, combed thoroughly.  
Oh, my town, with puzzles such captivating.  
I'm sad, merged in my ardent loving.  
It is strange to remember the anguish  
Of my soul in my dying ravings.  
And today I'm only a plaything,  
As my friend - the rosy parrot.  
My chest isn't clutched with a presentiment,  
If you wish - look in my eyes so clear.  
I don't like only hour pre-sunset,  
Wind from sea and the words: go, leave.

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, Willow - Translation (Rus.)

Willow by Anna Akhmatova

And I was brought up in the figured silence,  
In freshness of the child's years of century.  
And I disliked the voice of any man there,  
But voice of wind I tried appreciating.  
I liked the burdocks and the nettle lawns,  
But mostly - the silver willow growth.  
And grateful, then she lived with me  
All life, with branches mournful weeping,  
And sleeplessness mine was granting with a dream.  
And - it is strange! - that I've her outlived.  
There's only a stump is seen, and alien voices  
Of other willows are heard  
Under the heavens chosen by us...  
As if the brother passed...  
And I keep silence...

===

In russian and another translation  
by Irina Goncharova:

Lyudmila Purgina

## tova, You Are Always So Strange.. - Translation (Rus.)

You are always so strange and so new one,  
And I serve to you harder by time,  
But your love, o my strict friend, is suffering,  
As the test with the fire and iron.  
You forbid me to sing or to smile,  
And to pray - that's the earlier ban.  
But, in spite of that, I don't want parting,  
And the other ways - careless of that.  
So alien to earth and to heaven,  
I'm living without a song.  
As if you had taken from eden,  
And from hell - my before-time free soul.

Lyudmila Purgina

# tin, I'M Not Pity... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexey Apukhtin

I'm not pity for that so undear  
I was to you, not worthy for your love!  
I'm not pity, that we are not now living  
At one place, thus the hotter I do strive.

I'm not pity that humiliation  
Was infused all by me, by me was drunken.  
That my curses, as well as all my prayings,  
All my tears you met with the cold glances.

I'm not pity for that the ardent fire  
Inflamed my blood, my heart was hardly teasing!  
But I'm pity, that I lived without love  
And more - that I did love a little!

===

In russian and translation into french  
by Marina Severina

Lyudmila Purgina

# n, The Bests Of Bests - Translation (Rus.)

By Arkady Belkin

They pass away - the best of bests,  
As if they are by God selected...  
They fly away - behind the tempest,  
Behind the threshold imperceptible.

And there remain alone - relatives  
Of those passed, their close friends,  
And also - the happy memory  
Of life, of role, of success.

Lyudmila Purgina



# **kov, And Vast Is The Eternal Silence... - Translation (Rus.)**

And vast is the eternal silence,  
And bottomless is stream of ages...  
And ever-active centuries are racing  
In one eternal river by-by passing....

The history is flowing in centuries,  
Burning the fates on fire of the years,  
Uniting thus - the life and ashes -  
Every thing was and will be ever.

Some reason does exist in some that being,  
Some thing is ruling, governing the whole,  
We are in vain to read book of this World,  
World's beautiful, enormous and serene.

So vast is the eternal silence  
And bottomless is stream of ages,  
One wave is changing the another  
In race of the excited centuries...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Oh Soul! When... - Translation (Rus.)

Oh Soul! When will you stop trusting?  
Spring, spring! It surely is languid,  
As a light mystery of door ajar, see,  
To a joss-house of your golden dream...

Hardly I left the friend-girl, tending  
To find a silence and a peace,  
Then other one is calling, craving  
For me again to day appear...

But chest is wreathed with darkness, keeping  
The spring, that well boiled some time...  
Don't sing, don't ask me, Margarita,  
Don't look, my dear, in my heart...

26 march 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Spring Day Passed... - Translation (Rus.)

The spring day passed without purpose  
At the dirty and dark window:  
Behind the wall was singing, boresome,  
My wife - bird in captivity.

Without haste I brought together  
My reminiscences, my works;  
And all became perfectly clear:  
Life's rustled by, passed over.

Yes, my thoughts, disputes will return,  
But they will be such gloomy, boring;  
What's then a need to down curtains?  
The soul's fire - all is gone.

march 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

# , When, Entering The World... - Translation (Rus.)

to Evgeny Ivanov

When, entering the world enormous,  
You vainly search the state of unity;  
When you are looking in a dark corner  
And waiting death out of it;

When you are spiteful, or got illness,  
Are scorched by craving or by passion,  
Believe: that time you have the freedom  
To be proud of real happiness!

But when not boredom, nor love, neither  
With a total fear you are breathing,  
When all your dreams are spotted, covered  
With blood, not young and not so quick, - then

You are completely robbed and naked:  
Death is outside the languor power,  
And your life, out of the perishing,  
Thus - only the steps slows down.

March 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , A Black Raven...- Translation (Rus.)

A black raven in a snowy night,  
A black velvet on the shoulders swarthy.  
A voice languishing with a singing light  
About all nights in the south.

In a light heart - the passion and easiness,  
As if to me from sea was a sign.  
Over the bottomless chasm to the aeons  
There a trotter, grasping breath, flies.

And the snow-wind, your breathing,  
My lips, all intoxicated...  
Valentina, the star, my dreaming!  
How charmingly sings a nightingale!

And the cruel world! To heart it is poky!  
There's your kisses' delirium in it,  
The dark wraith of the gypsy songs,  
And a comet, hasting in glimpse!

February 1910

Lyudmila Purgina

## , A Bow Screamed... - Translation (Rus.)

A bow screamed. A cloud stuffy  
Has stood above us. The nightingales  
We saw in dream. The body docile  
Has slid into my embrace.

Not nightingale. It was a violin.  
When string broke up, the silence deep  
Was crying loud, loud ringing  
As in the spring grove, indeed.

As in that grove to the sounds  
Of cry the May storm entered...  
The fearful hands let moving tighter,  
The closed eyes burned tempted...

14 May 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , A Flute Was Ringing... - Translation (Rus.)

A flute was ringing on the bridge,  
The apple-trees were blooming.  
And angel raised a star, one green,  
To top, the heaven choosing.  
And something happened on the bridge:  
Like miracle, while looking  
Into this depth, this height, indeed...

A flute is singing: star rose up.  
Hey, shepherd, drive your flock...  
Under the bridge sings water loud,  
Look, how it's fast in flow:  
And let your troubles go for long,  
Forever, never you'd seen  
Such a transparent depth before  
And such a silence deep  
You'd never heard, indeed...

Lo, had you seen such water quick,  
When you were dreaming dream?

Lyudmila Purgina

# , A Little Show-Booth - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

Here's a little show-booth opened  
For gay and nice children.  
The boy and girl are looking on  
The ladies, the kings, and the devils.  
They hear that hellish music  
Of howling sorrowful bow.  
Then a devil's caught the little fellow  
And the cranberry's juice's flown out.

The Boy:

He'll escape out of the black anger  
By the beconimg white hand.  
Look: the firing goes from left side...  
Do you see there torches? The smokes? And that  
Should be really the Queen herself.

The Girl:

Why do you tease me so?  
Look, this is the hellish retinue goes...  
The Queen even in daytime,  
All intertwined with garlands of roses.  
And the retinue of sighing knight then  
Carry her loop, clanging with swords.  
Suddenly the clown's bent over the stage, crying:  
'Oh, help me! I'm poured with the juice such red!  
I'm bandaged with a cloth! I'm headed  
With cardboard helmet! In hand  
I do have the wooden sword!  
Help! '

And the boy and the girl began to howl.  
Then the little show-booth closed.

July 1905

Lyudmila Purgina



# , A Loop, Cropped With Stars... - Translation (Rus.)

by Alexander Blok

A loop, which is cropped by the stars,  
And the blue, blue, blue eyes.  
Between the earth and the sky  
There's by the wind's whirl enflamed fire.

Life and death are in the infinite cycling,  
All - in hard silks - you are undoubtedly  
Opened to the Milky ways shining -  
Hidden in the stormy clouds.

The stuffy hazes falled here down.  
Let's light should die, and dark - come fast...  
You've given me a torch-cup by  
Your thin, pale, strange hand at last.

The torch-cup I'll throw to dome,  
The Milky Way will go to splashes.  
Above the desert you'll fly, you only,  
And turn the loop of a comet there.

Let me now touch you silver folds,  
Let know by my heart, indifferent,  
How sweet were my suffers, old,  
How light and clear is then the death.

sept 1906

Lyudmila Purgina

## , A Night Is Like The Ages - Translation (Rus.)

A night is - like the ages, weakly trembling,  
A passionate delirium inside  
Of lips about strange and blessed, the babble,  
In window - an old and dim light.

Unrealizable assurances,  
No, there're no any words -  
That are the things, which lose their values,  
When it is near a pale dawn.

Then - in the tired eyes I'd see -  
The lie - and your hard lie!  
But the red curve of my mouth's similar  
Mistically - to your line!

27 dec 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

## , A Painter - Translation (Rus.)

During the hot summer and stormy winter,  
In days of your weddings, triumphs and sad funerals,  
I wait for some ring, light one, yet unhearable  
To hush my deadly, my boredom such usual.

Here - it is. With my cold attention  
I wait a moment to hold, to kill it.  
Under my caution and my expectation  
It pulls away its light thread, invisibly.

Is that a whirl from sea? Or that'a a syrene,  
Singing her Eden's songs in the leaves of trees?  
Or the time stopped? Or the apple-trees  
Lost their May blossom? Or an angel flees?

The hours last, producing out a world for sure.  
Sounds flare out, and movement, and light.  
Past looks so ardently into the future.  
There's no 'now'. No - miserable time.

At last, in a moment, at edge of conception  
Of new-born soul, of novel powers, -  
The soul is stricken, as by thunder, with tarnation:  
The creative wit overwhelmed - that's a wind-up.

And I'm closing into a cold cage  
Such a light good bird, free in role,  
The bird, which tried death to carry away,  
The bird, which fled up to save a soul.

Here is my cage - the steel, heavy one,  
And as a golden one, in the fire of evening,  
And here is my bird, once been joy at times,  
Rocking her hoop, singing on window.

Her wings are cut, her songs are learned all over.  
Do you like staying under window, hey?  
You like the songs. But I am, forworn,  
Look for the new - and in boring again.

12 december 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

## , A Poor Fool Had To Me Pestered... - Translation (Rus.)

A poor fool had to me pestered,  
Going after me as a known man:  
'Where are your money? ' - 'In tavern.'  
'Where is your heart? ' - 'In a slough pelted.'

'What do you need of me? ' - 'Nothing,  
Except humbleness, as I have,  
Except openness, as I have, pal,  
And nothing excessive to that.'

'Why do you worm into the alien heart?  
Go, go away, I need not.' -  
'Why do you think, that we are two, pal?  
Look round about. And what...? '

And, really (that was a great task) ,  
I looked around - nobody near.  
And looked into pocket - there nothing...  
And looked into heart... burst in tears...

30 dec 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

# , About Valours, Feats And Glory... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

About valours, feats and glory,  
About all I was forgetting on sad earth,  
When from the simple frame your face was glowing  
On table before me once more.

But time had come, and you have left the house.  
I threw the treasured ring into the night.  
You gave your life to other spouse,  
And I forgot the beautiful face's light.

The days flied on, as hard swarm whirling,  
A passion, wine were me tormenting.  
Once I remembered you before the altar,  
And called you, as the youth depleted.

I called you, but you looked back never,  
I cried, but never you indulged to me.  
You put on the blue coat, and then  
Went out to the night wet air.

I don't know, where did you find a shelter  
For your great proud, oh, my tender, dear...  
I'm sleeping and the blue coat seeing,  
In which you to the night had left me.

And no valours, no feats, no glory  
Are now occupying me, youth's over!  
Your face in so simple frame, your portrait  
I took out of table undoubtly.

30.12.1908

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The hit of Blok's poetry

In russian:

Some other translations of  
by Alec Vagapov:

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Accordion, Accordion - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

Accordion, accordion!  
Hey, sing and squeal, and burn!  
Hey, the buttercups deep yellow,  
The spring flower's colour!

There with the whistling 'n' trilling  
They walk up to the dawn,  
And bushes with rustle are leaning,  
And nodding to me: look on.

And I see - she waved up her hands,  
And rushed to fervent dance,  
She showered all with flowers,  
And bursted a song to us...

The untruthful, crafty being,  
As well as artful - dance!  
And let you be a poison real  
For soul spent, at last!

I'll go mad, and mad I'll become!  
I love you madly, I rave hardly,  
You are - the night, you are - the dark,  
You're in the hop entirely...

You are - my soul hardly keep,  
With poison push it down..  
You are - the only one I sing,  
And songs about you - uncountable! ..

Lyudmila Purgina



## , Again At Home... - Translation (Rus.)

Again at home... All humiliated, and angry, glad...  
What's there outside the window: day, night?  
The crescent as a clown - above the roofs is grimacing  
To me with his face light.

Away - the daylight sun, away - the repentance!  
Who dares to help me that time?  
Into my mind, all devastated, the night will enter,  
Night in me will rush!

The only look will pierce into my breast,  
The greedy look will stick, press!  
And everything will pass away forever -  
When you cry me the only - YES!

Lyudmila Purgina

## , And Again - The Gusts... - Translation (Rus.)

And again - the gusts of early years,  
And bursts of power, extremity of thoughts...  
But there's no happiness - as ever.  
Though you don't have a doubt long!

Go all the dangerous years through.  
You're waylaid - everywhere.  
But if you're lucky to be safe, as truth, -  
At last then you'll believe in phoenix,

And, yes, at last, again you'll see,  
That you were needless to be happy,  
That this chimerical such dream  
For half of life couldn't suite as ever,

That there are seen the edges overflown  
Of cup of the Creative delight's force,  
And everything is not mine, but all of our's,  
The tie with that world had gained a foothold -

And only then with a tender smile  
You'd recollect sometimes again, again  
About a childish dream, unsteady rather,  
Which is usually called - the happy end!

19 june 1912

Lyudmila Purgina

## , And Again The Rich Is Bad... - Translation (Rus.)

And again the rich is bad,  
And glad also, the poor - humbled.  
From the roofs of the stone mass  
Of the buildings - the moon is shining.

It is sending - the queitness,  
It is shaping - the steepness  
Of the stone slopes,  
The blackness of the walls.

All that was vainly, thus,  
If there were not any tzar  
To keep up the laws.  
But don't search for palaces,  
For industrious faces,  
For the crown golden.

He - from the distant wastes  
In the light of the rare lanterns  
Appears.

His neck is by the shawl twisted over,  
Under the shed, all in holes,  
Smiles cheerly.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , And Again You Long For... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

And again you long for a fun  
to fun,  
Oh, hy heart, the gold of mine!  
From a crapulence to other one,  
From a freedom to other one -  
Such a careless free life!

But is low much an earth cell,  
Pale much is all your gold!  
In the hour of the great fun -  
Suddenly could wave a deep hurt,  
With their black wings - a ravens' flock!

Now I'm really unpricked  
All with you, the snake in grass!  
With your blue-black plait you, dear,  
Braid the amateur - and fine:  
You're mine and not all mine!

You're with me and not with me, girl -  
Always aim to the other lands!  
Braiding me with your plait over,  
You will hear, grasping breath,  
The dead call of the ravens black!

7 december 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , And All Day - Is Like Day - Translation (Rus.)

And all day - is like day: is filled with a simple work  
And simple affairs...  
Their chain is unnecessarily floating  
By and by the tired eyes.

You are in a trouble, - and in the deep - obedient:  
Will they be vain - let it be so.  
On bottom of your soul, sad and black -  
Are disbelief and sorrow.

To evening time the chain will release  
From the day's cares stream.  
But when the capital would gaze in darkness,  
And the midnight would sing -

I'd like to sleep, but - an awful minute!  
Among the other ustling thoughts -  
The senselessness of all the work, the useless  
Of comfort will then enter court.

The silent melancholy will grasp your throat:  
Of no - 'Oh! ', of no - breath.  
As if the night had spreaded its curse,  
As if the devil has sat on the breast!

And you do jump and run on streets,  
But nobody could help:  
Wherefo you are turning face - you see  
By empty eyes - the night itself.

There the wind will groan with you on drafts  
Untill a pale dawn;  
And the gorodovoi, in order not not to fall asleep, will drive  
(\* gorodovoi - the old russian name of a policeman)  
The tramp from fire burning...

At last, the desired weariness will come,  
And everything will become equal...  
What? Conscience? Truth? Life?

What a little! Isn't it ridiculous?

11.02.1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , And I Loved Much. And I... - Translation (Rus.)

And I loved much. And I had gone through  
The crazy hop of all love hell.  
There were defeats, there were the triumphs,  
And one name - enemy, word - friend.

There were so many... What I share?  
The memoirs, the shadows of dreams...  
I only repeat in odd way  
Their golden names as sudden gleam.

There were so many. But one ever  
Is line, which joins them together,  
One insane beauty at one level:  
The passion and my life bevalued.

And making mystery of passion,  
Rising above the earth in it,  
I saw the other one, intending  
To lie on this bed of a yen...

Then weasels - same, then speeches - same ones,  
The shameful shiver of the lips,  
And shoulders, lest streaking other...  
No! World is stolid, empty, clean!

And, filling with a joy my breast once  
From top of the snowy high peaks,  
I send the avalanch to canyons,  
Where I'd loved, where I had kissed.

30 march 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

# , And Still Remembers Sighs Of Oar...- Translation (Rus.)

From 'Three letters'

To V.

1

And still remembers sighs of oar  
My shoulder, so blissfully excited...  
Under your look, escaping though,  
I surely had thoughts of nothing...

Your movements bashful, timid,  
And the rudder, wrongly turned...  
To white nights there a great ship  
Is sailing as a phantom...

And there in the clear sea  
The schooner bodies are seen...  
And gold of sunrise fleetly sweeps  
The aimless path, the aimless bind-weed...

28 May 1908

Lyudmila Purgina



# , And The Hour Hand... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

And the hour hand turns close to midnight,  
As a fair flame waved the candles.  
As a dark wave raised the thoughts in mind.  
Happy New Year, heart! I love you secretly,  
Evenings are deaf, the streets are dumb.  
I love you secretly, my dark girl-friend  
Of the vicious youth, of the burned out life.

4 november 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Antwerpen - Translation (Rus.)

Antwerpen

By Alexander Blok

Then let this time be distant far,  
Antwerpen! - From behind the blood sea  
You're deep in memory of mine...  
The fluvial haze crawls from the upper stream  
Of river Esko, wide as Neva one.

And over the waters silent  
In warmth and depth of haze, as eye  
Of young girl of Flamandia, there crowding  
A plenty of the dreams, shipyards, dockyrds,  
All there smells with tackle, tar.

Disturbing a water plain, in smoke,  
Which is prostrated sea all over,  
There a heavy steamer with two posts  
Is going to give its anchors:  
Now it's on way to the shores of Congo.

And you - should look there in the epochs dark  
In quietness of the town's museum:  
There Kwentin Massiss - is a tzar,  
There in the folds of Salomeya's wear  
The flowers of gold are intertwined...

But all - is pretence, all - deceit:  
Look upper... In the sheet of asure,  
Streaking throughout haze, you'll see  
The harbinger of a storm weather -  
The circling aeroplane's glee.

5 Oct 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , As Day So Light... - Translation (Rus.)

As day so light, but weird by nature,  
All - Being, but - as patch of dream,  
She comes to you with a speech perceptible,  
And after her - comes always Spring.

Here she sits and chatters, burbles,  
She likes to tease me, hinting thus  
About the noted thing of her whirl,  
Her great, but secret inner fire.

But I'm deaf for speech impetuous,  
I'm following the start of inkomposure,  
Expansion of uneasiness in glare  
Of her eyes, shivering of shoulders.

When speeches touch my heart, and also  
I turn intoxicated by her odour,  
I'll fall in love in her eyes, shoulders,  
As in the spring wind, as in verse, -

And flashes then the cold wrist, and  
Breaking a talk, she from herself  
Repeats, that power of passion -  
Nothing against the cold of brain! ..

20 February 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , At The Best God's Creature... - Translation (Rus.)

At the best god's creature  
I've caught the scorn power.  
I hit her with a stick.

She hastened to put on her coat. On leaving.  
And gone. And glanced back  
At my bluish windows in fear.

And she is gone. Into bluish windows  
There is flowing the rainy evening,  
And further, behind the bad weather,  
There is burning a dawn's frindge.

And distant, wet valleys  
And close, turbulent happiness!  
I'm standing and heeding  
To that sounds of voilins singing.

They are singing the wild songs  
About the freedom I'd got!  
About the ever better fate,  
Which the mean passion replaced!

13 march 1910

Lyudmila Purgina

## , At The Open Doors... - Translation (Rus.)

At the open doors - something's glimmering,  
Outdoors, behind windows - images.  
I don't know - ignorance dissembling,  
While asleep - I'll flow in visions.

In the silent air - melting, knowing...  
Something's hided, laughing at...  
What is laughing? May be mine, and longing  
Heart, which's beating joyously yet.

Is it spring outdoors - pink and sleepy?  
Or it is You - Clear - to me is smiling?  
Or it is my only heart loving - living?  
Or it's only seeming? All's recognizing?

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Autumn Dances - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok  
translated from russian

To excite me again and again -  
That's your inner and secret such will.  
And the Pleasure waits for words sacred -  
And the golden fabric now ready,  
So that my soul would laugh in the real.

And the Autumn is smiling through tears,  
Up to heavens my pray is forthflying.  
Behind the lace of the lean birch so near  
The golden pipe started singing aloud.

I can't help stop admiring the sounds,  
So transparent, as if that's your voice, dear  
But you're silent with uprised hands pose,  
With your hands, pointed to zenith.

And your rounded hands are in tremble,  
From white shoulders the flows downfall;  
Behind you they would play a round dancing -  
The autumn girls in embroidered cloths.

Washed by drizzles, you'd let hair down.  
The golden locks had uncurled under water,  
And the ring of the round dancing was broken  
In ravine, where they played so joyously.

And excited with music of water,  
I can't stop singing, dancing with you.  
All the fields and the ravines are also  
Cannot stop burning under your foot.

Come to us, come with us - a light-winged youth,  
We are destined to fly in the air...  
Where from do we take our Pleasure soon?  
Where from will the Silence come near?

That's the silence of dying cereals -  
That's the light time in world coming day:  
That's the dream, with the special signs filled,  
That will pass now as yesterday.

What would mean a flying through the time, desires? -  
Only splashes of girl's hands, not other -  
On the earth, on the green meadow is turning  
The unseparable joyous circle round.

And the sun, being untidal, won't break ever  
The rest of Silence or once anger it.  
Won't forget the wood grass of the temper,  
It will never forget such a spring.

And the snowflakes at the ravine's slopes  
Will sweep, fill up the edges completely.  
There, where the water is flowing,  
There, where is the dancing and willing.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Aviator - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

The flyer is released to freedom,  
Having swung his two blades, as a beast  
Into the water of the sea,  
He slipped into the air streams.

His blades are singing, as the strings...  
Look: he, without trembling, speeds  
His flight, trying the blind sun reach,  
Above the tribune mute and still.

And there in the height unreachable  
Shines copper of the working engine...  
And there hardly even seen, or  
Heard - the propeller's going to sing...

After that vainly you were looking -  
You failed to find a trace of it;  
In your field-glass, raised up, you surely  
Would find only the air - clear...

And here, in the heat, which's throbbing  
Above the wide field and smoking,  
There are the hangers, people - earthly -  
All as if pressed near to earth.

But once again in gold haze there,  
As if the heaven's hord is heard...  
The moment of the applauses - near,  
And a rather poor world record!

And lower is the spiral descent,  
And steeper is the curl of blades,  
And suddenly...Such an event ridiculous,  
And ugly in the constant flow- break...

The beast with stopped screws has hung awkwardly  
At corner terrible... The searching eyes



Can't find that time the point over  
The sky, the clear empty sky!

And it is late: on grass there's lying  
The bow of the crumpled wing...  
And in the net of machine wires  
There is a hand - as dead as thing...

Why for you've been in sky, the brave man  
For your first time, for your last time?  
Is that for purpose to a court lioness  
To glance at you with violet eyes?

Or the delight of self-oblivion  
You've just experienced to end,  
And thence you craved for the fall immediate  
By stopping crews by own self?

Or you were poisoned in a whole  
With images of future wars:  
The flyer in the night, who is going  
To throw dynamite on earth?

1910-jan 1911

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Be Sinful. While... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

The deuces tell:

Be sinful, while you're excited  
With innocent your's, but the sins,  
While a beauty is attracted, smiling,  
Conjured by your poems.

For fun, for consolation now -  
Drink wine again, the sparkling beverage.  
While this wine you do like, while it now  
Doesn't bother you and give you sadness.

And if the eyes flash with the insolence-  
You shouldn't deny their sparkling light,  
Whispering to sins, to wine, to passion  
The Amen words, in night delight.

Because you know - the fascination  
Will come to end, and in crazy hour,  
You, being in repentance frenzied,  
Will curse all us, the poor us.

And you'll begin to fall - in a crowd  
We'll, as the angels pure, fly  
And catch you up, that's in the order  
To keep you safe from the stones sharp...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Before A Court - Translation (Rus.)

Before a court

By Alexander Blok

Why you dropped your eyes in shyness, dear?  
Look at me, as earlier, my friend!  
You had reached that inner state - and really  
Under the humble and sharp light of day!

I'm also not just the same - as earlier,  
Inaccessible and proud, fair, bad.  
I look simpler and kinder, and without hope -  
At that simple and so boring days.

I'm surely don't have the right, at least, power  
To reproach you for such hard path,  
For that painful, crafty path, that's lying  
Before many women in this life.

And I know your life in the other way,  
That the others do, and that's my fate.  
More than the purest lawyers I'm aware,  
How you had reached that poor edge.

Then we both were carried by a passion  
Over the edge, that was at times,  
We were ready to kick off the evil,  
To fly up, in order to fall down.

Always you had dreamed about burning,  
And together, both - just you and I,  
In the close embraces - of turning  
Through a death - to see the Eden's skies.

What to do, when dream was lie, as others?  
Other dreams that we were waiting to,  
And the life had ruthlessly striked down  
With a stern rope of whip, as truth.

It is careless, this life, without doubt,

Life is hasty, dream is right for lie. -  
Hadn't it been, at moments, at some times -  
Happiness in you out from my love?

This hair curl is golden... Isn't it rather  
From the old fire, old burn? -  
Passionate and godless, empty, darling,  
Pardon, unforgettable, me all!

11 october 1915

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Being Alone...- Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

Being alone, I come again,  
Fascinated with lights of your love.

I've been rescueing out of burden  
Of my heavy years only by guessing.  
And again I'm the sorcery making  
Over you, yet the answer's unknown.

Days, all filled with such a guessing,  
I'm carressing them - don't call either.  
How soon will the fires of love  
Go down bewitched, still oppressing?

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Demon -2 - Translation (Rus.)

Demon

By Alexander Blok

Follow, follow me - as a slave,  
Resigned and faithful.  
I'll fly with you on the mountain ridge flashed  
With confidence.

I'll carry you above the chasm,  
Teasing you with its bottomless depth.  
Your horror will me only inspire,  
Though it will be unuseful then.

I'll keep you from the etherial dust's rain,  
And from constant circling also  
With power of muscles and by my wing's veil,  
And, while rising, shan't dropp down.

And on mountains, in white glare,  
On the unspotted meadow,  
I'll burn you in a strange manner  
With a body divine-beautiful.

Do you know, how few is that thing,  
Called lie amongst the people?  
And that sad compassion earthly,  
Which you call - a wild passion?

When evening becomes quieter,  
You, totally bewitched by me,  
Will dare to fly higher,  
Than the burning deserts of heaven, -

I'll take you there with me,  
I'll ascend you there,  
Where the earth to be a star seems,  
And a star looks like an earth.

And, becoming dumb with astonishment,

You'll see the new worlds' rays -  
The unbelievable scenes,  
The actors of my mystic play...

Then you, with trembling, powerless, feared,  
Will whisper me: please, let me free...  
I, with the opening my wings,  
Will smile you: you may fly, my dear.

And, having caught this naughty smile,  
With gradual destruction while fleeing,  
You will fall, as a stone, down  
Into the shining emptiness...

9 june 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Even Your Name To Me... - Translation (Rus.)

Even your name to me is contemptible,  
But when you blink and squint your eyes,  
I hear the howl of a multyfoamy stream,  
And from a desert - the rainstorm comes.

The golden and brown eye - is silent,  
The thin fingers seek for a throat...  
Come. Creep up. I shall strike -  
And, as a cat, you shall curve...

Lyudmila Purgina



## , Everything Was Under Bible... - Translation (Rus.)

Everything was under Bible:  
The young passion turned to cold,  
And the end to young excitements  
Gradually changed to a common row.

I was dazed, yet feeling nothing,  
And consoled by A HELL.  
All the words I've strictly counted,  
But - I had the great head-ache...

Longly suffered and plaintively...  
Silently my body frozed.  
I rose up: look, thirty years!  
Catch-n-grasp - the heart is gone.

And the heart - was a deadman painted.  
When the end had come, he found,  
That this case was quite banal -  
His soul's died... Will be another?

30 dec 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Factory - Translation (Rus.)

In neighbour house windows're yellow.  
In evening time - in evening time  
The pensive bolts are creaking plaintively,  
The people tend to go inside.

And gates are locked before the crowd,  
High on the wall - high on the wall  
Someone in black is staying motionless  
And counting the people all.

I hear all from my top point:  
He's calling them by copper voice  
To bow their backs and lower,  
Exhausted too in their force.

They'll come and rove within the building,  
Will load sacks on their backs.  
And somebody will laugh at windows -  
For they've defrauded beggars yet.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Fall Down, The Curtain... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

Fall down, the curtain decrepit,  
On my ill pelargonium.  
Shoo, my gipsy life, unbelievable  
Distinguish your eyes, close!

Were that you, life, who enriched my poor dwell  
With a steppe mat grass!  
Were that you, life, who my dreamy self,  
Unbreakable, poisoned with a green wine!

As a gypsy girl with a patterned shawl  
You stretched before me tempted,  
Oi-li, with the blue-black plaits long,  
Oi-li, with the storm of fire-passions!

What did cry in the whisper without mind?  
The unearthly words?  
That wasn't me, surely, if to remember thouroughly,  
My head was round going...

My steppe is burned out, the grass mown,  
No fire, no star, no way lit...  
And whom I kissed - that's not my fault  
Those, whom I promised - pardon me...

30 december 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , From The Crystal Fog - Translation (Rus.)

From the crystal fog,  
From the dream weird  
There appeared one image strange...  
(In the private room of restaurant

At a bottle of a wine) .  
And the Gipsy's song's squeal  
Had come flying from the halls,

The remote howl of violins...  
Wind had come, the maiden came  
Into depth of mirrors drawn.

Gaze to gaze - the fierce-blue scope  
Has appeared once in view.  
Magdalina! Magdalina!

From the desert wind is blowing  
To burn fire on, anew.  
Your narrow goblet, and a blizzard

Are there outside the window -  
And the half of life had passed yet!  
After snowstorm - the south sun lits  
The scorched, burned throughout, land!

And there is the end solution  
Of all torments, praises passed,  
Of all snaking smiles and movements  
To request - let's break the glass!

That's for purpose, that on the night-bed  
You'll be tired of the passion!  
That's for purpose, that the shrill yell  
Of the lone violins will put out  
The dark twilight of the death!

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Grabbed By A Fear... - Translation (Rus.)

Grabbed by a fear, lured into  
The chasm...  
Oh, how is this room familiar!  
Will everything then pass?

In horror she is muttering...  
And, with a hided face  
The scared hands clap tighter  
In a singing band...

... The morning ray is ringing  
Through yellow curtain's cover...  
And drawing on the sleeping  
From the light consisting pattern...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , He Once Appeared On Dances... - Translation (Rus.)

He once appeared on dances,  
In brilliant closed society.  
There ominously blinked the fires,  
His look drew the arches around.

They danced in waltz all night throughout,  
At walls was compressing the circle.  
At dawn - in windows' lightning  
Appeared his friend and alone.

He stood up, the owl's eyes raised up,  
Gazed out in dare to see,  
Where the pale Kolombina  
And running to her Harlequin.

And there in a corner at icons,  
In crowd, which walked to and fro,  
With childish eyes, rolling ficklely,  
There shivered defrauded Pierro.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , How Strongly The Alarm... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

How strongly the alarm is growing to night!  
It is silent, cold, dark.  
The conscience's tormenting, the life does strive.  
And hardly could I look at moon in sky  
Through the frozen window glass.

Something is happening in the outer world.  
I'm frightened to open the morning newspaper.  
Somebody wants to appear, somebody  
Is wandering, roving somewhere...  
Oh - just changed his mind, may be?

The guest, sleepless, the floor, scratching?  
Ah, does it have any matter? !  
Again I'll be a friend to to a tavern's violin,  
Such monotonous and melodious instrument!  
And will drink a wine!

All the same, there'll be no forces  
To drag myself to end  
With a sober smile, a smile false,  
In which - there's the fear of death  
And the anxiety of a deadman.

30 Dec 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

## , How Was It Done... - Translation (Rus.)

How was it done, how had it happened?  
I was so poor, weak and small.  
But some Grand things to me opened  
Before the worth time I was able  
It to percive, the High to learn.

The despicable slave, who all the treasures,  
Given to him, could not to store,  
I was the tzar and sudden guardian.  
A lot of monsters downfall  
On me in flock.

I had tamed them with the charms of flattery,  
Those monsters, who was first to come.  
But nobody could them count!  
Bristled with revenge aim,  
Others downed.  
On leaving the guards, tonight I went  
Into the foe's camp to chase.  
Night smoked as a censer much.  
And dazzling eyes had carried  
Me into the haze.

The fallen angel, I was met there  
As a young god, as a real beauty  
From skies, and was there marked  
By tzarine their fast,  
I enterered her palace,

That palace, which will turn to ashes  
On the ground, there on the earth.  
But the Avenger terrible was vigilant:  
His Face was light with anger  
At that hour on rocks.

The dawn had glared into my eyes,  
The poor day was born to life.  
Only the thrembling of the wings  
Bursting out, into skies. Someone



As a shadow flied up.  
There was the lanquor long.  
I thought: there would not be day, at least.  
The passionate bubble, crazy delirium,  
And fines, assuarances, oaths  
Were reaching my ears.  
But, being driven by my melancholy,  
The non-living creatures - died.  
Suddenly the cruel day, the iron day  
Outlined inevitably the circle,  
Closed me round.

There were no any end or beginning,  
No any outcome - steel and steel only.  
And, as the useless barren desert,  
Had surrounded me the distance,  
Which was liked by me formerly.

I'm not hiding out of you,  
Look at me attentively:  
I'm standing among the fires,  
Burnt by their tongues through  
By the hell's flames.

Where are you?  
Don't hesitate.  
You, as me, not a star are waiting;  
Come to me, my dear comrade,  
The earth's burden to share,  
And my sad labour.

19 december 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Humiliation - Translation (Rus.)

Humiliation

by Alexander Blok

Through the naked black boughs in window  
I see yellow winter sunset.  
(Maybe in such a time the convicted  
Men are carried to penalty death) .

Red is upholstery of old couches,  
Curtains are faded and dusty on window....  
In this room glasses ring so noisy  
Of a sharper, a student, an officer.

And this magazine with naked pictures  
Hardly was touched by hand of a man...  
The dirty call button was pressed, and surely,  
By the hand of the raskal, as yet...

Hush! You hear the ring of spurs now  
Over the soft carpets, muffled by door,  
The laugh also... Is this the house?  
Real house? And really love?

Am I glad? or not glad with this meeting?  
Why are you so pale in your face?  
Why the cold and great sunset beating  
On your naked and white shoulders?

Only lips with a blood clotted hardly  
I see on the golden icon of face.  
(Is THAT we called the real love rather?)  
In the crazy line we'd broken space.

In the yellow, great winter sunset  
There the bed sank (so fluffy) as yet...  
It hard even breathe of embraces,  
But you whistle again and again...

It is not joyful - your whistle, death like...

Hush! Again I hear the murmur of spurs...  
As a satisfied snake, the dress train crawled  
Down from the armchairs to floor...

You are brave! Let's be the more fearless!  
I'm not your bridegroom, husband, friend!  
Let you pierce heart, the yeasterday's angel,  
With your french heel, so sharp and so bad!

6 dec 1911

Lyudmila Purgina

# , I Am Looking At You... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

The black blood

2

I am looking at you. Every devil in me  
Has hid, looks.  
Every devil in you is guarding, careful,  
Hid, in the stormy quietness.

And the greedy breast raises up...  
To frighten that terrible devils far?  
No! To avert the eyes, not to dare, dare not  
To look into this awful chasm, gorge!

22 march 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I Change One Execution For Another... - Translation (Rus.)

I change one execution for another  
As a wide strip of a burning fire.  
You tease me that time rather  
With the impossible and sudden...

And like a dark slave, I can't dare  
To sink both in the flame and darkness.  
I can be only a shadow,  
Light as a wind in sky, by passing...

As wind you kiss me so audacious,  
As autumn with her loop you rustle,  
And keep me in a lonely dungeon,  
Thus, as a child, muffling...

Like slave, obedient and crazy,  
I hide myself and wait till time  
Under the cover of that gazing,  
Too black in my delirium fire...

In morning I dare to go,  
Stepping on the high porch of the house.  
Next night my face again is drown  
In folds of your wide-splitted gown...

In morning I throw to ravens  
My hop, dream, aim - all in row...  
Next night again - I study ever  
The earthly beauty of your body!

What's better - live without passion?  
With wings? Beat hundred times,  
Reproach next... I wish be damned  
For moment with you in sunset fire!

October 1907



## , I Could Hardly Remember... - Translation (Rus.)

I could hardly remember today, what was yesterday,  
I forget in the morning - last evening, to say,  
In white noon - I forget all the fires,  
In the night - I forget days another.

But all nights and days are emerging,  
Float at us at our last hour solemn.  
And in - closeness, narrowness  
It is painful to dream  
About former beauty  
And not to believe:  
To rise up, but:  
It is night.

3 feb 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I Dreamed Of The Joyous Thought... - Translation (Rus.)

I dreamed of the joyous thought one night.  
I dreamed, that I was not alone...  
At dawn was awakened by a noise light  
And crash of the moving ice floes.

I thought this to be a true miracle...  
But with the grinded axes there now  
The cheerful red coloured people  
Were starting the fires around.

They were pitching the old heavy boats...  
The river, while singing, were flowing  
And carrying the blue ice floes,  
And waves, and the fragment of oar...

The soul seems drunk of the merry noise,  
And filled with unknown to top...  
Subjected in this spring to one thought,  
I know - you are not alone.

Lyudmila Purgina



## , I Like To Visit The Holy Churches... - Translation (Rus.)

I like to visit the holy churches,  
With inner humbleness in soul,  
To enter a gloomy foggy chorus,  
To vanish in the singing throng.

I'm scared with my two-faced soul  
And catiously hide its image in  
The armour looking like a holiness,  
But evil though, wild within.

I seek in superstitious praying  
The shield for me by Jesus Christ,  
But under mask so hypocritical  
The lying lips are grinning this.

And silently, with altered aspect  
In deadly blinking light of candles,  
I wake up memory of Two-Faced  
In hearts of here praying people.

And sudden shudder stopped the chorus,  
All rushed away in open brawl...  
I like to visit the holy churches,  
With inner humbleness in soul.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I Recollect Your Tender Shoulders... - Transl.(Rus)

I recollect your tender shoulders,  
They are so shy and delicate by mode,  
And also - the interrupted talking  
By your caressing after joking.

I recollect your hairs gold,  
Your chest voice with the exciting tone,  
And at the parting - a lilac flower,  
The pentagonal sign of love.

And much more - stranger in the view:  
From a whirl of music and of light -  
I recollect your shining sight  
With welcoming and a secret truth...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I Rove Within The Monastery Walls... - Translation (Rus.)

I rove within the monastery walls -  
A novice, who's mind is so sad and cold.  
The pale dawn's enlightening all over, -  
I follow the flakes of snowfall.

Oh, night is so long, the dawn is pale  
On our gloomy far located north.  
Before the covered window I'm staying,  
All taken by persistent inner thought.

I see the same snow one time and again -  
Which's whiter than the untouched eternal cope.  
And wax of candles constantly is pale,  
And cornices are white-out also.

It's so strange for me such coldness of walls,  
And odd seems gain to poverty in life.  
I'm scared with the sleepy prison all  
And monks's pallid faces in the light.

The dawn is pale and the night is long,  
As row of matins and masses lasts.  
Oh, I'm colourless and pale, as snow,  
And poor in my heart enough.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I Shan'T Come Towards Any People... - Translation (Rus.)

I shan't come towards any people,  
Who're scared with gossip or praise.  
I'll answer Your's only inquiry  
About my silence till day.

I can well percieve silent people,  
I like that they're hearing only:  
Behind words through rumble unclear  
There raises the Spirit eternal.

I'll go to feast-day of silence,  
Where nobody'll note my face.  
But I do have knowledge inside me:  
My love to You is infinite case.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I Slowly Was Getting... - Translation (Rus.)

I slowly was getting madness  
Before the doors of my desired.  
The spring day was replaced by darkness,  
But thus it kindled thirst entirely.

I cried, by passion being tired,  
But groans muffled by a force.  
And there forked in slow budging  
My bad, and mad, and ill - my thought.

It penetrated into silence  
Of inner soul, yet been crazy,  
And watered my spring by tide wave  
So black, so quiet, so lazy.

The spring was then replaced by darkness,  
My heart was cold above the tomb.  
I slowly was getting madness  
In thought so cold 'bout love.

====

The 2nd variant:

I slowly was turning crazy,  
Standing before the door desired.  
The daylight was replaced by darkness,  
Still I was all with thirst inspired.

I cried, by passion being tired,  
And hushed the groans with a gloom.  
And forked in movement in my mind  
The crazy, ill thought, giving doom.

It penetrated into silence  
Of my ill soul, making mad,  
And watered the spring mood entirely,  
As huge and black, and noiseless wave.

The spring was then replaced by darkness,  
My heart grew cold at the grave.  
I slowly was turning crazy,  
And coldly thought 'bout love days.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I Waited Long... - Translation (Rus.)

I waited long - you came so late,  
But while waiting spirit raised.  
The dusk has lowered, with tears lack,  
Both ear and my look I've strained.

But when the fire first inflamed,  
And word had risen up to skies, -  
The ice was broken, stone - placed,  
And my heart seemed to be surprised.

You are in blizzard, in snow groan,  
Like a Snowmaiden you've emerged.  
In light eternal, in ring eternal  
The churches mixed their domes gold.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I Walked To Pleasure... - Translation (Rus.)

I walked to pleasure. My way was glittering  
With evening dew, red by its light.  
And in my heart the voice was singing  
The morning song, which's faded far.  
The song of morn, when dawn's aspiring  
To go to the end, and stars were glowing,  
And heaven's seas were were purple coloured!  
The soul was flamed, the voice was singing,  
In evening time with a morning sigh  
I walked to pleasure. My way was glittering,  
With evening dew, red by its light.

Lyudmila Purgina



## , I Was Merging To Ocean Of Clover... - Translation (Rus.)

I was merging to ocean of clover,  
I was rounded with fairy bees.  
But the wind, blowing out from north, though  
Has disclosed the heart childish.

He called me to the struggle in plain leas -  
To achieve win at breath of the sky.  
He has shown the deserted way there,  
Which is going to forest too dark.

I'm going along wavy hills now,  
Wearilessly look forward to way,  
And in front so joyously going  
Childish heart, innocent in its pray.

Let the sleepless eyes get quite tired.  
Let the dust turn to red and to sing.  
Loving flowers, bees told a tale fine,  
Which was not either magic, but real.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , I Was Not Calling You... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

I was not calling you - by yourself  
You had come up.  
Every evening - the spearmint's smell,  
The quarter-moon thin, gap-toothed, well,  
It's quiet and dark.

As if a new moon, risen from afar,  
You had come  
In the light cloth, without sandals,  
And the shoulders behind  
Two wings fluttered.

On the flattened greens,  
There's an easy footmark.  
The fresh smell of the wild mint,  
The unliving, bluish  
Light of the night.

I live with you together now  
As if in dream.  
And under the pale eye  
Of the deep night,  
As if a new moon above the garden  
Looks inside the eyes  
In peace.

7 december 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I'M Aware Of... - Translation(Rus.)

Three messages

by Alexander Blok

3

I'm aware of your name delirious,  
The black velvet and the fired lips,  
But sometimes something is looking over  
Your shoulder, unknown for me.

A hard anger then lies on my forehead  
Between brows: it burns me to end -  
The black jealousy of that territory,  
Your unknown and alien land.

Being ready to new torment's bands,  
I today recollect the former snows,  
Former blizzards, your wild weak hands,  
Pearls of your murmurs...

18 November 1910

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I'M Foreseeing You... - Translation (Rus.)

I'm foreseeing You. The years are passing by -  
But in one shape I'm foreseeing You.  
All the horizon's flamed - it's pure, but  
I'm waiting, - grieving, loving You.

All the horizon's flamed, and Your occurrence near,  
But I'm scared: if you change Your image,  
And I'm in full suspect unclear,  
If You would change your ordinary features.

Oh, how I should fall - so sorrowful, so low,  
Without a triumph on deadly dreaming!  
So clear is horizon! Radiance's near.  
But I'm scared: if You change your image.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , I'M Nailed To... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

I'm nailed to a tavern's bar.  
I'm drunken all and long ago.  
No matter. All my dear luck  
Is swept by troika  
(\* three horses, harnessed together in the wagon or sledge)  
in the silver smoke...

It flies with troika, it has merged  
In snows of time, in ages blue...  
Only my soul was swamped all  
By a silver dark from the horse's shoe.

Into the damp of dark the sparkes it sends,  
And those ones enlighten night...  
The sleighbell under bow - babbles  
About loss of happiness and luck.

But only the golden harness  
Is seen in night... all night is heard...  
But you - my soul... Soul muffled...  
Is drunken all... Is drunken all...

26 october 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

# , I'M Whiling Away My Life... - Transl. (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

I'm whiling away my life,  
My close crazy life awhile:  
Today - feel soberly triumph,  
The next day - only woe, cry.

But if - there is the death?  
But if - behind my shoulder  
That someone's staying,  
Covering with hand a mirror?

Like flash into my eye - the light reflected.  
I, scared, close my eyes in a horror.  
And I defeat to those places of hightmare,  
From which there's no way backwards.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , In A Hungry And Such Ill Captivity... - Translation (Rus.)

In a hungry and such ill captivity  
There's no day as day, year as year.  
When will fields bring up their yielding,  
When will the slave-people breathe freely?

In summertime, as usual, in darkness  
There rustle, standing straight or bending lowly,  
Under the secret wind all crops high:  
It's time to flowering, time to blossoming.

The people is the wreath of earthly flowers,  
The beauty and nice pleasure of them all:  
No one for sure could escape from a God's summer,  
Which's good for all-well for us also.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , In A Restaurant - Translation (Rus.)

In a restaurant  
by Alexander Block

I'll never forget (whether was it or not) ,  
This evening: as with fire the heaven at dawn  
Was red-coloured and burned,  
On this background the lanterns were switched on.

I was sitting at window in the hall overflown.  
Violins cried all about the love.  
And I send you the black rose in goblet  
Of the gold, as the sky, ai-wine.

You just glanced at. I met with impudence,  
And with timidness, with a look haughty  
I bent to you. And you said to boyfriend:  
'Look, he is loving me also.'

As the answer, the strings burst to playing,  
And the violin's bows start singing...  
But, besides all, you were with me there,  
With such young a contempt, hand's slight shivering...

You had rushed in the frightened bird's motion,  
You had passed, as my dream, so light...  
The parfums sighed, the eyelashes dozed off,  
And the silks wispered cautious in trouble.

But from deep of the mirrors you darted me glance,  
And by darting you cried: 'Take it, dear! '  
There the gypsy, in necklaces ringing, was dancing  
And about high love was squealing.

Lyudmila Purgina



# , In Fire And In Cold... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

In fire and in cold of a troubles' spot-  
The life will pass. We shall remember,  
That meeting surely was fated all by god,  
Standing at grave - in hour of expiation.

I do believe: the new epoch will rise  
Among all the unlucky generations.  
And not by reason, that thus every tribe  
Is glorified by an insulted genius deadly.

But all they were insulted, as he was,  
In their hearts, the singing hearts.  
And to all them - the dazzling sword  
Is shining there in inevitable clouds.

Let day will be yet far, the precepts are the same  
To boys and girls: the contempt ripens  
With anger, and the maturity of that  
Means the severe mutiny, too hard.

Let you play wrappers in your your real life,  
The hearts of poets are sensitive to this,  
In their anxiety there dreams a power;  
And therefore - a black brilliant

Is sleeping in the dream unknown, strange,  
Being captived with a lifeless charm,  
Among the deepness - up to moment  
When a pick sings in ores of mountains.

1910 - 6 febr 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , In Late Autumn... - Transl.(Rus.)

In late autumn from the empty harbour,  
From the snow-covered earth  
In the determined navigation  
The heavy ships are going forth.

In black sky you mark features  
Of the elevating crane  
Above water surface, and a lantern's  
Rocking on the snowy bank.

And the sailor, failed in reaching  
His ship-board, roams through the storm.  
All's been lost, all turned to drinking!  
There's enough! - I'm tired all...

The long shore of empty harbour  
Slowly-slowly is covered by snow...  
Is your sleep so sweet in a shroud,  
Though tender, clean... hey, sailor?

Lyudmila Purgina

## , In That Yellow Days... -Translation (Rus.)

In that yellow days between houses

We meet each other only awhile.

You are burning me with your eyes darting

And escape yourself in the alley blind.

But with this silent fire of gazing

You're successful in efforts to burn,

And I secretly bow before that

The taciturn and silent such fraud!

Winter nights may throw us into a ball then,

Such a crazy and devil such ball,

And at last I shall be annihilated

By your dagger, your gaze in a whole!

Lyudmila Purgina

# , In The Endless Corridors... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

In the endless distance of the corridors  
Isn't that she, who's dancing far?  
Isn't that me, who rudely was rended off  
By a dispute while music flight?

Neither you, people, could me tell anything,  
Nor you'd find, how dark is my temple.  
Only shivering of your breast, only  
Is unclosed to my eyes, inflamed.

Look, my heart is a bird of oblivion,  
In the golden, but flying-by beam:  
It is she, who is like a drunkard whirling,  
Celebrating thus the funeral feast.

Nothing she does need from the modest man,  
Nor she needs a wit, silly man far,  
And she doesn't like such as me, staying  
Near wall, having darkness in mind...

Oh my heart, please, rise up as a light bird high,  
Fly upwards and awaken my love!  
Tame her eyelashes then with the languor,  
To her white-swarty shoulders tie!

And the beating heart, as a bird, captive -  
Look, it's circling around afar  
In light dance - as the bird in the heavens,  
Nor to one, nor to anything tied..

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Is There Silence In People? - Translation (Rus.)

'Is there silence in people? '  
'No, the Emperor's killed.  
Somebody tells of new freedom  
In squares around and still.'

'All of them ready to rise up? '  
'No. Turned stones and wait.  
Somebody's told to be hided:  
They're walking and singing till date.'

'Who has then got the authority? '  
'All of that people deny.  
Civic will, passions're torned away:  
They hear someone to come.'

'Who is then such a restrainer? '  
'The darkest, the angriest one.  
The monk, who had seen him at entrance,  
Turned to be blind and at once.'

He forces the people to perish  
In abyss as one closed flock...  
With iron staff he is such terrible...  
'God's mine! Let's run from the Court! '

Lyudmila Purgina

## , It Is Hard To Go Through... - Transl.(Rus.)

It's hard to go through a throng,  
And trying to feign, that I'm not dead,  
And trying to tell about a play  
Of tragic feels to the naive souls.

And looking in the nightmare dark,  
Trying to find in whirls - a system.  
That for the purpose to elicit  
From a pale art's dawn - the fire of life.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , It's A Game... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

It's a game: to come in carefully,  
Untouching the attention of other people.  
And catch by eyes the prey,  
And to follow it invisibly.

Even if he will be rude, unheedful,  
A man, who is followed by you, really -  
He will feel your gaze fixed,  
Even in the corners of his trembled lips.

And the other one - will accept that at once:  
His shoulders will shiver, and hand - the same;  
He will look over - but sees nothing;  
Meanwhile, grows his anxiety.

That's why the quality of this look is terrible,  
Because of its perfect elusiveness.  
You really can feel it,  
But can't understand what eyes follow you.

Neither love or revenge, or self-interest.  
That is -only a play, as a child's game;  
But in all meetings of people  
There exists such a detective's pack.

And you, sometimes, wouldn't be aware of case,  
Which in life is not so rare:  
That you'd come to the people as the 'self',  
As a 'non-self'- go away.

And there exists a bad or good eye,  
But better not to have any watcher:  
It's too many a force around, and in us,  
Unknown, and playing their roles.

Oh, grief! Even in thousand years  
We can't measure our souls far:

We will hear the fly of all planets,  
And thunder bursting in silence...

We live in unknown world, meanwhile,  
Without comprehension of our power,  
But, as children, playing with fire,  
We burn both ourselves and the others...

16 Dec 1913

Lyudmila Purgina



## , I've Come Outdoors... - Translation (Rus.)

I've come outdoors. The winter twilight  
Was falling slowly on leas.  
The former days' young lively sagas  
Have come so credilous to me.

Have come and stood behind the shoulders,  
And song were singing with a wind  
About spring, and I was walking,  
Foreseeing the Eternity within...

Oh, best days' vivid striking tales!  
With songs from inner depth there came  
The winter twilights into earthly areas  
And dreams eternal then did raise!

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I'Ve Conquered Her... - Translation (Rus.)

I've conquered her, at last!  
I've enticed her into my palace!

There were burning three candles so far.  
We were lying in dust, carpets heavy.

Under fire of three burning candles -  
There's the swarty velvet of shoulders,

And the dim eye, the storm of tousled braids,  
On the ring - a diamond, gim grown.

And the mouth - all blooded with red,  
Asking, searching for tortures of love...

And in holes of windows deaf  
It is heard the vague banner's rustle,

And the pipes, and the horse's footfall,  
And the heavy coffin is rocking.

- Oh, my dear! We are not alone!  
Oh, miserable, extinguish the burning! ..

- Drive away the unclear fear -  
That's the blood's rustling in the ears.

Near is the howling of the funeral pipes,  
The sigh of the cold lips is light.

- My beauty, my shame and my scouge...  
Night is throwing its call for doom,

The candles are down, as well as eyes, words...  
- You are dead, at last, deadly all!

I'm aware of you, being drained  
Out of blood, I put you in the grave, -

And I sing song about hazy spring,  
While your blood is alive inside me!

Oct 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I've Cut Out A Staff... - Translation (Rus.)

I've cut out a staff from the oak  
With tender such whisper of blizzard.  
My cloths are so rude and so poor,  
Oh, may be unworthy, uneasy!

But being a beggar, undoubtly,  
I'll find the true road this day.  
The sun, I say you: go out!  
I've just come to window main!

And there in frosty nice evening  
The young girl will open a door  
With her pale hand; silent greeting  
I'll hear: 'Please, enter, my Lord...'

She's a beauty with a long golden hair,  
The moon and the stars are therein.  
So bright she is shining, and fair,  
That my staff dropped the precious tear...

25 march 1903

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I've Gone To Night... - Translation (Rus.)

I've gone to night - to learn, to know  
The far-side rustle, near grumble,  
And to accept the Non-existing souls.  
And to believe into imaginary clatter.

The road, white under the light of moon,  
Seemed as to be filled with someone's steps.  
See there, shadow's flashed over and soon  
Has lowered behind the hill-backs.

And I was hearing - then I've heard at last:  
Amidst the shivering moon stain's blare  
Far-far away the horse did ride,  
Its light weak whistle was familiar.

But here and there - the equal sound,  
And heart was beating so slowly.  
Oh, how could I catch the knock around,  
Where from could be the voice returning?

And now is the hoof's clank coming nearer  
The white horse's rushing straightaway to mine...  
It is so clear now, who is silent here,  
On empty horse's saddle who does laugh.

I've gone to night - to learn, to know  
The far-side rustle, near grumble,  
And to accept the Non-existing souls.  
And to believe into imaginary clatter.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I've Leant My Ear... - Translation (Rus.)

I've leant my ear to the ground.  
I shan't break a torment with my sobbing.  
But you're tormenting soul hardly  
With your eternal and hoarse groan!

Hey, stand up, light up, burn that all!  
Hey, lift your true hammer up higher,  
That darkness would be splitted over  
With a living lightning very bright

And would illuminate the gloom,  
Where nothing you could see, where you  
Are digging earth as a mole through!  
I hear the raucous voice anew...

Don't hesitate. Remember: the weaker  
Ear would fall down and qickly  
By their fast and ruthless sickle...  
Dig grains in this bad ground, seek,

And go out. Know: under casual triumph  
There exists a death. Cherish new, hide,  
The spring will pass over, brought up  
By your blood, and new love will ripen.

3 june 1907

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I've Met Her At Once - Translation (Rus.)

I've met her at once at the entrance -  
The untruthful, the girl - and alone.  
She fell down her scarf. No one there...  
Only silence of night, a freedom, a horror.

I've said her th' incoherent speeches,  
I have opened secrets of people.  
Never I've told about this meeting  
For her soundless whisper: 'Take, dear...'

But as a skimming bird, she fled to the darkness,  
To the storms, to bad weather, where it raised  
As the burning dawn, which fell to down,  
To the sleepness - the holiday flag.

And there was a great trouble and audible  
In a light house, but I was so dim.  
And together with the dark - the impossible  
Turned to the possible, being a dream.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , I've Planted Here My Eden - Translation (Rus.)

I've planted here my Edem,  
Protected it with a high fence;  
Towards the air blue and land

My mother has come for son by chance.  
'My son, where are you, dear? Where? '  
The silence is all around.

The sun is ripe above the fence  
And warms the Edem's wine.  
And carefully she is going

Around all my gardens, oaths.  
'Where are you, son? ' - Again she calls,  
Trying not to destroy my flowers.  
It's quiet. Does she really know,  
That heart is ripe the fence behind?  
That former joy is casted out

For those drunken of the Edem's wine.

Lyudmila Purgina



## , Let Moon Is Shining... - Translation (Rus.)

Let moon is shining - night is dark.  
Let life will bring to people - happiness, -  
In my soul the spring of love  
Will not exchange with storm's embarrassment.  
Night overspread wide at me  
And being cooled with a deathly look  
On question in the soul - answering,  
Poured all with a spicy, sweet poison clue,  
And vainly, with a hidden passion  
In cold mist of morning I'm roving  
With only dream, with one desire intimate:  
Let moon is shining - night is dark.  
Let life will bring to people - happiness, -  
In my soul the spring of love  
Will not exchange with storm's embarrassment.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Let You Work, Work And Work... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

Let you work, and work, and work harder,  
And you'll get the monstrous hump,  
While working long, honourly, rather,  
While toiling out, at last.

Another man will have a holiday  
And sweetly will sing loud songs,  
A wife of a soldier valiant  
Will dance not with you, till the morn.

You know that you're not worser  
In a dancing skill or having fun!  
You surely could strap the golden,  
Embroidered belt, in a chance!

You know, that you are more handsome  
And high, than the other brave guys.  
You know the girl, who is higher  
Than girls round you, so young!

She has force of playing with flow  
Of red blood through swarty pale cheeks,  
And thin are her nice black eyebrows,  
Unsteady is her cold speech...

Ah, so sweet, sweet, and sweet, though,  
Is working till rise of the dawn,  
Before the pretty wife of the soldier  
Left me for the dancing on lawn!

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Let's Sleep In A Bliss... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

Let's sleep in a bliss, far guests, let's fall asleep,  
Forget, that in the cage, where we shiver, is darker and darker...  
That stars fall, threads making with silver,  
That snakes dance in the goblets with a corn-coloured wine...

When those threads weave into a shimmering net,  
The wine snakes unite in the infinite roller,  
They'll lift, whirl and throw the needless cage  
In the bottomless chasm, in the blue such eternity.

30 July 1908

- -

2-nd variant of translation

Let's fall asleep, the guests from abroad, let's fall asleep well,  
Let's forget that in that cage, where we dwell, is going to be darker, darker,  
That at this time the stars are making their silver threads,  
Which are dancing as the snakes in the glasses of wine.

When those threads weave into a glittering net  
And the wine snakes braid into one infinity, all over...  
When they rise up, whirl and throw the needless cage,  
Into a bottomless chasm, into some blue eternity...

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Look, Here Is The Powerless Man... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

Look, here is the powerless man,  
Who was unable to save the life,  
And it now, as the spirit of grave,  
Is sleeping heavily, locked up.

In the blue vault the ill disk,  
Though compressed, had spitted all  
With a colour yellow, menacing  
With a frost intolerable.

So you should also go.  
You, at last, had suffered much,  
Poor friend, from melancholy,  
From his tortures, in the past.

But all, that have been, had passed now,  
Your fate is such similar, compared -  
The heart was aspiring the true world,  
But was smashed by lie to nowhere.

30.12.1913

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Mary - Translation(Rus.)

Mary

By Alexander Blok

1

Again she left at that doors  
A horse of hers,  
And winnowed me with a light fur  
Of prairies all,  
The former Mary's contour  
Flashes at a sun-down.

The candles let's again burn  
And beautify my being,  
Let's there be a long talk  
About our free living,  
And be high shoulders along  
With my insanity!

A rage of my last passion -  
You have the real splendour:  
A knocking old-age fashion,  
A death message so close.  
Oh, the mature love yen -  
You're hard to be called off!

2

Having followed her bridegroom  
To the last door,  
Having turned to a gloomy  
Melancholy after all,  
Mary stood on her threshold -  
Looking at the road,  
Stars flashed her head over  
Mary looks at the vault.

Lo, about this bright star,  
Mary, let's sing,  
Sing about your own life,  
Which alone you lived...  
Sing about his deed, undone.  
Why did he hasted to the far  
And unknown land from us...  
Recall him, Mary, in your song now...

Sing before the door in a silent manner,  
We'll believe into your song gentle,  
We shall also be sad forever.

3

The plaits of Mary were wrong,  
Her hands - were down.  
Her tears - were dropped,  
Her dreams - were buried all.

And her grief has round-scattered  
As a pearl.  
We are reiterating about Mary  
In a gold verse...

We are feeling sad about Mary so  
And sing long.  
And there, high in the vault -  
Lives a silent god,  
And nobody could ever count  
The light dews or  
To braid a yellow cloudlet in morn.

17 July 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , May's Been Cruel...- Translation (Rus.)

To Vladimir Pyast

May's been cruel with the cruel nights!  
Noisy knock in door: come out!  
Behind shoulders - the blue light,  
The suspense and death - onwards!  
Women with the crazy eyes and rose  
Crumpled on their breasts for long! -  
Wake up! Pierce me with your swords,  
And release me from your love!

It is good to dance in round circle  
Widely, wildly, firely to race,  
To drink wine, to laugh with friendgirl  
And to garland her with the patterned wreath,  
Then present the flowers to other girls,  
Pour out passion, sorrow and fortune, -  
But more honourable is - after plough  
Going in fresh dew in the morning!

28 May 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

# , My Dear, Be Brave... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

My dear, be brave, and then you  
Could stay with me.

I will wave as a white cherry-tree  
Over you, dear.

I'll twinkle as a green star  
From the land on the east.

As a cold wave I'll splash  
A water on your shield.

As a mermaid free-born  
I'll appear at the stream.

We are free, we are in pain all,  
We have a sweet reality.

We are easy then to die  
In that gloomy nights

And to look into the death eyes  
Of each other.

Lyudmila Purgina



## , My Poor And My Distant Friend! ... - Translation (Rus.)

My poor and my distant friend!  
Please understand, even while the sleeplessness,  
The secret, steady and inevitable  
Desease is me consuming really...  
Why there in my breast compressed  
Is so much a pain and grief?  
And beacons may be needless yet,  
And hate's against the people, living  
In waiting for the coming Christ...  
The evil they do find at least...  
And they fall down to despair  
By always liying lips of god...  
All those, who try you to spare,  
All those, who wound you a lot...  
Or - may be impulses, indeed,  
Are quite enough, the illness's - shield?

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Night As Night... - Translation (Rus.)

Night as night, and street is empty.  
As in old times!  
Whom for you were that times innocent,  
Proud far?

Only the moisture dark falls its drops from eaves,  
And I myself  
Am going to challenge with a spiteful feeling  
To the heaven.

All are surely aware of the happiness  
To be failed.  
And again are grabbing pistols  
In their hands!  
f  
And again, smiling and crying,  
They live fine!  
Day - as day; solution's found:  
All will DIE!

4 nov 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Nope! I'M Not Ready... - Translation (Rus.)

Nope! I'm not ready to fall with you  
Into embraces fatal. Which will last for long.  
When we - can't untwine hands, together hooked,  
When in the night we can't break lips off!

I'm not ready to get blindness far  
From lightning in the thunderstorm,  
As well as the violin's violent howl,  
As well as a tide of inexpressible boredom;

Digging my head into the ashes far,  
With burning head, as if the first man - Adam, did,  
Who was burned with a luminous Divine fire...  
I'm ready to return you back to me...

I'm ready to return you, but without lie,  
Without poison... But you call for me!  
And your look poisonous foresees the paradise  
Of different kind! - But I'm conceding,  
Knowing your snake's Edem -is hell,  
Such bottomless and boring well...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Not After That... - Translation(Rus.)

Alexander Blok

Not after that I called myself a paladin,  
Nor after that you had come to me,  
But after a reason to cry over the fireless hearth,  
After a dance against the dead fire-switch!

May be that is for reason of the luck's mutability?  
Or may be that is of I'm weak, ill and aged old?  
No! In that ashes there are the last scintillas,  
The flame, which could rise into a fire-burn!

30 december 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Oh My Lovely, My Prince... - Translation (Rus.)

Oh my lovely, my prince and my bridegroom!  
You are sad in the painted meadow.  
I've curled as a dodder on other bank soon  
Among golden grassland in a shadow.

I'm catching your dreams by the flower pale,  
Which is also white and transparent.  
You will ramble me flourishing there  
By the whitechested horse without care.

Oh, let's crush immortality all, -  
I'm keeping the fire alive.  
So shy I'll light candle for you in a church  
At matins, when I pray in delight.

In the church you'll stand with a pale such face,  
To the mother of god you will go, -  
And the fire will suddenly slightly vibrate  
As response of her wonderful mercy.

Above you - as a taper - I'm silent and smooth.  
And before you - as a flower - gentle.  
I'm waiting for you, oh my lovely bridegroom.  
I'm a bride - and a wife your's forever.

26 march 1904

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Oh, How You Were Laughing... - Translation (Rus.)

Oh, how you were laughing joyly  
At us, how you did hate for case,  
That we with our silent poems  
Convicted you, unfairly blamed!  
But we are - just the same. We, poets,  
Are grieving after you again,  
Keeping the sacred love in vain,  
Again our vows are repeating...  
And our temple is as earlier,  
As earlier we read on wall the terms...  
So let you laugh at us, believe not,  
Read not about the water flows,  
Which sing there in the underground site  
About the roving fires and lights...

But do remember the Tyutchev's precepts  
(\*Feodor Tyutchev is the famous russian poet) :  
Be silent, hide and keep in secret  
Your feelings and your dreams unreal...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Oh, I'M Crazy Much To Live... - Translation (Rus.)

Oh, I'm crazy much to live,  
All Being - to immortalize.  
Impersonal - to interhumanize,  
Non-come to true life - to embody!

Then let the heavy dream of life  
Oppresses me, even in dream, -  
Some future day a young man merrily  
Will say about me at last:

Let us forgive him the gloomy sight -  
Was that his real and seen engine?  
He was - the baby of the light,  
The kindness's and freedom's celebration!

5 february 1914

- -

The hhit of 's poems

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Oh, No! You Can'T Take Off Spell... - Translation (Rus.)

Oh, no! You can't take off spell from heart  
Neither with flattery, or with a beauty, with a word.  
I'll become to you the alien, the new man,  
But yet a ghost, a dead, in rays of a dream world.

And you'll go away. Only one white shroud though  
You'll press to lips, being all in dream.  
And all will be the dream: that you're burying body,  
That you stay at the head three nights, indeed.

Ecstated with that beauty of the dreams,  
You'll send to fate reproach more.  
You'll decorate with flowers, the gentle things,  
All the sepulchral hill, you'd dreamed before.

My shadow will pass you by at ninth day,  
And at the fortieth day - the same,  
Unrecognized and beautiful, unliving... Ain't  
You seeked that one? - Oh, yes.

When your grief suddenly is smashed by time,  
You'll seek for life, though timidly, but there  
Will be the other dreams and tales, at once...  
Your thirst will be the simple beauty ever.

And he will come, familiar, long-awaited,  
To wake you up from the unearthly dream,  
And to the other world, for one, but fragrant, moment  
The last spring'll carry you to gleam...

But I will die, forgotten and thus needless,  
At day, when your new friend comes in,  
At day, when your such pearly laugh says easily,  
That all your illness's gone from scene.

You'll then forget my tomb, name, feelings...  
But suddenly - you'll wake up: no fire;



And under that caresses alien  
You will remember, call - to me in loving!

Then frenziedly you'll stretch you hands to distance,  
To dark night, poor darling, vainly!  
Alas! No any living sound visits  
The anyone, consoled by a heaven.

You'll curse, in torments such impossible,  
Your life for perfect lack of love!  
But, see, my answer is in poems,  
Its secret fire'll help you in your life.

15 december 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Oh, Why For Me The Dawn's Flush... -Transl. (Rus.)

by Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

Oh, why for me the dawn's flush now?

Why for the wicked troubles of partings?

All in this world is like the whirling dancing,

While two hands together are touching!

I see your pale cheeks, and I catch

Your swan-like light tread, and I hear

The opened talking and that

Your delicate name I love, dear!

And new dreams, which strayed to me now

Are making uneasy on way...

And a mantle of snow can't cover

Me all over head on this day...

Then rush along, whirl and torment me

The snowflakes are cold on news...

The threads of my soul so thin either -

Let's tear, disperse them, consume...

You're cold, my cold, my winter,

You see - in my soul is passion...

And my heart - stop, the sighing ascetic,  
And let you die, the hymn, the anthem...  
And again it flies, flies and flies,  
And it rings, and snow wheels around,  
The blizzard quickly rushes  
All of snow sparkles.  
You, as a vision, dancing  
And among girlfriends,  
Raced the circle round,  
So rapid, endless...  
The conversation sounds,  
Pale cheeks I chance  
To see, your clear eyes...  
With smile only, with cheer  
I can explain my talk...  
O happiness! O happiness!  
We have the night for long!  
And you again along vague path  
Are flying away...  
And sweeping up,  
And singing... And again

Your body flexible  
The cloud of the snow whirl  
Has covered all,  
Has taken you away...  
And once again the blizzard's  
twisting,  
And whirling round, singing...  
And all - betrayals, all - my visions...  
In snow cup, with foam filled,  
The hop  
Is ringing...  
And let wheel, let beat, let  
The heart - hush then,  
And cover the virgin's step -  
There is no death!  
In dark field - there's snow  
Going!  
There is many years -  
To hard dole...  
And again, again she returns  
Her twisting...

The blizzard's singing. The sound is - clear.

And you again race

Round the circle,

And sparkling to friend

On the earth...

And what will be this dance?

With what light you entice

And tease me?

In this turning round

When you could get tired?

Which songs? And which sounds?

What am I afraid of?

And sounds such pressing...

Has Russia the free fate?

And looking like dreaming,

And looking like circling,

The Earth is escaping,

The solid is opened...

And like the insanity,

Like the tormenting,

There are the oblivion,

The daring, death, -

You're racing! You're racing!

You threw all your hands forth...

And raises up the song...

So strange gleaming features...

So hot is your dancing!

O energy! O song! O death! O my mask...

Is you - the accordion?

-

\*The verse is subjected to the rhythm of snowflakes dancing...

In silence the snowflakes are circling round the poet

and brings him the images, which are thrown away by the next round...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Outside There's Rainstorm... - Translation (Rus.)

Outside there's rainstorm and slush,  
What to mourn is difficult to spot for.  
It's boring, I have a slobbery mind,  
And I can't waste my power anymore.

And there's a grief without reason  
And the thought's intoxication inside.  
Then let us chop the wood slivers,  
And burn up the samovar for us!

Perhaps, under the tea hang-over  
My grumbling tongue  
Will warm with a sudden joy  
Your sleepy eyes.

For faith of an old honour!  
For a slow life speed!  
Perhaps, the soul is steamed all over  
By the cup of tea!

10 december 1915

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Please, Do Love That Eternal Bog - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

Please, do love that eternal bog land:  
Never would their strength diminish.  
This cereal, burned, - won't be spent.  
And this bush - without decay - will be lean.  
Those rusty such hummocks and stubs  
Know your restful force of captivity.  
So invariably eternal they are, -  
You're changing in front of Eternity.  
Thus the lonely fate is more bright.  
Thus inprimary share is sacred.  
The Eternity thus downfled  
And forever the lips closed there.

03/06/1905

Lyudmila Purgina



## , Ravenna - Translation (Rus.)

All that is fickle, all occasional  
You'd buried in the centuries.  
As a nice child you, Ravenna,  
Sleep at the eternity's light hands.

The slaves through the Rome gates don't carry  
Today the gilding  
Is burning down among spaces  
And walls of the basilicas chilly.

From the slow kissing of a moisture  
The rough stone arches go tender  
In tombs, where the sarcophaguses old  
Keep rests of the holy monks and empresses.

And silent are the grave halls, shady  
And cool is their coverlet,  
In order that the gaze of Gally,  
When she wakes up, won't burn the grave.

War battles, insults - all the traces  
Of blood were swept out, erased,  
In order that the Plakid's passions  
Of ages gone were not exclaimed.

So far the sea has gone, the roses  
Have put cordons at the ground bank,  
In order that the sleeping Theodorix  
Won't dream about the life's gales.

And the grape deserts, people, houses -  
All seem to be the coffins now.  
Only the copper of the titles  
In Latin sings a hymn as a trumpet.

Only in silent gazes there  
Of girls of Ravenna you find  
The grief of sea irrevocable,  
In a timid row passing by.

Only at night, bending over the vallies  
And counting the future centuries in front,  
The eagle's profile of the Dante's shadow  
Sings song about my New life.

May - june 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Servus Reginae - Translation (Rus.)

Don't call me. Even without this  
I'll go to the temple.  
And bend before you silently my knees,  
My head obediently.

And I shall heed your orders to  
And timorously wait.  
And catch by chance your rendezvous,  
Then wish again.

Been crashed by force of passions over,  
Weak under yoke press.  
Sometimes - a servant, other time - a lover.  
Forever - I'm a slave.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , She Is Sitting Before The Window - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

She is sitting before the window with father.  
Above the seashore the jackdaws are flying...  
- Rain, Rain! Let's dropp fast on me!  
I have the umbrella on the stick!  
- There is the spring.  
And you are - the winter captive,  
The poor girl in the cap so pink...  
Do you see there the sea in foam?  
Let's fly, dear, together overseas.  
- And my mother is there? - No.  
- And where is she? - She died. - What it means?  
- That means: there is walking the foolish poet.  
He's always crying about something.  
- What about? - About the pink cap.  
- So he hasn't a mother?  
- No, he has. But that's of no matter:  
He wishes to fly overseas,  
Where the Beautiful Lady lives.  
- And this Lady is kind? - Yes.  
- Why then she doesn't come?  
- She'll never come:  
She don't like to go on steamship.

And the night came gradually nearer.  
The talk of father and daughter - finished.

july 1905

Lyudmila Purgina

## , She Tried, As Earlier, To Inhale... - Translation (Rus.)

She tried, as earlier, to inhale  
Her breath in my exhausted body,  
In my so cold and unc cosy dwelling,  
Such was she in her coming close.

As a great sky she stood above me.  
But I was powerless to make with hand a gesture,  
My hand was ill, I was in melancholy,  
I was unable to tell her about anything,  
About all my grief, rather heavy.

I stared with my gloomy eyes,  
How she was longing above me,  
And there were no any words, no cries,  
No any happiness between...

The earthly heart got quickly tired  
In so many years, many days...  
The earthly happiness was late, rather,  
While riding fast its troika mad!

At last, I got ill, quite deadly,  
I'm breathing air of the other kind,  
I'm languishing for other pleasure,  
I'm not feared with eternal night.

Eternity has looked in my eyes,  
And blessed my heart with quite rest,  
It cooled with moisture of dark-blue night  
My flashing fire, my excitement...

30 July 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , She Turned All Into Joke....- Translation (Rus.)

She turned all into joke, firstly, then  
She understood - and tried to upbraid,  
And waved her head, the tears then  
Began to wipe away, by accident.

And with her teeth began to tease,  
And laughed, forgetting all affairs.  
But suddenly - remembered him,  
Began to sob, ten pins - on table.

Grown ugly, she went, then looked back,  
Returned and something waited,  
Then cursed all, turned her back  
And, may be, gone forever...

So, it's time to begin your engagement,  
Your old work, which is common to you. -  
Did it really your life stop jangling,  
As your dress stopped to rustle anew?

29 February 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , She's Come From Outside Cold - Translation (Rus.)

She's come from the outside cold,  
Turned red,  
And fill the room

With the scent of fresh air and perfume,  
With her ringing voice  
And with the disrespectful for our lessons  
Chattering.

Immediately she falled down on the floor  
The thick volume of art magazine,  
And at once it began to seem,  
That in my large room  
There is the entire lack of place.

It was a little annoyingly  
And ridiculously.  
However, she wanted me  
To read aloud the verses of 'Mackbeth'.

When she met 'the bubbles of of the ground"  
about which I can't help feeling without excitement,  
I've noticed her to be excited too,  
And looking in the window.

It appeared, that the large motley cat  
Is hardly clinging to the edge of the roof,  
When he is trapping the kissing doves  
And I've got angry mostly on that,

That they were kissing, but not we,  
And the times of Paolo and Francheska had passed...

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Skyphians - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

You all - of millions. And we - of lots and lots and lots.  
Try then to fight with us!  
Yes, we are - skyphians! Yes, we're - the asians all,  
With squinted greedy eyes!

For you - the centuries, for us - one only hour.  
We all, as docile slaves, are holding  
The shield between two races hostal -  
Mongolian and european!

For centuries our old forge worked,  
Supressing avalanche's roar,  
And as a wild tale you thought  
About fall of Lissabone!

For centuries you looked at East,  
Accumulating our pearls,  
And with a scoff you counted  
A least way you could cannons point!

And now - it's hour. The grief spreads wings  
And every day encreases insult,  
And day will come - the traces print  
Might dissapear, as the Pestum!

Oh, old world! While being alive,  
While you are pining in sweet suffering,  
Let's stop, as once Aedipus wise  
Stood puzzled at the ancient Sphynx.

Russia - a Sphynx! With triumph, sorrow,  
All soaked with the blackish blood,  
She's looking, looking, looking in you  
With hate and love in her great heart! ..

You know, as our blood loves, longer,  
None of you could love ever more!



You know, you'd forgotten perfectly,  
That in this world your love can burn!

We love all - heat of the cold ciphers,  
Gift of the sacred divine visions,  
And we accept - the Gallian meaning,  
As well as the gloomy German genius.

And we remember all - the hell of Paris streets,  
And Venice coolness, at the same time,  
The lemon grove's scent such delicate,  
And the Koeln's huge houses.

We like the flesh - its taste and colour,  
Its deathly sultry odour...  
Is it a guilt, when your skeleton stronghold  
Crunches in our hard-soft paws?

We used to grab the bridles of horses,  
Fervent and ardent in their movement,  
And break down their sacral bones,  
And pacify the fired bondmaids...

Come to us! From a horrific war  
Come to our tender peaceful hugs!  
Before it isn't late - sheath a sword.  
Comrades! We shall become - the brothers!

And if not - there's no anything to lose,  
We also are eager to perfidy!  
The centuries will pass - only the curse  
Will be from our ill posterity!

We spreaded wide throughout woods  
And thickets of nice Europe.  
Give way and step aside! We could,  
We'll turn with the asian mugs to you!

Go all! Go all to Urals! So we  
Are cleaning here the place for force  
Of huge steel mechanisms, where does breathe  
An integral with a mongol horde!

But we are not your shield henceforth,  
Since time we'll not merge into battle,  
We'll better look on the battle course  
With our narrow eyes impartial!

We shan't move, when the furious hunn  
Will rummage pockets of the corpse,  
Or fire towns, drive herds through  
The church and eat a white brother's roast! ..

For the last time - old world, please come  
Again to sense! For brother's fire  
Of labour, peace! And for the last  
Time calls for feast the barbar's lyre!

30 Jan 1918

- -

Lyudmila Purgina

## , So Lazily, Heavily Clouds... - Translation (Rus.)

So lazily, heavily clouds are flying  
Alongside the heat of blue skies.  
My road is hard and is so far lying,  
And forest is moveless around.

My horse became tired and snorts under bridle.  
When will be my native log hut?  
From somewhere afar, from a thicket unpassable,  
Someone's singing song so smart.

I wonder at least: if song been interrupted,  
Then would I hold up all my breath?  
Would horse downfall on road entirely,  
And would I be failed to achieve? !

So lazily, heavily clouds are flying,  
And forest great tired around.  
My road is hard and is so far lying.  
But song is my friend and companion.

===

The 2nd variant:

So lazily, heavily clouds are floating  
Along the blue heat of the sky.  
And heavy, and distant is lying my road.  
The forest is moveless around.

My horse has got tired and snorts under bridle.  
When will I meet the native log-hut?  
And there afar, from the impassable thicket  
Somebody is singing song fine.

I wonder: if voice was at last interrupted,  
It would be such heavy to breathe,  
The horse would fall down with hoarse, and I neither  
Could ride and my goal achieve!

So lazily, heavily clouds are floating  
Along the blue heat of the sky.  
And heavy, and distant is lying my road.  
But song is my friend, partner mine.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , So. Storm Of That Times Ended... - Translation (Rus.)

So. Storm of that times ended far.

Muzhik started to plough a furrow (\*Muzhik- a peasant in russian)

So wet and black. Again above

The wings of spring ring in the skies...

It's terrible, and easy, painful though;

Again the spring is whispering: 'STAND UP! '...

And I am worshipping to her as to god

And kissing her invisible light gown...

And heart is beating quickly, fast,

And blood is getting young at that time,

When there appears through a fur-cloud

The reminiscence of my first love...

'Forget, forget about the awful world,

Wave up your wings and fly there to...'

No, I was not on the feast alone!

No, I shan't throw that ever, true!

14 febr 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Such A Violet West Is Oppressive - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

Such a violet west is oppressive,  
As the shake of a hand in the lead.  
We are flying constantly forward -  
Executors of will of the bad.

We are not many. The smoky raincoats.  
Fire's sparkling and chain mails are shining.  
We raise ash on the north,  
Leave the azure behind.

We are setting the thrones for other time -  
Who would then be on those dark thrones?  
All had cut their soul in two halves,  
Had established the double laws.

No one know end of affair.  
And confusion replaces the joy.  
The true guessing was really there -  
Deadman's flying ahead in the gorge.

14/05/1904

Lyudmila Purgina

## , That Life Had Passed... - Translation (Rus.)

That life had passed,  
The heart is sleeping,  
And tired really.  
And night again has come,  
Is looking - fearless  
Into my window.

And snow fell on earth,  
I can't drive out  
The winter's spell...  
Enjoyment couldn't be returned,  
The burning fire  
It's strange to recollect.

31 August 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

# , The Angel-Keeper - Translation (Rus.)

The Angel-Keeper

by Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

I love You, the Angel-Keeper in the dark.  
This darkness is with me on earth and far.  
For that you was a fair bride for me,  
For that you've taken away my mystery.  
For that the night has united us strongly,  
For that you're a sister, a bride, and a daughter.  
For that we are destined to long-life such living,  
Oh, for that we're the husband and the wife even!  
For your spells and my chains lee,  
For that damn above the family.  
For that you prefer not my favourite things,  
For that I'm about the beggars greaving.  
For that we could not live in consent each other,  
For that I wish killing, but can't,  
I can't just revenge those, who lived without  
The fire, oppressed me and people's desires!  
Who closed the free and strong men to prisons,  
Who had not believed in my fire inside me.  
Who wishes with money to steal all my day,  
And turn to humility as the dogs have...  
For that I'm weak and is ready to restrain,  
As all my the ancestors - were only slaves,  
And soul mine seems to be poisoned with tenderness,  
And thus this hand wouldn't hoist a knife at least...  
But I do love you and for my weakness too,  
For bitter such fate and your strength to be true.  
That things, that were burned and were filled with the lead -  
No one could break off, even dare to break!  
Was looking with you at this nice purple dawn,  
Together with you I'm staring at black chasm.  
It's dual for us this the order of fate:  
We are free in souls, but malicious slaves.  
Let's stay! Let's just dare! Don't leave! And depart!  
What's there in future - the fire, the dark?  
Who's calling? Who's crying? Where do we go?  
Together - connected - forever anyhow.



And then we'll revive?  
Or be lost? Or will die?

17 August 1906

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Autumn Day Descends... - Translation (Rus.)

The autumn day descends in slow turning,  
The yellow leaf is slowly circling near,  
The day's transparently fresh, the air's clear,  
The rot invisible is unavoidable by soul.

So every-every day it goes older,  
And every year, when the leaf goes round,  
It seems, it recollects, it browses,  
That previous autumn was not sad, although.

1900

Lyudmila Purgina

# , The Autumn Evening - Was. - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

The night without her, who's name is Lenora. Edgar Po

The autumn evening - was. Under the sound of a glass rain  
I was solving just the same question,  
When into my room came, so vast and hazy,  
That gentleman. With him was a dog shaggy.

He sat into the armchair before the fire, tiredly,  
And his dog lied over the carpet.  
The guest said politely: 'Isn't it enough already?  
It's time to reconcile before the Genius of Fate.'

'But in my old age- there's a return of youth and heat...'-  
I began explaining... He interrupted:  
'She is - just the same: Leonora of Edgar crazy.  
There's no way back. - Once more? I've said all today.'

And strange: life - was the excitement, was like a storm, like hell.  
But here - in the evening hour - with an alien man -  
Under this gaze, so business looking, and silent  
For long time, she become such simple then...

The gentleman has gone. But his dog is - with me.  
In bitter hour he looks at me kindly so.  
His rigid paw he lays on my knee,  
As if he's saying: ' It's time of being humble, sir.'

9 Nov 1912

Lyudmila Purgina

# , The Autumn Will - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

I step to a way, all opened out,  
The wind is bending the thin bushes around,  
The rocks alongside on the slopes are lying.  
The yellow clay is arranging the ground.  
The autumn's raged in the moist valleys,  
Uncovered the earth of cemeteries,  
From afar the mountain ash is reddening  
While I travel by the natural villages.  
Here is - my fun is dancing  
And ringing, ringing, in bushes hided!  
And at distance there is seen  
Your motley, coloured sleeve.  
Who has enticed to this known way,  
Who has grinned to me in the prison's window?  
Or that is the beggar, by the stone road  
Carried, who is singing the chorals?  
No, I'm going by path without any invitation.  
Let the earth be light for me!  
I'll listen to the drunken voice of Russia,  
And will rest under the roof of tavern.  
Well, would I sing about my failure,  
How I had ruined my youth in drinking...  
I'll sob at the grief of your meadows,  
I'll love your open spaces forever.  
How much of us - so free, young, beautiful,  
Are dying without love...  
Please, shelter in your infinite distances!  
How I will live and cry without you!

july 1905, Rogachevsky road

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Cold Wind From A Lagoon... - Translation (Rus.)

The cold wind from a lagoon.  
The silent coffins of gondolas.  
I, in that night - so ill, and young so -  
Had stretched myself against a lion.

There on tower, with a song irony,  
The giants tolls in that night hour.  
Mark sank in the lagoon, all moonlit,  
Iconostas, patterned all over.

In darkness of the palace's gallery,  
Slightly with moon illuminated,  
Hiding from all, with my head on the plate,  
Bloodstained, there goes Salomeya.

All 'round sleep - the palaces and channels,  
And also the people, only the sliding step  
Of ghost, and only the staring  
Of head, filled with the anguish bad.

August 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Demon - Translation (Rus.)

The demon  
by Alexander Block

Lean to me, dear, closer, harder,  
I was not living - just wandering...  
Oh, my dream! I see delighting,  
Something new in kiss delirium!

And in your languor, such frenzy and crazy,  
There is the longing for spring, yet unknown,  
Which burns in me as the beam, so dazzling,  
With zurna playing a song.                      \* zurna-the musical instrument

On the grey-lilac hills I've brought this time,  
Following sounds and flame,  
My tired lips, my glances tired,  
And loops of the broken hands.

In flame of the burning dawn flying  
In mountains, with blue wings' flood,  
I'm with you, with dream of Tamara,  
Forever without a power.

And I dream - that there in highlands,  
In aul, at slope of rock,  
                    \* aul - the name of the mountain village  
Flashed upwards the folds of the veil,  
Unusefull, melancholy dropped...

It stretches, and dances, and cries there,  
And dust's flying upwards, zurna  
Is groaning higly... But never  
The bridegroom will reach dear bride.

====

This poem is the correlation with the famous poem of ntov

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Earthly Heart Is... - Translation (Rus.)

The earthly heart is frozen again,  
But that cold I'm meeting with my breast.  
I'm storing in the loneliness the unshared  
Love to the other people, all of them.

But anger's ripening behind my love,  
Contempt is rising with temptation  
To read in eyes of men and women once  
A seal of the oblivion, election.

Let they will call: 'FORGET, THE POET!  
RETURN INTO THAT COSY STATE! '  
No! It's better to be frozen!  
The cosiness - absent. The rest - absent.

1911- 6 febr 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Girl From Spoleto - Translation (Rus.)

You are so slim, as the candles in temple.  
Your gaze - as sword penetrating me all.  
Girl - I'm not expecting from you any dazzling -  
Let me to burn in the fire as monk!

I dare not any happiness, caress.  
Could I outrage you with my touch, being rude?  
Only I look at fence as a painter,  
Where you pick the flowers, 'n love you!

By and by - you are with wind driven far away -  
By hot sun scorched - Maria! Let me to see  
In you a cherub, who flies in the heaven,  
Let my heart - test a sweet pain from my feel!

Quietly I interweave in your dark curls  
My precious brilliant of secret verse.  
Greedily I throw loving heart to a source  
Of your dark eyes, shining bright from love force.

3 june 1909

Lyudmila Purgina



# , The Girl Was Singing... - Translation (Rus.)

The famous poem

by Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

The girl was singing in a church's chorus  
About all tired in other land,  
About ships, which have gone into ocean,  
About all, who forgot to be glad.

She was singing and her voice upflying  
High to dome, the ray was bright shining  
On her white shoulder. Everyone followed  
From their darkness the song of white gown.

Everyone hoped, that a joy would live ever,  
That in a bay would be a rest to the ships,  
That far abroad all the weary people  
Would get the life bright enough, as they wished.

The voice was sweet and the ray was such delicate.  
Only on the crest of the tzar gates,  
A child was crying, concerned to the mystery,  
That no one would return back again.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Guitar Strings....- Translation (Rus.)

The guitar strings were drawn,  
Heart waits.  
Touch it with a young voice -  
It sings well!

And the old man before a choir  
Tromped with feet.  
Burn me with your eyes, voice,  
Ksyusha, sing!

The guttural sounds then  
Went out,  
As if in silver the dark hands  
Wrapped round...

The delirium of passion,  
Rave of love...  
The unbelievable happiness!  
Na! Take now!

19 Dec 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

# , The Heady Smell Of March... - Translation (Rus.)

by Alexander Blok

The heady smell of march was in the moonlit circle,  
The sand was under melted snow crispy.  
My town disappered in this wet, cold storming,  
And hardly cried from love at someone's feet.

You pressed to me in awkward manner,  
It seemed to me, that through the snort of horse  
I hear the hungarian dance playing,  
In heaven's dark it's teasing me by moan.

And crazy wind was racing over distance -  
It tried to burn my soul out all,  
It throwed veil into my face, while singing  
About ages, being so old...

But suddenly you - distant, alien -  
Had told with lightning to be seen:  
That is a soul, which her last way's taking  
And sobbing all about previous dream.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Hours And Days And Years Go... - Transl.(Rus.)

The hours, and days, and years go.  
I wish to throw off my dream,  
To look into the faces, rows  
Of people, in the nature green.

I wish to dissipate the twilight  
Of times... There somebody Is waving, teasing with the light  
(As fast as hides the winter shadow) .

Here is the sword. It - was. But surely unuseful, though.  
Who has enfeebled my strong hand? -  
I do remember: a pearl's small row  
Was shining once in moonlight sad.

The ill, and moarnful coldness either,  
The snowy surface of the sea...  
The horror flashed eyelashes under,  
The old horror (know this) ...

The words? - Were absent. - What was there? -  
Neither reality, nor dream.  
In distance there was disappearing  
Something unknown, torn from leas...  
And died. But lips were singing loudly.  
And hours, or years passed...  
(The telegraphic wires only  
Were ringing on the scene of sky...)

And suddenly (familiar and close!)  
From distance distinct voice had said:  
That is the man! That- ECCE HOMO!  
The sword had fallen from my hand.

And binded with a silk so stuffy  
(For purpose that to stop black bleeding) ,  
I start to serve without crying,  
Disarmed - I served to you obedient.

But hour's come. I recollected,

That I was never a common slave.  
Then let the ribbon fall, and let then  
The red blood colours a snow veil!

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Light Was Unsteady... - Translation (Rus.)

The light was unsteady in window,  
In twilight alone and lean  
Near the entrance was whispering  
With darkness a harlequin.

And mystic was the entire all  
His white-red and ridiculous dress.  
Above head - and behind the wall,  
Jouyous masquerade there took place.

There the faces were covered  
With the multi- such colored lie,  
At the same time another one  
Was aware of trembling of arms.

HE - excited, with a wooden sword  
Once has drawn up the runes.  
SHE - admired with such a strange mode,  
Nodded head in approval.

But alone in darkness,  
Having less a belief,  
Near pensive door laughing  
Was all time harlequin.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The More You Wish To Have A Rest... - Translation (Rus.)

The more you wish to have a rest,  
The more life seems to be quite terrible,  
From fields is crawling a wet haze,  
Into my breast creeps a wet mist  
Along the nights so velvet...

Forget about your life, which's gone...  
Forget about life, that will be...  
From fields the dark of night is crawling...  
One thing, one thing -  
To sleep, to sleep...  
But all the way -  
Someone will wake!

27 august 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The New Year's Night - Translation (Rus.)

The hazes're lying cold now,  
The fires're burning crimson way.  
Svetlana's so frosty soul  
Are in the nets of mystic play.  
Once snow creaks - the hearts will hush -  
Again there's silent moon.  
Behind a gate they're laughing much,  
But further - street with darkness full.  
Let's visit to a holiday of laughter,  
Let go downwards with covered face!  
Red ribbons - the obstacle although.  
The lovely boy will come to my entrance...  
But the mist don't move and now  
I'm waiting for midnight.

Someone's wispering, the other  
Laughing, and the fires burn.  
Snow creaks - in frosty space there  
I see coming slightly light.  
Someone's sledges've run already...  
'What's your name? ' - the answer laughed...  
And the whirlwind raised in front of  
Entrance, made it white...  
It with laughter, so tender  
Covers face mine with delight...

There lie the cold hazes,  
Such a pale is trudging moon.  
The Svetlana's soul pensive  
Is with mystic dream confused.

Lyudmila Purgina



# , The Old Roses... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

The old roses  
I carry alone  
In frosts and in snows,  
And my way is long.  
The same way he'd also  
Taken, he goes  
With sword on his shoulder,  
Gowned in a hazy cloak.  
He knows - already  
The snow is stepped,  
The last sunlight's steadily  
Is burning to end,  
That's no one exit  
Throughout the night,  
That freedom is nearly  
To left me apart.  
Where could I find rather  
A dwell in this night?  
Only roses fall down  
The melting snow-piles.  
Only tears fall down  
The scarlet snow-piles.  
Being in deep woe -  
I can't, though, help.  
He will trample down  
The roses without aim.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , The Old, Old Dream - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

The old, old dream. From darkness  
The lanterns run to - where?  
There - only a water black,  
There - the oblivion forever.  
The shadow slides out of the corner,  
And other one had scrawled nearby.  
The raincoat is opened, the breast is white,  
And the red flower is in the buttonhole of his dress.

The second shadow - is the knight harmonious,  
Or may be that's the bride from ceremony?  
There is a helmet and a fur on it. No face, though.  
Is motionless like the deadman's body.

In the gates the ring is ringing,  
Indistinctly the lock clicked.  
Over the threshold stepped, entering,  
The bad girl and the debauchee...

The cold wind is howling.  
It is silent, empty, dark.  
And above the window's light.  
Of no difference, thus.

As a lead - the water is black.  
There in it the oblivion forever.  
There's the third ghost. Where  
Are you, from dark to dark slipping.

7.02.1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Petersburg Twilights..- Translation (Rus.)

The Petersburg twilights are snowy.  
Look - is outside, roses - at home...  
Thoughts - as girl has, gentle and slow,  
What's about? - I can't determine.

I'm looking still in my dream mirror...  
(He, perhaps, looks in window now...)  
Here's my face - evil, loving! Oh, wrong!  
I'm tired of it! Up to down!

And the singing of voice, low sound,  
And my snowy-white hands, to show,  
My so thin and nice red hairs, now  
They reside long to nobody, though!

Husband's gone! Light is awful and cheerless...  
But my blood reddens... there in light...  
Let me see, if he's here or not here?  
So is he... Ah, he's nagging by sight!

15 March 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Ring Of The Existence... - Translation (Rus.)

The ring of the existence's narrow:  
As all the ways to Rome go,  
So everything we got fore-known  
And in recurrence keep that talking.

And I have just the same fate, as well,  
Which's seem to be in future cold:  
Again - to love Her on the heaven  
And to betray Her on the earth.

June 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Seashore - Translation (Rus)

A sleepy sigh of a dumb wave is breathing  
From the sea, where the grey beacon showed  
To the seamen the water rapids,  
And pulled the heaven's flag out.  
There were lit the last lantern,  
Which enlightened the mysterious pier.  
There the ship as a czar had been towering,  
Yesterday has gone to the ocean.  
And the sails of ship were of hardly grey colour,  
They have carried the victory far and away.  
I was looking at skies with humility,  
Where She was outspreading the haze.  
I have seen Her, seeing in a solid -  
With unearthly features of hands.  
From afar it seemed like a Death near going,  
Which created the burdensome sound.  
There within the grey stones are singing  
In the remnants of freakish foam -  
The splashing waves of the far out seas,  
And the ship's hoot so loud voices.

26th May 1904

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Song Of Hell - Translation (Rus.)

A day has burned on sphere of the Earth,  
Where I did search the ways and shorter days.  
The violet twilight has been laying long,

Where I'm absent, there. I'm taking way  
Through underground night. I go,  
I slide along the slopes of the rocks -

Here's the Hell - familiar, although.  
He's looking in my hollow eyes. And thrown  
I was into the bright ball dance,

In its magnificent surround of masks, overlooking love.  
Where's my satellite? - Where're you, dear Beatrice?  
I am alone, and I've lost the righter path.

It's so usual in the underground rivers  
To sink in flow of a horror dark.  
The river carries friends and corpses,

And somewhere is seen the asking gaze,  
Or someone's breast... Or someone's woe,  
Or someone's tender scream - so avaricious,

Fallen from the lips. The words had gone.  
The head is clasped with the ring of pain,  
So blunt and senseless, as of iron;

And I've turned from a singer naive -  
To a rejected one, without a right!  
And everyone aspires prescience, without hope.

I'm - the same one. And see there in the break of cliffs,  
Above the foam of flow, white as a snow,  
In front of me - the hall infinite.

The row of cactuses and roses,  
So fragrant, pieces of the dark  
In depth of transparent mirrors;

And there the distant mornings, blinking,  
Are gilded by the overthrown idol;  
And stuffy air gasped my breathing.

This hall was like the awful world,  
Where I was wandering as blind creature,  
As in wild tale, where a feast was on my road.

There - the gaping masks were thrown;  
There - by oldman wife was tempted,  
Impudent light their vile caress has shown...

But window's binding turned then red  
Before the morning cold kiss,  
And strange, the silence turned to pink.

In that time we are spending night in land,  
So blessed without earth's deceit,  
And I'm gazing at it in presentiment.

In deepness of the mirror through the mist  
Towards me, from the nets of horror,  
The young man's coming. And he is  
All tightened in his suit, with rose in buttonhole,  
Which colour is similar to lips  
Of this dead man, on the finger - the sign

Of such a mystic marriage - the amethyst is shining;  
And I look in the awkward features  
Of his pale face with feeling imperceptible

And ask him with a voice mine muffled:  
'Say, why is it the need for you to grieve,  
To wander along the cycles irretrievable? '

The features of his face confused all,  
The burned mouth is breathing air greedy,  
And from the void I hear voice:

'Do know: I was sentenced to the torment,  
And ruthless one, for being under yoke

Of passion desolate on earth.

And when our town in the darkness goes -  
Caught by the wave of crazy song,  
With a seal of crime on my great forehead,

As fallen and humiliated virgin,  
I seek oblivion in joy of wine...  
And then it strikes the hour of anger:

From deep of the unprecedented site,  
From dream there waved, and dazzled,  
And shined - the miraculous wife!

In evening ring of the fragile goblet,  
In drunken mist when met with you for moment,  
With you, who my caress threw over,

I felt, I reached the first triumph!  
I've sank in her eyes with my eyes!  
I let it out my love shout!

So that time at once has come close,  
And darkness was deaf, evening - gloomy.  
In sky there appeared the meteors,

This amethyst was all in blood, truly,  
And I drank blood from fragrant shoulders,  
And this juice was strong and resinous...

But don't curse the tales strange, though  
About how the dream was lasting...  
From chasms of night, from hazy gorges

The music funeral was heard;  
The tongue of fire has raised up high  
In order the time uselessness to burn!

And - close tied with the immeasurable chains -  
By whirl we're carried to the underground!  
Forever fettered by the dreams vague,



She has ability to feel pain, and to revive out  
The feast, when the vampire leans to her neck  
And shoulders with need for blood!

But my lot - isn't it too terrible? -  
When here the cold and ill sunrise  
Illuminates the Hell with it's cold glare,

From hall to hall I go to realize  
The precept, pursued by passion craving, -  
Have pity and remember this, the poet mine:

I'm doomed in far darkness of bedroom,  
Where she is sleeping so hot,  
And I decline at her in love mood

To stick a ring in the white shoulder! '

30th oct 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The Steps Of Comandor - Translation (Rus.)

The heavy and hard curtain is at entrance,  
And behind the window - night and haze.  
What does it mean for you - a freedom,  
Don Juan, scared in base?  
In your pompous bedroom - their's a cold,  
Servants are asleep, night's dark.  
From the country distant, blessed, unknown,  
There's a cock's cry 'koo-kaa-ree-kuu' loud.  
(\*that's for sure only my words, they are absent in original poem :))

What means thus for the traitor-pleasure?  
All life's instants are considered.  
Donna Anna's sleeping, with the crossed hands  
On her heart, she's dreaming...

Whose cruel features look been frozen,  
In the mirrors are reflected?  
Anna, Anna - why are you now chozen  
To sleep sweetly in the cold grave?

Life's despicable and crazy, bottomless!  
Go out for battle, the old fate!  
As the answer - such victoriously  
Sings the loving small horn in haze...

With the fires night is flickered  
Of the silent black, as owl, motor.  
Silently, but steps are heavy,  
Enters the house Comandor...

Doors are widely opened. From coldness  
As the hoarse strike of the night clocks -  
Strike of clocks: 'Have you now called me?  
I'm here. Ready, no? ..'

But the cruel question has no answer,  
No answer - only silence.  
In the pompous bedroom you feel scared,  
Slaves are sleeping, dawn is rising.

In dawn's hour it's cold, strange rather,  
In dawn's hour - night is muddy.  
Maiden of Light! Where're you Donna Anna?  
Anna! Anna! - Only silence.

Only in the awful morning haze the clocks strike  
For the last time in the silence:  
Donna Anna goes to rise up in her end hour,  
Donna Anna surely will rise up.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , The World Is Flying... - Translation (Rus.)

The world is flying. Years - flying. And empty universe  
Is looking from the darkness of her eyes.  
And you, a tired, deaf and vague soul,  
Is reiterating of the happiness - what time?

What is happiness? The evening freshness  
In garden darkening, in the forest wild?  
Or the delights of wine, such gloomy, vicious,  
Or the death of soul from the passions hard?

What is happiness? One close moment,  
Oblivion and rest of all the life...  
On waking up- again the unknown  
And crazy flying, grasping heart.

On taking breath, you see - the danger's over...  
But in that very second - once again  
You feel a push! And a spinning top  
Is flying, buzzing, helter-skelter!

And, seizing a slipping, sharp edge, hearing  
The constant buzzing, ringing in our ears, -  
Ain't we turn crazy of the change of reasons,  
Far-fetched, of time's and space's flickers?

When will be end? The sound teasing  
Is bothersome, I'm tired all without rest...  
How awful all is! How wild! - Take hand, my comrade,  
Take, my friend! Let's seek oblivion again.

2 July 1912

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Then Let I Did Live... - Translation (Rus.)

Then let I did live without love,  
Then let I break all the oaths, -  
You're exciting my soul, wherever I get a chance  
To meet you, my loving!

Oh, that such a distant hand!  
In this dim being  
You are bringing your charmness,  
Even if we are in division!

And in my alone house,  
Such cold and empty, in my dream,  
Which never could be set as free,  
I see my deserted house.

I dream of the minutes,  
I dream of the years old...  
That's because of my thoughts  
Are closed with you only!

Whom any I've been called by ever -  
I don't wish to change  
For a fussy tenderness - my hopelessness -  
And I'm mute, closing myself...

8 oct 1915

Lyudmila Purgina

## , There A Grey-Haired Twilight... - Translation (Rus.)

There a grey-haired twilight falled  
On this pale town in spring.  
There a car sung, victoriously,  
In its horn, in distance.

Look through the pale window glass,  
Nestling to it closely...  
Look. You have betrayed, at last,  
And long ago...

Lyudmila Purgina

# , There Are Better Or Worse... - Translation (Rus.)

by Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

There are better or worse than me  
Peoples or gods, and there may be  
In everyone - the fire sprouts,  
In everyone - the grief of clouds.  
And everyone will burn the other one,  
Then extinguish the fire,  
And everyone will sadly sigh,  
While looking into each's eye.  
Let I'll be the tzar over myself,  
Let it be with me - all my anger.  
For then I'll see above the chaos  
Such a dazzling and shining girls' features!  
I'll create my life only by myself,  
I'll ruin by myself my life.  
I'll look at a dawn and together  
With those whom I fall into love.

September 1906

Lyudmila Purgina

## , There Evening As... - Translation (Rus.)

There evening as a light strap  
Shined over the cold rails, while  
You, harmonic slim, with a tight braid,  
Passed by through the black points of the cross-ties.

Your quick glance as a fire bothersome  
Burned me out and made me blind.  
One moment... With a thunderstorm single-sounding  
The black train has parted us...

When the rails with a trembling sound  
Sang a song: don't forget,  
And semaphore with its green eye  
Showed me a free way, -

Then you went so far, where grass  
Was losing its green colour...  
There a dust raised up, there night  
Took its hazy rights for another time...

The alarm whistle and the wafts of smoke  
Were there around the corner on hill...  
The vain moment, having sailed over...  
And the green light in a sunrise gleam...

1 march 1909

Lyudmila Purgina



## , There Halls Turned To Darkness... - Translation (Rus.)

There halls turned to darkness and pallor,  
And a window lattice - to black.  
The vassals whispered silently at doors:  
'Our Queen, Queen got the illness day back'.

And the King, having frowned his brows,  
Walked without the servants alone.  
And the every dropped word did he follow  
All about the ill irrevocable.

Before doors of silent cold bedroom  
I was crying and grasping the ring.  
In the distance - in gallery end there  
Man with closed pale face did repeat.

At the doors of my Beautiful Lady  
I was crying in raincoat light-blue.  
And unsteady the other man echoed,  
With unknown pale face hitherto.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Those, Who Forgot You - Translation (Rus.)

Those, who forgot you.

by Alexander Blok

And hour had come. The time braided raincoat,  
The sword flashed brightly, walls opened out.  
And then I with a throng - after all going,  
Rushed into that hazy and bad height.

But there after one mountain was other,  
The throng was grumbling, leaders lost their power.  
Towards us there were the clouds,  
And they by a lot of lightnings were torn.

And hands were hanging like the lashes,  
When everywhere were the clenched fists,  
Threatening the thunders in high heavens,  
The children cried, and wives were wrapped in kerchiefs.

And I was powerless, gone out of row,  
The throng of tired neighbours - behind me.  
The blue sky was not shining through the clouds,  
As well as sun was also unseen.

We wandered much, and grumbled helplessly,  
We couldn't find any a former hut,  
We shivered, near the fires trembled,  
Trying to find a way in gloomy night...

There was the vain glare! The vain roving!  
We dreamed, though the dreams we failed to love.  
So was real fate of dreaming in this empty world  
For those, who forgot you thus.

1 Aug 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , To Anna Akhmatova - Translation (Rus.)

To Anna Akhmatova

By Alexander Blok

'And the beauty is terrible' - You'd be told to, -  
Then You'll put on lazily  
On your shoulders the spain shawl,  
And a scarlet rose - in hair.

'And the beauty is simple' -  
You'd be told to, -  
With a motley shawl You'll lubberly  
Cover a child,  
And a rose - on the floor.

But, absentmindedly harking  
To all words, heard around,  
You'll sink to a reverie,  
And rehearsing inside You:

'I'm not awful, nor simple;  
I'm not terrible to kill down  
Easily; I'm not so simple  
To learn, that the life is frightening'.

16 december 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

## , To Muse - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

In your songs innermost there are  
The fatal news all about the death,  
And the curse of the holy behests,  
Profanation of happiness, lest  
The attracting invincible force,  
That I'm ready to reiterate talks  
That you'd angels brought down to earth  
By your beauty so perfect, utmost.  
When you laugh at belief, there appears  
A softened circle, which's purple-grey coloured,  
Whether bad, may be good - not from here  
You are, thus hard to wonder:  
For some people you're - the Miracle,  
For me - my Muse - is the torture and hell,  
I don't know, why in the morning,  
In hour of a weakness total  
I've been not perished, but your face  
I've seen and asked you a console?

I wished us being only foes...

Then why did you presented me

Such a beautiful and reach green meadow

And a starry vault's solidity?

All that the helled amenities?

And more perfidious, than a night northen,

More heady, than a wine light-golden,

More short, than a gypsy'love cold,

Were your such awful endearments.

And there an enjoyment fatal

In trampling of the cherished dreams,

A reckless, but so sweetheart pleasure

And a passion bitter as absinth.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , To Muse -2 - Translation (Rus.)

There exists in the tunes you're concealing  
A message fatal about the death  
And the curse of your oaths sincere,  
The violation of your happiness.

And there're such the luring power,  
That I could thus repeat after rumours,  
That you had all the angels brought down  
By seducing them with your beauty...

When you laugh at the faith and the confidence,  
I can see the flashing light above you  
As the purple-grey circle, so softened,  
Which I stand that I've seen it as true.

Whether bad? Or quite good? You are alien.  
You are queerly chewed over, well:  
You're the Muse for the others and miracle,  
But for me - only torture and hell.

I don't know, why for at the sunrise,  
When I've got so exhausted and drained,  
I escaped, having seen your face shining,  
And I begged you for peace and a grace.

And I wished, that we'd be only enemies...  
Why did you have a present to me -  
Such a beautiful flourishing meadow,  
And the stars in the sky - the cursed amenities...

Being more crafty than the north night there,  
Being more heady than a golden wine,  
Shorter than a gypsy's love swearing  
Were your awful caresses this time.

And there was a fatal comfort in trampling  
Of the holy and sacred such place  
And the crazy but sweet delectation,  
The bitter passion as wormwood in taste!

Lyudmila Purgina

## , To Valery Bryusov - Translation (Rus.)

To Valery Bryusov  
(On receiving 'The mirror of shadows')

Again, again your spirit secret  
In dark of night, in empty night,  
Causes your lonely dream to nestle  
And drink your juice with great delight.

Let's make an eucharist to soul,  
The poison, pain and sweetness - drink,  
And silently let's look a book through,  
To a mirror of the shadows let's stick...

Let's in that case, tormenting heavily,  
The passion - beats you, and the grief - by snakes.  
The thunderstorm of fate occasionally  
Predicts the end, the murder - let's...

All, that was tortured, burned, distorted,  
Here comes to be a light dream fury,  
The field of a mourning mirror - would turn  
To be fixed with a transparent beauty...

And with that beauty one law's ordered:  
'Let's burn and burn. And live a life.  
While wing of love is shot over -  
The love altar is red with blood.'

20 march 1912

Lyudmila Purgina



## , To Vladimir Bestuzhev - Translation (Rus.)

To Vladimir Bestuzhev

By Alexander Blok

Yes, I know: the invisible beams pierced  
The night from the beginning.  
But there's no any measuring  
Of the sufferings of man, blind been!

Yes, I know (in secret) - that world  
Is beautiful (I learned You, Love!)  
But this ball over the ice is cold and purple,  
As anger, as revenge, as blood!

You know, that some light is falling down,  
Grasping all-all to the deepest bottom,  
Seeking for us, in the whistle of wind's roving,  
Searching for the alien silence constant.

But once a stranger, filled with a snow-night,  
Who's surely on the darkness fixed,  
Sees the entering of not the eternal light,  
But dreams that one beam descends to him.

22 march 1912

Lyudmila Purgina

## , To Vyacheslav Ivanov - Translation (Rus.)

There was a violin's woe during a ball.  
Breathing with wine and blood,  
The rebellion awful soul  
Was dictating a fate to us.

From the alien countries, distant lands,  
Merging in our snow fire-bed,  
In the circle of the dark-eyed madmen  
You raised as a gold head.

Somewhat crooked, not young, nor old,  
You're - the secret forces' emanation,  
And how many a souls' deserted cold  
You'd pierced with your cold breath!

There was a moment - the unbeknown power,  
Tearing with an elation your breast,  
Stunned with a silver ringing over  
Dazzled with a whipping snow,  
With a bliss vitiated your way!

And in that moment, in a glaring blizzard,  
I don't know - in what country,  
I don't know - in what circle, rather,  
Your strange face appeared to me...

And I, being wild and shy earlier  
Of your penetrative eyes,  
Looked at... And our souls sung joyly  
The same verse at one time.

But blizzard stopped up to these days.  
As a bitter fold all that years  
Are laying on my heart. As a friend  
I can't you see now, regrettably.

As in our youth, I'm not veiled  
With the hex of your bottomless soul...  
But sometimes, as earlier, I'm aware

Of the nightingale's song in your boondocks...

And much a mystery, many a song,  
Many a face of the beauty...  
Your world is really marvellous!  
Yes, you are - the czar autocratical!

And I - so sad, poor, hard-boiled,  
Having met the dawn at morning,  
Am staying on the criss-cross of road,  
Looking at your czar train, by going.

18 april 1912

Lyudmila Purgina

## , To Woman, Passed By... - Translation(Rus.)

To woman, passed by...

By Alexander Blok

I'm only a bachelor and poet,  
The scion of the north scald...  
But your man carries always the tome of Wild,  
The scotland plaid, the painted vest...  
Your husband - is the scornful easthete.

He may be scoffing of surmise a lot,  
Without limits, he is following,  
Whom you greet to, whom bow to...  
Gor me... Now his chimeras don't mean  
Any a matter! I love you!

With chasubles of treachery, of lie,  
Of flattery - you're apparelled...  
Say me today, the faithful wife,  
Did you feel shiver from a secret love?  
Were you once with a feeling caught?

And did your sleepy, jealous, awkward spouse  
Whisper to you: 'Let's go, friend...',  
Having wrapped up you in a green plaid  
In order to shield you from snows  
In Petersburg one winter day?

And wasn't your eye so tricky, longing  
After a ball, when you draw off  
The airy dress from your slope shoulders,  
Having been poisoned lightly all  
By dancing with a feel of love?

2 June 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , To Yury Verkhovensky - Translation (Rus.)

The message to Yury Verkhovensky

The rain is small, the talk is slow,  
From cilinder a lock of hair's seen,  
The laugh is light, and some - unhallowed.  
Is that a usual meeting?

But here - one of the lightest geniuses  
With a hazy torch in his hand  
Brought gift of your's into my dwelling,  
Where I am anxious and sad.

Through rustle of autumn, autumn chilling  
I recollect you, I love so  
In all marks of the new beginning  
In old and melancholy drawing.

We had a laugh, a joke and trick,  
At least we all should sail forever  
Through quick and fast and lanquid idyll  
To night, into the mournfull elegy.

September 1910

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Under Masks - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

Masks.

Under masks.

Under mask the stars were glittering,

Someone's story had smile awhile,

Short was somebody's dark night.

And the thoughtful conscience silent,

Over the abyss swimming,

Was pulling time far, so far.

And in hands, strict in past times,

There was a glass of moisture glass.

Night to her hall passed,

Slowing down her steps fast.

And the blinks were slightly tinkling,

Water in my heart was ringing.

The green hare was teasing

In the burned down crystal.

In my case the books were dozing.

There - leaning to the carved door,

Was a naked boy small

With his one wing only.

1 jan 1907

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Venice -1 - Translation (Rus.)

Venice

by Alexander Blok

1

And with her only I sailed to ocean,  
And with her only I left the shore,  
And with her only I was far away,  
And with her only I forgot my relatives...

Oh, the red sail  
In the green distance!  
The black bugles,  
On the dark shawl twinkling!

And he is going from a gloomy lunch,  
With no any blood in heart...  
Chrystos, who was tired his cross to carry.

To my Adriatic love -  
My last love -  
Farewell, farewell!

9 may 1919

Lyudmila Purgina



## , Voice From Choir - Translation (Rus.)

Voice from Choir  
by Alexander Blok

How often we do cry - so we and I -  
For the miserable, poor our life!  
Oh, how you'd foreseen the future dark,  
The coldness of days, friends mine!

Now you are pressing hands of dear girl,  
And play with her, and joke her,  
But cry, when you are marking once  
The lie from lips, in hands - the sword.  
Oh, baby, girl!

There's no measure to the lie, insidiousness,  
And death - is far.  
The blacker will be real world, nevertheless,  
The frenzier will be the whirl of planets  
For centuries and centuries!

The last of centuries, the cruelest of ones,  
Will meet - as we, so I.  
By sin will be then hided poor skies,  
By frost - the lips'll be stunned.  
The grief of no life...

And you will wait for spring, the spring -  
But spring will you deceive.  
You'll call for sun to shine - but it  
Will not rise up to lit.  
And cry, when you to cry begin  
Will fall in vain within...

Be glad now with your life mere,  
Quieter than water, quieter than grass!  
Oh, if you could foresee, children,  
The future cold, the future dark!

6.06.1910-27.02.1914

Lyudmila Purgina

# , We Were Fighting...- Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

We were fighting. Straight in breast  
The sharp bayonet was directed.  
Someone shouted: 'Be glorified! '  
Someone whispers: 'Don't forget me! '

Nearby someone falled uphands,  
And the host fast closed row.  
Someone trembles under feet of ranks...  
Who that was? No time to know...

Only clear in joyous memory  
There's the candle, flared up.  
All of them, with foot such heavy,  
Trampling down a warm body, passed...

For at least no one will meet, surely,  
Old ages - time to death...  
High above there's the flaming fury,  
The bloody void is far away...

Well! Let be more loud gnash there,  
Sweeter pain and brighter death!  
Thereafter - the soil will spoil  
And indulge the solid scared.

Jan 1905

Lyudmila Purgina

## , We Were Hard... - Translation (Rus.)

We were so hard sleeping  
Under the winter cold blizzards...  
We can't help ploughing deeply  
Frozen soil in spring.

Early in summer, in damp dews,  
We'll go walking in fields  
And raze the greens with a scythe new,  
Clinking and clanking with it!

Open widely the gates! Hey!  
Let's wind fast enters the window!  
We hadn't sung such the songs gay  
Yet for a long time although!

5th Nov 1904

Lyudmila Purgina

## , We Were Meeting With You... - Translation (Rus.)

We were meeting with you at a sunset,  
You were cleaving with paddle a stream.  
I've loved you in pure white dress that,  
While did lose the subtlety of dream.

So strange there were evening meetings.  
There ahead - on the great sandy spit  
Evening candles were gleaming so intimate -  
Someone thought of the world's loveliness.

The collision, approach, combustion -  
That the azure calm does not accept...  
We did meet in the evening vague passion  
Near shore waters rippled with cane.

No grief, no love, no offences.  
All had passed, grown dim and withdrawn...  
A slender waist and the voices of requiem,  
And your shining in night golden oar.

====

Other translation by Alec Vagapov

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Well, What's For The Next? - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

Well, what's for the next? The hands are wringed, tired,  
And the eternity itself has stared at the extinguished eyes,  
And the torture ceased. And if there would be the torments, the highest, -  
Then what's the need? - I see the sad procession of night.

Because, the sun, having run round its duty circle, rolled away.  
Open my books: there it is foreseen all, that will be in the next days.  
Yes, I was a prophet, when my heart was praying, -  
Was praying and singing you, but you don't have a queen's state.

And I'll also shan't be a king: you haven't shared the power of dream.  
A slave is also not my fate: -  
you didn't want the power of earth.  
And here is a new burden: until the grave opens its wet embraces -  
To drag over the life without any important work.

But I'm - a man. And, being aware of my fall,  
I shan't restrain my alarm: it grows stronger, to highest power.  
This is the JEALOUSY OF HOME, disturbing my soul,  
Repeating persistently: WHAT YOU ARE DOING - DO FASTER.

Lyudmila Purgina

## , What An Exciting Picture! - Translation (Rus.)

What an exciting picture!  
Your's, oh my north, that's your's!  
All day the barren plain before me,  
As empty, as my dreams and thoughts!

Here's my spirit, evil, resolute,  
Disturbs the silence with its laugh;  
On answering, the raven black coloured  
Is rocking a pine-tree, dead far;

Beneath the waterfalls are boiling,  
Gnawing the granite and tree roots;  
On rocks the naiads sings their nice songs -  
The hymns of their agamic routes;

And in this boom of cold waters,  
In hateful cries of raven's flocks,  
Under the fish-like looks infertile  
My life's smouldering in a rot!

March 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , When I Turned To See.... - Translation (Rus.)

When I turned to see clearer at first time,  
Towards the thirsting dream, the rays  
Of purple dawn had rushed there,  
Where angel with a horn in heaven.

But wasn't worth the celebration  
To the vanity of life, so deserted,  
The toothless laugh made deformation  
Of all, that was the base of image.

The horns of angel broke sounds,  
And mute is night throughout day.  
Give back a part of toothless laugh, life,  
So I'd not be in silence mad!

Lyudmila Purgina



# , When Suddenly He Lost His Soul... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

When suddenly he lost at Sunday  
His soul, he was not dispirited,  
He hasn't gone to the department  
To search it with a help of some witnesses.

Though they were not little in this case:  
A puppy in his yard was yapping,  
An old woman stood in the gates,  
A yard cleaner for a tip has asked.

When slowly he left the yard gates  
With a collar of coat, stood up,  
The filthy cat at him was staring  
With open eyes, with sympathy.

You think, he is also a witness?  
Hey, he shouldn't answer you a little!  
His virtue is in the same revelry!  
He'll never answer you in real.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , When Thee Are Standing...- Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Alexandrovich Blok

When thee are standing on my way,  
So living and so beautiful,  
But also so exhausted,  
And are telling about some sad things,

Thinking about the death,  
Trying to love nobody  
And despising thyself of your beauty -  
What can I say? How could I offend thee?

No! I'm not a villain, not a liar,  
Not an arrogant man,  
Though I know much  
And too much I'm thinking since my childhood,  
And I'm strongly involved into myself,  
Because of that I'm - the author,  
A man, who is naming all around him,  
And taking off the aroma of the living flower.

Weather thee'd speak about the sad things,  
Or thee'd reflect about the beginnngs and the ends,  
I think though,  
That thee are only fifteen years old.  
So I wish thee to fall in love  
With some simple and mere person,  
Who loves the earth and the sky more,  
Than he's loving rhymed or non-rhymed speeches  
About the same earth and the sky.

Surely, I will be glad for thee,  
Because only the loving one  
Have the right to be called - a man.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , When We'D Met... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

When we'd met with you long ago,  
I was so ill, with a rusty soul,  
Sister, the destined friend, the world  
Seemed then for me as the town Warsaw!  
And I remember: in daytime I was 'a poet',  
And in night (the freedom's ghost!) the ravings howl  
Above the river Visla black - a black cry.  
How it was boring, cold and hard!  
When I could wipe out from mind,  
If I have right, your den of woe,  
Wet and too boring, the dark town,  
The gloomy Warsaw!  
Only you, sister, reiterated  
With your exciting apprehension,  
About all the world's - the God's dwell,  
About the cold, about the blaze!

1910 - 6 february 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

# , With Sorrow, With Tears... - Translation(Rus.)

By Alexander Blok

With sorrow, with tears and with laugh  
The streams of all my verses ring  
Beneath your feet,  
And every poem  
Is running, braiding a living bind,  
Without any limits.

But through the crystal streams  
You are so far, as you were...  
The crystals sing and cry...  
How could I draw your features  
In order you could come from  
A distance charmed?

8 december 1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## , With This Peaceful Happiness... - Translation (Rus.)

With this peaceful happiness I've ended.  
And you - the comfort - is now late.  
Everywhere I hear the notes, that  
Quite nagging, which call for a desert.

Life is deserted, homeless, fathomless...  
I have learned that since old, far times,  
When the flying above me sang to me  
Luring song as the siren in love...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Yes, In This Way An Inspiration... - Translation (Rus.)

Yes, in this way an inspiration governs:  
My free dream leans against the place,  
Where the dirty, dark, humiliation  
And poverty as well.  
And I do love this awful world, in a whole:  
Through it appears to me from other side,  
So beautiful and human, so promised,  
And so simple in its kind.  
And if you don't sow, plough, reap crops,  
If you are 'simply a man' by your nature,  
Then what do you pretend to? What to know?  
What dare to judge in that crazy century?  
Have you once been so hungry, ill so?  
Were you in state of a deep depression?  
Have you seen children in Paris in holes?  
Have you seen on the winter bridges beggars?  
To the impenetrable horror of the life  
Open your eyes, open your eyes,  
Before the great rainstorm sweeps out  
All in your motherland, your country.  
And let your proud anger strikes not those,  
Who bear the life burden patiently...  
Someone may have been evil sowing,  
But his yield may be not in vain...  
He may be right in that thing, rather,  
That he refused the ruddy blushes,  
That as a timid mole, from the white light  
He dug deep into ground, turned dark,  
And all his life felt mere hatred,  
Cursing this world and light in a whole,  
Without seeing the good future ways,  
Saying to all the present days that: 'NO! '

sept 1911 - 7 febr 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , You Are - The Wild Call.. - Translation (Rus.)

You are - the wild call of horns,  
Luring you on the unfaithful trace,  
You are - the grey wind of the flood,  
The illusive light of wetland.

I love you - as his staff loves stranger,  
As warrior - her darling in the battle,  
I foresee you, as the expatriate  
Foresees his motherland in some way.

But face of yours's invisible, unknown,  
Your power is still mysterious for me:  
Leading me, as a headman, to a glory,  
You burn me, as a passion, to defeat.

December 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

## , You Are The Day Of God - Translation (Rus.)

You are the Day of God. My dreams -  
Are eagles crying in the azure.  
They're floating in storm worlwind  
Under the wrathful beauty pleasure.  
Their hearts are pierced all through with arrow,  
Their fly is falling down terrible...  
But even fall is full of oaths,  
Of cries, of screams, etcetera...

21th february 1902

Lyudmila Purgina



## , You Lived Alone! ..- Translation (Rus.)

You lived alone! Friends were out of search,  
And coreligionists - the same part.  
You ruthlessly stabbed your sharp sword  
Into the opened for sunshine heart.

'My crazy friend! You could be happy one! ..' -  
'Why for? Among the stormy lightnings  
We can't keep, anyway, for some time  
The happiness, that is undying! '

26 August 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## , You Repeat... - Translation (Rus.)

You repeat, that I'm cold, closed, dry.  
Yes, that way I should be with you channeling:  
Not for the gentle words I tilted mind,  
Not for a friendship I struggled with destiny.

You, as me, had a great lot of trouble,  
And of courage, and guessed on the stars  
That the next nights would be darker, darker,  
While the nights wouldn't have their bounds.

So - it happened. The world got wild, around  
No any beacon is glaring bright...  
Those, who had failed to catch the star's background,  
Are filled with the intolerance to dark.

And those, who were unaware of the past existence,  
Of that the future night is not empty -  
Their heart was hazed with lanquor and vengeance,  
Their lips were twisted with allergy.

There was time of great belief and hope -  
I was simple and trustful as you.  
I was going to people with an open soul,  
As a child, without fear of blame, too...

But now - you can't find any trace of hope,  
It has fled up high to the stars.  
And whom you went to with the open soul,  
From those you turned off your eyes.

And the very soul, that was flaming in waiting,  
Was in haste to merge into troubles -  
Has bursted out with love and hatred,  
Burned to down - that soul harmless.

There remained - the brow, deformed by a smile,  
The squeezed mouth, and such a sad power  
To revolt the insatiable woman's blood,  
The animal passion in her burning out...

Don't knock vainly against the hard doors,  
Don't torture yourself with the groan vainly:  
Never you could find a kindness from animals poor,  
Who before - the people were named.

Take an iron mask and close your face,  
When you are praying to the coffins sacred;  
And guard up to time with that iron the Eden,  
Which is inaccessible to the slaves crazy.

9 june 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## , You Say, That I'M Dozing...- Translation (Rus.)

You say, that I'm dozing all day,  
You laugh at me in the offensive groove.  
And you make me to say again, again  
And hundred times: I love you.

Your south voice is languid. Body  
Is like a gazelle's one, and I had come  
To you from north land, where always  
There are the blizzard's snow howl.

I'm curious about the waltz light sound  
And cloud so stuffy above you.  
You are for me - a nice dream now,  
As a snow powder all through.

I'm feared much to name you, dear.  
What's name for me? I'm troubled to  
Look at you with eyes so greedy  
On south glint, which I anew

Have met. I had forgotten that  
Reminder of the day, flown far,  
The day tremendous, by the way,  
Which was killed by a snow night.

12 December 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

## , You Sit In Your Room... - Translation (Rus.)

You sit in your room quite alone.  
Do you hear?  
I know: you're not sleeping now...  
You breathe and not breathe.

Why light outside the door has gone?  
Don't scare!  
I am your old forgotten hour,  
I'm knocking - open.

I know, that you have delirium,  
Mutionus fellow!  
I'll come to you, no matter feeling,  
My old friend and tender...

Be not afraid to recollect:  
You were so young then...  
In autumn on a white horse sat,  
The cheeks were frozen!

You flied there towards, towards -  
To the sunset's amber!  
Not wise, you were not able to learn  
About the poor way back?

Now you are wise: don't contradict -  
What's use in dispute?  
Do you remember your first feel  
Of love, the dawn's salutes?

Why did you lean over me in such,  
So low manner?  
Be quite consoled: wind's outside -  
The horns of death are there!

Unlock and answer for my quest:  
Was your day marvellous?  
I've brought a shoud as a present  
To you and now!

March 1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## , You Stood Up... - Translation (Rus.)

1

You stood up a-half-turned to me,  
You breast and hand are seen to me.

Your mother prevents you to come to me,  
I - temptation to offend you do feel!

No, vainly I lowered my eyes down,  
The rainstorm - following, breathing, close...

My look is burning at your cheek,  
Trembling is running along your hand shivering...

And the circle of your fire is spreading far,  
You, even without a look, look at me!

And with the ashes the great fire is covered -  
Your gaze, unlooking, slipping, gaze your's!

No! I can't pacify this black blood, either,  
Even - the meeting, even - my love, neither!

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Your Look - How Could I Find It...- Translation (Rus.)

Your look - how could I find it...  
But you're hiding looks...  
Yes! You are scared - the barriers  
Between us - to burn through...

When I'm gone to the shadow of column,  
Quiet sullen and sad,  
And the devouring thought  
Covers me with a shade,

Then - for that cheerless rover  
Only glance would you give,  
In anxiety the silk is stirred  
By your shivering fingers,

Your cheeks go flooded with blood,  
Red is hard to be hid by the stuffy lace...  
And I read in your obedient eyes  
The love, which is unnecessary yet.

12 december 1913

Lyudmila Purgina



# v, As Often Was In Childhood... - Transl.(Rus.)

by Andrei Boikov

As often was in childhood,  
That, when I fell to earth,  
My mother said: 'You shoudn't, true,  
Take care! Only blow! '

And she blew on my wounded knee,  
This seemed as a perfect magic,  
The pain went out slowly,  
And further went we gayly.

The years passed. A lot of grief  
They brought, my mother passed...  
And life - was kicking, beating me,  
No one wished blowing up.

But through the pain I scrawled wayward -  
Through frenzy circling days.  
And here my son is crying a lot:  
'Mother! ' - on his knee's pain.

I take his wounded pawn and blow,  
Trying to take off grief!  
My son says: 'Thank you, Papa, now! '  
And pain goes out of me...

Lyudmila Purgina

## v, The April Tale - Translation (Rus.)

I'm going down the street,  
Sun is wasting out heat,  
And undressing as in May, -  
Girls are stripping their legs.

My heart's beating as a bird,  
I'm excited, burned to all -  
I do know - something surely  
Will be, say, let it be sooner.

For two hours I'm rounding,  
Waiting, bearing, and troubling.  
And, at last I met a friend...  
-Will be the third? - he strictly said.

My heart's beating as a bird,  
I'm excited, burned to all-  
Here it is! And now is coming...  
I shall be the third with others.

...Bar is full and bar is rumbling.  
There are dances. Music loud.  
And the girl is sitting lovely,  
And alone, boring rather.

My heart's beating as a bird,  
I'm excited, burned to all -  
Here it is! And now is coming...  
- Will you dance? - I said to lovely.

But when we began to dance there,  
Being much closer, than ever...  
From the rack a boy had come,  
Very a suspicious guy.

My heart's beating as a bird,  
I'm excited, burned to all -  
Here it is! And now is coming...  
- Don't go and stop your prying!

... At deep night I've entered home,  
With black eye, drunken as a cobbler.  
Was not able to undress,  
From the threshold - to my bed.

I extend my legs with breathing,  
I'm trying to relax...  
Thank you, God, for happy ending,  
Nothing happened in the case! ..

Lyudmila Purgina

# g, Nightingale Mine - The Romance - Translation (Rus.)

By Anton Delvig      \* he was the good friend of in

Nightingale mine, a nightingale.

Vociferous nightingale.

Where do you fly? Where to do you fly?

Where do you sing your trills all over the night?

Who could hear you, as me,

During all the night,

And without closing eyes?

Who - but poor me!

Oh, my nightingale, do fly

To the distant lands,

Over the azure seas,

To the alien banks!

Let you visit all the sites,

Countries and cities,

And at last, you shall not find

Such a poor creature!

I'm young and have a ring,

Burning a golden gleam,

I'm young and in my heart

I have the image of my love.

In the autumn day on breast

The pearl beads got dim,

In cold winter, in one day

Turned to trash my ring.

And in warm, but gloomy spring

I was left by lover dear...

-

This is one of the most beautiful romances  
about the nightingale...

Music is by Alexandr Alyabyev

Lyudmila Purgina

## , A Butterfly - Translation(Rus.)

A butterfly

By Afanasyi Fet

You're right. With the features airy  
I'm nice in view.  
All velvet with its living flattery -  
Two wings, as truth.

Don't ask: where from, where to  
I fly indeed?  
I sat on flower easy, too -  
I breathe.

How long, without work and aim  
I'd breathe?  
Just now I'll flash wings, stretch -  
And flee.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , I Have Come To You With Welcome - Translation (Rus.)

By Afanasy Fet

I have come to you with welcome,  
To say you, that sun has raised up,  
That it has with hot light spreaded  
Over the trembling leaves of forest;

To say you, that forest also  
Has woke up, and in a whole,  
With the every little bough,  
Will the every wing of a bird;

To say you, that with a spring thirst,  
As in me, again, as yesterday,  
I have come to you with happiness,  
And to be your slave I am ready;

To say, that from everywhere  
Joy is blowing its influence,  
With what song, I'm unaware,  
But it's growing ripe, I'm sure.

1857

Lyudmila Purgina

## , This Night Was Shining... - Translation (Rus.)

This night was shining. Moon had filled the garden  
And laid beams under feet in hall.  
It was dark. Piano opened mouth  
And shook its strings under your finger's roll.  
The hearts were also in shiver,  
Following your song you sang till dawn,  
About love, bursting in tears,  
About love, that was you - all.  
And in that time I wished to live so,  
That only to embrace you, love and cry,  
Without losing sound, sorrow  
To words, that you could once deny.

And many years passed, dull, painful,  
One silent night again I heard your voice,  
And once again it seems, that sighing melody  
Is bringing to me, that the Love - you all,  
That there were no insults in my destiny  
And broken heart in burning flour,  
And there was only the life so endless,  
And no any gain, except your love,  
Except believing in that crying sounds,  
Admiring you and sobbing at you loudly.

Lyudmila Purgina



# utova, How Young We Were.. - Song -Transl. (Rus.)

By Alexandra Pakhmutova

Passer-by, please, look back and find out...  
I know your incorruptable sight...  
May be that's me... But only younger...  
We sometimes fail that to identify...

R: And nothing on earth disappears completely,  
And our youth is eternal, that's really...  
How young we were, how young there,  
How young we were in that time,  
How we did love sincerely,  
How we believed in self...

2. The first time we had played off to this day.  
And one thing we'd accepted by mind:  
If you wish not to be lost on earth, so  
Try not lose your self essence in life.

R.

3. At that times we were met without grinning  
By all flowers there on earth.  
We forgave our friends when mistaken,  
But betrayal we could not let off.

R.

4. In the heaven the dawn's burned already,  
And in heart the storm got down far,  
Never we will forget the lovely faces,  
Never we will forget the native eyes.

R.

=====

In russain:

The singer Alexander Gradsky

and Edita Piekha

Lyudmila Purgina

## - Lentini - A Vison - Translation (Rus.)

A Vision gives me a light step,  
A glorious Vision multiplies my hopes,  
A Vision never stops caressing -  
A vision marvellous excites my thoughts.

A Vision of that lady, who is raying light,  
In lips she sets the laugh confusing,  
A Vision, that is rumoured all around:  
That no one could be compared, surely

Who'd seen such magic eyes in their vision,  
In them you'll see the burning love,  
And laugh so sweet from lips, that rises feeling?

I'm speaking with her- I'm close to die.  
I think that this is to Edem ascension  
And feel myself the best of lovers ever.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ra, From Ra-Origin - Translation (Rus.)

Life had become so sweet and cosy.  
All gone to be still, from that morning - right.  
I'm glad to lie here on the endless sea-shore.  
I'm careless of all, I'm named by symbol 'Ra'.

I'm serviced by a camel to my bedhead,  
They carried tray with cavier and vodka...  
I'm greatly honoured. All because of gender:  
I have a blood from God of Sun, that's 'Ra'.

All gods, therefore, are close to me, by the way,  
So I feel well, though it's so hot around.  
The odalisques are waffing me with their fans,  
Because I'm surely classed to be named from 'Ra'.

Oh, God! How long I was the slave one!  
That were: my work, career, family, as well.  
How long I thought about State and rather  
Forgetting that I am - the State.

Lyudmila Purgina

## cheyev, Green Greens... - Translation (Rus.)

Green greens now are greening,  
Sun is shining bright.  
A swallow in the time of spring  
Flies to our site.

She makes sun more bright now,  
Nicer is the spring.  
Twitter, bird, from your flight  
Your light welcome, greeting.

I shall give you seeds then:  
Would you sing a song,  
Which from other places  
To this land you brought?

1858

Lyudmila Purgina

## lov, So With A Birth... - Translation (Rus.)

So with a birth there was the output -  
The world of feels had splitted into halves:  
From mother's body - only a warm flow,  
From father's hands - only the cold of weif.

I cry without mind and selfless  
Between two sources, tied together.  
Let's, Fate, unwrap the roll with interest  
To that newborn life and forever!

But beforehand you should concern  
To write with your hand the figures rugged,  
A year as the date of birth,  
And name of motherland as Russia.

- -

In russian and translation into bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, A Bird - Translation (Rus)

In the foreign land I use to stick to  
The old custom of the place -  
I let out a bird to freedom,  
When it is a spring holiday.  
I've got this day a consolation.  
Why for I'd grumble at the God,  
When to a creature I've presented  
The gift of freedom ever forth.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Again I Visited... - Translation (Rus)

...Again I visited a place,  
This corner of the earth, where I was exiled  
For two years long,  
Which passed so imperceptibly.  
Ten years  
Had passed since that time- many  
Things have changed for me...Obedient to law,  
I've been changed also-  
But today  
I'm here with my feelings old.  
It seems, that only last evening I was going  
Through silent here is that  
The house of my solitude perfect,  
Where I lived with my old nanny.  
She's gone already - and her heavy steps  
I couldn't help find behind the house wall.  
I'm alone.  
Here is the wooden place, where I used sitting  
All the day without motion, and frequently was looking at a lake,  
And of the other shores and waves was sadly thinking...  
Between the golden fields and green crops the lake is stretched,  
Such blue and wide. A poor fisher  
Is pulling net after his boat. There  
On the flat banks there are the villages scattered  
With a crooked mill, which is hardly turning over its wings  
under the wind...  
On the board of Grandfather's lands, on the place,  
Where the road rises uphill, all pitted by the rains,  
The three pine-trees are staying,  
One - is aside, the other two are close  
To each other, - here,  
When I used riding my horse in the moonlight,  
I've heard the familiar noise of their tops. Along this road  
I've ride again, and seen again them.  
They are the same. With similar such rustle to my ear -  
But now I've noticed a young grove  
Underneath their tired roots  
(Where before was so deserted and empty) .



The young green family, the bushes are restricted  
Under the canopy of trees as children. And afar  
Is staying one alone their friend, as a bachelor,  
And there are just as before - so empty.  
Hi, the new tribe, the young, unknown! Not I  
Will see your mature mighty ages,  
When you overgrow my familiars,  
And their old heads cover at all  
From passer-by. But let my grandson  
Will hear your welcome noise, while on return  
From friendly conversation, filled with joy  
And nice such thoughts,  
And he will pass you by in darkness of the night  
And will remember me his time.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Anchar - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Pushkin

In a desert barren, scanty land,  
On ground, burned by hot to total,  
Anchar, as one of the stern guards stand,  
Alone in this endless world.

The nature of the hungry steppes  
Has born that tree in state of anger,  
Filled with a poison its green crest  
And its roots also satiated.

The poison is dripping through its bark,  
Melted at noon by the cruel heat,  
And stiffening at evening time  
As a transparent thick pitch.

No any bird is flying to,  
Or tiger coming near - wind  
Touches the poison-tree in move  
And flies away, turned to be evil.

And if a cloud in its rove  
Waters its leaf by rain occasional,  
From its boughs the poisoned liquor  
Is trickling down to hot sand.

But man had forced the other man,  
Glaring at him with a mighty eye,  
And slave obediently went  
And brought the poison next daytime.

He brought the deadly tar and branch  
With faded leaves, and sweat was flowing  
In cold streams his forehead down,  
Down his ill-exhausted body.

He brought, grow feeble and lay still  
Under the hut-vault, made of a bast plait,

And thus he died under the feet  
Of lord unconquarable great.

And lord had saturated then  
With such a poison his thin arrows  
And sent the death with weapon that  
To neighbours in the countries alien.

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, Awakening - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin

Oh dreams, my dreams,  
Where is your sweetness?  
Where are you, where  
The night's delight?  
The joyful dream  
Has gone, and deeply  
I'm in darkness, single,  
Was awakened. Round  
The bed there is the night  
So mute. Again I feel,  
That all my dreams of love  
Have fled, as crowd reel.  
The soul's still is overfilled  
With my desires and dares  
To catch the recollected dream.  
O Love, my Love! Please, heed  
My prayers sincere: please, do give  
Your images. And in the morning  
I'm, fed with it, could die,  
While dozing...

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Confession - Translation (Rus)

Confession (to Alina Osipova)

I love thee - though I'm furious with thee,  
Though it's a toil and a shame so idle.  
With that unlucky folly I admit  
Before thy feet, but may be it's futile!  
That does not fit not to my face, nor age...  
So it's a time for me to grow wiser!  
But I do recognize by all marks yet -  
The love disease in soul either:  
I'm tedious without thee, - I gape;  
I'm dreary in view of thee, - I bear;  
I can't endure now - wish to say  
My angel, how I do love thee, dear!

When I do hear a gown's noise,  
Thy easy pace from drawing room,  
Or virgin, innocent thy voice,  
Then rest of mind I seem to lose.  
Thee smile to me, - I'm consoled;  
Thee turn away, - I fall to bore;  
For one day's torment - the reward  
Is your pale thin hand, no more.  
When thee're assiduously sitting  
Before the frame, inclined negligently,  
With eyes and hair curls turned down, -  
Being affected, I admire silently  
And tenderly thee, as a child! .....

How could I say about my woe,  
About jealous disquietude,  
When thee are going to go  
So far to walk in weather foul?  
And then thy tears on thy's own,  
And talks in corner girls together,  
And journeys to OPOCHKA town,  
And in the evening piano playing? ...

Alina, please, be so pity

To me, who failed to dare love.  
May that be for my inner sins  
My angel, I'm not worthy Thine!  
But try to feign! This look can much  
Express to me and bring felicity!  
Oh, thee could thus decieve me such,  
But I'm glad to be decieved!

-

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Curious - Translation (Rus.)

Curious

by Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin

- What are the news? 'Gods know, nothing'

- Don't be sly. You're aware of something.

It is a shame on you, that every time

You everything, as from the foe, hide.

Or you are angry with some matter?

Why for, my brother? Don't be obstinate

And tell me only one word...

'Oh leave me! I'm perfectly aware,

That you're a fool, but that's not new, etcetera...'

:)

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Don'T Ask Me... - Translation (Rus.)

Don't ask me, why with the doleful,  
With dismal thoughts among the furs  
I'm burdened;  
Why I take a look, being dejected;  
Why sweet life,  
As dream has gone in vain; Don't ask,  
Why by my soul chilled I've distasted love  
And nobody could be called 'my darling', thus;  
Who once had loved, would never fall in love again;  
Who was such happy, never will accept  
This one, oh, no. for only a moment  
The seventh heaven is: Lo!  
From youth, from pleasures, from voluptuousness  
There remains only the spirit low...

Lyudmila Purgina



## in, Don'T Sing, My Beauty... - Translation (Rus.)

Don't sing, my Beauty, that to me -  
The songs of Georgia in sorrow:  
Resemble they the other meet,  
The other days, the other coast...  
Alas! Resemble they to me  
Your cruel melodies, and a steppe,  
A night, a moon - and underneath  
The features of a distant lady...  
While seeing, I forget at all  
This fatal shadow, though lovely,  
But you're singing, and recall  
Is in my mind again so lively.

==

The other variants of translation:

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, n - Chapter 1, Stanzas I -X - Translation(Rus)

in

Eugene Onegin

Translation of Chapter One, Stanzas I - X

Without any thought till now  
To entertain the world with love in heart,  
I wish present as a show  
One pledge, which's worth for you, in part  
Of your magnanimous soul,  
Of your embodied holy dream,  
Of your such living fair poetry,  
Your highest thoughts, so simple been.  
But well, please take the pages, piled  
With steady hand, and you will see  
A collection of the motley files  
Half-joyful and half-woeful, indeed,  
With simple speech, idealistic,  
The sudden fruit of all my playings,  
My sleeplessness, my inspirations  
Of my unripe and faded years,  
My cold-minded observations,  
And marks of heart, objective, sadful.

-

I

My uncle, being honoured so,  
When he'd become too serious sick,  
He thus persuaded him to hallow -  
The better way for such a trick.

And his example would be science  
For all the others. Oh, God's might!  
How tiresome to sit fixed silent  
Before the patient day and night!

It seems to be a great perfidy -  
The half-dead person to amuse,  
Good state of pads for him to choose,

To bring a medicine looking giddy,  
With hopeless sigh by thought in mind:  
'When will the devil take you, guy? ! '

-

## II

So thought the young playboy, while going  
In dust on the mail-horses quickly,  
He recently by grace of the God Zeus  
Became the successor of his relatives.  
So, friends, the amateurs of poem  
'Ruslan and Lyudmila'! Hear to this  
New hero of my new novel  
Without foreword and now  
Let's be acquainted all with him:  
Onegin, my good friend and old,  
Was born on the banks of the Neva-river.  
May you were also born here,  
Or may be shining brightly, dear,  
My reader; and where I was walking also,  
But north is harmful for me so...  
By service excellent and noble  
His father lived all in the debts,  
He gave the three dance-routs a year,  
All income wasted to the end.  
The fate was luckily to Eugene:  
At first one Madam was him bringing,  
Then one Monsieur had changed her place.  
The child was quick, but nice in base.

Monsieur l'Abbe - the poor frenchman  
In order not to tire baby,  
Was teaching him through mere playing,  
With no morals for the pranks,  
Only slight scolding him for that,  
And to the Summer Garden taking.

## IV

When restless youth had come in real  
For Eugene, with the time of hopes,  
And little sadness, then the teacher  
Was driven out of the court.

And thus, Eugene has got the freedom.  
With fashioned haircut and image  
Of London's dandy dresscode, he,  
At last, in the high court appeared.  
He was quiet perfect in French language,  
In speaking and in writing, too,  
Mazurka-dancing took no efforts,  
His easy bows were well looking.  
What's more? The high court decided,  
That he enough was clever, nice.

## V

We all in life were learning something,  
And somewhere, and at some state,  
Hence, the behaviour, as in common,  
There's no problem to display.  
Onegin was (by thought of many  
A strict and thoroughful lady) ,  
The learned fellow, but a pedant.  
Though he had one happy talent  
Without effort in his speech  
To touch the themes on everything  
With wise look of the expert feel,  
And in discussion silent been.  
But rising smiles of the ladies  
With sudden epigrammas flaming.

## VI

The Latin's now out of fashion.  
So, frankly speaking, he could read  
In Latin much enough to make out  
The sense of epigraphs on sheet,  
To talk the Uvenal's about,  
To write at end of the letter 'vale',  
And kept in mind, though not so good,  
From the 'Aeneid' one-two lines, too.  
He didn't have any desire  
To dig chronology of Earth,  
The history of human being,  
But anecdotes all, and rather

The newest ones and old as Rome,  
Inside his mind was firmly keeping.

## VII

And never having the high passion  
For sounds to devote life,  
To allocate he was not able  
In verses both 'trochee' and 'iamb'.  
He scolded Homer, Pheokritus,  
But knew works of Adam Smith, and  
Was a deep that way the 'econ'om',  
Because he could consider so,  
As the state's growing its wealth,  
How it does live, what reasons has  
For lack of gold, if it borrows  
'The common product', so on...  
But father his that couldn't catch,  
And pawned the lands into mortgage.

## VIII

All, what Eugene had known, rather,  
I shan't tell, due to lack of time.  
But in the matter he was genius,  
Which he knew better than all science,  
Which was to him delight and labour,  
And torture, comfort at the same time,  
Which took the whole day of his  
Melancholy and laziness, -  
That was the science of the passion,  
Which was sung out by Nazon,  
He suffered then for this a lot  
And finished excellent his way  
In the moladavian barren steppes,  
Far from italian native land.

## X

Since early times he was a liar,  
Hiding his hope, being jealous.  
He dissuaded, forced to trust far,  
Looked gloomy, languishing in manners.

He was once proud, then obedient,  
One time attentive, then indifferent!  
How reasonably he was silent,  
How flammable was his speech style,  
How careless were the heart letters!  
The only one he breathed and loved,  
He could forget his self this time!  
How looks of him were fast and tender,  
Sometimes- were modest, then- impudent,  
Sometimes - flashed with a tear dutiful!

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, n - Chapter 1, Stanzas Xi - Xxyi - Translation(Rus)

XI

How he could seem to be of new kind,  
With joke innocence to strike,  
With his despair all to frighten,  
With mere flattery to fun.  
And to catch moment of touching,  
Prejudices of youth, as mountains,  
With mind and passion to get over,  
To wait the unexpected fondling,  
To crave and to demand confession,  
To hear the first beat of heart,  
To chase invincibly his love,  
And suddenly to get the gesture  
For secret rendezvous, and later  
To give her in a silence lesson!

XII

Oh, how early he was able  
To trouble heart of a coquette!  
But in the view of rivals - plenty  
Of spites and malices he said,  
In order to destroy them all,  
In order to reject their role,  
And to prepare them a net!  
But husbands blissfull stayed his friends:  
He was in favour with a sly husband,  
Who was the pupil of Foblas,  
With an old man, who was hard to trust,  
And with a cuckold such majestic  
In his contentment with his house,  
With dinner, his self and the spouse.

....

....

....

XY

After a sleep late in the morning  
He used the letters to receive.

What? Invitations? That's a fortune:  
He gets the three cards on the eve.  
There'll be a ball, and there - a festival.  
Where will jump the mischievous person?  
What house will begin he with?  
Of no matter, he'll for certain visit  
All of them, no wonder, all.  
Meanwhile, Onegin in the dress,  
Putting on head a bolivar (\*a cap)  
Is going to walk on boulevard,  
Enjoying scope of the place.  
Until the watch's ringing shows,  
That to the lunch it's time to go.

#### XYI

It's dark: he sits into the sledges,  
'Go, go! ' - is the driver's shout.  
A hoar-frost as a silver stellar  
Shines on the collar of fur-coat.  
He rushed to Talon\*, he is aware:  
For him Kaverin's waiting there.  
On entering: the fuse - to ceiling,  
And wine as a comet flied up, streaming.  
And there he sees the roast-beef,  
The truffles - the luxury of youth -  
The best of the cooking french, as truth,  
The Strasbourgh's pie - an immortal meal,  
Between the cheese of famous Limbourgh,  
The golden pineapples between.

-

\*Talon is the famous restaurant

#### XYII

And yet a glass of wine now needed  
To slake the thirst from cutlets hot,  
But 'Breget' watches again 're ringing  
About the ballet, starting on.  
Being the spiteful arbiter of this,  
The worshipper inconstant of the actresses,  
So charming and delightful been,  
The honourable citizen of scene,



Onegin fled towards the theatre,  
Where all the people, full of freedom,  
Is ready 'entrechat' (\*fr. jump) to cheer,  
Fedra or Kleopatra hiss then,  
To call Moina (that's for mean  
That everybody'd hear him) .

#### XYIII

The magic land! There in the old times  
The master brave of the satire,  
Fonvizin was a brilliant light,  
The friend of freedom, was Knyazhnin, the other;  
There Ozerov was sharing the tears,  
Applauses of all excited people  
With young Semyonova, by chance;  
And our Katenin had revived  
The Kornelius's eternal genius;  
And Shakhovskoy had carried out  
A plenty of his comedies, so sharp;  
Didlo had gained the popularity.  
And there, under veil of the stage,  
Were going my best young days.

#### XIX

My Goddesses! How are you? Where?  
Heed my sad voice now, perceive:  
Are you the same? Have other maidens  
Changed you? Would ever hear  
Again your so magic choirs?  
Would ever see the Terpsichore's  
Flying soul, but of the Russian kind?  
Or my look doleful won't find  
Any of face, familiar to me  
On this dull scene, and vainly  
I'll look through my lorgnette  
On this court, disappointed to end,  
Being the indifferent spectator,  
And would then silently I yawn,  
While recollecting days of old?

#### XX

The theater is full; the boxes are resplendent,  
The stalls and armchairs all are boiling up;  
The gallery is impatiently waving,  
The curtain makes a noise in rising up;  
The brilliant, half-aired ballerina,  
Who to the magic bow is obedient,  
Istomina is staying, all surrounded  
With the beautifullest nymphs; in slow turning round,  
With one foot on the floor,  
She's jumping high, and flies upwards,  
As if she is the fur from Eol's lips;  
And twisting, then untwisting body, she  
Is beating one foot with the other quickly,  
And flying high over the scene.

## XXI

Applauses tide. Onegin enters  
And goes over feet among the chairs,  
The double lorgnette he's aiming  
To boxes with unknown ladies.  
He glances all the circles, rather  
Despleased with their faces, garments;  
With men he is exchanging bows  
For all sides round, then he goes  
To take a place and to look on scene  
With absent-minded face's image,  
Turned back - opened his lips,  
Yawned: 'All is to be finished,  
The ballets I was bearing much,  
Even Didlo is boring such'.

## XXII

Though the devils, snakes and amours  
Are jumping on the scene, and noising,  
And tired lackeys sleep on fur coats  
Before the entrance closed doors;  
Though men yet not ceased to stamp,  
To blow nose, cough, hiss, clap;  
Though inside and out lanterns  
Are shining brightly, glaring;  
Though by cold the horses're whithing  
In their bridles, being too tired,

And their drivers, round the fires,  
Are scolding masters, in palms beating:  
Onegin hastes to go out  
And put another coat now.

### XXIII

And will that be a right description  
Of solitary room, where the man,  
Fan of high vogue was clothed immediately,  
Undressed and got the cloths again?  
All things to suit conceited fun,  
Which are exchanged by trade for lard  
Or wood, and carried by a boat  
Through Baltic waves from London shops;  
All things, that Paris offers a lot  
For hungry taste of soul playing  
For luxury and bliss of fashion,  
Which was invented for a joy, -  
All decorated room of lad,  
Philosofer of eighteen years.

### XXIY

An amber on the Tzargrad-city's pipes,  
And porcelain with bronze on table,  
And as the coddled feels' delight  
There's a parfum in crystal vessel;  
And combs, nailfiles from a steel,  
The straight and curvelinear scissors,  
The brush's kinds, varied to thirty,  
For nails and also for teeth.  
Russo (I may say as a notion)  
Couldn't understand, how grand Grimm  
Dared the nails his to clean  
Before him, madhap, such eloquent.  
This rights' and freedoms' great defender  
Must have been wrong in his behaviour.

### XXY

You may be businessman in a good state,  
But think about nails, as ever.

You try to dispute with a century,  
But still traditions are in favour.  
As the second Chaadayev, my Eugene  
(\* Chaadayev is the hero of Griboyedov's poem 'Grief from the wit')  
In order not to be blamed in envy,  
Was a pedant in his attire,  
He was said to be dandy, rather.  
For more than three hours he stood  
Before the mirrors, after look  
He went out as Venus, flying,  
When she, dressed in a male's costume,  
Was going to masquerade so soon.

XXYI

With a toilette of the last fashion,  
In order to sate curios your glance,  
I could describe before the people knowledgeable  
His apparel, smart clothes as such;  
Though I may be considered daring,  
But the description's my affair:  
His pantalliones (\* panties) , fraque (\* tailcoat) , jillette (\* waistcoat) -  
Are words which are in russian absent;  
And I see, I may have a guilt,  
That my talk less motley could be  
With alien words, word overseas',  
Although I was carefully peeping  
Into the Academic dictionary.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Have You Ever Heard... - Translation (Rus.)

Have you ever heard beyond the grove  
The voice of singer in the night,  
The singing lover with his sorrow  
In silent fields, where a reed-pipe  
Complains with melancholy song?  
Hav'you ever heard?  
Hav'you ever met in desolated forest  
The singer singing of his love?  
The signs of tears, smiling countenance,  
Or the anguish look through whole dark,  
Hav'you ever met?  
Hav'you ever sighed, while you did listen  
To singer's voice about love?  
When in the forest boy was missing  
His dear love with extinct eyes?

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, I Don'T Estimate... - Translation (Rus)

I don't estimate the loud rights so high,  
Of which so many heads have gone aside.  
I don't grumble of god's grace  
To challenge taxes or prevent  
The tzars to fight each other in a war;  
And that's not sorrow for me how long  
And how free mass media is tempting ninnies,  
Or the keen censorship would jokers hinder.  
That's only the words, and words, and words.  
The other, better rights, are close  
To me, the other, better freedom:  
Of no matter the dependence real  
Of tzar, of people, ain't it, indeed?

But God's with them. Nevertheless  
No one reporting, for myself to serve and please;  
For power, for livery not bending conscience,  
Intentions, and my neck; and only by whim  
To wander here and there, being infolded  
By Nature's beauty, and before  
The creatures of the inspiration and of arts  
Cheerly tremble in enjoyment.  
That's only the happiness! The rights...

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, I Recollect A Mystic Moment - Translation (Rus.)

To Anna Kern

By Alexander Pushkin

I recollect a mystic moment,  
When you appeared eyes before  
As one of visions, passing over,  
As a beauty, genius in whole.  
While languishing throughout sorrow,  
In vanity of vanities,  
I heard your gentle voice for long, more  
I've seen your features in my dreams.

....

Years passed. The tempest's gust had scattered  
All previous dreams, all previous love,  
I had forgotten your voice gentle,  
Your features fair and divine.  
In solitude, in dark confinement  
The days were passing so dull  
Without deity inspiring,  
Without tears, life and love.

...

The soul awakened and that moment  
You have appeared eyes before  
As one of visions, passing over,  
As a beauty genius in whole.  
And heart is beating in affection,  
And there again I'm feeling bright  
The deity, the inspiration,  
The life, the tears and the love.

=====

Some other variants of translation:

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, I Thought, My Heart... - Translation (Rus)

I thought, my heart has left ability  
To starve and suffer  
In its easy manner.  
I said: the former usual being  
Is null and void now forever!  
All ecstasy and all griefs coupled  
Together, and the gullibility  
Have gone...  
But here is again  
The thrill under the influence of power  
Of a beauty's serene veil...

Lyudmila Purgina



## in, In A Trouble... - Translation (Rus)

In a trouble motley and unuseful  
Of the high society and court  
I've kept the cold eye, the pure  
And modest heart, the freedom  
Of mind, the fire of a truth so noble,  
And I was as a child kind;  
I've smiled at a crowd foolish,  
I've judged it fairly by sense,  
And I've written jokes malicious  
On clean white paper with black pen.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, In Depth Of The Siberian Ores - Translation (Rus.)

In depth of the Siberian ores  
Let you keep both the pride and patience,  
Your mournful labour won't be lost,  
As well as your high thoughts in evidence.

To grief, unhappiness a sister -  
The Hope - in a hollow dwell  
Will rise vivacity and cheer,  
Desired time will come again:

And Love and Friendship will seep through  
All perfect locks of a gloomy prison,  
As my voice freely reaches you  
In your unbearable holes.

The fetters will fall down, then  
The dungeons will be ruined - Freedom  
Will meet you at the entrance step  
And brothers sword will give for indigent.

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, I've Gone Through My Desires.. - Transl (Rus.)

by Alexander Pushkin

\*\*\*

I've gone today through my desires,  
And lost the love to magic dreams;  
The only sufferings reside here,  
The fruits of heart's whole emptiness.

By influence of cruel fate storm  
My blooming wreath had faded all -  
I live so sorrowful, alone,  
And wait: if end would come and call?

So under impact of frosts later,  
When winter tempest whistles most,  
Alone - on the tree branch naked,  
The leaf is trembling ever lost.

(1821)

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, No, No, I Dare Not... - Translation (Rus.)

To...

by Alexander Pushkin

No, no, I dare not, might not, can not  
Be such inspired crazily by love;  
I'm keeping calmness strictly in interior  
And quieten from fire foolish heart;  
No, that's the least of love this day;  
But suddenly I have a fickle dreaming,  
When once a creature, young celestial,  
Crosses without mind my vision:  
Will pass by and away? .. Why can't I take  
A pleasure looking on a maiden  
In state of sad voluptuosness,  
Following her with eyes and bless  
For joy and happiness in further life,  
The light and unconcerned with troubles soul,  
All - even happiness to that guy,  
Who will name her a spouse though...

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, One Talk Of A Bookseller To Poet - Transl. (Rus.)

One talk of a bookseller with Poet  
by Alexander Pushkin

A bookseller

Your verses must be only playing,  
For you - just only sit,  
And everywhere the glory's spreading  
Her pleasant news about this.  
The poem, say, is quite ready,  
The new fruit of the thoughts in mind.  
And so, are you eager taking  
Decision, how much I'll pay?  
Give it your own price, I'm waiting,  
The verses of the favorite today  
We shall exchange for roubles pile,  
Without a delay your sheets...  
Why do you sigh and so so deep?  
Can I have interest?

Poet

I was, indeed,  
So far away in my recalling  
The days, when I was filled with hopes,  
A poet, without any care,  
I wrote not for mere payment,  
But only by inspiration.  
I've seen again the stone shelters,  
A dark asylum of a hermit,  
Where I on the fantastic feast  
My Muse invited, and at least  
There my voice was much more sweet,  
And the bright apparitions circled  
And flied over my head; for certain,  
They were the beautifullest flyers,  
When night was all my dreams inspiring! ...

All were disturbing mind, so soft:  
A meadow blooming, a moon glaring,  
In old chapel the noise of storm,  
And old woman's tale mysterious.

I think, that one of evils should  
Have been effecting on my soul,  
On my behaviour; he followed  
Me, flying behind shoulder  
And whispered the amazing sounds,  
And I felt ill in head, so heavy,  
By lovely dreams it was inspired,  
And gathering in rows, they  
Produced the rhymes, ringing as bells.  
In harmony of this the only foe  
Was a noise of forest, or a whirl of wind,  
Or a living tune of oriole,  
Or the night's deaf roar of the sea,  
Or the fine whisper of the river.  
Then, in the soundless of

Then in the silence of my work  
I was not ready with the people  
To share my delight from gifts  
Of my Muse, and at that time I really  
Didn't even try haggle and sell them shamefully.

I was the stingy keeper of them all:  
And that is like the lover, mute  
In his pride, keeps from the crowd  
The gifts of loving woman new,  
Being superstitious to impact.

A bookseller

But glory was for You a substitution  
Of pleasure of Your secret dreams:  
You were sold out quickly, truly,  
But a huge mass of authors keep  
The dusty piles of their poems and proze  
On bookshelves, seeking for a reader,

Who once will estimate the chosen.

Poet

Those are blessed, who hid in themselves  
The highest creatures of their souls  
From other peoples, as from graves,  
And were not anxious of glory!  
Those are blessed, who were inside them mute,  
And did not wear thorny wreaths on heads,  
Forgotten by the peoples rude,  
Without any name forever left!  
What's glory? A deceptive dream,  
A hope's dream in a reader's whisper?  
Or it may be the persecution of the people,  
Who are ignoramus and foolish even?

A bookseller

Lord Byron had the same opinion;  
Zhukovsky said such words a lot;  
But world has learned them quiet quickly,  
And their sweet works were sold.  
And, say, Your fate is rare, rather,  
And worth to have an envy deep,  
The poet makes execution, crowns;  
And villains with the lightnings kills  
With the eternal bows of the rhymes;  
And heroes by him are well consoled;  
And as Korinna of the Kifer throne  
He raises up his lovely girl.  
All praises seem to him as mere toll;  
But hearts of women seek for glory:  
Write for them, their ears're going  
To listen to the flattery of Anacreon;  
In youth we like the pretty roses,  
Which're dearer than laurels of Gelicon.

(to be continued)





## in, One Time... - Translation (Rus)

One time (I can remind it with affection)  
I was a tender nurse for you,  
And I was filled with admiration -  
You was a charming baby, true.  
And you have blossomed really now -  
With awe, with worship in my heart,  
With involuntary eye's power  
I follow you, and a proud smart  
Does shiver whole of my mind  
Of old nurse for you some time.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Prophet - Translation (Rus.)

In desert barren I did rove  
In search for power of spirit.  
And suddenly on the crossroads  
The six-winged Seraphim appeared.  
With fingers lightly as a dream  
He touched my closed eyes. As if  
The eyes of scared eagles wide  
Prophetic pupils glanced outside.  
My ears then he touched, - a ring,  
A rattle, a noise all space had filled:  
And I accepted the heaven's shudder,  
And angels flying high above me,  
The creatures under water racing,  
The green grapevine vegetating.  
And then he nestled to my lips  
And pulled out my tongue by tip,  
So crafty, sin and chattering therein,  
And then he laid there a sting  
Of a wise snake right into my lips,  
All frozen, with his right hand,  
The bloody hand, and cut my breast  
With his sword, took out my heart,  
Which trembled gently in his sight,  
And there loaded a coal,  
Flaring as a fire gold,  
Into the hole of my breast.  
As deadly corpse I lied in desert,  
The Voice of Gods had then appealed:  
'Stand up, the prophet, look and heed,  
Take power of mine, proceed  
To vast lands, oceans and seas.  
Burn with a Word the hearts of people.'

1826

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In russian and some other translations



## in, Rhyme - Translation (Rus)

Echo - the sleepless nymph, were roving along the shore of Penalties.  
And Phoebus, having seen her, has fallen into passion at once.  
Later she suffered the fetus of that strong god's delight;  
And later gave birth to a daughter amidst the loquacious naiads  
With great torments. Baby was taken by nymph Mnemosyne.  
The quick maiden grew up in the chorus of goddesses-aonids,  
Like mother - was sensitive, obedient to their memory  
And sweet to the muses. She was called - a Rhyme.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Ruslan And Lyudmila, Dedication - Transl.(Rus.)

For you - the true queens of my soul,  
For you - the beauties, only you,  
With my firm hand I tightly wrote  
The tales of the old days anew  
During the fluent whisper talking  
About this, about that  
During the golden leisure hours;  
The work frivolous now take!  
Without wish to be praiseworthy,  
I'm happy with a chance, a hope,  
That one day, once a loving virgin,  
Would look in secret at my songs.

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, Ruslan And Lyudmila, The 1 Song - Transl.(Rus.)

By Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin

Ruslan and Lyudmila  
The first song.

The old affairs of the old times,  
The tales of old days, that passed...

....

In the circle of his powerful sons,  
Among his friends in the hall of his tower,  
Vladimir - named as Sun, the knyaz,  
Had revelled pompously, he was going  
To marry his last daughter to Ruslan,  
The brave knyaz, and from heavy glass  
He drank for their health sweet honey.

Not so fast the ancestors were eating,  
Not so fast were scoops, which were in turn  
Going through circle, the bowls silver,  
Full with the boiling beer, wine with joy,  
That they were pouring into hearts there,  
The foam was hissing at the edges,  
And slaves those cups were grandly carrying  
And bending lowly to guests.  
The voices'd blended with each other  
In the indistinct noise. The guests are 'buzzing'  
In their circle. Once the pleasant  
And clear voice of the psaltery  
Hushed the turmoil and everybody  
Listen to Bayan, becoming silent,  
Who sings sweet praises to Lyudmila,  
The lovely bride, and her Ruslan,  
And for the weaved by Lel their wreath.  
But tired all of passion in that time  
Ruslan can't eat, can't drink.  
He's deeply fallen into love,  
He looks on lovely friend, indeed

With sighing, angriness, and fire,  
And pulling his moustashe, impatient,  
He's counting the blinks depleting....

In sad mood, with the cloudy faces  
At noisy wedding table there are three  
Vityazes\*, such young, in silence,  
(\* vityaz - the name of hero in old Russia)  
And with their empty ladles, sitting.  
They had forgotten of the cup's circle,  
They are distressed, dislike the beer,  
As well as songs of Bayan-oracle;  
Their eyes are dropped down the floor -  
They are in confront to Ruslan,  
And deep in soul they do store  
The poison of both hatred, love.  
One of them is Rogdai, the famous conqueror,  
He with his sword enlarged  
The territory of ukranian fields.  
The other lad - is Farlaf-shouter,  
He's never been defeated on the feasts,  
But in the swords he is less brave, though;  
The last guy - is the knyaz Ratmir,  
From Khazaria, he's caught with passion.  
With gloomy, pale faces sit  
They on the feast, not feast for them.  
When party finished, all stand up  
In rows, mixing in a crowd;  
All look at the young pair, shyly  
The bride lowers down eyes,  
As if she'd turned sad with her heart,  
But her bridegroom is gay and light.

But shadow is covering the nature,  
It's now time to midnight dark, already;  
All boyars, by a sleep from honey captured,  
(\* Boyarin is the russian equivalent to lord)  
Are leaving feast, bowing to all respectively.  
The bridegroom all filled with delight and ecstasy:  
Caressing there in imagination  
The bashful beauty of his bride;

With secret and sad feeling of affection  
The great knyaz blesses with his heart  
The married pair.

And look, the young bride  
Is now taken to nuptial bed;  
The lights have gone out...  
The icon lamp is lit by Lel.  
The hopes came to truth,  
And gifts of love are now prepared;  
The jealous cloths are going to  
Fall on the carpets of Tzar's palace...  
And do you hear the lover's whisper  
With sounds of sweet kisses, and  
The choking last grumbles of the diffidence? ...  
The spouse feels delight beforehand;  
And here it has come... But suddenly  
The thunder bursted out, and the light  
Flashed in the haze, the lamp's burned down,  
The smoke ran away, the dark  
Has covered all, the quake around,  
The soul of Ruslan is paralysed...  
Everything stopped. In awful silence  
Twice the strange voice was marked,  
And someone in the smoke raised up  
More black than a black darkness...  
And once again the room is empty  
And quiet, frightened, the bridegroom  
Stands up, dripping with sweat all,  
With trembling hand he points to  
The darkness, mute and cold...  
Oh, grief! The nice friend is absent!  
He vainly seizes an air empty;  
Lyudmila is unseen in dark, she's stolen  
By the unknown force to nowhere.

Ah, if the martyr of the love  
Is suffering of a hopeless passion;  
Though sad, you may live then, alas,  
My friends, for many- many years.  
But after long-long period how  
Could your girl-friend to embrace -



The object of your strong desire,  
Of bitter tears, of the craving,  
And the one minute spouse - lose forever...  
I think the better choice, dear friends  
Is only to die to end!

Ruslan is alive, unlucky, though.  
But what's the great knyaz said to all?  
Defeated with the awful rumours,  
Being beside himself with rage  
To son-in-law, he calls the court:  
'Where's Lyudmila? ' - asks he then,  
His face inflamed with fire burst.  
Ruslan doesn't hear... 'Dear children!  
Dear friends! I do remember  
Your old merits: take a pity  
To old man! Who will consent  
To ride for my daughter? Who's affair  
And feat will be not in vain?  
And you, Ruslan, let be ashamed,  
Be racked with bitter torments, villain!  
Even your wife you couldn't save! -  
I'll give her only to that man,  
With the half of my hereditary land,  
Who's able to return her back?  
Who's able? 'I' - the fiancée said.  
'I! I! ' - Rogdai, Farlaf exclaimed  
With Ratmir, being super-glad.  
'Immediately we'll our horses saddle,  
And through the world we'll go far  
In search for dear your knyazhna!  
Be sure, father, we'll get fast! '  
And old man spreads his hands at last  
For them, tormented with severe anguish.

They four go outdoors; Ruslan  
Is dismal in his mood, as dead;  
Again the thought of his lost bride  
Is torturing him, turning him sad.  
They straddle their zealous horses;  
Along the banks of the river Dnepr  
They fly in clouds of dust swirling;

And hide themselves in distance well;  
You can't see their riders more...  
But long and long the old knyaz  
Is looking after them in field,  
That's empty now, with his mind,  
With thoughts to follow them he tries...

Ruslan is pining in deep silence,  
Being in state of loss of mind.  
Farlaf in that time looks too grandious,  
And over shoulder throw his glance,  
As puffed, ride the Ruslan's horse after  
And says: 'I hardly waited freedom,  
My dear friends! Now got a chance  
To meet a Giant! I'm eager  
To make a river from his blood!  
And much will be the victims' number!  
Be cheered, my true sword, that time,  
Be ardent, my brave horse! Undoubtly  
I'll be a winner, I don't lie! '

The khazar's Khan, taking as fact  
The future marriage with Lyudmila,  
Looks as if dancing over the back  
Of horse, his young blood cheerly  
Is playing, hope - in his eyes.  
And he is galloping and teasing  
His jaunty chaser, rearing up,  
Circling and riding it through mounts.

Rogdai is sullen, mute in fear  
Of future destiny, which could  
Be rather changeable, and stricken  
With jealousy and the vain mood,  
He is in trouble all the way,  
And hardly, horribly looking  
On knyaz Ruslan, wishing him bad.

And all the pretendents are riding  
Along the same road all day,  
The Dnepr-river bank turns darker,  
From east there creeps the night shadow,

And over Dnepr there stretches mist,  
To rest their horses have a need.  
Under one great hill they all meet  
The cross of a new wide road, then  
They say: 'It's time to leave!  
We ought to turn to our fate! '  
And every horse, without feel  
Of steel curb, rush onto the way,  
They choosed by their own will.

What are you doing, Ruslan, poor,  
Alone in this silence deep?  
May be your marriage day, for sure,  
Lyudmila - was the only dream?  
And putting the copper helmet over  
The eyes, throwing off the reins,  
You are at slow pace still going  
Through fields, without a hope ray,  
And slowly belief in your heart  
Is dying, as the falling sun.

-

(to be continued)

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Ruslan And Lyudmila. Prologue - Transl.(Rus.)

There is the oak-tree in Lukomorye;  
A golden chain is twisted over it:  
And day and night a skilfull cat is going  
So constantly round the tree;  
Once he is going to right hand -  
He's singing, telling tales;  
Once to the left - the miracles again:  
A Goblin in the wood you meet,  
On branch is sitting a Mermaid;  
There are on the unknown roads  
The traces of unknown beasts;  
The log-hut on the chicken legs all is  
Without doors and windows;  
There woods and lands are full of marvels:  
At dawn there the waves are rushing  
On deserted and sandy shore,  
And thirty knights are going flushing  
From clear sea waters in turn,  
With uncle-tutor following on;  
A prince there is captivating a cruel tzar  
In passing by the magic land;  
Above the forests and the seas far  
In view of all the people's high  
The wizard is carrying an athlete;  
In prison there tzarevna's sobbing,  
A grey wolf is her faithful servant;  
There the Baba-Yaga is crawling  
In old her mortar self-going;  
And the tzar Kaschei is bending over  
The pile of gold, exhausted all:  
There the Russia's smell...  
The Russia's flavour!  
And I was also sitting there  
Beneath the oak-tree, drinking a mead;  
The skilful cat was telling tales,  
One of them, which I do remember  
With pleasure now I present  
To all around readers gentle...  
=====

\* Lukomorye - seems to be the place near the Black Sea,  
'Luka' is the bow, 'morye' is - the sea in russian

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, The Burned Letter - Translation (Rus.)

The burned letter

By Alexander Pushkin

Farewell, my letter! Farewell: She said...  
How long I hesitated! How long  
My hand  
Rejected burning all my pleasures  
In one time! ..  
But here's the moment! Let's love letters  
Be fired.  
I'm ready; nothing is accepted by  
My soul.  
And greedy flame is all the pages  
Devouring...  
A minute! .. Flashed! Flared - a smoke  
Twisting,  
And disappearing with my pray  
Sencere.  
And stamp of ring on sealing wax is lost  
Forever.  
Oh foresight! That's the end! The pages are  
Curtailed;  
On light dark ash the sacred features  
Grow whiter...  
My breast was clutched. The lovely ash,  
Delightful  
In former days, in cheerless fate,  
Please, stay here  
For centuries and on my chest,  
In sadness...

1825

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, The Flying Ridge Of Clouds... - Transl. (Rus.)

By Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin

The flying ridge of clouds is becoming thinner;  
The star sad, the star of this evening!  
Your silver light had lit the plains exhausted,  
The cliff's black tops, the gulf quiet dozing;  
I like your poor light there in heavens:  
It had awoken the thoughts before inactive.  
I still remember your sunrise, familiar to me,  
Above the country, nice with every thing,  
Where the poplars slim had risen up in valleys,  
Where the gentle myrth is sleeping, as the cypress,  
And sweetly so waves are rustling at noon of day...  
There in the mountains, with hearty thoughts all caught,  
I've fallen to the laziness so pensive,  
When on the hats the night her shadow was laying -  
And there in the dark the girl was searching you,  
And telling name to her girl-friends, as a truth.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, The Old Man - Translation (Rus.)

The old man

by Alaxander Sergeevich Pushkin

Alas, I'm not the passionate lover,  
Whom all the high court did surprise.  
My spring and summer hot had now  
Passed ever, and without sign.

Amur - the god of youth! As best  
I followed you with faith and served.  
If I am born again, I guess,  
Would I be such a servant, though!

Lyudmila Purgina



## in, The Secular Authority. - Translation (Rus)

When paragon was coming into being,  
When deity was dying on the cross,  
Two women in a grief stayed near  
The vivifying tree, in loss.  
Maria-sinner and the Holy Maiden  
Were there. What we see today?  
At foot of fair cross as if at a porch  
Of a town's executive two sentinels  
Stand menacing with their guns and shako.  
What for those giardians do stay  
Instead of women? Or the crisifixion  
Is property of state? Or this way  
Is done protecting of the mice and thieves?

Or thus significance's imparted  
To tzar of tzars? Or this escaping  
The Supreme Lord, Christ, crowned  
By spiny thorns, exposing his flesh  
To whips of tortures, their lances, nails?  
Or this is fear of the rabble's insults  
Of man, whose execution crumbled sins  
Of all Adam's kin? And not to squeeze  
The walking misters, mistresses,  
So common people're banned to get in?

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, The Truth - Translation (Rus.)

From old times the wise men looked for  
The traces of forgotten core...  
Then they interpreted, on coming over  
The old tales - for long and long.  
They said: 'The naked core  
May have been hided in a hole',  
And amicably drinking water,  
They cried: 'Here it is now.'  
But someone, benefactor of the mortal,  
(It may be Silen, as I guess) ,  
Was so tired of the water  
And crying, he was a witness,  
Has left invisible such matter,  
Thinking at first about a cup of wine,  
And having drained the cup to bottom,  
Has find the inner truth that time.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, The Unexperienced Fan Of Alien Lands...- Translation (Rus)

The unexperienced fan of alien lands,  
And procecutor of my native ones,  
I usually said: where this day  
We'd find at home either a true mind  
Or even genius? Where is an honest citizen  
With a lofty, noble soul living then?  
Where is a woman- not with a cold beauty,  
But with a living one, so ardent, luring?  
Where'd I find the easy talk,  
Enlightened, cultural, with joy?  
With whom I'd be not bleak, nor hollow?  
And, thus, my country was the hell to me...  
But yesterday Golitsyna I've seen -  
And got the reconciliation with all this.

1817

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, There Are The Three... - Translation (Rus.)

There are the three dark singers now:  
Shikhmatov, Shakhovsky, Shishkov.  
And there are the three wise men in front of -  
Shishkov, Shakhovsky, and Shikhmatov.  
But who is the most bad from those?  
Shishkov, Shikhmatov, and Shakhovsky.

1815

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, There Are Three... - Translation (Rus.)

There are the three dark singers now:  
Shikhmatov, Shakhovsky, Shishkov.  
And there are the three wise men in front of -  
Shishkov, Shakhovsky, and Shikhmatov.  
But who is the most bad from those?  
Shishkov, Shikhmatov, and Shakhovsky.

1815

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, To A Portrait Of Zhukovsky - Translation (Rus.)

His poem's delightful sweetness surely  
Will go eons of the envious distance through,  
Accepting that, the youth will sigh of glory too,  
And melancholy'll be consoled mute,  
And frisky joy will gain the thoughtful muse.

1818

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, To Coquette - Translation (Rus.)

And you believed me, ain't you,  
As the ingenuous Anyesa?  
What novel can tell and true,  
How playboy had died, etcetera?  
Please hear: you are thirty years,  
Yes, thirty years old - more,  
I am also much more than twenty;  
I've seen society for long.  
I've circled there much, the oaths  
And tears don't bother me;  
I'm tired all with tricks and jokes;  
From your side the betrayal's fee  
May cause sometimes the weariness great;  
Becoming older, grown cold,  
That's unimportant to learn again;  
We know - the eternal love  
Lasts only one - three weeks although;  
At first we were the friends,  
But with a boredom we'd faced,  
With a case, and with a jealous husband...  
Then I pretended to be mad,  
You acted diffident,  
We'd sworn... but then... alas! ...  
We had forgotten our oath;  
You fell in love with Kleon far,  
Natasha - was my sweetheart, so  
We had departed; hitherto  
All were such decent, good in manners,  
Without any quarrels could  
We live together, easy-tempered;  
But, what's today! In this good morn  
You has, as in the tragic heat,  
Revived the antique times of old  
And you again trying to preach  
The love of old knights, deceased,  
The courtesy, the jealousy and grief.  
And pardon me,  
I'm not a baby, I'm a poet.  
When we are turning to decline,

We should avoid the passions young -  
Let leave that for your older daughter,  
I'll leave this to my younger brother.  
They are allowed yet to trick  
With their life and burst in tears;  
Still they can love, but not so we...  
It's time for us to like intrigue...

Lyudmila Purgina



## in, To Friends - Translation (Rus.)

To friends

by Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin

Gods had presented you, like prize,  
The golden days, the golden nights, yet.  
And girls with languishing great eyes  
Are gazing at you with intention.  
Let you play, sing, my dear friends!  
And lose the transient evening once.  
And at your life, so happy, gay,  
I shall, through bitter tears, smile.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, To Mopheus - Translation (Rus.)

To Mopheus

by Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin

Morpheus, give me till the morning  
The rest from my, so poignant, love.  
Come, blow up my candle's glow,  
And bless my dreams, my feelings thus!  
Hide from my memory the traces cheerless  
Of our parting sentence choice!  
Let I again see her eyes so dazzling,  
Let I again hear her voice.  
When will the dark of night whirl out,  
And when will you leave opened eyes?  
Oh, if it could be once forgotten  
The soul's love till other night!

====

The second variant:

To Morpheus

Morpheus, give me till the morn  
The pleasure, rest from my painful love.  
Please come and go down the icon lamp,  
And bless all my secret dreams, my God!  
Please hide from tedious mind  
The verdict terrible of the departing!  
Let me see my lovely's eyes,  
Let me hear her voice so lovely!  
When will the darkness run away,  
And when will it leave my eyes?  
Oh, if the soul could forget  
My dear love till the new night?

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, To Natalia - Translation (Rus.)

To Natalia

by Alexander Pushkin

From Caton's resigned and perished,  
Now I am Seladon!  
Priestess pretty, oh you Talia!  
I've seen Natalia charming,  
In my heart - God Cupidon!

So, Natalia! I admit you,  
I'm the captivated one,  
For the first time, shamefully, too,  
I love charms of feminine.  
All the day, despite of vanity,  
I think only of you;  
In the night - the same calamity:  
In my dreams it's only you,  
In light gown, kind immensely,  
Shy and sweet by breathing fine,  
Shivering in your chest, and as  
Pure snow white and light,  
Semi-opened your deep eyes,  
Modest darkness of mute night -  
All this raise me to delight!

I'm alone in the harbour  
With her, virgin lily, there  
I'm dumb, I'm trembling, craving...  
But awakened... Only dark  
Round the lonely bed is curling!  
I'm exhaling out a sigh,  
Lazily the dream's flying up  
On its wings, away thus going  
Then my passion goes stronger,  
But I'm tired, and again  
I'm becoming weaker then.  
So mind aspires something...

What? - No one of us  
Would say this to ladies loud,  
But would smear this so fast:  
I'll express this and at last!

All the lovers wish to have  
Something imperceptible;  
That's their quality - alas!  
Putting on the shapeless cloths,  
With a cap turned on the side,  
I would like as Philimon,  
Having waited evening time,  
When the twilight is all over,  
Take the gentle hand of girl,  
Called Anyuta, say to her  
Words of love, repeating bold,  
That she does belong to me!

That she just to me belong!  
Oh, Nazora! I do wish being captivated so  
By your looking pretty, more  
Being Trustee of Rosina,  
Light and tiny in my dreaming,  
Old stepson of the fate,  
In the caftan and the wig  
With impudent, ardent hand  
Touching white and heavy breast...  
I'm daring... Anyhow by my feet  
Couldn't I cross such a sea.  
Though I'm in love 'to ears',  
But departed and in fears,  
Disappointed at all, dear.

But, Natalia! You don't know,  
Who is then your Seladon,  
You don't understand,  
Why so he is shy, and couldn't dare?  
Oh Natalia! Please hear  
Me, I'm not the owner  
Of Seral, I'm not a negro,  
Not a Turkish man, indeed,  
Not a polite chinese man,

Not a rude American,  
Not a German to imagine  
With a cap on his big head,  
With a beer in his mug,  
With a sigar in his mouth.  
I'm not a cavalierguard  
In a helmet with a sable,  
I don't like the battle's thunder:  
An alebard ar even a sword  
Don't aggravate my hand  
By the sins of man Adam.

- But, who's you, the talker- lover?  
Look at walls, that here are towering,  
Where the darkness mute exists;  
Look at windows in a grid,  
At the icon lamp still firing...  
I'm... monk! Oh my Natalia!

1813

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, To Poet.- Translation (Rus.)

Oh, Poet! Don't take too near the people's cry of love,  
Don't cost it much. The praise's minute will pass,  
And then you'll go through the Court of fools and laugh  
Of cold mob. So let you be both silent, steadfast

And gloomy - for you're the tzar! Let be alone.  
Let go free towards the need of easy mind, indeed,  
And there improve the fruits of lovely thoughts  
Without any inner trouble to award for noble feat.

That lies in depth of soul. You yourself would be  
Your highest court: your work you can esteem  
In most strictly way. So were you ever pleased

With such austere master? True? Then let the mob  
Be scolding, spitting on Altar, where you do fire hold,  
And childishly be playing there with tripod.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, To Zhukovsky - Translation (Rus.)

When, world of dreams aspiring as aim  
With a high-poetical and elevated soul,  
You keep a lyre on your knees and handle  
It with the impatient fingers so,  
That dreams are coming in a row before eyes  
In mists of tales, in the fairy of dark  
And the momental cold of the spark  
Of inspiration waves your hair's bundle, -  
You're right, and you create for ones,  
Who're not the lawers jealous, thus,  
Not the collectors poor of the alien  
Thoughts and the assessments, news,  
But for the friends of the real talented,  
Keen friends of the core of truth.  
Not many people have the happiness,  
Nor many ones feel weight of crown.  
And blessed is that man, who remembers  
The high-poetical sultry power!  
Who got acknowledged with the beauty  
And fetched it to his storage fair  
And your elation understood, too,  
As his delight so light and glaring.

1818

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, To....(Don'T Ask...) - Translation (Rus)

To...

by Alexander Pushkin

Don't ask, why with the gloomy thought  
Among the festive joys I'm darkened,  
Why I'm glaring a lot,  
The sweet dream of life denying.

Don't ask, why with the cold soul  
I've lost desire to be loved,  
And never ever could return I  
To it once more - that love's not love.

Who's got the luck, won't have it more -  
The pleasure is for only moment.  
And from your youth, your leisure, joy  
The sadness will remain, as common...

1817

Lyudmila Purgina



## in, When In Embraces... - Translation (Rus.)

By alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin

When in embraces I am taking  
Your slender waist and going to tell  
The words of tender and my prayings  
About love, my pleasure, well...  
This time you keep the whole silence,  
Going to get free from my hands,  
And answer only with your denial  
And such distrustful smile as that,  
Having accumulated in your memory  
The tales of betrayals sad,  
Without share and attention  
You hardly listening my praise...  
Then I curse all my former efforts  
Of my past, but perfidious youth,  
And all my meetings and appointments  
In dark night gardens, to be true.  
I curse my speeches, my love whisper,  
My poems, all filled with passion,  
Endearments of virgins gullible,  
Their tears and last indignation...

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Window - Translation (Rus.)

Last time, when in the darkness moon  
Was flowing along the hazy desert,  
I saw the girl at window  
Was sitting lonely and pensive.  
Her breast was gasped with secret fear,  
And she looked with excitement real  
On gloomy path under the hills.

'I'm hear! ' - someone whispered hasty,  
And girl with quivering pale hand  
Has opened her window scarcely...  
The moon is with the cloud covered.

'Oh, lucky! ' - I have said with sadness, -  
'You'll see the only joy and gaiety.  
When shall I have the same thing -  
A window opened for me? '

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Winter Evening - Translation (Rus)

With a darkness blizzard covers  
All the sky and circles in whirls,  
As a beast it hardly groans,  
As a baby - cries in turn,  
Or is rustling with a thatch old  
On the roof without mind,  
Or is knocking door and window  
As a traveller, late to come.

Our decrepit hut, being old,  
Is so dull and dark indeed.  
Why, my nanny, you stopped talking,  
Standing mute before the window?  
May be you got wholly tired  
Of the howling of storm,  
Or you doze under humming  
Of your spindle, circling long.

Let's take cup, my old good friend  
Of my poor childhood,  
Find a cup, and we will drown then  
In a wine our sullen mood.  
Sing me song, how a blue bird's  
Living good over the ocean.  
Sing me song, how a nice girl  
Fetched out water at the morning.

With a darkness blizzard covers  
All the sky and circles in whirls,  
As a beast it hardly groans,  
As a baby - cries in turn,  
Or is rustling with a thatch old  
On the roof without mind,  
Or is knocking door and window  
As a traveller, late to come.

1825



## in, Winter Morning - Translation (Rus.)

It's frost and sun; the day is fine!  
You still are drowsing, my friend -  
But, dear Beauty, it is time  
To wake up, and your eyes unveil  
From force of luxury to star  
Of North Aurora - be a north star!  
The former evening - you remember,  
The blizzard was in anger. A haze  
Was covering the foggy heaven;  
A moon was gleaming yellow  
Through darkness of the cloud's veil,  
And you were sitting sad... Today,  
Let's look in window - snow lays  
Under the marvelous blue skies,  
As carpet wonderful, in rays  
Of sun as brilliants is sparkling;  
The only black is forest clear;  
The fir-tree through the hoarfrost greening,  
And river under ice is glittering.  
All room is full of amber shining.  
The heated furnace is affable  
And gayly cracking. Good to think,  
Lying on stove bench. And if  
We try to harness a brown mare.  
What do you wish?  
While slippering along the snow  
In early morning, we will be enjoying  
The run of our impatient horse,  
And visit empty fields and forests,  
Which formely was rich and thick so,  
And to my heart so lovely shore.

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, You Are So Naughty... - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin

(To Helen Ushakova in her album)

You are so naughty by the nature,  
For you it was biased for long,  
And now our endless praising  
Seems for you like a tiresome ode.  
You know by yourself, indeed,  
That you are worth to love;  
That you by gentle look are like Armide;  
And Sylfide - by your body light.  
Your scarlet lips are like the rose  
Of harmony, which's so close...  
And our rhymes, and our prose  
Look like for you as a simple noise....

But memoirs of your bright beauty  
Touch our hearts and captive them,  
And negligently lines I'm putting  
To your album with all respect.  
Perhaps, there'll arrive a notion  
To your mind all about singer,  
Who sang for you, when no border  
Existed round the Presnya field...

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, And I'M Aware... - Translation (Rus.)

And I'm aware of that's not my guilt  
To get off war, where others - none...  
Where they - some older, others - green,  
Were left there... was that right?  
That I was able them to save, but vain...  
My talking not of that... but yet, ah yet...

????????? ??????????  
? ????, ??????? ???? ????...

? ????, ??????? ???? ????  
? ???, ??? ?????? ?? ?????? ? ??????,  
? ???, ??? ??? – ??? ??????, ??? ?????? –  
????????? ???, ? ?? ? ??? ?? ?????,  
??? ? ?? ???, ?? ?? ?????? ????????, –  
???? ?? ? ???, ?? ??? ??, ??? ??, ??? ??...

1966 ?.

Lyudmila Purgina

# sensky, Don'T Disappear... - Song - Transl. (Rus.)

Don't disappear.

Words by sensky

Music by erdiev

1. Don't disappear...

You're ever in me...

Don't disappear for a minute, for half an hour.

You'll be back then

In the thousand, thousand years.

But th' candle your's is still enflamed.

2. Don't disappear

From out my life.

Don't disappear at once,

Or by fired mind.

And all will pass,

Only you are not similar,

You are thus the exceptive one,

Don't disappear.

3. And forever

Our star hour won't pass,

And the plane, where we do fly together...

We are flying, we are flying,

And we are flying,

Fastened only with one belt

Out of times...

You are dozing on my shoulder,

And like a fire there appears through

Your gentle palm, your gentle palm...

4. Don't disappear

From out my life,

Don't disappear by chance,

Or by fired mind.

There're thousand lamps,

And they've thousand candles,

But I do crave your's only light.



5. Don't dissapear  
The purity inner,  
Don't disappear, though edge  
Would be too near.  
Because its real:  
Even if I do pass away,  
I shan't allow for you to fail,  
Don't disappear...

=====

In russian:

(the second poem)

=====

The original singers:  
ina, enko

Lyudmila Purgina

## sensky, Saga - Song- Translation (Rus.)

Saga

by Andrei Voznesensky

You will rise me at dawn, and without shoes  
Lead to doors, but not stepping the threshold.  
You will never forget me in future,  
Never you'll meet me further in life your's.

When protecting you from dreadful cold,  
I'll think: Oh my God! How to bear this?  
I shall never forget you in my thought,  
I shall never see you while living.

And your eyes, as the brown large cherries,  
Twinkle from the cold wind in the air.  
To return - is the bad mark, it's obvious.  
I shall never see you in my life span.

And two phrases will wave up to heaven,  
So pointless far and so senseless:  
I shall never see you in my life span,  
I shall never forget you, my dearest.

Even if we return to the earth once,  
For the second time, said by religion,  
We for certain shall miss then each other,  
I shall never see you in my living.

And this river, with a shivering surface,  
And the stock exchange, the Admiralty,  
I shall never forget in my inner thought,  
I shall never see them in reality.

And it will be in that time negligible  
Our incomprehension of each one;  
We - are two warm and living such creatures  
Before emptiness cold and lifeless.

====

This is the beautiful saga from the rock-opera  
'Yunona and Avos'

The russian text with accords:

Lyudmila Purgina

# ,1500 Atmospheres - Translation (Rus.)

By Alexei Zarin

On reaching the goal, escaped from the fire,  
Hardly beaten, still living, I've entered my home.  
And what shall I say? Thank you, people, who are now  
With me, and to those - who not - for my lot.

And thank you, all the traitors - I'm today aware  
Of the true friendship, of the faith in air.  
And also, thank you - for closed doors, no matter,  
It's wholesome to go round way and better.

And thank you for the poison from your stings:  
Today this poison is like a balm to me.  
And thank you, those, who were not supporting  
Me in hard times, I had success by own.

And thank you, those, who had such a heavy press,  
That blood was streaming out of eyes,  
But after weight of 15 thousands atmospheres -  
Out of a mere coal - the Diamond shines!

-

The russian verse:

Lyudmila Purgina

# About That And This

You have thought not of that,  
And you thought that not perfect.  
This was not really that,  
That was not this although.

That has less of this, true,  
In that - hardly you find  
This, which I can assume,  
And I'm nowadays tired.

Say, we'll wait for that thing,  
That is well to be postponed.  
Because after that - this  
Will be of no problem.

There, where that door  
Will be widely such opened,  
This will turn to be more,  
Than that, which was forgotten.  
-

Lyudmila Purgina

# Again

Again I wake up in the morning:  
The weather's fine, the sun - all day...  
But where's the dream? the sleep?  
I'm going  
Through distance - to the point of rays...  
There - the sun... so high and gleaming...  
I can't look straight on a dazzling light...  
But when I sleep: where am I living?  
I see there also the sun sometimes...

Perhaps, the dark in dream - is stronger,  
Than light, and my thoughts dither  
In some unknown, unsubstantial ocean...  
Only when I wake up - world is real...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Again I Thought About You...

Again I thought about you...,  
In thousand miles, in the deep of Russia,  
You live, obedient to fate... Anew  
I think - you're there... Hear I am... now...  
We haven't asked for comfort in this land,  
The eternal comfort, where we did love,  
Perhaps, we loved... each other...  
But so a strange tide has carried us  
Into the open ocean... And then  
Brought us to the coast back,  
Which was so sweet and nice...

Still there the waves are beating the sand...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# And All Will Be In Time

And all will be in time - the towns will be built,  
And then be ruined all to base, in order  
To build the more exciting towns here,  
And wires will entwine the buildings wholly.

And all will be in time - in world will come  
The other people with another being -  
It will be so easy for them once  
To merge into the space or in the sea.

All will be in its time. How could we earlier  
Imagine of the railways or plane -  
The miracles today? But in the old days  
The only caravellas trod their way  
Straight in the oceans with their green-blue waves...

Jiordano Buno, Galileo Galilei  
Were executed or unfairly were blamed  
For their belief, that earth is a round ball!  
That was the miracle for them, but no one  
Took this thought as a gift for further life,  
Their skin was costing higher, than the skies...

-

The rissian variant:

Lyudmila Purgina



## And Never...

And never you'll fall a drop of tear -  
You are so busy, you are alien to me...  
And never you will find a way, my dear,  
To shadow of night, where we're twins...

No. You are stupid, absent-minded, rude!  
You try to find your own way in life...  
And me? How you could pile a food  
In your great stomach? It was cooked not right!

I had the perfect cooker, perfect stove -  
To make you full with a delicious meal!  
And you? Where do you eat today - in grove,  
Where only the wild creatures live?

I'm - the best! I'm - the ideal!  
Why didn't you estimate me in right way!  
You thought of something other, mystical...  
Why am I staying alone today? !

I loved you, dear, as the sun in sky  
Loves all the greens with its great shining...  
I love you, dear... never mind...  
I'll never stop you in your riding

To other worlds with other meals,  
With other shares, other funs...  
And do you want to know, dear,  
What I'm cooking that day? Ah? ..

Lyudmila Purgina

# And Nobody...

And nobody will explain  
How in your soul inner rain  
Is moisturing the essence's plain  
Up to the wetland's and bog's state.

But after this rain - burst of tears  
Are turning to rust all the gears,  
Which moved your ship in this life ocean...  
And you are sinking in commotion...

Help! Help! - You cry to nothing...  
The ocean is vast... The shore - where does it lie?  
The silence in the inner rain  
Comes after thunder of disdain  
Of yourself to yourself again.

What's love then? Is it only ray,  
Or a broad beam of joy in play,  
As fishes, twinkling as the stars  
In depth of that wet blue-green flood...

====

Answer by Andrey Chekmaryov

\*\*\*

One only ray is not for me, one says.  
If life is long and still on goes  
Let love be fountains of rays!  
Let love with brightness highly spray!  
That's wish to which my heart belongs...

\*\*\*

Respectfully

====

Me:

Rays... falling down from cosmos onto earth...  
gives you blood... out of essence of birth...  
Love of your mother once, father - of them both -  
takes you in oval of their soul's force...

Then you - in your turn - are giving the blood  
to the rays of children, their hearts...  
Beating constantly - your heart one time returns  
the essence of your birth again to the earth... ;)

====

.

So all will be finished in one and only one ray...

Grandioso! ! ! !

Lyudmila Purgina

# And Shadow...

And shadow then fell on earth,  
When Time had come. It was the Time.  
To fill, to estimate, to give birth  
To new life, to necessity of life.

But everybody were as blinds,  
As crazy they were stopping Real,  
They did the same, they tried to shine,  
When there was the Time to fill up,

To understand, that Dark is other,  
One other side of this great world.  
The Time was to be silent, rather,  
To be still, but they did all wrong...

...

That planet flies along its orbit  
For billions of years of the life  
Of Universe. The other cowards  
Are riding Energy not right...

And Shadow hides nearby...  
It also wants eating... now...

Lyudmila Purgina

# And There's The Void - Between Lines...

And there's the void - between lines...  
Between the words of verse...  
There - the invisible line,  
Where the thought had pushed with their foreheads -  
The Idea and the Creation  
In the Reality.  
Idea, with passing-by time,  
Loses some part of its attraction  
On meeting with the world fame,  
Which was created by centuries.  
And then - for long you are going, amazed:  
Where? In what space there exist the lines,  
Which keep the soul's flame?  
The momentary words,  
The letters and the void -  
Between them...

Hear! I say  
And the sounds also are carrying  
The torments of birth in the universe...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Anna-Blanka, A Letter To Edinburgh - Translation (Rus.)

By Lidiya Lyubomirskaya,  
(Cherepovets town)

A letter to Edinburgh

With her whitish veil a winter  
Covered all fields behind the window...  
I, alone, as usual, am sitting  
And looking through my old album.

The sun has slided to decline,  
The night descended on the town...  
And here are the letters... but  
They all are filled with losses only...

They couldn't be send to the addressee...  
The clock is striking... And anew  
I send my wishes once to meet,  
To distant, cold Edinburgh.

... My snowy, cold idol melts,  
When rays of spring sun touches it...  
And to my undermoon world then  
The other dreams are coming in...

They are all casted by such words:  
'The night song of prophetic birds...'  
As the entreaty relentless, and more  
By the flashlights of summer dawns.

My head as from red heat is burned,  
I write with shivering pale hand:  
'Say to me, please, again your words,  
My dear, close, distant, man...' '

Lyudmila Purgina

# Anna-Blanka, Solaris - Translation (Rus.)

By Lidiya Lyubomirskaya,  
(Cherepovets town)

Above Solaris the dawns were rising,  
Interchanging the red and blue colours...  
A fitting dress, the fastener without...  
'Hari, say, along what road did you come? '

And Hari's eyes shined with a moisture:  
'I'm with you, Kris. Is it important? '

On her hand- there's the injection trace pinky...  
And in eyes he sees the familiar violet:  
'What had happened, Kris? You don't love me? '

'No, Hari. You are not right in your judge.'

And so mute, eternal is the Cosmos...  
Never it could win the stagnancy of man...  
Waves are rolling over the ocean  
Of the alien planet. 'Ha-a-a-a-ri! ! ! ... Where? When? '

Lyudmila Purgina

# As Drops Of Water

As drops of water  
Down the wall of consciousness  
My memoirs are running...  
Running down...  
After them  
There are the curling traces,  
The strips after...  
Be pleased!  
They are gone!  
They have left you!  
There is the other dreams -  
ahead, in front... new...  
Only the lasting echo,  
Only the incessant rain,  
Which consists  
Of drops on wall  
Of my consciousness...  
And the multicolored traces  
Seems to be after them...  
In slow or fast movement  
My memories,  
Are so different...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



## As If Between...

As if between the earth and the sky  
I am hanging...  
And there's no any hook, nowhere...  
I'm only - the light, running Through the space of Being...  
Through the years...  
And remaining in memory as a picture  
On a strange photo - where I'm - a line...

How could I catch the Illusion?  
The snowflake, which melts  
On my palm from the warmth...  
I'm warm, I'm - living...  
I'm stretching to the living...  
Sun in the east...  
To its sincere rays...  
I'm - feeling...  
I - longly so - was flying through space  
I am also - the Ray... from 'Me'...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Away

Away! - she said,  
Away! - they said,  
Away... - I'll go...

Suddenly  
Away! - was said,  
Away! - were said,  
Away... As column I've curdled.

'Who said 'Away! '? - she asked,  
'Who said 'Away! '? - they asked,  
'Who said 'Away...' - don't know,  
'You ordered me away to go...  
Now you are ordered just the same...

That's only the other level  
Of forcing somebody  
To go out of their dwell...  
So let it be! The other spell...  
Go out of the dwell! ! ! '

Away! - she went,  
Away! - they went,  
Away... - I still was at the place...  
A way, where today is she, are they...  
Is going somewhere to some plain...

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, In That Grief At Morning... - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

In that grief at morning, to which man is stucked,  
Looking around at monday, in the state after sleep,  
At the same place, where he stood in the previous day...  
He thoughts that one grossmeister, to say,

Who has crowded the empty heaven,  
Would surely notice his sleeping soul,  
And, savingly, would move him ahead.  
along the proper road.

But the staying aside force of dreams,  
Also the star's motion and the state's wars  
Were of no importance in his grieves  
And in his poor torments.

Having gulped a milk from a bottle,  
He thus cooperates with the thought,  
Which was ailing his nape till the morning,  
That's a wave of the need's call.

Then why above his rocking craddle  
Ahead of his mother or his father,  
With a reed-pipe and a star somebody overbent,  
Somebody was and his face touched?

Fastly scratched a burn on forehead above the brow,  
Smiled and left him, hiding afar -  
They ran on hearing the baby's cry,  
But soon respectfully went aside.

And at monday in twilights of sunrise,  
Looking at his forehead in a part of glass,  
He sees, that the diamond's mark  
Disappeared and all had healed up.

...

In that great grief, with which no cope  
Could be taken, at least, for century,  
I was to the kindergarten roving,  
Pulling after me my child.

Pink was the gloomy heaven's vault,  
The incendiary of the new day, the leader  
Of a blizzard, the initiator of dawn,  
What is your purpose in deal with me?

And the answer was the silent light,  
And this light as well as laugh,  
Directed me, that I'm, being soft and young  
Would stand on the glittering snow cover,  
That is nearby the corner of turn  
And is waiting one unspeakable prise.  
Something flashed up in my forehead, for moment,  
And a passer-by looked at me in surprise.

1971

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, And To The End I Need To Say.. - Song - Transl.(Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

From the film 'The cruel romance'

Producer is Eldar Ryazanov

Music: v

And to the end I need to say.  
And to the end I need to say:  
Farewell! Your love's not your duty!  
No matter that I'm doing step  
To highest level of insanity...  
How did you love?  
You did destroy to ruins  
Everything around.  
How did you love?  
You ruined all,  
Up to end and to the ground.

And to the end I need to say...  
The work by mind  
Is still performed.  
But hands are free  
And couldn't be raised up.  
The flock of scents and sounds off  
Fly to the sky to greater height, but...  
But to the end I need to say:  
Farewell! Your love's not your duty!  
No matter that I'm doing step  
To highest level of insanity.

So to the end I need to say...

-

The best of russian romances

In russian + accords

Lyudmila Purgina

## dulina, April - Translation (Rus.)

Here're the girls - they wish to love,  
Here're the boys - they wish to wander,  
All changes in that april just unite,  
Consoloidate the people with each other.

O, the new month, the new such Lord,  
You seek in such a way new favour,  
You may be generous in your words,  
Letting amnesty to calendar.

Yes, you'll free rivers from the shackles,  
Will set the distant quiet close,  
A crazy will get blooming, an oldman  
Will get the healing one time, certainly.

Me only won't have your mercy either,  
And I'm not greedy of that luck.  
You ask, but I'm late with answer,  
I switch off light, my room turns dark.

Lyudmila Purgina

## dulina, August - Translation (Rus.)

August

by Bella Akhmadulina

So generous was august, dropping stars,  
So unthinking - in the set for property,  
And dwellers' faces of Rostov-town,  
Of all the south dwellers - turned to spectacle.

I'm thanking my good fate for fall  
Of shining stars down on naked shoulders,  
So similar is downfall of all  
The lilac inflorescence in the garden old.

We watched for long the sunset at that time,  
Our neighbours were such angry with the keys,  
When a musician leaned to the old piano  
With his grey-haired head, deriving music.

We were the sounds of one single music.  
Oh, we could then untune the instrument,  
But this accord from you to me  
Was hardly to be torn or ruined.

In autumn this the beacons were so bright,  
So near, close were the shining stars,  
On boulevards the sailors had good time,  
And girls in headscarfs had run about.

As earlier there are the fall and heat,  
As earlier the sea shore is invariable,  
Only from single music two light keys,  
Two tunes had slipped out forever.

Lyudmila Purgina



# dulina, Clocks Are Beating... - Translation (Rus.)

by Bella Akhmadulina

Clocks are beating, heralding an autumn:  
And more heavy, than in the previous year,  
Apple is striking the ground of orchard -  
As much as there are the apples.

With that song, being clear, important,  
Who is saying, that clocks are now still?  
With that act and the orchard is bold,  
But is seeming to be out of deal.

You see gradually in a sad nature  
The expression of love and of kinship,  
As if you - ain't the witness and casual,  
But the hero of its triumph feast.

1973

Lyudmila Purgina

## dulina, December... - Translation (Rus.)

We keep within the rules of winter.  
We play, without conceding time to laughing,  
And, outlining shape of snow, we are  
Raising up a white snow from a ground.

And passers-by, as if foreboding bad,  
Are crowding against the fence, excited.  
They're surely are busy with a care,  
What really we're doing, bear in mind.

But we are modelling a snow-woman,  
And that is all. Oh, the amazing triumph  
Of movement, which provides the height-length  
Of our work, the former snow.

You say: - Look, how I'm modelling now! -  
You, really, in work are good,  
In making form from the unformal snow.  
I say: - Look, how I'm loving you!

And snow specifies its features gradually,  
It is obedient to our command.  
And suddenly I notice, how beautiful  
Is your face, turned to cold snow.

We're going over the yard, white coloured,  
Past passers-by with quite a saucy face.  
My dear, keep such an expression childish  
And steadfast, always hold a play.

And you, the work, be pliant to this tension  
Of creativity of my man, my love!  
Give him a luck of a happy child's behaviour,  
Who's drawing a simple house with a pipe.

Lyudmila Purgina

## dulina, Don'T Spend Much Time... - Translation (Rus.)

Don't spend much time for me,  
And questions don't ask.  
With eyes so kindly, faithfully,  
My hand don't touch.  
Don't go through the spring pool,  
Treading my heels long.  
I know, that our meeting though  
Will be in vain... so on.  
You think - I'm proud so  
Not to become your friend?  
That's not by pride, but sorrow,  
I keep my head so straight.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, Excited, Laughing... - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

Excited, laughing, instigating,  
In hopeless such melancholy,  
Near Batumi she was staying,  
On Mekhanjauri sandy coast.  
So proud she was, dreaming,  
That she was river, and thus naked  
Has entered sea waves, teasing,  
And touching them with her hand.  
Got free from cloths excessive all,  
She strove to go next and forth  
Obliquely to the sea wave row  
She took off linen, downfalled.  
And view of swarthy skin of arm  
Was of some trouble for the others,  
Where the colour of the brown  
Was turning lighter in white colour.  
She laughed with pleasure,  
Plashing palms in water joyous lights,  
And rainbows were rolling leisure  
Over her head and shoulder lines.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, I'M Greedy Of A Woman's Habit... - Translation (Rus.)

by Bella Akhmadulina

I'm greedy of a woman's habit -  
to be a woman and a married one,  
but, I think, heavens failed to look me after,  
and thus I was unlucky in affair.

Keep me, the inexorable squint manner,  
in safety out of all well-to-be,  
but go aside, please, by your care scalding  
of two girls, dirty with the raspberries.

They still are laughing, searching for a berry,  
but suddenly - they look with grief as me.  
As all, I wished - and nursed, breast-fed,  
thought - it was honey, but it was a venom.

That mark of our union in their faces  
is irreparable and fabulous.  
When crow's fated to be born as white one,  
let God be graceful in the issues' absence.

To be white - absurd, to be black - not new thing,  
to blacken - not for long, to whiten - boundless.  
More and more I'm un sinful before others,  
More and more I'm guilty before children.

1974

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, In That May... - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

In that may... Oh, in that month  
I had such light and fair feeling,  
And, spreading over the earth,  
The weather with its flight attracted me.

I was so generous, so lavish  
In happy such anticipation  
Of the future singing, as a goldfinch,  
I plunged my feathers into air.

But, thank God, after time my sight  
Became more shrewd and rigorous rather,  
So every breath and every flight  
Became more precious in my life.

And I'm concerned with a mist of day,  
Its scene is clear me now.  
I look around, grinning as  
And old Jew is looking, smiling.

I see the rooks, making a clamour,  
They hang over the blackish snow,  
And tediously sitting women,  
Bent over the knitting rows.

And somewhere, blowing in his pipe,  
Destroying the flower- and vegetable-beds,  
Somebody's baby joyously is running  
And breaking order without regret.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, It's Better For Me... - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

It better for me to remember, than to have.  
When now and the past will join in one moment,  
As if a copper with a silver joins, then  
Its general sound exists as a real poem.

How I like to remember the last spring,  
And house and my garden, which by nature  
Were rocky-hard their weight to keep  
Up the ground, underneath the heaven.

And I like all them now, but belonging  
To that spring, I felt the only fear  
And weakness to the volume of the sea,  
Which in the night outdoors seemed to be existing.

When the sea and moon converged together,  
My nape was cooled with the instant whirl,  
As if I, by excess of witness, dared  
To have a liberty to deal with universe.

My balcony was looking in the core  
Of the eternity - isn't that much to act?  
But there remained the gladness - more  
I'd have, when the past in nowadays plays.

And isn't that an impudence - in view  
Of sea and moon - to waste, to fix in feeling:  
That they are living in reality anew  
And will awaken in me in their cleanliness.

What does exist, occur between that moments?  
How long it lasts - the shadow at once  
Is hardened in the show, growing,  
The shadow of thing, dropped into ages passed.

And isn't in that action - the solution  
Of that skill, which has rules: the fear of death,

The valour - all the shine of Being surely  
To burn, to get rid of the immortal flash.

1968

Lyudmila Purgina



# dulina, Lunatics - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

A moon is raising up, she takes a vengeance  
On arrogance of her remote state.  
Unconsciously lunatics stretch their pale hands  
And follow her, taking their doomed way.

And by the wings of wild consciousness,  
Got tired by the weight of light of day,  
They are flying forward, the transparent creatures,  
And listening to moonlight's glow rays.

So, twinkling in a cold manner,  
And stingy, with no promising instead,  
The far-cold art is such attracting  
For me, demanding a full consent.

And can I overtake its torments?  
Or fascination of its signs as well?  
Can I sculpt from the moonlight ever  
The heavy such and palpable object?

Lyudmila Purgina

## dulina, Motoroller - Translation (Rus.)

I'm greedy of your wheel's flight, o motoroller,  
shining with a pinky colour!

I follow it with the tears, which are falling  
from eyes without reason, when it's summer!

To girl, who leaned to a rider with a smile,  
so lucky and disastrous in the core,  
I seem a snail, nestled to a green bough,  
being crooked and sluggish, no more.

Farewell! Your way lies over my body  
and diminishes in green distance.  
Two rainbows, two skies, two fires burn,  
The shameless girl, all in your naked knees.

And your body is shining through a coat,  
as a thin stalk shines through the glass and water.  
And, suddenly, my tears from inside out  
flatter with squaek to freedom, to the world.

So your weak voice sings rather a simple song,  
is common, but eternal its motive.  
But, see, the joyful flight of yours  
Is counterbalanced with my motionlessness.

Then your swing could be high in rocking  
and out of danger is the dizziness,  
because of I'm making the return on board,  
the counter movement to your reeling.

While to my soul the silence comes,  
your noise flies far there in lawns.  
While my gait looks hard, you weigh high  
your green wings joyously.

So fly fast by! - while I'm standing.  
So murmur loud! - while I'm mute.  
All your upheaven ease I expiate  
with all my heavy weight anew.

1959

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, On The Quiet Lanes... -The Song - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

On the quiet lanes for many years  
The steps are heard - my friends are passing far away...  
This slow pass complies with only that -  
The darkness out windows and farther...  
Oh loneliness! How you are hard to bear!  
You're sparkling with compasse's iron coldly  
And drawing a whole circle there,  
Without the attention to a woe!  
Let give me chance to stand on tip-toes  
In your wood at the end of slow gesture,  
And find the leaf, and bring it to my face,  
And thus to feel the fair orphan's pleasure.  
Let you present me libraries so still,  
The strict motives of concerts and at this time  
I'll grow wiser, and I'll leave behind  
All those, who had passed or who is living.  
And I'll accept the knowledge and the grief,  
The hidden core will things deliver to me.  
And Nature, having leant to shoulder,  
Will represent her inner childish secrets.  
And then from tears, from the darkness black,  
From poor no-nothing of the past times,  
The features wonderful of all my friends  
Will just appear and again will pass by...

===

The best lyrical song  
from the film 'The Irony of Fate'

Music by Michael Tariverdiev

The original singer is Alla Pugachova

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, One Time, Having Been Tossed... - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

One time, having been tossed on edge of all,  
that was existing, I felt in my body  
the presence of a shadow, that earlier  
was moving somewhere my life and firmly.

Nobody knew, the only note-book marked, that  
I had blown out candles in the moment,  
Which for the speech creation were inflamed, -  
They were the reason for me not to be gone.

So I was agonizing! So close stepped  
to end of suffering! No word said outwards.  
But that was only the search for other age  
by my weak soul, failed to be much strong.

I started to live, longly I shall live.  
But since that time I'm calling 'anguish'  
the things, that failed to have a hymn,  
the other ones I call - a pleasure.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, September, I-Y - Translation (Rus.)

September

by Bella Akhmadulina

To Yury Nagibin

I

What's an awful weather outdoors? However,  
Of no matter such an incident -  
In January I'm living as in September,  
Persistently and frenzily.

September, don't draw your wing,  
Your wing of yellow-orange colour,  
And, please, postpone your last will,  
Your last day - give me linger, rather.

Wait me a little, don't sleep,  
All enveloped by the will of grantor,  
And, as in past times, waste your riches,  
Indulge all growing trees with bounty.

What it had been! How the grass had strained  
In order to turn green with such completeness,  
And a tree, as a copper pipe, had played,  
Had shined above the ground withered.

To all front gardens, overfilled to edge,  
The nature expended, wasted its resource,  
And dahlia displayed its inflorescence  
And stood still, waiting for next growth.

The crowd of the startled painters  
Was looking furtively on the colour scene,  
And crowded, and wiped its sweat  
From foreheads, cried of being innocent.

Cried of not being organizer of commotion,

And that those red colours were not shed all by it,  
And as a proof, the crowd showed  
Its poor palette then to everybody.

No, you are surely not guilty. All the same  
The boughs will change colours in the autumn,  
But all this - that of yellow or red,  
Or green - let live forever, though.

How that made dirty, how eyes were hitted,  
How the former colouration was broken!  
And in this rapture - all the market did  
The prices on the apples lower...

## II

And we had met. You'd gone outdoors.  
Everything had ended. Everything had started.  
No any day was charged before  
This day, as if before the Christmas party.

And we had seen each other. Coming in the doors.  
And no any house was in there...  
We had met, as the leaders old  
With leaned back heads - together -

From pride, from knowledge - what is what -  
From deep mistrust and inner tension.  
By your forehead, by my forehead, as dot,  
This dark motion had quickly flashed.

We met, as children in the morning,  
With leaned back heads - of inner kindness,  
Of readiness to be good, though,  
Being timid with the words and shy so.

September, oh september, that's your guilt,  
You operated so blindly, wrongly.  
The freedom of indifference - you still  
Is to be cursed, and blessed -and simulataneously.

Your client may be happy in the limits



Of your great fortresses, which were so solid built,  
Invulnerable for the pain and love deep.  
How vindictively they look at me.

And we had met. September was such generous  
To hold its feasts abundant, unsuspiciously.  
But by assess of importance of this play,  
All people and all trees had shrunk back quickly.

### III

My hands recovered their sight.  
And eyes became, as hands, effective, greedy.  
And then appeared voices in my larynx,  
Dried up of thirst for the new sounds, real.

And this my core I'm understanding once in freedom.  
You stand, and I'm standing -sounding, and opened for pain.  
September added to our hair the orange tint, and taught us  
To live, as he did, just exerting to last date.

### IV

Our distance's darkening, impaired  
there, behind us.  
Well, how abundant is that present  
of me to you! Stop, but -

the lover's bad to meet in such a manner.  
Oh, the tenderness's expenditure a lot!  
That overfeeling is exceeding levels,  
what way would it at last lead, do you know?

Thus we are showered with pearls,  
no any awning could that bear.  
That way - we are with music shadowed,  
that way - we're rained from heaven.

That way - your hands to me you're stretching,

to my face with your love.  
And in that state there are the smelling  
and sounds as in the evening grove.

That way - they lie their heads on grass mow,  
that way - they hold their hands near breast  
That way - they look upwards. That way - lose over  
their lovers. Wait a little, next -

september will reply for wasting.  
By will of the calendar it  
will be responsible for that way -  
theft from october all feels.

And we may also be guilty.  
Semptember, is that end? The leaves  
are falling down? But we're -  
more beautiful, reliable.

Yes, we are now chanced and greatly  
Not to have play off. I speak now:  
- My lovely, have lot of haughtiness,  
be cold to all calendars, though.

Our holiday is not marked there.  
We are surely outside tableau,  
We're crying or then celebrating  
On crest of our feast beyond.

All planned by it the workday flickers,  
as sundays, in a flight.  
And music plays in tamburines,  
and cards are lying in the diamonds.

But how miserable was then  
New Year! Separation, woe,  
monotonous days in a dancing share  
kept the hot air, ice was cold.

And then there was no any fir-tree.  
There was the other tree - it was  
the mountin ash with its red berries,

september likes that bright colour.

v

September's odd and skilled to be firm.  
May be it will not miss us, till  
we ourselves will go by purpose,  
when we are able it to leave.

And it will stay aside, derelict,  
the autumn will show its rags.  
And boys and girls will then appear  
to gather nuts in a crowd gay.

All they are cracking, cleaning bushes,  
the burdocks're stitching to their dress,  
and they ask: 'Why do you cry, why you? -  
Why do I cry? Why drop the tears?

And then there'll be the perfect silence,  
as under the water deep, in sea.  
And there's the need to live the next time.  
The life has habit - circumstances

are not responsible for your behaviour -  
you should show the happy pair,  
then make a breath in peaceful manner  
and step over the line so cherished -

of blessing bluntness. But, my lovely,  
don't have a sorry. Between months -  
winter or autumn - we shan't feel more  
that orange colour, time had passed.

Let's celebrate the last our sadness,  
and break the twigs of ash-tree, I swear  
twelve times in every, every year:  
I live and shall live in september.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, Tenderness - Translation (Rus.)

Tenderness

by Bella Akhmadulina

This tenderness is felt perceptible,  
And full of the material signs.  
It suddenly appears, tenderness,  
In image and in thing at once.

Appears as the green-glass vase  
On the edge of table, and you lean,  
To look at and to delight, amazed,  
The whirlpool of its clearness.

All flat will go into trouble,  
And everyone will be surprised.  
- Where from you got such vase, my lovely? -  
You'll strictly ask your dear wife.

- And how much the antique dealer had taken for it? -  
O, don't reproach her - it's me, dear,  
It's me, who's smiling, crying, living,  
In distance, though, and my tears  
Are so glassy. Their falling seems  
To be so hard. They ring  
As the glasses, smashed to smithereens.

Because of you such absent being  
From me so frequently,  
For half an hour I see you only,  
I use creating inoffensively  
And innocently- miracles.

When cloud covers you and suddenly,  
It is the usual thing in mountains,  
You'll shout: - Here's no rest, no any!  
Where from had this cloud come now?

But superstitiously, like a peasant,  
Don't be afraid, don't cry 'Away! '

Those crystals mine, such pure, tender,  
Fell on your dear shoulders.

So unpretendiously, gently  
I have conjured in some point,  
And the interesting thing appeared  
For your commemoration long.

But by the habits of kind roques, though,  
And playing again with that strong power,  
I'll try to make you safe from troubles,  
And thus I'll be then full consoled.

Farewell! Do all your business now!  
My play will be forgotten once.  
But tales mine for your small child  
Will be as joy in future life.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, The Alien Craft - Translation (Rus.)

by Bella Akhmadulina

The other's craft as urge for me to do it.  
I know - it's fault, but every time I dare.  
This moment my work is being neglected,  
Vindictively she's going separate.  
That's true, I feel fidelity to her:  
Assiduously I'm writing poems on corner  
Of table, but there arises jealousy  
When I do see the master working.  
When highest tone singer takes with pleasure  
In restauraunt, which I'm passing by,  
When I do see the masterpiece of painter,  
Producer of the film - I bate the breath of mine.  
When master makes a furnace of red bricks  
In tenantless and new great house,  
I also take clay and try to counterfeit,  
Then wipe my hands of grass's cover.  
Oh, then I'll be the operator!  
I'll sit at table as he is simply doing,  
Monotonously would look into the apparatus  
And squint my eye on the selected point...  
Oh, I'll be greedy then in planting  
The trees and pouring there water!  
Then I wish lines of models to design  
By smearing the colours on palette mold.  
So alien work is trying to direct,  
As I can't help avoiding its attraction.  
But yet I don't wish another fate,  
And bliss such mere poor pleasure.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, The Chopin's Mazurka - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

How interesting today was a lot,  
How lucky we were in that hour,  
When only the playing record  
Was separating us and solely!  
At first it was so slightly hissing,  
As a grass-snake, taken from the stones,  
But well distinguished Chopin's features  
With time were more exactly heard.  
And lean as a jar, all graduated,  
With light-blue water in itself,  
The girl-mazurka there was staying,  
With slow nodding head.  
How she, such Polish creature, could  
Find out all my inner sorrows,  
And humbly on herself she took,  
On her pale face and poor shoulders?  
She's stretched out her hands, elating,  
And disappeared, going far off,  
And sounds densely concentrated  
On that, by needle marked up, circle.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, The Description Of Room - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

The description of room

You - who had populated  
the mist of Universe,  
Who is evident or hardly seen,  
The fire obscure and imperishable of  
The matter or the Deity;  
You - the angels or the Nature,  
The rescue or the misfortune;  
Whatever you are in essence,  
Your freedom, your authority.  
Not your grace, nor honour,  
The destiny of earth, please keep to me  
The instability of this room, worthless  
Within the whole earth's destiny.  
Why from the homelessness I rushed into  
Sencere love to its nice features  
By all my mind imprudent-de,  
With all my eyesight blinded-de!  
A bed, two chairs insecure,  
A shining lamp in twilight, a carafe,  
And sight to fence which's far continued  
By beauty of invisible plain landscape.  
Within that poor walls as a secret  
Was the creation in the sadness of the days,  
Which were ulterior in winter  
For other's eye, for alien play.  
Here my elbow and table combined together,  
A note-book was patiently waiting pencil,  
And seeing off the fleeting seconds  
My soul was suffering careless.

Lyudmila Purgina



# dulina, The Gardener - Translation (Rus.)

The Gardener by Bela Akhmadulina

I don't wish the wicket's squeak noise,  
I'm staying near long.  
I'm stroking the guelder-rose  
Along its bole sunburnt.  
And, hided in green leaves merry,  
I'm laughing in my fists.  
Here my friend is boots repairing,  
He's high, before me sitting.  
Ridiculous, with thread and needle,  
He couldn't suspect to know,  
When I'm crying to him fiercely:  
'Hello! ', and rush upon.  
And he is laughing or just crying,  
And, barefooted, tramples plants,  
The red setter near him is dancing,  
Trying to lick me with its tongue.  
Forgetting of the boots in one hand,  
He crawls to basement for the bottles  
And gives to me from dark all them...  
He's odd, the gardener, the pedagogue.  
He's running, dropping spectacles around,  
And with a secret look at me,  
He's cleaning dust from lid of piano  
With absent-minded handkerchief.  
Ah, gardener, oh my unlucky!  
Being a fool for neighbours good,  
From the earth so many fruits you picked up,  
Unedible to be a food.  
I'm obedient to duty  
For eating those fruits, they have  
So salty, robust taste, its seeds could  
Scrape with its sharp 'claws' gullet's cave.  
And only I believe, that further  
His gardens would be flourishing abundant,  
And after there will be fruits all over,  
Thus in perfection beautifully shining.  
He says: 'Imagine, that in ten years

I might get letter and from you,  
And then I'll quickly write the answer...  
What could you say at such a view? '  
And I imagine all the apple-trees,  
And can't take eyes off this canvas,  
And strokes rhythmical of falling  
Ripe heavy apples on the grass....  
He's waving with the fork and herring,  
His eyes are glittering with hunger,  
And hard and salty peach is crackling  
On his firm jaws, without doubt.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, The Last Day - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

Today's - the last day I'm living  
In strange such house, alien to me,  
As all the other ones,  
where I have lived either.  
By turning pupils into palms,  
The coolness of the day is shining as a heat.  
In beautiness of earth there is perfection.  
The paper's white. I know that I should  
Enjoy felicity in hour of pleasure,  
But mute is soul in the sullen mood.

1965

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, The New Notebook - Translation (Rus.)

The new notebook  
by Bella Akhmadullina

I'm confused and timid before paper,  
The new and clear paper, as a pilgrim  
Is staying before temple.  
As the admirer skilful dropp his eyes when see  
The fresh and fair face of a maiden.  
As if a schoolboy, I'm nursering with greed,  
Then torturing all it and staining  
With my another plan,  
Another great idea. When  
The clear writing lesson finished,  
I turn the page, which crippled was by me  
With my excessive handwriting ashamed.  
So into depth of notebook sink,  
As in the wood wild, I'll disappear,  
And reckless and alone keep  
My shining penalty, my wreath.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, Twilight - Translation (Rus.)

Twilight

by Bella Akhmadulina

There is a freedom blissful in a twilight  
From the marked ciphers of a century, of year, day.  
When? - that's not important. Here's the entrance, rather,  
Into the depth of park, into the fires' flash.

Not in a moisture, satiating flower,  
Nor in the trees, full with a feel of love,  
There's no any proof of such a century,  
Take other one - and live another time.

With a mistake of eye, with error of my spirit  
I'm taken back into the alleys old  
And stroll them through. An old woman oncoming,  
As if she recognized, looks strangely on.

At noon this place is deserted and empty,  
In twilight I can see all wit my eyes:  
A house, where a happy family  
Irrelevantly and with passion loves,

Where any time a guest is waited for a feast -  
To fuss, to redden and to kiss the hands,  
Where I was beckoned with a hand to it,  
Where never I could be a real guest.

But if there the force to the careless voices  
Is given to be silence of sky, waters, -  
What fingers babble over the keys of piano? -  
What laces are to the grief cicle going?

How did I get their charity of welcome,  
That slow, settled by the people, waltz,  
The old dance, the old and strange token  
Of alien melancholy, of love alien also?

It's possible for my mind and for my ear

To keep a play, where a river acts,  
And then an old woman, empty field,  
A village with the three blind lights.

There my soul's smile inarticulate are roaming  
In state of all-forgetting, so far,  
In that land native which's strange, vital error  
Will give me foreign land of language and of ground.

But, scared by the darkness, my mind  
Gets soberness, but races, wants to know  
The clear drawing of the living stuff,  
My age, my hour, my table, bed and home.

Yet, straying in the vortex, full of dew,  
I hear the wild language (maybe curse?) ,  
Of the transistorized receiver anew,  
Clutched in the fists, uncompromising claws.

1966

Lyudmila Purgina

## dulina, Tzarevna-Nesmeyana - Translation (Rus.)

So I'm sitting - the Tzarevna-nesmeyana,  
And eating the apples, quite bitter, though.  
- Tzarevna! Open the door, we are many...! -  
The passers-by are shouting outdoors.

They look at me with blue eyes, and in crowd  
To my room in my tower are coming.  
They say: 'Hello! ', with a low bowing,  
And say 'Tzarevich' - with each other vying.

They stand and boast with their richness,  
They pass by, ringing the silver-gold.  
But no one causes a smile, even  
With their wealth, or their boasting.

Oh, how the tzareviches are tensed with  
The efforts to say word, which will be right!  
But do they know, how I'm considered?  
The fool of fools, the wisest of the wise!

They cry: 'What's the inner oath  
That you had sworn, being with us so stern?  
I say: 'Tzareviches, sit down.  
Please, stand awhile nearby the doors.

'Why have you put the new caftans now?  
Why have you put on the new caps on head? ...  
The last week, or the last week smiling,  
I was so smiling, you can't fancy that.

He entered palace, low for him rather,  
He is a tatar, in the Russia living,  
And I cried him: ' Oh, welcome, lovely!  
Please, drink a wine and take a bread for eating! '

'But who was he? A rich man? Or a poor man?  
What country does he live? ' I had a smile then.  
'Of no difference his status, whether  
He is a rich, a poor, pale or red,

I can't recall him in this way.

And no one could even change him,  
His nature of a traitor and playboy.  
No one could measure his fault, guilt his.  
Nothing had happened, damn and hell to all.

Lyudmila Purgina



# dulina, Volcanoes - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

The extinct volcanoes are still,  
The ash is falling to the bottom,  
The giants there after evil  
Are resting quietly, and colder,  
And colder turns their land,  
Too hard for their giant shoulders;  
But all the same the dreams culpable  
Are coming in the night to pain.  
They dream about the city doomed,  
The city, unaware of the fate,  
And the basalt, turned to columns,  
Which borders gardens as a frame.  
In gardens here the girls in piles  
Are grabbing flowers in bloom,  
And the Bacchants give the love signs  
To men, who are swilling wine  
The feast is going and going  
To highest level, foolish, gay,  
O, daughter mine, dear Pompea,  
You are the child of tzar and slave!  
Being captived by the luck, what you  
Had thought, about whom?  
When you had propped up to Vezuvius  
By your thin arms, in brave such mood?  
When you had listened with delight,  
And widened pupils of your eyes?  
That's for to bear his hard love,  
Which bursts in thunder in the night.  
And he, with brows so wise,  
Towards the evening time, prostrated  
To your died legs, and loud cried:  
'Forgive me, dear! Farewell! '

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, You Say... - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

You say: it's no need to weep.  
Oh, may be so. So indeed  
That's needless crying, but to swim  
In so cold, cold stream.  
To overcome the night dim water,  
Which passes by the hand in swimming,  
And thus to get a freedom portion  
Of other bank of rapid river.  
That's why I was so sweetly sighing  
In the Siberia fair land,  
Where the plants, being weak and trustful  
Inclined to me so permanent.  
How could I then express the image,  
What was with me in such a clue?  
The things in memory are glimmering  
All tinted by the colour blue.  
The Baikal's mystic vortex pool,  
Where in slow water deep  
The sparkling omul's drifting school  
Shows their scales glittering.  
And those houses and log-huts,  
Which are well seen on Baikal's shores,  
And wild lilies, bright coloured,  
Which drooped their heads the moment over.  
And sudden and amazing miracle:  
The white-striped animals - chipmunks  
Were staring at me so sensitive  
With their pupils of the eyes.  
So executed, luring even  
Was deepness of the river light.  
The crystal-clear Kizir-river  
Has scorched with cold as a fire.  
And overturned was then the slyness  
Of my words, and of all your words,  
Which were like medicine prescribing  
For us with herbal healing brought.  
I recollect anew the views

Within the earth and fields of rye,  
And I could say that in this news  
There was no any gram of lie.

Lyudmila Purgina

# dulina, Your House - Translation (Rus.)

By Bella Akhmadulina

Your house, all without feeling of misfortune,  
Has met me and has smacked me on my cheek.  
As if a fish out from water,  
Behind the glass looked a tea service.  
A dog has leaped out to me,  
As small jackdaw, and yelling,  
Defenseless burs, all with thorn's heap,  
Were sitting there on the window.  
From all the suffers of the world  
I was the delegate, though frozen,  
The house looked at me, it was  
So kind and delicate, consoling.  
It had not drawn any shame on head,  
It was like being frank, not lying.  
He swore to me, he never had  
Seen a woman ever either.  
He said: - I'm empty, void.  
I said: - It's there, there...  
He said: - Then let. Let go.  
Let enter and forget forever.  
Oh, how at first I was afraid  
To find a handkerchief, a sign,  
But house reiterated that  
Words and all things shuffled.  
He swept her traces, and completely,  
He was so perfect in a sham,  
That here never falled a tear,  
No any elbow leaned at.  
As if the thorough surf had washed  
All imprints of her shoes entirely,  
The empty plate, a button 'f glove,  
All presence of her being.  
They all agreed: the dog forgot  
With whom he'd played, the nail  
So small was unaware also,  
Who fastened him, and answered vague.  
So were the mirrors hollow all,

As if the snow falled, then melted,  
No any flower could recall,  
Who in a cut glass placed them...  
Oh, th' alien house! Lovely house!  
Farewell! I ask you only a little:  
Don't be so kind. Don't be so kind.  
Don't comfort me with your deceit grim.

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Here The Sky Was Absent.. - Translation (Rus.)

By Black Fox

Here the sky was absent. I thought - that would pass...  
I went to home, in a year - I returned.  
But air had become so heavy, water kind.  
Is this the very place I need to go?

The house absent was, too; there the air  
The heavy air followed me, step by step,  
Though not coming nearer, and scared  
It flew out, it all had gone to end.

Then, as a fish, I opened my mouth,  
And breathed through the gills I ran the oxygen,  
And made myself to water worth...  
And sky was absent henceforth. Nowhere.

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Russian variant

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Point, Point, Comma... - Translation (Rus.)

By Black Fox

Point, point and comma

All - from point to comma - he is  
Only mine, only mine in a whole!  
Look, how good he is!  
I'll take it today at my home!  
Let's with me for some time he lives,  
I shan't leave him on this empty wall.

Perhaps, I'll become his wife, really:  
Such a plenty of happiness - to me only! ..  
No, not only for me, nor such happiness...  
He will go from me - to the other girl!  
Because he is so thoroughly drawn.  
He is real from that time at all!

He, at once, will put on his new coat,  
He will tell me at leaving, that he  
Does belong not to anyone longer,  
He's a lone one creature, indeed,  
Light was not concentrated on him...  
But, of course, light escaped thus from me...

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Lyudmila Purgina

# hava, A Prayer - Song - Translation (Rus.)

By Bulat Okudzhava

1st variant

Untill the globe is circling,  
Untill light's bright, as it said,  
My God, please, give for everybody  
Anything he doesn't have:  
To clever man you should give a head,  
To a coward one - give a horse,  
Money - for those, who are happy,  
And don't forget of my turn.

Untill the globe is turning,  
My mighty God, please, give indeed  
To man, who is longing for power,  
Power such as he needs.  
Let's give a respite for a generous man  
Up to the day's end, and more,  
Give a repentance for Kain bad,  
And don't forget of my turn.

I know you as the all-mighty,  
I trust in the wisdom your's,  
As the killed on war soldier  
For a paradise longs!  
As the everyone's ear  
Believes in your quiet speech,  
As we believe in our innerself,  
Without knowledge of real.

Oh my God, with green eyes my Governer!  
While the earth's turning, strange  
Is for it this turnover,  
While it's full of the flame,  
Full of time and of fire will,  
Please, give for us everyone all  
A little piece of of the every thing,  
And don't forget of my turn.



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## 2nd variant

While the Earth is rounding, while the light is a glare,  
God, please, give for everyone all things, that they don't have.  
To a wise man, please, give a wise head, to a coward - give a steed,  
To a happy man - give a gold sack... And don't forget 'bout me...

While earth is silently rounding, God, all power Thine! ,  
Let those, who like the power, to satiate rule in their life,  
Let's give to a lavish man - breathing-space to day's end, to coming evening,  
Let give to Cain - the repentence... And don't forget 'bout me...

I know: You are so mighty, I believe in Your wit,  
As soldier killed trusts in Paradise, which somewhere is fated to him,  
As any a silent ear believes in Your silent speech,  
As all we believe, but without mind about all our deeds!

God, oh my God, with green eyes, while the Earth's turning well,  
Though It self is in doubt, how It exists in that dwell,  
While it is enough time for fire and time is not over still,  
Let's give a little for everyone... And don't forget 'bout me.

1963

Lyudmila Purgina

# hava, A Vine Seed... - Song- Translation(Rus.)

The Georgian Song  
by Bulat Okudzhava

A vine seed I shall sow in soil, so warm and so greeting once,  
And shall kiss a vine rod, then a bunch of ripe grapes I shall pick;  
And I'll call my good friends to the feast with the heart, tuned to warmth of my  
inner love.  
Otherwise, why on this the eternal earth now I live?

Please, come here, my guests, all of you, for the food and the meal today,  
And what I am for you, face to face, please, tell frankly to me.  
And my Father in Heaven will absolve my sins and my faults this way.  
Otherwise, why on this the eternal earth now I live?

In dark-red gown will sing to me dear Daly her song for long,  
In white-black suit I'll bend my head low while listening this,  
And from such a nice song I'll die with a love and, of course, with a sorrow.  
Otherwise, why on this the eternal earth now I live?

When the sunset puffs up colours red to the corners and plays with them  
Let at my eyes see in front only such a great scene,  
Where the blue buffalo goes free, the white eagle, a gold trout, as well...  
Otherwise, why on this the eternal earth now I live?

Lyudmila Purgina

# hava, Good-Buy, Boys - Song - Translation (Rus.)

Good-buy, boys  
By Bulat Okudzhava

Ah, that war... What you did, dastard though:  
All our court-yards became so silent.  
Our boys raised their heads, in one moment  
They grew older without a smile.

They flashed quickly on threshold, in row  
They were leaving: a soldier to soldier...  
Good buy, boys! Boys, I just call -  
Be so careful to return, dear...

Don't hide, be brave, high in your motion,  
Don't grudge a bullet or grenade there,  
Don't spare yourself, but although  
Be so careful to return, dear.

Ah, this war... What you did, dastard so:  
There is parting instead of a wedding ring.  
Our girls their white dresses now  
All presented for the junior kids.

Boots? - How could you escape from them?  
And the wings of the green shoulder straps...  
Don't care of gossips, as ever,  
We are able to win all the bad.

Let they chatter of lack of faith so,  
Let they say, that you guess on the bad...  
Good buy, girls! Girls, I just call -  
Be so careful to return back...

Lyudmila Purgina

# hava, Let's Smile And Exclaim - Song- Translation(Rus.)

Let's smile and exclaim...

by Bulat Okudzhava

Let's smile and exclaim, admire of each other,  
The high words of the play we shouldn't scare, either.  
Let's tell the compliments, and one after another -  
Because of that they are the moments of loving.

Let's fall in grief and cry without any scare,  
Together or alone, or in the alternation.  
You shouldn't pay a sense to gossips and backbiting -  
Because of grief itself is close to love charming.

Let's understand each one by half a word, and rather,  
When we mistaken both, not to mistake the next time.

Let's live all our life, indulging to each other,  
Because it is so short, you couldn't live another...

1975

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The popular russian song

Lyudmila Purgina

## **hava, My Majesty.... - Song- Translation(Rus.)**

Oh, my dear Majesty, Mistress of departing.  
We are so long with you,  
That's of no doubt.  
Don't tear a letter from the envelope...  
I'm not lucky dying, but have luck in love.

Oh my dear Majesty, Mistress of the strange land.  
You embraced so hotly,  
But without love sense.  
In your silky nets, though, don't call me now.  
I'm not lucky dying, but have luck in love.

Oh my dear Majesty, Mistress of good fortune.  
One you like, the other - not, and without right choice.  
Nine grams to my heart, though, don't call one time...  
I'm not lucky in dying, but have luck in love.

Oh my dear Majesty, Mistress of the triumph.  
I feel in this time, that song is not finished ever!  
Don't swear, devils, on my blood tonight.  
I'm not lucky in dying, but have luck in love.

1967

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The hit of russian songs  
from the film 'The white sun of the desert'

Lyudmila Purgina

# hava, The Night Conversation - Song- Transl.(Rus.)

The night conversation  
by Bulat Okudzhava

My horse is getting tired,  
my shoes are worn out this time.  
What place could I ride? Could you say to me? Would you be kind?  
-Along the Red River you must go, dear. Along the Red River.  
And to the Blue Hill so far, to the Blue Hill, my dear.

- And how I could get to it? My horse is now tired.  
Please, tell me the way how I can get right to the hill?  
- To bright light you ought to direct your way, dear, to light.  
Take way to the bright light, and there successive will be.  
- But where's the light, I can't see it for sure in front?  
I now for hundred of years am propping the skies  
- The lamplighter was to swich on it untill comes the night,  
Perhaps, he is sleeping, my dear... But how could I...

Again he is going out of way in the dark.  
And where he goes, the night had come close to eyes! ..  
- What have you lost, dear? - I cry to him, looking on way.  
He answers:  
- If I could tell, I donna know by self.

Lyudmila Purgina

## hava, To Earthly Passions... - Translation(Rus.)

To earthly passions still devoted,  
I know the truth - one day I'll see,  
How from dark to light will go  
Black Angel, crying: vain all be.  
But naive and timid, simple- minded,  
And beautiful, like a blessing piece,  
White Angel follows him, denying:  
The hope exists, only believe.

Lyudmila Purgina

# hava, Untill The Globe Is.. - Song- Translation(Rus.)

the Francois Villon's Prayer  
by Bulat Okudzhava

Untill the globe is circling,  
Untill light's bright, as it said,  
My God, please, give for everybody  
Anything he doesn't have:  
To clever man you should give a head,  
To a coward one - give a horse,  
Money - for those, who are happy,  
And don't forget of my turn.

Untill the globe is turning,  
My mighty God, please, give indeed  
To man, who is longing for power,  
Power such as he needs.  
Let's give a respite for a generous man  
Up to the day's end, and more,  
Give a repentance for Kain bad,  
And don't forget of my turn.

I know you as the all-mighty,  
I trust in the wisdom your's,  
As the killed on war soldier  
For a paradise longs!  
As the everyone's ear  
Believes in your quiet speech,  
As we believe in our innerself,  
Without knowledge of real.

Oh my God, with green eyes my Governer!  
While the earth's turning, strange  
Is for it this turnover,  
While it's full of the flame,  
Full of time and of fire will,  
Please, give for us everyone all  
A little piece of of the every thing,  
And don't forget of my turn.





# hava, We Must Win Beyond... - Song- Translation (Rus.)

By Bulat Okudzhava (both words and music)

1. The birds stop singing here,  
The trees stop growing here.  
But shoulders together we  
Are grown into leas.  
The planet's burning  
And rotating,  
And Motherland is smoked through.  
And, that's why, we must win  
Beyond expenses.  
We need the victory,  
And one for all us, true.  
We need the victory,  
And one for all us, true.

R: We are sentenced to the fire,  
But death the power lost.  
Aside the doubts - to the night passed  
The tenth our landing batallion.

2. And when the fire's gone,  
Another order's heard.  
A postman will then crazy turn,  
When tries to find us all.  
The rocket red raises up to heaven,  
The mashin gun is shooting, too.  
And, that's why, we must win  
Beyond expences.  
We need the victory,  
And one for all us, true.

R.

3. From Kursk and to Orel  
(\* Kursk and Orel are the names of russian towns,  
where were the great battles in the second world war)

The war had lead us all,  
Up to the foe's gates we've got,  
Such is the now moment.  
My brother, one day we'll remember,  
And shouldn't believe in this anew...  
But now we must win  
Beyond expenses.  
We need the victory,  
And one for all us, true.  
We need the victory,  
And one for all us, true.

R.

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The song to film 'The Byelorussian railway station'

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# **hava. Cavaliergard May Have A Short Life..-The Song- Transl (Rus.)**

&lt;/&gt;by Bulat Okudzhava  
from the film 'The star of fascinating happiness'

Cavaliergard may have a short life,  
But thus the sweeter for him.  
The curtains opened, the trumpets  
Call to the sabre's battle ring.  
While the commander is in saddle,  
There's the anxiety in mind.  
Don't promise to a fair lady  
The everlasting love tonight.  
And vainly you would last your fun's smile  
In try to find the love on earth.  
You can't get glory, and reliable,  
Without red-blood awful pour.  
And though delights in world are ready,  
There's the anxiety in mind.  
Don't promise to a fair lady  
The everlasting love tonight.  
The champagne is abundant flowing,  
The eyes are squinted as by haze.  
And every thing seems to be known,  
And every thing is worth to praise.  
But there's the cross from wood or metal,  
Which you do see in future, right?  
Don't promise to a fair lady  
The everlasting love tonight.

-

The russian variant look please on

-

Also there is one another translation  
by Eugenia Sarkisnants



## nak, It's February. To Get An Ink...- Translation (Rus.)

It's february. To get an ink - and cry!  
To write about february through tears,  
While rumbling slush is going fired  
In season of the spring.

To get a coach. For six grivnas,  
Through Annunciation, through wheel's squeal  
To move to place, where it is  
Raining more bustlier than ink or tears.

Where, as the pears charred,  
From the trees - the thousands of rooks  
Will fall to puddles and bring down  
The dry sadness to the bottom of looks.

And under it the thawed patches blacken  
And wind is scooped by yells and screams.  
And unexpected would be better  
To make the verses through hard tears.

1912

Lyudmila Purgina

# nak, Winter Night - Translation (Rus.)

By Boris Pasternak

Winter Night

A blizzard swept throughout land  
Without limits.  
A candle was burning on a table,  
A candle has lit it.

As midges in the summer time  
Fly to the fire,  
The snowflakes'd piled outside  
The window's frame by.

The blizzard moulded on pane  
The arrows, circles.  
The candle was burning on a table,  
The candle was burning.

On ceiling lightened there falled  
The shadows breaking.  
The cross of hands, and legs all crossed,  
The cross of destiny.

Two boots had falled there on floor,  
With a loud sound.  
And wax was dripping all the drops  
On fallen gown.

All's lost in snowstorm that day,  
Grey, white in colour.  
The candle was burning on the table,  
The candle was burning.

The wind was blowing on it  
From corner tangle,  
And the temptation inner heat  
Had flied as angel.

The blizzard swept the whole day  
In february long so.  
? candle was burning on the table,  
? candle was burning.

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The famous poem

The other variant of translation look on:

Lyudmila Purgina



## rnak, All Will Put On Today... - Translation (Rus.)

All will put on today their coats  
And will touch the shoots of raindrops,  
No one will consider me, though,  
To be all drunken with weather foul.

Leaves of raspberry will become silver,  
Turning with their wrong side upwards,  
Sun is sad today, as you are feeling, -  
Sun today is like you - from the north.

All will put on today their coats,  
But we won't be losers despite.  
No one could replace that, although -  
Beverage, being blurry this time...

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

## rnak, As With The Bronze Ashes... - Translation (Rus.)

As with the bronze ashes a brazier,  
The garden is strewing bugs in dream.  
Along with me, with my bright candle,  
There hang the worlds in blossoming.

And as into the faith unprecedented  
I'm passing in that very night,  
Where a poplar-tree, so grey-decrepit,  
Has covered all the moon's light path,

Where the pond is like a secret,  
Which's opened in an apple-tree surf,  
Where the garden hangs like a building  
On piles, carrying the skies in front.

1912

Lyudmila Purgina

## rnak, Dream - Translation (Rus.)

I dreamt about autumn in half-lights  
Of glasses, crowd of fool-friends,  
And, as a falcon, taken blood from high skies,  
The heart was slowly descending in your hand.

But time was passing by, turned old,  
Doomed down, silvering the frames of mirrors,  
The dawn from garden rigidly was pouring  
Tears of September, the bloody gears.

But time was passing by, turned old.  
And friable, as ice, the silk of arm-chairs melted.  
You, loud, stammered suddenly, calmed down,  
And my dream, as the bell's toll, ended.

I woke up. The dawn was dark as autumn,  
Wind there carried, hastily retreating,  
As rain carries the water thin straws  
After a cart, the birch's flying ridges.

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

## rnak, Even If The Hearts Are Mixed... - Translation (Rus.)

Even if the hearts are mixed together,  
I'll never be your boundary then,  
From you recoiling, as a night meadow  
Runs far away from the house threshold.  
Oh, such a horror - walk as woman!  
The sense of that procession's known  
By the transformed in its dark way -  
Light melody of Earth, last tone...

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The other translation is  
by Evgeniya Sarkisyants

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, Hamlet - Translation (Rus.)

Hamlet by Boris Pasternak

The boom has gone. I've stepped onto the scene.  
Inclined to door-post, clear I could feel  
The distant sound of my future life.

The dark of night is staring perplexing  
With thousands of glasses in one axis.  
Oh please my Lord, release me of this cup.

I like idea being so stubborn,  
And surely I'm ready it to play.  
But on the stage today is other drama,  
And please, dismiss me of the naughty play.

The rules of Being distinctly established  
Till to the end of way you had fulfilled.  
And I'm alone on Pharisee's planet,  
Life is not simple walk across the field.

===

Boris Pasternak was the famous translator of 'Hamlet' by Shakespeare into Russian, this poem is reflecting his attitude to this drama

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, I Grew Up, Was As Ganimed... - Translation (Rus.)

By Boris Pasternak

I grew up. Was as Ganimed  
Carried away by foul weather, dreams.  
As wings the troubles widely raised  
And tore me out of the fields.

I grew up. And the woven twilights  
As veil had covered me all over.  
With a parting wish in winy glasses,  
With a ring of goblet melancholical.

I grew up, and here the heat of forearms  
Was cooled by the embraces of the eagle.  
The days are far, when as a forerunner,  
My love, you floated above me.

But aren't we in just the same skies?  
The pleasure of the height is real,  
That, as a self-requemized swan, high  
Shoulder to shoulder you are with eagle.

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, In All I Wish To Find... - Translation (Rus.)

By Boris Pasternak

In all I wish to find the inner core -  
In labour, courses of my way,  
In heart's confuse.  
In essence of the passing days,  
In their reasons,  
In their foundation, their roots,  
Their beginning.  
By grasping at the time their thread  
Of the events and destinies,  
To live, to think, to feel, to love, then  
To do inventions.  
Oh, if I could in some small parts  
Reveal the passion quality,  
I would have written in eight lines  
The amazing stories  
About it, about lawlessness,  
About sins, about the races,  
Abouts the percuits and unintentionions  
Occasionally, about elbows,  
About the palm's graces.  
I'd like then to deduce her law,  
Her real sources,  
And then repeat her names and more  
Initials indorsed there.  
I'd like to make there gardens smart  
With trembling,  
Where lindens bloom so abundant  
In rows, in the napes...  
In verses mine I'd like to bring  
The breath of roses,  
The breath of mint,  
The meadows, the canes,  
The haymaking,  
The thunderstorms...  
Thus in some time  
Chopin had laid  
The living miracle

Into the vollvarks, parks, groves, graves  
In his etudes.  
The play of triumph reached,  
And torments,  
As a bowstring,  
Hard pulled...

===

The famous poem about the aspiration to perfection in life

Lyudmila Purgina



## rnak, Rising From A Booming Rhombus... - Translation (Rus.)

Rising from a booming rhombus  
Of the pre-dawn squares,  
My tune is sealed up with a stopper  
Of the unending rains.

Don't seek under that clear sky for me  
Among the mob of the chilly partners, friends.  
I'm wet 'to a thread' from intuition,  
North's from the childhood my bed.

And he's in dark, he's all - the image  
Of lips, downweighted by a strain,  
From a threshold he looks sullenly,  
As night, he's hard that to explain.

I'm feared with that person utterly,  
But he is only one, aware of the thing,  
Why, someone named, - was taken by him on hire,  
Once, somewhere... And it is me...

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, The Chance - Translation (Rus.)

The chance

By Boris Pasternak

In ten o'clock, along the left side, while going from Strastnoi [boulevard] -  
On the wet facades there're no any signboard.  
The honoured enterprises - but the street (from dream having gone out!) -  
The screens were carried away, considered to be clogs.

The drapers, 'C.?' - the sons of the drapers  
(The window leafs are closed tightly, the clerks are absent) .  
The Tverskaya street is sleeping deep, only the end  
Of its dream is put out as a hand.

And to that hand the Pushkin's monument is bending his lips -  
And that's the case for forthcoming duel,  
When somebody from new [boys] sends her an air kiss,  
Lightly waving with a blizzard.

Firstly, he remembers the beginning of the immortality moment  
Just after the duel, on returning home.  
It's hard to wean this out. Secondly, thirdly  
She's from Goncharov's family, their friend joint.

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, The Feasts - Translation (Rus.)

The feasts

By Boris Pasternak

I drink the bitterness of tuberose, of the autumn skies, as well,  
And your betrayals' burning jet - in them,  
I drink the bitterness of evenings, nights, of the meetings' rave,  
And bitterness of the crying moist strophe's dwell.

The studio offsprings, we neglect the soberness.  
We fight with all the stable payment, life-piece.  
The anxious wind of nights - with a cupbearer of wassails,  
Of hopes, which are hardly to be incarnated in.

Heredity and death - are guests on our feasts.  
When in a silent dawn - the tops of trees are burning -  
In a rusk-cup, as a mouse, delves the anapest,  
And Cinderella, hasting, changes her gown.

The floors are broomed, on the tablecloth - no crumble.  
As a child's kiss - the verse breathes easily,  
And Cinderella runs - in days of luck on a brougham,  
But when the last coin passed - on her two feet.

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, The Railway Station - Translation (Rus.)

The railway station  
by Boris Pasternak

The station is the box incombustible  
Of my partings, meetings and partings,  
And my tested friend and the leader mine,  
If I begin - merits're uncountable.

As common, my life was - in my scarf,  
When a train was ready to boarding,  
And puffed at us the Harpy's muzzles  
With their grey and thick steam cover.

As common, if I sat you nearby -  
And lid! - As I nestled, so out!  
Farewell, my joy, darling! It's right time!  
I shall now jump, the conductor!

As common, west was once drawn back  
In the sleepers' and weather manouevres,  
Beginning to snatch with the snowflakes,  
In order you'd not fall into buffers.

And faded away the next whistle,  
From distance the other one echoed,  
And train, like a multi-humped blizzard,  
Is sweeping out the platforms.

And that time the twilights are boiled,  
And that time the fields and the wind  
Are getting away after smoke, -  
Oh, how I'd like there to wheel!

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, The Yard - Translation (Rus.)

The yard

By Boris Pasternak

The finely scribbled with a hoar-frost yard!  
You - as the sentence to exile  
To insufficient food, sleep, plant,  
Drink and the pain in nape, in particular.

Thickly scattered by the shrunken leaves,  
With salt of a cooler, low-beetled!  
Look, there blacken the stiches of skids  
And the frozen abscess of pavement's out-picked.

Yard, have you noticed? Yesterday it turned  
To go rape, today - passed through autopsy,  
The wind wafts fell from the October's pawns,  
And buried theirselves in the mane of horses.

Yard! This wind, as a coachman during frost,  
Dashes forward, up to brows smeared  
With a squeak of way, as well as to rack, in-grown  
To the precipices of the booming suburbs and mills.

The hands - opened, the hooks - to back,  
The figure - is distended with the khazakin's (\* kaftan) cloud,  
And the shout, the whistle, 'Beware! ', 'Set back! ' -  
Yard! This frosty wind - as a coachmen, rather.

Yard! This wind seems to be a relative to me  
With its ability from all around - to stick  
To wall with such a bulletin:  
'People, they love and for a work they seek!

People, there's the anger higher, than mine!  
There even I bend my knees down.  
People - numerous as a sea in Laplandia,  
And as an ice bristles their going.

Strong to the darkness with a burning of fire!

Strong to the cold with a shoot of logs!  
Their cold in books - colder than mine one,  
Their revelation - darker than my thought.

With a bribe winter levies, as a baskak (\* - the turkish taxman in old Russia) ,  
The windows and stoves, but cold - in their books -  
The khan's ukase (\* - decree) on the waxen bricks about  
The imposing of a winter yoke land through.

Let's protect from the blizzard in poems - with a fur-coat,  
From skies - with a candle, and all those three-hilled -  
From the breath of hopes, loaded occasionally  
Onto the disobedient mob by him.'

1916,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, There'll Be No One At Home...- Transl. (Rus.)

By Boris Pasternak

There'll be no one at home...  
Only twilight... And alone  
The winter day in window's hole  
With the curtains opened all.  
Only flashes of wet snow,  
Quickly moving as white moss...  
Only roofs and only snow,  
And besides that no one more...  
And again there'll be a hoarfrost,  
And again it'll twirl me fast  
With the former year's sorrow,  
With affairs of the past.  
And again they'll pick me bitterly  
With my fault and hitherto...  
And a window will be squeezed there  
With a grid of hungry wood.  
Suddenly along the portiere  
There'll run shivering of mind -  
And a silence would be measured  
By your steps of future life...  
You will enter door in a white gown  
And without complex cut,  
In that simple dress's matter,  
From which snowflakes are done.

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, To Be Such Famous... - Translation (Rus.)

By Boris Pasternak

To be such famous - rather bad,  
Not glory is the way to heaven.  
And there's no need to store on shelves  
The piles of manuscripts forever.

The goal of creation is to bring  
Outside the core of inner self,  
But not the vanity in order to receive  
The sensation, which is just the shame.

You should not live as a mere pretender,  
You should live, having the dream, at least,  
To gain the love of space, to hear  
The call of future times as bliss.

And you should have some blank places  
In row of your common destiny,  
But not in your white and blank papers,  
In which you write the chapters cheerly.

And you should merge into unknown,  
To hide your steps in an alien land,  
As in the haze no one could follow  
His road to some place, to goal.

Others will go along the hard routes,  
Along the steps, and one by one.  
But will it be a defeat or a triumph -  
You shouldn't pay attention once.

Your real face will be your victory,  
In every part, in every grain.  
And you should live, and be the living,  
The living creature till the end.

Lyudmila Purgina



# Pasternak, Today At Morning... - Translation (Rus.)

By Boris Pasternak

Today at morning they will rise up,  
Who were the children yesterday.  
With swords of new calls there will be tied  
The curve of hiplines, strictly set.

As soon as a tatar's cry resounds  
Over the courtyard far as well, -  
They'll glance behind the mileage known  
Of way, familiar to them.

They'll recognize that orphan's rainfall,  
That bluish and dove-coloured rain,  
And that horizon of the town  
With theatres and posts, and shambles.

Where all the signs are stamps of a man's foot,  
Which is forwards turned, no way to back.  
They'll hear: that's the start, the clear clue,  
Example given - they're the next.

And both are now obliged to go  
Along that way in a whole ever,  
As if with rasp, with the blue oils,  
As if across the ford together.

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

## rnak, 'Today We Shall Fulfil...' - Translation (Rus.)

'Today we shall fulfil his melancholy', -  
May be such were the words of Meetings,  
Such was the shop's twilight. And such was  
The window with an azaleas' confused dream.

Such was the entrance. Such the friends were.  
Such was the number of the house fatal,  
When underneath was standing I and Sorrow,  
The two participants of such a campaign.

And there a strange vanguard was formed,  
In rear there was life. The courts were filthy sinking.  
The spring was judged for break-in. All were visiting  
The vespers, March has caught the church porches.

And the economic sectors grew roofs higher,  
More profitable one by one, the houses grown  
Their gangways before us lowered down.

1911,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

# rnak, Venice - Translation (Rus.)

Venice

by Boris Pasternak

I was awoken in the morning  
By a window glass's snap.  
As a stone bread-ring, soaked,  
Venice in water swam.

All was quiet, but I seem though  
To have heard a cry in my dream,  
It troubled the skies as a hushed stroke  
High there in zenith.

It hanged as a trident of the Scorpio  
Over the smooth of mandolines,  
And may be it was a woman's howl,  
Being insulted somewhere distantly.

Now it calmed down, as a black fork  
It stuck out to heft in darkness.  
The great channel, grinning, looked over  
His shoulder back as a runner.

There, as hungry, waves resisted,  
But went forth in dreary boredom,  
The gondolas cutted the ties, grinding  
Their hatchets over the landing dock.

There behind the boat's parking  
From residues of dream - reality was rising.  
Venice as a venice girl was jumping  
To the sea waters from embankments.

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

## rnak, When Poets Behind The Lyre's Labirinth... - Translation (Rus.)

When poets behind the Lyre's labirinth  
Will stare their eyes:  
Then to the left there'll be river Ind,  
To right side - will flow Euphrat.

Between them up to this and that  
With the simplicity yet shocking  
Edem, which's known by the legend  
Will rise up high in the boles' order.

It will rise over the newcomer,  
Will rustle: 'You're - my son! '  
And with hysteric face conjunction  
I'll feel, as one of trunk.

I'm - light. With that base - I'm famous.  
With that I'm able to throw shadow.  
I'm - life of Earth, its zenith ever,  
And day, as a beginning point.

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

## rnak, Winter - 2 Variants Of Translation (Rus.)

I'm pressing my cheek to the whirl  
Of winter, as a snail curled.  
'Take your place, who's opposite - aside go! '  
Noises-rustles, thunder of roar.

'You say - in 'the sea is waving'? Into a tale,  
Frizzling in a plait.  
Where they would take their turn, unprepared?  
So - into the life? So - into the tale

About the unexpected end? About a fun, a laugh,  
A hubbub, a running about and over?  
You say - the sea is really waving and gets quiet  
Without any notion of the moment? '

Is it a buzz of a shell?  
The gossips of the rooms-the quiet-sites?  
Is it a fire rattling with a door of an oven,  
With his shadow quarreling, right?

And there're the gazes of the air-vents going up  
And looking around - then go crying.  
With a black click of the coaches in a cloud  
There a dashing horseman's riding.

And there the unweeded snowdrifts  
Crawl onto the window pedestal.  
Say, having a little glass of vitriol,  
Nothing there were and exists, ever all.

1913,1928

- -

Winter  
by Boris Pasternak

I'm pressing my cheek to a crator

Of the scrolled, as a snail, winter.  
'Take your places, who don't wish - aside go! '  
The crash and clatter, thunder of vanity.

'So 'in sea there's the waving'? - To narrate this,  
As a story, curling as a tight plait,  
Where they enter the scene without preparing?  
So - to life? So - insert that to a tale,

Where's the end of an accident? Elsemore  
All about the laughter and hubbub?  
So - ain't the sea is suddenly roaring  
And calms down, besides the day's mark? '

Isn't that a buzz of a mere shell,  
Or the gossips of the meek rooms?  
Or it may be the quarrel with a shadow  
Of fire, who shakes the stove door?

All the sighs of the outlets rise up  
And look around - then into tears burst.  
Cut with a black snort of coaches, far there  
A reckless driver in a white cloud is galloping.

And the unweeded snowdrifts are creeping  
Over the window's parapet.  
Behind the glasses of a cuprum vitriol  
Nothing and nothing is seen, as yet.

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

## rnak, Winter Night - Translation (Rus.)

Nobody can repair day with a luminary's effort,  
Shadows can't lift up the Immersion covers.  
Earth is in the winter force all over,  
Smoke can't make straight the bended houses.

The buns of lanterns and pies of roofs,  
With a black colour over the white in snow -  
The cant of penthouse: it's a manor house,  
I'm - the gouverneur in it, alone,

I've sent my pupil to sleep. I'm waiting nobody.  
But the portiere - is closed tightly. The trottoir  
Is all in knobs, the porch - is full of snow.  
Memory - don't bristle! Accrete with me totally.

Believe in and assure me, that we are - one form.  
Again you're about her? I'm not thrilled.  
Who'd opened her a time? Showed her a slot?  
That shock - was the origin. To other things,

By her grace, I'm not tied now. The trottoir - in waves,  
Between the snow flexures - the frozen bottles  
Of the naked, black ice-floes. The puns of lanterns,  
On the chimney, as an owl in furs - the offish smoke.

1913,1928

Lyudmila Purgina

# Between The Lines

And there's the void - between the lines...  
Between the words of verse...  
There - the invisible line,  
Where the thought had pushed with their foreheads -  
The Idea and the Creation  
In the Reality.  
Idea, with passing-by time,  
Loses some part of its attraction  
On meeting with the world fame,  
Which was created by centuries.  
And then - for long you are going, amazed:  
Where? In what space there exist the lines,  
Which keep the soul's flame?  
The momentary words,  
The letters and the void -  
Between them...

Hear! I say  
And the sounds also are carrying  
The torments of birth in the universe...

From a tiny star - into the 'I' space...  
The Universe - I am...

Lyudmila Purgina



## Could You...

Could you hear the voice of Infinity;  
Could you smell that a smell of Infinity;  
Could you see that a view of Infinity;  
Could you touch that a Real Infinity;  
Could you breathe that an air of Infinity;  
Could you hear, smell, see, touch, breathe the Infinity?  
Could you dream in this world of Infinity? ...

Lyudmila Purgina

# zin, A Sweep - Translation (Rus.)

By Denis Baramzin

Here the people's speech is hardly heard,  
And hardly you can see in the nettle thickets  
The wattle fence oblique and the oven broken.  
At waste land there is standing a sweep,  
As an awkward giant, forlorn, bristling high,  
And underneath, in the outlined black square,  
The tired wedge of his free-heaven's brothers  
Are sliding far outside that edge of wreath.  
The sweep is groaning... His time will come  
To fly in sky to lands, from which  
No one could return back... Will be the last  
And only one fly into the bottomless  
Space of the black square... And that cry,  
The farewell of cranes will then be answered  
By the indistinct boom from the inner heart  
Of the overgrown well in the forsaken land.

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Lyudmila Purgina

# zin, By The Night Attack... - Translation (Rus.)

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-

By Denis Baramzin

By the night attack the town was defeated -  
The multilingual horde of feathered intourists  
Has rushed as a boiling flood on town streets  
And occupied all space of it.

As the motley beads of the necklace  
They bestrewed all the boughs, roofs and wires,  
Effusively the bird's carol makes merry,  
Thus driving out winter by the pipe.

The days of the dethroned queen had gone,  
With chirp and twitter the heralds of the spring  
Are circling over the deserted ice throne,  
Which is crumbling down under this onslaught  
Of the new settlers of the garrets, starling homes,  
Going to start new page of their living.

Lyudmila Purgina

# zin, Here's The People's Speech... - Translation (Rus.)

By Denis Baramzin

Here the people's speech is hardly heard,  
And hardly you can see in the nettle thickets  
The wattle fence oblique and the oven broken.  
At waste land there is standing a sweep,  
As an awkward giant, forlorn, bristling high,  
And underneath, in the outlined black square,  
The tired wedge of his free-heaven's brothers  
Are sliding far outside that edge of wreath.  
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Lyudmila Purgina

## ova, Awaiting - Translation (Rus.)

As snow once you falled and then  
Immediately disappeared...  
But I can't stop since then to wait,  
I'm looking at the road greedily.

This winter melted snowpiles,  
And summer also stopped ringing.  
The golden quince has ripened smart  
In gardens of aul for nothing.

But I'm waiting for many years,  
And every year I wait tramp  
Of horse over the road, feeling,  
That once the bridle rings again.

And over the sea - no boat,  
No any sail in so vast plain...  
My friend now is silence, though,  
With me she's going grey-haired.

Sometimes I'm caught with a tremble all over,  
When recollect the days of youth...  
Because of when you come one moment,  
I'll fail to recognize, as truth...

- -

Lyudmila Purgina

## ryova, Do You Know...- Translation (Rus.)

Do you know, that to build is more complex, than to smash,  
In everything there could be breaks?  
It is simpler to decide, how would be better,  
Even if you would have built something -  
You should think then:  
Is it stable? Is it weak or strong, indeed?  
You only have the choice - what is lighter,  
And to put in the end - a point.  
And the heart would be beating louder,  
And your voice - deafly, though.  
And you couldn't breathe - as of a loop over your neck...

...

Well, the lighter is not the better...  
You see, that decision may be the best.

Lyudmila Purgina

# De-Light

Delight is from the De and light.  
As if delight is on the day-light.  
So when it would be in the night?  
What then will be - de-light?  
De-sire? Wish? Will? Longing? Long -  
That's for the people being thronged.  
The grey mass couldn't see the core  
Of that is in the inner soul.  
The ties, which take the person far  
To spaces, times, to other life..

Lyudmila Purgina

## Dis-...

Vinita - ' So why have i become dis-illusioned? ? ?

As it is we live in an illusion. Does dis-illusionment bring us closer to REALITY. Of course, all the answers / light is inside. But if u have not travelled that far being your own guru would be like the blind leading the blind. As osho says, be your own guru...'

--

Dis-illusion dis-covered from dis-tance,  
Dis-appointed, being dis-rupted....  
Dis-avow the discharge of dismal...  
Dis-appear to disk of dis-aster...  
And dis-count dis-proper dis-burstments,  
Dis-regard, dis-believe and dis-bind...  
You're dis-abled dis-cerning the dis-pute,  
So dis-claim, and dis-card, and dis-part...

-

\*the last word may be somewhat artificial...

That was only some practice to dis-.... :) L.

Lyudmila Purgina



# Don'T Fall From Rainbow Of Love

Don't fall from Rainbow of Love,  
Having climbed so high...  
And be careful with a colour.  
You may select - from the seven ones...

Catch! ! ! And the stories will go  
One after another...  
The beginning colour -  
Will be red as a dawn,  
Washed by the rains before the sunrise.

In orange ball the sun rises up,  
Hooking the edges of the far clouds...  
And the bright-yellow ray imponderable  
Is pouring its warmth to the ground,  
When the day is blazing around.

The woods and meadows  
Are coloured green.  
And the blue skies seem to be  
Nearer and nearer.  
And you're excited to run,  
Run from the earthly state  
To the violet flame.

What will be further?  
We are so high perched on...  
We could see here - so far! ...  
The spaciousness of the under-heaven  
Is so wonderful! ...  
But we may be rather close sitting here...

That mysterious half-rings of rainbow  
Are not made from iron! ...  
Don't sink into the ocean,  
Having fallen from the Rainbow of Love.

The eternal ocean of passion and lie...  
It ties us with the half-rings and rings,

Then gives a happiness...  
But a little...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Don'T Look...

'Don't look, ' - he said, - 'at them, don't follow...  
They have gone to the far, to horizon  
And behind their conscience... Don't  
Look at the light, which is left with a sorrow...

All, that have been - now is absent...  
It doesn't happen, doesn't last, doesn't dream...  
Only there, behind the horizon,  
The flash of sunset and a horn blows silently.  
It is calling all people now,  
Who has lived their term already...  
On this Earth, so native and sinful...

There, behind the horizon, there's a steady,  
A constant flow of the Beautitude of Non-Me...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Don'T Seek, Don'T Search...

Don't seek, don't search  
The time of future,  
That is not here for today...  
Don't seek, don't search  
The time of past,  
That is not here nowadays...  
All of them - are invisible now...  
One - is not seen, the other - the same...  
One is lost, other - not yet found...  
Only the body - has real signs...  
A new dawn - is not so hot, a pleasure  
It can't give, as in earlier youth, so on...  
The new dawn is- on a new fashion:  
The new gifts it delivers to newborn.  
The new born rays of sun,  
The eternal star:  
The new born smell, flavour  
Of the new images, bodies...  
At last -  
All the miracle of the Reality  
Will be newly born,  
But tomorrow...  
We are searching the door to invisible...  
Vainly, though...  
===

Lyudmila Purgina

# Don'T Tie Your Soul...

Don't tie your soul  
To golden ring...  
When it is stolen,  
Where will you be? ..

Don't sell your soul  
For gold and ring...  
When state is over,  
Where will you be?

Don't catch with soul  
The gilded ring...  
When glow is over  
Where will you be?

When you tie, sell or catch  
The gold,  
Then the ring  
Will ring to you -  
The soul's over  
In this world...  
For truth:  
Where will you be? ..

Lyudmila Purgina

# Don'T Touch Me

Oh, don't... Please, don't  
Touch in me  
The painful, disturbing  
Memory...  
The calls of the past...  
They were frozen all,  
In pieces of ice  
In this winter, in cold...  
They were so thoroughly cared by me,  
And cherished a lot...  
They had some of sugar,  
They had some of salt,  
And a handfull of pepper in it...  
And a dropp of my blood...  
Wraped up in an embroidered cloths  
Of my previous dreams...  
Of my secret temptation...

The moment of parting also  
Is buried in it... forever...

Oh, don't touch me!

-

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## Yunsky - Epigram - Translation (Rus.)

</></></>Epigram  
by Eugenyi Abramovich Baratynsky

How could you overcome the foolishness of a fool man?  
You can't tell him any word to the point;  
He seems more simple in his face, but then  
In ordinary life he is complex.  
With all around he is shocked,  
And everything he sees the wrong way round.  
He's loving stupidly, and more,  
He's hating stupidly, you know.

-

the Russian variant look please on

I tried to load the Russian poem, but there  
appeared only some unpredictable figures  
in the , this site can't work with  
Russian alphabet

Lyudmila Purgina

# ana, Talk To Me... - Translation (Rus.)

By Elisaveta Bagryana (bulg.)  
under russian translation by Anna Akhmatova

Talk to me, talk to me, talk-n-talk,  
I'm dropping eyelashes to hear:  
There beneath I see the mountains' smoke,  
As altars, sea and earth quite dimly.

There sunset is crimson in a fireburn,  
Here the fires, the smokes, the horror...  
Where will we meet sunrise in this morn,  
Where that way directs, do you know?

Will it be that place, where we could  
Join together, as two flames in one?  
Will it be two stars, which in one mood  
Burn together as a double-star?

- I can't see any end of the road...  
- No matter. Call me, I shall go...

- -

Lyudmila Purgina



# Yevgeny, Dissuasion - Romance- Translation (Rus.)

Dissuasion

by Evgeny Baratynsky

Oh, never mind, don't tempt me, either  
With the return of your caress,  
I'm disappointed, and rather  
Cold to the joy of old days!

Now I believe not in the oaths,  
And I believe not in great love,  
And hardly I can now devote  
Myself into the dreams, that were the only lie!

Don't multiply my melancholy,  
Don't say the words about old,  
And, dear friend, the sick man, as me,  
Is not worth to be raised from doze!

I'm sleeping, the sleepness is a sweet thing;  
Let's leave the old dreams behind:  
You'll rise the only agitation  
In my deep soul, but not sense of love.

1821

====

The beautiful lyrical romance

By Sergei Lemeshev

On wiki:

Lyudmila Purgina

# henko, And Always You Will Find... - Translation (Rus.)

By Evgeny Evtushenko

And always you will find a woman's hand,  
Which, being fresh and light,  
With pity and with love,  
You, as a brother, will alleviate.  
And always you will find a woman's shoulder,  
In which you can breathe in a passion  
And lean to it with a dissipated head,  
Entrusting your mutinous dream by that.  
And always you will find the woman's eyes,  
Which, by the damping of your inner pain,  
Or may be not entire, but the part,  
Can see your suffering that day.  
But there exists one woman's hand,  
Which is especially sweet,  
When touching your exhausted forehead,  
It's like the eternity and destiny.  
But there exists one woman's shoulder,  
Which's given once by the unknown purpose  
Not only for night, but, surely, for all time -  
You realized that long ago.  
But there exist one woman's eyes,  
Which look at you with the lasting sadness,  
And they are till the end of life -  
The eyes of your Love and your Conscience.

Lyudmila Purgina

# henko, The Destiny Of Names - Translation (Rus.)

The destiny of names  
by Evgeny Evtushenko

The destiny of names is equal in the times.  
The glory has its own tides and ebbs.  
You can't decieve the history by lie,  
She's like your mother strict and fair.

All people are so clear to her rays,  
She is all-seeing through your inner shell.  
And vainly somebody could press her scales,  
And furtively, without her attention.

Whether they wish to get there inside,  
Or try to bait her with a lie, but useless,  
At last by the intelligent force strike  
She sets the wrong to their right place.

At last she stamps the liars well,  
At last she sweeps the dams of dogmas,  
Although you shall wait for end  
For long and long, and long times.

Her High court is severe, straight,  
She spits on banal hubbub roaring,  
And she returns the honour names,  
Which worth in history be honoured.

She's honest to mankind in her opinion,  
She's competent & exacting in her power  
To clean the names from all the marble steles,  
Which are not worth to be on marble, either.

Lyudmila Purgina

## henko, The Ice - Translation (Rus.)

I could hardly distinguish you there,  
What the flood water had done this time!  
We both, parted, are silently standing  
On the different edges of ice.

Woods and houses lost their weight mass,  
Marples are swinging so pale and lean.  
Having sat there on water surface,  
Voices're moving with water so still.

The ice floes are moaning and sinking  
In the great fight. In distance I see  
You like ice floe thin, and the path piece  
Between us, taken off by the river.

1956

Lyudmila Purgina

## henko, The Straightforwardness Exists... - Translation (Rus.)

The straightforwardness  
as a curved line there exists.  
It all is crooked inside, hunchbacked.  
In front of this straightforwardness  
the life seems guiltlessly guilty.  
Life has the living picture, which is complex.

Be careful in straightening your life,  
You are not able to accept, that while this doing  
You can correct it, bend it, thus  
Thinking, that the history has a straight line between two points,  
But it may be the longest road for sometimes.

Lyudmila Purgina

## E.Isayeva, How Could I Answer... - Translation (Rus.)

How could I answer to your phrase,  
Which you have shot at me yesterday?  
'Are you able to go to the world's edge,  
If I call you and without a regret? '

How could I explain to you, my darling,  
The most understandable reason, without your frown?  
I've been there, don't smile with a grain of salt,  
I've been there, stood awhile and returned.

Lyudmila Purgina

## E.Isayeva, On Saying - Good-Bye... - Translation (Rus.)

On saying - good-bye-  
To you at morning,  
Wise, as a snake,  
I surely mark  
The wild citizens around,  
With a smile, so gay.  
I disturb them also  
With my gait,  
And with feel of spring,  
With my attempts  
To say - Pardon me! -  
When I push somebody.  
They consider that  
To be dangerous,  
Because of  
When I catch their  
Irritated looks,  
They inevitably  
Go involved  
Into that  
I'm loving you...

Lyudmila Purgina

## i, As Water From... - Translation (Rus.)

As water from a splitted sauser,  
As coloured into grey an april water -  
My land is splashed all over in rolling,  
And never I'll forget it, no more  
It will be in the previous role.

But it seems, it dreams for a moment  
(In dirty window of bus, framed by eyelashes,  
From which the gilt is trickling down...  
And there the trees are to the left

And to the right - the low fence's row,  
Where the blackness of the thawed out grass  
Is bristling out in submissive glow,  
And on a rusty wire there apart  
Is flattering an asphalt's muddy warmth) .

Conniving to the elements unknown,  
In softened soil burying compassion,  
Russia, all-world by character, for more,  
Again is giving birth for unexpected scions,

Who are so similar to me, - and thus  
They will be eager to sustain her negligence,  
As if there is lying doggo nearby,  
In smoke, in the dust of garages,  
The other one, - who was seemed, was dreamed one time...  
But never came in view to anyone...

Lyudmila Purgina



# ov, Various Bridges - Translation (Rus.)

By Evgeny Podakov

There are the small bridges,  
The tiny and the huge ones -  
Giving their shoulders to ride on.  
May be - modest, beautiful - may be,  
And may be - the humpbacked bridges, though.

They are born to work in such a hard way,  
That will make an arch even from Atlas,  
But they're mute, and silently do stay,  
Elegantly sides of earth they're tying up.

They are making closer the banks,  
And the people also, making the contacts - easier,  
And, perhaps, in future in some day -  
The whole Earth will be united, really...

-

In russian:

In bulgarian, ukrainian

Lyudmila Purgina

# Ears And Noodles

I've curled my ears into tubules  
In order that the noodles won't be hung on them...  
I'm going along the streets.... doo-bbbiii-dddoooooo...  
And feel myself younger and younger!

The noodles on ears sometimes are too hard,  
They weigh sometimes as the thousand tons.  
Tubules-ears are best in their kind  
To clean the nonsense of the world at once...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Every Grain Of Sand

Every grain of sand in microscope  
Glitters beautifully...  
When you use the eyes of own  
They unite in dust, and surely  
Lose the perfection of the little crystals...  
And many a grain - make the dunes in a vast desert,  
And you'll climb them, being drained by thirst, thinking  
All about the hot sun above your head...  
Only in midnight, when sun is gone -  
You may remember about the beautiful music tone,  
Which were made by millions of grains of sand,  
Singing, while under wind forward they race.  
:)

Lyudmila Purgina

# Everything May Happen

In the Universe - everything may happen!  
The stability of a vertical line,  
And a horizontal line' thin thread..  
They can't slip from under the legs...  
In that universe - many a thing  
And affair is subjected to us.  
To our teeth, our eyes, our tongues...  
To our hands, which can pull in  
To our minds - the feeling of life,  
And of glory... In a name of Creation,  
In a name of a Co-Making Miracle...  
In a name of ourself's amazement,  
In a name, in a word, in a temptation.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Extension

Extension - to other world,  
Extension - to find the gold...  
Extension - I'm a Conkistador!  
I'm greedy, jealous about rays  
Of sun, of honour, and of glory,  
That are so easy for the Rex,  
For king, for tzar, for prince, that over,  
Across the world are spreading that:  
Extension, war - without regret.  
Among the other people - nothing average,  
Unusual in gain, that is like sun rays.  
Conkista - and the word 'America'  
Extented over the continents.

But those rays are hard by nature,  
The heat of them may cause a burn...  
And over the world extended paper,  
A dollar - new conquistador.

Lyudmila Purgina

# hev, I'M Mighty, At The Same Time...- Translation (Rus.)

By Feodor Tyutchev

I'm mighty, at the same time - weak.  
I'm king, but at the same time - a captive.  
I good create or evil - without doubt,  
I'm giving much, by can't get back an answer,  
And govern in my name - the only myself.  
I wish to beat someone - but  
it is me, as well.

1810s

- -

In russian;

Lyudmila Purgina

## hev, She Sat On Floor... - Translation (Rus.)

She sat on floor and sorted letters  
From a pile, that was in front of her,  
And like the cooled and rare ashes  
She raised them up, then downfalled.

She took the sheets and looked at them  
So mystically, so strangely -  
As soul looks from height of heaven  
For its earth body, left forever...

How much a life was in that sheets,  
Irrevocable, gone throughout!  
How much a love they go to keep,  
The minutes sad and love, killed finally.

I stood aside and wished to kneel  
Before her in the excitation! ..  
And falled at last into sad feel,  
As from a nice and awful shadow.

Lyudmila Purgina

# hev, We Cannot Guess... - Translation (Rus.)

by Feodor Tyutchev

We cannot guess the way of word  
In real world, how it'll return,  
But we are sympathized a lot,  
A lot we gain the grace of God.

- -

In russian and translation into english  
by Yevgenia Sarkisyants

Lyudmila Purgina



# hev, When There's A Heavy Burden... - Translation (Rus.)

By Feodor Tyutchev

When there's a heavy burden  
Over my breast some time,  
When my heart is full of woe,  
The darkness is in front;

Without any movement,  
And power without,  
We're melancholy carrying -  
That time a pity's idle -

But suddenly a sun beam  
Shines secretly inside,  
With a fairy jet it'll sprinkle  
The walls, and joy will come;

From a blissful earth, from heavens,  
From azure it will send  
The odoured air,  
The balm that we can smell...

That wouldn't be a lesson,  
As well as an advice.  
So it will fail to make us  
Free from the fate in life.

But we do feel their power,  
We hear the blissfull rings,  
Then lighter is our crying,  
Then lighter we do breathe.

So nice and so gracy,  
So airy and light,  
The hundreds times I shared  
In my soul your love.

1858

Lyudmila Purgina

# Finish That Thought!

Finish that thought! And take this rhyme!  
It fits you, it is like a kvass,  
Made from very base of real life,  
It is thick, intoxicating thus  
In the heat, but cold and satisfying.  
It facilitates a burden much in time...  
It is worth for that concising moment!  
Why are you so shy? immovable?  
Why are you irresolute in action? !  
Take this rhyme! ! ! ...  
You see, good fashioned,  
Instantly it had produced blue sky  
There between the stormy clouds  
Sun became so tender, mild...  
And your lips have blurted out  
Whisper as a heavy haze...

Haze on glass has settled down...  
I'm glad - the rhyme is caught!

Lyudmila Purgina

# For Nothing...

For nothing we struggle in world, just for nothing...  
Though we are so busy with this.  
We are proud, we are loud,  
We estimate ground  
All over around - as our's.  
But sandy is shore of the ocean near,  
But sandy the dunes of the deserted coast,  
And flies up the sand from the bank to our windows,  
When there is roaring a storm.  
To nothing - time passes - it goes the building,  
The only sand, rusty iron you meet...  
To nothing - alas - every second and minute  
Are running so fast to the dream...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Fortune Isn'T Good For Everyone

Fortune isn't good for everyone,  
Thus the victory's wreath - tops not all...  
Under laurels - nobody's moarning...  
Those are crying - under crown of thorn,  
And that barbs had torn out his soft skin  
On his head, causing jets of the blood,  
Flooding down on grass, disappearing...  
After sun-burn will solder wounds up...  
He, being aiming for light, as the mockery,  
Will be burned up to end by the sun wreath...

Lyudmila Purgina

# From Pain The Experience Grows...

From a pain - the experience grows...  
Grows as a plant from the soil...  
And in my soul lives a murmur,  
The common grumble: WHY FOR?  
Why for me such a pain? HOW could they?  
How could you? somebody  
To unite the soul's dreaming  
About past life, that has half-gone,  
With a quagmire, slow-sleeping,  
Which keeps in her the light of life - a blink? ...  
Where could I find the escape  
From the heart tormenting - a weightless thought,  
That with the arrows has pierced  
The life's delight... and pulled me  
Into this life chasm, gorge? ...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## eva, May Be Mirror... - Translation (Rus.)

May be mirror had turned to be tarnished,  
May be haze moisted eyes in one time -  
I have noticed once a grey hair,  
White as this autumn, so dull sky.  
And the wrinkles on face are like shadows  
Of the rainy and such foul weather.  
But my heart don't believe to this dreary,  
Because it knows the secret perpetual.

=====

In russian:

and bulgarian translation by Krasimir Georgiev:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Having Been Sprawled Along

Having been sprawled along my Way,  
As the beginning and the end...  
As the end and the beginning...  
Again I feel the lack of sufficiency... of fulfilment...  
And begin all my affairs - again. An end - is so near...

Between the beginning and the end - there is the contents.  
Well or bad? Right or wrong?  
Or it is better to correct the whole?  
Who can prompt the right answer?  
I wish not to be wrong!  
Where is a sign? Who is such bright-minded, what soul  
Can help to make good from bad?

To correct the state of light  
In the life span?  
Who can? To make this without seeing, hearing, understanding?  
Or to leave all to the next time? ...

Zero - is the birth...  
The end - is one? Who knows? Ever?

Lyudmila Purgina



# How Painful Is To Downfall

How painful is to downfall  
From upper heaven to the bottom!  
It is so sunny here, so warm,  
It's so cosy in comfort,  
And dreams are living here well...  
But what we see below? Hell!  
The swamp of life!  
The work till night...  
And poor body - carries dwell  
Along the crooked and twisting paths...  
The curvature has its chains  
In order to exhaust the body...  
The blood is streaming in the veins  
To live under the sun... eternal...

-

In russian

Lyudmila Purgina

# I Am Not 'Yes', Not 'No'...

I am not 'Yes', not 'No'...

I am staying in moment when I am going,

I am looking with thought or without my mind

On earth or on world, which appears in time,

When I lose the beautiful dreams in the morning...

The alarm clock is ringing for me to come out

To surface of world, and to five common feelings...

The sixth one at that time will sleep out of real...

Lyudmila Purgina

# I Am Reading And Reading...

I am reading and reading and reading,  
I am searching for truth in the words...  
They are different: some of them chilling,  
Some are pretty, the other are cold.  
Some are flying so high in the heavens,  
Others are making rough common work  
With a man, who just use in affairs  
Simple words, and, the next, complex words.  
All the words have their own great meaning,  
And the second, the third meaning also...  
And sometimes it is hard to reveal it  
In the piles of texts on crossroads  
Of the vast country such as i-net...  
Net is catching, and spelling, and turning  
All the words in one strange silhouette...  
And this Lady or Madam or Lord then  
Grasps your hand, takes your mind, gives your soul  
A delight to swim freely again  
In tremendous illusive words' ocean...

Lyudmila Purgina

# I Can Be Simultaneously

I CAN be in all the times simultaneously!  
I'm - the ray of recollection.  
In days - when I was yet unaware of fear,  
In days, that are distant in memory.  
In days, that are covered by the time motion,  
By the sun circle rounding..  
Only the echo of Earth is following -  
How could I catch it, though?

Only one ray into the darkness -  
And I'm opening  
The unbelievable depth, bottomless,  
The far eternity...  
But then it is hard to collect myself  
Again into the life.  
But to live - and not to recollect  
Is impossible, neither  
You could live, without following  
Yourself in various times.

Know - life is the rays collection  
In the space of light.

Lyudmila Purgina

# I Can'T Remember...

I was born - but I CAN'T remember...  
All around do remember -  
But not me...  
I lived - but I can't remember...  
Everybody remember,  
But not me...  
Then, where is my life?  
My soul is the dwelling for my insults...  
It can't them understand,  
Can't think, can't forgive...  
Where are they - the insults?  
They have been entangled in my dreams...  
But are all the dreams - mine?  
Hardly so...

My dream is not tied to the Earth...  
It is flying above me in the sky..

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# I Left My Old Shoe...

I left my old shoe - on old threshold...  
I went to new - to new house, and gathered  
The new shoes, new cloths, new features  
On my face... I've gained - the richness...  
The richness, wealth of the material world...  
And diamonds were the glass for me, and gold  
Was only the dream reflection  
Of sunshine, glittering in its perfection...

I fell my old shoe - in the tremendous ocean,  
Which looked like blue-green,  
But then turned - to stormy one.  
And blackish hues and waves  
Overfilled my boat...

I am - without shoes...  
How painful is to go -  
Barefooted in the world of snow...

Lyudmila Purgina

# I Love Myself

I love myself, so strongly, rather,  
So ardently - but how could explain...  
How can I express my love to body, other  
Are beautiful my eyes, my nose, else  
My mouth, lips, that may tell truth or lie.  
But flattery is for the others a delight...  
So we are merged in play with words, with lips, with eyes...

Where's the truth, the core? Perhaps, it is before us... :)

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# I Thank You...

I thank you - dear Majesty of Love!  
You warmed my heart with your hot shine,  
And speeded up in veins my blood,  
Which turned to be so grey and lifeless  
At morning twilight of the hazy window,  
Which I have opened into the world so marvellous,  
At this the very day beginning,  
Which joined together real and unreal.

I thank you, dear Majesty, my Soul!  
Which has descended from the clouds high,  
Down to the Earth, sometimes nice so,  
Where are blossoming the flowers of life,  
Began in chasm of the tremendous ocean...

....

(to be continued)

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



# I Wished...

I wished this to be better, better...  
And worked so thoroughly...  
But all in vain...  
The thought was so bright, but letters  
Stood awkwardly and awfully,  
And not in that rows, I wished for them...  
Why they were so disobedient?  
Why teased me so, that I wished  
To take a switch and call them to my hand,  
I raised my hand: 'Be ready! ' - wished...  
And some letters were nice,  
They heard my cry...  
The others were indifferent,  
they perfectly denied  
All grimaces, all jumps, all shouts,  
That I tried to perform.  
...  
You see, that poem  
Is only the rest of all-about...  
The remnants of my thoughts...

Lyudmila Purgina

# I Write A Word...

I write a word, and chain it to another...  
Another word, another thought, another...  
Another wave in my world of emotion,  
Another motion in e- and Pi - cosmology...  
They two are near to the cypher three.  
What does it mean? That plain is made of points,  
And something such invisible, unseen -  
The Time - is modifying three to 'e' and 'Pi'...  
Resistance of the Time - the fall of energy  
To other times, where the spaces join.

Lyudmila Purgina

# I. Tzaryov, The Bell - Translation (Rus.)

And a brazen one  
Waved his round tongue,  
In the sky he lapped cloud's milk -  
The copper poor bell,  
Up and down waved...  
All his sides will be bruised to ill.

That's not prank, nor game -  
To beat him to pain -  
Rather tough is hand of the ringer old...  
Let the bones crackle,  
God forgives the shake -  
Thus, the action wasn't a mere fault.

From 'the box on ear'-the cracks are scattering,  
Once he will have voice wild and hoarse  
The copper-foreheaded guy,  
Who had pulled your tongue?  
Why allowed you such a joke?

From the cosy veil  
He'll be carried away,  
Will be dragged outwards as a fool.  
Poor copper bell  
Should be thrown well,  
To the end of life he'll be mute.

And the goldfinch  
Will stop then to sing,  
He'll become a beggar, destitute.  
May be there's enough,  
Better spare his sides...  
But he's ringing loud, his tongue out...

There's a good soup ready,  
From the string beans, may be  
It's a joker with a flag...  
And from belfry a ring  
Going far around free

Above country roofs every day.

Lyudmila Purgina

## I. Annensky, A Double Man - Translation (Rus.)

Not me, not he and not you either...  
The same as me but not such similar:  
So we were resemble somewhere,  
Where our features had a mix.  
In doubt the dispute's slightly seething,  
But, joined as couple, such invisible,  
Together with one dream we live,  
A dream of a real parting since.  
The hot dream was waved with illusion  
Of other, of the second features.  
But after one look, was my conclusion  
That it was me in such a picture.  
The only gloomy veil of night  
Can mirror then sway of the breath  
Of mine and of the other sight,  
The beating of mine, other heart.  
And in this dull turn of the years  
I guess too often as I can:  
When we at last be parted, shared?  
What will be 'me' in such a case?

Lyudmila Purgina

# I. Annensky, Among The Worlds... - Translation (Rus.)

,

By Innokenty Annensky

Among the worlds, in light of the twinkling stars,  
One name of Star I should repeat although...  
Not by the reason I am loving, but  
I'm feeling dark with the other's blazing glow.

And if I doubt hard to a heavy heart,  
I seek the answer only from Her, although,  
Not by the reason She is shining, but  
Of no need with Her of the other show.

Lyudmila Purgina

# I. Annensky, Eternity - Translation (Rus.)

By Innokenty Annensky

About poet:

Eternity

The motto of my Mystic lady  
Seems like a figure eight, turned awry;  
It is the most comfortable lie, and steady  
In our dejected mind.  
In the enameled circle  
She does vow lie.  
As stars her promises in sky  
Are twinkling in a twilight.  
And spoken by wind so far  
At midnight.  
But where the extinguished face  
Has stopped for us the painful flow,  
There we see - Eternity, as grace,  
Divided by the lightning's glow.

Lyudmila Purgina

# I. Annensky, Flies As Thoughts - Translation (Rus.)

Flies as thoughts  
(in memory of Apukhtin)

by Innokenty Annensky

About the poet:

I got tired of sleeplessness,  
As well of dreams,  
My locks hung shaggily  
Over my forehead.  
I wish as by poison  
Sink into a verse,  
Thus falling in stupor  
Without a thought.  
I wish to untangle  
The knots in my life...  
Were all that had happened  
The errors, not right?  
In late autumn flies  
Seem to be more malicious,  
With cold wings they're  
So sticky suspicious.  
My thoughts as the flies  
Crawl to hither and thither,  
All paper is covered  
With black bodies dreaming...  
Oh, how they're loathsome,  
Without a life...  
Let's tear asunder them,  
And burn in a fire.

===

The russain variant:





# I. Annensky, The Hammer And Sparkles - Translation (Rus.)

The hammer of life,  
On my shoulders hardly  
Is splintering stones,  
Being tormenting  
And rude,  
While month  
Yet not passed over.  
When I myself,  
I with tales amused...  
Tell me, did those  
Flowers fade,  
Which were kissed  
With such love?  
Or the dreams  
Have indeed overtaken  
Them and thus  
Have forever out fled?  
Those flowers...  
I don't know whether  
I love you or not...  
Aureole  
Is both shining and not -  
It is you and not you...  
That the hammer of life  
Is so hard, so poignant.  
There's no spark  
Under it... No beauty...  
But it seems that a month  
Isn't yet over...

1901

Lyudmila Purgina

# I.Samarina, You Could Find... - Translation (Rus.)

By Irina Samarina

You could find a wagon of reasons...  
But to help in grief - the honourable step...  
One advice - let's violate the meanness -  
Help the people all without pay.

Even if then they forget in afterwards  
To say you a good word - do whatever...  
Your sincerity - the real friend of soul,  
Greediness should be driven out from your self...

No croak of raven could be changed to  
The mute loyalty of dog-friend,  
So advice - stop turpitude -  
Help the people all without pay.

And at last - from your light round you  
There's a fire-burn in hearts of people!  
More important is the soul's beauty  
Instead of the outer man's appearance.

Million of reasons for your inner happiness  
Could be found - peace has greater weight  
Then a cruel war - let's stop the meanness,  
Help the people all without pay...

Lyudmila Purgina

# I.Samarina, And There Are The Sunset-Men...- Translation (Rus.)

And there are the sunset-men, there are the sunrise-men,  
One of them - negative, others are 'cool', to say;  
Those, who're 'cool' - are frequently smiling,  
Those sunset ones - usually're without luck.

On dealing with one men, you feel only cold,  
With others - even seventy - you're young without doubt.  
From one men - you revive shine as if from the sun,  
With others - all day there is dark without light.

But if you give warmth to the 'cool'-men one day,  
Which was lost somewhere and lost for regret,  
And don't compel them for deep melancholy,  
They'll also wish to give warmth and get warming.

Because 'cool'-men as 'rise'-men, all were in trying  
To have their own ticket to quite happy life-span.  
So they were in anger, so they bite the others,  
Because of the fear of the unselfish loving.

And 'rise'-men turn also to be as all 'cool'-men,  
As thunderstorm clouds, going over the sea-plain;  
When gratitude dies in the soul, and there  
Sunrise is transforming to be sunset ever.

I'm also sometimes look like as 'acock',  
But know - all troubles go out with dawn.  
So let someone tell: 'She is cool', let they say...  
There are the people-sunrise and the people-sunset.

Lyudmila Purgina

## I. Severyanin, A Small Elegy - Translation (Rus.)

She stood on tip-toes and lips  
Presented to me as the gift.  
In this wet autumn silence I kissed  
Her tiredly, all without feel.

And tears soundlessly fell on the floor  
In this wet autumn silence as leaves.  
The day was dying, everything was boring,  
As all is boring outside the dream.

Lyudmila Purgina

# I. Severyanin, That Events Were A Sea-Shore... - Translation (Rus.)

That events were at sea-shore,  
Where foam is patterned,  
Where hardly you can meet  
Any carriage on path...  
There queen played the Chopin,  
In the tower of castle,  
And while listening Chopin,  
Her page-boy fell in love.

All was simple as always,  
All was pretty in such way:  
Queen asked page a pomegranat  
To cut up in two halves,  
Boy was lured to inner -  
She had marked adoration! -  
In the sonate motives then  
Granted she love to page.

And the thunderstorm loving -  
Was the action, as ever,  
Queen was slave in the process,  
That was love till the dawn...  
That events were at sea-shore,  
Where waves're coloured azure,  
Where foam is patterned,  
And sonates has page-boy...

Lyudmila Purgina

# I. Severyanin, That Events Were At Sea-Shore... - Translation (Rus.)

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And sonates has page-boy...

Lyudmila Purgina

# I.Tsaryov, Between Black And White - Translation(Rus.)

Between black and white

By Igor Tzaryov

Darkness is looking on town in illness  
With her moony eye, bloody in view.  
A raven, aged by the stormy winds,  
Is making his house on a steep roof.  
Not without reason he is counted as learned -  
His feathers all are as black as night.  
He is writing on-black with a black form  
The evil truth of his predictive sight.

Word is worth to cure and care,  
To ascend almost to heavens where God lives;  
But may also multiply the grey undead,  
As the louse on the poky man homeless.  
The raven doesn't shun the evil,  
But doesn't seek evil from good soul -  
It's s lack of the spiritual feed  
Between ribs of a bad word.

We ignore the truth of the aged raven  
In our day-to-day vanity.  
But the words, as the stigmata treaded,  
Hurt the souls by their gravity.  
And winter, driving round the roofs,  
Skates along the roads easy,  
And on-white writes with a white lug  
Her black, so black obituaries.

Lyudmila Purgina



## If You Take...

If you take your 'ego' - 'I'.  
Try to look with eye to 'I',  
Try to find your 'inner eye',  
In the purpose searching 'I',  
Then you'll find the secret sky  
In the world, that you call 'I',  
Secret sky and secret earth -  
'Ego' - 'I' existing both  
All together, though 'I'  
Could be flying in the sky..

Lyudmila Purgina

# Illusion

You are -a man...  
You could be going,  
Or staying on the crossroads,  
Where you choose way,  
How to spend your words,  
Your life and moments,  
Your aspiration to live  
Without troubles...  
Who will condemn you?  
Nobody now.  
Among the people  
You will float  
To distant shores,  
As in the ocean...  
Your raft is here...  
I am giving...  
Take it...  
I...  
Am Illusion...  
===  
In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# I'M All Tired!

I'm all tired! I don't wish, don't want!  
With top of waves - to go back, to herd...  
I feel good in that ship, my boat,  
Which is floating after the wind itself...  
Its prow is adorned by a statue of the Fate,  
The Goddess, who is nice with those,  
Who can define the earthly from celestial,  
And help to those, who have opened  
Their eyes... And, also,  
She will apply (when necessary) brakes...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## I'M Following...

I'm following a sputnik through the stars  
Threading its way, it's like the other stars,  
Only moving quickly from one part of sky to another.  
There's no any moon today, sky is black  
Without its silver glaring over the earth beneath,  
As the eye of some God or Goddess. I am  
Filled with the warmth of the summer.  
The south summer warmth. I'm glad to be here.  
The mountains there in the dark are darker  
Than the sky, which's lightened slightly by stars.  
As a wild bear they hide on the east side,  
Look there...  
We are - the creatures, who like warmth,  
The light of a sincere Sun. Which is good  
For the south, but there's lack of its glow  
In north. And we are starving without this light.  
We are - the sun creatures. We throw this sunlight inside  
And grow up. Highly into the heavens, into cosmos, into the eternal life  
After the earth's life...

Lyudmila Purgina

## In A Doze...

In a doze I drip the medicine -  
May be it cure me?  
I'm eating the tablets  
In a space...  
What is gnawing me?  
What is destroying me, my self?  
My body? The time?  
The incorrect life being?  
Where is then the correct one?  
Who would say?  
Who would show?  
The only tablets...  
The time had passed, and my body  
Today - as in cage...  
In the cage of regime...  
In the cage so strange...  
Is it any reason to be tormented?

This world - the world of motion...  
e-motion...  
Is so unstable... is circling...  
Is turning round... spinning...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# In Old And New Way

The old bricks in old frames  
Are looking old, though they have  
The aspiration to be like new...  
But they are old, to be true...

And new bricks in the new asphalt are soldered,  
And suffering a lot from the moving cars,  
They feel after some days as the soldiers,  
Which suffers in new vestiges, somehow...

====

In russian

Lyudmila Purgina

# In The Void

In the Void - the thoughts disappear...  
In the Dark - the lives are created...  
What is - the Void, the Emptiness?  
What is - the absolute Darkness?  
The core, the nucleus of the real seen Universe -  
Is the Non-Entity, the miserability of Mind  
Before the wind, that was worth  
To create on earth the variety of life...  
And This and That - objects are united  
Together with the string of the Energy, Power...  
When? Where? Why?

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Infatuation Or Love

Infatuation or Love - at distance?

And what is better - IN or LO?

The process is surely - the strange, risky?

I'm in love or only in fond of?

The distance in a thousand kilometres were not produced by me,

But that was a play of fate.

And vainly you should words send by the passing wind,

They won't reach the necessary adress.

But this thread, that joined the two minds

Are feeled - mine, your's.

Its tension loudly is ringing sometimes,

And brings from distance the authentic knowledge

About that far place and life and motion,

About distant light and darkness, and the thoughts,

Which I know, and you know - as obvious.

===

Lyudmila Purgina



## It's A Pity...

It's a pity... The man has passed away...  
He has gone, and has burned - as a butterfly...  
And only his wings trembled  
Before the Flame of great Transition.  
Transformation into the strange Eternal...  
You may cry, groan, moan -  
But how you could become eternal?  
How could you become immortal  
In this world of varying images?  
It is impossible. And this gift - a gift of life  
We try to spend as fast as possible...  
Because the butterfly, after fly,  
Will surely lose her wings...  
Her inner flame of life will go down,  
And she will fall  
From lack of power...

The flame-butterfly suddenly  
Will be extinguished  
From the wind of no-life...  
And we, alive, will be tormented  
By our wish to know:  
Why, Where from, Where to? ..  
Where? ..

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# It's Easy

It's easy to append just the same word from new line -  
And new line then will give chance for dots to fly,  
Fly above and follow the racing thoughts,  
Thoughts, that do have meaning in the dots,  
Or that dots are pointless by meaning...  
Meaning's absent - then no sentence will be,  
All the sentences will be without sense,  
Sense, that gives a thought, nevertheless...  
Never any world will be without sense,  
Sense and thought unites the universe,  
Universe around with its darkness, light...  
Light is hidden by the dark tonight...  
Night - is hiding in the dream all thoughts...  
Thoughts about life and consciousness in world...  
World is living outside anew...  
New day's rising... Many a dot... or few...  
Many a suffering in world - alive...  
Life in realizing the enjoyment of day-night...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# It's So Long Time To Wait

It's so long time to wait, when the stars would burst...  
And millions and billions of years may pass by...  
When on the sky the super-terrible, the super-prompt  
Salute will flash out at one time...

It will flash and dispel to nowhere,  
To the cosmic distant of the eternity - all the Earth...  
Oh mother - Earth! May be somewhere,  
May be at this time- I'll be living also.

Where would be 'me' or my eternal 'Ego'  
In real world existing, who could catch?  
Where I'll step again on the deadly circle  
Of life to be in a cosy lattice  
Of Time and Space? ..

Lyudmila Purgina

# It's The Autumn...

It's the autumn, and again rain  
Bursts into hard tears outside,  
And I'm sitting silently at table,  
Writing in the Iphone a rhyme...

Rhyme also cries hard out of my mind:  
About seeping feels of past days, which are gone...  
About past, which I seek, but is hard to find,  
Somewhere, where's nothing... so on...

It is autumn... All is gone forever...  
Somewhere live the people, whom I loved...  
Somewhere they are been born in ocean,  
Which's for me unknown... oh good buy...

Lyudmila Purgina

# It's Time...

It's TIME - the destiny to us had said...

You are included into such a strange, but play...

Play and get risk - there's the ocean of rates...

And there will be - the joys, and the malicious fate...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Ivan A. Krylov - The Assiduous Bear - Fable - Translation (Rus.)

The assiduous bear

The fable

by Ivan Andreevich Krylov

Once, looking on muzhik\*,  
Who was hard working on the shaft bows,  
And later he was good in getting profit, selling them,  
(The horse's arch to bow, as you know, need a work with doing all in time with  
patience) .  
So, bear thought to live like this man, well,  
Since then in forest there began the knock and crack,  
And you can hear from the miles sounds that.  
And mishka\* had destroyed a mass of elm, of birch, of hazel,  
That you could hardly count the amount of them.  
But still - the art is out of success.  
And mishka goes to muzhik to have a lesson.  
He asks: 'Why can't I get your skill and your achievement?  
I've broken a lot of trees, but nothing good from that.  
No any tree I bowed in the arch.  
Tell me the secret of the labour such! '

The neighbour tried to answer him on question:

'It's so simple - you must have a patience! '

====

\* muzhik is a russian name for peasant

\* mishka is the russian tender name to bear, a cosy bear

Lyudmila Purgina

# Ivan A. Krylov - The Cucoo And The Cock - Translation (Rus.)

The Cucoo and the Cock

The fable

by Ivan Andreevich Krylov

'Oh, Cockerel, how are you singing loudly and grandly! '  
'And you, my dear Cucoosie, sing so smoothly, lovely:  
In our forest there's no any kind of such a singer, though! '  
'I'd like to listen you for ages, dear!  
'And I prefer, my beauty, your's so clear,  
And tender, and high voice!  
When you stop singing, then I fail  
In waiting for the time, when you begin again.  
Where from has God brought you such a pretty voice?  
And look - you are not large, to say - you're tiny so,  
But your song as the nightingale's warble! '  
'Oh, thank you, dear. To the honest telling,  
I say, that you sing better than the Eden's bird,  
And I can surely this state confirm.'

At that time the Sparrow was flying by, and said them:  
'My friends! Though you turn hoarse in that  
Joint efforts in each other's praising, -  
I can say that your music's obviously bad! ..'

Why for then the Cucoo is praising the Cock? Know?  
Because of that the Cock is praising the Cucoo.

1834

=====

The russian variant look please on

Lyudmila Purgina

# Ivan A. Krylov - The Liar - Fable - Translation (Rus.)

The liar

The fable by Ivan Andreevich Krlylov

From distant travelling on his return to home,  
One nobleman (perhaps, he was the knyaz\*) ,  
While walking through the field, was bragging over  
The places, where he had been,  
and alternated truth with lie.  
'Wow! - he said, - What I had seen there,  
I'll never see again. Look at your land!  
It has the cold winter and hot summer,  
Your sun always hides, or shines so bright to dazzle.  
But if you take the place,  
where I was feeling a delight,  
That was the real Paradise!  
You have no any need to wear fur-coat,  
And it is so bright, you need not any candle in the night,  
The whole year you are fond of weather,  
Which here is only in spring.  
And no one is sowing a seed - but everywhere  
You'll see the fields with crops and greens.  
For example, I had seen in Rome such great a cucumber,  
That was like a huge mountain! '  
His freind said: 'Oh, this miracle  
Is not peculiar, surprises are scattered everywhere,

It's only a work of noticing, rather.  
Look, we are getting closer to one of them,  
Which, I dare say, you haven't seen before. I shan't  
Discuss the matter,  
But do you see the bridge in front?  
It looks so simple in the view,  
But has a miraculous quality: no any  
Of liars could cross a river,  
At middle he is falling through or down the bridge into the water.  
But if you're not a liar - you are free  
To step on it whether by feet, or a coach'.  
'But is it deep? ' 'Of course. You see  
That miracles are not so mere in the sight!



Though the roman cocumber is large,  
Is as a mountain, as you  
have said, ain't so? '  
'Yes! But not so large as a mountain, perhaps, as a house.'  
'It's hard to believe in that.  
But here is the magic bridge, which we shall cross.  
It is not worth for liars, in this spring  
Two journalists and the tailor had fallen from it,  
All the town was talking all about this.  
So, cucumber with size as a house may be strange,  
But bridge is also.' 'Oh, no.  
Don't think that houses there are giant so.  
If you try getting there inside, it only two like me will hold,  
And it is hard here even to stand or seat! '  
'Oh, let it be so. But taking matter this,  
The cucumber, which two of men contains, is not so strange,  
But if you take this bridge...  
Where you even couldn't make five steps forward,  
Then suddenly - you'll fall in water!  
Oh, may be cucumber so queer, but...'  
'Oh, please, stop', - thus the liar said, -  
'Instead of going on bridge,  
It's better looking for a ford! '

====

\* knyaz - the old russian name to prince or hertzog

Lyudmila Purgina

# Ivan A. Krylov - Two Tuns - Fable - Translation (Rus.)

Two tuns

The fable

by Ivan Andreevich Krylov

Two tuns were going:

One - full with wine. The other - empty.

So first - was slow, going without noise,  
The second - rushed, as from the bow arrow,  
And after her the knock, the thunder are heard,  
And dust is rising up in cloud.

The passer-by in fear goes aside  
In moment, when he'd just heard her from the distance.  
But, know, even if her size is large,  
And it is loud much, she's useless, really,  
Compared with the first one tun.

Thus, who is shouting aloud of affairs  
All day long, may be useless there  
In practice. The true worker's silent,  
Though he is great in his desires,  
Without noise he reaches a success.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Ivan A. Krylov, A Swan, A Pike And A Crayfish - Translation (Rus.)

A Swan, a Pike and a Crayfish  
by Ivan Andreevich Krylov

When there's no a consent in partner's will -  
Then there'll be no a success in business,  
And, thus, only the torture it will be.  
Once a Swan, a Pike and a Crayfish  
Were going to carry a heavy cart,  
And harnessed all the three together;  
To go out of their skins they tried,  
But moving of the cart had failed!  
Though the weight was rather light for them:  
But the Swan pulled it right to heaven,  
The Crayfish all the time moved back,  
The Pike was carrying it to water.

Who was responsible at last for this mischap?  
The cart is staying still without motion...

====

In russian and bulgarian translation  
by Krasimir Georgiev:

Lyudmila Purgina

# , I Try Your Face... - Translation (Rus.)

By Jakov Bast

I try your face remember... but the features are worn...  
As if colours are mixed in the palette of autumn...  
I'm closing eyes... and comes wave of the black storm.  
That dark couldn't be pierced by the candle or torch...

And your image is floating as a sail in the darkness,  
It is flurrying me, mulling thoughts and desires...  
And the years - all doctors, that cured my heart,  
Step away into dark, as a bridge hang between us...

We are swept through the life, over countries and dreams...  
And again out of zone... the pawns of our fate...  
We're sailing the sea of the dreams... addressees...  
Nothing had gone... the time's summing up dates...

We are - komets, that fly in the parallel worlds,  
As the fragments - we fall in a star-fall but rare...

It is silent. And night. We have talk in my verse...  
And the candle doesn't fade... and the torch's brightly flaming..

Lyudmila Purgina

# iev, A Fly - Translation (Rus., Bulg.)

By Krasimir Georgiev

Well-known is the sad fate of a fly:  
Once it at dawn stretches out the coloured wings,  
Washing his face with dew a little,  
Then quickly at sunset it burns in fire.

=====

My translation in russian:

The original poem in bulgarian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# ov, My Portrait - Translation (Rus.)

Kozma Prutkov

My portrait

When you meet a person in the mob,  
Whose's naked 'n thin, \*  
Whose forehead's dark and frowned more  
Than Kazbek peak,  
Whose locks're shuffled, messed,  
Who weeps and cry -  
And shivers nervously - guess?  
That's sure - mine.

Who's stung anew maliciously over -  
And this seems fate,  
And crowd crazyly his laurels -  
Disrupts away.  
Who never bends his back before -  
It is mine, forsaken,  
A smile I keep on face, and more -  
In bosom - snake.

\* whose's dressed tails in - Kozma Prutkov

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# ov, Wait For Me - Translation (Rus.)

by Konstantin Simonov

Wait for me and I'll return,  
Only please, do wait.  
Wait when yellow autumn storm  
Takes your joy away.  
Wait while snow downfall,  
Wait while summer heat.  
Wait when no one at all  
Was waiting, as you did.  
Wait when letter faraway  
Wouldn't come to you.  
Wait when everybody fail  
Wait together, true.

Wait for me and I'll return.  
Don't be kind for those,  
Who are violent to recall  
That you need to lose.  
Let believe both mother, son  
That I ever passed.  
Let the friends sit fire round,  
Tired wait at last,  
Let them drink the cup of wine  
For the sake of soul.  
Wait, but don't haste to join  
Company although.

Wait for me and I'll return,  
All the deaths despite.  
Who'd not waited, then they'll talk -  
That's the only luck.  
Never they'll accept the thought,  
Showing wait in vain,  
That amongst the fire onslaught  
You my life had saved.  
And survival will be your's  
Merit - know that -  
You did really wait me so -

No one could wait.

1941

Lyudmila Purgina



# nko, And It's Not Me... - Translation (Rus.)

Lina Kostenko

With the help of the translation from ukranian into russian  
by Nikolai Sysoilov

And it's not me, you also - not you.  
The gardens squeak as the tendons torn,  
Night plays on a violin of solitude.  
And wolf howls on the strings of woe.

The hungry beast takes grief as from the knife,  
And lightly rings the worlds' all frozen jugs.  
The wolf howls long. The alien street laughs  
With her black teeth, sweeping aside.

And wolf howls on - the soloist of my nights...  
The fangs of icicles gnash awfully in cold.  
The wolf creeps, pulling the frozen tail,  
The Pisces constellation' sprat he preys on.

Sit down, wolfy. Lay down on threshold.  
Narrate me all about your adventures.  
Take off karakul. Why's that camouflage for?  
Let's howl then. But mute would be my wail.

Let's get a warmth, my gloomy horror,  
Though we are thrown from a tale by age,  
Till dawn in a black domino would play shocking  
Me with a fire in the windows' frames.

Till sun would burn the salvage, lines,  
And roofs hide darkness in their fair tears...  
Here lies the ovine skin of blizzards,  
The reasonable dog blathers at ruffle...

Lyudmila Purgina

# nko, And Light Will Say... - Translation(Rus.)

By Lina Kostenko

Under translation from ukranian into russian by Svetlana Gruzdeva

And light will say -  
You are the part of me,  
The fair pain in a hard and heavy storm.  
Your love - is on the edge of day seen,  
And faith - is like a naivety, on it's board.

What can you do, the child with a mingled soul,  
In the solution of the world's appeal, eh?  
- Yes, I can all without joke throw  
Myself under the bloody wheels of History.

Though I do know: that's not new for her...  
One time she surely will sate her thirst!  
And then she wishes not the blood, but bottle  
Of wine for sake of happiness for all,  
For health of Universe!

- -

Lyudmila Purgina

# nko, And You Has Come...- Translation (Rus.)

By Lina Kostenko

And you has come, my sadness and my Muse  
Again: don't be afraid - I shan't fall hands to down.  
The autumn's floating over the world, as a medusa,  
And wet leaves all are scattered around.  
And you're - in sandals - not worth to that weather,  
Your raincoat - on shoulder as a bow.  
How you were going! .. from distance there,  
Alone loneliness in night!  
Where had you been? In Cosmos, or in Sparta?  
What aeons were you shining far?  
How do you find on earth - without any sign -  
A poet, who's real poet by luck?  
Their destiny you govern - not the poems,  
Their brows are so grand in light.  
There are the poets much better, joyful...  
Thank you, that you selected me that time.

- -

Under translation from ukranian into russian  
by Svetlana Gruzdeva

Lyudmila Purgina

# nko, Autumn - Translation (Rus.)

By Lina Kostenko

And grass is all hoarfrosted now,  
The ash-tree falled down its hands...  
But leaves are hardly to twirl round,  
And ice's not glazed the plain of lake.

But on the curb the birches, frozen  
To their core, are curdled up...  
Not from the frost, but from fore-token  
Of coming winter, snow-white.

Let's warm my hands, my dear, close  
The window leaf, I'm stunned by cold,  
That's shivering me in the soul  
By feel of separation, before long...

- -

Under translation from ukranian into russian  
by Valentina Varnavskaya

Lyudmila Purgina

# nko, The Dawn Was Spelled... - Translation (Rus.)

Lina Kostenko

Under translation from ukrainian into russian

By Nikolai Sysoilov

The dawn was spelled by crows - sun has failed  
To rise up - only their cry 'Kar-Kar'.  
And lies there broken with breast over way-station  
In green grass made from a birch - Ikar.

The platform sails after the moon's light... Haze...  
The barrier... Silence... The cross-over...  
And trees, as if weighed with the caps,  
Are grumbling under nests of crows.

To walk along the street as a shadow.  
To find a coffee-bar. Throw coat. Where am I?  
Who am I? There're, of course, the thousands  
Of way-stations. Day, two - no one would find.

Only the noise of a far-surf there -  
The trees, the streets, the bridges, people...  
I'm carrying a valise, wholly tamped  
With verses all about you and me...

Lyudmila Purgina

# skaya, The Vain Words - The Romance - Translation (Rus.)

text Larisa Rubalskaya

music David Tukhmanov

-

1. Let's splash a sorcery  
In a crystal dark of goblets,  
In candles fused you'll see  
The mirror's blinking light.  
And vain words I'll breathe  
To you, when tired over.  
The oven is now down,  
You haven't switched new one.

Repeated:

The vain words are in vignettes  
Of false, of lying matters.  
The vain words I'm easy  
To say you and again.  
The vain words don't judge,  
Don't seriously mention.  
The vain words I say much,  
But down is my flame.

2. And at your porch the bell  
Won't shiver, tolling loudly.  
And there won't be  
The mixing of my steps  
With other people's tracks,  
And you, please, don't allow me  
Thus to decide so fast  
The fate of words at last.

3. Let you think up a plot  
About a tender summer,  
Where're the crumpled grass  
And a fire of cornflower.  
As the scattered dragee

Will roll into the centuries.  
The vain words do exist,  
And love is also vain.

Lyudmila Purgina

## Let's Say...

Let's say, how a body smells...  
A baby's one - is like a rose flavour,  
His skin is smooth and soft, as well,  
Sometimes (overfilled ;) ) it causes anger...

Another - body of a lovely girl,  
Or boy - from love to give rise of the other man -  
Smells like a wine, young, red and bold,  
And causes euphoria as effect...

The adults sometimes smell not nice,  
Sometimes they're full of feeling of a great depression,  
Of fear, of the stumble on their path...  
The ripen fruits - is surely their smelling...

The old body smells like earth,  
Dry, moisterous and dusty in the matter...  
The roses and wine and fruits are gone  
While standing on eternity's fresh threshold...  
....

Let's say, how a soul smells...  
A baby's one smells like an utter victory  
Of waited birth of other creature on this land...  
A baby's souls smells like a mistery...

What could you say of smell of love?  
Of understanding of each other perfectly,  
Of risen hopes, of the one to one  
Merge-in and out to one soul?

The soul-love smells like tornado,  
Like a tide, but then asilent water...  
The freshness after thunder causes  
A rainbow of colours in the soul.

The adults souls sometimes're sad and black...  
The dark and gloominess uncolours souls...  
And light is perished by the tiredness,  
And bad is smell of hard grief and of woe...



As gilded colored leaves in autumn grove  
Smells the developed soul of once man...  
And if you smell the flavour of a rose,  
Of ripen fruits, of silent waters, and  
Of the eternity's fresh flavour,

Then let's say - soul smells like you,  
Born once another time for searching truth...

Lyudmila Purgina

## Let's See...

Let's see the difference between the old and new...

The old thing is carrying you to  
the old days, the former reminiscences  
about joy, which couldn't be called easily...  
The new thing carries you to future,  
to coloured with light and a merry beauty...  
That is the qualities of old and new,  
so I'm going to shop with a clue:  
'Buy new, and every day a new thing  
will give you pleasure of the summer-ry...  
And may be old problems, hanging near,  
Will fly away with that new thing in real...  
:)

Lyudmila Purgina

# Let's Separate The Grains

Let's separate the wheat grains from the chaff  
On the threshing floor  
From the unnecessary rind now,  
Which protected the core  
And the high dream of the mysterious guests  
On the blue Earth...  
Let's open the inner essence  
Of the Destiny unclear in a whole...  
It has a Grain.  
And I'm not so feared  
To learn the Way, unknown yet.  
When I'm seeing the Future - Gist and Kernel...  
-

Lyudmila Purgina

# Lie - Creation

And every lie - is the creation of the worlds,  
In which a liar had believed himself,  
Or wishes to believe, because in this case words  
Are unnecessary. There's no in the real  
The true liars or the truth-lovers,  
As you consider from the first view.  
There's the Destiny, who weaves her own design  
On laces of a man's life anew...

Sometimes she tears up the pretty cloths,  
Sometimes - sews up together the joints.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Looking - In Mirror

In mirror looking - into self...  
With eyes or photocamera, or else...  
Else vision of the inner-self there,  
By soul, which exists in everywhere...

=====

Vinita Kumar

Looking thru the camera at the inner self...? a focus of attention, a reflection on  
the outward...to capture an inner reflections?

'Thought is the sculptor who can create the person you want to be.' - Henry  
David Thoreau

=====

Taking thought by a tail - sssooo looong...  
Carrying it from the hole of mind....  
May be it will be the real gold,  
May be it - only peace of the rot...

Lyudmila Purgina

## dov, A Call - Translation (Rus.)

A call

I frequently wake up in night time,  
All being in sweat in night cold,  
And painfully come 'cross the moon light,  
The edges of rays strike with force.

Perhaps, I'm really needful  
For somebody in that cold night,  
Who can't in that hard time to get through  
The deep melancholy, is right?

To wife or to comrade, to my son...  
Or may be to that sudden woman,  
Who's seeming to be quite strong, though,  
When she meets with me on the road.

Or may be I'm needful to all the world,  
Which's tired of vanity wheel,  
And to that etherial light call  
From a distant star, cheerly twinkling.

But a sad sigh of pity goes out,  
It can't find the answer for call...  
And there the shadows're flying  
As moths to the light there to burn...

Under translation into russian from avarian  
by Marina Akhmedova-Kolyubakina

Lyudmila Purgina

# rov, The Ballad About Dreams - Translation (Rus.)

The ballad about dreams  
by Mikhail Ancharov

In german far and distant land  
The great battle is over.  
And over the burnt fields that  
A soldier is going.  
The smelly heat presses him  
As a great heavy log.  
The earth got tired. It has need  
To have a rest for long.  
And so on the river bank  
And on the edge of earth  
The soldier for rest has sat,  
Hided the spider's flocks.  
The last mile had come to end,  
There'll be another way,  
But soldier's tired dream that day  
Wished to have on rest.

And he had seen, as if in dream,  
Such a marvellous bliss,  
That those, who served not in a grind  
Would never ever seen.  
He's at the gates. He's here, now.  
It's time to enter house.  
All boys from courtyard will run fast  
To meet him at that hour.

All friends are crying to him: 'Hey! '  
And rise their hands to greet.  
They look on the dusty pistol, and  
They look at orders gilded.  
Then he will kiss with passion great  
His wife, his father, mother.  
He will be resting one day then,  
And will sleep three days farther.

Then - he will clean the fields away

From garbage of the war.  
The fields, all filled with dust of cabs,  
Ought to forget it all.  
He will force sun to shine in skies  
The whole year round,  
And ice will melt from deeds that time  
On the old strips of ground.

Forever ended we the war-  
And this will be in time, -  
And soldier will plough earth  
Cris-crossing up and down.  
And he will recollect one day  
His dream at the river alien,  
And how he had a success  
To pass three wars, incredibly.

Lyudmila Purgina



# ov, I'M - The Fire... - Translation (Rus.)

By Magomed Gamidov

I'm - the fire.  
You're - only an icicle.  
Which is ringing from the cold wind...  
I'm not afraid of your pricking,  
This might not hurt me a little.

I thought I could win you over,  
I thought I could melt your tough ice,  
And the fire of my crazy love  
Would burn your proud heart.

But I was wrong in my thought a lot,  
I was in haste to have an answer...  
The greater was the fire-burn -  
The colder was the frost rather.

As the candle I'm burning and melting...  
As the damask steel you are ringing,  
As well as the ice tower you're standing,  
Where you have not any pity.

I was not aware of that Nature's sign  
As in a mirror - all is contrarywise:  
The indifference wins the love,  
And the fire turns to be the ice.

---

Under russian translation from Darginsky language (Dagestan)  
by Marina Akhmedova-Kolyubakina

Lyudmila Purgina

# , The Song About A Stormy Petrel - Translation (Rus.)

The song about a stormy petrel

By Maxim Gorky

Alongside the grey-haired sea plain  
Wind is gathering the clouds.  
Between clouds and the sea plain  
There's a proud petrel flying,  
As a black flicker of lightning.  
Once he is touching the sea wave's edge,  
Then is flying up to heavens  
As an arrow, and he cries...  
The clouds hear joy in his brave shout.

In this scream - the thirst for gale,  
Force of anger, flame of passion,  
And the certainty of triumph  
Hear the clouds in his shout.

Sea gulls moan before the storming,  
Moan, rush above the sea plain,  
They are ready to a bottom  
Hide their horror before gale.

And the loons are also scared,  
They can't catch the battle enjoyment,  
They are frightened by a thunder.

A silly penguin is shyly hiding  
His fat body in the cliffs... Only  
The proud petrel hovers bravely  
Above the sea, covered with foam.

Darker, darker are the clouds,  
Close they have come to sea plain,  
And the waves are singing, longing  
To the height to meet a thunder.

Thunder's rolling. In a wrath's foam

Waves are moaning, to wind resisting.  
Wind embraces the flocks of waves and  
In wild spite to cliffs them throws,  
Breaking into sprays and splashes  
Bulks of the emerald-green waves hard.

The stormy petrel, screaming, hovers,  
As the black lightning in heavens,  
As an arrow, he is piercing  
The grey clouds, with his wing  
He is picking up the wave's foam.

Here flies he, as a demon,  
The proud, black demon of gale, -  
And he is laughing, he is crying...  
At the clouds he is laughing,  
From the joy he's surely crying!

In thunder's whirl - he's the heedful demon,  
He, for long, feels there the tiredness,  
He's aware, that the clouds  
Can't hide sun forever, though!

Wind is howling... Thunder's rolling...

As a blue flame the clouds're blazing  
Above the sea chasm. The sea is picking  
The arrows of lightnings and extinguishes  
them in the fiery snakes,  
the reflections of lightnings  
Writhe in sea and disappear!

Gale! Soon it will be surely gale!

This is the brave petrel flying  
proudly among the lightnings,  
Above the roaring sea in anger;  
this is the prophetic shout:

- Stronger be a coming gale!



# M.Isakovsky, Katyusha - Song - Translation (Rus.)

Text by Mikhail Isakovsky

Music by Matvey Blanter

One of the hits of soviet war songs

There the apple, pear-trees were blooming,  
Mists were flying over the creeks.  
And Katyusha on the bank had stepped to,  
On the river bank, so high and steep.

She went out with a song delightful  
All about her grey steppe eagle strong,  
All about him, whom she loved heartily,  
All about him, whose letters stored.

Hey, the maiden's song, fly out far away  
After sun, that's shining in the sky,  
And, please, take the deep and friendly welcome  
To her soldier - the frontier guard.

Let him recollect his simple lady,  
Let him hear, how she does sing,  
Let him guard his native land with merit,  
And his love Katyusha will then keep.

There apple, pear-trees were blooming,  
Mists were flying over the creeks.  
And Katyusha on the bank had stepped to,  
On the river bank, so high and steep.

1938

Lyudmila Purgina

# M.Isakovsky, The Enemies Had Burned... - Song - Translation (Rus.)

By Mikhail Isakovsky

The enemies had burned his house  
And perished all his family...  
What way for soldier is fated now,  
Where could he carry all his grief?

And he went far in all his woe  
At cross of two wide roads then,  
He found there in the open  
One hill under the grass velvet.

He stood by, and as if the ground  
Got stiffened in his throat all.  
He said at last: 'Praskovya, hellow!  
Meet now your husband-hero!

And, please, prepare for your guest now  
Any a food and lay on table...  
I'm ready to enjoy the day-come,  
To celebrate return from battle...'

But no one has answered, though,  
No one has met him in the field.  
Only the wind was waving, rocking  
The grave grass, being so green.

He sighed at last, adjusted his belt,  
And opened his road-sack,  
And put a bottle of the beverage  
On the grey stone of that grave.

'Don't scold, Praskovya, me for that drink,  
You see, I was ready to feast  
For our health and for our meeting,  
But now it's time to drink for rest...

Again will boys and girls meet friendly,  
But never we shall meet again...'  
So drank a wine with half a grieving  
From a copper cup that soldier.

He drank a wine, the slave of people,  
And told with pain in all his heart:  
'I went to you through four-year's interval,  
I conquered three states in the march...'

And he turned drunken, dropped his tears,  
The tears of the hopes failed...  
And on his breast the medal's gleaming -  
A recompence for Busdapesht...

===

In russian and translation to bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, A Beggar - Translation (Rus.)

## A Beggar

A beggar stood before the gates  
Of Saint Cathedral, asking dole.  
His body thin of hunger state  
And sufferings - such poor role!

The only bread for pity's sake  
He looked for, eyes complete with shout.  
But joker a stone placed  
In hand which he was holding out.

So I had craved for shared love  
With you, and heart was crying.  
But feelings best were left apart,  
Forever lost by your betrayal.

1830

Lyudmila Purgina



# ntov, Angel - Translation (Rus.)

By Mikhail Lermontov

At midnight an angel was flying in sky,  
Singing a silent song.  
A moon and a star and the clouds high  
Were drawn in that sacred show.

He sang of a bliss of the sinless saints  
Under the alcove of Eden's gardens,  
He sang of great God, and that praise  
Was unfeigned and true as a guidance.

He clasped a new soul, young to love  
The world of sadness and tears.  
The sounds of his song remained inside  
Without a word, but living.

She lived so long, in tortures much,  
Keeping desire of phoenix.  
And dull were the earth songs instead of such  
A beautiful sound of heavens.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Anxiety - Translation (Rus.)

by Michail Yurievich Lermontov

## Anxiety

Deny your love... It will escape  
From brightly dreams, your mind turn ill...  
The pangs of love will cause your death  
And raze your living will.

The beauty, whom you love, at once  
Would give her hand for you perhaps,  
And years after take a chance  
To rend the ties of time elapsed...

And poor old will you sit  
On pillow or easy chair,  
And trying not again to meet  
The ugly wrinkled face so near

When thoughts of previous sometimes  
Will scramble fe&#1077; lings of the past,  
And cheeks will redden to the size  
Which was in youth, forever passed...

It's better live without friend  
In order not to fall in sorrow  
When future leads your love to end,  
And twicely break your heart tomorrow...

1830

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Aul Bastunji - Translation (Rus.)

Aul Bastunji

(\*aul is the name of village of the moslim peoples)

by Mikhail Yurievich Lermonyov

1.

To you, great Caucasus - the proud tzar of earth, -  
I carry verse inardvertent again,  
Do bless it, as your son, once more,  
With a canopy of your white-snow head!  
From early years in my blood I feel  
The turmoil of your heat, so storming,  
And even in the north I live,  
Only to you my heart's devoted!

Your notched ridges took me all to realm  
Of hurricane, but you, at least, was cherishing  
Me with your blue-haze hard embrace,  
And from the top I looked in ecstasy  
On mountains, that underneath  
Were like the body of a giant,  
Overgrown all with greens,  
With moss and grass - the old heaps  
In wild steppe, far seen!

3

Above my childish head, as a wreath,  
The grey-haired clouds coiled in rings;  
When thunder, roaring, sailed on them,  
As guards, awakened from a sleep,  
All caves were hailing around;  
I was aware of the sounds deep,  
I flied up to the heaven with my soul  
On chariot of storm, excited all!

4

The world had sentenced soul to negligence,  
It was of no need - the darkness of her chasm  
Is similar to the eternity, invisible  
For any living in this country eye...

And there exist the memoirs about  
The real country and the holy one,  
But inconceivably distant.  
Not light, nor rustle of the earth could drive  
The thoughts of her! ... I'm your's, my dear!  
And everywhere, where is my life!

(to be continued)

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, Clouds In Sky - Translation (Rus.)

Clouds in sky - the eternal great wanderers!  
Through a blue steppe in the pearl and white chain  
You race, as me, exiled ones, from my lovely land,  
From north to south, where now I stand.

Who kicks you out? The destiny's reason?  
The secret envy? The opened malice?  
Or that's a crime? Or the friend's killing smear,  
The poisonous drop in your undisguised chalice?

No, I think, you were totally tired  
Of barren fields... You were alien to sufferings;  
Alien to passions and cold in desires...  
Free from your native land, free from exile...

By Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Confession I - Iv - Translation (Rus.)

## I

The day was over; in a blue gown  
Guadalkvivir (\* the river in Spain) was flowing, whirling,  
Without any trouble about  
The world, existing there below.  
Alien to happiness, filled with evil.  
The south sun was shining, glaring  
Brightly, abundantly at noon hour,  
But never to a monastery,  
To prison with a playing ray  
Was coming. What joy it may  
Bring to the closed there man!  
With head declined in a sombre prison  
Was sitting the young hermit, Spaniard,  
In Spain he was born - and that's the reason  
Of his deplorable, bad fate!  
Why? No one could this explain,  
But he was blamed, accused for crime;  
And failed to search for justice, while  
He knew the people and the law,  
And hardly could wait a concern.

But one day steps he heard on stairs,  
The doors're unlocked, an old man,  
Rather decrepit and grey-haired,  
Entered in silence the ward's area.  
Why did he come that day, the question?  
What do the pity or the words  
Mean for the dying man? Would a care  
Be the better chance for him in all?

## II

'Here you're again! The fruitless effort  
To tell again, that it's the God,  
Who sentenced me for such an ending.  
That are - the people, their force...  
No, let me dye. My death, you know,

Will not continue their living,  
And my days in the future, though,  
They can't appropriate - and heat then  
Their exhausted long ago  
And cold hearts, with all my blood,  
Of a crazy man, been so young;  
A coffin without a simple cross  
Will never satisfy desire,  
And never it would be a stone  
For their way to heaven, neither.  
The ghost of the innocent will never  
Give them the key to Paradise.  
And I'm really not scared  
Of grave, where the torture lies  
And sleeps in the eternal state.  
But I feel sorry to lose life;  
I'm young, so young... Were you aware,  
What is the youth, and its dreams bright?  
You might not knew, or casted away,  
How you were hating, how loved,  
How your heart beated faster, faster  
In a common view of sun and fields  
From the corner of a tower, and lasting  
Were then the air freshness; deep  
In wall-groove there a child was sitting -  
The young dove of other earth,  
Was strongly frightened he with storm  
Leaning against the cold stone!

Let this bright world became for you  
So repelled - you're old, blind,  
And you'd got out now, too,  
Of habit to desire. - Never mind!  
You lived - old chap; you have things to forget!  
You lived! I also could do that!

### III

'You have come to my prison now  
To listen to confession - thank you, old;  
I don't know, why such thought  
Appeared in their mind? You learned

All my affairs to that time -  
Can any soul them confide?  
If I could open, unwrap my breast,  
Then you can't read there trace  
Of whether I'm a villain or a felon,  
Though the monastic law'd accepted  
To be the real law of heavens;  
But in my heart exists the sacred,  
Not lesser than your holy law;  
It's justified me - all alone,  
It is the ruler of my own;  
Immutable I'll keep my secret  
Till earth will take two friends in fixed time,  
Friends, tied together so strong.  
The life was only the captivity  
Among that sullen walls before,  
Where the childhood disappeared,  
God knows, where far it's lost?  
As dream, without joy and grief,  
The shadows of my best days  
Through my life passed and quickly swept,  
I can't restore, in any way,  
Them, through my being pity!  
Why do you look at me in silence  
In so stern manner? I am free...  
I'm not the brother now to others.  
The callous judges I don't curse...  
But, say, old chap, my tongue shan't thank  
No one of them, of course,  
For that before the purple ray  
Of evening dawn will stop its play  
On that wall, I - so young and fresh -  
Who stays in front of you and yet  
Alive (more - five years before)  
Shall turn to the only 'No' word!  
To ashes, all deprived from Being,  
That will be dust, not I, in real!

#### IV

And how could I in bright age  
Leave the high court with soul, and



To live without passions under sun  
Of native land? How really could I?  
You did forget, that in that curls  
You can't see a grey hair, no.  
You did forget, that flame in heart  
You can't cool either by the prey or fast.  
When there is a tempest above chasm,  
And thunder is rolling over skies,  
Order to waves not to set out,  
Order to heart not to hear now  
In stormy weather the voice of love! ...  
Yes, if this black attire could prevent  
For the poison into heart to percolate,  
Then I would have been guilty of all that;  
But under my hair shirt I only man,  
I'm only man, as the other one!  
And you, the old chap, if you  
Once have seen her, so beautiful,  
So heavenly looking, even in your dream,  
You should have become envious by this,  
In ecstasy you should have also make a sin,  
Denying all - the law and honour,  
You should have be the happiest lover  
And bear for one word or gaze,  
Or kindness - suffering and shame!

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, Confession, V-Vii - Translation (Rus.)

### V

I don't pray about freedom,  
I'm not afraid of skies or hell;  
Let the eternal grief just smash me,  
Of no matter! Never shall  
I meet her! The first day  
Of our departing terrible became,  
A century and one eternal age!  
And if the paradise would be in front  
All opened by the unearthly force,  
I should ask certainly there the guards,  
Standing before the gates, about love:  
Are there exist among the saints  
My Eden's hopes, lost before?  
Oh, don't stop me, don't object...  
What is Eden, the earth - without her?  
They are the only empty words,  
Though ringing loudly,  
The shining church,  
Though without idol!  
Alas! Give her to me back and again -  
Her lovely smile and her fair look,  
Her sweet voice and her lips such fresh,  
As dream, inpropable, delightful...  
Only faint sound one, please, give me back...  
What is the paradise? Oh! Old chap!

### VI

Look, in this prison's moistured dark  
I can't see any ray of sun;  
But one day I have seen the one,  
Which fell on window, as luck;  
And since that time between the stones,  
As a worthless trace of days, so joyous,  
Forgotten though, as I am,  
A flower is growing pale;  
But it will never blossom either,

It will dye at this place, as others;  
Old father, it's fate similar to fate  
Of me, unlucky, isn't that?  
Know, she already might be passed...  
Know, answer will be such at last:  
Go, run, call all the executors,  
The bloody butchers: I am sure,  
There's need now to wait?  
She is not here - all's in vain!  
Farewell, old chap; that is the hour  
Of penalty; pray for them now...  
And for the last time I'm swearing  
In front of God - I'm innocent!  
Say them, that I died as I could,  
Without any worried mood,  
About the secret, which caused death,  
I have told nothing to betray...  
Let you forget me in your mind,  
How I did live, and I did pass,  
How I existed in my life!  
Whom I did so strongly love?  
Oh, holy Father! What will dye  
In me, with me? For peace, for life,  
For the eternity itself -  
My secret never I shall sell! ..'

.....

.....

## VII

And he was perished, buried then.  
And sound of the ringing bells  
Was carried by the wind in steppe  
To walls of other dwelling place,  
Which was all covered with the grace  
And silence of the holy temple...  
The image of Madonna there  
Was shining in the smoke of the lamps,  
As apparitions there were standing  
The twelve maids, who were said  
To be died long ago; their pray

Was going to heavens high,  
And answered to them old shrine,  
To their peaceful, sacred song;  
And they were singing as one all,  
Except the one, as cherub, she  
Was nice and fascinating, really.  
No one could open her feelings,  
Her face was cold, without grievance.  
What is the core of women's look?  
There was a paradise in eyes, for sure,  
But hell was in her heart, at least!  
And thoroughly she was there listening  
The noise of wind at window,  
As if it should bring there the news  
About love or death! When doleful  
And sad toll of the bells had passed into  
The vast church - only a fair scream  
Flied up and went down in it.  
But those, who have heard, just thought  
Or said, that twicely out from  
The only one breast such a sound  
Couldn't be performed, created, rather!  
He took with him her love and life.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Demon, Chapter 1, Xi - Xv - Translation (Rus.)

## XI

And here is the church on empty road,  
Since old ages it rests in it  
One knyaz, he's a saint for now,  
But by the furious hand was killed.  
Times after may the passing traveller  
Be praying hardly near it,  
Whether he go on a holiday or fighting,  
This pray could him keep  
From a moslim's dagger bad.  
But this brave bridegroom had neglected  
The rules of ansestors, and tempted  
He was then by the dream of his fiancée;  
The demon lured him in mind,  
He was filled with the long for love  
Under the veil of the night.  
But suddenly before him shadows appeared...  
What's for? The shot is heard.  
The brave knyaz raised on the stirrups ringing,  
Moved his papakha on eyebrows, \* papakha - a wool cap  
Without a word he rushed as eagle  
With turkish gun against the foes...  
The shot's again! A wild cry  
And a muffled groan then had swept  
Through vale deep. The furious fighting  
Was short, the georgians fled, got frightened.

## XII

Then everything calmed down; totally frightened  
The crowd of the camels gazed  
On corpses of the riders; in a silence  
Their bells were ringing deafly; was ransacked  
The pompous caravan; only a bird  
In night was circling high in sky  
Above the Cristian's bodies died!  
No any peaceful tomb under the stones  
Will wait them in the monastery, where

The ashes of the fathers lie, and no  
No any sisters, mothers, all in veils  
Will mourn, and cry, and supplicate  
On their graves, being far placed!  
There the zealous hand will put the cross  
On the roadside, above the rock,  
For the continuous memory; the ivy long  
Will twine around it in spring  
With its green net, growing such thick;  
And the pedestrian will turn  
From his hard way, being strongly tired,  
For rest under its shade desired.

### XIII

The horse is racing faster than a deer,  
It snorts and earns as if the fight is near;  
Or suddenly it reins in motion  
And harkens to the wind's slight caution,  
Dilating widely nostrils, or  
Kicking ground in one moment  
With sharp calks on the hoofs,  
And waving its mane tousled,  
Without mind it goes forward.  
And on it you will see a horseman!  
He's silent, tossing on the saddle,  
Falled down to the mane with head.  
He doesn't drive his horse with bridles,  
With feet, pushed into the stirrups,  
And blood, as a wide spurt, flows down  
His snabrack. Though runner  
Has carried from the fight his rider,  
As quick as that the instant arrow,  
The bullet of Ossetian bad  
Caught him, causing the death.

### XIV

In Gudal's family there are the tears now,  
And people are crowding in yard...  
Who's horse had run, all in the soap,

And fallen down the gates behind?  
Who was that lifeless rider on it?  
The traces of the martial trouble  
Were set in swarthy face's wrinkles;  
The blood was on his clothes and weapon,  
And hand was clutching the horse's mane  
In his last movement, crazy action.  
Thus, not for long the girl was waiting  
For her young bridegroom, he had come,  
And kept his word of the true knyaz,  
By visiting the wedding feast. But all's in vain.  
Alas! He couldn't ride his horse again,  
And never ever turn alive!

## XV

As thunder from the highest heavens  
The punishment of god had flied  
On this before light-hearted family!  
Tamara bursted into cry,  
Tear after tear, her breast hard breathing...  
But suddenly what she is hearing?  
As if the mystic voice is saying:  
'Don't cry, oh baby! It is vainly!  
Your tear on the mute corpse really  
Can't bring him life, as dew enliving:  
It's only the mist in clear eye,  
It's on your cheeks the burning fire!  
He is so far, he won't estimate  
Your melancholy and depression;  
The heaven's light is now caressing  
His sight incorporeal; he's taking pleasure  
With mystic songs of paradise.  
What for the earthly dreams for him?  
What for the tears and hard cries  
Of poor virgin to the guest of skies?  
No, that lot of the mortal living,  
Believe me, angel on the earth,  
To bitter sadness doesn't not worth!

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Demon, Chapter 1, I - Iv - Translation (Rus.)

Michail Lermontov. Demon

The oriental story

\*Part 1'

## I

A gloomy Demon - the outcasted Soul,  
Was flying over the sinful Earth,  
The best-days recollected glows  
Were crowding in his deep thought.

The days, when he was shining brightly  
In Paradise - the hall of light -  
The pure Cheruwim. Delightful  
Then was his life. And passing by,  
The comets answered for his smile.

When through the eternal solid fogs  
He watched for the caravans of stars  
And planets, roaming or lost  
In space, so infinite and vast.

When he believed in love - oh, that  
One lucky child of Creation.  
He never was misfortuned, sad,  
And was beyond the hesitation  
About the dreadful age's row,  
Which seems so cheerless and slow.

And so, so on... But mute  
Was memory, though renewed.

## II

And thus rejected, he for long  
In spaces wandered, never anchored:  
One after other ages turned,  
As minute after minute, tempted  
In one monotonous chord.



While the Earth was miserable - then  
He sowed evil, neither troubled  
Of any force, or potency against,  
And thus the mighty skill was vain.  
The evil had become inviable.

### III

Above Caucasian peaks and mountains  
The exiled angel flew in trice:  
The Kazbek under him was shining  
As diamond with eternal ice.  
And deeply underneath like a black hole,  
Like fissure, dwelling of the kite,  
The Daryal-river flowed twirling,  
And Terek-river jumped as lion  
With shaggy mane fixed on his spine,  
And roared, - all beasts and birds there  
Were circling in the highest sky  
And listened to his voice together;  
And golden clouds  
From the south, from faraway  
Were following him  
To north; and rocks in crowd,  
Filled with a magic somnolence,  
Were bending over him heads  
In try to follow flickly waves;  
And castle's towers on rocks  
Were looking dreadly through the mists -  
The giant sergeants stood before  
Caucasian gates, protecting this!  
Was wild and lovely world around,  
By God created; the proud shade  
Contemptuously glanced over  
The work of God, but on his face,  
On his high forehead  
Nothing raced.

### IY

And there in front - the other picture  
He'd seen - amenities in blow:  
The Georgian valleys' splendid features  
As carpet stretching far below;  
The happy, sumptuous land in show!  
The piramidal poplars,  
Soniferous flows,  
That're running over  
The coloured stone bottom,  
And roses, where the nightingales  
Try to attract the beauty girls  
by warbles sweetest tone.  
The canopy of plane-trees spreading branches,  
Entwined around by the ivy rich,  
The caves, where in hot of day the deers hiding  
Bashfully, and gourgousness of life, the rustle of leaves,  
And multi-sounding talking voices,  
The breath of thousands of plants!  
And afternoon sensual heat,  
The fragrant dew that damps the night,  
And stars bright as the eyes  
Of georgian girl's look! ..  
But nothing, but the cold jealousy  
In bosom of the exile had arisen,  
No any feelings or new forces;  
And everything, that were at him displaying,  
He just desprised or simply hated.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, Demon, Chapter 1, V - X - Translation (Rus.)

### V

The house large and yard as court  
Gudal has built - grey haired now.  
For that his slaves had paid a lot  
With their work and tears woe.  
The shadows of house cast on cliff  
At dawn, when sun displays light show,  
The stairs, cut out of it,  
Direct to river there below,  
Where the young duchess Tamara,  
In white veil, as a glimpse, at last  
Descends for water to Aragva,  
The mountain river so fast.

### VI

The house mute from top of hills  
Was looking down to the valleys.  
But there's a feast today in him -  
The wine is spilled, the zurna's playing.  
(\*zurna is the musical instrument)  
Gudal his daughter has betrothed,  
For feast all relatives collected.  
The bride is sitting between girls  
On roof, all covered with the carpets,  
They all are joined in the plays  
And songs. Behind the mountains  
The semi-disk of sun hides far;  
They're striking rhythmically palms  
And singing - then her drum  
The young bride's taking. With one  
Hand, holding it above her head  
And turning round, she's once  
Racing lighter than a bird,  
Or suddenly she stops, glancing  
Over - and her wet eyes are shining  
Beneath the jealous eyelash;  
Or she is, a little bit inclining,

Along the carpet beautifully gliding  
And floating on her god's leg;  
And smiling,  
Filled with childish joy.  
Even a ray of moon, playing along  
The moisture indistinct sometimes,  
Is hardly be compared with her smile,  
Being alive as youth, as life.

## VII

I swear with a midnight star,  
With ray of east and of sunset:  
No any one of Persian governors,  
No any tzar of mighty land  
Had kissed such eye, as yet;  
The Harem's fountain with joy  
Has never washed such fair body  
With its dew, falling as the pearl,  
When heat of summer day exhausting!  
And no any hand on earth  
Has never untwined such a hair,  
Caressing th' lovely face for long;  
From that times when the world had lost  
The key to Paradise, I know,  
That never any beauty blossomed  
Under the sun of south either.

## YIII

The last time she was dancing there.  
Alas! The next day she was waiting  
The destiny of mere slave,  
The alien motherland and relatives,  
Though she was the Gudal's successor  
And a quick baby of free fate.  
And frequently the secret thoughts  
Were darkening the light such features  
Of beautiful her face; the movements were  
So full of gracia, expression,  
Were full of lovely such simplicity,

That even Daemon, flying there,  
Would look at her, amazed with picture,  
And he would so sadly sigh,  
While former brothers recollecting,  
And turn his gloomy face away.

## IX

And Demon saw... That moment he sensed  
Such an intensive feeling and exciting  
Inside him suddenly. The soul deserted  
Was filled with the beneficial sound -  
And he again felt the sacred incentive  
Of love, of kindness, of the beauty!  
And so long he was such pleased  
With sweet such picture - dreams about  
The former happiness, in a coherent loop,  
As if the stars followed each other  
And rolled in front him in queue.  
Being chained to it by force invisible,  
He's got acquainted with new grief:  
His breast, again awoken by feeling,  
Which was familiar to him.  
Was this the sign of the renaissance?  
Hardly he could find word to tempt  
In his mind, being devastated...  
Forget? - The God's bliss going that way,  
But Demon chooses other, however! ...

## X

Having tormented his good horse,  
To marriage feast up to sunset  
The bridegroom hurried, and green shores  
Of the Aragva-river he had met.  
Under the heavy burden of the gifts,  
Slowly moving, hardly stepping,  
The camels go in row, flickering  
One after one on rocky way.  
Their bells are ringing. He himself,  
The governor of Sinodal, directs  
This caravan, his supple waist

Is strapped round his waist by belt.  
The setting of his sabre and dagger  
Is glittering in sunshine, behind his back  
The rifle is, all notched with a fret.  
The wind is playing with the sleeves  
Of his chuha - the coat this  
With golden lace is wholly trimmed;  
His saddle is embroidered with silk  
And tassels are there on the bridle;  
The horse is covered all with foam,  
The priceless breed, of gold colour.  
This proud pet of Kharabakh  
Moves with his ears, seem to scare,  
And snorts, looking aside from height  
To downslope on the jumping waves.  
Such dangerous, narrow is the way  
Along the coast! There are the rocks  
To left side, to the right - the river restless.  
It is late. On the mount top,  
Covered with snow, the rouge turns pale,  
And upwards the haze is raising...  
The caravan has quickened pace...

-

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, Demon, Chapter 1, Xv - Xvi - Translation (Rus.)

XV (continued)

In the ocean of air,  
Without helm or any sail,  
So quietly are floating  
Planets - a choir celestial.  
There amidst the vast fields rambling,  
In the skies without trace,  
Fibrous flocks of clouds gentle,  
Imperceptible in race.  
And the hour of meeting,  
As well as the parting one,  
Does not give them joy or pity,  
Cold to future or to past.  
In the day of mortal anguish  
You should recollect their fly,  
Being as they are - impassive,  
And light-hearted - as they are.

When night spreads over its cover  
The mountains Caucasian,  
As soon as world, caught by the charming  
Of mystic word, in silence sleeps;  
As soon as wind above the mountains  
Stirs faded grass, scaring a bird,  
Which rises up, breaking the darkness  
With throbbing wings, and brings a joy;  
And under vine, with thirst, is gulping  
The dew of heavens in the night  
The flower, in blossom wonderful;  
As soon as from behind the mountain  
The golden moon appears silent  
And stealthily looks at you, lovely, -  
Then I will fly to to you, my dear,  
And stay till dawn, and call up dreams  
On your eyelashes, soft and silky,  
I'll be with you all time, for real.

The words stopped sounding in distance,  
One after one they disappeared.  
She jumped up, looking round, near...  
She felt the inexpressive fear,  
The perturbation in her breast.  
The heat of ecstasy - was nothing,  
Compared with the feeling crest;  
The soul was rending its strict bondage,  
And fire raced through net of veins,  
And that voice mystic seemed to be heard  
Anew in silence and again...  
Before the dawn the dream's oncoming  
Calmed down tired eyes and strain;  
But he disturbed her with the thought  
Of the prophetic dream, though strange,  
The alien, who'd come to her,  
So unearthly beautiful in haze,  
And mute, were bending over head,  
And looked at her with love sincere,  
He looked at her, but so sad,  
As feeling thus the inner pity.  
That wasn't an angel from the sky,  
The angel-keeper of divinity,  
The crown of shining rays wasn't up  
On hair curls, as common image.  
That was not spirit of the hell,  
So vicious, terrible - oh, no!  
He was like evening clear, yet,  
Not day, not night - nor dark, nor glow!

Lyudmila Purgina



# ntov, Demon, Chapter 2, I - Yi - Translation (Rus.)

## Part 2

### I

Oh, father, father, leave your menice  
And your Tamara don't scold;  
I'm crying: do you see my tears,  
They were not first out of all.  
And vainly the crowd of the suitors  
Are hasting out of distant lands...  
In Georgia they can find the new one,  
All of them I wish to reject! ..  
Don't scold me, father. You see, dear:  
I'm going ill, as if from poison!  
I'm tormented by the evil,  
Luring me with unavoidable!  
I'm perishing, please, take a pity!  
Give to the holy cloister your daughter,  
Seized with a kind of some insanity;  
There the god will help me further.  
Under his grace I'll burst my anguish,  
There's no any joy for me in world...  
And by the shrine I'll be overspreaded,  
Let a dark cell will take me all,  
As a coffin, yet beforehand.

### II

And to the solitary dwelling  
She was sent by her relatives, a hair short  
Was put on her young breast forever.  
But even under these monastic cloths,  
As under the patterned brocade  
She shamelessly, as usual, dreamt,  
And heart was beating as in past...  
She stood for long before altar,  
In light of candles, when the chorus  
Was singing prayings in the solemn tones,  
And there frequently she heard a voice,

Among the songs, familiar to her.  
Under the vault of the gloomy temple  
The face, well-known, fled at times,  
And glided on the air silent,  
Without trace, without sound  
In mist of incense, so light,  
It shined as quiet as a star:  
And beckoned her, but - where far? ..

### III

In coolness between two hills there hid  
The saint nunnery, all rounded  
With rows of the plane-trees, poplars,  
And sometimes, when the night was laying  
Its shadow on the surrounding gorges,  
Through them, in the monastic cell,  
Was seen the young sinner's icon lamp.  
Around, in a shadow of the almond trees,  
Where the crosses stood - the keepers  
Of sad tombs, the silent guardians -  
The birds sang in a friendly choir.  
The fresh springs jumped with noise through rocks,  
In one cold wave, there under cliff they joined  
To fall in ravine, then to roll,  
To run in their further way among  
The thickets, bushes, and the flowers,  
All with a hoarfrost covered in the morning.

### III (the second variant)

In freshness between two hills there  
Was hiding the holy nunnery, and trees -  
The planes and poplars - as the watchmen  
Surrounded it; sometimes when ravine  
Was covered all with night, there shined  
Through them in window of the monastic cell  
The light of icon lamp of the sinner young.  
Around in the shadow of almond-trees,  
Where the crosses stand in their sad row -  
That guardians of graves, the birds were singing

In their light and joyful choir.  
On rocks there jumped the the noisy springs,  
United in one cold wave  
Under the beetling stones, they  
As friends in gorge were farther streaming,  
Along the bushes, flowers.

IY

To north the mountains were seen.  
When shines the morning Aurora,  
When the blue smoke sprawls within  
The depth of valley, and the voices  
Of muedzins, turned all to east,  
Are calling for the praying oath,  
And the sonorous bell's sound  
Is shivering, waking the cloister;  
In solemn and so peaceful hour  
The georgian young, holding a jug,  
Goes down the steep slope,  
The icy tops of ridges coloured  
At sunset all in scarlet shroud;  
Among them, cutting clouds far,  
And higher of all near mounts  
Was towering pompously the true tzar -  
Kazbek - in a brocade chasuble and turban.

Y

But full with thought, so criminal, unfair,  
Tamara's heart is out of excitements.  
All before her is dressed in shadow,  
In gloomy veil, all 'round's guiding  
For further torments - and the light  
Of morning ray, and the black night.  
And usually, when the dreamy night  
Captives the earth with its cool grabbers,  
She falls under the icon crazy  
And bursts in tears, hardly cries;  
In silence of the night that wail  
Worries a traveller's attention,  
And he thinks: 'May be it's a Spirit,

Chained to a rock, is moaning, groaning! '  
And straining cautiously his ear,  
He sets spurs to his horse exhausted.

YI

Full with a sadness and with shivering,  
Tamara frequently is sitting  
At windows, thinking alone  
And looking all the distance over,  
And all the day is sighing, waiting...  
Someone is whispering: he'll enter!  
And not without reason he appeared  
In her dreams, tenderly caressing,  
With eyes so sad, filled with a cheer,  
With a delicate and gentle flattery.  
So many days she is in languor,  
Without knowing of the real base;  
Wishes to pray to spirit holy-  
But heart prays him nevertheless.  
Being tired with the constant struggle,  
Whether she goes to sleep on bed:  
The pillow burns her, it's so stuffy,  
And, scared, she gets up in tremble;  
Her breast and shoulders are burning,  
No power to breathe, and haze in eyes,  
Embraces her seek meeting only,  
And kisses melt on lips tonight.

=====

to be continued...

russian text

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Desire - Translation (Rus.)

Desire

by Michael Yuryevich Lermontov

Why ain't I &#1072; bird, not &#1072; raven in steppe,  
Who's flown over my head?  
Why can't I soar there in sky, highly so,  
And love only freedom and scope?

To west, only west, I'd like rush in desire  
To see fields, with a blossom entirely,  
There the ancestor's castles in mountain hazes,  
Still keep their old rest's ashes.

On the ancient wall the old ancestor's shields  
And swords so rusty hang still.  
I could fly above those swords, those shields  
And clean their dust by my wings.

When I slightly touch there the old scott's harp  
The sound flies highly above,  
And quieten after, when I interrupt  
To twitch those strings in the dark.

But prays are in vain, and so - the dreams,  
The fate's rules are rigid to be.  
And there are the waves of the alien seas  
Between motherland and my feels.

The last of descendants of the prominent fighters  
Are fading there far in the snowpiles.  
Was born in this place, being alien to it...  
Oh! Why can't I the steppe raven be?

1831

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Don'T Laugh At... - Translation (Rus.)

Michael Yurievich Lermontov

Don't laugh at my prophetic wrench.  
I knew: a blow of destiny would come,  
I knew, the head you'd liked to tend,  
Would from your chest to scaffold run.  
I'd said: no happyness, no fame  
'Could find in world; to bloody penance  
I'll draw and fall, and artfull blame  
Will smile while blackening my genius;  
And I'll pass without trace  
Of inner hopes and my bonds,  
But fearless to premature case.  
It's time to see the newer worlds.  
And let the mob will dirty wreath,  
My wreath of singer - crown of thorns...  
Let it be so! Careless of that...

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, For All... - Translation (Rus.)

For all, for all I thank you, dear:  
For secret woes of my passion's clue,  
For bitterness and poison of you kisses,  
For a foe's anger, my friend's chew,  
For heat of soul, which was lost in desert,  
For all, that I accepted wrong...  
Let make me only one thing since ever -  
Make me not thanking you for long...

1840

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, I Wish To Live! - Translation (Rus.)

by Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

I wish to live! I wish have sorrow  
In spite of happiness and love.  
They both all my mind turned to spoil  
And smoothed excessively my brow.  
It's time, it's time to mere sneers  
Of court to drive out the haze;  
What is the life of real poet  
Without sufferings? Or rain?  
Or storm in ocean? He wish to live  
By price of a tedious concerning.  
He buys the sounds of the being.  
He does not take the free-charged glory.

Lyudmila Purgina



# ntov, Let Poet Be Blamed Unfairly...- Transl.(Rus.)

By Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

Let poet be blamed unfairly  
By mocking, mad society as well,  
But nothing will prevent him really,  
And no one will hear my answer.  
I have been living to this day for myself,  
My song is racing so free in space,  
As a wild bird in the empty desert,  
As a boat, floating on lake.  
And what's the interest to the high court,  
When you are sitting before me,  
When my hand's mystically warmed  
By your hand, such a sudden gift.  
When I'm spending highest hours  
With you, oh, maiden of the bliss,  
Without any mark of suffering,  
Without turning eyes of this.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Moscow, Moscow... - Translation (Rus.)

by Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

Oh, Moscow, Moscow! I love you, as a son,  
As the russian man - so strongly, ardently and gently!  
I love your grey hair's sacred shine  
And love this cogged and placid Kremlin.  
Thus vainly thought the alien sovereign,  
That he can try to measure power  
With you, the hundred-year giant,  
To overthrow you. His striking  
Failed to attain the desired goal:  
You winced one time -he falled on ground!  
And quiet was all universe...  
You are the only heir of the glory -  
The stately, living and imposing!

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, My House - Translation (Rus.)

by Mihail Yurievich Lermontov

My house's everywhere, where exists the heaven,  
And where the songs are heard.  
All living with a flash of Being are there  
In him, despite of cramping mob.

The highest stars he can there touch to  
By roof, from one wall to another  
There is the long way, which one could  
With soul only esteem, not by the eye.

There's the true feel in the heart of man,  
The grain of the Eternity:  
Which the Infinity at single moment can  
To envelop, enclose all of it.

And mighty powered my house  
Was built for that the very feeling.  
I'm sentenced here to live now,  
But only this way I am easy.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, My Soul Should Live... - Translation (Rus.)

by Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

My soul should live in the earthly prison,  
But I think, not for long. May be I'll fail to see  
Your look, your lovely look, so tender but for others,  
The friendly star for all my naughty rivals,  
I wish them happiness - it would be so shameless  
To claim you of their dissipative manners.  
But if you wished to hide your love to me  
Under the cold behaviour, being still,  
But if you laughed at me when I was near,  
While you had inner anguish really,  
Then let my gloomy look will show you a case,  
Who had more suffering, or had more real blaze!

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, No, I'M Not Byron... - Translation (Rus.)

By Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

No, I'm not Byron, but the other  
Selected one, though unknown,  
Like he was, I'm also a wanderer,  
Kicked by the world, with russian soul!  
The earlier I have begun, the earlier - the end,  
My mind will thus produce few work;  
In soul's mine, as in the ocean,  
My broken hopes're vainly loaded.  
Who could your secrets to reveal,  
The gloomy ocean? Who tries  
To tell the throng my inner wills?  
That will be mine, or God, or none!

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, On Dark And High Rock... - Transl. (Rus.)

By Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

On dark and high rock above the blaring Dnepr \* Dnepr is river  
The sapling so young is hard growing.  
This sapling a wind couldn't leave in a rest  
In night time, in day or in morning.  
And tearing leaves, it is bending it, more,  
But couldn't break tree from the height of the shore.  
So luckiless man, persecuted by fate,  
Though all his desires were taken by grave,  
He ought to drag under the light of the moon  
The wreckage of his life, entirely cooled.  
He ought to get through all his hopes in life,  
With love in his heart, he is frightened to love!

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Remorse - Translation (Rus.)

Remorse

By Mikhail Lermontov

Why there's the insurgent murmurs,  
Reproach for the destine's power?  
It was so good for you, and, obviously,  
You by yourself has made your suffering!  
And mindless, you had owned once  
A pure soul and frank-saying,  
All free from the universal dark,  
You lost that inappreciable treasure.

The fire of the intial love  
You tried to rouse in her heart,  
But later you were vain to love,  
Getting the aim so sad enough.  
You scorned all through; among the people  
You stay as an oak-tree in desert,  
And tears of the love so innocent  
Couldn't shake your soul statuesque.

God doesn't give twice any joy,  
Making delight from mutual passion.  
Without solace, with lanquor,  
Your life will pass, as youth had ended.  
Her kiss you will find there in lips  
Of a lying beauty, fine in face,  
But every moment you'll seek  
The features of the first thing ever.

So go, go, bow to knees  
Of her and beg her pardon,  
Or you would rather make a deal  
With hell in yourself, peace denying.  
Then you will love, of course, at time,  
But couldn't return the previous feel,  
You couldn't replace your first forfeit  
Forever, that's your destiny.





# ntov, Stances - 3 - Translation (Rus.)

Stances - 3

26 Aug 1830

I

Look, how my gaze is still,  
Though the star of destiny is dead  
From long ago, and with it -  
My thoughts of light days.  
The tear, which more than once  
Was going to twinkle before you,  
Would never come, as well as hour,  
The prank of destiny, as truth.

II

You smiled at me. And I was that,  
My answer was a scorn -  
Since time I never changed  
With something - the heart's void.  
And nothing could make closer,  
Nothing could bring a peace...  
Though in my heart a mysterious voice -  
No other could I love - whispers...

III

I gave away to other passions,  
But when the first our dreams  
Fail once again to serve, then  
What could you change them with? ..  
How could you bring a solace, when  
You'd burned to ashes hopes  
In that land, or they may be ever  
In heavens live henceforth? .....

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Stances - 4 - Translation (Rus.)

## Stances

By Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

1

I can't repeat or write your name:  
Because of the inner wounding pain,  
The secret suffering in sounds,  
Which're so familiar to hear aloud;  
And judge, how the burden's heavy  
To hear name from lips and alien.

2

What right have they here to play  
With a holy shrine, a sacred reign?  
When I'm refused to touch her, they  
Are freely doing that, and pay?  
Whether I searched a paradise in you,  
And only in you, - so could they do?

3

And nobody I had kneed before  
With the obedient yet leg:  
That would be just the real fall  
Of pride, and that's the coward's way.  
And never I'll droop my head,  
Even if it would be just my Fate!

4

But if you make me drop my soul,  
Humiliate myself before all people,  
Then all youth oaths would be torn,  
All totally, besides love swear.  
Let somebody would say, my dear,  
That I did that for you in real!

5

I've seen your smile. It was brilliant.  
It caused the admiration in my heart.  
I thought, it was essentially unsimilar  
To the other lovely smiles, all but  
The eyes, in whole filled with tears,  
Were beautiful as skies, the dearest!

6

I saw them! - and was happy once,  
When that tear was running down;  
It had divinity in it, the spark,  
Which surely belonged to me for now.  
So! all that beautiful and sacred  
Is bigger for me - than the native.

7

Then if the worlds down our feet  
Were blessing our will, desire,  
I surely could say - this piece  
Of reign I shouldn't think as sunshine.  
It's scared of the gossips, well,  
It's flower of a solitude's dwell.

8

Do you remember evening and the moon,  
When in the lonesome bower I was sitting  
In deep thought, looking only at you...  
I'm fond of that days' freedom!  
I'd never change eternity for that,  
The evening I was gazing that...

9

So for the exiguous talisman, one time  
From the Sepulchre of Mahomet been taken,  
Fakir, presented with the pearls, gold, one

Of the other treasure of a distant land,  
Would all repudiate aloof,  
Docile to the strict law proof!

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, Stances - 5 - Translation (Rus.)

Stances

By ntov

I can't languish in my native land - let's go  
Far away towards the bloody battle.  
There, perhaps, my heart would stop its throbbing,  
Heart, all filled with you, my angel.

No, I'm not requiring your love for now,  
No, you must miss the fatal passions;  
I'm ready to accept the death and real blood,  
All in order to pour down the breast flaming.

Then let I fall down in the cruel battle,  
As a warrior - the people wouldn't cry,  
Nobody would then a burden carry  
Of my storm of feelings and my life.

And the destiny would stop the promises  
Of my youth on place, where I would sleep  
In desired state without any thoughts in,  
All without any grumbling weep.

So let it be. But if I couldn't escape from  
That sad dream of love in the other world;  
If, at least, I'm forever sentenced  
Everywhere love to carry long;

If in that land, where the soul endures  
Only the pleasure, drinks the Soma sap,  
Nobody my hard sores could cure,  
No one could rid me off the bad;

Oh, please, look at me with warm in hour,  
When we part, on person that,  
Who's not scared of the people, trials,  
Proudly will die for motherland;

Who on you was gazing often jolly

With a moist eye in a secret style,  
That caused pity from the others, though  
He was so glad to catch your smile...

1830 or 1831

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, Stances - 6 - Translation (Rus.)

Stances

By Mikhail Lermontov

I'm not lamenting of the past,  
It wasn't sweet to me.  
I can't remember anything, at last,  
That wasn't a poisoned grief! -

As present - it is full of passion  
Miraculous, but is covered all  
With the blizzard evil, as in steppe  
Covered with snow the old cross! -

The desired answer for my love  
I vainly coveted by soul,  
And if I'm singing of the one -  
- It was the real dream, and only.

I'm used to be alone now,  
Even the friend is obstacle to me;  
The moments with him, I know,  
Would be the waste of time to live.

I'm bored in day, I'm bored at night.  
The hope for solace - all is failed;  
It's gone forever somewhere far,  
As moments of life flee fading. -

I'll go for west, it's light as yet;  
And sea will dissipate my grieving.  
No one I'll tell - farewell, farewell -  
- No one of me will have a pity! ..

May be one time someone will have  
A sort of sigh of me - and Providence  
Would pay a silent day, perhaps,  
For my so longly lasting torments.





## ntov, Stances - 7 - Translation (Rus.)

Stances

By Mikhail Lermontov

I'm destined to love up to grave, it's real,  
But the will of the God is determined:  
All, who loves me, should die, perish, ruin  
Or is going to suffer till end.  
My will's opposite hopes and opposite dreams,  
Strongly loving, of mutual love I'm feared.

On the deserted rock there's a flower blossoming,  
That's a forget-me-not, she is staying alone,  
Without girlfriends, untill there a cruel rainstorm  
Beats for time, rock is still as before;  
But the flower isn't so charmingly glinting,  
She is broken by wind, from the hail is all killed.

So I am. As a rock, I stand fixed, without motion  
Under strikes of my fate, everyone, who takes hand  
Of me, surely don't suspect of the same war,  
He is just unaware of the hammer of fate.  
Not the owner of all my feelings and steps,  
I should be the unlucky one - no one else.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, Stances - 8 - Translation (Rus.)

Stances

By Mikhail Lermontov

I'm not lamenting of the past,  
It wasn't sweet to me.  
I can't remember anything, at last,  
That wasn't a poisoned grief! -

As present - it is full of passion  
Miraculous, but is covered all  
With the blizzard evil, as in steppe  
Covered with snow the old cross! -

The desired answer for my love  
I vainly coveted by soul,  
And if I'm singing of the one -  
- It was the real dream, and only.

I'm used to be alone now,  
Even the friend is obstacle to me;  
The moments with him, I know,  
Would be the waste of time to live.

I'm bored in day, I'm bored at night.  
The hope for solace - all is failed;  
It's gone forever somewhere far,  
As moments of life flee fading. -

I'll go for west, it's light as yet;  
And sea will dissipate my grieving.  
No one I'll tell - farewell, farewell -  
- No one of me will have a pity! ..

May be one time someone will have  
A sort of sigh of me - and Providence  
Would pay a silent day, perhaps,  
For my so longly lasting torments.



## ntov, Stances -1 - 2 Variants Of Translation (Rus.)

Running in mind along the chain  
Of former years, of the past;  
I don't regret of anything like that,  
Because now it'd lost the chance  
To sweeten soul; all is soaked  
With passions, and the evil blizzards  
Has covered all; as a forgotten cross  
It stands in steppe without reason.  
The answer for my highest love  
I vainly asked for by my soul.  
And if now I'm singing, that's a sign  
Of that it was my dream, although.  
As meteor it flashed above  
In my eyes in the former twilight,  
And, being earthly, it got down,  
As earth, deceived my eyes entirely.

- -

The instant look on chain of life,  
On the events of past - the answer would be -  
I'm not at least stuck to that rhyme:  
It wasn't sweet, it was a beat.

As nowadays, it's watered with  
A storm of passions, and the blizzards  
All covered it with the snow drifts,  
As cross in desert's covered thickly.

A thirst for answer for my love  
I vainly waited for a moment.  
And while I'm singing of this one -  
That's only from dream in soul.

It blinked as meteor in sky,  
In evening darkness my eyes catching.  
And, being earthly, it was lie,  
Being all to me - it was just playing.



## ntov, Stances -2 - Translation (Rus.)

I'm looking forwards into years far,  
Through a beam of hopes, all of them  
Are hard to be determined; and they are  
Still promising the years, days,  
Which are so similar to past,  
Without tortures, joys, at last  
The end - the waited end:  
Your future, the creator, in that way!

I'm the son of anguish. And my father  
Was out of quietness to end.  
My mother faded away in tears;  
I only was left, and needless,  
In that resplendent people's feast,  
The young branch on the dry stump, least; -  
Though green, it doesn't have a sap in it-  
The death daughter - death's destined!

1831

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, The Cup Of Life - Translation (Rus.)

## Variant 1

We drink from our Cup of Being  
With the closed eyes, indeed;  
Its golden edges water with the tears,  
And that are - our tears.

But when a fillet over eyes  
Falls down before death,  
And all things luring that time  
Goes to the upper end,

Then we see, that the golden Cup  
Was totally empty,  
And dream was juice in it, alas,  
And not to us pertaining.

- -

## Variant 2

We drink from our Cup of Being  
With closed eyes,  
And moisten golden brims with tears,  
Our tears cry.  
But when before the death from eyes  
The band falls down,  
And all delusions round us  
With band're declining,  
That moment the empty Cup we see  
Before us staying  
With a delicious nectar like dream -  
But Cup is - alien!

1831

Lyudmila Purgina

## ntov, The Dream - Translation (Rus.)

At noon heat in the valley of the Dagestan,  
I laid, shot by a lead in breast,  
Immovable I was, the deep wound that time  
Was smoking, blood oozed out red.

I laid alone on the sand of valley;  
The ledges of the rocks round me were squeezing,  
And sun was burning their tops, such yellow,  
And burned me, but I was deadly sleeping.

And I dreamed all about feast,  
Eternal, shining in my native land:  
There among the young wives cheerful  
Was going a talk about my fate.

Without joining to this light talking,  
One of them sat alone in corner,  
And pensively she dreamed about former  
And some elusive things, been over.

She dreamed about the deep valleys  
In Dagestan, where the body,  
Familiar to her was deadly laying -  
Wounded in breast with blood, out flowing...

--

Such a prophetic poem about the destiny of poet....

Lyudmila Purgina



# ntov, The Forecast - Translation (Rus.)

by Michael Yu. Lermontov

The time will come - one Russia's cruel time,  
When Tzars's crown'd be declined by crime.  
The previous worship will be lost by mob,  
And common food then will be blood and Mort.

When wives and children could not be protected  
By poor Law, disorderly neglected.  
And plague will walk throughout lifeless throng  
And hold a shawl for anyone to call  
From huts and villages, where it's gone from.  
And hunger will torment the land,  
And gleam will colour waves of river band.  
This day the mighty Man will come.  
And once you'll understand by dawn  
Why does he hold the Damask sword.  
And Damn for you! - your cry and moan  
Will cause his laugh, without any cord...

And inside him will live the Dark and Horror.  
Obscure raincoat with elevated forehead...

1830

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, The Melancholic Toll Of Bells...- Transl.(Rus.)

By Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

The melancholic toll of bells  
Astounds me in evening hour...  
Unwillingly it does resemble  
Illusive hopes in my soul...  
And even wind - a traveller such single  
While rustling over the cemetery grass,  
Could not cool something, , that is deeply  
Is living in my core of heart.  
The destiny can't bury all  
My genius, which has grown high,  
But what can keep it in this world  
From the artful calumny, the dull delight...  
From wasting passions and the tongue  
Of lecherous lovers, from desires,  
That you could not describe,  
For people, mediocre minded?  
Without food the bright such flame  
Should die there on the moistened cliff.  
The stone so coldly is listening -  
Let's give one more attempt to him  
And open the sources of heart's pleasure,  
And then he will explain, what you  
Ought thus to feel in situation,  
In mere things not seeing the perfection.  
He is not used to value beauty,  
As that one, who tried all the Nature hold  
Within his breast, who tries to get full cost  
For sufferings on lovely earth,  
And by this great triumph achieving  
The soul's divinity and its eternal freedom...

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, The Prophet - Translation (Rus.)

The Prophet

by Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

Since time when the eternal Judge  
Presented me the gift of a Prophet's Seeing,  
I started reading in the eyes of men, alas,  
The pages of their vi?es, their malices.

I started to proclaim both love and truth  
And teaching them: but neighbours 'round  
Were throwing the stones, pebbles to  
My side, being in state of blind.

I powdered my head with ash,  
From towns I ran fast as beggar.  
And up today I live in trash,  
Like fowls seek to some God's fare.

The covenant of the everlasting Force  
I keep here, the creatures fair  
Are dutiful to me, and stars, of course,  
Are listening to me, while playing.

When through the town I thread line  
In haste, I hear there the elders  
Who're telling children with a smile  
About me, my fate with lecture:

'Let's see: he's the example cool!  
He'd been so proud, couldn't get suited  
To all of us. At least he's fool!  
He tried us to believe he's a tutor

And through his lips the God sends bliss!  
Look, children: he is gloomy, lean!  
He's pale, naked, poor seen  
And totally rejected been! '

1841

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, The Runaway - Translation (Rus.)

The runaway

by Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

Garun was faster, than a deer,  
And faster, than a hare quick,  
He ran away, caught by a fear,  
From the curcassian battlefield.  
His father and two brothers there  
Had died for freedom and for honour,  
And now their heads are laying  
In dust under the heel of foe.  
Their blood is bleeding, asking vengeance,  
Garun forgot his duty, shame,  
He lost there in heat of battle  
His gun, his sabre - and he ran! -  
The day had gone, the wreaths of hazes  
Covered the meadows with veil,  
From east the cold breeze came near;  
Above the desert of the prophet's land  
The golden crescent moon has raised! ...

Being tired, parched with a thirst so cruel,  
Wiping the blood and sweat from face,  
Garun is recognizing aul,  
Which moonlight all illuminates.

He sneaked up, no one had noticed...  
There was a silence everywhere.  
From the bloody battle he was only,  
Who had returned to home back.  
To saklya he in haste is going, (\*saklya - is the house in aul,  
the village of Circassians)  
It is all lit, the host is there.  
Reluctantly, he enters threshold,  
Sulim was his friend, but he didn't  
Give any sign to know him,  
Because Selim was deadly ill -  
He laid on his bed all alone.  
'Great is Allah! He with his blessing

From poison should have saved you much  
For glory with his holy angels...  
'What's new? ' - Selim as welcome asked,  
Raising his feeble eyes to Garun,  
And casting at him a hope glance,  
Half-risen from his bed, he seemed again  
Going through the battle end...

'For two days we were hardly fighting...  
My father falled, the same my brothers.  
I had escaped, running to desert,  
As a wild beast, chased by the enemies,  
With blood-strained feet  
From sharp rocks, bushes,  
I went by ways, unknown, rooty,  
By steps of wolves and wild boars.  
Circassian are dying all.  
Give me a shelter, old friend!  
For god's sake! Never I'll forget  
Your service till the day of death! ...'  
The dying man had answered that:  
'Go out! - you are worth to blaming.  
No roof, no any bliss, no shelter  
Will be for a coward forever! '

With shame and inner grief the young boy,  
Without any anger wave,  
Garun has silently gone out  
Of the ungrateful house, cheerless.  
And passing by the new-built saklya,  
He stopped for a moment to dream  
About former life, and rather  
The old days with heat had kissed  
Hid cold forehead. Happiness  
Once filled him so light and sweet  
In darkness of the poor night.  
As if again he sees the sight,  
Again the eyes has flashed before him,  
And he thought: 'I'm - the beloved  
By her, with me she's living...'  
And her he's daring to visit...  
But hears the old song, acquisitive...

As a moonlight then Garun turned dim....

Moon is floating,  
Calmly and silent,  
The young man is going  
To the great fighting.  
Dzhigit is loading now his gun, (\*Dzhigit - a horseman)  
And girl is saying to him: 'My love!  
Be brave to bear the will of fate,  
And to the east should firmly pray,  
Be faithful to Allah! Take faith  
To honour and to glory day.  
And who will betray  
His natives and land,  
And fighting no foes,  
Will die without glory.  
The rains will not wash him,  
The beasts will not eat him.  
The moon is floating  
Calmly and silent.  
The young man's going  
To the great fighting.

With bowed head, Garun is quickly  
Continuing his way, a tear  
Is falling down from eyelash  
On chest, when he goes ahead.

And here's his house, stooped by tempest,  
As a white spot in the darkness black.  
Encouraged, he has stopped at the fence,  
And knocked the window with hand.

Perhaps, his mother is warmly praying  
For him to god in heaven high!  
Perhaps, his old mother is waiting  
For him, the only survived!  
'Oh, mother! Open the door, my dear!  
I'm Garun! Your youngest son.  
Through russian bullets I passed really  
Without any wound...' 'Alone? '  
'Alone.' 'And your father, brothers? '

'They falled down with grace of God,  
And angels took their souls highly...'  
'Have you revenged? ' 'Oh, no, no...'

But as an arrow I've climbed  
The mountains, leaving my gun  
In alien land, to you have come,  
So that you be glad and consoled...'  
'Stop telling! Gyaar sly and cunning,  
You couldn't die without glory.  
So live from my house far and out.  
With your shame, the runaway dishonoured,  
I should not darken my old years.  
You are a slave, a filthy coward,  
You are not my son - never ever! '

The word of the rejection downed,  
And everything was caught by dream...  
The curses, prayings and hard woes  
For long were heard at windows;  
At last one stab of dagger ended  
The shame of the unlucky boy...  
In morning mother saw the remnants,  
And turned her sight with inner cold...  
His corpse, expelled from the faithful followers,  
No one had carried to the grave,  
And blood from his deep wound was constantly  
Licked by a hound, grawling as evil.  
And the young boys were scolding, swearing,  
Standing above the body cold.  
The death of the runaway and shame his  
Were in the old legends stored.

His soul from the eyes of prophet  
Has run away with awful fear;  
But shadow on the eastern rock-hills  
Till now all night is wandering.  
And at the windows in morning  
He asks to enter, knocking door,  
But by the loud words of Queran  
He once again is running for  
To veil of haze, as earlier from sword.



-

Such an awful story...: (

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, The Russian Melody - Translation (Rus.)

by Michail Lermontov

I've created other world in mind  
And other images have dropped into existence.  
I tried together them with chain to tie,  
To give them shape and also appearance,  
But haven't named; and under sudden storm  
The creatures fall to ruins all! ..

So before the idle mob  
With balalaika is a singer sitting  
In shadow of trees; he's easy from  
Either of benefit or any self-interest! ..

He utters suddenly a sound loud,  
Praying to maiden, nice by heart and beautiful, -  
Then sound breaks the strings, and farther  
You'll hear only beginning tune,  
And never anybody sing the end or other! ..

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Though Joy Has Betrayed... - Translation (Rus.)

By Mikhail Yurievich Lermontov

Though joy has betrayed long ago,  
As my love, as a smile of people;  
And the star of my hope went down  
Earlier than my youth passed in the real;  
I despise now my future destiny,  
And the world in a whole, I can't  
Give them right to abase me, to tease me,  
I'm waiting for end or good chance.  
That one who was deceived so often,  
Couldn't trick others in the same way;  
Let my life race throughout the bad storms,  
I am carefree, I know today,  
Untill my heart in my breast is beating,  
It will fail to give me a delight;  
Only grave could, perhaps, help me simply  
To get quiet from flammable love.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, To... I Shan'T Abase... - Translation (Rus.)

by Mihail Lermontov

I shan't abase before you ever;  
And neither greeting, nor reproach  
From you could rule my soul, never.  
Just know: we are alien henceforth.

You did forget: I shan't my freedom  
For some delusion give at once;  
As years I've left for the sweetiest  
Your smile and pretty eyes at last.

And too long time I failed expecting  
In you the hope of my youth,  
And thus the world I have neglected,  
Although stronger loving you.

Who knows, may be such good moments,  
Which passed at your feet so fast,  
Were taken out of my potency  
Of inspiration, other cast? !

May be inspired of divinity,  
With faith in power of soul  
I'd drop to world my magic gift then,  
God's immortality would follow?

Why did you promise so easy  
To substitute his wreath at large,  
Why wasn't you in the beginning  
Such as you did become at last!

I'm proud! .. Please, forgive me so!  
Let you love other one in future;  
Despite of any earthly forces,  
I shouldn't take the slaves's duty.

To alien mountains I'll point  
Myself, to sky of south, may be;

But we'd each other known so,  
That couldn't forget this perfectly.

That day I will to merge in pleasures,  
To swear in my passion all;  
With all around then to gladden  
Myself, but won't crying for;

Will to be shameless and deceive  
The others, not love either;  
How could I any woman to esteem,  
When angel was unfaithful rather?

I was prepared then to go  
Through pain and even death for that  
The only enchanting moment,  
When I could shake your infant hand -

Oh, crazy! - one more time to shake!  
Without knowledge of betrayal,  
I gave to you my soul there;  
And did you know the true value?  
You knew - but I was unaware!

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, To... Please, Don'T Attract... - Translation (Rus.)

By Michail Lermontov

To...

Please don't attract me with your beauty,  
My spirit's gone and grown old.  
Oh! So much years when one look deeply  
Into my mind stayed as the record.  
I had forgotten all the world  
For this one moment memorable,  
But to this day as beggar, orphan  
I wander set apart, alone.  
As traveller in darkness in night land,  
When seeing far the fire straying,  
I'm running to it... catching it with hand...  
But - precipice is under foot betraying! ..

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, To... We Met Again... - Translation (Rus.)

by Michail Yuryevich Lermontov

We met again. But how did we change!  
The years passed in row dull and doleful,  
And turned to the invisibleest waste...  
I search the fire in your eyes bygone,  
I seek in soul agitation former.  
Oh! i do realize that you, as me,  
Was killed by life hard gravity! ..

Lyudmila Purgina

# ntov, Why For? - Translation (Rus.)

by Michail Yuryevich Lermontov

I'm sad because I love you much,  
I know, you will be in touch  
With rumours, all despite of youth,  
Which's so blossoming, that's true.  
For all sweet days you'll have a pay,  
The beauty moment will fast decay  
In rays of grief and troubled fate.  
I'm sad because you are so gay...

Lyudmila Purgina



## ntov,15 July 1830 - Translation (Rus.)

Why did I leave the circle, though unshaped,  
Of relatives? All was so warm in-there,  
All were the friends and mentors, and my life  
Was full of childish dreams inside.  
And horrors were the play for soul,  
My gain was fly to skies, to clouds!  
And ready I was all to kiss in lips,  
Without doubt of a snake in this.

The other people I entered to commune,  
I learned them much, the friend's lie, sell-out, too.  
I've become suspicious, and one day  
I lost the talisman of a soul's nonchalance.  
And nobody can greet with a word:  
I'm friend to you! - The answer'll be a groan  
From breast, and a reproach bad.  
I'm got withdrawn of greetings that.

Ah, I was loving, when I was happy, yes,  
When only from love I bursted into tears.  
But having filled with woe all this breast,  
How, tell me please, how could I love, at least?  
I'm feared, while embracing a virgin,  
I have a cup of poison - love instead,  
And fill with it my living soul,  
Show heart as the altar without fire then.

But I'm better, than they see outside,  
They can't read in my face a feel;  
What they are rumouring about... hush!  
If I knew, how could I come through this.  
There's a fire in myself against,  
But not the fire of the anger, true,  
Nor vengeance, not scorn, as yet,  
But... why they tried to poison childhood?

The crooked bow, having torn its string,  
Rattles loud - but will not be straight;  
To overcome their chains, I made, in real,

The last attempt with rising head;  
So... now I'm living sad  
And miserable far, without friends,  
Without hopes, thoughts and powers, to say,  
And paler than a beam of moon, that skates  
Along the wall through gap without sense.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky - In The Damp Earth-Huts - Translation (Rus.)

In the damp earth-huts, in twilight of the trenches -  
I've never met the bad people there.  
The soldier, whom I've never known,  
Gave me the caporal without any word.  
Your letter with the risk and extraordinary  
The signalman as usual to me was carrying.  
By turning the wheel of car with all his might,  
The driver's got me to the headquarters staff.  
As angel, though hardly any wing could point,  
The doctor bent to me in military hospital.  
It seems to me that here Russia had collected  
The best of all, that could be gathered ever.

1975

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, All Night The Nightingale... - Transl.(Rus.)

By Mikhail Matusovsky

All night the nightingale was whistling warbles,  
The town was mute, mute were houses all.  
And all the night the white acacia's clusters  
Were turning us to excitement from love.

The garden was all washed up by the spring rainstorms.  
In the ravins water was so dark.  
Oh God, how naive we were in that time all,  
How we were happy and how young.

Years had passed, making us the grey-haired.  
Where's the clearness of boughs thick?  
Only the white blizzard and the cold winter  
Are the reminder of past blossoming.

And while wind rages quite frenzy,  
I feel in me with a power new:  
The white acacia's clusters sweet-scented  
Are just inimitable as my youth.

-

The popular russian romance

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, Don'T Forget... - Translation (Rus.)

Don't forget

by Michail Matusovsky

When train takes you from the frontier post far  
To distant land for hundreds miles.  
Please, don't forget your service company,  
And don't forget your friends in heart.

Please, don't forget, how in spring time here  
The gardens blossom as a white foam.  
Please, don't forget, how after a work shift  
We met with you at the control post.

Please, don't forget the native land's space,  
A vault of heaven, spreading high.  
And don't forget all our dream's lace,  
And our oaths don't forget in future life.

Please, don't forget, that after blizzard  
There is the time for May to come.  
And don't forget you girl sincere,  
Please, don't forget your dear love.

-

The popular russian (Soviet) song

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, It Was Recently... - Translation (Rus.)

It was recently...

by Michail Matusovsky

On the cinema show  
In the small town once  
An actress was singing song, though  
On the language ungrasped.  
But this waltz from the film was  
In the memory stored -  
It was recently so,  
It was so long ago.

How could I imagine,  
How could I think then,  
That with youth and forever  
I was parting this way,  
And what paths fate had forced me  
In my life then to cross -  
It was recently so,  
It was so long ago.

That days couldn't be raised up,  
And the fire got from.  
Why is old waltz hunting  
Me, my mind so long -  
As if we are together  
In the cinema glow.  
It was recently so,  
It was so long ago.

-

The popular russian song, romance

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, Moscow Nights - Song -Translation (Rus.)

In the garden noises are hardly heard,  
Everything is silent till dawn.  
Do you know true, how dear now  
To me evenings in Moscow.

River seems to be moving, or not so,  
As if made of silver of moon.  
And the song is heard, or is not at all,  
In this evening, so beautiful.

Why you, dear, look at me, squinting eyes,  
Lowering them up to the earth?  
It is hard for me to explain this time,  
What I have in my heart for long.

And the dawn becomes light and light for now...  
How can I say my few words?  
Please, remember, dear, in your future life,  
Summer evenings in Moscow.

=====

The hit of Soviet songs

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, Moscow Windows - Translation (Rus.)

Do you see the skies are turning dark,  
And in twilight windows are light?  
Here all my friends do live,  
Gasping silently my breath,  
I'm looking into windows.

I like dream, while gazing at them long,  
I can read them, as the books, and more  
Their inner light excites,  
Lures, calls me with the life...  
As if the people they look at me now.

And again I'm ready to stay long  
At your window, as if I'm young.  
And for its bright and warm light  
I'm hasting even fast,  
As if to meeting with my youth, that's gone.

I like look at windows at night,  
I wish them the only good life.  
Their light for many years  
Is so dear and so clear -  
The Moscow window's eternal light.

====

The popular soviet song

Lyudmila Purgina



# ovsky, On Blank Paper - Translation (Rus.)

By Michael Matusovsky  
translated from russian

In any show of one any happy thought,  
And later insolence of lines, that may have complex matter,  
All just began with feeling that was brought  
By true surprise, then written on blank paper.

Strong will to understand the qualities of things,  
To organize them properly to the according place -  
All that began from inner anxiety,  
Thus to be written on blank paper.

The paths of winter and the newborn summer,  
The earthly beauty or the other undertaken,  
And 'War and Piece' or 'Romeo and Juliet' -  
All written firstly on blank paper.

At a stand, a piano, or on an arena,  
At a clay, a stage, a canvas, and etcetera,  
All that the art and all the world creation  
Were written firstly on blank paper.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, On The Unknown Crest - Song - Translation (Rus.)

The song

by Michael Matusovsky

from the film 'The Silence'

Translated from russian

The grove was smoking at the piedmont,  
Sunset was burning all the same.  
And we survived only the three boys  
Out of eighteen, lost in battle.  
How many friends lied there in darkness,  
Our dear friends and all the best -  
At the unknown ever town,  
On the Unnamed Unknown crest.

The rocket shined while falling down,  
As falling star is dying out.  
Who saw that, then he won't rather  
Forget the heavy trial with time.  
He couldn't forget this bad experience,  
The outrageous such attacks  
Near unknown ever village,  
On the Unnamed Unknown crest.

The 'messershmits' above flied heavy,  
And it was light as in daytime.  
But only stronger we kept friendship  
Under that cross severe fire.  
And though it were so hard conditions,  
We kept our dream which was in test  
At the unknown ever village,  
On the Unnamed Unknown crest.

I often see them in my dreams now,  
The battle friends who're ever gone,  
Built with the three logs our dugout,  
The pine-tree burned down to total.

As if again I'm staying near  
The border of the burning pest,  
At the unknown ever village,  
On the Unnamed Unknown crest.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, The Foul Weather Was Dictating - Transl (Rus.)

The foul weather was dictating me the lines  
In a moist earth-hut during day or night.  
For four and more years I was rhyming  
The concrete with iron, and the lead with fire.  
And if these records of the past  
I read to you when meet again either,  
Then let you feel the taste of gunpowder  
On lips, when I describe it now.  
And you, all caught with those feelings  
Of the past days, forgotten time,  
Might stay before my Muse, called infantry,  
With agitation in your mind.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, The Old Marple - Translation (Rus.)

by Mikhail Matusovsky

Old maple, old maple, old maple is knocking now  
In the window, inviting us for walking.  
Why this day, why this day, why this day is so bright?  
That's because of you along the street are going.

Snowfall, snowfall, snowfall had finished yet,  
As the spring again has come to town.  
Why this day, why this day, why this day is quiet well?  
That's because of you presented me a smile.

Look at sky, look at sky, look at sky and you will see,  
How it is shining clear without clouds.  
Why it plays, why it plays, why it plays the accordion?  
That's because of that the player's loved by someone.

-

The popular russian (Soviet) song

music Alexandra Pakhmutova

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, The Pain As Fire... - Translation (Rus.)

By Mikhail Lvovich Matusovsky

...The pain, as fire, can flare up, and then  
Go out, and again return.  
And there're, no any means it to abate,  
We can't do this, it alternates its form.

It may be the inheritance of people,  
Or may be the requital for the sins:  
The baby is born out painfully,  
With pain the verses go into real.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, The Pilot Never Can Stop Flying - Transl. (Rus.)

Again with dawn the sun has lit  
The wing of airplane, anew.  
And pardon me, that I don't live  
On earth for long to meet with you.

R: Again it's time to say goodbye, and  
Again the sky is calling us.  
The earth for sure can't stop rotating,  
The pilot never can stop flying, thus.

The motor brave with all his power  
Is singing in transparent air.  
Of course, it's not 'the caravella',  
But, generally, also the plane.

The roofs of town flash under the wings wide,  
And villages are greeting me in turn.  
In those hours I'm conscious about,  
That I'm united with the whole earth.

For what the pilot loves the highest heaven?  
Because of dream, united with reality.  
You can take all of me, my dear,  
But wings, my love, please leave to me.

====

The popular Soviet song

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, The Pretty Girls - Translation (Rus.)

Music: Alexandra Pakhmutova

We are the pretty girl-friends  
With charming eyes and faces,  
We are so gay and joyous,  
That you couldn't pass us by.  
When we begin the song,  
The starlings all around  
Try to follow tune,  
That we are singing fine.  
When we begin the song,  
The starlings all around  
Try to follow tune,  
That we are singing fine.

The road's forward going,  
All time to up and down.  
And while we're driving so,  
Never see the real end.  
But we are always ready  
To help in heavy moment,  
We are kind in girl's heart  
And diligent in hands.  
But we are always ready  
To help in heavy moment,  
We are kind in girl's heart  
And diligent in hands.

And early in the morning,  
And after hard day labour,  
We are so merry singing  
In the room when cleaning floor.  
And boys, please, say sincerely,  
Will it be truly boring  
When you'd never enjoy  
Such pretty friendly girls?  
And boys, please, say sincerely,  
Will it be truly boring  
When you'd never enjoy



Such pretty friendly girls?

-

The popular soviet song

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, The School Waltz - Translation (Rus.)

The school waltz

by Michail Matusovsky

So long ago, dear friends,  
We 'Farewell' to school had said,  
But visit our class for every year.  
In garden there the birches green  
Are meeting us with bowing,  
We hear the school waltz and once again.

When children we've been coming here  
With books and boxes for pencils,  
And entered classrooms with the desks in row.  
Ten classes we have passed in a whole  
And here 'Motherland' - the word -  
We hardly read by syllables at first.

In fluent sounds of the waltz  
I am recollecting years old,  
And native country with my lovely friends.  
And you, my old teacher, lent  
Over the notebooks to check,  
Grey-haired with the spectacles on face.

The winters and the springs had gone,  
We have become the adults all,  
But we remember our school days.  
Some flies throughout starways now,  
Some sails the ships in ocean -  
And still we all are your beloved schoolmates.

But wherever we would be,  
We never did forget you, dear,  
As sons could never give up mother their,  
You are - our youth, the eternal youth,  
So simple hearted, that's the truth,  
My first and dear teacher, I can say.

-

The hit of russian school songs

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, There Are Words... - Translation (Rus.)

By Mihail Lvovich Matusovsky

There are words, terribler than a gunpowder,  
Than a shell over the war trenches,  
I advise to the people in quarrel  
To be careful with their words in behaviour.

There's the base, the fundation of this world,  
Serious when you say word in haste:  
You'll regret of this action, obviously,  
Whether it will be early or late.

Please, be patient with words, while saying,  
Don't pay the attention to gossips,  
Because they could hurt you, being painful,  
As from tiny, but sharp splinter's row.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ovsky, Tick-Tack-Toe Game - Transation (Rus.)

Tick-tack-toe game  
by Michail Matusovsky

Boy from our street with girl  
Played all day for long:  
He was drawing with a chalk  
The criss-cross on road.  
There went the summer day  
In the south town.  
The tick-tack-toe play -  
That's the child's game.

And the smoke of the ships  
Disappeared once.  
Girl had grown up, indeed,  
And the boy - grew up.  
He is wandering all night  
In the street till day.  
The tick-tack-toe play -  
Is the childish game.

Here is the story whole-  
Nothing you can stand.  
Does the girl wait for the boy  
On the childhood end?  
There the wind drives once again  
The ship in sea to sail.  
The tick-tack-toe play -  
Is the childish game.

And again on streets along,  
Steep and narrow,  
There is walking other boy  
With another girl.  
They see on the road then  
The drawing, half-effaced.  
The tick-tack-toe play -  
Is the child's game.

-

The popular russian (Soviet) song

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, Vologda - Translation (Rus.)

Vologda \* It is the town in central Russia  
by Michail Matusovsky

Letters,  
Letters I bring to post by myself,  
As if  
I am writing the romance in them,  
I know,  
Know surely the addressee mine  
In house,  
Where's the carved palisade.  
Where is living my love with eyes dark?  
In Vologda, Vologda, Vologda-da-da...  
In house  
With the carved palisade.

I send,  
I send her packets, one by one, but  
Nothing, no answer I got by the time.  
So, she should be ready to know:  
I shall go to her for response.

I shall come by myself, without doubt  
To Vologda, Vologda, Vologda-da-da...  
I shall come to her for reply.

I see,  
I see red sprays of rowans in front,  
I see,  
I see her house by number one.  
I see,  
I see garden with a bench near gates.  
That is  
The town, where is my fate.  
This is the town, which I love with all heart -  
Vologda, Vologda, Vologda-da-da...  
The town, where is living my fate.

-

The hit of russian songs in Soviet times

Lyudmila Purgina



## in, The Last Fighting - Song - Translation (Rus.)

1. So long ago we failed to have rest and rather  
We were so busy, no any rest in life.  
We crept along at least half-Europe as plough,  
Tomorrow we will have the ending battle at last.

R.: And one step further, just one step...  
The battle at last will be the hardest.  
And I wish see the Russia steppes,  
For long I haven't seen my mother!

2. And there's the fourth year of war, 'the fritzes' 're boring,  
There's the fourth year of the salt sweat and blood.  
And I'm longing for a love with nice girl in one moment,  
I wis to touch my dear motherland one time.

R.

3. And there's the last day, when we have the close fighting,  
And there's the last day, when we serve to Russia land.  
And dying for Motherland is not so a fright, though  
We all have hope to survive, escape the death.

R.

Lyudmila Purgina

## v, What Force Attracts Us... - Translation (Rus.)

What force attracts us to each other?  
Sometimes it's so unintelligible:  
It won't be grudge of tenderness or parting,  
All will be in the life, indeed.

It plays with us as if with mere toys,  
Will cause a quarrel, or a piece next moment,  
At self-will writes its own verse  
About life, no matter of the consciousness.

It surely creates, but then destroys the building,  
Takes in captivity, but then let us to freedom.  
And every time in every pace it's winning...  
And such a puzzle is love's strength, but serious.

Lyudmila Purgina

# tseva, I May Have Thought You Up... - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Severtseva

look russian variant

Perhaps, I only have thought you up,  
Your clever look, your cheering kind smile.  
But, having gone along the drastic path,  
I understood my fault, undoubtedly.

I've thought up such a beautiful love feeling,  
And soul, which was vain in happiness.  
In native eyes - I see the only emptiness,  
So cold... But that's because of naivety!

Why for I was so keen in weaving  
My fantasies, transforming them to flowers,  
Then showering them to you, dear?  
Why for extinguished I the fire poems?

Farewell! There's nothing really to share  
With you today. Let's then forgive  
Each other in the silent air...  
I'll try you to forget... Without any wish to meet...  
===

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva - v, Confession - Translation (Rus.)

Confession

By NIKOLA LANKOV

Under russian translation from bulgarian

by Marina Tsvetaeva

On this earth I'm the involuntary liver,  
But I shan't leave it by my own will!  
My only duty - to live like a soldier,  
And to kiss the world with my ardent lips.

I'm not scared of the blackness of the life,  
Of its black clouds, the grief - I'll throw up.  
A silver spring is boiling in my heart -  
The hope for the future and the better times.

And the only one treasure now I have,  
Which is my heart - who'd loved all over!  
For freedom of my native land  
I'm ready to throw it into the oven!

I didn't ask for life, I'm forced to live in that,  
But I shan't leave life by my own will.  
The only duty of the real man's - to create,  
Kissing the world with his ardent lips.

- -

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, Insanity - And Wisdom... - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

Insanity - and wisdom, prudence,  
Ignominy - and honour,  
All, that is worth to have conclusion,  
All, that exists and more

Inside me. - All the penal passions  
Together joined! -  
As in my hair all the colours  
Are in great war!

I know all the loving whispers,  
-Ah, all by heart! -  
- My twenty two-year's experience -  
Is sad enough!

But my appearance is rose,  
Innocent far! -  
I'm virtuoso from the virtuosos  
In art of lie!

In it, thrown as a ball up  
- And caught again! -  
Is felt the Polish grandma's blood  
As well.

Because of grass, growing on cemeteries,  
I lie,  
Because of blizzards, blowing on cemeteries,  
I lie.

From violin - from every car -  
From silk and fire...  
From torment, that is not beloved  
By me on earth! And farther -  
From pain, that I'm not a bride  
Near the groom on wedding...  
And from a gesture and a rhyme -

For rhyme and gesture!

From the soft boa on my neck...

How can I

Not to lie- if my voice is more tender,

When I lie.

When I'm lying...

3 jan 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, A Blow - Translation (Rus.)

Marina Tsvetaeva

A blow

A blow, suppressed by oblivion font  
And muffled by years of silence.  
A blow which sounds like women's song,  
As horse's neighing.

Like ardent singing through solid building,  
A blow - completed.  
A blow, suppressed by ignorance, oblivion,  
By soundless thicket.

A sin of my memory - voiceless and lipless,  
And fleshless and noseless!  
All days so empty, and nights so friendless,  
All covered by soil press.

A blow, suppressed by Oblivion moss,  
In bogs living.  
So ivy, that coil around the bole -  
Eats its middle.  
So knife - through feather bed - riddle.

With window's cotton - in ears slipped,  
And outside cotton - lest,  
By snow - by years - by pounds of grief,  
The blow - suppressed.

But if I would suddenly....

.....

But if I could suddenly -  
Anew recollect?

the beginning of 1935

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, A Prayer - Translation (Rus.)

Oh Chryst and God! I wait for miracle  
Today at morning, and right now!  
Oh, give me death, before I'm reading  
My life as book, just for me opened!

You are wise. You shan't say to me strictly:  
'Keep patience, your time's not over'.  
'You by yourself too much has given!  
But I'm in thirst to have all roads!

I wish - all: with a gypsy's soul  
To rob in night, singing a song,  
To suffer under sounds of organ  
For all's security, to be an Amazon;

To guess in a black tower on stars,  
To lead the children through dark haze...  
So past day - only legend would become,  
So every day - will turn such crazy!

I love and cross, and silk, and helmets,  
My soul - is the trace of fickle blinks...  
You've given me - the childhood fairy,  
Then give me death - in seventeen!

Lyudmila Purgina



## aeva, And I Have In Moscow...- Translation (Rus.)

And I have in Moscow - the shining domes!  
And I have in Moscow - the bells tolling!  
And I have the tombs, standing in rows -  
There the tzars and tzarinas are sleeping.

And you are not aware, that at the day's birth  
It is lighter to breathe in Kremlin, that anywhere on earth!  
And you are not aware, that at the day's birth  
I'm praying to you - till the dawn's creeping!

And you are passing along the Neva-river,  
While I do stay at the Moskva-river  
With my head, lowered down to the stream,  
And the lanterns around together stick.

With all my sleeplessness - I do love you,  
With all my sleeplessness - do heed you -  
In the time, when in the whole Kremlin anew  
Wake up all the bell ringers...

But my river - with your river at once,  
But my hand - with your hand by chance  
Would not join together, my Love,  
Before your dawn catches up - my dawn in real.

7 May 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, And Once Again The Enormous Wave... - Translation (Rus.)

And once again the enormous wave -  
And the eyelashes go asleep...  
Oh, my nice body! My ashes  
Of the lightest bird, positively!

What I was doing in the mist of days?  
I was waiting and singing...  
Such a many sigh was in her there,  
And body - such a little.

And her dozing was unhuman also,  
Though at least - real.  
And there was something in her - both  
From angel and from eagle.

And she is sleeping, but the choir  
Is luring her to Edem's gardens.  
As if by songs a Demon's not quieted  
Fallen asleep for the other time!

.....

Hours, years, centuries. - Nothing,  
Either from us, or from our rooms.  
And here is the monument, bent down -  
Nobody could recall it later, by truth.

The sweep stick is out of use for long,  
And the nettle thickets, flattering,  
Are leaning against the Muse of Tsarskoye Selo,  
Where they were grown up in plenty.

3 June 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, And The Name Of Baby Is - Lev... - Translation (Rus.)

And the name of baby is - Lev  
(\* - in russian Lev is Leo) ,  
His mother is - Anna,  
He has in his name - anger,  
Mother has only - silence.  
His hair are coloured red  
- The tulip's head! -  
Then let it be 'Osanna'  
To this small tzar.

Let god presents him - the inhale  
And the smile of mother,  
The look - of the pearl's  
Diver.

God, look at him  
Attentively from the time:  
The tzar's son is more fortunate,  
Than the other ones.

The red lion's son  
With the green eyes -  
You are destined to carry once  
The awful inheritance!  
The North Ocean and the South Ocean,  
And also the thread of pearl black beads -  
In your hand!

24 June 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, And There Is A Plenty Of Botflies... - Translation (Rus.)

And there is a plenty of botflies  
around the indifferent old horses;  
and there is my native red flag risen  
high up by the wind in Kaluga; also -  
a whistle of the squails and a high blue sky,  
waves of the tolling bells the crops above,

And a talk about germans - till it bothers! -  
And a yellow-yellow cross behind the blue grove,

And the sweet fire, and the Light in a whole,  
And your name, which's sounding: the Angel - know!

18 May 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, Are You Happy? - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

Are you happy? - Won't say? At least, no!  
And better - let it be!  
You had a habit to kiss a lot -  
That's why your grief.

All heroines of the Shakespeare's tragedies  
I see in You.  
And nobody You, the fatal lady,  
Had saved, as true.

You were so tired to reiterate  
The words of love!  
An iron rim on hand such pale is  
Eloquent enough.

I love you. - As the thundercloud  
Above You - a sin rolls -  
Because of You are venomous, burning,  
And best of all,

Because of we, and our lifes - are different  
In dark of ways,  
Because of Your temptation cheering,  
And the dark fate,

Because of that to You, my demon foreheaded,  
I'll say - farewell.  
Because of that You never can be saved,  
Besides the torn grave.

Because of that - what? - is it so?  
I see the dream! ? -  
Because of that You are (as the irony)  
Not - he.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Bitter! Bitter Taste! .. - Translation (Rus.)

Bitter! Bitter taste! Eternity -  
On your lips, oh Passion!  
Bitter! Bitter taste! All tempted  
-  
Thus to fall is better.

From that bitterness - I kiss  
All those, who are young.  
From that bitterness - you give  
Hand to other girl at night.

With a bread I eat, with water  
I drink bitterness of life.  
Woe-grief and bitter sorrow  
You are growing, Rus, at farm.

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, Distance - Translation (Rus.)

Marina Tsvetaeva

Dis- tance: versts and miles...  
We were dis- set and dis- piled  
For purpose to grow still  
In two parts of earth - the real.

Dis- tance: versts and expanses...  
We were dis- soldered, dis- pasted,  
Were crucified in two hands,  
Though alloy, to different ends.

Though alloy of inspiration,  
Unaware, they broke tendons.  
Walls and ditch were the border for us,  
To the eagles, the plotters - at once.

Dis- tance: versts and expanses...  
Was not trouble, but loss of presence.  
Like the orphans in slums of the earth  
We were shoved merciless off.

Yet again, how much - at march? !  
As the pack of cards - scattered such.

24 march 1925

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Do Remember Me... - Translation (Rus.)

Marina Tsvetaeva

Do remember me: but more precious  
Is the only one hair from my head.  
Ad do go away... - And You - also,  
And You - also, and You - then.

Do stop loving me, all - do unlove me!  
Don't guard in the morning not me!  
That's for purpose, that I go freely  
Outwards, just to stay in the wind.

Lyudmila Purgina



## aeva, Don'T Laugh At... - Translation (Rus.)

Don't laugh at younger generation!  
You wouldn't catch at least their wish  
To live with the only aspiration,  
With long to good and thirst to will.

You can't percieve the inner fire,  
That burns in breast of a brave fighter,  
How sacred is the feat, when he is dying  
For ideal, for motto till the end of life!

So don't call them back, to home,  
Don't interfere to breach far  
Their long to be a qiute hero!  
They all are heroes! Be proud!

1906

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, Dortoire In Spring - Translation (Rus.)

Dortoire in spring [\* tory]  
by Marina Tsvetaeva

Oh, the spring dreams which were in a dortoire,  
Oh, the roving among the sleeping people,  
And the sound of steps, purposely loud,  
Dreams about the fire, an anguish.

Look, the sleeping faces are nervous,  
Gas is turned lower by someone's care,  
Air is spicy, as if somewhat poisoned,  
Dortoire - is like a hothouse great.

Silent are the sighs. In the view of a ghostly light  
All are pale. From anguish or waiting,  
Or from lie of the guessings past,  
But the sleeping children are restless.

Plaits are long, but the hands are so thin!  
The sudden ravings: 'From the enemy's cannons  
The turky troops...' The icons are fixed,  
Bending over the pillow's snow.

Someone's crying in dream, not in obstinacy...  
How light are that childish sobs!  
Girl is dreaming about the old lime-trees  
And the dead and pale mother lost.

In the soul a tall tale is blossoming.  
Who does wander there? Late to fall asleep?  
Or that's a flower, risen up again terribly  
In the hothouse, where was killed in spring?

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, For All My Poems.. - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

For all my poems, which I did write so early,  
That couldn't surmise myself to be a poet;  
Which downfalled as splashes of the fountain,  
As sparkles from the rocket;  
Which bursted as the tribe of deuces  
Into a holy place, where exist both dream and incense;  
For all my poems about youth and pass  
- Not read at least! -  
Which're squandered in the shop grey dust  
(Where nobody bought them, never want!)  
For all my poems, as for the precious wines at last  
There will be a turn.

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, Here's Again The Window... - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

Here's again the window,  
Where nobody sleep.  
Maybe they're drinking wine, or  
Maybe they're simply sitting.  
Or maybe they two can't break  
The union of their hands.  
Perfectly you'd find, friend,  
In every house the same.  
Shouts of partings and meetings -  
In window in the night!  
Maybe - the hundreds of candles,  
May be - the three in one time...  
No any rest, no rest any  
To my excited mind.  
In my house there appeared  
Something disturbing one.  
Not from the candles, or light,  
The darkness had burned into fire.  
That from the sleepless eyes!  
Please, pray, oh friend,  
for my such sleepless house,  
And for my window shining!

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, How Many Companions... - Translation (Rus.)

How many companions, friends!  
No one you'll be echo to.  
This tender youth is governed  
By pride and bitterness, as truth.

Do you remember the crazy day in port,  
The threats of south winds,  
And the roar of Kaspian sea - in mouth  
The rose's wing.

And the gypsy had given you  
The stone in fretted oval,  
And the gypsy was lying you  
Something about glory...

And - somewhere high at sails -  
There was a boy in a short dark-blue.  
Thunderstorm of sea and a call menacing  
Of the wounded Muse.

25 june 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, I - Am. You - Will Be. - Translation (Rus.)

I - am. You - will be. Between us - a chasm.  
I'm - drinking. You're - longing for. Without argueing.  
We are - disjoined by the ten of years, milleniums.  
God doesn't build the bridges, though he is a genius.

Be! - that's the oath mine. Let me pass over  
Without a distirbing with my breath the growth.  
I - am. You - will be. In ten springs  
You'll say: - Am! - I'll say: - something...

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, I Am Lying Prone..... - Translation (Rus.)

I am lying now prone on my bed -  
Enraged! - to the highest level.  
If you wish, you could be, to say,  
My pupil in all the affairs,  
I was ready in one a blink -  
My pupil, do you hear me? -

In gold and in silver to be  
Salamandra and Undina.  
We would sit on the carpet  
Before the burning fire near.  
Night, fire and moon's image... -  
My pupil, do you hear me? -

And impetiously - my horse  
Likes the gallop crazy rather! -  
I'd be throwing into the stove  
All my past - pile after pile:  
Old roses and old pictures. -  
My pupil, do you hear me? -

And when that ashy heap goes still, -  
What a miracle, my god, I'd like to do  
From you, from your body real,  
You all - I'd turn to youth! -  
As a young boy you'd stand, dear! -  
My pupil, do you hear me? -

When again you'd be a captive  
Of a science, I'd stand near,  
Breaking hand with real happiness,  
And inactive, only feeling,  
That you are - so great! - my dear, -  
My pupil, do you hear me?

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, I Didn'T Have A Luck... - Translation (Rus.)

I didn't have a luck to love You,  
And may be never I'll have it either!  
The whirl of hairs is now useless, true,  
Above the profile of the foreigner,  
And his nose with exaggerated nostrils,  
And his eyelashes, beautifully curled,  
And as a common - and perfidious -  
The eyes of a kalmyk woman and a robber.  
(\*kalmyk - one of the peoples of Russia, living on the  
north of Caucassian Mountain Ridges, mongolians by race type)

And also the step, slown down before the mirrors,  
And the laugh, more shrilling than a splinter,  
And the wild view of bared teeth,  
On seeing the gold or the rose before him,  
Or that glass, flown aside in pieces,  
Or that hand, set on the waist,  
The hand, playing with a steel,  
The hand, making a cross under veil.

So - because of laziness or by the play -  
That verse had given me away completely!  
But You are the Beauty and generous:  
As the covered with gold old idol  
You are taking all the gifts!  
And all, that I'm cooing as a dove -  
Vainly - fruitlessly - uselessly,  
As all my confessions and my kisses all!

Sept 1915

Lyudmila Purgina



## aeva, I Like The Way.. - Song - Translation (Rus.)

I like the way when Thee are free of mine.  
I like the life when mine belong Thee never.  
And never heavy Earth will ever fly  
From our feet when we have met together.

I like the way when I could be so gay,  
And careless, and never pay attention  
To words, and not confuse in wave,  
That flushes when I see Thee by occasion.

I say Thee 'Thank' by heart and by my hand,  
For love, though Thee do hardly know me.  
For rest at night, for random meetings band,  
For sunshine we do not delight together.  
For Thee, alas, get never ill by me.  
For me, alas, would bring Thee illness never.

==

The best of lyrical russian romances  
from the film 'The irony of Fate'

The first singer was Alla Pugachyova

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, I Wrote On.. - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

I wrote on the devil's board,  
And on the leaflets of the faded fans,  
And on the river sand, or of the ocean,  
With skates on ice, with ring on glass, -

And also on trunks, aged to the hundred winters,  
At last, - for everybody's learning! -  
That you are loved! loved! loved! loved! really...  
I signed with a rainbow's colours over.

How I did wish, that every sign would blossom  
During the centuries! under my fingers well!  
And later I did bent the table over  
With my forehead, and crossed your name...

But you, in hand of the all-selling writer  
Clamped! You, the thing that stings my heart!  
Unsold by me! that ring inside!  
You - will be saved in the tables thus!

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, I'M Happy To Live... - Translation (Rus.)

I'm happy to live - as a standard, but simple -  
As sun, as a pendulum, as a calendar.  
To be a society's hermit with a slim figure,  
To be as the wisest, as all the God's animals.

To know: the spirit - is my friend, my guider!  
To enter - uncalled, as a ray, as a sight.  
To live - as I write: excellently in short kind -  
As God said to me, but my friends don't allow.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, I'M Not Thinking, Not Complaining... - Translation (Rus.)

I'm not thinking, not complaining and  
not arguing,  
Not sleeping,  
And not aiming to  
Sun or moon, to sea  
Or to a ship.

I'm not feeling, how hot is air  
That walls within,  
How green is garden,  
And not expecting for the long-wished gift,  
For nothing.

I'm not glad either of morning, or of trams ringing  
While running outside.  
I'm living all without marking a century  
Or day, forgetting now.

On that, seemed slightly cut, strained rope  
I'm like - a little dancer,  
I'm - a shadow of someone's shadow, a sleeping-walker  
Of two moons dark.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, I'M Not Thinking, Not... - Translation (Rus.)

I'm not thinking, not complaining and  
not argueing,  
Not sleeping,  
And not aiming to  
Sun or moon, to sea  
Or to a ship.

I'm not feeling, how hot is air  
That walls within,  
How green is garden,  
And not expecting for the long-wished gift,  
For nothing.

I'm not glad either of morning, or of trams ringing  
While running outside.  
I'm living all without marking a century  
Or day, forgetting now.

On that, seemed slightly cut, strained rope  
I'm like - a little dancer,  
I'm -  
a shadow of someone's shadow, a sleeping-walker  
Of two moons dark.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, I'M Wearing His Ring... - Translation (Rus.)

I'm wearing his ring as a call!  
- Yes, I'm his wife, the eternal!  
But not by paper... His face, though,  
Is narrow as a sword.

His mouth's mute, with corners down,  
Magnificently-painful are the brows.  
In his face tragically two bloods  
Together from the old times're joined.

He is lean as the boughs of trees.  
His eyes -are nicely-useless! -rather,  
And under his stretched brows as the wings-  
There are two chasms.

I'm faithful to the knight like he is,  
And to you all, who lived and died,  
without fear! -  
You all - in fatal times - write poems -  
And take up the execution wreath.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, In A Hall - Translation (Rus.)

In a hall

by Marina Tsvetaeva

Above a world of all the evening visions -  
We are not childs, but - the tzars.  
The shadows are falling down here,  
The lanterns shine so brightly outside.

And dark is hall, high are the ceilings,  
The mirrors seem to be gone all inside...  
Don't be late! Look, the minute is near!  
And someone's scrawling from a corner out.

We both lean over the dark piano,  
And horror is creeping terrible.  
In mother's shawl we are both muffled,  
Got pale, can't make any breath.

Let's look under the veil of foe  
In order to open widely a dark?  
Look: faces turn darker, than earlier -  
Once more we have a victory, all right!

We are the links of chain, though a secret,  
We shouldn't lose our spirit in the fight,  
Then there will be, however, the last battle,  
The power will be lost by the Dark.

We think the adults to be dull in manners,  
Concider their days to be the common world...  
We know, that we know much more ever,  
That they don't know, they can't learn at all!

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, In Haze, And More Blue... - Translation (Rus.)

In haze, and more blue than a labdanum,  
Like a silver - are the panels.  
Towards my face - suddenly  
There is flying a feather.

And looks are cris-crossed, and quavered  
Your voice - what you asking for now? -  
As a bohemia glass had a cracking  
And rang a song in that time.

The moment of anguish and challenge,  
The movement - as a long wild cry,  
And merged in the bluish haze again -  
The image, the face so light.

All lasted - for only one moment,  
It casted off... floated far...  
The rival! - I waited you longly  
Just as beatiful as you are...

5 sept 1915

Lyudmila Purgina



# aeva, In Heavy Mantle... - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

In heavy mantle of the solemn rites,  
Don't meet me, the inexorable one.  
On the square, under the thousand views,  
Let me simply to die.

With the fire, falling down on my hair and lips  
In the noon time.  
With the banners and the roar of trumpets  
And my horse prancing.

With the gilt of churches shining,  
With the boom transforming into thunder,  
With the young boy or girl in crowd  
Nodding me or other small one.

Whether you would appear in the face of fate,  
Or in the baby's image - I'm praying to you:  
Let me, who lived alone in her life span,  
To die in the crowd under music.

1913 Feodosia

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, In Kremlin - Translation (Rus.)

In Kremlin

by Marina Tsvetaeva

There, where millions of icon lamps are starring  
Before the faces of the old ages,  
Where the evening ring is sweet to heart,  
Where the towers do like a heaven;  
There, where in shadows of air folds  
The fine and white dreams are roving -  
I've understood the puzzles old,  
I've become the moon's attorney.

In night delirium, with interrupted breath,  
I tried to learn everything, to bottom:  
What sufferings the queen of sky is undergoing,  
Such mystery of her conduct, and also  
Why she is leaning to the old buildings,  
So tenderly and always so alone...  
That were the so called tales, legends -  
Which by moon were told.

In the embroidered coverlets, veils  
At windows of gloomy palaces,  
I've seen the tired queens, all there  
With a silent call in looks detained.  
I've seen, as if in old tales,  
The swords, the wreath and the old emblem,  
And in the childish-childish eyes there  
I've grasped the moonlight, half-been, fairy.

Oh, how much eyes from those windows  
Were following it with melancholy,  
And how many a people were carried  
To places, where there is silence and joy!  
I've seen the nuns with pale faces,  
The outcast children of the earth,  
I've caught one thing in sacred praying:  
The fire of the passions burning.  
I've figured in the wandering of gazes:

'I wish to live! .. What's God for me? '  
In folds of their funeral garments  
The sigh to moon I've noticed.

Say, Moon, what for they suffered,  
Being captived in their attics sad?  
Why for they died - the bondmaids, rather  
Having the souls of queens, and  
From their close dark bedchambers  
Trying to escape to vast green fields?

Moon's answer was in such a sad manner  
The Kremlin red walls all within.

Autumn,1908, Moscow

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, In Paris - Translation (Rus.)

In Paris

by Marina Tsvetaeva

The houses are close to sky,  
And sky is lower to earth - attraction?  
In great and joyful Paris town  
I feel the same and secret anguish.

The boulevards keep noise in evening,  
The last ray of the sun is gone.  
And everywhere you see people,  
Walking in pairs, in accord.

I am alone here. Its so sweet  
To lean to chestnut with my head!  
And in my heart the Rostand's greetings  
In verses, as in Moscow left.

And Paris in the night is alien and poor,  
The previous delirium is better to my heart!  
I'm going to home - the voilets're there,  
And someone's portrait smart!

There a look in a sad-brer's manner,  
There a profile on the wall.  
Rostand and martyr of the Reidt there,  
And Sara - will in dream come all!

In great and joyful Paris I am dreaming  
About green grass and white clouds.  
And then - the laugh, shadows nearer,  
And pain is deep, as long before time.

June 1909 in Paris

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, In Summer - Translation (Rus.)

In Summer

By Marina Tsvetaeva

1910

- 'Asya, be sure...', something shivers  
In the Grisha's shoddy bass.  
Asya is tricky, she runs by near...  
Grisha - in dreams of Asya.

The leaves whisper over him under wind,  
Lean over as the trimulous niche...  
Grisha is wiping his eyes in secret,  
Asya - laughs at Grisha.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, In The Linden Garden... - Translation (Rus.)

In the linden garden, great and vast,  
And innocent, and old,  
I'm walking with a mandolin in the gown,  
So beautiful and so long,

Breathing the freshness of the open air  
And a smell of raspberries, which are ripened 'round,  
And holding slightly the neck of instrument -  
The mandolin, lean and old,

And having parted hair curls...  
- The rustle of the silk apparel,  
The bodice, deeply opened,  
The skirt, with the pompous gathers. -

My steps are delicate and tired,  
My slender waist as a supple rod  
Is leaning over the pedestal,  
Where somebody is laying on.

The fallen quiver and the arrows - are white  
On such a green grass!  
And my narrow heel is trampling down  
The arrows, invisible to others.

And there, on hill, behind the stone fence,  
Devoted to cold winter  
And with a spirit of the Hellinistic grace,  
Covered with time, as with the ice riza,

Alive, as one of the existing miracles, -  
The house with the white twelve columns,  
With a long nice terrace is seen  
Over the round even pond.

Above the every column you could see  
The double curls, high risen,  
As brilliants there the windows,  
Twelve by the number, are shining.

Of no chance - to knock in them:  
There's no any shadow either  
In gallery, in hall - as well;  
Only the Sleeping Pond - can answer

'Oh, where are You? My tender earl?  
Oh Daphnis, please remember Chloya!  
And water's waving, looking for  
The living - as in old time.

And it receives it, bubbling loud,  
In her embraces gentle -  
The living roses on her shoulder  
And also on dress,

Her lips are like a rose - red,  
As leave's colour - her eyes...  
- But gold of my watered hair  
Is much more brighter.

....

Oh, that day, all without thought,  
Without any passion,  
Filled with a rustle of gown of girl  
At the decrepit stairs! ..

2 jan 1914

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, In The Luxembourg Garden - Translation (Rus.)

In the Luxembourg garden

By Marina Tsvetaeva

The blossoming boughs lean low and near,  
The fountain's flows are bubbling in basin,  
In shadowy alleys there are children, children...  
Oh children in grass, why are you not mine, any?

As if on the head all they have a bright crown  
From gazes, who guards them with love and with care,  
And me... I wish cry to a mother, which's palming  
The child: 'All world now you have! '

As a butterfly colours the girls' dresses're motley,  
Here's a quarrel, there - laugh, there - going home...  
And one mother whispers: 'My son, do you know...? '  
The other one answers: 'Ah, yes! My son also...'

I love women, who are so brave in a battle  
And able to carry a sword in their hands,  
But I know thing - only prisoned in cradle,  
It's my common - women's - and real happiness!

Lyudmila Purgina



# aeva, It's Clear Morning And Not Hot... - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

It's clear morning and not hot.  
You're running over the meadow.  
There, on Oka-river, a boat  
Is slowly sailing downwards.

And you are a few words repeating,  
One by one and willy-nilly.  
Somewhere the little bells are ringing,  
Slightly in morning fields.

In fields? In meadow, aren't they?  
Are they moving to harvest?  
Someone's eyes have looked for moment  
Into the destiny someone's.

Distance is blue between pine-trees,  
Rumble and bustle at barn...  
And yellow autumn is smiling  
To our spring time.

Life has swung open, but it were...  
Ah, such the golden days far!  
God, how they're distant, oh my god!  
Lord, how distant they are!

1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, I've Captured Head... - Translation (Rus.)

I've captured head and stand still, -  
No matter of the peoples intrigues! -  
I've captured head and am singing  
At this dawn, late indeed.

Ah, the violent wave has risen me up  
At its crest so high!  
I'm singing you, that it is - alone thus,  
As the moon in the skies!

That, as the raven, flying at the heart,  
Has stuck the clouds through!  
Hook-nosed - whose anger is fatal,  
And fatal - is its favour!

That, above the red-scarlet Kremlin  
Has spreaded its black night.  
That with the force of luxury -  
It holded my throat as with a bind.

Ah, I'm happy! Never the dawn burned  
Clearer, than it was that day.  
Ah, I'm happy! That, presenting you all,  
I'm going away as a beggar.

That you - whose voice had - Oh, dark! Oh, dove! -  
My breath hardly narrowed.  
I, at first time, has named you so  
As the Muse from Tsarskoye Selo.

22 June 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, Meeting - Translation (Rus.)

Meeting

by Marina Tsvetaeva

The evening smoke has appeared above place,  
The humble cars were running to somewhere,  
Suddenly the semi-child's anemone's face,  
Has flickered in one window of train.

A shadow - on eyelids. As a crown  
The curls were lying... And I had suppressed  
The cry: I understood at last,  
That dead were risen up by our praying.

With that girl at the window dark  
I met so frequently in my dream valleys -  
The image in the railway station's hubbub -  
But why was she so absolutely sad?  
What was she seeking - the transparent silhouette?  
Perhaps, even in sky - there's no any happiness?

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, New Moon - Translation (Rus.)

New moon has raised up high in heaven  
Above the dewy meadows.  
Dear, distant and alien,  
Come to become my friend.

In daytime - I'm concealing,  
I'm silent. Moon in heaven -  
I can't stand! I wish to lean then  
To the shoulder of dear.

I shan't ask myself: 'Who is he? '  
Answer will be - your warm lips!  
Only the day embraces - are mean,  
Only the day rush looks like jeer.

In daytime, I'm in torture  
By proud deuce, my lips lie.  
But in night... Ah! .. My dear, and far...  
Sickle moon's above the forest!

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Nobody Had Taken Nothing Off... - Translation (Rus.)

Nobody had taken nothing off -  
I'm pleased, that we are apart!  
I'm kissing you via hundreds,  
Dividing us - miles.  
I know, that our gift is not equal,  
My voice for the first time is - silent.  
What is for thee, young Derzhavin,  
My naughty, uneven poem?  
Before the horrible flying  
I'm criss-crossing thee:  
- Fly up, the young eagle!  
Thee had passed through sun,  
Without thy eyes squinted.  
Is my young look so heavy, ain't it?  
With so tender and unturnable sight  
Nobody had after thee stared...  
I'm kissing you via hundreds,  
dividing us - years.

12 feb 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Oh, Muse Of Weeping... - Translation (Rus.)

Oh, Muse of Weeping, the finest from all the muses!  
Oh you, the crazy baby of hell of a white night!  
You are sending the black and bad blizzard on Rus  
(\* Rus' - is the short word from Russia)  
Your squeals are piercing us as the arrows tight!

And we are jumping aside, and indisinct: 'Oh! ' -  
The hundred thousand voices - are swearing  
To you - Anna Akhmatova! - That name in a whole,  
The unanimous sigh - is falling in chasm, unnamed.

We are crowned with the thing, that we're tramping  
Just the same earth, and the sky  
Is also the same above us anywhere!  
And those, who were wounded by your fatal fate,  
Become immortal in ascension to the death's bed.

In my melodious town the domes are shining,  
And the blinds are blessing the Saviour smart... -  
I present to you, Akhmatova! - my town,  
All filled with bells, and also my heart.

16 June 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, One Of My Ancestors Was... - Translation (Rus.)

One of my ancestors was - surely a fiddler,  
A rider and a thief, as well.  
So my temper is of a vagrant kind, indeed,  
And with a wind my hair smells.

Lo, isn't it he, swarthy, who's stealing something from arba  
(\* arba is name of the bullock cart in muslim countries)  
With my hand - the apricots,  
He is guilty for my passionate destiny, rather,  
Curly-haired and hook-nosed!

And marveling at ploughman with wooden plough,  
He circled in his lips - a dog rose.  
He was the bad friend, - but the valiant  
And the tender lover though.

He was the amateur of tobacco pipe,  
Of moon and beads, and the girls-neighbours...  
And also I think, that he was - coward,  
My ancestor with eyes so yellow.

That, having sold his soul to the evil  
For only cent, he didn't like the graveyard!  
And I think, that a knife he carried  
Just under top of boot for safety.

That he for many times had jumped  
From corners - at a cat - so lissom...  
I caught the thought, that he, at last,  
Can't be - a master-fiddler!

And nothing could then embarass him,  
As in summer - the last-year snow!  
So - such as this old folk was a violinist,  
I became at least - a poet!

23 june 1915





## aeva, Psycheya - Translation (Rus.)

1.

I not an imposter - I've returned to home,  
I'm not a maid - I need not any bread.  
I'm your passion, your rest moment,  
I'm your seventh day, your seventh heaven.

There, on earth, they gave me peanut  
And hang the millstones on neck so heavy.  
- My darling! Don't you recognize?  
I'm your swallow, and your Psycheya.

2.

You are dressed, my tender, in rugs,  
Which was formely a delicate flesh.  
All were torn and all raveled out, -  
Only two wings remained to end.

Let you dress me in splendour,  
Bless me and save me.  
And my rugs, being fret and smouldered  
Take to a chasuble's crypt.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Sisters - Translation (Rus.)

'Car tour n'est que reve, o ma soeur! '

They saw in dreams the same far countries,  
They were tormented by same laugh,  
And, when they learned him from the others,  
They both had leaned above him thus.

Above him, who was loving only old things,  
They two had whispered before him: 'Ah! '...  
But no any jealousy, amazement  
Had any shiver in the deep of hearts.

And near with a tenderness, as anger,  
Alien to entreaty from the time of birth,  
They stuck both to his lips, so pensive,  
They clung to him together, both...

He said through dream: 'I love you, dear! '...  
He opened his hands - but hall was empty!  
But do you know: no any thing  
Could wash the double kiss from lips.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Somewhere A Pendilum... - Translation (Rus.)

Somewhere a pendilum was rocking,  
voices drunken loud sounded.  
And advantage of madera  
I was proving with a toil...  
Suddenly the glasses started  
to dance, whirling before my eyes,  
Sparkling rather provocative  
with their glass, as to my view.  
Why do you so circle inprudently?  
I'm not in mood a-favourable.  
I'm - the worshipper of Vakh God,  
I'm not myself today...  
Somebody in neighbour hall were singing,  
And the boat's rhymely rocking...  
And the waves got linked together  
Above tired head with tapping.

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, Stop, A Passer-By! - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

You go like me and now,  
Lowering your eyes.  
I lowered them - also!  
Stop, a passer-by!

Read - having gathered the poppies  
And buttercups in bouquet,  
That I was Marina by calling,  
And what was then my age.

Don't think, that out of the gravestone  
I'll get out, scaring you...  
I liked laughing, liked the jokes,  
Even they were banned, true!

And blood was reddening my cheeks,  
My hair was curling a lot...  
I also was existing!  
The passer-by, please, stop!

Pick up the stalks of wild,  
And berries pick after that, -  
The strawberry is delightful  
From cemetery's land.

But don't stay gloomy rather,  
Bending down your head.  
Please, think lightly me about,  
Please, lightly me 'bout forget.

How you are enlightened by sunshine!  
You all are as covered by gold...  
- And never you ever be frightened  
With my voice from under the earth.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Sun - Is One... - Translation (Rus.)

Sun - is one, but treads all over the cities,  
Sun - is mine. I shan't give it to anybody.

Not for an hour, for ray, nor for glance. - Nobody, never!  
Then let cities vanish in the night unchangeable.

I'll take it in hands! - To avoid its circling in round!  
Besides of burning totally my hands, lips, heart!

If it sinks into the eternal night, I'll chase it by trace...  
My sun! Nobody I'll give you, not ever in any day!

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, The Clock's Striking - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

There's the clock's striking  
Somewhere in Kremlin.  
Where on earth  
There is...  
The fortress of mine,  
The meekness of mine,  
The valour of mine,  
The holiness mine.

There's the clock's striking,  
The striking derelict.  
Where on earth  
My  
House,  
My - dream,  
My - laughter,  
My - light,  
The step of narrow feet.

As by the hand,  
Being thrown in night -  
This striking.

- Redelict mine!

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, The Crucifixion - Translation (Rus.)

And celebration of decline was pouring  
Its bliss, washing the pain and sin,  
On the little body, gentle so,  
Of a baby, who was cross-fixed.

Sun had sat down; last time the gold  
Of hair curls has brightly flashed,  
So light was look of a baby chosen,  
Of the fair little Nazareth.

My friend, while you are not aware  
Of the right way, don't take a road:  
There you will perfectly be failed  
In searching truth! Be with Him only!

And when your dreams are carrying you  
'To distant beauty, still unknown',  
Then unreciprocated look  
Of baby on the cross will be your caution.

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, The First Travel - Translation (Rus.)

The first travel

By Marina Tsvetaeva

'Sail' - Spring told, and you see:  
The earth has gone, a foam flashed,  
The ship-divan in the lakes of dream  
Rushed to the tale of Andersen.

What evil, what sorcerer did aim us  
From the sleepy waters up  
To a land of the orchids giant,  
Of the sad eyes, of the groves of lime?

We sailed by shores, where  
The Palm of Peace is growing green,  
Where the palaces are made  
From a pearl, towers - from sapphire.

The late winter snow disappeared,  
The magnolia's snow blossoming smell  
We enjoyed... Where were we slipping -  
We didn't know! Of no matter that!

The supple flowers stretched around,  
As the fascinated snakes,  
There from the enlightened darkness  
The cunning pigmies nictated...

The final beam of sun had fled,  
And melting in the latter clouds' side,  
There a Pegas-cloud glimpsed,  
The airy fishes' flock has run.

A crescent moon between the grass  
Flickered in water, as an enamel...  
It was so near, but alas -  
We failed to catch it in our netting!

Under the motley canopy of miracles



We laid, filled with the secret dreams,  
Our fear swept under the gleam of the eyes,  
Of the green eyes of somebody.

The wine was pouring there on banks  
Into the glass decanters,  
And stewards were at service as  
The whales and dolphins lumping...

Suddenly - ring! Here he comes! There's no any mercy!  
That's the clock's strike, long and loud!  
Wow? Isn't that a Papa's cabinet, so?  
The divan? And the familiar lane around?

And morning is near! Oh my God!  
Halfly in dream, halfly in vigilance -  
Along the wet streets up to home  
We followed our wizard.

1910

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, The Forest Kingdom - Translation (Rus.)

The forest kingdom  
By Marina Tsvetaeva

You are - not the princess of the high court,  
He is - your knight, ready for all...  
Oh, how many a feature of child's form  
You have, dear, I can this confirm.

In the light birch's grove, between the leaves  
It is seen a blue water as spots,  
It is good to exchange with the swearings,  
It is good to be a princess! by all!

In the silence of evening, which slowly goes down,  
Where the pine-trees, the bogs and the moss,  
It is so good to enjoy the fire burning  
And to read poems till the dawn.

And to go back by the way scaring  
With the partner eternal - a moon,  
To be a princess well strict, but well playing  
In the moon night, on road in wood.

Take the joy in the spring, ringing loudly,  
The nice knight, fallen in love, like a page,  
And you also - the princess with green eyes -  
You have a short minute, but all you do have!

Don't be shy in your words, so shaky!  
Know: youth, wind - are rather the same!  
You have met and will part as the proud men,  
If you see bottom of this cup tillend.

It is good to be beautiful, quick enough,  
Teasing with your red fires the dark,  
To admire the mindless and crazy sparks -  
And to burn as that sparks - in the flight!



# aeva, The Former Day He Looked In Eyes... - Transl.(Tus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

The former day he looked in eyes,  
Today he seems to squint abroad.  
The former day till birds he stayed,  
Today all skylarks - ravens turned.

Say, I'm foolish - you are wise,  
Alive - but I'm cooled entirely.  
Oh, woe women's cry through times:  
'What I've done for you, my darling? '

And tears then - the water. Blood -  
The same. The tears, blood - I've got.  
The mother to stepmother - Love  
Has lost her Mercy in the court.

On ships beloved men - sail away,  
The road white past them becoming...  
And moan's loud through the land:  
'What I've done for you, my darling? '

The former day he lay on knees,  
And matched with giant China state.  
Today his hands unclenched the ring,  
And life has fallen rusty cent.

As childkiller under Law  
I stand - unloved and idle staring.  
In Hell I'd say you ever so:  
'What I've done for you, my darling? '

I'll ask the chair and the bed:  
'Why do such grief I suffer for? '  
'When kissed - the blink forever left,  
The other womens' kiss - the more...'.  
'

To life in fire I've got used,  
But thrown to the desert calming.  
'That was your deed! ' - I cry anew -  
'What I've done for you, my darling? '

Don't thwart me - I've perceived the all.  
My eyes - not ever blind with lie.  
The Love's today forever gone,  
The Death is planting garden while...

And no need to shake the tree -  
The apple ripe will fall in timing.  
For all my deeds, oh please, forgive:  
'What I've done for you, my darling? '

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, The House - Translation (Rus.)

Marina Tsvetaeva

## The House

From knitted brows  
Looks - my house,  
As day of youth  
Is greeting me.  
As youth itself:  
'Hello! It's me! '

Well-known forehead  
Under the coat  
Of ivy spread,  
Confused by weight.

Was not in vain  
The wade through mud  
To this, it's plain,  
Suggested hut.  
The house  
Like museum - old,  
It's attic front -  
Like Apollon  
From ancient myth.  
It'll shade me all  
From noisy street,  
So merged in poetry  
Behind a tree.

It's eyes like panes,  
So green and dim.  
They looked for ages  
At orchard bleak.  
The glasses could  
Prevent the guest  
By their mood  
To hold a test.  
They ain't reflect

The world aside:  
The mirrors best -  
To look inside.

From knitted brows  
Looks - my youth,  
The nature - gown,  
Nature sooth,  
The nature - beads,  
The nature - eyes  
The nature - cries  
Between the heaps  
Of house walls,  
The remnant blinks  
Of junior soul  
On linden leaves...

06.09.1931

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, The Little Houses Of Old Moscow - Translation (Rus.)

The little houses of old Moscow  
by Marina Tsvetaeva

The glory of grandmothers languid -  
The houses little of Moscow,  
From lanes old you disappear,  
As palaces icy by magic words,

By one beconing of a magic staff,  
By one spell - forever had gone.  
Where are the painted ceilings now  
And mirrors up to ceilings from floor?

Where are the ringing chords of a hapsichord,  
The dark curtains in flower pattens,  
And muzzles magnificent so  
On century old gloomy gates?

The curls, leaned over the embroidery,  
And looks of the portraits with glare...  
And drumming with finger on fenster  
Is strange so, while walking there...

The little houses with a breed mark,  
With watchmen, guarding the doors,  
Were changed by the heavy dark giants -  
By monsters, with the six floors.

That is the right of the owners!  
And so you are ruined at all,  
The languish of grandmother's glory,  
The houses little of Moscow.

1911

Lyudmila Purgina



# aeva, The Meeting With Pushkin - Translation (Rus.)

The meeting with Pushkin  
by Marina Tsvetaeva

I'm going up the white road,  
The dusty, ringing, steep road.  
And my light feet are not exhausted  
To be on top above the top.

To the left side - the ridge of Ayu-Dag,  
The dark-blue chasm - around.  
And I recollect the curly wizard  
Of this lyrical site.

I imagine him on the road and grotto...  
The swarthy hand at his forehead...  
- As the glass at the crossroad  
The bullock cart has jingled... -

The smell - as from childhood - of some smoke  
Or of some ancient tribe...  
That's the charm of old Crimea  
And of the Puskin's nice times.

Pushkin! - You should have learned from the first sight  
Who is on your way.  
And you should have shined all, to walk up  
You shouldn't have offered me your hand.

And haven't been leaned on his swarthy arm,  
I would have been talking by the way  
About how I were despising the science  
And rejecting the leader then;

How I were in fond of the names and banners,  
The hairs and voices,  
The old wines and the old thrones there,  
- And the every met dog! -

The half-smiles as the answers to questions,

And the young kings...  
How I were liking the fire of sigarette  
In the velvet thickets of alleys,

The comedians and the tamburin's ringing,  
The silver and gold,  
The inimitable name: Marina,  
Byron and bolero,

The amulets, cards, candles and bottles,  
The flavour of nomads and fur coats,  
And the lying speeches, piercing the inner soul,  
Of lips, charming so.

Those words: never and forever,  
After the wheel - a rut...  
The swarthy hands and the blue rivers there, -  
Ah, - and to your Mariula! -

The crackle of drum - the uniform of sovereign -  
The windows of palaces and coaches,  
The groves in the shining jaws of chimney-corner,  
The red stars of rockets...

And the eternal heart and service  
To him only, to King!  
The heart self and reflection in mirror... -  
Oh, how I do love...

All is over... - And I were not speaking then,  
I would have been looking down then...  
And You would have been silent, so sad, and sweetly  
Embracing the thin cypress.

We would have kept silence for a while - would you? -  
Looking somewhere at our feet,  
Where the fire flash far in view  
In one tiny saklya appeared

(\* - saklya is the name of house of the muslim people)

And then - because from the worser sorrow  
Is only one step - no more - to play real! -  
We would have bursted in laughing

And run hand in hand downhill.

1 oct 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, The Polar Deer - Translation (Rus.)

by Marina

I love you all my life and every day.  
I feel you as the huge dark shade,  
As hovel's smoke in the polar land.

I love you all my life and every hour.  
But that's of no need - your lips, eye's power.  
All's just begun and ended - yourself out.

I just remember: soniferous bow,  
The collar large and fair clear snow,  
The stars, that stuck the horns all over...

And from the horns half-heaven - shade,  
And hovel's smoke in the polar land.  
You're - polar deer! - I've caught the shape.

-

\* I've used the direct form of a verb to catch :)

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, The Railway Station's Silhouette... - Translation (Rus.)

The railway station's silhouette  
by Marina Tsvetaeva

I'm not familiar with you,  
And don't have a wish to lose,  
When I've learned the star illusions,  
With that face to the worser chasm assumed.

All, who were marked by fate,  
Have such a closed face.  
But you are - not the read page,  
You'll never be a slave!

With such a face? To be a slave?  
Oh, no! There's no a mistake.  
I know: mystical would be then  
Your look and your lean silhouette.

A heavy circle of your hair  
From scarf, put on on forehead  
(you'd have a guitar or or harp better)  
And you face, being so pale.

I'm not familiar with you,  
But may be, you are so common, true,  
As all around. And may be that's ridiculous!  
But fantasies are worth to use!

And may be, day will come,  
When I accept the matter miserable.  
Sometimes it's good to be mistaken!  
It's easy to mistake sometimes!

You slightly holded scarf by hand,  
Where the whistles were hooting anxiously,  
You stood as a puzzle before me.  
And image, that I shan't forget.

1909

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, The Second Travel - Translation (Rus.)

The second travel

By Marina Tsvetaeva

1910

There's no any way back. It's late now.  
Whether it is bad, whether you are fearsome and dark, well,  
Open a door desired,  
Show us the rooms cherished.  
The torch is red in the hands of a Negro.  
And the hands of light ripple in zig-zags...  
Isn't that Kleopatra in pearls?  
Or Loreleya with the Reign's sagas?  
Perhaps... - Haste it to open  
With the secret sign of a silver wand! -  
Are there the mother-tears' fountains?  
In the free plaits of a mermaid?  
Ones, who don't wish to sleep -  
How they are miserable, homeless, true!  
Please, let us look into your soul deep -  
In that violet and cloudy room!

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, The Small World - Translation (Rus.)

The small world  
by Marina Tsvetaeva

Children - are the gazes of their timid eyes  
And a playful noise of feet on a parquet floor.  
Children - are the sun in the cloudy skies,  
And the world of hypotheses of science of joy.

There's the constant mess in their golden curls,  
Tender whisper while they go asleep,  
And the pieceful pictures of their sheeps, birds,  
Which are dozing on walls in nursery.

Children - are the evening on the sofa,  
Flashes of the lanterns through the window,  
And the Saltan's fairy tale, read in slow voice,  
And about mermaids-sisters in the sea.

Children - are the rest, the instants short,  
Near the bed for god a vow reverent,  
Children - are the riddles, tender so,  
And in those riddles there's the answer!

Lyudmila Purgina



# aeva, The Soul And The Name - Translation (Rus.)

The soul and the name  
by Marina Tsvetaeva

While a ball is laughing with fire rays,  
The soul can't sleep quiet.  
But I was named by God in the other way,  
It is the sea name, of sea kind!

In waltz rounding, with a tender sigh  
I can't forget the melancholy sight.  
And God presented me the dreams another:  
The sea dreams, of sea kind!

The hall is singing, luring with fires,  
Singing and calling with the sparkles.  
But God has given me the soul other:  
It is the sea soul, of sea kind!

1911

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, The Street Has Woke Up... - Translation (Rus.)

The street has woke up. And, tired,  
Looks 'round with the windows still  
At faces slumberous, by frost got scarlet,  
Which drive by thoughts the rests of dream.

The black trunks of the trees are covered  
With a hoarfrost - by the trace of funs,  
That were in night, as if in brocade  
They stay - as dead between alive.

And their the crumpled grey coat flickers,  
A cap with wreath, a cheerless face,  
And red hands, pressed closely to ears,  
And a black apron with the books in sheaf.

The street has raised up. Looks around  
With the gloomy eyes of windows still.  
To sleep, and to forget in comfort,  
That life's - illusion, and all is - dream!

1908

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, The Young Grove Was Cut... - Translation (Rus.)

The young grove was cut totally  
By a lumberman - it's life.  
What was thought by God primordially -  
Then man tackled to recast.

And the grove is now - not waving,  
Everywhere - the rusty stubs.  
In the voices of my natives  
I hear your voice, alien, dark.

And is looming to me as circles,  
Mystic circles of your eyes.  
- We're for sure - the indissoluble,  
Indissoluble foes thus.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, The Young Grove... - Translation (Rus.)

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Mystic circles of your eyes.  
- We're for sure - the indissoluble,  
Indissoluble foes thus.

20 Aug 1917

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, There Are The Names.. - Translation (Rus.)

By Marina Tsvetaeva

There are the names, as the stuffy flowers,  
And there are looks, as the fire dancing...  
And there are the curling and dark mouths  
With the corners, deep and wet rather...

There are the women. - As a helmet are the hairs,  
And their fans smell fine but deathly so.  
They are the thirty years old. - Why then,  
Why do you seek my Spartan's baby soul?

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, There On Market... - Translation (Rus.)

There on market the people yelled,  
Steam was flying out of bakery.  
I've noticed the scarlet lips  
On the street singer's face quite narrow.

In the dark - with flowers - scarf,  
- To obtain the higher god's blessing -  
She was standing in a pilgrim's crowd  
At the Sergy-Troitzky temple.

Pray for me, the beautiful girl,  
Sad and devilish at the same time,  
When the woods will uplift you on top  
As the Khlyst Virgin's icon at once.

27 june 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, There's An Hour... - Translation (Rus.)

There's an hour - for words.  
From a hearing deafnesses  
The higher rights are struck, blown  
By the life tenses.

May be - by a shoulder,  
Pressed by a forehead,  
May be - by a ray's glow,  
Invisible, when still day is going.

To the vain string - ashes,  
One wave - for a bed-sheet.  
That's to my fear - a levy,  
To my ashes - a debt.

There's an hour - for a hot self-will,  
An hour - for a quiet request.  
An hour - for a landless fraternity,  
An hour - for a world orphanage.

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, To Anna Golden-Lipped... - Translation (Rus.)

by Marina Tsvetaeva

To Anna goldenlipped -  
To the all-Russian Redemptive Word, -  
Wind, carry my voice, please  
And my heavy sigh also.

Tell, please, the burning vault,  
About the eyes, which are dark of pain,  
And about the silent earthly bow  
Amidst the crops golden.

And you, a green-watered forest's spring,  
Tell, how at this night I looked into you -  
And what face I have seen  
With my own eyes, as truth.

You, who in the stormy height  
Have been found again!  
You! - Unnamed!  
Carry my love  
To Anna goldenlipped  
- of all Russia!

27 june 1916

- -

Here 'golden-lipped' is like the name of Ioann Chrysostomus

Lyudmila Purgina



# aeva, To Asya - Translation (Rus.)

To Asya

By Marina Tsvetaeva

A rumble in time before evening - in sunset,  
Which's burning down in winter day's twilight.  
There's the third ring. Haste, a departing man.  
Remember me after!

Emerald wave waits for you in the distance,  
Splash of the pale blue oars.  
You could not bare our life under ground,  
You were not able take on.

So, be free, as our battle is alien,  
Alien rows of our's.  
If you are tempted with moisture transparent  
And with the fly of seagulls!

Say to the south sun, hot sun best wishes  
From me, from our land.  
Put any question to all strong and bright things -  
Answer'll be in any way!

A rumble in time before evening - in sunset,  
Which's burning down in winter day's twilight.  
There's the third ring. Haste, a departing man.  
Remember me after!

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, To Byron - Translation (Rus.)

I'm thinking about morning of Your glory,  
About morning of your days,  
When suddenly You as demon had awoken  
From dream, as god to every men.

I'm thinking about brows on Your face,  
Met together, as the torches of Your eyes,  
And the lava of Your blood of ages,  
That along Your veins runs as a flood.

I'm thinking about fingers - long they are -  
And about curly hairs Your's,  
And about the round eyes, that are  
Waiting in the alleys and in halls.

And about the hearts, which You - too young -  
Couldn't help well learning in the times,  
When there the Moons were rising high  
And were down falling as Your prise.

I'm thinking about hall, lit scantily,  
And the velvet, leaned to the laces new,  
And about verses, which You could have been  
Saying to me once, and I - to You.

And I'm thinking about dust in hand,  
Which remained from Your lips and Your eyes...  
About eyes, which long ago were left.  
About them, and all about us.

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, To Generals Of 12th Year - Translation (Rus.)

To generals of 12th year

by Marina Tsvetaeva

You, whose broad overcoats  
Were like the sails,  
Whose spurs were ringing joyly  
With voices' squall.

And whose eyes were like brilliants,  
Touching the hearts, -  
The charming dandies, living  
In old times!

With power of frantic will  
You won the heart inns  
And mountains, - the kings  
Of every battle, every party.

You were protected by the grace of God  
And mother's mercy.  
All yesterday - the little boys,  
Today - the officers.

And all the peaks were low for you, rather,  
The stale bread was soft,  
Oh, the young generals, impying  
Their destiny fold.

...

Ah, on the effaced print I've got  
In one, but wonderful such moment,  
The face of Tuchkov the forth,  
The gentle image your's,

And also your slender figure,  
Your gold orders bright...  
And after the engraving kissing -

I couldn't sleep in night.

Oh, how - I think - you could fondle  
With handful of the precious rings  
The curls of girls - and manes of horses,  
Your dear things.

In one, but unbelievable great gallop  
You spend the short life...  
And all your whiskers and your curls all  
The snow covered.

The three hundred - did win, the three only!  
The dead couldn't rise up.  
You were - the children and the heroes  
You had the power!

What was so frenzy-young at that times -  
Your furious ranks? ..  
Your gold-curly Fortune was you quiding  
As your mother frank.

You gained the victories and liked  
The love, the sabre's edge -  
And joyously forever passed  
Into non-being state!

26 dec 1913  
Feodosia

===

This poem has been transformed into beautiful romance  
in film 'Let's say a word about the poor gusar...'

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, To S.E. -1 - Translation (Rus.)

There are such voices,  
That makes you silent, unable to repeat,  
That you are foreseeing sorceries.  
And the great eyes  
Are coloured as the sea.  
Here he stood up before you:  
Look at his forehead and brows  
And compare him with you!  
That is the exhaustion  
Of the blue blood old -  
The devastated flow.

The azure is prevailing  
With all its noble vein.  
And the tzarevich's and lion's gesture  
Is repeated by lace  
As a white foam's edge.

The dragoon of your regiment,  
The decabrists and the versaillists!  
And you don't understand -  
He is too young - so the string,  
Or the sword, or the brush to paint  
Is the need for fingers.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, To S.E.- 2 - Translation (Rus.)

As the see-weeds are your limbs, say,  
As the boughs of willows of Malmaison...  
So you were lying in the foam splash,  
Stopping with your mind vacant

On the light-golden melons -  
The aquamarine and chrysoprase  
Of the blue-green, grey-bluish,  
Always half-closed eyes.

The arrows of sun were flying forward,  
And waves - were the lions crazy.  
So you were lying, too white though,  
Out from the unbearable azure...

Behind the back was empty desert,  
And somewhere the Jankoi's station...  
And silently there shined the melons  
As gold under your long hand stretched.

So, precious and calm in manner  
You are lying, giving no look,  
But when you dart it - then the battle  
Will rise up, mountains will move

Into the seas, and new moons shine up,  
And lions in the joy will lie -  
According to direction of your young such,  
Magnificent your head this time.

1 august 1913

Lyudmila Purgina

# aeva, Tverskaya [street] - Translation (Rus.)

Tverskaya [street]

by Marina Tsvetaeva

Here's the world, where the show-windows're shining,  
Here's - the Tverskaya street, worth to grieve about.  
Who is better for Asya in need, than Marina?  
Who is better for me, than so dear Asya?

We are walking together, excited,  
Absorbing all around: sunset, lanterns, voices,  
And lowering our eyes for sometimes  
Under the glare of somebody.

It is only for us, with shining fires,  
And the Moscow april evening - only for us.  
To all adults - the street,

we are fond of Tverskaya,  
That's the cradle of half-adult's hearts.  
That's - the cradle of a gold dawn cheering,  
And surprise of the things, given by dawn...  
Here's the window with Tate's brilliants,  
Here's - another window with fires burned...

We shall catch all by our senses or faith,  
All the understar distance or the heaven's breadth!  
And towering above the grey square  
The Maundy Monastery is turning scarlet.

We are going, never stopping a talk.  
All are dear - words, dear all are - the features!  
Oh, the unforgettable april - and Tverskaya all,  
Was the cradle of our youth, riches!

1912

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Who's Made From A Stone... - Translation (Rus.)

Who's made from a stone, or a clay mold,  
Only I - is a flash, is a silver.  
My name of a traitor, my name is Marina -  
I'm - the mortal ocean foam.

Who's made from a clay, from a flesh only -  
For those - the tombs and the stone flags...  
In a sea bath christened, I'm going,  
I'm flying high - and incessantly smashed.

All other hearts through, all the nets through -  
My self-will will go one time.  
Why do you think - do you see my curls dissolute -  
That I'd be the earth salt once?

While I'm splitting, met with your granit knees,  
But with every wave - I rise up again and again!  
Long live the sea foam - the foam merry -  
The high sea foam - I pray!

20 may 1920

Lyudmila Purgina



## aeva, With Great Tenderness... - Translation (Rus.)

With great tenderness - because of  
I'm going to leave you all -  
I'm thinking a lot, who will be  
the heir of the wolf's fur,

Who will take - the cosy fluffy plead,  
And a thin stick with a dog,  
Who - my silver bindle, all strewn  
with the turquoise stones...

And all my sketches, and all my flowers,  
which I hardly could have stored till now...  
And my last rhyme - and you also,  
indeed, my last night!

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Yes, With This Lion's... - Translation (Rus.)

Yes, with this lion's  
golden scattering,  
With this belt and  
with this onward stepping, -

How could I not to run  
after him world around -  
After this belt and  
after this whistling sound!

I'm going along the street -  
The people stand aside,  
As if from the deceased,  
as if from the robber kind.

Yes, they know well,  
how I'm praying  
For some saints  
at the green coloured  
some chapels.

Oh, my friendgirls, say,  
It's my fault, my fault.  
From the light-blue flax  
Don't weave a shroud,

For the eternal dream,  
for that alone sleep -  
Under the apple-tree  
I'm laying senselessly.

2 apr 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, You Are Going To West... - Translation (Rus.)

You are going to west, where's a sun,  
You will see there the evening light,  
You are going to the west, where sun,  
And a blizzard is hiding your site.

By my windows - and without passion -  
You will pass in the silence of snow,  
The god's righteous man, a pious,  
The silent light of my inner soul!

I'm not coveting - for your soul!  
Indestructable is your way.  
In your hand, pale from kisses, though  
I shan't cruelly hammer a nail.

And I shan't hail your name ever,  
And I shan't stretch to you ever - hands.  
I shall bow to the image, wax pale,  
From a distance, to your saint face.

Standing under the falling white snow,  
I'll bend down on knees on the snow,  
And will kiss with my lips for the sake of god  
Beautiful that and white falling snow -

There, where with steps such majestic,  
You had passed in the silence sepulchral,  
You - the silent light, you - the glory saint -  
You - the Almighty of my inner soul.

2 may 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, You Can'T Go Away... - Translation (Rus.)

You can't go away. I'm - the prisoner.  
You are - the guard. And we have the joined fate.  
And we have in the whole emptiness  
One written order for both us that day.

I'm not a restless person, silent!  
I have the eyes, quite clear enough!  
Let me, my guard, go to a pine-tree  
There in distance, don't worry to watch up!

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, You Lean Your Head... - Translation (Rus.)

You lean your head to backwards,  
Because of you're a proud man and liar.  
What a nice and merry companion  
Was brought to me by this february!

Followed by the beggars,  
And blowing slowly the smoke out,  
As the grand foreigners  
We are going through the native town.

What tender hands caressed you, beauty,  
Your face, eyelashes, dear?  
When, how was kissed and by whom?  
How many girls, I'm not feared?

My ardent, hungry spirit yet  
Overcame this dream.  
I see in you the boy of deity,  
Who is only 10 years.

Let's stop our movement at the river,  
Which's rinsing beads of lanterns,  
I'll follow you to square this,  
Where reigned the adolescent.

Let whistle out your boy's pain  
And hold your heart within...  
My cold-blooded and my crazy,  
Me freedman - please, forgive!

18 feb 1916

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, You, Passing Me By... - Translation (Rus.)

You, passing me by, going far  
Not to mine and quiet a doubtful charms, -  
If you would know, how much fire,  
How much life, spent for nothing,

And what a heroic flare you have  
On the sudden rustle or shadow...  
And, how my heart was incinerated  
This, for nothing, spent gunpowder.

Oh, the trains, flying in the night,  
Which take my dreams on the station...  
However, I understand, that you'd not find  
Or identify me - even together...

Even if you'd known, why my speeches are rude,  
Sharp in the smoke of my sigarette, -  
How much a dark and terrible mood  
You could find in my light-haired head.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, You, Tearing Off The Cover... - Translation (Rus.)

You, tearing off the cover  
From the catafalques and cradles,  
The woman furious of disasters,  
Inflicter of distresses,

Of diseases, elements and wars,  
- The Black magician! -  
    - The serf-owner! -  
I've heard the terrible howl  
Of lions, prophesying a chariot.

I hear the voices passionate -  
One of them is silent persistently.  
I see the red sails - out of them  
One - is black completely.

Whether you are directed by ocean,  
Or by air, - with all my breast  
I'm waiting, as to sun my chest opening -  
To the justice's killing influence.

Lyudmila Purgina

## aeva, Your Features... - Translation (Rus.)

Your..... features,  
Fixed by Canon camera.  
I'll grow older, but you still be  
The same young as ante that.  
Your..... features,  
Smoothed by the hot wind.  
I'll grow hunched, but you still be  
The same slender as ante that.  
The noon hair's shadow,  
Being bend to my hoary hair...  
A coeval with me, year by year,  
Day by day you'll become a son gradually...  
We were 36 together,  
We were the nice pair...  
And as a rainbow - the holy news told -  
I'll [never ever] grow old!

Lyudmila Purgina



# aeva, Your Poem Is Needless - Translation (Rus.)

Marina Tsvetaeva

- Your poem is rubbish  
As the grandma's dream...  
- But that's for the other  
Times were seen.

- Your poem is plague  
As the grandpa's sigh.  
- But that's for the other  
Ages were tried.

- In age of five - the whole  
World was dreamed!  
- Your dream five only,  
Mine - for five centuries.

- Go, where the days!  
- The days're passing by...  
- Go, where we gain.  
- The blind still do guide.

And will there be  
The poetry in Russia?  
Ask better the stream,  
The issues ask then.

14.09.1931

Lyudmila Purgina

# ayeva, At Mirror - Song - Translation (Rus.)

Music: erdiev

I wish from mirror where is haze  
And dream so nebulous  
To know where would Thy place  
And dwelling further then.

I see the headtree of the ship,  
And deck is underfoot.  
The train is riding through the mist  
Of evening fields woeful.

The evening fields are wet with dew,  
The ravens fly above...  
I bless Thee evermore,  
I bless Thee evermore,  
I bless forever Thee for to  
One of four sides of world...  
I bless Thee evermore,  
I bless Thee evermore,  
I bless forever Thee for to  
One of four sides of world...

-

The popular romance

Lyudmila Purgina

# Miserable

To go to point on the wall.  
To sit looking on it in the silence...  
And here is the result of my inner fall -  
The point and I are in balance...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Monada...

Monada, diada, triada -  
Again we are born for another  
Life living - the incarnation.  
And lose dreams again on that station...

Triada, diada, monada -  
At first we are so glad, rather...  
We let dreams to new liberation,  
And lose ourselves on the station...

Lyudmila Purgina

# My Life

One day was awful,  
Night was bright.  
And young, then old -  
Passed the time.  
The strips on zebra -  
Black and white.  
Was so different -  
My life.

Lyudmila Purgina

# N. Zabolotzky, The Unbeautiful Girl - Translation (Rus.)

by Nikolai Zabolotzky

Among the other playing children she  
Seems to be a little awful frogling.  
The pants tucked in her poor shirt you see,  
The curly hair - tousled all and nodding,  
The curve teeth and the mouth long on face,  
The features're sharp and ugly to disgrace.

The fathers recently have bought the bicycles  
For two boys of the same age, and today  
They're driving round court yard joyously,  
Despite of dinner, everything away,  
She's running after them so gay.  
The boy's fun does exist there in her self,  
She tries to pour the feelings out,  
And she is laughing and rejoicing with them  
This happy Being shouting aloud.

No any shade of envy or a poor thought  
This creature does not know till the day.  
And everything is new around her,  
All is alive, that someone throws away!  
I don't wish to think, that years later  
It will be day, when she would burst to cry  
While seeing truth and turning into horror  
With view as plain girl in comparison to other!  
I wish then to believe, that pure flame,  
Which's shining in her inner soul,  
Would diminish then all her pain  
And throw off the heaviest inner stone.  
So let's her features neither be so good,  
Nor she could lure someone's fancy cent, -  
Her infantile grace of soul should  
Shine though any of her vivid movements.

And if it's so, what's then the Beauty?

Why do the people deify its mode?  
May be it is the vessel with futility,  
Or fire twinkling in the vessel infold?

1955

Lyudmila Purgina

# yov, He Had Prayed... - Translation (Rus.)

Nikolai Gumilyov  
He had prayed...

He had prayed in Holy Temple  
In the sight of Saint Madonna,  
That he should be strictly faithful  
To shy Lady inexorable.

Secret oath was forgotten  
Fastly then in seek to sweets.  
He was killed by cruel robber,  
To the Heavens got to cease.

'Haven't you sworn in Holy Temple, '-  
Then was asked by Saint Madonna.  
'That you should be strictly faithful  
To shy Lady inexorable? '.

'Go away, your crop is useless  
Anyway to Lord of Heavens.  
You - who left the word of Oath,  
Should be sentenced to the penance'.

But so grief and stubborn quite  
Yet, he bowed to Madonna:  
'I have never met a Lady,  
Who is shy and inexorable.'

Lyudmila Purgina



# yov, In The Heaven - Translation (Rus.)

By Nikolai Gumilyov

In the heaven

Bright as gold the days flared up,  
And the Great Bear fled from the sky...  
Oh my Lord, please, catch it up!  
Curb and bind to the saddle awhile!  
Afterwards in your tower gold,  
Show her to your Canis Major,  
He will clutch her with his stranglehold,  
He is brave, cunning and so strong.  
He is spiteful to bears from times,  
Immemorial in previous epochs.  
And she'll go away finally,  
For the sake of the peace, and the flocks  
Of the Capricorn, Aries and Taurus  
Would be grazing on meadows plots...

Lyudmila Purgina

# yov, Memory - Translation (Rus.)

Memory

By Nikolai Gumilyov

Snakes shed their skins, and only,  
That for soul to get rape in growth.  
We're not similar to snakes, although,  
We change our souls, not the bodies.

Memory - you as a hand of Giant  
Takes us, as a horse by bridle,  
Would you tell for me and all about  
Those lived in body before time?

One, the first - was so slim, unbeautiful,  
Who loved dark of groves, the fallen leaves,  
In a whole, he was child, some woodoo,  
Who stopped rain with spell, at least.

And the tree and red dog were his friends then.  
Memory, oh memory, how could you find  
Any sign or any mark - that moment  
Really was? How world could that define?

And the second one... He loved the south wind,  
Every boom replaced with sounds of lyre.  
Life as a lovely girlfriend he considered,  
World was under feet like a small carpet.

I don't like him, he was trying  
To be king and god in one attempt.  
He hang over the door of my house  
A signboard, that he was real poet.

But I like that true elect of freedom,  
Navigator, shooter in one team.  
How waters sang for him, were ringing,  
How clouds were begrudging him!

His tent was so high, his mules were

Frolic and quite strong in pace.  
As a sweet wine, he drank an air draught  
Of the unknown country to white man.

Memory, you are becoming weaker,  
Year after year goes fast.  
Was it me or other man, who freedom  
Changed for so long-awaited, sacred fight?

He knew torments of the thirst and hunger,  
And the restless dream, eternal way.  
Once his breast was touched by Saint George twicely,  
Never pierced by any bullet breast.

I'm the gloomy and quite stubborn architect  
Of the Temple, which is rising far  
There from the darkness, I'm envious  
To the Father's glory, earthly, skyey.

My heart will be burned entirely  
Till the day, when there'll rise ahead  
Walls of New Jerusalem, and finely  
You'll see them on our country's land.

And there'll be the strange breeze on the other day,  
From the heavens there'll fall the light -  
That is sudden blossom of the Milky Way  
As the garden of the dazzling stars.

There'll appear a Stranger, such unknown,  
Hiding face from me, but I'll plead for sure,  
Looking at the lion, after following,  
Looking at the eagle, flying to.

I shall cry... But who could help me, rather,  
In the deal of soul's death escaping?  
Only snakes shed their skins, but we are  
Changing our souls, bodies - never.

Lyudmila Purgina

# yov, The Ballad - Translation (Rus.)

By Nikolai Gumilyov

## The Ballad

I was granted by chance  
With five horses at once  
By my friend Lucifer and with ring,  
Gold ring with a Ruby on it.  
That for purpose to slip  
Down into the deep  
Of the caves, and to see  
There young face of heavens within.  
Snorting horses were hoofing,  
Trying me thus to lure  
To the vast space of earth race in fury...  
And therefore I believed,  
That a Sun inflamed me,  
Only me, as a Ruby in ring.  
Many a starry night  
Did I rove, and many days,  
Fired with sun's bright light,  
And without the end  
Of the way.  
I've smiled to the impulse of mighty such horses,  
I've enjoyed glint of ring,  
I've rushed them to heaven -  
There in height of the consciousness -  
Only insanity. Snowfall there...  
Cracking horses by whip,  
I've forced them to raise..  
There in heavens I've seen  
Maid with a doleful face.  
In her silent weak voice  
I've heard chime of strings...  
In her strange look - the choice  
Questions-answers to join.  
And I gave her a ring  
To this Moon-like a Virgin  
For unsteady fine tint

On the plaits incoherent.  
Laughing, mocking at me, Lucifer after that  
Let it open door to the darkness so deep.  
And presented the six gift -  
The another horse black...  
The Despair - the name was of it...

Lyudmila Purgina

# yov, The Cross - Translation (Rus.)

The Cross by Hicolai Gumilyov

For long the cards were lying, one after another,  
Therefore I was in vain becoming tipsy afterwards.  
The cold stars of march like being in great trouble  
Were going pale, one after one, outdoors.

In cold brainstorm, as in craziness, exited,  
I felt this gambling game to be the only dream.  
'All bank I'll cover! ' - cried I to the last time.  
My card's then killed, and time was to defeat.

I'd come outdoors. The dawn shades so delicious  
Were wandering all over the tender snow.  
I can't help recollect, how did I fall to knees there  
With pressing gold cross to lips and swear on:

'To get eventually free and fair like a starry sky,  
To grasp your heavy stick, the Sister Poverty,  
To rove long by roads as a beggar and to ask  
For bread with help of those gold cross and Deity! '

The moment over.. Everyone had ceased the noise  
And risen from the places, when I entered hall  
In bellicose mood, in insane senseless pose,  
I laid in silence on the card my gold cross.

june 1906

Lyudmila Purgina

# yov, The Rat - Translation (Rus.)

By Nikolai Gumilyov

## The Rat

An icon-lamp is flinching in the corner  
Of the quiet child's room, dark 'n' weird,  
In the small laced bassinet rosy,  
Lying quietly, there is a baby child.  
What's this? Isn't it a caught dwarf?  
There he lives, so small and bald...  
Hush! There from behind the wardrobe  
Awful rat is coming out slowly.  
In the reddish gleam of icon-lamp she,  
Moving with her prickly whiskers terribly,  
Searches if the girl is in her bed now,  
Pretty girl with eyes opened greatly.  
-Mammy, mammy! - But there're guests with mother,  
Nanny Vasilisa laughs in kitchen.  
And in dark there's the only fires -  
That's the eyes of rat, like coal gleaming.  
How dreadful is to wait in darkness!  
But the more fear's to stand up now!  
Where are you, my light-winged holy angel?  
Please, come soon, protect me out of foe!

Lyudmila Purgina

# yov, Thoughts - Translation (Rus.)

Thoughts by Nikolai Gumilyov

Why did they gather to me, thoughts,  
As thieves from suburbs in the night?  
As black kites pounced on  
Ominous, moroze, demanding vengeance right?  
The hope - passed, the dreams - had run,  
My eyes - wide opened, exited,  
And I was reading spectral covenant,  
My words, affairs and desires.  
For that I was so quite missing  
Those, who were straight floating to win;  
For that I was so hotly kissing  
The tender lips without sin;  
For that my fingers didn't know plough,  
And therefore were so thin;  
For that my songs, the evelasting wanderers,  
By their woe were of such fatigue;  
For all today the time is to revenge.  
Deceitful temple of my dreams the blinds will ruin,  
And thieves from suburbs in the quite silence,  
Will cease my breath as I'm the beggar poor.

Lyudmila Purgina



# ov, The Plane-Tree And The Pumpkin - Fable - Transl. (Rus.)

By Nasyr Khosrov

In a shadow of a plane tree - a pumpkin's grown.  
And it has stretched out her lashes numerous.

And it twined the the tree round in twenty days,  
And, thus, has become higher than that plane.

And the pumpkin asked: 'Who is older? How many days do you live? '  
The mere vegetable wanted thus to tease the tree.

The plane-tree answered in a simple manner:  
'I'm - two hundred... but not days - the years! ...'

The pumpkin laughed: 'I have the days of twenty,  
But don't you see - my stature is higher? You're lazy! '

The plane tree answered: 'Of course, you are right!  
Today you're higher, Pumpkin, I can't that deny!

But let's wait for the cold days of autumn...  
What will be then? Who will be higher, lower? ...'

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Under the translation from persian into russian by s

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# lina, I Know, It Will Come... - Translation (Rus.)

By Natalia Kurgalina

I know, it will come some time.  
I do believe in that true hour.  
He will find me among the crowd.  
But may be, not this hour, not now.

I feel him to be tender, wise.  
I'm sure, all he gives me on the land.  
He's not from our pathetic times:  
He'll take my packets, give me hand.

I cast him to embrace me in his arms and take  
Away me from all to horizon, realm.  
With care he, when cold, will put on a cap,  
And, when it's rain, he'll give umbrella.

And I believe him to be watchful either  
To see me in the mob, my silhouette.  
I shall remember this date and forever.  
Today I only have time to wait.

Lyudmila Purgina

# chkina, They Say, If You'D Forgotten... - Translation (Rus.)

By Nadezhda Lastochkina

They say, if you'd all forgotten,  
No light from him... for many years...  
Only events, that happened long ago,  
The best in life. How could I render?

They say, that love - is total anguish.  
But who can say, he lived without battle?  
Perhaps, the multi-year separation  
Is only the assay of your fate.

No, I'm not a perisher... nor groaner...  
He comes in night dreams, says, that now he  
Is living with the other woman,  
But he is craving all his life of me.

Yes, I had also great troubles, really,  
To count them is now hard, and new  
I searched in other men, but similar  
To only him, but that was vainly, true.

But life is such... without shedule,  
And trains are moving by... and by...  
There is distance between us, and years...  
And people... and the countries, towns...

Yet I'm not fond of strictness of the laws.  
And I believe... believe... that once  
God joins our routes and crosses  
All ways, that we are destined all to ride.

Lyudmila Purgina

# sov, How You Are Mild... - Translation (Rus.)

By Nikolai Nekrasov

How you are mild, how humble,  
Obedient to be his slave.  
But he is cold and sad rather,  
With soul, full of indifference.

And earlier... do you remember?  
You were so proud, haughty, young.  
You played with him, the beauty raving,  
Yet he was full with real love!

So autumn sun is cold in blue sky,  
Even without any cloud.  
But while summer storm burns fire,  
By dropping a living beam on ground!

-

In russian and in bulgarian translation  
by Krasismir Georgiev:

Lyudmila Purgina

# sov, The Former Day... - Translation (Rus.)

By Nikolai Alexeevich Nekrasov

The former day, about six,  
I visited Sennaya\*.  
The peasant woman was by whip  
So hardly beaten there.  
No any sound's heard from chest,  
The only scourge was whistling.  
And to my Muse I've said: 'Look best -  
Here's your sister sibling! '

1848

-

\* Sennaya street in sburg

Lyudmila Purgina

## sov, There's A Boom In Capital... - Translation (Rus.)

There's the boom in capital,  
The verbal battle is seething,  
But in the deep of Russia -  
You'd feel eternal stillness.  
The only wind is bothering  
The tops of road willows,  
And as a bow curving  
And kissing mother-leas  
Are ears in the fields.

1857,1858

===

ears - are crops!

Lyudmila Purgina

# otsky, The Unbeautiful Girl - Translation (Rus.)

The unbeautiful girl  
by Nikolai Zabolotzky

Among the other playing children she  
Seems to be a little awful frogling.  
The pants tucked in her poor shirt you see,  
The curly hair - tousled all and nodding,  
The curve teeth and the mouth long on face,  
The features're sharp and ugly to disgrace.

The fathers recently have bought the bicycles  
For two boys of the same age, and today  
They're driving round court yard joyously,  
Despite of dinner, everything away,  
She's running after them so gay.  
The boy's fun does exist there in her self,  
She tries to pour the feelings out,  
And she is laughing and rejoicing with them  
This happy Being shouting aloud.

No any shade of envy or a poor thought  
This creature does not know till the day.  
And everything is new around her,  
All is alive, that someone throws away!  
I don't wish to think, that years later  
It will be day, when she would burst to cry  
While seeing truth and turning into horror  
With view as plain girl in comparison to other!  
I wish then to believe, that pure flame,  
Which's shining in her inner soul,  
Would diminish then all her pain  
And throw off the heaviest inner stone.  
So let's her features neither be so good,  
Nor she could lure someone's fancy cent, -  
Her infantile grace of soul should  
Shine though any of her vivid movements.

And if it's so, what's then the Beauty?  
Why do the people deify its mode?

May be it is the vessel with futility,  
Or fire twinkling in the vessel infold?

1955

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



## yev, It's A Usual Thing... - Translation (Rus.)

It's a usual thing that at one time  
You stand up from your idleness, joy,  
Feel yourself in a state of a shudder,  
Like a branch of tree, got free of snow.

And with grief of a once wounded creature  
You look there at window frozen,  
Where the empty can's firing in features  
Of a glow of sun downfalling.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Name

What does mean NAME on Earth?

Every thing is named.

But only this name - is different in languages...

And we all are different a lot...

All names will vanish if you tear

Them from the hobbles of the history...

And NAME, perhaps, now is coming into being

On that place, that land, territory...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Night Is Time...

Night is time, when the verses are well composed,  
Due to power of sun on the other half of the Earth.  
Thus the soil from the concrete forms is transformed -  
To the common, to mere - thoughts...  
Fair thoughts, wonderful, as well,  
In the place, where I now dwell,  
I create at the comp, at the table...  
And my rhymes, merry rhymes I present  
To the world... The night darkness prevents  
The influence of vanities that...  
And opens the sluice of Illusions,  
Which are really, surely absent,  
Because it is the world of word-fusion,  
Word-stream, word-flow,  
word-hovering above the Earth...  
And the later - amazement of glow  
Of the verse of your own... when awoken...

Well, the night is good time for composing...  
When day, the people are amazed so strongly... :)

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# No Angel, The Unhappy Horse - Translation (Rus.)

A horse was unhappily looking at heaven,  
Thinking about the Milky way's path...  
The half-moon she felt as a piece of bread tasteful,  
That was baked out of meal of the stars.

Sadly the horse sighed, both body sides swollen,  
Silently neighed, looking into the sky.  
She was suspicious, that a cloud head over  
Was luckily eating the oat from stars.

The cloud turned gloomy and covered the half-moon,  
In distance burst out with thunder and storming.  
The horse dropped her eyes to the ground, for sure  
She was to stand here for long till the morning.

-

In russian:

-

The other variants of translation, being on contest:

Lyudmila Purgina

# olts, All Friends Are Saying... - Translation (Rus.)

by Olga Berggolts

All friends are saying: 'All is good  
To save from evil, rage one part of Tragedy,  
One part of your soul, as thruth...'  
But who has said that to divide I'm able?

And how could I hide my passion in a half,  
Without notion of it to be the passion?  
How could I give to people only one part,  
When life is worth to give them in that case?

No, if there's a pain - the soul is sick,  
If there's a pleasure - it is burning bright.  
Not by the force of fear it reveals  
Itself - but by the freedom's might.

That's my wish, my belief and my love will.  
Don't dare to feel pity with me either.  
Even my death I never shall concede  
For your compulsive happiness so tiring.

- - -

In russian and translation into bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev

Lyudmila Purgina

# olts, In Stalingrad - Translation (Rus.)

by Olga Berggolts

In Stalingrad

Here's the ash is so hot in kind,  
It will burn hard - breathe, touch, remember...  
Don't cry while stepping over it and hide  
Your tears, before future ash don't tremble...

- -

in russian and translation into bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev

Lyudmila Purgina

# olts, Well, I Know... - Translation (Rus.)

By Olga Berggolts

Well, I know - in a stone house  
I'm talked about, judged and fixed...  
They intend my soul ardent  
Thus to hold in their captive.  
For the righteous suffering,  
For my friends unsigned in some laws,  
They'll award me the rust window  
And a guard against the door.

- -

In russian and translation into bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev

Lyudmila Purgina

# Istam, A Sound Cautious... - Translation (Rus.)

A sound cautious and vague  
Of fruit, fallen from tree and lost -  
Among the constant choir song  
Of the deepest silence of a forest...

1908

Lyudmila Purgina



# Istam, All The Bonds Of That Earth... - Translation (Rus.)

All the bonds of that earth captivity  
Hardly could I overcome that day,  
And is fettered from my head to my feet  
With the heavy armours of disdain.

Sometimes he is tender to me, driving me,  
Following me - my double self;  
He, as me, is quietly inevitable,  
He is nestled to me and closely.

That time, hiding the denouement, the upshot  
I had called myself onto the tournament;  
I had torn off mask off myself also  
And caress this world with a contempt.

I'm not worthy yet to my depression  
And I have the last and utter dream -  
Hear the loud boom, the fatal and short one,  
Of my patterned round shield.

1910

Lyudmila Purgina

# Istam, In This Vague And Poignant Haze... - Translation (Rus.)

By Osip Mandelstam

In this vague and poignant haze your image  
Hardly I can touch with all my hand.  
'Oh, my God! ' - I said, mistaken, really  
I thought that time in the other way.  
The sacred name has flied out like a free bird  
From my breast, which opened its door.  
What's in future? Just the same clouds,  
And the empty cage behind once more.

Lyudmila Purgina

## Istam, Iron - Translation (Rus.)

And years go as the iron troops,  
And air with the iron balls is full.  
It is without colour - in water ironing,  
And dreamed on the pillow - as pink.

The iron truth - alive for someone's envy,  
Irony is an ovary, irony is a pistil.  
And as a gland the poetry is in iron,  
Running with tears in the section of outcoming.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Istam, Leningrad - Translation (Rus.)

Leningrad

by Osip Mandelstam

I've returned to my town, my native, to tears,  
To the streaks, to the childish glands, swollen a little...  
You have come! So swallow, dear, and fast  
The fish oil of lanterns of night Leningrad.  
And get know again the december cold day,  
Where the ominous tar is mixed with the yolk of egg.

Petersburg! I don't wish to die, surely, not:  
You have stored some of numbers of my telephones.  
Petersburg! I have saved the adresses and all  
From which the deadmen will answer for call.  
I am living on the black stairs, to my head temple  
The torn out with flesh bell is striking again.  
And all night I'm waiting for my dear guests,  
Stirring the shackles of the ringing iron door chains.

December 1930

=====

On wikipedia

-

The song

Original singer is Alla Pugachova

Lyudmila Purgina

# Istam, Only Child's Books... - Translation (Rus.)

By Osip Mandelstam

Only child's books - to read,  
Only child's thoughts - to caress,  
All the great - to dispel away,  
To rise up - from the deep grief.

I'm tired from life - to death,  
Nothing from that life I could accept,  
But I love with all heart my poor land,  
Because I haven't seen the other place.

I was rocking there in garden and frequently  
On the simple wood swing, but as ever  
All the dark high fir-trees I remember  
As in hazy state of hard delirium.

1908

Lyudmila Purgina

# Istam, Tender Evening... - Translation (Rus.)

by Osip Mandelstam

Tender evening, pompous twilight.  
Boom by boom. And wave by wave.  
And wet wind our faces's striking  
As a salt elastic coverlet.

All has gone. And all has mixed up.  
By the coast waves turned drunken.  
With a blind joy we were filled up -  
And our hearts turned heavy rather.

We were deafened by a chaos.  
We were drugged by a drunken air,  
We were lulled with a great choir:  
Flutes and lutes and even timbrels.

- -

In russian and translation into ukranian  
by Pyotr Golubkov

Lyudmila Purgina

# Istam, The Body's Given To Me... - Translation (Rus.)

by Osip Mandelstam

The body's given to me, what to do with it,  
My own body, all myself and unique.

For the quite joy to breathe and live,  
Whom I should thank for that, indeed?

A gardener I am, a flower also,  
In that captivity I'm not alone.

My breathing and my warmth today  
Lay on eternity's glass plain.

And there'll be a pattern stamped,  
Unrecognizable in shape.

But let the dregs of moment fall down -  
The pattern never could be cancelled out.

- -

In russian and translation into bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev

Lyudmila Purgina

## Istam, The Softer Than The Soft... - Translation (Rus.)

The softer than the soft  
Your face,  
The whiter than the white  
Your hand.  
You are so far from the whole  
World,  
All, that you have - from  
The unavoidable.  
From the unavoidable is going  
Your sorrow,  
And fingers on your hands,  
With warm,  
And the silent sound  
Of the speeches  
Bold,  
And the distance  
Of eyes - your's.

Lyudmila Purgina



# Istam, With A Tinsel Gold... - Translation (Rus.)

By Osip Mandelstam

With a tinsel gold the fir-trees're flamed  
In woods in the Christmas time.  
In bushes there the toy-wolves stare  
At you with their awful eyes.

Oh, my prophetic melancholy,  
Oh, my silent freedom that,  
And the glass of heaven, which is laughing constantly,  
Though it might be surely dead!

1908

Lyudmila Purgina

# Istam, Your Unsteady And So Painful Image... - Translation (Rus.)

by Osip Mandelstam

Your unsteady and so painful image  
I couldn't touch in a continuous mist.  
'God! ' - I said, mistaken unexpectedly,  
Without aim to say a word indeed.

The god's name flied out as a great bird  
Of my breast to live long outside.  
And in front of me - mist, curling,  
The empty cage - remains behind.

- -

In russian and translation into bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev

Lyudmila Purgina

## stam, Being Near To Koltsovo Town - Translation (Rus.)

Being near to Koltsovo town, (\*Koltsovo - is the town, named after the russian word 'ring')

I'm ringed today as a falcon,  
But there's no any herald,  
House mine is without threshold,  
To my leg the pine wood is tied,  
So blue by colour, wide.  
As a messenger, without edict  
The horizon is opened around me.  
In steppe the hummocks roam -  
And go, go far  
The night lodgings, the nights, nights more -  
As if they carry the blinds...

1-9 Jan 1937

Lyudmila Purgina

## stam, I'M Looking In The Face - Translation (Rus.)

I'm looking in the face of frost alone:  
He is - to nowhere, I'm - nowhere from,  
A plain around is pressed, ironed out,  
The living surface's any wrinkle without.  
And sun is screwing its eyes in a starched poverty,  
Its look is silent, and rather is consoling,  
And that ten-valued woods are just the same as before...  
The only snow is crackling in eyes, it is  
Like the clean bread, so sinless...

16 Jan 1937

Lyudmila Purgina

# novich, The Truth - Translation (Rus.)

By Oleksa Stefanovich (1899 - 1970)

Under translation from ukrainian into russian  
by Valentina Varnavskaya

## THE TRUTH

Once there a knyaz lived. He was said  
Of some realisic Truth in world,  
The beauty number one, and thence  
Immideately raced for the Thruth bold.  
And there a Snake was defeated by him,  
And the element's storm was conquered,  
The wall of wild forest - there in  
He saw the place of Truth, gates opened...  
Oh, horror! On-coming an old woman,  
Such awful, so aged, so smelly.  
And under his feet earth turned over...  
Said woman: 'You searched for me, dear?  
It's surely me. What's the problem? '

Mittenwald,1949

Lyudmila Purgina

# Oh, Shadow!

Oh, Shadow!  
You're losing the being,  
When our Mind is in a dream.  
Oh, Day!  
You're so warm and light,  
Attracting me...  
As butterflies from caterpillars  
Are born into the light...  
We're - the caterpillars, we do like  
The tasty and delicious lunch.  
When going into pupation, in a cocoon -  
We are dreaming a lot,  
Getting a maturity.  
And tearing the walls - we go out  
To the light world  
And begin flying - suddenly...

Lyudmila Purgina

# On The Square

On the square are staying the skyscrapers,  
On the four grey concrete walls.  
There are the people in masks of great fellows  
Spent their days till the end from the birth.  
They are tightened in ties so beautiful.  
From Paris, shining as highest models.  
Their Cup of Life seeming full enough,  
But their Happiness seems be somewhere.  
Time will pass, and the cheeks'll turn the colour:  
Pink to yellow-grey, wrinkled all.  
That's the brand, and the seal to that fellows,  
Who had rushed to the scene of unknown.  
On the four points scyscrapers're staying.  
On the cross of the time and the space.  
So where do you run this morning?  
Don't you see the invisible grid?  
See, the squares the colours are turning  
From the white to the black, to be fit...

Lyudmila Purgina

# One Breath In

One breath in - only one - and you're alive,  
From a warm bosom you were teared out cruelly,  
One step out - and you're running, all the childs  
Are destined to go out of the doors of house.

One look at - and your native house opens  
Its shutters, thus to show you the world.  
One way - out of many ways you've noticed,  
It's chosen for you by lot and thought,  
Your only thought all about beauty  
Of the illusive being on the earth.  
This thought is luring a lot,  
But never you can recognize it,

You one - you only - can test  
This world on being true or false,  
When in a loneliness you'd rest  
Your mind, and find a gold  
Of the true Light of the eternal soul...  
One and invisible, and the creative flash of dawning...

Lyudmila Purgina



# One By One

One by one, one to one, one before one...  
One in field is not a soldier, none,  
One in soup - is not bad... better many...  
One in row - seems to be shadowy.  
You can't catch image of one from row -  
All of them in one form, unique so...  
One to one, one by one, one-n-one after...  
The do run, they can't smile from disaster  
Of the bursts, of the flame, of the fire...  
Of one horror of war - in one tempest,  
Which they can't throw away from each breathing...  
One to one, one by one, one - to this one...  
Their names are all cut in the memory  
Of one people, of other one, of another...  
War - as flame from the match... going ever...  
One... the other one.. one-one-one...

Lyudmila Purgina

# One Feat...

The days are passing by in haste  
To River of Oblivion and case  
So ordinary, when you'd lived -  
One day, one year and one feat...

Lyudmila Purgina

# One Out Of Many A People...

And one out many a people I do go  
Along such an unknown way or road...  
Where you could 'fly into the tunnel'...  
Without any essential change in another...

And one out of many a people I do go  
Along this gloomy and so sudden road,  
And carry all my troubles and misgivings  
On my back hump, grown through my living...

And ones out of many a people we do go  
Along this crazy, getting old, road...  
Where we could ever cry: 'AUuuuu! '  
But never we would get the answers, true...

And many out of many a people do go  
Along the road, where's no end, though...  
From which you can't turn off, never...  
And everybody jump, as in hell, their feet to care...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# One Step

One step to you - to cross the border  
To heavens... Only one step -  
To space of the eternal transformation...  
One step - the world has smashed!  
And over...  
All disappeared in the circling, rounding about...  
In twinkling stars... I just became a shadow.  
The Shadow of your eyes darting,  
Of your heart, of your inner soul...  
What shall I do then? The mere Shadow?  
I can't fly up to skies, can't tear me off the earth...  
I only can follow your movements,  
You wave your hand - and I'm after it...  
I'm shaking, trembling - as in wind...

I've turned to be a shadow... But I'm afraid,  
That you've not changed...  
What's with me? What happened?

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# One Time...

And everyone are ready to neglect,  
To raise against the role of oil,  
Of gas,  
Of...  
Other such a usual thing,  
When day  
Turnes to be black...  
And not so well...

The inner health  
Is so important...  
Organism  
Is catching the fotons of light,  
And merges into life  
The real life...  
And one day -  
world becomes so bright...  
By lightnings of the thunderstorm...  
....  
But storm is over...  
The day becomes such usual...  
And no-one see  
The free sunlight and the blue heavens...  
...  
That's time of war...

Though war is far from our rural  
villages,  
From towns and from houses  
Of all,  
Who are ready to neglect  
The power of oil,  
Of gas, of gold,  
And of other things...  
...  
We are distant from the war...  
The war is going...  
Somewhere...  
We are looking for

The best, the perfect,  
And the purest  
Things in world...  
But day is black.

...

What can we do  
To turn the situation over?  
What we could do  
To pull the times and back? ...

...

The war is going somewhere...  
The struggle for the best  
In life...  
Some time it will be finished...  
And New level  
Of mind  
Some one will reach...  
One time...

Lyudmila Purgina

# kov, The Passions - Translation (Rus.)

Pyotr Golubkov

There's a great variety of passion in the life:  
The richness, risk, love and the highest glory...  
Behind them all - there are illusions of the luck,  
Of happiness, of the broken forehead...

The sweetest passion is - the power struggle  
(Though not for all in their life) ...  
The power is like the drugs, when you say: „Hi! ' -  
Then, surely, you'd gone to down,  
And normal life - will disappear then!  
But people, in spite of rules the Decalogue,  
Are striving to authority, to reign,  
Without the attention to the mob.

And there, among such „advanced' guys, they will  
Be caught by traps and various disasters,  
(As in that pack there are the devils) .  
And they will tear all into small parts  
With their fangs, if someone be off guard.  
That was observed so many times...

To join to the highest cast,  
To reach the top of the association,  
One should be a master as a gymnast  
In losing chains of inner conscience.  
And let's bite one another, tear  
Your „colleagues', don't believe in praises...  
And don't expect to have the Friendship,  
The Love, the Faithfulness, the Happiness...

=====

In russian

and bulgarian:





## , Whom You, Girl, Are Similar To? - Translation (Rus.)

Whom you, girl, are similar to?  
Is that a girl, whom I knew long ago  
In the times I did forget, in my youth,  
When I was better, fairer and strong?

Wind,  
wind, wind  
has scattered  
All my gold song throughout land....  
And the trace of old absent  
was left, the grief of end...

Whom you, girl, are similar to?  
To the years, which are passed...  
And forever in my heart anew  
Only the sorrow makes cry...

Lyudmila Purgina

# msky, The Hammer And The Nail - Fable - Translation (Rus.)

By Pyotr Vyazemsky

The hammer and the nail

'That's by your will I'm broken to end, ' -  
The brick was blaming a nail, - 'Where's the evil from? '  
'That's of the hammer, who was beating my head, '-  
The nail answered, annoyed.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Pain

I see, how you could feel a pain,  
The rude and jealous creature of creation?  
How you could even on the earth that stand?  
And lie again, again... don't mention...  
This... I'm turning all my course,  
I'm going to sail sooo faaar...  
Where nobody, nothing call  
Me to his body, to his heart...

Please, tell me - how many years  
You could sustain without my help?  
Without my caress and tender,  
Without all my inner-self?

You lie... You're stupid... and were crazy...  
You have some influence on heart...  
I'm turning car... I drive forever  
To land, where I have the new start!

Lyudmila Purgina

# Peace And Love

Peace and love - warm by nature,  
Close to heart, beating constantly...  
Peace and love - gravitation  
In the universe of Self-consciousness...  
Peace and love - is solution  
... Of the soul in this whirling world,  
Peace and love - resolution  
Of the body, the spirit, the soul... :)

Lyudmila Purgina

# People Think

People think, that they can play  
With their fate without doubt.  
They could cry - 'Me! ' - and next day  
Will be all the best and farther...

People think, that fate and torments  
Are the superstitious tales  
Of some crazy gone from boredom,  
All that they may be called a nonsense.

People think that 'I' has weight in  
The World of creatures and in Being...  
Looking with their eyes from windows  
Of their rooms, so small in real.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Phoenix - 1

To understand the core of creature,  
Born from the Cold of the Universe?  
Is it possible? ...  
That strange taste of the real Miracle,  
The vague moment of Transformation... into... Unknown...

From Nothing - into a spiral of the Birth  
By Wind of the Renaissance we are taken...  
And fire of the Pheonix shines so strong  
Again in his way to the new Creation.

From ashes upwards rises fire flames!  
Don't touch! Be careful! They can burn you to pain!

-

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Putting On

Putting on the cloths, as of the Barbi's,  
Fastening on the rag of blue sky,  
I'm floating slowly as the great ship  
By the pavement to a summer-bar...  
I'm shining with eyes, as the sea plain,  
In the blue shadows my brains had merged...  
What will be there, behind the hotel?  
Will it be the joy or the sea storm?

Lyudmila Purgina

# toV- Persia - Translation (Rus.)

by Rasul Gamzatov

in translation into russian by vsky

While being in Iran in spring  
Three women there I've been meeting  
And everywhere. One was in  
A veil swaddled all up to her feet.  
The praise to beauties were berhymed  
By poets for thousands of years here.  
I've asked: 'Hanum, whose face are secret to the others, who are you? '  
The answer was: 'I'm Persia.'  
The other woman had a veil,  
From where you could see the pearls  
Of teeth in lips red frame,  
As Moon in zenith, covered all  
With white clouds she floated.  
I've asked then: 'Who are you, Hanum?  
What is your name, darling? '  
She answered: 'I'm Persia.'  
The third one had the feet precise,  
Such beauty in the samshit statue lies.  
And when she swarthy, openly smiled  
To me, I thought: 'Oh, how nice! '  
She was such handsome, pretty-looking,  
And breast were bold exposed rather.  
I've asked her: 'From Paris may be you, ya? '  
'I'm Persia.' Such was the answer.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



# toV, The Cranes - Song - Translation (Rus.)

The cranes

Text: By Rasul Gamzatov in avarsky language/translated into russian by ev

Music - Yan Frenkel

I think sometimes that soldiers long ago,  
Who never could return from the bloody leas,  
Were buried not into the mellow soil,  
But once transformed into the flying cranes.

Since then till date in that blue skies they're flying  
And crying us from heavens downwards;  
And here's the matter we look up to a row white  
With breath abated, heart in the woeful cords.

The row of cranes is flying far and crying  
Till end of day drops out of the sight.  
And there's, perhaps, one tiny span between them,  
Where I could fit when I begin the flight.

The time will come when I have need to join  
The row of cranes and fly with them and forth,  
And from the heavens I'll cry like that birds  
For all you, whom I'd left on dear earth.

I think sometimes that soldiers long ago,  
Who never could return from bloody leas,  
Were buried not into the mellow soil,  
But once transformed into the flying cranes.

Lyudmila Purgina

# yan, The Loneliness - Translation (Rus.)

The loneliness  
by Roza Khastyan

The warmth of your words  
was late though...  
The longer - the colder I feel...  
And do you believe, that my soul  
Got wilder? .. But hovers in dream.  
I highly esteem: you'd tried, really,  
And sent me the bouquet of warmth.  
But that was the air balloon, nearly,  
My soul doesn't want to fly upwards!  
Hello! My far man, and my near man.  
I've learned the old secret this time:  
The open arms of the the world couldn't fetch  
The warmth for a solitude once...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# ov, Look Into The Eyes Of Parents... - Translation (Rus.)

By Roman Mironov

Look into the eyes of parents, I say,  
Only look carefully, I pray so,  
They are sad, when you're offended them,  
Though they're hiding that in earnest.

And their eyes glare with hope,  
They fence you from grief all time,  
And they fight for you without horror,  
If some things go not so fine.

Look into the eyes of parents, I say,  
How their love could be measured?  
They are your keeping angels,  
Though you don't believe in that.

Look into their living eyes,  
And remember them for long, forever,  
They are happy and all the time,  
When you fill them with yourselves.

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, When I Did Love - Translation (Rus.)

When I did love...

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

From the poem 'Before your coming'

Lo-

(I need some air,

A little air and now!

Rather a little quantity...)

ve!

(Well, would you like to go

To somewhere

For a new chance,

Deadly,

Behind the ocean?)

Lo-

(The god's thing - to god,

The women's- to women

Is said and awarded.)

ve!

(You are - conquered.

You are - unconquerable...

I need air!

Air!)

Lo-

(The hands are scattered.

The lips are bited.

The hair is crumpled.)

ve!

(Walls

are diverging.

Stars are rocking

And bursting into the chambers.)

ve!

Somewhere there are the laws,

vetos,

outposts,

snowdrifts,  
governments...)

Lo-

(The witnesses lie,  
The sleepy oceans look around  
while getting cold.)

ve!

(Exclaim, the fearless!  
Fall down, the naive!  
Laugh, the shameless!)

Lo-

(Let those twilights be  
The curse  
Or only a mistake...)

ve!

(Thrash in my hands  
With every your bend,  
With every your vein!)

Lo-

(Let out a sob in delight,  
Cry and slip out,  
Tremble  
And make complaints! ..)

ve!

Do you want - to go away?  
Today? -  
No problem.  
Tomorrow?  
No problem!)

Lo-

(Do reign, a slave!  
Outrage, a teacher!  
Rave, a woman!)

ve!

(And here are your eyes.  
Poor,  
long  
and crazy! ..)

Lo-

The hell's hills are gazing into the skies  
with the dark tusks.)

ve!

(Only do love me!

Please, hear:

Do love me!

Listen:

Do love me!)

Lo-

(And forever!

From that moment - till end...

Here it is...

Here it is...)

ve!

We never shall part.

Never shall we...

I need air!

Air! ..)

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, A Car Is Twisting... - Translation (Rus.)

A car is twisting.  
In long tunnel of metro.  
And a passenger is pecking out word by word...  
We are writing about spite, 'bout the topic,  
And-about its goodness also,  
But mostly-about its malice, and evil, and horror! ..  
And we live, looking 'round in inner fear.  
We live, giving up our friends and for long.  
We are riding without a thought of the destiny,  
We are scared to miss it in the tunnel of metro.  
The usual spite of the day...

And hatred is simpler, than love, you know,  
Hatred is worth to be explained...

-

\*The first line may be 'A car is rocking...' - more quietly  
The last line may be 'Hatred is explainable...'

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, And Love Will Also Come - Translation (Rus.)

And Love will also come to you -  
In spring or winter  
You'll meet it some day.  
And then the Globe will turn, true,  
Faster, faster, suddenly  
Your life again will start all over again.

And Love will also come to you -  
And seriously that time,  
It will be written as a tale.  
I wish you - the hot words, true,  
I wish you - the tears light -  
Don't be frightened of tears that.

And Love will also come to you -  
So high and high,  
And lightnings will sparkle over your head.  
It will be so hard, that's true,  
It will be so easy, right,  
You couldn't this with words explain.

And Love will also come to you -  
But if you look from height,  
If you just joke at your Love,  
Then you were absent, true,  
From this Earth, from your life.  
And I regret you with my heart.

And Love will also come to You! ...

===

The popular russian song

Lyudmila Purgina



# estvensky, As Childhood, This Night... - Translation (Rus.)

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

As childhood, this night is naked,  
The Earth becomes more wide this time...  
My cheek is burnt by whisper, strident:  
'Tell to me something! .. Tell some...'

'Tell something! Tell!  
And be in a hurry!  
Let waves be high to upper heaven.  
Fill me. And devastate me rather,  
But tell me something, any way! ..

Pay then for that you kissed me  
With words - eternal, as the past...  
Why did you learn those words, indeed?  
Let you say good words this time...

For that you haven't abjured then  
My courage, though been intentional,  
For woman's fate, not long in length -  
Tell to me something in good manner...'

And saint, incautious, unwary,  
What do yo ask? Truth? Or just lie?  
But woman whispers: ' Tell me, dear!  
Tell something good for me this time...'

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, Creativity - Translation (Rus.)

Creativity

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

to Ernst Neisvestny

How the stone goes alive?

At first

it does not believe

in the power of cutter...

But gradually

from the whole smoke

appears the face.

More truly - the similarity of face.

It does not belong to anybody.

It is without voice.

It is likrly to be displayed.

It agrees to belong to some various creature.

To baby,

to woman,

to hero,

to an old man...

So the stone goes alive.

It is -

on its way.

Only one

thing it doesn't wish:

to stay

in the old state.

And not to go further...

But here's

with one great moment

the determination of Man is plaited.

But here's

with an asking cry from a chest

all the workshop

is full up to edges:

'Be quick!

Be quick, painter!

Why do you hesitate?

You have no any right  
to hesitate!  
You'll give me life!  
You ought to give.  
You are able to give.  
I wish to live!  
I'm beginning  
to live.  
Believe into me lightly and passionately.

Learn!  
As a tree bud in may, open me.  
Find out me!  
So that along my granite veins  
the stone blood  
would bleed  
in portions.  
Believe in me! ..  
The tall,  
alive,  
over the oblique cheek  
a tear is falling...  
Look!  
Look quickly!  
I'm opening  
my granite eyes  
in a sorrow.  
Look:  
I'm waiting for the true wind.  
Your spring  
had already come  
inside me! ..'  
And man,  
who has created  
this,  
is standing and smoking at window.

1961

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, Date After Date - Translation (Rus.)

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

Date - after date...  
That's the common and usual life...  
And more in it '? nce',  
But the lesser is 'Some time'...  
A weather is sudden,  
But all the same kind to the people.  
'Tomorrow's' more tiny,  
But 'Yesterday's' - huge in the real.  
How I wish to find some support in this time...  
How long we were mounting up...  
And why so fast - climbed down?  
The rest of the patience seems pushing me in left side...  
And rarer is 'In time'.  
'I can' - is the impossible chance...

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, History - Translation (Rus.)

History

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

History!

Though I was -

a naive boy.

I believed much and long,

too sincerely,

that you are -

more precise,

than any mathematics,

indisputable,

than any trivial

truth...

But what can I do? -

boys are growing old.

Your winds

are cutting their faces...

And seconds are presenting an account to hundreds of years!

I'm speaking from the name of seconds...

History -

beautiful as a glow!

History -

cursed like a begging!

Which is transforming people in the new type

and retreating

before the meanness.

History -

direct and ridiculous!

How often you were named -

remember! -

bad,

though was

marvellous!

Good -

though was

shamefully

mean!

How you were depended  
of the petty tastes.

Of vanity.

Of stupidity of soul.

How you were afraid of the rulers,  
who were measuring you

with their own

invented arshin!

(\* arshin - the old russian unit of measurement of distance)

Swearing by your name,

the peoples were stupefied.

Having your name as a shield

the lands

were plundered!

You were powerdered.

And reddened.

And even recoloured!

And recutted!

You were filled

with heart-rending shouts

and did the giants

from the weak men...

History!

Merry

history!

Listen!

You are not only

the dust of archives!

History! ..

Clutch your dry fingers.

Open your living heart  
to people.

Look,

how thriftily

your eternal

founders are waking up!

They are swallowing

their simple breakfast.

They are in haste.

They kiss their wives.  
They are  
going out!  
And the green smell  
excitingly covers them.  
They are blinded  
by the sun rays.  
Hooters are  
crying 'Au'.  
From pipes there is flowing  
an unperturbable smoke...  
You will surely become  
the most exact  
science!  
You will be.  
You ought to be.  
We want you  
to be  
such.

1963

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, I Have Rided Away... - Translation (Rus.)

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

I have rided away  
from spring,  
from spring disorder,  
from the april  
icicle  
and so wet fringe.  
I have gone away from streams,  
from boy's fights,  
from the ruffled up buds  
and the brazen sparrows,  
from the magpie's chattering,  
from my nerves boiling,  
from my head turning,  
et cetera,  
et cetera...

On departure into long way  
to the other end of country,  
I thought:  
'Well, it will be a chance  
to live without spring...  
That's all the same -  
if it exists or not...'  
My state of feelings will remain stable...'  
But...

in a thousand versts  
(\*versta - is the ancient measure of distance in Russia)  
in Tiksi

(\*Tiksi is the town, port on Far East of Russia)  
I was caught up by spring,  
who forced me:  
'Wade through mud! '

She ran me down, messed me,  
rushed up to my common life  
and to my dreams.  
I've left



the spring...  
I've left  
you.  
For the first time  
I've left your great eyes,  
your hot hands,  
your friend-girl's calls,  
from your bitter tears,  
on plane  
I was carried away.  
I thought:  
'Well,  
that's not for the first time!  
I'll keep my character.

For some time  
I shall run away...  
I am strong,  
I can do everything...'

I was not measuring the height,  
the earth was hardly to be seen...  
But suddenly I had a vision  
of you,  
entering  
the flying airplane!  
In boots,  
in old coat...  
And you said:  
'Lo, you may run away,  
But never this action will have a success! '

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, Instead Of That Guy - Song - Translation (Rus.)

(the popular song from the film 'The fight is worth only for olders...') (1973)

by VIA Samotsvety

I'll get up today at dawn early,  
I'll wander all the field over.  
Something strange I feel with my consciousness:  
I remember thoughts not mine totally!

The raindrops are beating cheeks hollow.  
For the universe - twenty years - few so.  
I was not acquainted with that guy, neither,  
Who had promised: 'I'll return, mother! '

And the spring goes to be long though.  
And the ploughed field waits to the good crop.  
I am living on this earth cosy  
For myself and for that guy, also.

I'm stooping of that weight heavy.  
But I can't live other way ever,  
When his voice is calling me, loud,  
When his song is bringing me a sound.

The steppe grass does smell today bitterly,  
And the young winds are all green in color.  
We do raise up in the night, and we're hearing  
The sound of storm or the echo of previous war.

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, It Looks So Simple... - Translation (Rus.)

It looks so simple -  
To find and to set all the words.  
But pitiful - this action's more random.  
And more painful...  
And the paper is lying -  
Not in a living, or dead state, though,  
As if it is aware  
Of your touch and show.

But it exists somewhere,  
at least,  
That the only order,  
Unexplainable and  
Genius,  
Of the common notes,  
Of the usual words.

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, I've Bought A Ticket... - Translation (Rus.)

I have bought a ticket  
To the station - Love...  
The First Love, facetiously,  
Quite unexpectedly,  
By a sudden chance,  
There were not the passengers.  
Was the only smoke.  
The acidulous sigarettes,  
And the tea, quite strong.

And also the dark haze was swaying...  
And also the locomotive was hooting pensively...

There, on that station  
There was a top.  
The warm top.  
Up to the stars.  
Don't name it today,  
Though it is still staying -  
With a face to the dawn...

I've stood at the foot  
Of my first love.  
Though I'm not able to climb -  
Then try to look.

Stretched my scorching hand  
To the mountain,  
Filted then my head back,  
Hastily and shuddering...

And see, that there's no top any.  
It is only - a half of floor...  
But wait... a little...  
Perhaps, my memory is weak?  
The snow falls wisely...  
Widely...  
Heavily...  
In the word

The letters are frozen.

In the phrase -

The words...

Oh! How everything is covered

With snow! ...

Covered! ...

And the blind train fled

From the past.

As if from the long faint -

Into the blizzard...

And there exists the station -

The First Love.

It is so cold there.

I this verify..

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, Morning - Translation (Rus.)

Morning

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

to Vladimir Sokolov

There exists a border between night and morning,  
between a dark  
and an unsteady dawn,  
between an illusive silence  
and a wise wind...

Here it is shivering the aspen leaf,  
got wet to core during the night.  
It is waiting,  
when the sun will rise...  
In the house there the windows got well defined.  
And is sleeping,  
having stretched its streets,  
the town,  
everything in it -  
from the antennas wires,  
to locks,  
to posters on  
walls, -  
are filled with waiting:  
soon,  
soon!  
soon! ! -  
do you hear? -  
soon  
birds will outburst with rambling,  
hazes will be dissipated,  
disappear...

The dark is crawling  
into cellars,  
under the gate dwellings,  
into empty pockets,  
it bends over the clocks,

gazes with its faded eyes  
(though that won't rescue it) , -  
talks to you with voices  
of those men,  
who can't bear the light.  
Speaks so silently at first,  
but then it boils from anger:  
- People!  
What's this?  
You had distinguished  
something, while I was near, too.  
You were going  
without any war with my truth,  
though slowly,  
but carefully...  
I was purposely turning darker,  
in order that you were not tormented by your conscience,  
in order that you were not looking on the dirty,  
in order that you were not reproaching yourself...  
Was it so worse then?  
Were you telling about this  
in that times?  
Were you masters in defining the restless colours of dawn?  
You had seen in moon the image of sun.  
Am I  
responsible for that?

Night, keep a silence!  
All the way, you couldn't outvoice  
the dawn, spreading over thr half of sky.  
Hush!  
Morning will answer you.  
Morning will speak with you.

Leave yourself  
for your own flatterers,  
and with such advices  
don't bother us -  
this man at least is perishing,  
if he is hiding his disease.  
... We wish to look around  
and remember those,

who wasn't able to sing  
their songs till the dawn...  
You say, that the dirty  
is not seen in you view?  
We are anxious to see it!  
Do you hear?  
It's time to learn,  
in what corners it has hided,  
to look into the deformed faces of enemies,  
in order to braid their hands!  
In order to curtail their necks!

... The clocks have ringed on the tables.  
And following them, without desire, as always,  
the corridor is filled up with the scratch of doors,  
in pipes a water woke up with a booming sound.

Good morning!  
Are you sleeping?  
Wake up quickly!  
Put on the cheerful dress.  
Stand up!  
I'll order the birds to sing to you,  
the day is coming.  
The day is coming!  
I like this time.  
I like the life!

Lyudmila Purgina



## estvensky, Music - Translation (Rus.)

And the weddings bursted out,  
And the send-offs - howled.  
The holidays and woes - got entangled...  
And the music staves stand as a barbed wire.  
I would like to write a music in the other way,  
I would like to write a music,  
Falling onto the clover down.  
I think, I would be fond of this singing work.  
I would like to write a music  
On the earth furrows,  
On the palm of the one-year baby.  
I would sleep and then rise up.  
And wouldn't eat to satiety.

I would like to dissolve in some sudden motives  
I would like to write a music  
On the rain spurls,  
Or - better - on the flying gossamers.  
I would like to write a music  
In the tender lakes.  
I would like to drink it,  
As an intoxicating liquor.  
I would like to write a music  
On the wings of a swallow.  
I would like to write a music  
On a zebra's skin.  
I would like to create the music,  
To cry, to get torture!  
I would like to search it,  
Elevatedly and greedily...

But such music is created already.  
And if you don't hear - that's a pity...

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, Rain - Translation (Rus.)

the first variant of translation

- Wait! .. -

And in silence again:

- Wait...

To the darkened land  
the unyielding twilight was pressed.  
The straight, as the truth, rains  
are beating the full buds.  
And the wet birds  
are shivering on the huddled branches.  
The rain is tossing about?  
Let it be.  
The sky is falling down in outrage?  
Let it be.  
The thunderstorm is slowly,  
loudly behind the black mountain is snoring...  
Wait!  
Let all the offences be forgotten,  
Let be forgotten...  
Wait!  
All the offended I forgot.  
Untill the new offences will come...  
Do you wish,  
that I'll dry the birds?  
As the hot wind in the forest will whistle?  
Do you wish,  
that I'll bring you the blue flower  
from behind the distant seas?  
Do you wish,  
That tomorrow  
I'll devote to you  
a mischievous dawn?  
I'll write on it:  
'Those words are devoted  
only to her...  
To her only...'  
Through the bushes

squeezing its way,  
the rain is swaying.  
Do you wish,  
that in one moment  
this trouble will disappear? ..

Wait!  
Why are you so silent?  
Why are you silent?  
Don't you believe to me?  
Believe!  
You'll surely believe,  
when the thunderstorms  
will down their rumble.  
And the world will turn stiffened,  
being amazed.  
You'll get up.  
You'll quietly look in your window  
and will see by yourself:  
above the earth,  
above the great earth  
my heart,  
my heart  
is rising up.

====

The second variant:

- Wait a little! .. -  
And then silence. Again:  
- Wait a little...

To the darkened earth  
a twilight unyielding is pressed.  
There on the bulged buds the rains strike, straight as a truth.  
And the wet birds  
are shivering on the crooked boughs...  
The downpour is tossing...  
Let it be.  
Sky is ruined in fury?  
Let it be!

Thunder behind a black mountain  
is snorring slowly and terribly...  
Wait a little!  
All your insults - forget.  
All your insults - forget...  
Wait a little!  
All offences I left behind.  
Up to the new ones...  
Then let I dry the birds?  
As a hot wind would whistle in a forest?  
Do you wish me  
to bring you a blue flower  
from a distant land?  
Do you wish me tomorrow  
to devote to you a naughty daybreak?  
I'll write at the dawn:  
'That's to her devoted.  
Only to her...'  
The rain is scrawling through  
the bushes in night.  
Do you wish me to wipe  
this leaden trouble out?

Wait a little!  
Why do you keep silence?  
Why are you silent?  
Don't you believe in me?  
Believe, please.  
Because you surely will believe,  
when the rumbling rains are over.  
The world will turn still,  
amazed with himself.  
You will awaken.  
You will look in your window silently  
And will see yourself:  
above the earth great  
my heart,  
my heart  
has risen up.

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, Remember! - Translation (Rus.)

Remember!  
from the poem 'Requem'  
by Robert Rozhdestvensky

Remember!  
Through the ages, through years, -  
do remember!  
About those,  
who won't come ever, -  
remember!

Don't burst into tears!  
In your throat  
keep up your groans,  
bitter hard groans.  
Be worthy  
of memory  
of the fallen soldiers!  
Forever  
be worthy!  
With bread and with songs,  
with dreams and with poems,  
with life, vast and broad,  
with every  
second,  
with every  
breath,  
be worthy!

People!  
While your hearts  
remember!  
What was the price  
for happiness, -  
please,  
do remember!  
When you send  
your song  
to fly in sky, -

remember!  
About those,  
who won't sing either, -  
remember!

Tell your children  
about them-  
that to be learned!  
Tell the children of children  
about them,  
for they would  
also learn!  
And in all the times  
of the eternal Earth  
remember!  
Launching to the stars  
the spaceships your's, -  
remember!

Meet the quiverig spring,  
all people of Earth.  
Kill the War,  
Damn it,  
curse,  
people of Earth!  
Carry your dream through the years  
and feel it with life! ..

But remember  
about those,  
who never will come, -  
I spell you, -  
remember!

-

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, So It Was - Translation (Rus.)

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

So it was.  
Moon with its unclear paints  
had coloured the roadsides...  
We were burned out!  
We seemed to be thrown at midnight  
from the train.  
And waist-deep -  
to the cold snow in a ditch.  
With snow-piles - the half-world is covered! ..  
But the train - is passing by quickly...  
Passing by quickly...  
Passing by quickly...  
Stop!  
Was there only a minute before  
we were riding it and laughing there?

With its closeness  
and sudden sadness  
we used to be.  
We were fools!  
And dug the alien problems and woes  
fearlessly.  
We were just our-selves.  
But today we are - not selves.  
Today - on recollecting the selves,  
we are mute and stunned.  
You think me to be unknown,  
distant,  
hardly featured...  
The empty midnight.  
All my palms are in the burns of blizzard's smoke.  
And train  
is passing by quickly,  
is passing by quickly,  
is passing by quickly...  
Is flying - as a shell!  
And is pulling with it not our offences,

not our grieves and joys -  
somewhere.  
But you are - near.

How could I knock to?  
How could I stretch to?  
How could I cry to you?

Under the great snow-cover  
above the thousand-mile time  
there are hanging  
the silent  
cries,  
fastened to stars.  
I can't get rid them of  
all the past days,  
of all the past moments...

And memory  
is passing by quickly,  
is passing by quickly,  
is passing by quickly...

Lyudmila Purgina



## estvensky, That's A Lie... - Translation (Rus.)

That's a lie, that Time is passing away...  
In that case - we are passing.  
Along the immovable time.  
Along its long-lasting valleys.  
By the forgotten sledges among the siberian winter.  
By the Irtysh-river reaches with an unrepeatable wind.  
There, behind our backs -  
there is a Dark from four sides of the world.  
And also - the lone tree, bowed awkwardly.  
Below the lightless bombs -  
the hoar-frosted platform.  
Hands, which were unable to stretch to the rationed bread.  
There, behind our backs -  
the deepness of snow.  
There our burned shoulders  
are growing stiff from pain.  
Above the darkened town -  
a song:

'Stand up, co-o-o-ountry-y-y! ...'  
'A-a-a-a-a...' - it's booming, as if in the empty temple...  
We are leaving our past.  
Sand is crunching in the teeth.  
Rusty bush bristles transparently along the road.  
And we lose on it the pieces of our father's shirts.  
And put on the synthetic materials, bad to our health.  
Tread our way to border, behind it -  
the short-lasting tears of our spouses.

Wild noon.  
Inaudible boom of thunder.  
Hospitals,  
where we would be carried out from...  
A grey-haired conductor,  
and a trombonist,  
licking his lips, got too dry...  
The road - in a spiral mode.  
The road - in a ring mode.  
But - having got a lunch with potatoes or boiled buckwheat -

the history of Mankind  
till his self end  
everybody is going inside the time.

Everybody is going.  
Every body.  
And everybody is bearing - in turn -  
darkness or light.  
We are measuring our road  
with our own foot.  
Because it is stated long-long ago,  
that man's experience is only  
the reiteration of mistakes...  
And we are going to horizon.  
We are caughing.  
Get up early.  
Open the schools and the monuments,  
the stars and the shops...

It is lie, that we are growing old!  
We only - become tired.  
And silently - go aside,  
when we lose our power.

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Clocks - Translation (Rus.)

The clocks

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

- The clocks are going...  
- Is that unusual discovery? -  
That is the sign of their right work...  
If you had bought them- carry...

- I'm not about that!  
Look at the street:  
there on the morning ground  
the clocks are going!  
Not heard, inaudible  
are hasting minutes,  
And knocking in my door.  
The clocks are going  
You can't miss them,  
You, the living one,  
can't them avoid...  
The hours of short life of a man,  
Look, -  
I would surely outwit you!  
I shall run into house.  
I shall close the door, true.  
Knock then the door, -  
I shan't it open! ..

You'll bury, close, ban to enter,  
even the clocks presented to you  
will break all,  
you will forget the time  
and friends, as well,  
and stop the talking,  
nothing you'll remember.  
Being so proud of the cosy silence  
of your flat  
And shining with your own cunning,  
  
be quick

and barricade the doors! ..

But hour  
will come!  
Inevitable hour.  
In any season of the year  
it will step to  
your step on  
your thoughts,  
your lazy dreams. The hour will step on  
your heart and throat...  
And, scared for yourself,  
you'll wake up! ..  
And wet wind will break then the window.  
And leaves will rush  
in drops of dew...

You'll hear -  
clocks are beating!  
And then you'll feel -  
the hours  
strike  
a blow swinging!

1960

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Cloud-Letter - Translation (Rus.)

By Robert Eozhdestvensky

## The Cloud-Letter

On the river bank outwards the gates I'll run,  
And on clouds white in the higher skies I'll look.  
And shall choose one cloud, as a fur, light cloud,  
I shall write on it my first letter then for you.

I shall write the words 'bout all my love sencerely,  
I shall find the words, major and strong words, really,  
To my heart I'll press one of that fair clouds - letter mine,  
And shall leave it then up to blue high skies after.

Let you freely fly, let you freely fly, my light swallow,  
Float there high above earth so great in a peaceful sky,  
Knock at once the heart, knock at once the heart of my dear boy,  
With all tenderness of my own heart, please, do such.

If he looks at you in a cold way, coldly squint his eye,  
If he fails to catch all the meaning that of the letter mine,  
Don't show him anything at all and bypass him then,  
Pass him by, oh, my letter-cloud, pass him by in vain...

Let you freely fly, let you freely fly, my light swallow,  
Float there high above earth so great in a peaceful sky,  
Knock again his heart, knock again the heart of my dear boy,  
With all tenderness of my own heart, please, do such.

I shall choose one cloud, as a fur, light cloud,  
And shall write on it my first letter then for you.

- -

In russian

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Constellations'Re Twinkling... - Translation (Rus.)

The constellations're  
twinkling in the heaven,  
And hands, as if theirsself,  
are stretching to the fire...

And I'm feared, that after the awakening,  
The people are not charmed  
with new day's light.  
Nor they do feel existence in reality  
without runnig to the world of tale.  
Nor - the immersing into poetry,  
as in the holy sacred temple.  
Nor catching a Fire-Bird  
for the meal with porridge,  
Or a magic Gold-Fish  
for ear tasteful.

-

In russian:

In ukranian translation  
by Georgy Olegovech Khvat

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Distance, Great... - Translation (Rus.)

The distance great

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

There is a distance great, and without end

Behind a village fence, and in fate.

To you, Earth, I bow lowly, so that

I'm bowing up to your belt.

You, the native land, the partenal land,

You're my holiday and my shield.

And my memory, and my song as well,

Are in common use by Earth and me.

I was rocking you at my hands for long,

While I damned the fate, or I prayed.

We can't live today without each other, so

We will live together the next days

You - the native land, the paternal land,

You're my holiday and my shield.

There are common, too, both with the Earth and mine,

The great happiness and great grief.

At my last moment

I'll sigh in grief,

And will look behind on my life.

As a tiny seed I shall fall to you,

As the rape ear soon shall grow up.

You - my native land, the parternal land.

You're my holiday and my shield.

Sun and heart are one in our common breast,

In the Earth itside and in me.

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Echo Of Love - Song- Translation (Rus.)

Music; Evgeny Ptichkin

The sky will be spotted with motes of stars,  
And boughs will curve as elastic...  
I'll hear you, dear, from miles and miles.  
We're - echo,  
We're - echo.  
We are - long echo of each other.

And it is not hard for me touching your heart,  
Despite of the place where you live now.  
Again and again our love is calling us.  
We're - tenderness,  
We're - tenderness,  
We are - tenderness of each other.

And even in land of the crawling black dark,  
Outside of the verge of death's ground,  
I know - we never be able to part.  
We're - memory,  
We're - memory.  
The star memory of each other.

====

The hit of russian lyrical songs

The original singer is Anna German

Ekaterina Guseva

Lyudmila Purgina



# estvensky, The Great Sky - Song -Translation (Rus.)

The great sky  
by Robert Rozhdestvensky

This matter is worth to be told in a tale:  
In one fighter squadron were surviving the friends,  
In hearts and on service they had as an oath -  
The great sky so endless -  
And one for them both.

They flew and had friendship in heavens for long,  
With their hands could touching stars and so on.  
The grief had scrawled near, as tears to burst:  
One day in one flight the motor stopped its work.

And there was need to jump with a parachute,  
But the airplane'll downfall to the town, true.  
And no any living trace will there be found,  
The thousands of lives will have end in that time.

The quarters of town are flickering, but  
They can't here jumping, and so they start  
To force their airplane flying to wood:  
'Let we die, but town will be saved for sure! '

The arrow of plane had falled down from skies...  
And wood shuddered with the explosion hard! ..  
The glades will turn green in a time, not so soon...  
The town had thought, that there were the manouvres...

In grave there are lying in silence from that,  
The excellent guys of the land excellent.  
There're light and solemnity, filling this spot.  
The great sky forever,  
And one for them both.

===

The popular russian song

Based on real story

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, The Heart's Radar - Translation (Rus.)

The heart's radar

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

A heart has a radar.

That time

at spring

I was eager to find.

You from the thousand ones.

Only you.

The heart has the radar.

I surely had entrusted into that.

I had seen you

beforehand,

much time before we met nowadays.

Long before that muddle

of discoveries and losses...

Something had burnt

the rest of dream, seemed to say:

'Look!

Do you see? -

It's she...'

And heart stopped

its beating in breast.

That radar marked

your laugh.

The movement of hands.

And also a strange melancholy.

And the ingratiating friend-girls.

I knew your guests.

Holidays till dawn.

Your house.

Your bed.

The shivering

of your leg.

I knew, how you

were living.

What you ate.

Where you were going.

I knew, whose letters

you were tearing up.  
And from whom you  
recieved them.  
I knew, in what item  
you were right.  
In what dreams  
you were believing.  
I knew every your word.  
And dresses.  
And flowers.  
And the abat-jour  
in window.  
And a park  
on my way,  
where I was destined  
to say:  
'I love you! ..'  
I knew that all beforehand,  
before the time  
I met you...  
But till now -  
I'm blind!  
Don't know  
anything.

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Moments - Song -Translation (Rus.)

The song about the moments (instants)  
One of the best songs about life

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

The song is from Soviet film  
'The seventeen moments of spring'  
Producer Tatiana Lioznova

Music by Mikael Tariverdiev  
The singer is Iosif Kobson

Don't think about seconds from your height-  
The time will come, and you'll accept that certainly:  
They whistle as the bullets nearby...  
The moments,  
The moments,  
The moments...

The moments are pressed into the years.  
The moments are pressed into the centuries.  
And I am unaware of the real:  
Was it the first or was it the second blink.

And every blink has th' reasonable base.  
The bells-which toll.  
The signs-being drawn, etcetera...  
And moments will then to u present:  
The glory or the shame - or immortality!

From tiny moments - the rain consists.  
The usual water downfalls from heaven...  
And you are waiting half of life, at least,  
When moment will come, only your's ever...

And it will come -  
As one and a great drink  
Of water in the heat of summer day sometimes...  
In common, you must know your appeal  
From first and to the last day of your real life...

-

I have seen the translation with word The instants  
by Alec Vagapov

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, The Old Words - Song - Translation (Rus.)

Three words as if three lights to dazzle  
Will come to you at noon of day,  
Will come to you at midnight also,  
They'll be like the enormous Globe.  
As if the sail to someone's ship -  
Three words: I love you, you will hear.  
So old-old-old words...  
But head is turning afterwards!  
The head is turning afterwards!

Three words eternal, like the spring,  
Have power to change the living.  
Three words - and then the one life fate,  
One dream, one aim and one  
long way.  
And once, enduring all the hards,  
You'll say: I love you! And that time  
So old-old-old words,  
But head is turning afterwards,  
But head is turning afterwards!

Three words as if the three nice dawns,  
Please, say them louder for recurrence.  
They are at least today more clear  
For you and firstly so near!  
They fly from distance, from far land,  
And piercing hearts up to the end.  
So old-old-old words,  
But head is turning afterwards,  
But head is turning afterwards!

====

The popular russian lyrical song

The original singer is Valentina Tolkunova





## estvensky, The Planet Of Friends - Translation (Rus.)

And you are not able to hear  
The twinkle of cold leaves.  
And you are not able to see  
The quiver of the stone boughs...  
I'm writing this so close to you,  
So near.  
But at the same time - so far.  
As from the other planet.  
On this planet I don't believe to myself.  
I'm laughing at myself, -  
And this process is endless.  
I'm losing my voice.  
I'm repeating somebody's ways.

But once I see:  
Your planet is going by!  
It appears as a miracle at the dawn,  
And is dimming my eyes!  
As the greatness seditious it is breathing.  
It is floating in the blue aura,  
Pierced by the rays of sun.  
Blown through by the wind.  
Permeated with a smell of sea.  
On this planet, on your planet  
The trains are going,  
Rumbling without sleep,  
Incoherently.  
And the heavy eagles  
Are waving with their wings.  
Near the quiet villages  
The wise elms are standing...  
I know:  
On your planet the summer goes to end.  
The night river is exhaling  
The curative cold.  
The summer is passing.  
As well as the quarrels.  
And friends are also passing by.  
The planet is passing,

Is passing by,  
Your really planet.  
I'm raising up.  
I'm subjected to shout.  
And in this heavy shout  
I'm sinking down...

I must jump.  
I shall jump!  
I shall jump on this planet -  
Your planet,  
Your earthly planet,  
Kind.

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, The Sight - Translation (Rus.)

That's 'an interesting time' above our country and souls.  
Go away and aside!  
Such 'an interesting time' -  
You are needless!  
Don't hoot with your blizzards.  
We've got to be sunk!  
We have over-ate to excess!  
You're - our shame, our pain  
So eternal.  
Don't creak, don't rattle by iron.  
Turn to be 'an un-in-te-res-ting time', and be common!  
... For some time only, not for long...

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Silence - Translation (Rus.)

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

In grass - it is silence,  
In reed - it is silence,  
In wood - it is silence.  
It is so silent,  
That it is a shame - to open eyes,  
And to step onto the ground.  
It is so silent,  
That it is scary.  
It is so silent,  
That my back is aching terribly.  
It is so silent,  
That to say any word -  
Is like to kill somebody...  
The squealing, yelling, rickety world -  
Has grown ill with the silence.  
And it is lying -  
Swaddled in criss-cross manner  
With her tight shawl...

It is so silent,  
As if all the birds  
Have left the earth.  
One by one.  
As if all the people  
Have left the earth.  
One by one.  
As if all the earth  
Has become one mute museum of the silence.  
It is so silent,  
That a music you will have a need  
To remember, as someone's face.  
It is so silent,  
That even the quietest thoughts  
Are heard so far...  
It is so silent,  
That you are eager to begin your life anew.  
It is so silent.

1975

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Son Of Vera - Translation (Rus.)

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

I'm - the son of Vera...  
I did not write you the letters for long,  
Vera Pavlovna.  
Winds have carried me away,  
Winds were singing me a song  
Once - impudently,  
The other time - terribly,  
At last - plaintively.

I'm - the son of Vera.  
Oh, how did you help me, mother!  
Mama Vera...  
You embraced me on the empty stations, mama Vera.  
I'm - the son of Vera.  
You were waiting for the useless son to be back, mama Vera...  
And you asked me to write  
in my letters the only truth, mama Vera...

I'm - the son of Vera!  
The Belief not into god, not in angels, not in the next world!  
I'm - the son of belief in sun,  
Which is shining through the tatters of clouds!  
I'm - the son of belief in the labour of a man,  
In the flowers on the burnt earth.

I'm - the son of belief!  
The belief in the silence under the torture!  
And in the song before the execution!  
I'm - the son of belief in the terrestrial love,  
dazzling as a miracle.  
I'm - the son of belief in the Morrow  
such as I wish it to be!  
And in the people, who are wide as a road!  
Sincere, and worthy...

I'm - the son of belief, I despise ninnies!  
I hate ones, whining and groaning! ..

I write to you only the truth, mama Vera.  
Only the truth...

Only here is much a business!  
Forgive me,  
I'll not be back soon...

====

'Vera' is 'belief' in russian

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Song About Age - Translation (Rus.)

The song about age  
by Robert Rozhdestvensky  
to Vakhtang Kikabidze

So let my head would be such grey,  
I'm not afraid with cold winter.  
And that's not weight -  
My years, age.  
My years - are my wealth achievement.

I was in a hurry for many years,  
I worked so hard without shirking.  
Though I was vain in moneymaking,  
My years - are my wealth achievement.

I whisper to my years far:  
'Thank you', compelled to drink their medicine.  
I shan't give them to anyone!  
My years - are my wealth achievement.

And if the ages would then say:  
'Your star - alas - had fallen really...' -  
The child's hand will pick my years,  
My years - are my wealth achievement.

Sometime, undoubtly, the child's hand  
Will pick my years, all of them,  
My years - are my wealth achievement.

===

The hit of russian songs

The original singer Vakhtang Kikabidze

Alexander Mikhailov





# estvensky, The Song About Far Native Land - Transl (Rus.)

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

The song is from Soviet film  
'The seventeen moments of spring'  
Producer Tatiana Lioznova

Music by Mikael Tariverdiev  
The singer is Muslim Magomaev

1. I beg you, for awhile this time,  
My sharp pain, would you go away,  
Would you fly as a grey cloud far  
To reach my native land for certain,  
From this place to native land of mine...

, my shore, please appear to me  
As an edge, as a thin line though...  
Oh, my shore, so tender been,  
How I do wish to swim to you now,  
From this place to swim to you some time...

there's the mushroom rain, somewhere it is rain,  
And cherry-trees bow to earth  
In the garden small on the river bank  
They grow there for long...  
And somewhere far, in my memory  
I feel warmth as being a child,  
Though snow has covered my mind with a thick and white layer...

4. You, the storm, would you give me a drink,  
Not to death, but to drunken state...  
And again, as if it's the last blink,  
I look somewhere into heaven,  
As if I'm seeking answer...

5. I beg you, for awhile this time,  
My sharp pain, would you go away,  
Would you fly as a grey cloud far  
To reach my native land for certain,  
From this place to native land of mine...

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, The Sweet Berry - Song -Translation (Rus.)

A sweet berry will lure to forest,  
With it freshness will bring delight.  
The sweet berry'll turn you to boring,  
The bitter one will turn you to cry.

Oh, my destiny like a mountain,  
Has exhausted me to the end.  
The sweet berry is one in my hand,  
The bitter one is like a pile of sand.

I don't know today, what's inside me,  
Why it grows in such manner now -  
The sweet berry is in view in spring time only,  
The bitter one is ripe all the year.

Would you mock at me, at grief ever,  
Would you gaze at me from your side...  
The sweet berry we picked together,  
The bitter one - I pick alone this time...

===

The hit of russian lyrical songs

Music Evgeny Ptichkin

By Maria Pakhomenko

By Lyudmila Senchina

By Olga Voronets

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, The Winter Love - Translation (Rus.)

The winter love  
by Robert Rozhdestvensky

Such a cold was in january.  
In december love had come vainly.  
Winter love is short,  
Obviously.  
Snow is quiet falls  
Down on earth.

Snow is on the streets,  
Snow's in wood.  
Snow in words I hear,  
In your eyes, too.  
Winter love is short,  
Obviously.  
Snow is quiet falls  
Down on earth.

You are saying: 'Bye'  
To me now.  
And I hear your voice  
Icy, round.  
Winter love is short,  
Obviously.  
Snow is quiet falls  
Down on earth.

And the oaths  
are cold  
In winter time.  
I'll wait for long  
The spring love.  
Winter love is short,  
Obviously.  
Snow is quiet, falls  
Down on earth.



# estvensky, There Lives A Town... - Transl. (Rus.)

The town of childhood

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

Music: vitsky

There lives a town, light as a dream,  
Covered with mud which flows like a stream.  
Water in river just looks like a glass.  
There is the town where we feel so far -  
Our childhood forever there had passed.

One night from house I shall hurry on  
To railway station to buy a ticket form.  
May it would be once in million years:  
'Please, give me ticket to childhood, whereas...'  
And the cashier tells me: 'Tickets no.'

What could I answer for these words, my friend?  
Where can I find other way to child's land?  
May be the only and righteous way -  
Is recollection in mind for today.

Fairies live here, playing with winds.  
We fly together to the glorious dreams...  
Pine-trees - to heaven, and houses - to sun -  
Generous world, that suggested that for us.  
And softly Winter with cold and snow passed...

This distant song grew weak for today,  
Cosy city - thank you for this play.  
We wouldn't come, don't try to expect.  
We've grown elder and like the other ways.  
Please, just forgive us. Entrust us. Farewell.

-

The popular lyrical song

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, There, Behind The Clouds - Transl. (Rus.)

There, in sky, the young rain's heaving high,  
Wind over the sleepless plain is anxiously flying...  
I'm interested in if there's a border behind,  
There, behind horizon...

I was not vain in going long  
To this high sky, though sleeping in snow.  
But I recognized, what is the essence of dawn,  
There, behind the clouds.

Now, at last, I believe in my mind,  
That after the failure, with life, to friends devoted,  
I'll meet you one time, and you'll be only love  
There, behind the road.

If there will be trouble with me,  
Don't cross the earth to and fro with a sad mind,  
Know, my heart you will find there always in real,  
There, behind the clouds.

-

The popular song about pilots

Lyudmila Purgina



## estvensky, They Were Leaving... - Translation (Rus.)

They were leaving once my country, talented,  
Taking with them their honour state.  
Some of them - after the bad camp eating,  
The others - in few weeks beforehand.  
They were not the heroes -  
And you hardly could reveal from them: a hero? ..  
They were simply thinking not in row -  
Though it was then the best system, ideal.

They were leaving. And without any indulgence.  
They had one, the most perfect feature:  
All of them could be considered - 'clever',  
And you know Russia was to dislike the wit  
for ages!  
They were leaving country through the 'Yes' or 'No',  
Not for one year, but for the rest of living.  
And the customs checked them so thoroughly,  
The frontier guards were looking with a grin.

Not by inner call in their hearts that was!  
Not by call!  
But under force of need.  
They were leaving this sky. And this zone.  
This the sixth part of the Earth, indeed.

And there was an hour of weariness.  
The unfair payment.  
Sheremetievo.  
And a blizzard.  
The hard snowflakes...

...They were leaving one day my country, talented...  
They were leaving  
but to stay in it forever.

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, Wedding - Song - Translation (Rus.)

Wedding

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

By the country road I was going silent.  
It was deserted and long in the view.  
The accordeons had started playing suddenly,  
And the silence waved her hands, being confused.

And there was wedding, wedding, wedding singing,  
And was dancing.  
And wings were carrying it far and far.  
And there was a little place to wedding funning!  
Was not enough place in the earth and sky!

Under play of the rural orchestra the wind joked  
With the bride's white veil trying to twine.  
The bridegroom was so serious, the bride was  
Inconceivably, amazingly young.

The troikas passed by with the sound ringing,  
\* troika - three horses, harnessed together  
And I felt the breath of spring, fresh and new.  
I was going alone and unmarried,  
And regretted of me being not a groom.

Somewhere was wedding, wedding, wedding singing  
And was dancing.  
And wings were carrying it far and far.  
And there was a little place to wedding funning!  
Was not enough place in the earth and sky!

===

The popular russian song

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, We've Coincided.. - Translation (Rus.)

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

To Alyona

\*\*\*

We have perfectly coincided  
With each other  
On day - we remember  
And forever.  
As words coincide with lips oval.  
As with the dried-up throat - water.  
We have perfectly coincided,  
As the birds with the height of the sky.  
As the land with the long-awaited snow  
Coincides,  
When the winter cold comes.  
So we coincided with each other.  
We have joined together,  
Not knowing all  
Of the bad or of good things.

And for ever  
The calendar with us coincided.

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, While I Remember... - Translation (Rus.)

While I remember

by Robert Rozhdestvensky

A moon has risen up in the sky again,  
The trolley buses are to go away.  
And as the happy winds I feel,  
That's - reminiscencies in window  
Are knocking loudly.  
The reminiscence of the old day,  
When suddenly to me you came,  
In rain so gayly smiling,  
The coloured and delightful,  
You - had come to me.

To houses my reminiscence swim,  
The words of love,  
The words of recognition.  
The reminiscencies do live in me,  
In real day or in my dream.  
They are the spring warmth  
or the dream so far,  
They are - my aim  
and my good luck,  
My hope and my rescue start.  
While I remember -  
I do live!

The reminiscences look in my eyes,  
The reminiscences are free of lie.  
They are in core - my friends and law,  
And the instructors also.  
We had departed with you long ago,  
In reminiscences you live for now,  
In rain so gayly smiling,  
So coloured and delightful,  
You are again with me.

houses my reminiscence swim,  
The words of love,

The words of recognition.  
The reminiscencies do live in me,  
In real day or in my dream.  
They are the spring warmth  
or the dream so far,  
They are - my aim  
and my good luck,  
My hope and my rescue start.  
While I remember -  
I do live!  
===

The second variant with 'memoirs'

A moon in shining in the sky again,  
From town the trolley-buses go away.  
As happy winds are knocking  
Into my window opened  
My memoirs.  
My memoirs about the old day,  
When once you'd come to me forever, and  
The rain was falling gayly,  
So colourful and so weightless...  
You - had come to me.

The memoirs are floating through town,  
The words of love, the words of the heart's avowal.  
The memoirs are living inside me,  
Both in reality and in my dream.  
They are - the warmth of spring time,  
They are - my goal, my luck, then  
My hope and escapement.  
While I remember - I do live!

The memoirs are looking in my eyes,  
You can't deceive your inner memoirs.  
They are - in their base all:  
My tutors and my lawers,  
My friends, so old.  
We'd parted with you long ago, but still  
You live in memoirs, as if in real.  
In rain, that falling gayly,

So colourful and weightless,  
You - came and again.

The memoirs are floating through town,  
The words of love, the words of the heart's avowal.  
The memoirs are living inside me,  
Both in reality and in my dream.  
They are - the warmth of spring time,  
They are - my goal, my luck, then  
My hope and escapement.  
While I remember - I do live!

Lyudmila Purgina

## estvensky, Yes, Boys! - Translation (Rus.)

Yes, Boys!

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

We are - guilty.

We are guilty much:

Not we

    were falling with the landing troop  
    down to the dark.

And in that -

    trampled by war -  
    autumn

we were not on front,  
    but in rear.

We were not shivering from fear  
    on hearing the night knock.

Did not see

    nor captivity,  
    nor prison!

We are guilty,

that we were late to be born.

We ask pardon:

we are guilty.

But nowadays

    our destinies  
also began.

The first step is done -  
the words are said.

We are started -  
sometimes firmly,  
sometimes in draft.

As the songs,  
as the april grass...

We are entering life.

We despise bleating.

But suddenly I listen to the talk about  
the modern generation, rising up.

Inopportunoely... Unclear...

Not worth to be...

And somebody -  
in a fussy and quick-tempered manner, -  
inflamed by an incomprehensible rage,  
is crying  
into our faces,  
pointing his finger:  
'No, boys! '  
Say, what is the matter  
of his speech?  
What about?  
We are needless of your indulgence!  
What about?  
And I glance over them:  
the builders,  
the poets,  
the cosmonauts -  
all that magnificent my boys.  
Not we are - to grumble,  
Not we are - to store our insults:  
But in the name  
of all the earth:  
'Yes, boys! '  
Who has come  
from the cosmic orbits  
into the heroes!  
Yes, boys,  
the merry investigators,  
got out of cold hands:  
I'm telling that not vainly,  
And I'm ready to tell that  
in all the ways:  
Yes, boys in the dry colds of Bratsk!  
Yes, boys, in sovhozes  
of Kulunda!  
\* sovhos - abbreviation of 'sovmestnoe khozyaistvo', i.e. the agricultural co-  
operative in the period of soviet collectivization)  
Yes,  
the impudently  
clever  
boys in spectacles -  
the future  
of an unprecedented sciences!



Yes, boys,  
in hard studying,  
fettered  
with a severity  
of shields.  
The fops?  
All right.  
The matter  
is not in that fops.  
And our generation -  
is not such as they are.  
Let somebody cries  
about naghty children  
in the curling  
artificial smoke  
the valiant speculators  
on ideas,  
trained to nothing.  
Andh we are laughing  
at the awkward  
prophets.  
We can answer them wholly.  
In all of us the revolution is boiling.  
Unique.  
True.  
The only one.  
Yes, boys!  
Stand nearby  
over the weakness  
of the invented bustle.  
Yes, boys!  
Work, dream,  
make mistakes, -  
To the hell!  
Yes, boys,  
we are going to the uneven road!  
Fight  
with a lie!  
Stand on your base!  
Because you will never mistake  
in the main thing.  
In the banner, under which we are living!

1963

Lyudmila Purgina

# estvensky, You After... - Translation (Rus.)

By Robert Rozhdestvensky

You after  
through years  
I'm going,  
Without doubt.  
If you - wires,  
Then  
I'm a trolleybus.  
I'll catch the wires  
with my long hands,  
and will live, as before,  
by your enegry.  
I hear:  
'Give up!  
Take it  
by your mind:  
Is it the real life -  
to be tied up? !  
Does that have  
the real logic? !  
Lo, that should  
be bothering!  
And will be bad! '  
Well!

Let they hold  
this way,  
colour their lie.  
They'll be  
five minutes,  
you'll - forever be!  
You are both  
my wind and the chains,  
you are my wealkness  
and my strength.  
In you I do feel  
sacred holiness  
as in temple,

horrorful and sweet.  
You are - the ocean,  
undiscovered yet,  
as well as my thoughts,  
hidden secretly.  
You are - my old path,  
so distant road.  
Suddenly - you take me  
to the forest!  
Suddenly - to the Sahara  
desert!  
Suddenly - you throw me  
to potholes!  
As a child - amusing,  
then as torture - vexing...

It is interesting to live  
with you...  
It is curious...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Right?

One moment you wish to fight. Right?  
The other moment is bright. Right?  
In life you try to go right. Right?  
And you believe that you are right. Right?

You see, fight, bright and right and right  
Are so easy then to write....  
On this the poemhunter site....  
;) L.

Lyudmila Purgina

# yshova, And In This Day.. - Translation (Rus.)

By Svetlana Chernyshova

...And in this day, as in the line of surf - is tightly,  
And seizingly, and boomingly...  
Wish to be a mollusk,  
And with all my body to adjust,  
Adhere to this day (to bottom?) ,  
Rolling the salty silence on my tongue,  
And knowing, that in a night it will be covered  
With the nacre layers,  
Where the tenderness - is like a whitish smoke,  
Where there is the pinky wetness of the kisses...  
Where - there is the gloss of a jealousy on everybody,  
And a water of the words... Yes, yes - from underwater  
You can't discern, who is ongoing,  
So heavily and jerkily, to bottom, to bottom...  
And you are clinging fast to rock,  
Not understanding in a whole,  
That this is not the play of your imagination,  
Nor the cradle such illusion of movement...

but shadow...

Of hastening to you a diver, searching pearl...

=====

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Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, How Many Times I Tried... - Translation (Rus.)

By Samuil Marshak

How many times I tried to quicken Time,  
That forward carried me so fast,  
And to whip it, to scare it, to speed up,  
To hear its constant steps in common life.

But today I ride in a slow manner,  
And today I hear every stride,  
As the oak-tree takes part in conversation  
And the stream flows to deep ravine.

Life became not slower, but quieter,  
That's because of the evening forest's silent.  
And I hear the farewell noise of boughs -  
Without you - alone - for both of us.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak - , They All Coloured... - Translation (Rus.)

Heinrich Heine

Under russian translation by Samuil Marshak

They all coloured dark all my days:  
With their grudge or with grief:  
One - with their love, then  
Others - with their enmity.

They added in bread and in wine goblet  
A poison, while every my dinner -  
One - with their love, then  
Others - with their enmity.

But she, who was racking me hardly  
Till last days of all poor life,  
Was not burned with enmity, either  
She had not a grain of some love.

====

Look in russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



## ak, A Disseminated Man - Translation (Rus.)

Once a man disseminated

(\* disseminated here is the absent-minded)

Lived on street, named after basin.

One day he set up on bed,

Began to put on shirt. What's that?

When his hands in sleeves he thrust,

It happened, that it were the trousers.

Such was man disseminated

From the street, named after Basin!

When he tried to put on coat -

He was said, that he was wrong so.

When he tried to pull on leggings,

He was said: 'You are mistaken.'

Such was man disseminated

From the street, named after basin.

And instead of hat on head

He had put a frying pan.

And instead of felt-boots - gloves

He has pulled on his heels once.

Such was man disseminated

From the street, named after basin.

And one day on the tramway

He went to railway station,

On opening doors he said

To tram driver the words like that:

'The highly esteemed driver

Of highly esteemed tram!

The tramly esteemed highver

Of drively esteemed way!

I have the urgent need this time

From tram to go out.  
Would you be then so kind  
To stop the stateway at the tramtion!

The driver surely was amazed,  
Opened the doors for his request.

Such was man disseminated  
From the street, named after basin.

The he rushed to buffet quickly  
To buy there a railway ticket,  
And then went to booking office  
To buy there a kvass noggin.

Such was man disseminated  
From the street, named after basin!

Then to platform he did run,  
Got into the uncoupled car,  
Carried in his baggage large -  
All his bundles and his truncks,  
Shoved them under the seats,  
Sat at window to sleep.

- What's the station? - he exclaimed  
In the morning to next day.  
From the platform voice had come:  
- That's the city Leningrad.

He again slept for a while,  
To the window looked, smiling.  
Having see the great train station,  
He, amazed, asked in negation:

- Where did we stop for certain?  
Bologoe? or Popovka? -  
And from platform voice had come:  
- That's the city Leningrad.

And again he slept awile,  
Looked at window the nest time,

Having seen the railway station,  
Asked again with some amazement:

- What the station do I see?  
Yamskaya? or Dibuny? -  
And from platform voice had come:  
- That's the city Leningrad.

Then he cried: - What is the game?  
I was riding for two days!  
And at last where did arrive?  
I've arrived to Leningrad!

Such was man disseminated  
From the street, named after basin!

1930

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Shakespeare, Son.117 - Translation (Rus.)

Say, that I'm guilty of neglecting of my debt  
For all the good, you'd done for me before,  
That I forgot your your cherished theshold and  
Denied, though I'm tied to bonds,

That I was not appreciating you for time,  
And gave the hours to other people cruelly,  
That I was eager to be carried far  
By the unknown sails from my country.

Let put all my offences with my love,  
And let compare it with former freedom.  
I wish to have your perfect judgement at this time,  
But don't execute me with your deadly glaring.

I'm guilty much. But may be now is time  
When you have chance to know of my love.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.1 (Rus.)

We wait a good yield from our best grapevines  
In order to save beauty, its long living.  
Then let the petals of the roses do ripen  
And fade, the young rose will continue.

But you, loving your beauty in the highest level,  
And giving it your best: the living juice,  
Will gain the poverty among the weathness -  
Become your foe, enemy callous.

You are the ornament of nowadays, and ever  
The herald of the non-long spring, take that:  
You perish, if deny conception,  
And being avaricious, will join waste.

Regretting of your peace, don't bury seeds,  
Which could bring in your future the fine yield.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.116 (Rus.)

By Samuil Marshak

I shan't prevent to the connection of two hearts.  
Could the betrayal give the end to love,  
To love - so eternal been in life?  
Love couldn't be lost, nor it could simply die.

Love - is the beacon, shining in the tempest,  
That can't be grown dim in darkness or in haze.  
Love - is the star, from which a seaman  
Is taking point to where he should sail.

Love - is not a doll, a poor doll in hands  
Of Time, which perishes the roses  
On burning cheeks and lips, to say,  
It doesn't give attention to the Time's war.

But if I'm really not right in this,  
Then there's no Love, and verses mine - are nil.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.130

Her eyes are not like stars high in the sky,  
Nor her lips could be said to be a coral,  
And skin of opened her shoulders are not white,  
And as the black wire is her hair-curl.

With a damask rose her cheeks couldn't be compared,  
Whether it was vermilion or white,  
Her simple body has the simple flavour,  
But not like a violet smells in the night.

You couldn't find in her the features perfect,  
Or on the forehead - light of a special sort.  
I don't know, what is the gait of a goddess,  
But she, my love, is walking over the earth!

And she should neither be so worse, than those,  
Who were piled up with a lie in their pose.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.132

I like your eyes. They are caressing me,  
Forgotten all, with a genuinely pity.  
And the rejected friend, buried within,  
As mourning, to a black colour's fitted.

Believe, that sunshine doesn't suit to face  
Of the early, though grey-haired, east,  
And star, that carries evening to this place -  
The west eye of the transparent sky bliss -

Is not such radiant, not so light in view,  
As this nice look, all filled with farewell.  
Oh, if you could your heart to vest into  
The same black mourning, soft and sad -

Then I may think, that the beauty is itself  
Black as the night, and bright as light - in black.

Lyudmila Purgina



## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.138

When you are swearing, that you're the perfect sample  
Of the pure truth without any doubt,  
I trust you, though understand your lie,  
And you think, that I'm a teenager blind.

And flattered with the feeling, that I can  
Look as a youngman, despite of the real truth,  
I'm lying to myself in vanity,  
And both we are so far from truth.

You shan't say, that you lie to me again,  
And I'm also not brave to sign my age.  
On the imaginary confidence we stand,  
And the old age in love is thus ashamed.

I'm lying you, you lie to me, as well,  
And we are pleased enough in our dwell.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.141

My eyes are not in love with you -  
They see all of your vices clearly.  
But my heart - doesn't feel the truth,  
No any guilt, nor fault in your behaviour.

My ears are not fond of your nice speech,  
Your voice for me, your look, your touch - are equal  
And couldn't tempt me to a holiday  
Of hearing, of touching and of vision.

Yet the external feelings can't persuade,  
All five of them, or every feel alone,  
My poor heart, that the captivity is bad,  
That slavery may cause a death end further!

In my unhappiness I'm usually consoled,  
That you're - my sin, and you're my hell, although!

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.146

My soul as the core of the sinful earth  
Was taken in captivity of a restless power,  
By need of spirit you are all been burned,  
But you use forces only to paint the outer.

A short-time visitor, why do you pay so much  
For house, taken into lease for time,  
So, that in future give a worm a chance  
To eat your property, gained by your working hard.

Oh soul, grow up and satiate yourself,  
Accumulate the treasure in the running days,  
And, buying the better destiny to end,  
Live as a rich in inner world, outside - a poorman.

And reign over the death in fleeting life, moreover,  
Then death will die, and you'll become eternal.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.147

Love is the ailment. My soul is ill  
With a tedious, unquenchable thirst now.  
The same kind of the poison is the need  
To her, as she was deadly baned one time.

My mind, as a doctor, tried to cure her,  
But she refused from roots and from the herns.  
And doctor got out of having force  
And went away, losing his patience.

Since time - my ailment is surely incurable,  
My soul can't find on the earth the proper rest.  
And deserted by my mind, feelings ramble,  
As well as words throughout lands.

And for a long time I, devoided of my witness,  
Thought, that Eden was hell, and light to darkness - fitted.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.18

Could I compare you with a summer day?  
No, you are better, modester and nicer.  
The tempest breakes the flowers in May -  
And so short, alas, is the summer lasting!

Again we all are blazed with the heaven's eye,  
Or weather closes by veil a fair face.  
The weather is caressing and tormenting us  
By her caprice, being such casual.

But you - have day and all the time,  
And summer time you have for long.  
And shadow of death will never hide  
Your image - you'll live ever in verse.

You'll be alive among the living creatures  
Until the eye is looking and the breast is breathing.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.19

Oh Time, let's blunt today the lion's claws,  
And pull out the fangs of leopard,  
Let all the creatures to the ashes turn,  
And phoenix let be fired in his blood.

In winter, summer, autumn and in spring  
Change tears to the smile, vice versa,  
You may do anything with world and me, -  
But only one sin I must ban, though:

The face and cheeks of my friend don't touch,  
Don't plough it severely with cutters.  
Let perfect features of the beauty such  
Will be the model for the other times.

But if you haven't pity to his cheeks,  
Then in my verse I shall his beauty keep.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.2 (Rus.)

When all your face is ploughed deep  
By traces of your forty winters,  
Who'd recollect your old image, been  
In regal cloths, changed into rigid.

There's no question, where the remnants lie  
Of old beauty, or where they do live.  
What will you say? In bottom of your eyes?  
With mockery your answer will be filled.

The better are such words: 'Look at my children.  
My old freshness still is living in them.  
And only in them I see the base and reason  
For my old age, which is with me today.

And let your blood, which's going cold by time,  
Will fire in the blood of your young heir.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.24 (Rus.)

My heart, as the engraver, cut out image  
And has put in my breast the true your shape...  
Since that time I am serving as a frame -  
The better in the art is the perspective.

Look through the master to his skill,  
In order to view there a real portrait.  
This workshop, where your shape is saved,  
Is glazed with only your eyes, dear.

My eyes are friends with your eyes ever,  
With mine - I draw you in my soul,  
Through your's - from upper skies the sun looks  
In studio with its mysterious fair.

But with my eyes through the window glass  
Is hard to see your sun... alas...

Lyudmila Purgina



## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.25

Who is born under the lucky star - is proud  
Of glory, of the title or authority.  
But I'm gifted modestly in life, -  
And only love for me - is the happy property.

You see, that under rays of sun a flower  
Is nourishing himself - the friend of prince,  
But when the sun in evening goes down -  
The gold sunflower is also turning dim.

A general so brave, the spoilt child  
Of victories, at last was wholly wonned,  
And every merit of his former life  
Is lost, as if it he never been.

But there's no threat to my titles in life:  
I loved in past, I'm loving now, I will love.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.29

When in the war between the world and fate,  
By recollecting years of hard troubles,  
I'm disturbing by the useless pray  
The deaf and such indifferent high skies,

And in complaining on my poor lot,  
Without doubt I would like to change it  
With those, who had catchted the bird,  
The blue bird of the wealth and happiness, -

Then, suddenly, I recollect your face,  
And curse my cowardice in penance,  
And as a sky lark I fly upwards then,  
Despite of destiny, to the blue heavens.

With your love, with this thought within,  
I'm surely the stronger man, than king.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.3 (Rus.)

The image beautiful you see in a shining mirror,  
But if you don't haste to replicate,  
Then you'll offend your nature features,  
And will deprive a woman of your grace.

What mortal woman could escape the pleasure  
To give you her virginity in gain  
To find the immortality - a true treasure?  
Or you love more yourself in your disdain?

In mother's eyes - you are a reflection  
Of old, and gone, the april days of youth,  
In your old age - you'll find the consolation  
In windows, which are the same and true.

But you will die in limits of your fate,  
When you neglect the need to replicate.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.30

When to the judgement of my secret thoughts  
I set the voices of my past life - then  
Bereavements all come to my mind, which hurt,  
And I'm ill with old pain again.

My eyes, which were dry, then are wet with tears  
About all, who's now in the grave,  
I seek for lost love, and for every thing,  
That was so dear to my heart, in vain.

I'm counting the losses of my life,  
And I'm again in grief with all the matters.  
Again I pay the unwarrantable price  
For that case, which was previously expensive.

But all my past I can find in your face,  
And everything forgive then to my fate.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.35 (Rus.)

By Samuil Marshak

Don't fall in sadness, having caught the fault,  
There's no any rose, thorns without.  
A pure spring by scattred sand is stirred,  
And sun or moon is closed by a cloud.

We all are guilty, I am not less than others  
Drop sins in every of these bitter lines,  
With nice comparisons I try to just them,  
Forgiving lawlessly your heavy vices.

As a defender I'm going to court,  
Thus serving to the hostile side,  
My love and hatred are in inner war  
Inside me, and I'm quiet tired.

Though you had plundered me, my dear thief,  
I'm sharing with you verdict and sin.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.4 (Rus.)

Oh dear embezzler, you are wasting still  
All your inheritance in a motion crazy,  
The Nature doesn't make a gift  
Of beauty - but lends free to freemen.

The charming miser, you are going to  
Appropriate the things you need to transmit,  
But you are storing treasure in seclusion,  
Without counting it, not becoming rich.

You deal exclusively with your own thus,  
Losing your profits from the wealth of being,  
And in the hour of end - what would you ask,  
What would you answer of your wastes to Destiny?

And with your body - all your future image  
Will be then buried, not embodied really.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.5

And stealthily Time in its skilful manner  
Is making a mysterious play,  
The holiday for eyes, but simultaneously  
It takes away all things, we'd luck to have.

The impetuous flow of the hours and days  
Takes summer to the twilights of the winter,  
Where is the lack of leafage and the sap  
Is frozen in the cold naked trees;

Where the earth is dead under the snow coat,  
But only the flavour of the roses -  
The flying captive of the glass - in coldness  
Reminds, that surely the summer - was.

The flowers had lost their former glitter,  
But the beauty of the soul still is living.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.5 (Rus.)

The firtive time with a delicate skill carries,  
Creates the fairy light holiday for eyes,  
But takes away in costant round racing  
All, that were pleasing and enjoying us.

The hours' and days' impetuous flow  
Leads summer to the winter cold,  
Where there is lack of greens, the sap in trees is frozen,  
And earth is dead under the white furcoat.

But only the scent of rose blossoming-  
The flying captive in the fragile glass, -  
Is the reminder in the frost and cold  
About the existence of hot sun.

The former shine those flowers had lost,  
But stored in flavour all the beauty's soul.

Lyudmila Purgina



## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.55

The mossy marble of the regal tombs  
Will disappear earlier than words,  
In which I had your pretty image stored,  
No dust or dirty stick to it at all.

Then let the war overturns the statue,  
And mutiny let crashes work of mason,  
But letters, cut in memory, asserted,  
Will not be cleaned by a moving century.

Not death will carry you to bottom once,  
Nor the dark oblivion in the proceeding war.  
You, with posterity so far, will glance,  
Wearing out the world, to see the court.

Then let you live forever till the rise  
In my verse, in my heart - with love!

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.6 (Rus.)

Look for the cruel hand of old winter,  
Which could be visitor of your exciteful garden,  
Before you pick all flowers and fit them  
Into the glass with the early spring's scent rather.

As man, who gathered real contribution  
Of all his work with a plenty of the crop,  
You will be glad thus to return the self soul  
With a lawful profit and tenfold.

You'll live on earth the ten times further,  
Ten times repeated in your dear children,  
And thus you'll have success in your last hour  
Over the death, which you'd overturned.

You are too generously gifted by your fate,  
That the perfection will forever go away.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.71

Well, you may weep, when poet is gone...  
While bells in the nearby temple ring  
About him, who had exchanged this world  
To lower world of worm's decomposition.

And, if you once re-read my sonnet,  
Don't feel a pity of the cold hand,  
I don't wish you to make haze on blossoming  
Your clear eyes with memory of end.

I don't wish, that an echo of these lines  
Would touch in your mind memory of me.  
Let in one moment forever die  
My breath and your love, dear!

I don't wish, that with your inner groan  
You will be merged into the rumour's foam.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.72

In order to make still the highest court,  
When I'm gone, before the time or later,  
In order not to fall in the poor lot  
Of telling 'bout your love to the society,

Then let you just forget of all my virtues,  
They're gone with me, the null is then my life,  
And when you tell about friend in your talk,  
You may create thus the salvational lie.

In order not to taint the true love  
With some false reminiscence, you should blot  
Me out of your memory, to wipe out  
Or twice I will be answering a lot:

For that I was so miserable in my life,  
For that I forced you then in life to lie.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.76

Alas, my verse seems to be not new now,  
And doesn't have variety of changing.  
More easier to search the other path,  
The other methods and the other combinations?

I'm repeating all the previous achievements,  
And all my old cloths I'm putting on.  
And it seems, that the every word can nearly  
Call me by name in all my verse.

That all because I'm going again,  
Again to solve the only one problem:  
I'm writing poems about you all days,  
And wasting just the same heart's power.

And just the same is sun above my head...  
But it's not new one in the world, as well.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.8

You are - the music, but the music sounds  
You listen with some kind of melancholy.  
Why do you like that mournful things; why are you  
So joyous, when you meet a torture?

Where is the secret of that inner torture?  
Isn't that the reason to your sadness now?  
The reason that the sound row  
Looks like reproach to your feeling lonely?

Hear now how the amicable strings  
Are joining to the beginning of the music,  
As if there are the one and loving family:  
Mother and father, and their son in union.

The harmony of strings in concert shows,  
That our way in life shoudn't be alone.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ak, Back Translation Of Translated Shakespeare, Son.90

If you stop loving me - as in this time,  
When all the world keeps me in dissension,  
Then be the hardest losses, but not last  
Of drops of heavy grief to render!

And if I'm able to sustain the woe  
Without a blow from the ambush dark,  
Then let night be as a roaring thunderstorm  
Without any hope to good luck.

Please, leave me, dear, but not in the end,  
When from the little accidents I go weak,  
Please, leave me now, that I can to catch,  
That this adversity is the most painful grief.

That there're no any grief, besides the main -  
To lose your love forever in lifespan.

Lyudmila Purgina

## pachov, You Are With Me... - Translation (Rus.)

You are with me, and every moment  
Is dear to me. May be we have years,  
But a departure, which is unavoidable,  
Will come, with no further meeting.

But the stars, when someones meet together,  
Will pour light in old quiet way.  
Where will I find your twinkling traces  
In this cold universe, my friend?

1944

Lyudmila Purgina



# in, A Letter To Woman - Translation (Rus.)

By Sergei Yesenin

Thee'd recollect,  
Thee'd recollect this surely,  
How I did stay near the wall and see  
Thee, walking round the room and during this,  
Overexcited, threw the words.  
Thee said,  
That there's the time to parting,  
That thee'd become exhausted with my life,  
That there's the time for thee to go farther,  
And my lot then was rolling downside.

Oh, my beloved!  
Thee did not love me, either,  
Thee did not know, that in th' people's throng  
I was like a tired horse in soap,  
Which was spurred by a corageous  
rider forth.  
Thee did not know, that in solid haze,  
In the stirred up mode of my usual life  
I'm tormented by the try to catch,  
Where the fate is carrying me by!

Being face to face,  
You couldn't see the face!  
The whole is seen, but only from distance.  
When the sea plain before you quakes,  
Then your ship's surely in bad condition.

The Earth's a ship!  
But somebody at once  
Had turned it stately, straightly through wood thickets  
To new aim, new success, triumph,  
To new life, filled with storms and blizzards.  
Well, who from us can on this vastest deck  
Escape from fall, from vomit and from swearing?  
That matters're few in the experienced soul,  
They are too little to have force in waving.

That time and I was worth to bear  
The wild noise,  
And worth to working hardly, though  
I've descended to the ship's hold,  
In order not to look on the people's vomit.  
That hold was -  
The russian 'kabakh'. There  
I've bent over the muddy glass  
In order not for someone suffering,  
In order ruin myself  
As a total drunkard.

Oh, my beloved!  
I've tormented thee.  
Thee had a melancholy  
In thy tired eyes,  
Because of me, who spent his being  
In the abusing and in fighting.

But thee were unaware of the thing,  
That in my crashed by storm the everyday scene,  
I'm seeking answer on the question mere:  
Where the fate is carrying me? ...

.....  
Today the years passed.  
I'm in the other age.  
And I do feel and think the other way.  
And I praise now at the holiday table:  
Long live the helmsman! Glory! Hey!

Today I'm in mood of feelings.  
I have remembered thy'd been so tired...  
And I'd like to rush to thee with message,  
How I'd been,  
In what I'd turned to now!

Oh, my beloved!  
I'm glad to say thee, that  
I did avoid the fall from slope.  
And after Soviet Union's great land  
I'm today the furious follower.

I've got the other living state,  
And shouldn't torture thee in case.  
After the banner of the freedom date  
I'm ready going to La-Manche.

Oh, please, forgive me...  
I do know thee  
Are not the same...  
Thee have the husband serious,  
And thee've no need of our play...  
And I'm also of no any need...

Let thee live as thee like,  
As thy star shining high above.

In thy refreshed and cosy dwelling.  
With welcome words and always Thine  
Familiar to Thee  
S e r g e i Y e s e n i n.

- -

The poem is devoted to Woman from the first letter,  
so I used Thee in attempt to reflect You, which is 'Vy'  
in russian. In english at some time the difference  
between you and You (thou and You) was lost, and this is  
the difficulty in translation from russian 'ty' and 'Vy'.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Beloved Country! - Translation (Rus.)

Beloved country! Heart is filled up  
With a dream about sun-stacks,  
Merged in water. I would like far  
In the greens to be mislaid.

By the path and boundary  
Mignonettes, clover is growing  
As a chasuble; the willows  
As the nuns in beads are knocking.

Bog is smoking in clouds,  
Burnt out as the heaven's yoke.  
In my heart I've hid silence  
For someone - a secret thought.

All I meet and all accept I,  
I'm glad to dig out soul.  
I have come to native country  
Quickly then to leave it, though...

1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Feather-Grass Sleeps... - Translation (Rus.)

Feather-grass sleeps. Dear plain sleeps also,  
Also a wormwood, freshened lead in dark.  
No other land could be compared, no one,  
With my native country, warm to heart.

It is said, that we are surely destined,  
You can ask that question to everyone -  
Being in state of joy or rage or in depression,  
Still it's good to live in our Russia.

Light of moon is mystical and long-stretched,  
Pussy-willows, poplars're crying, whispering.  
No one under the songs of the flying cranes  
Could reject love to their native fields.

And today when I'm lit with new light  
In new destiny, in my new life,  
I remained just as in the previous times  
The same poet of a golden log-hut.

In the nights, leaned back to my bed bolster,  
I see as the foe before eyes,  
How the new youth splashes a new soil  
On my meadows, green with growing grass.

But, being pressed by this youth, I can sing though  
With a feeling deep and with a smile:  
Give me chance to go through my life new  
With my Motherland and die with love.

July 1925

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, God Has Gone Out Of Edem - Translation (Rus.)

God has gone out of Edem  
To test the people for love,  
He took role of a beggar.  
An oldman he saw on his path.

Oldman was chewing a hardened bread,  
Sitting on a dry stub in the oak grove.  
Suddenly he caught view of a beggar,  
Holding an iron staff, so poor;

Thought: 'Perhaps, he's ill from hunger.  
Wow, he is like to fall down bad! '  
God to this moment was upset rather,  
But saw the oldman stretching his bread.

1914

(Rather a free translation :) L.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Goi You, Rus... - Translation (Rus.)

Goi\* you, Rus\*, my native land, dear, ,  
Huts\* - all icons in the copes...  
Hardly you could find the edges -  
Eyes are sucked by azure only.

As once entered pilgrim now  
I'm looking at your fields.  
Near the village fences poplars,  
Loud ringing, down wither.

Air is full with smell of apples  
And of honey, in the churches  
There's the Apple Saviour holiday,  
All are dancing on the meadows.

I'll run along the path twisting  
To the freedom of the greens.  
And towards me, as the ear rings,  
The girl's laughter will loud jingle.

If the holy host would offer:  
'Leave your Rus, live in Edem! '  
I would say: 'This way's the wrong way.  
Give me just my native land.'

1914

====

\* Goi - is 'Hey' exclamation in ukrainian language;  
Rus - is the brief name of Russia, 's' - is said as in word 'similar'  
Hut in this case is the ukrainian name for house

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, Good Morning! - Translation (Rus.)

Good morning!

by Sergei Yesenin

Gold stars had fallen into dozing,  
And the mirror of the pond has shivered,  
Light is dawning on the water surface,  
Colouring a purple on sky's grid.

Birches through a sleep had smiled,  
Disarranging their silk green plaits.  
Their green ear rings are rustling  
Through the silver shining dewy veil.

At the wattle fence you see a nettle.  
It has put on the nacre dewy dress.  
It is shaking, as a raskal, saying  
'Morning good to you and all the best! '

1914

Lyudmila Purgina



## in, Hands Of Lovely, As... - Translation (Rus.)

Hands of lovely, as the pair of swans,  
Merge into my golden hair.  
All in that world, people so,  
Sing their songs and reiterate.

I was singing also at distance,  
Now I sing the same again,  
And because of that is tender  
Any a world, I'm going to say.

If you love, re-love the soul to bottom,  
Heart'll become for sure a golden hill,  
Only the moon of Tegeran's cold  
Can't give to your song slightly a heat.

I don't know, how I could live:  
Whether I should burn, caressing Shagie,  
Or I in close to old age - to grieve  
All about the former singing shudder?

All have their special manner of walk:  
Some thing's best for ear, some - for eye,  
If the persian boy sings bad, then is obvious,  
That he is born in Shiraz site.

Let about me say simply that words  
In accordance to my clear songs:  
He could sing more tender and more nice songs,  
But two swans had perished him to whole.

August 1925

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, I Remember, My Darling... - Translation (Rus.)

By Sergei Yesenin

I remember, my darling, remember  
All the shine of your hairs flowing.  
Not a joy was and not a light weight  
Was my leaving you, in a great sorrow.

I remember the autumn nights though,  
And the birch's rustle of shadows,  
Though days then were short in a row,  
Moon was brighter and longer in glow.

I remember - you said as a gospel:  
'All the blue years will turn to end,  
And one time you'll forget me with other girl,  
You'll forget me forever, my friend'.

Now a linden tree caused a remembrance  
Of my previous feelings, of all  
The nice flowers, which I with tender  
Strewed at your glistening hair curl.

Yet today my heart is not cooled either,  
Loving other girl, I'm in a sorrow.  
As a love story my heart's reminding  
You and your love, forever all's gone.

1925

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Is A Silver Bell... - Translation (Rus.)

Is a silver bell now singing?  
Or may be that is a dream?  
Of my heart? The icon pinky  
Gilded my eyelashes dim.

Though I'm not a young boy  
In a splash of the dove's wings,  
My dream's mild and light joyful  
In no-here state of real.

I'm not seeking for the grave breath,  
Word's not worth to the secret gleam,  
But teach me, how I'd make an attempt  
Not to wake up from my dream.

1917

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, Life - A Deceit... - Translation (Rus.)

By Sergei Yesenin

Life - a deceit with so a charming ennui;  
It's strong in the expression kind,  
Because of fatal writings row,  
By rude hand written in someone.

And always I say, while closing the eyes:  
'Only one time your heart's disturbed,  
Life is a deceit, but in this case at once  
It's decorating lie with joy.

Let's open your face to sky grey-haired,  
Guessing on moon about destiny.  
Go calm, the mortal one, don't ask then  
For truth, which is of no need'.

It's good in a white bird-cherry's storm again  
To think about life as a straight.  
And let your easy girls deceive one day,  
And let your easy friends betray.

Let me be cared all by tender word,  
Let my tongue will be sharp as razor, -  
I'm living in the procured world,  
I'm used to live in ruthless way for long.

With that heights soul's brought to coldness,  
There's no warmth from that star's fire.  
Whom I loved - all from me renounced,  
Whom I lived with - forgot me now.

But in all cases, being driven, closed,  
I am looking at a sunrise, smiling,  
And on this lovely and so dear earth globe  
I am thanking life for all by now.

August 1925



## in, May Be It Is Late... - Translation (Rus.)

May be it is late, or may be early...  
Anyway I didn't have a mind,  
That I grew up to be real Don Juan,  
As a poet, too light in his conduct.

What had happened? What's the real matter  
Of me, bending at the other knees  
Every day, and every day I'm shedding  
All my pity to myself in feel

Of the bitterness of future bad betrayal...  
All I wished - my heart would beat a little  
In the simple and caressing manner.  
In the lying eyes of girls what do I seek?

Hold me back, my feeling of contempt, you  
Always was a patron, good in cheer.  
All my soul's boiling in cold and blue  
Is the rustling of the leaves of lilac.

And the lemon sunset lives in soul,  
Almost all time - I hear the same  
Through the mist. Don Juan, take up gauntlet,  
For the feeling's freedom you should pay!

Calmly meeting a challenge, I'm aware,  
That in any way I feel the same -  
Honouring the storm of lilac flowering  
Is just like the shiver in love state.

And that was, that really such happened  
With me, bent to many knees  
For the sake of feeling of the happiness,  
Casting off the bitter treason feel.

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, Moon's Above My Window. - Translation (Rus.)

By Sergei Yesenin

Moon's above my window. Wind is under window.  
A poplar-tree, all naked, is glaring in silver.

The remote weep of 'ccordeon, distant voice alone -  
Close to my heart so, such a distant though.

Song is crying, laughing, jaunty in its manner.  
Where is my lime-tree, aged at least a century?

I was also eager there in the past times  
To wake up in morning with accordeon widened.

But today my lovely pays me no attention,  
So I'm laughing, crying under songs, but alien.

August 1925

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Oh Kiss Me! Kiss! - Translation (Rus.)

Dear, kiss me, kiss me, dear!  
To the blood, or to the pain.  
Now my boiling heart river  
Is in war with a cold will chain.  
That cup, overturned on table,  
Amongst joy - hence not for us.  
Understand, my lovely girlfriend:  
We live on Earth only one time!

Lyudmila Purgina



## in, Oh, My Land... - Translation (Rus.)

Oh my land, forgotten been,  
Oh my land, been waste,  
Hayfield, all without bevelling,  
Thicket and convent.  
Houses had crooked aside,  
They are only five.  
Their roofs had foamed up  
To the dawn's wet dike.

Under the straw-chasuble  
The rafter's adzes seen.  
Wind sprinkled a mould blue  
With the sunny beams.

Into windows without miss  
The ravens shoot with wings,  
As a blizzard, with its sleeve  
Waves the bird-cherry tree.

Isn't that a fairy-tale,  
Your past being, life,  
That in bush was whispered  
By grass to a passer-by?

1914

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, Such A Watery Comfortless Moonity... - Translation (Rus.)

Such a watery comfortless moonity  
And the grief of the endless vast plains -  
That were things, which I saw in my frisky youth,  
Which, though loving, I cursed, not one, say.

Pussy-willows whither along the road,  
And telega's wheels (\* - a cart) are singing songs...  
Not at any price I would be longing  
To hear it for another time more.

I became so indifferent to huts,  
I disfavoured the fire of hearth,  
Even the spring apple blizzard I disliked  
All because of the field's empty sight.

I'm fond of the other things now...  
In that hectic moon light I discern  
Through the stone and steel such material  
All the power of native land.

The field Russia! Stop it to plough  
Over the furrows of that barren plain!  
It is hard to see poverty now  
To your birches, to poplars abele.

I don't know, what it'll be with me...  
May be I'm not merit to new,  
But I'd like to see the steel, intelligent  
All my Russia, though today poor.

Listening to the bark of the engines  
In a quantity of snowstorms,  
Not at any price I'd like to hear  
That telega's wheels' old squeaking song.

1925

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, That Unsaid, That Such Blue... - Translation (Rus.)

That unsaid, that such blue and such tender...  
My land's silent all after the storm.  
And my soul, as field, all without ends,  
Breathes with smell of honey and roses.

I have ceased. Years did their business,  
But I don't curse all, that have been.  
As if troika had raced, being crazy,  
(\* troika - the three horses, harnessed together)  
Over all country and in one blink.

They have risen the dust everywhere.  
Sealed their hoofs everywhere. Were gone  
Under the devil's whistle. And even  
In this wood temple a falling leaf heard.

Isn't bell? Or the echo in distance?  
All is quietly absorbed in breast.  
Stop, my soul! We have crossed through now  
Way, that was destined, the stormy way.

Let consider all, that we have seen,  
What has happened, what's stated in country,  
And forgive those, who had offended  
By their fault, or by our one.  
?

I accept all, that was or was not now,  
But have only pity at thirty's age -  
Not enough in youth I had demanded,  
Being lost in the smoke of feasts.

But a young oak without the acorning,  
Also bows to earth, as a grass...  
Eh, my youth, oh, my youth so stormy,  
Golden broken up head, madcap!  
- -

In russian and translated into bulgarian:  
by Maria Shandurkova

Lyudmila Purgina

# in, The Birch. - Translation (Rus.)

By Sergei Yesenin

The white birch is covered  
All with snow veil,  
As with silver, rather,  
Outside my dwell.

On the fluffy boughs,  
With the snow lace  
There appeared flowers  
On the white hoar dress.

And the birch is staying  
In the quiet dream,  
As the gold, the snowflakes  
Are sparkling in the peace.

And the dawn, so lazily  
Going around,  
Sprinkles the new silver  
On the lacy boughs.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, The Kaliks - Translation (Rus.)

The kaliks\* wandered through villages,  
And drunk a kvass\* under windows,  
And prayed at the old church's gates  
To the Holy Saviour image.

The wanderers took path through fields and meadows,  
Singing about the sweetest Christ a poem,  
And by were stamping the old horses,  
And the geese to their song echoed.

Hobbled the poor pilgrims through a herd,  
Said loudly their speeches virtuous:  
'We all serve to the God, and burden that  
We hold proudly on our shoulders'.

Then they took out of the begs  
The bread crumbs, worth for feed for cows.  
The girls-herdresses laughed at them:  
'Look-n-dance! Here are the buffons! '

====

\* the kalik - is a pilgrim, a beggar, seeling in his wandering the holy spirit,  
a kvass - is the russian drink, produced mostly from rye or bread

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, The Snowfall - Translation (Rus)

The snowfall

by Sergei Yesenin

I'm riding. It is silent.

Rings are heard under the hoofs,  
Crows black are squeaking loudly  
On the fields, with snow blue.

As if caught with force invisible,  
Forest dozes under dream,  
And a pine-tree, as in kerchief,  
Lonely stands along my trip.

Crooked she, as an old woman,  
Leaned all to her old stick.  
And above head - a woodpecker  
Hollows bough with his beak.

Horse is jumping in the open,  
Snow falls, stretching a shawl.  
And the endless road is going  
As a ribbon far and long...

1914

=====

The russian variant is on

or please look in internet

Lyudmila Purgina



# in, The Winter Is Singing... - Translation (Rus.)

By Sergei Yesenin

The winter is singing, calling: 'Au! '  
To shaggy wood is playing lullaby  
With a hundred of rings of pines.  
And with a melancholy sad  
The clouds fly to distant land,  
Grey-haired, high above.

A blizzard's racing through the court,  
As a carpet silk - is creeping on,  
But so cold it is.  
The sparrows are fussy all,  
But as the child-orphans, though,  
Are nestling to the window.

And getting frozen and hungry,  
And tired, they are sitting rather  
To try to press to each one.  
And snowstorm with roaring  
To windows is knocking,  
More evil goes, meanwhile.

And gentle birds are dozing  
Under the woe of snow whirls  
Beside the window's frame.  
They are dreaming deep in their mind  
About the beauty Spring so bright,  
So warm in sunny day.

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, To Warm Light... - Translation (Rus.)

To warm light, to my paternal threshold  
Wistful sigh of your's pulls me as a rein old.

There on porch my grandfather, grandmother  
Wait their frisky grandson, as sunflower.

Their grandson is slim, white as birch, honey hair,  
His small hands are like velvet, as ever.

But, my friend, from his blue open eyes -  
They may have dreamed all minutes of his life.

Only maiden from icon in corner sends them  
Happiness's glare and light of the heaven.

Their grandson she on hands lightly keeps  
With a silent smile on her thin, pale lips.

1917

Lyudmila Purgina

## in, You Don'T Love Me... - Translation (Rus.)

You don't love me, and at least, don't care...  
Am I beautiful a little, dear girl?  
You're, without looking straight in my face,  
Going faint, just putting hand on shoulder.

You are young, with the very sexy grinning,  
I touch you not tender and nor rude.  
You, how many boys were cherishing?  
How many hands remember you?

I know - they passed aside like shadows,  
Without touch to your hot inner fire.  
And I know - you were sitting many  
On the other knees, today - on mine.

Let your eyes be half-closed, it may be  
You are thinking 'bout anybody else,  
I'm also not loving you, I'm sinking  
In the distant and so dear land.

Don't call this passion such - a destiny,  
It's the light-tempered and miserable tie, -  
I know: in such a sudden meeting  
It'll be easy then on leaving simply to smile.

You are also on way to scatter your feels  
In the gaiety of the unjoyous days.  
But don't touch those, who're not kissed,  
Don't lure man, who're not inlamed.

Then in case, when you are walking down  
The usual street and babbling 'bout love,  
I, perhaps, shall meet you, darling,  
For the next time in my run about.

And you'll say, turning your shoulder closer  
To the other guy: ' Good evening! ', passionless,  
Leaning down the ground, softly,  
I'll answer you: 'Good evening, miss! '

Nothing then will tease her soul, never,  
Nothing then will make her trembling well -  
Who had love, couldn't love again in any way,  
Who had burned, can't be inflamed again.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Sadness And Grief

Sadness and grief are not like horror, fear,  
They are much lighter, don't press to ground,  
Sadness and grief - are the necessary feelings  
To live on earth, without any doubt.  
When you are born, you can't avoid the grief,  
If you lose the essential in life,  
And sadness follows you for years,  
Trying to tie you to the moments of light,  
Where there was no grief and sadness...  
That moments - are the miraculous creatures  
Of the Reality and of the Mind...  
And all in them - are closely united,  
And at the same time distant and untied...

--

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Semaphore

It's a dialogue

The curling entrance of the temple  
Seems pull me to the whirl of soul.  
The inner whirlpool of the petals  
Of sahasrara violet glow.  
The fire of the soul warms me.  
...The haunting thoughts are thrown away.  
And colours violet-red and green  
And violet-yellow in play...

Vinita:

How the soul get stirred,  
Into a whirl.  
How colors fly apart,  
...To unite the heart.

The storm in soul  
Calms, when colours  
Plays as in semaphore  
Before the eyes.  
And something dark or  
...Grey dark either  
Is flying out,  
As the butterfly...

Vinita

Yes, it would  
be nice if all the dark butterflies fly out...  
leaving behind their colours  
for the soul to refine...and make white...

Lyudmila Purgina

# She Doesn'T Love Me Anymore...

By one frase from inet...

- -

She doesn't love me anymore  
No longer love her I...  
And silent movement of the oar  
Of the boat of memory  
Causes a splash on lake of dream...  
One shore for her, one shore - to me...  
One side for me, one side - to her...  
I don't love her anymore...

Ah... if the destiny of dream  
Could join banks of lake together,  
Or a boat, which was rather near,  
Was not so small, was not too fair...  
Perhaps the gold splash would give  
The love, emotion to live...  
But... anytime, and anymore,  
When splash is made by a golden oar  
Of my dream... her dream - never  
Is broken... She is - in level  
That couldn't be reached,  
Or couldn't be touched  
By lips, by nose, by my eye.  
She was beloved by me... all's over...  
I'm sailing though life-lake alone.

And so... no longer love her I.  
She is in dream of memory...

Lyudmila Purgina

## Shedevra, You Can'T Leave Me... - Translation (Rus.)

You can't leave me, I know, never,  
Because that's not me, who is worth to leave.  
If you would try, then from a half-way  
You will return, and obviously.

You can't even to breathe without me,  
You life will turn to be so bitter.  
You will come one day suddenly  
Again - and learn, that you're forgiven.

To me, who's not such tender, though,  
To me, with a puritan behaviour...  
But you'll return and be with me only,  
When tired from the distant wandering.

For freedom you could change captivity,  
Decide to rove all your life...  
It could be so... If I really  
Could free you from the deep of heart...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



# Sit Down

'Sit down, dear guests! ' - we say to a request  
To come, to get a warmth from our fire...  
'Sit down! ' - we say, when a feast  
Is over, and common days look forward...  
The common and the holy days -  
Are different in their meaning...  
The common - hold much more time,  
Than feasts and holidays - in real...  
How to count weight of holy days,  
Which could bring holiness to us and grace  
Of the eternal Being? How then check,  
What have we gathered, for certain, in the Holy Day?  
There's no any ruler to quite measurement...  
There's no any scales - to the weighing...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Sitting On The Bank...

Sitting in my shell on the bank of ocean of Reality,  
Doing some of very common affairs (things)  
I'm so miserable in the Universe,  
But thinking that I'm great,

Because I couldn't see anything without myself...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Sometimes A Faith Is Similar To Stones

Sometimes a Faith is similar to stones,  
To rocks, so hard and heavy, in their masses...  
As well as the variety of talks,  
Of languages, which are the only world reflection.

A child, picking up the words as stones,  
Get acquainted gradually through life  
With their meaning with his heart...  
When being old - he is looking at the rock-words,  
Amazed greatly in his mind  
With their deepness  
In the view of his experience...  
And he learns at once, that Faith, Belief - is alive!

It shines brightly and luminous  
In the moist air of grumbles of  
Blizzards and thunderstorms...  
Sufferings, that had come above the heads...

The Faith of words, the whisper of the bases  
Of the worlds, which were left behind the stern  
Of the ship, floating in the Time ocean...  
Faith... With a Faith of words... the World is created...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song - Byelovezhskaya Putscha - Translation (Rus.)

1. That's the old motive-song and the old distant land,  
A crystal light when sunrise glares over the earth bloom.  
I'm aware of your grief of old-old age,  
Byelovezhskaya Putscha, Byelovezhskaya Putscha.

2. Along road unseen I scrawl close to bank,  
Where in high grass and wood you can stray and for sure.  
As a deer from knees I'm drinking today  
Your spring's truth without doubt, Byelovezhskaya Putscha.

3. Here you see the forgotten for long our land,  
And sometimes, when you hear the ancestor's woooo-es.  
As a grey bird you fly from the distance of age,  
Byelovezhskaya Putscha, Byelovezhskaya Putscha.

4. Being warmed to my heart under the boughs of grove,  
I shall carry to others the thing, which could soothe them:  
Your motive of the ages, the miraculous song,  
Byelovezhskaya Putscha, Byelovezhskaya Putscha.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song - The Guards' Song - Bremen's Musicians, Translation (Rus.)

From the Soviet 'Bremen's musicians' cartoon and musical

Text - Yuri Entin

Music - Gennady Gladkov

We all are honoured to have serious role,  
Oh, serious role,  
Ye serious role,  
Yes, serious role,  
Without guards the king can't have control.  
When we come all the earth quakes to the down.  
We always near, near to the crown.

Ah early... wakes up the service...  
If a sparrow nearby - gun is ready quickly,  
If a fly - to beat required, as the aim we take it.

Where king is going - that's a secret one,  
A secret one,  
A secret one,  
The secret one.  
And always we accompany the crown.  
Our Majesty must have escape from case  
Of meetings needless and of whimsy fate.

Ah early... wakes up the service...  
If a sparrow nearby - gun is ready quickly,  
If a fly - to beat required, as the aim we take it.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, On Parachutes Of Crystal Snowflakes - Transl.(Rus.)

Revelation

Text: iev

Music: skovsky

On parachutes of crystal snowflakes  
The Winter flied from sky to earth.  
And if the life has turned for other way,  
If the life has gone the other way,  
Don't ask and search your inner fault,  
Don't ask and search your inner fault.

The trees were shaking branches slightly  
In frosty and fantastic haze.  
And if we all the way were silent  
If we all the way were silent,  
Then had we anything to say?  
But had we anything to say?

Among the snowpiles sank the town,  
The snowdrift was trimming lace,  
And if I loved, alas, the other,  
If I loved, alas, the other one,  
Then Love choose everything itself.  
The Love choose everything itself.

On parachutes of crystal snowflakes  
The Winter flied from sky to earth.  
And if the life had turned for other way,  
If the life had gone the other way,  
Was my decision, and not your's,  
Was my decision, but not Your's.

-

The hit of russian lyrical songs



# Song, Along The Murom's Road... - Translation (Rus.)

The old russian song

Along the Murom's road,        \* Murom is the ancient town in Russia  
There stood the three pine-trees...  
My lover was then saying  
For me: 'Goodbye, my dear! '

He swore me and took oath  
To love me, only me...  
Not to forget me, never,  
On other land till spring...

But one day I have seen strange  
And awful, and sad dream:  
My lover had got married  
And broke oaths his.

But I laughed at this warning,  
While day was shining bright...  
I couldn't believe, that he was  
So cruel to leave behind.

But soon my dream turned real:  
In early and green spring  
My dear has returned with  
The beautiful wife here...

I looked at him from the gateway,  
When he was passing by...  
He found out me there,  
In crowd, with his eyes...

On seeing my hard tears,  
He lowered the eyes...  
He caught once the idea,  
That he had lost me thus...

Lyudmila Purgina



# Song, As One Of Those Butterflies... - Translation (Rus.)

From the film - 'The cruel Romance'

Love - the misterious country

Text: nov

Music: v

As one of those butterflies  
Which in the night are forced to fire,  
I wish to live in Paradise,  
In which you'll try to call me - Lovely...

And then the days will be so bright,  
I'll never see a dusty weather.  
The country of my love will bring delight,  
So charming and so bright,  
And only there I'll be happy...

The other times had come to birth,  
I stay alone or you lie me.  
I understood the love is Earth,  
On which the every man is liar.

And this the only my disgrace,  
I was so naive in my desire...  
The country of my love is guileful place,  
Is so cruel place,  
And every native here's a liar...

Why should I cry before your eyes,  
And smile to you in awkward manner?  
Unsteady is the country's love,  
And every man just could betray me...

.....

But grass will grow again so green,  
Through rocks and by my great misfortunes,

The country of my love is full of spring,  
Is so full of spring,  
And only here lives a Happiness...

==

variation on the theme

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Dark Is The Night - Translation (Rus.)

The famous war song from the film 'Two soldiers'

Text: v

Music: lovsky

Dark is the night, only bullets are whistling in steppe.  
Only wind hoots in wires above and the stars're dimly blinking...  
In the dark night I do know that you couldn't sleep,  
And before child's bed quietly you're wiping your tears.

How I do love inner deepness in your tender eyes.  
How I do wish kiss them gently with my lips now...  
This darkest night shares us far apart, lovely mine,  
And the wide dark and black steppe between is preventing to meet so.

I do believe in you being my lovely girlfriend,  
This belief kept my life from the shot in the dark night beforehand.  
I'm so glad to be patient in fatal attack,  
I do know that you'll meet me despite any kind of my fate then.

Death's not my fear, I had frequently met with yet.  
And you can see, how it is above me flying...  
In the dark night, I do know that you couldn't sleep,  
And before child's bed quietly you're wiping your tears.

Lyudmila Purgina

## Song, Darling, Oh, Darling Mine... - Translation (Rus.)

Darling, oh, darling mine!  
I ask you with a cry:  
Take me to your country,  
I'll be your dear wife.

Darling, oh, darling mine!  
Would I take you with cry,  
But there in other country  
I have the dear wife.

Darling, oh, darling mine!  
I ask you with cry:  
Take me to your country,  
I'll be your sister fine.

Darling, oh, darling mine!  
Would I take you with cry,  
But there in other country  
I have the sister fine.

Darling, oh, darling mine!  
I ask you with a cry:  
Take me to your country,  
I'll be your alien one.

Darling, oh, darling mine!  
Would I take you with cry,  
But there in other country  
I need not alien one.

====

Still popular the old russian song

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Ddt, Yury Shevchuk - The Crows - Transl. (Rus.)

By Yury Shevchuk

The crows in sky and the monks underneath;  
In beautiful cloths I'm lying between.  
The vast is the space, I'm nice and so light;  
The sun's growing older, but wind seems more young.  
The burial service was held in great temple,  
And I was a bride, and a Beautiful Lady.  
My soul stood near, was singing a song,  
But people looked body, believing it not.  
The fate and the pray had to change their places,  
My lover was silent, the banners enlighting  
His face so dimly in parting away...  
Farewell - did he say, farewell - did I say.  
The spring shivered coldly with sadly bells ringing,  
It watered three drops on the faces of icons,  
Which were so peacefully resting in hands,  
And I tried to kiss then the cheerful flame.  
The candles had burnt, and the censer was fallen;  
The earth through the groan had turned to the grave then;  
I rushed to the sky, light, the titmouse to follow;  
I'm freely at last, and I'm a White Bird now.  
And flying up high in the sky in a circle  
I'm watching the relatives in deepest sorrow.  
Of course we'll meet soon, but the other one be;  
The force is eternal: the birds flight calls me...

-

This song you can hear and look on

or

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Everything Is Tied... - Translation (Rus.)

By VIA 'Vesyoliye Rebyata'

Text in russian: Lugovoi V.

Music: Rodrigues R.

1. Everything is tied only with you,  
But you are gone.  
The world was left, where we together were and all  
At last had gone.  
My room with a balcony is light,  
As light as day,  
Where we together were, but everything tonight  
Is really gone.

Know, time will pass, and you'll forget all  
And forever  
About us, about us.  
I don't wait you, dear, but, please, be aware  
That you were loved.  
At last were loved.

2. Winters then will pass, too many ones,  
And years too.  
Perhaps I'll totally forget you and at once  
Have luck anew.  
May be nothing stable under moon,  
But never I  
Could throw memory of hour when you  
Were with me one.

Look, time will pass, and you'll forget all  
And forever  
About us, about us.  
I don't wait you, dear, but, please, be aware  
That you were loved.  
At last were loved.

Then time will pass, and you'll forget all

And forever  
About us, about us.  
I don't wait you, dear, but, please, be aware  
That you were loved.  
At last were loved.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Excellent Sea Is The Holy Baikal... - Transl.(Rus.)

By Dmitry Pavlovich Davydov

Excellent sea is the holy Baikal,

\* Baikal is the great lake in Western Siberia

Excellent ship is the barrel from omul.

\* Omul - is the endemical fish, living in Baikal

Hey, Barguzin-wind give force to your tide,

\* Barguzin - is the name of one of mountain ridges around  
Baikal

It's not so far to sail over.

I was for long holding chains on my hands,

Longly I wandered through Akatuy ridges.

My faithful friend helped me once to escape,

I grew alive in the freedom.

Shilka and Nerchinsk - no problem today,

\* Shilka and Nerchinsk - were the siberian state prison  
mines in the times of tzar regime

The mining guards failed to catch me in running,

In woods I was lucky to be a prey,

Past was the bullet of gunner.

I went at night and at middle of day,

I was so cautious near the towns.

Women of peasants presented me bread,

Fellows gave me tobacco.

And I enjoyed floating on pine-log

Across the deep and impetuous rivers.

When river shallow, I went by a frod,

Forward and forward through thickets.

I got a funk, coming to great Baikal,

There was no chance to cross it with no boat,

But, going along shore, long and wide,

I met the barrel from omul.



With no thought (God was blessing me thus) ,  
I took the barrel, that was worth to bull, though.  
Coward in all cases will sink in Baikal,  
Brave man will win in the barrel.

It would be tight for the omuls to sit  
In such a barrel, so, fishes, be quiet -  
If you one time the Akatuy's prison meet,  
Then you should get into barrel!

Four days I have been revolving on waves  
With my armyak like a sail, hole-ridden.  
\* Armyak -peasant's coat of heavy cloth  
That was a good boat for me to sail,  
Only with some coarse appearance.

Look, here's near the forest and shore,  
Where I can hide in the shadows now.  
Though it is safe to be here for long,  
Damn, I am sad of my home!

Excellent sea is the holy Baikal,  
Excellent ship is the barrel from omul.  
Hey, Barguzin-wind give force to your tide,  
It's not so far to sail over.

-

The old russian son of 19-20 centuries

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Frequently My Mama Said... - Translation (Rus.)

From the film 'The russian field'

Text nyov

Music kovsky

1. Frequently my Mama said,  
That all love is lying bad,  
But she lost her right words all in vain...  
I was hardly hearing, I was stopping my ears...  
Ah, Mummy, Mummy, how you were right, indeed...

R. Ah, Mamochka! On sledges far  
I rided not with him...  
Why I met in that great field  
Kolyushka - the best, indeed...  
Ah, Mamochka! Why? Why?

2. I was sewing a white dress, I was making curls on hair,  
My head turned in circles in that days...  
But my girlfriend Zinochka crossed my way without need...  
Ah, Mummy, Mummy, how you were right, indeed...

R.: Ah, Mamochka! On sledges far  
I rided in wrong way...  
Why on glade I smiled so gay  
To one boy Kostya as play...  
Ah, Mamochka! Why? Why? ..

3. Nights were drifting through the rains,  
Nights were longer than the days,  
But the autumn leaf once falled on ground...  
And on evening he once met the other girl from city great...  
Ah, Mummy, Mummy, how you were right, so right...

R.: Ah, Mamochka! On sledges far  
I rided in wrong way...  
Why under the birch-tree once

I was sitting with Sergei?  
Ah, Mamochka! Why? Why? ..

4. I bought in a shop the beads, all blue-coloured, beautiful,  
And the kerchief green as that green grass...  
I was baking buns in stove, I was heating bath for wash...  
Ah, Mummy, Mummy, how you were right, so right...

R.: Ah, Mamochka! On sledges far  
I rided, but not right...  
Why under the apple-tree once  
I was kissing John with love?  
Ah, Mamochka! Why? Why? ..

1. Frequently my Mama said,  
That all love is lying bad,  
But she lost her right words all in vain...  
I was hardly hearing, I was stopping my ears...  
Ah, Mummy, Mummy, how you were right, indeed...

R. Ah, Mamochka! On sledges far  
I rided, but not right...  
With Boryen'ka and Vityen'ka,  
With Tolyen'ka and Mityen'ka  
Ah, why? Ah, why? Why, why?

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Heart In My Breast... - Translation (Rus.)

From film 'The merry boys' ('Vesyolye rebyata')

Music: Isaak Dunaevsky

Text: Vasily Lebedev-Kumach

The original singer is Lyubov Orlova

1. I'm burning hot - I don't know why for? ...

Heart, do you know the truth?

Ah, why in love from the people we ought

Only one man to choose?

R.:

Heart in my breast

Beats like a bird's flapping

And I wish so to know my fate,

And I wish to be quite happy.

2. Joy sings a song, as a starling in spring,

Life's so warm and so bright.

If I had ten hearts, I'd surely give

All to him, only him.

R.

- -

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, I Look In Lakes... - Translation (Rus.)

From the film 'The shadows go out at noon'

Text: syev

Music: I.Shaferan

I look in lakes, in deep-blue sky  
And daisies pick in fields.  
I call you - Russia, land of mine,  
The only land I live.  
You could me ask for many times -  
There is no other land,  
Which's so sweet to heart of mine  
And gave me russian name.

I look in lakes, in deep-blue sky  
And daisies pick in fields.  
I call you - Russia, land of mine,  
The only land I live.  
Don't know better destiny  
To share all your days,  
To bear with you sufferings,  
And celebrate the fame.

Your beauty haven't dwindled less  
By stress and years gone.  
And Marias and Ivans as yet  
You are so proud of.  
Not all of those falcons loved  
Returned to native land,  
But glory, ever high and bright -  
Your's merited reward.

Your beauty haven't dwindled less  
By grief and years gone.  
And Marias and Ivans as yet  
You are so proud of.  
Don't know better destiny  
To share all your days,  
To bear with you sufferings,

And celebrate the fame.

-

The hit of russain lyrical songs

Lyudmila Purgina

## Song, If I Had Really Golden Piles...- Translation (Rus.)

'If I had really golden piles  
And rivers, filled with the best of wines,  
I should have given all, my lovely,  
For your caress and your looks tonight.'

'Oh, don't skip the convenient moment,  
And say the truth to my father, dear.  
Then we will go to marriage further,  
And will be honoured by the wedding wreath.'

'But, Mary, I've asked already  
For many times your hand from your Pa.  
Your father had refused, no any  
Kind feelings from him I met that times.'

And I decided then to run with him,  
Believing him with all my heart,  
With crossing over breast, with tears,  
I looked on house mine at last.

And we had run to alien country,  
But in a year - he betrayed...  
He left his holy oath farther,  
And falled in love with other dear.

He said to me, being shamed with treason:  
'Go, Mary, to your own land.  
Please, leave my house, my walls, my dear,  
I shall lead you by the treshold end.

For your caress, for your flame in loving,  
I shall present you the best of horse,  
The bridle good, golden whip, and more one:  
The saddle, embroidered with pearls.'

'I have no need of your horse and saddle,  
I have no need of your whip or bridle.

You've drunken all the golden treasure,  
And rivers, filled with the best of wine.'

=====

The old russian song

Lyudmila Purgina



# Song, It's Haze, Hard Haze... Translation (Rus.)

Text: v

Music: r

It's haze, hard haze,  
As a veil as a shroud...  
And there, in two steps,  
It is war behind the haze.  
And the battles go on,  
But we can't take part in them,  
We're absolutely chained by haze to earth now -  
We are the air workers of the war.

It's haze, hard haze  
On past events, on life.  
And so far, in distant land  
There is our house fine.  
And in front dugout hut  
We are dreaming of the child,  
That we were in past, but now we to adults grown -  
We are the air workers of the war.

It's haze, grey haze...  
It will come and again.  
And so far in distant land  
There is love behind the haze.  
And the brides will wait for long,  
When we could from war return,  
And, alas, not all will then return to home...  
We are the air workers of the war...  
-

The famous war song

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, I've Asked... - Translation (Rus.)

The song from film 'The irony of Destiny'

Once I've asked the great ash-tree:

'Where is my lovely girl? '

Ash-tree didn't answer me,

Nodding with its head.

I have asked the poplar-tree:

'Where is my lovely girl? '

Poplar-tree had spattered with

Golden autumn leaves.

I have asked the Autumn self:

'Where is my lovely girl? '

Autumn poured a rain on me,

Such abundant storm.

I have asked the Rain itself:

'Where is my lovely girl? '

Rain has shed a tears burst

Outside for long.

I have asked the Moon at night:

'Where is my lovely girl? '

Moon has covered face at all

By the cloud's veil.

Then I asked the Cloud white:

'Where is my lovely girl? '

Cloud dissipated soon

In the blue sky vault.

Then I asked the friend of mine:

'Where is my lovely girl?

Where did she hide herself,

Do you know this? '

And my friend had answered me,

Only truth sincerely:

'For you she was a lovely girl,  
She was the only lovely girl,  
She was the only lovely girl,  
But just became my wife.'

I have asked the great ash-tree,  
I have asked the poplar-tree,  
I have asked the Autumn self...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, My Sail Is So White... - Translation (Rus.)

From the film '12 chairs'  
The song of Ostap

Text: Yuliy Kim

Music: Gennady Gladkov

No, I'm not sobbing, nor even crying  
For all the questions I'm sincerely replying  
The life is just a play and who responds for that,  
I have myself accepted detrimental bet?

And why I need to seek excuses  
When others offer and I can't avoid to use this?  
And why creative force and inner soul flame  
Can't give me honoured valuable pay?

Let storm will be crazy and cruel  
In mists of my everyday play  
My sail is so white and my boat's so alone  
When steel ships are crossing my way.

Don't you agree, folks, that I'm in favour  
To hit a mark at once and be a lucky sailor.  
I have the eagle eye and easy distinct route  
To have in hands again forbidden fruit.

Oh, such a pleasure to join a venture  
And cry to Angel 'stop' and look at my exchanging.  
And leave my sins at all for future leisure day,  
And try to change the views on brilliance of play!

I'm not a robber, nor one of priests  
And it's not easy work sometimes to get a balance.  
May be result of life in such the risky way  
Will turn my head to earlier grey.

No, I'm not sobbing, nor even crying  
I couldn't mark the place, where I can get or lose thing.  
At last, the destiny may be not so kind

And I will lose much more than I could find.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Never Could You Hide From... - Translation (Rus.)

1. Never could you hide from  
Years, passed in turn.  
Childhood is left for  
Adult's life by all.

R.: But the school desk  
I'm dreaming,  
And the school books  
I'm reading,  
I remember all the teachers  
One by one.  
And the freckled girl is crying  
From my childhood, when I'm  
Trying to recall in mind the old time.

2. If you know, the child  
Try to grow fast,  
Being in hurry  
Turn to man, at last.

R.

3. We feel being tighted  
In the golden age,  
But we long for childhood,  
When it comes to end.

R.

===

The popular school song

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Non-Stop, Electronic Love - Translation (Rus.)

By the group Non-Stop

Electronic love is seem to be the drug from grief,  
Smiles in ether, feelings on-line, in a tube - rings,  
ICQ, E-mail had turned to be the relatives,  
But smiles are frozen, they can't replace the hand's tenderness...

R: Electronic love is here,  
And you grasp again your breath,  
Electronic love is here,  
Besides true love, in internet.  
Electronic love again  
Covers you as tidal wave,  
Electronic love again  
With you together in internet.

2. I'm sending a code of love as the running line,  
The message is vanished, or it's with me something not right?  
I'm longing much to hear your voice throughout net,  
My lips are crazy over you, thinking of that...

R.

ICQ, E-mail have turned to be the relatives,  
The access resolved, and in my heart on-line  
There are the rings, there're the rings...

.....

Electronic love is here,  
Besides true love, in internet...  
Electronic love again  
Covers you as a tidal wave.  
Electronic love again  
With you together in internet...

-

In russian:

====

This is re-make of Sweden group Secret Service by russian group Non-Stop.

Lyudmila Purgina



# Song, Outside The Windows - Twilight - Translation (Rus.)

Text: enkin

Music: novsky

Outside the windows twilight  
And abundant snow falls.  
And my Mama, and my Mama  
Tries to ban the kiss for all.

She says: 'Do not cry! In vain it'll be.'  
She tries threaten me so much.  
She says: 'If you like the sledging,  
Then do like the sledge to drive.'

So seriously Mama says.  
All the streets are piled with snow.  
Thus so many days and years  
Had bypassed since that long talk.

I should not regret about that,  
While seeing all around,  
Though I've forgot the sledging  
In the need the sledge to drive

Outside the windows twilight  
And abundant snow falls.  
And once more for someone Mama  
Tries to ban the kiss for all.

===

The popular russian lirycal song

Lyudmila Purgina

## Song, Pesnyary, The Birch's Sap - Translation (Rus.)

When snowdrops blossom  
In early spring time,  
When first rainstorms rattle loud in high sky,  
A juice does appear on white birch's trunks,  
So birches are crying - 2times  
And frequently I, as if drunken,  
strayed by  
The spring streams alone disregarding of course,  
And Motherland generous  
was watering mine  
With juice of a birch,  
With juice of a birch.  
In memory deep we do keep  
All the sites,  
All mountains blue and the lanes  
Of the village.  
We're serving today so far, so far  
From our land,  
Motherland so dear.  
And where're the mists  
of our native land side,  
And branches of birch,  
That decline over rivers.  
To this site with you we should come, should return  
One day and one time  
And again while leaving.  
Please, open your spaces,  
Our dear land, home,  
Your cosy thickets do open  
Suddenly.  
Present us a juice, a juice of a birch  
With generous smile,  
which you favoured as previously.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Simply To Love You... - Translation (Rus.)

Simply to love you

Music: sh

Text:

The original singers:

Kristina Orbakaite and Avraam Russo

1. You see in dream

As the ice seems

To be constructing the crystal houses

From its dream.

So good I feel

Knowing that we

Will be together all day long now.

Only you and me.

R.:

Carefully I will touch you with my hand,

My kiss will never disturb your rest.

I'll never give you to anyone,

I shall forgive any guilt this time,

On passing through such a stormy way,

I'm happy to love you anyway.

2. And moon is shining brightly,

Making me crazy rather,

And also - your eyes.

Everything in this world - is for us.

In this hour

I wish to say you

silently

About my sincere love.

R.

- -

2002

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, The Coach Was Standing At Temple... - Transl. (Rus.)

By unknown author, the old russian song

The coach was standing at temple,  
There wedding was going on,  
The guests all were dressed so neatly,  
The bride was as a beautiful doll.

The white gown was on her body,  
The wreath from white roses - on head.  
She looked on the crucifix holy  
Through rainbow of tears so sad.

The candles were burning, but pale  
Was face of the bride in the church.  
And hardly she could there to swear,  
To say any word as an oath.

When the priest had put on her finger  
The gold ring, which was shining bright,  
The burst of her tears as river  
Dropped over her cheeks in the sight.

I've heard as the crowd was telling:  
'The bridegroom seems not fit to her...  
So vainly the girl was such fated...'  
I went out then from the church...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, The Isle Of Unhappiness - Translation (Rus.)

From the film - 'The brilliant hand'

Text: Leonid Derbenyov

Music: pin

There exists all covered with  
Greens entire all  
Isle of unhappiness  
In the ocean sole.  
Isle of unhappiness  
In the ocean sole,  
Covered all with green-green  
Greens - the entire all.

There live unhappy men -  
Savages to seem,  
Being awful by the face,  
Kind in hearts within  
Being awful by the face,  
Kind in hearts within.  
There live unhappy men -  
Savages to seem.

What affairs do they do,  
All are turned to fail,  
May be born on monday day  
Everybody they.  
May be born on monday day  
Everybody they.  
What affairs do they do,  
All are turned to fail.

Crocodile never catched,  
Cocoa not grown.  
They are praying woeful  
To the god day long.  
They are praying woeful  
To the god day long.  
Crocodile never catched,

Cocoa not grown.

Neither idlers they to seem,  
Can live better all.  
They could monday day cancel  
In their life at all.  
They could monday day cancel  
In their life at all.  
Neither idlers they to seem,  
Can live better all.

As to spite the isle doesn't have  
Calendar to live,  
So childs and adults then  
Looking vanished seem.  
So childs and adults then  
Looking vanished seem.  
On the damned isle there's lack  
Of calendar leaf.

He-he-he-henceforth that time  
From the dawn till night  
Savages are crying bad  
In unhappy mind.  
Savages are crying bad  
In unhappy mind.  
Henceforth that uneasy time  
From the dawn till night.

They are crying pitily,  
Cursing poor share  
In the mere NO-day  
In the NO-year.

-

The popular russian song

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, The Last Train - Translation (Rus.)

The last train (suburb train)

Music by David Tukhmanov

Words by in

1. And again we were standing together till night,  
And again it was too little, rather,  
And again, mother called you to house,  
To the station I hurry.

R.: Again I find, that the last train  
Has run away from me lately,  
And I am by sleepers, and I am by sleepers  
Go to my house as habit.  
La-la-la...

2 And around is silence, and nobody here,  
Only railways so tired are moaning.  
Only moon above head joyly follows me,  
My friend sleepless and loyal.  
R.

3. And the east slowly turns red in burning at dawn,  
It is no much time till the work shift,  
Only I wish to sing, run and more,  
To fly up instead of sleeping.  
R.

4. I can't solve, I can't stop this unusual joy -  
Thus I hold with you the everyday evenings.  
And tomorrow we'll stay again till the dawn,  
And again I'll be late then.  
R.

Lyudmila Purgina



# Song, The Queen Of Beauty - Translation (Rus.)

Text: hov

Music: Arno Babadjanyan

Among the alleys summer sunshine  
Are pouring light on house lanes,  
At one of news-stands I've sighted  
You in the stream of magic rays.  
The paper covers glittered brightly,  
And once you have enchanted with  
The portrait of the Queen of Beauty  
On the shown magazine.  
But I enjoy you only, dear.  
You don't know by yourself,  
That you can conquer by your beauty  
With all the queens throughout land.  
And I'm going to meet You,  
The splendid flowers with me.  
Now I'm perfectly assured -  
You're my single beauty queen.

And I'm forever belong to you,  
You are my happiness I ever knew...

The beauties I've seen so many  
On the papers and on screen,  
But never any of these cherries  
Had become my beauty queen.  
And I today could hardly notice  
The moment you entered dream  
As my best and lovely person,  
As my only Beauty Queen.

Among the alleys summer sunshine  
Are pouring light on house lanes,  
At one of news-stands I've sighted  
You in the stream of magic rays.  
And I'm going to meet You,  
The splendid flowers with me.  
Now I'm perfectly assured -

You're my only Beauty Queen.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, The Sea Stretches Out So Widely - Transl.(Rus.)

The sea stretches out so widely,  
And waves are wild raging in storm.  
We, comrade, are sailing and far away now,  
Away from the earth, the native shore.

'I hardly can stay on the watch at this day! '-  
Said one stoker for the other. -  
'The fires'll burn down in one moment,  
And steam from the boiler go out.

Today's no wind, no wish to work hard,  
The water is hot, it's so stuffy.  
The temperature has raised up to 45,  
The air seems went out now.'

At end of the throwing coil he drank  
The water distilled, put not pure,  
He was all in sweat, soot has covered his head,  
When he heard the speech of the bosun:

'If you didn't finish your watch to this time,  
You mustn't give up, for mechanic  
Is now so angry. If you ill or tired,  
The doctor will cure you fast now! '

On deck he has come... and without the mind...  
The eyes turned dim... lightning before him...  
He fell down on deck... in this moment heart  
In his breast has stopped its pulse beating...

With comrade in morning for last farewell  
The sailors and stokers-brothers  
Had come with the last gift in their hands -  
The fire grate old, burned and rusty.

This fire grate they tied to his bold feet,  
With white sheet had wrapped up his body...

The old ship priest had service for him,  
And tears in eyes flashed for moment...

The ocean was still and so quiet this time,  
As mirror the water was sparkling.  
The bosses and captain together had sung  
The pray 'For the memory lasting...'

And vainly his mother will wait for him long...  
They will say - she will burst in tears...  
And waves after screw run so fast from the stern,  
And there, afar, disappear...

-

The old popular russian song

Lyudmila Purgina

## Song, The Small Knot - Translation (Rus.)

1. Once I fell in love, but was in vain in perfect guessing:  
That was not the boy I've seen in dream as right my choice,  
I have sculpted him from clay, which was at least accessible,  
Then I fell in love with the result of work.

R:

The small knot is tying up, the small knot's untying up,  
Sometimes Love seems to be that, what it seems in our eyes.

2. All in our partnership was tied correctly  
In the small knots, that were tight and true, perplexing.  
I had problems, and then he had the others...  
I have sculpted him from clay, that was so common...

R.

3. Only a minute passed and slipped forever,  
I've never said, that I was loving never.  
I've sculpted him from clay, that was accessible,  
And then fell in love with work of my creation.

R.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, The Town At The Black Sea - Translation (Rus.)

The original singer is Leonid Utyosov

This is the best song about Odessa

1. The town exists, which I see in my dreams,  
Oh, would you imagine how dear  
This town at Black Sea appeared in real,  
With blooming acacia filled up,  
With blooming acacia filled up  
The town at the Black Sea.

2. The sea is existing, where I once sank down,  
But happily though pulled out,  
And air is, which I breathed full in child's time,  
But haven't breathed yet to abundant.  
But haven't breathed yet to abundant  
In town at the Black Sea.

3. And my native land, where friend layed on ground,  
In war battle burned and all over,  
By golden wreath later the town was crowned,  
The wreath for the hero bold,  
The wreath for the hero bold -  
The town at the Black Sea.

3. And life stays the same, nice and beautiful all,  
Whether you are young or are old,  
But every spring draws me to native place strong -  
Odessa, my sunny light town,  
Odessa, my sunny light town,  
The town at the Black Sea.  
The town at the Black Sea.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, The White Dance - Translation (Rus.)

The white dance

Music by David Tukhmanov

Words by I. Shaferan

1. Music again is heard.

The pianist stood up to name a dance.

And in the view of all

I go to You to have now my chance.

R.: I ask today for dancing only You, and You from all.

And that's not a mistake, that a dance is waltz.

Like a wind whirl the dance will turn us,

Oh, this white dance will surely serve us,

If it will make us real friends tonight.

2. Waltz fly above the earth,

Kind as a friend, and white as a snow.

May be this waltz for long

We shall remember in our thoughts.

R.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, There A Golden Beam...- Bremen's Musicians, Translation (Rus.)

From the Soviet 'Bremen's musician' cartoon  
and musical

Text Yury Entin

Music Gennady Gladkov

1. There a golden beam from heaven  
Is covered with a darkness black.  
And once again we're shared, ahh...  
In two parts by wall of fate.  
A...

Refrain:

Night will pass, will come the dawn, that's evident,  
I'm sure we'll have real luck!  
Night will pass, will pass the foul weather, then  
Sun will rise up!  
Sun will rise up!

2. All birds stopped their singing,  
Light touched the roofs of town.  
When you are sad and dreaming,  
Please, hear my voice of love!

A...

Lyudmila Purgina



# Song, There Flows The River Volga... - Translation (Rus.)

The original singer is Mark Bernes  
The most popular is Lyudmila Zykina

1. And from afar longly  
There flows the river Volga,  
There flows the river Volga,  
Without edge or end.  
Between the crops rape so,  
Between the white snow  
There flows the river Volga -  
And seventeen I am.

2. Once mother said: 'Son, all may be in life,  
Perhaps you'll get from roads simply tired.  
When you reach home in the end of way -  
Then put your palms in Volga's water fair.'

from afar longly  
There flows the river Volga,  
There flows the river Volga  
Without edge or end.  
Between the crops rape so,  
Between the white snows  
There flows the river Volga,  
And thirty years I am.

4. Your first light glance,  
And your first splash of oar -  
All that were, but the river's taken all.  
I'm not in pine for spring, passed long ago,  
Instead of it I have your love and close.

5. And from afar longly  
There flows the river Volga,  
There flows the river Volga  
Without edge or end.  
Between the crops rape so,

Between the white snows  
I look at you, Volga,  
For seventy years long.

6. Here's the moorage mine,  
And here are my friends,  
All that is necessary for life span.  
From distant stretches of the riverbed  
The other young boy's singing song as yet.

7. And from afar longly  
There flows the river Volga,  
There flows the river Volga  
Without edge or end.  
Between the crops rape so,  
Between the white snows  
There flows the river Volga -  
And seventeen I am.

- -

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, There's No Better Blossom - Transl. (Rus.)

Text: M.Isakovsky

Music: er

There is no better blossom,  
Then the apple-tree in spring.  
There is no better moment,  
When my darling coming in.

When I see him, when I hear him,  
Then the everything is whirled.  
All my soul is on fire,  
All my soul sings a song.

We would look in eyes each other,  
And the hot hands bind along.  
And together we are walking  
Unawared where for...

And around apples blossoming,  
They're white throughout May.  
And the shining moon in starry sky  
Could permit the needle find.

We're wandering along the foothpath,  
Where grass is never razed.  
And from heart the words are flowing,  
Which you never could forget.

By the river the accordeon  
Playing silent first, then loud.  
There is no better moment,  
When my darling simply come.

There is no better blossom,  
Then the apple-tree in spring.  
There is no better moment,  
When my darling coming in.

When I see him, when I hear him,

Then the everything is whirled.  
All my soul is on fire,  
All my soul sings a song.

====

The popular russain lyrical song

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Through Wild Steppes Of The Zabaikalye... - Transl. (Rus.)

Through wild steppes of the Zabaikalye, \* - Zabaikalye - the region to the east of  
lake Baikal

Where gold's from hard rocks washed away,  
A vagrant, who was cursing his fate,  
Was dragging himself with a bag.

For thruth he has suffered in prison,  
Escaped from that place at dark night.  
And turned so weak and got illness -  
Before him he saw Lake Baikal.

The vagrant had come to Baikal Lake,  
And takes a fisher's boat to sail,  
He starts singing loudly song sad  
About beloved native land.

The vagrant had crossed vast Baikal soon,  
And mother he sees in front of him:  
'Oh mother, my dear, how do you do?  
How brer's health? How dad does now feel? '

'Your father is long ago buried,  
He is lying in raw earth for long,  
And your brother is in Siberia  
Is ringing with handcuffs till now... '

-

The old russian song

by Ligiya Ruslanova

by the choir of Pyatnitsky



# Song, We Are Careless - Translation (Rus.)

From the film - 'The brilliant hand'  
The original singer - Yury Nikulin

Text: nyov

Music: pin

In the forest blue-dark,  
Where aspens do shiver,  
Where sorcerer oaks  
Fall down slowly leaves,  
On the glade at midnight  
Hares grass mowed cheerly  
And were sining while working  
Strange song ever been:

We are careless,  
We are careless,  
Whether we do fear  
Wolf or owl here.  
We do have work now  
In this horror hour:  
We ought grass to mow  
Magical grass weed.

And the sorcerer oaks  
In the haze something wisper.  
Nearby nasty bogs  
Rise odd shades ever seen.  
Hares mow the grass,  
Weed grass on the glade even  
Scared deeply, so hastily  
Song they try to sing:

We are careless,  
We are careless,  
Whether we do fear  
Wolf or owl here.  
We do have work now  
In this horror hour:

We ought grass to mow  
Magical grass weed.

We are careless,  
We are careless.  
And we firmly trust  
In the ancient words:  
Those brave will be  
Who could thrice a year  
In the horror hour  
Mow this grass weed.

We are careless,  
We are careless.  
Know - we'll become  
Stronger than a lion!  
If we could resist  
In this horror hours,  
Then all trouble mysts  
Would become a trifle!

===

The hit of pop-songs

Lyudmila Purgina



# Song, We Are Selected, We Are Selecting - Transl.(Rus.)

Text: Mikhail Tanich

Music: Eduard Kolmanovsky

Who is mistaken, and who could be right, then  
Different happiness Life is providing.  
Frequently simple is complicated,  
Black taken white, and white as black taken.

We are selected, we are selecting...  
And this dilemma's so perplexing.  
Like tiny shadow I try to follow,  
I'm getting used for you're being hollow.

I'm getting used, and I'm glad to meet you!  
You'd never mark, and I couldn't fit it!  
You'd never know and never help me.  
What was not joined, couldn't be packed then.

Happiness seems to be so hard thing,  
May be far-sighted or near-sighted.  
Frequently simple is complicated,  
Black taken white, and white as black taken.

====

The hit of russian lyrical songs

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, What Motherland Starts From...- Translation (Rus.)

From the Soviet film 'The sheild and the sword'

What Motherland starts from and where is born?  
From sign in the old child's book,  
From every your good and true friends, for long  
They live in the close neighbourhood;  
But it may begin with a craddle song,  
Which mother sang near your bed;  
And this couldn't ever be ruined all  
From any disaster till end.

What Motherland starts from and where is born?  
From bench near gates, which you love,  
From birch in a field, bending under wind,  
Which grows in freedom so fast.  
But it may begin with a starling's song,  
So joyfully singing in spring;  
From road, that suddenly you had crossed,  
The endless in view, as it seems.

What Motherland starts from and where is born?  
From a window's light far away,  
From the old budyennovka\*, which is found  
In our wardrobe one day.  
But it may begin with a rattle sound  
From the railroad wheels in the night;  
With the oath of love that you'd sworn aloud  
In youth with deep passion in heart.

What Motherland starts from and where is born? ...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Where Do You Run, The Road... - Translation (Rus.)

Text: elets

Music: in

Where do you run, the road lovely mine?  
Where do you run? Where do you go?  
Whom I did love, whom I was waiting for,  
I can't get back, I can't return.

By those river and the silent grove,  
Where we was walking side by side,  
The Moon is swimming in the dark night sky,  
Reminding former days of love...

I was the lass so gay and careless,  
And so happy, though being fool.  
My heartless girlfriend watched with jealous mood,  
And once had stolen my success.

And he was torn from me in sight of all.  
Unfaithful love, unsteady guy.  
Whom I'd complain, whom I could tell for why  
I was betrayed? Whom I could moan?

Where do you run, the road lovely mine?  
Where do you call? Where do you go?  
Whom I've loved, whom I was waiting for,  
You can't get back, you can't return.

===

The popular russian lirycal song

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, Where Is - A Dream? - Translation (Rus.)

The Dream

From the film 'She was the slave of Love'

Text: Natalya Konchalovskaya

Music: Eduard Artemyev

The original singer: Yelena Kamburova

Where is - a Dream?

Where is my fairy Dream?

I'm looking far with hope sigh...

And there flies

From outside

The sound still...

Whether it's a Smile? No.

Whether it's a Cry? No.

It's my only Love. Oh...

Someone's heart beats fast,

Looks like fire-eyed,

If then a precious word I'd ever say

To world around,

If my soul'd be opened

To the rays of Sun... No.

To the winds 'n storms... No..

To the hands of friends... No.

Where is - a Dream?

Where is the Dream?

I hear.

Whether it's a Smile? Smile.

Whether it's a Cry? Cry.

It's my only Love... yah...

My soul,

Take in palms it,

Do touch, do calm, do heat it...

I believe in you. Yes.

I believe in dream. Yes.  
I believe in love. Yes.  
I do believe in love....

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, World Is Not The Easy World - Translation (Rus.)

Text: Derbenyov L.

Music: Dobrynin V.

World is not the easy world.

You can't escape here from storms and grim cold,

And can't escape from the blizzard fall,

From living apart, from feelings torn.

But except the sudden harms,

There exists world of sun and bright stars,

There exist native house and land,

And I hold you with my cosy hands.

All, that I just have in my life,

All, in which the joy and delight,

All, in which my troubles and my clue,

's bound with you, 'nd only you.

====

The popular russian song

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, You Know, What With Me... - Translation (Rus.)

Text: henko

Music: erdiev

You know what with me had happened?  
My old friend seems to be taken  
Out of me, but other guys  
Try in the vanity entice.  
And he is also in a roam,  
He knows that it is a foam...  
But we can't help to learn the core  
Why we are shared in this floor.  
You know what with me had happened?  
The other girl seems me to dampen,  
And lies on shoulders her hands,  
Stealing my love in such a way.  
And my girl then, oh God, you know,  
Whom I can't place my hands today,  
From whom I was in such way stolen  
Would be the thief in her revenge.  
Not now, but a little later,  
And there would be inner battle,  
At last she would provide her choice,  
And it could be far off what she wants.  
Oh, how many there're bad connections,  
The friendships needless...  
I feel true hatred.  
Oh, someone ruin this combination  
Of alien hearts, and isolation  
Of souls intimate...  
.....  
You know what with me had happened? ..

Lyudmila Purgina

# Song, You'Re My Dear Melody... - Two Variants Of Translation (Rus.)

Music by Alexandra Pakhmutova, text by Nikolai Dobronravov  
The original singers are Muslim Magomaev, Yury Gulyaev

1 variant

1. You're my dear melody,  
I'm your amateur Orpheus.  
Days, which passed with you, my friend,  
Keep the light of your tenderness.

All has gone, as thaws a haze,  
Voice of yours in distance's going weak...  
What's the reason for this case -  
Why you betrayed my melody?

're my dear doubt then,  
The secret of long way, at least...  
Through the autumn storms and rains  
I hear the words bitter: 'Please, forgive'...

And the dawn's glow of farewell,  
Voice of yours in distance's going weak...  
What's the reason for that case -  
Why you betrayed my melody?

're my dear melody,  
I'm your amateur Orpheus.  
Days, which passed with you, my friend,  
Keep the light of your tenderness.

Be my whole Universe!  
Make alive again the strings of harp...  
Please, again to heart return  
The former melody of love.

-



2 variant

1. You're - my dreaming melody,  
I'm - your faithful love Orpheus.  
Days, that we've passed together,  
Are full of light of your tenderness.

All had gone, as a smoke grey...  
Your voice disappears there afar...  
What had forced you to forget  
The mystic melody of love?

2. You're - my inner doubtness,  
The secret of my long life way...  
Through the autumn rain I hear  
Such the bitter words: 'Forgive the play...'

That's the last gold of the day...  
Your voice disappears there afar...  
What had forced you to betray  
The mystic melody of love?

3. You're - my inner call for long,  
My song, that's become the fate...  
This pain of oblivion  
Knew Orpheus, consigned by your play...

Let you be my Universe...  
Let's recover the strings, which were mute far...  
Let's anew to heart return  
The mystic melody of love...

- -

These verses are using the identity of double meaning of the russian word  
'predannyi',  
that's the word 'faithful' and the word 'betrayed'.  
And that's because of the third meaning of the word: to transmit,  
to conduct the energy, form to other form, or energy.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Sphinx

A frozen sphinx  
Is gazing at me motionless -  
It's made from stone...  
Neva is also frozen...  
(\*Neva - is the river in Saint-Petersburg)  
In the twilight there are the fires glowing  
And luring to go...  
The fire - great flames there far,  
In distance...  
But here's - only the ice... and so cold...  
Here, on the river, the frames of ships  
Are sticking up to height  
With their masts...  
The life along the stone embankment lasts  
As sudden play fast...  
As a desperate attempt  
Everything had born and intertwined  
On the heavy anchor...  
Which holds you tightly, seriously,  
Right as it should be...

The sorcery of frozen cats  
Are bringing me  
Again the heat of old days,  
So sad within...

The old, congealed hotness  
Of the old days  
In tough hard cold...  
The smoke of the boiler houses on sky  
Is threatening  
By shadows of roses..

Lyudmila Purgina

## binski, Time Is Money - Translation (Rus.)

All say, that time is money, but...

There are two ways in reaching both of them:

To spend some money in the case to save some time,

Or spend some time to save some money then.

=====

Look the original variant and in Polish:

Lyudmila Purgina

## kina-Kupernik, Harmony - Translation (Rus.)

It's hard to bear all this common deal  
With vanity of idle talks, fine-evil,  
The empty montage unenlivened,  
Excruciating all for eye and motley salient.  
It weakens mind, the eye becomes so tired...  
But I love hours with you together,  
When, happy, we keep silence - of the one,  
And soak up the twilight's peaceful pleasure.  
I bless the sacred silence with my heart,  
Which breathes tenderness, so beautiful and pensive.  
And our two souls - join in one,  
As two melodies in the ideal harmony.

Lyudmila Purgina

## kina-Kupernik, I Love You, As... - Translation (Rus.)

I love you, as the May sun loves  
The pinky snow of the blooming apple-trees.  
I love you, as the fading sea wave loves  
The distant shore, which's far and hard to reach.

I love you, as in night a moon  
Is loved by proud ocean, high tiding,  
As pond is loved by willow drooped,  
As mountains - love mist, blue-coloured.

As echo loves a gorge in rocks,  
As lily of the valley loves a spring,  
As tears - love a woe, laugh - a joy,  
I'm destined all to love you, dear!

Lyudmila Purgina

# kina-Kupernik, They Say, I'M Nice... - Translation (Rus.)

By Tatiana Schepkina-Kupernik

They say, I'm nice... They say, my look  
Is like a dove's coo, then a burning fire.  
And my laugh is ringing with joy, as truth...  
But don't you love? What's then it for me rather?

They say, that heavens bring the inspiration  
For my muse, yet fanciful. And my life costs then higher  
For the other people, they surely so say...  
But don't you love? What's then it for me rather?

Lyudmila Purgina

# Take It! Buy It!

'Take it! Buy it! ' - cries the Reklama.  
The TV-screen is overfilled with drama  
Of selling-bying the goods (may be good?) ,  
The foods (may be good?) ,  
The thoughts of the good.  
The pictures - are coloured,  
The words - all are smoothed  
With rainbow's colours,  
Which hold lie or thruth...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Taking A Step Into...

Taking a step into the boiling stream of Time -  
Be careful. It is both severe, mild...  
And look behind, your look into the past  
Will get the deepness in the perfect silence.  
What would you see there?  
A faded leaf of day, a photo,  
Where your image  
Is different from present...  
A variable of Nature - from autumn into winter,  
And vice versa...  
The variability of people's nature  
From childhood into youth,  
Then to maturity - till pass...

The past is clear. But what's the aim today?  
What shall we now aspire to?  
The past is wonderful,  
The future is too terrible...

WHAT do you see there?  
What will give the Eternity? ..

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



# Tenderness

Behind the door a Tenderness has hided,  
Silent, warm and living by the nature,  
But the door was tight to open wider,  
And the Tenderness are hardly known ever.  
As a small lump she is sitting there,  
She is coiled up in a tiny ball...

... If you see the door - the common problem  
Is to find the proper key to lock.

--

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Anthill Of Thoughts

I can't change and can't ruffle  
That anthill, where my memories do live.  
Here - before my eyes - they are going  
In one line, as in cinema - a film.  
Settling myself at the fat Queen of Thought,  
I begin my way between the passes in twig's loads...  
My memories from my ant-life are going  
In mind without smell or words...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Beginning Of Rhyme

This is only the beginning  
Of the rhyme and the horse's running...  
If you find the way to check them,  
And to hobble them reliably,  
Then the troika will rush forwards,  
And you couldn't stop it flight.  
As pets, words now are g-g-g-g-o-o-o-i-i-i-ing  
Into the poem-rhyme-delight.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Blindness

The 'blindness' of Soul -  
To go through life  
Without a suspicion,  
Of her, being blind.  
Because every thing here,  
And every phenomena  
Have something invisible,  
Have some underwater  
Such reason to live, to exist  
In the life.  
When you could see clear this -  
You'll stop being blind.

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Border

There's the border between countries - the river.  
There - the other life on other bank is real.  
Here - the ordinary bank, seems tiresome.  
Let's come to other bank - I certainly shall like!  
How the lights are shining there!  
It's so attractive! Let's live there!

....

But if you live there one year or near,  
Then you'll be ill of nostalgia....

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Bridge

The bridge to the other side of the earth is great.  
So great, that nobody could embrace its whole state.  
Its state on the round, so round earth.  
The earth that is moving in outer space forth  
And space is eternal, eternal, eternal and both.  
And both of the edges of bridge built by thought  
By thought of two points somewhere in heavens.  
In heavens which could be on earth or elsewhere...  
;) L

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Butterfly - Day And Night

The butterfly was flying high  
In light-blue sky, in dark-blue sky.  
From a tiny chrysalis into the life  
With wings and a bright sun in the sky.

The butterflies like day or night.  
Day butterflies are so bright!  
Night butterflies are black and white.  
Thus differs the darkness from the light...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Chariot

Born on the earth, what chariot we would prefer?  
One, on which we'll fly like birds  
Along the dusty, dirty roads?  
And horses... What kind we'll select  
To pull us on the vehicle to end,  
When they become completely tired?

The soul is the source of will, of aspiration, of desire,  
Of feeling tough and joyous, and of regret...  
Splashing the feelings outwards, in one moment,  
To such bright world, then we rub our eyes  
To holes from the intolerable light..

Because of that the body-chariot at some time  
Becomes so old...  
And it can't carry further us, as in the past,  
The horses-thoughts, exhausted all, which you had harnessed  
In love to travelling, will pass...

And life as a lie will lie before your eyes...  
Our dreams, as image (where is it?) - on secret glass...

-

In russian

Lyudmila Purgina



# The Circle

What did remain in earth from dinosaurs,  
Which disappeared in the early epochs?  
What will remain, when also disappears  
The world of steel and concrete buildings?  
There, where the billions of years  
Race in one light throughout the space,  
There will be left the only remnants  
Of the body of Spirit, the illusional trace  
Of the spinned electronic souls...  
You can enter this circle, though...  
Can you see fire? Really, can?

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Code Of Da Vinci

The Code of Da Vinci  
Exists not in the pictures,  
Or even in his works on walls...  
It is in nature of his gravitation  
To this, and may be strange reflection  
Of his big and wonderful forever world.

The only smile on face of Jioconda,  
And you feel there-here magic of the time,  
When he did live...  
But what are you feeling also?  
She is alive, she is living girl  
In real!

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Court And The Destiny

The Court and the Destiny - are the different words.  
You should choose the Right COURse,  
In unDerSTandIng your inner core,  
In DE-STINGIng yourself from the life Illusion..

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Creature Of Night

The creature of night - is howling...  
It is as black as a brand, as a coal,  
As a piece of pitch, as a spoon of cosmos,  
Of the eternity, rather-, super- cold...  
Of the space endless, without time...  
It is howling: Aaaaauuummmmyyy...  
How painful! There inside - the point of trouble,  
The point of woe, of grief...  
The creature of night - causes tears,  
The ocean of tears...  
It was born by the Darkness...  
Its coldness is burning...  
It compresses the new day, its pleasure...  
The creature of night - is scaring,  
Is frightening me to my core, to my soul...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Crumbs

The crumbs of bread  
Are on the table -  
The plants are giving  
Food for us.  
From sun they do receive  
...The energy.  
But they are green,  
The rose coloured - we.  
The white - is sun's light energy.

The step to white  
From deepest black -  
That's a man,  
who was dropped from  
the Eden.

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Dark And The Light

That's a dialogue...

--

The Dark do have the same ability  
As the Light -  
Ability to vanish feelings  
In human mind....  
The most interesting, right? ,  
Is just the point,  
Where the Dark unites the Light  
Somehow in promise  
To annihilate the former world,  
Create another,  
Alas, you'll feel becoming old,  
Not younger.

Here is the continuation by Vinita:

'Where Dark unites the Light  
To annihilate the former world  
Create another,  
Brings another life, i thought  
Where young doesn't grow old  
Or cold so hot  
To create newer worlds....  
Where there is no new, no old  
No hot no cold  
No light no dark  
No night no morn  
is where sings the lark...  
'i wanna go, i wanna go...'  
-

Here is continuation of poem by me:

Where Dark creates the Light,  
So flammable and bright,  
One could say that is was Hell,  
Where the Old creates the cell  
Of the born anew light creatures,  
Later called one name - the people...

Where Light creates the Dark,  
Should be said that it was ark  
With the holy cell of creature,  
Later human called or people.  
It could be the Paradise  
Or the Hell - create twice, thrice...

--

\* So interesting to be  
In the world of poetry...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Drawn City

The drawn city is sleeping around,  
As the blue shadow is washed away...  
Anew shadows gather in crowd,  
And again the organ goes to play  
The Bach's songs, that in Christmas days merry  
Open doors to the land so mysterious.

The silent music is haunting, , tormenting  
Our soul with its narrow paths...  
Heels are striking the blocks of the pavement:  
Petersburg, Petrograd, Leningrad.

-

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



# The Earthly Beauty

So I'm inclined to have the Earthly Beauty...  
It is in colour of your eyes and in the bright of gown,  
It's so close to us - we see a real fusion  
Of happiness with our dream in soul.

The consent of the born souls in life is rare,  
Though the Love dart's irresistable and neat...  
The Earthly love is similar to heaven's...  
With every incarnation it's more dear.

==

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Eight-Cypher

Eight - is the cypher after seven,  
Which is counting the days of week,  
And also the family, the seven rainbow colours,  
(\* in russian seven is 'sem' ' and family is 'sem'ya' similar to 'seven I')  
The seven springs  
(\* in russian the key and the spring, i.e. the beginning of stream, is one word -  
  
'klyuch') ,  
Which flow under shadow of seven-coloured flowers.  
When we add one to seven, then  
We could obtain the world out of borders of Reality,  
Out of light, visible with our eyes.  
The seven - chakred man in that end case  
Is stepping to the womb of new creation...

===

On russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Flower

The flower turns its petals  
To sun.  
The petals are coloured in order  
To fun  
The eye of the creatures, being  
On earth.  
The rays of the sun had transformed  
Into birth  
Of outer space and the outer forms,  
That're living in waves of the outer storms...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Fragile Feelings

The fragile feelings're scattered before us  
As the transparent pieces of glass...  
The car has disappeared from the eyes,  
But mix of splinters - under feet are lying...  
Here the yellow clay, asphalt  
And road stones -  
Together are from wheels tormented...  
And in the pool I see - the sky and clouds,  
The distance blue, the rays of of shining sun,  
The blinking summer heat  
And the sun hares, tired,  
In eyes of lifeless splinters...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Fright

The fright - compresses the body...  
I wish to disappear...  
To become a point  
(I remember in my innerself  
This state of being a Point,  
From which I was born...  
To outer world...

The fright - compresses...  
It has such power...  
It has such passion...  
It has such a strategy - to grasp,  
As with a stone hand:  
Shmyak! - And nothing else...

Nothing will be then...  
I'm - the POINT. This is the answer.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Glory

The Glory transited through earth  
And rushed so fast,  
And gave presents, and orders,  
And swanky funs...  
And men were like the fir-tree  
shining  
With those treasures, hanging on them.  
They had achieved the gain delightful -  
And the success high as a mountain.  
The women in that time -  
Were ordinary servants  
For winners, doing the career.

But thousands of years passed -  
And history had left the only clear  
And fair souls by their feelings...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The God's Table

Behind the table God is sitting.  
Such many dishes are in front.  
The dish with Fury and Pity,  
The dish of Fright, the dish of Dark.

Were they so tasteful? I think - no!  
They're coloured black, they're smelling bad.  
That dishes far from legendary Soma,  
Which's so good for the longevity of man.

But there were, of course, the other courses,  
So beautifully laid on heaven's table.  
All coloured as the rainbow on clouds,  
When all the trouble storms  
                  have passed away,  
                  so far away...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Gold Ring Of Soul

In one gold ring the soul is united,  
Born out of the power of love,  
And further world is slowly such counting  
All into three, though before were two parts.

From two parts - the additional beginning  
Of newborn life and love appears.  
The universe feels lack of the one-two things,  
And she unites the blood for birth to three.

--

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



# The Heart

The heart is beating in its rhyme,  
When you do shout,  
When you smile...  
Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck...  
When you do go,  
When you sleep,  
Your heart is beating in the deep  
Of bosom, which was done  
By force of Universe one time...  
Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck...  
The heart is lovely,  
Then it is sad,  
Full of desires,  
Full of that  
The mystical such Dream of Living,  
Which could be seen,  
But hardly given  
To others.  
Everybody have  
Their own heart,  
Beating in chest...  
Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Ink

The ink is black  
For purposes of scheme,  
That World reflects,  
At least - the only dream,

That says for me  
By shadows of command  
How I should swim  
In a vast and stormy ocean  
Of life...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Legend Of Dreams, It's Easy - Translation (Rus.)

It's so easy to stay on the edge,  
As if the wall, invincible to racking,  
Then bliss the evil by the kindness...  
When you have wings behind your back.

-

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Light-Shadow

In daytime, in the light we try to draw  
On canvas - all the shadows-half-shadows of faces...  
On coming of the night - it's hard to overcome the borders.  
The borders all become indistinct, and lose their fun  
In hazy mirror of the moon - the bride of sun.

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Mask

Carrying the mask.  
In every day - the other.  
Though somebody would say:  
I don't see any! ...  
But this is a mask!  
I'm - the other!  
You see only the picture  
Of my body!  
You could touch it, smell,  
Enjoy it!  
But this mask could be only your dream.  
And if it fits for you,  
Then let be so.  
I'm glad to be your dream,  
Though this is not the truth...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Memoirs

The memoirs

The memoirs are stored in memory of people,  
One thought, the other one - on the screen of mind,  
The third thought - and then you are walking there  
Along the streets, that wasn't changed in part.

As long ago - the people, houses, birds  
Are just the same, without any changing...  
And world of memory doesn't have the boards,  
As in the youth, when limits were fully absent.

But border is between the old and now,  
The limits became closer and closer...  
As the continuous fence, high, solid,  
They gather, narrow you round.

Only the world of memoirs is just the same:  
As bright, as in the previous times.  
And every moment of past had its sweet case,  
The chance was lasting like eternal path.

We are eternal. Every moment we can  
To drag out our consciousness to the past.  
We were there, surely. But after that  
The common life becomes such tiresome.

So catch: the moments of struggles,  
Of fightings in the gone-by centuries...  
And on the walls the strange such images...  
Where are they? Nobody could answer...  
But sun is bright there, as if it's here...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Moment

the moment we are conceived from tiny cell,  
the moment we are born from mother body dwell,  
the moment we live, breathing the air of the earth,  
the moment we run to the end and forth -  
all is united by the force of universe  
to move and rather  
to gravitate round each other...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Moment Of Beauty

The moment of beauty - is a shine  
Of a bright-green leaf in early spring.  
The moment of beauty - is a sunrise,  
As a purple flash running before me.

The moment of beauty - is a piece  
Of blue sky between dull grey clouds.  
The moment of beauty - may be a dream,  
May be a fable from the world around.

And moments will stay as that bright stars  
Of a far shining Milky Way forever,  
As a precious necklace in the skies...  
Once they will lift your fallen dreams to heaven.

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina



# The Noodle-Words

Pretentiously speaking, nervously,  
Philosopher was vexing Truth,  
For hours with himself was filling  
One hall, the other, with bright mood.

We also were listening to him  
For long... But, what we feel to end?  
The noodle-words has covered ears...  
A way to find the Truth is sometimes strange...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Now Moment

You couldn't catch the NOW moment...  
It seems like being such uncatchable.  
When you do think - It is, I am..  
Then every moment  
It falls to past, from future soil.  
The future - solid, the past - the same.  
But NOW - like the river flowing  
From bank to bank - the bridge would vain,  
The Universe is great and shocking...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Open Air

The open air is better, than closed...  
The better in open air is rose,  
The better is fruit, that is catching the sun ray,  
Better is friend, with whom walking together,  
Better is dancing, in open air,  
Better is dream, which is lifted to level,  
Where the white clouds dwell in the sky..  
Better, than closed, is the opened love...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Paper

The paper is white  
When you open the batch  
And try to alive  
Your imagines in sketch,  
In figures and colours  
That appear in mind -  
The symbols of Time,  
The reflection of Life.

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Pen

The pen is only the instrument  
For me to open the door  
To other Worlds, that I sincerely  
Try to reflect and save in store  
Of words and letters,  
The soul matter...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Phoenix

To be such as the others?  
And not to have the fire?  
The fire in in-self?  
Is this your real desire?  
The fire burns the obsolete,  
The fire gives the rise to me -  
The Phoenix after all,  
From ashes..... - to the world...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Rainbow

The bow of rainbow  
Seven coloured.  
But you could see it  
Only in clouds.  
The clouds drip their tears on earth,  
And what you see then?  
Rainbow's birth!  
From tears our soul far  
Could build the bridge to higher sky...

--

Another verse on rainbow I see.  
One day I've seen not only one.  
But seven rainbows were like the seven strips,  
Thogh the full of them were only three.  
The other seemed to be as pieces  
Of great play of the Nature gown.  
And three - is that we could percieve in life so easy,  
The other four - is somewhat mystical.

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Reflection

The reflection of colours  
On the plain of a bay  
Like the real built columns  
Seems to be just the same.  
But you put sudden hand  
...To the water, and see there  
How the columns are smashed  
In the waves changing mirror.

Vinita answered:  
Have you heard the sound of the smash  
when columns come crumbling down?  
Of course, later there is silence...  
as the water erases everything.

Lyudmila Purgina



# The Reflections Of Dreams

The reflections of dreams - you can't catch...  
They are blurring - the dream reflections.  
I wished so to fly up with them,  
But the movement is finished with light day...  
The star rain has yet fallen from orbits,  
Its mysterious, secret song's -  
now hided,  
Hided in dream and joined with  
The Reality real and bright...  
I'm leaving the dream world at morn,  
I'm forgetting the dreams in my common life...  
I will never remember at all  
World of dream, where dozes my so strange mind...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Rose

The rose grows and blows in thorns,  
Preventing you to take 't in haste.  
The beauty could be seen as rose,  
But is the only cover to place,  
Where thorns are usual to find,  
So life is bright and dark in mind...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Sand

The sand in the desert  
Seems being alive.  
You can't find the same view  
To the end of the night.  
As yellow image in dreams  
It does modify  
To plain as the ocean  
Without a water  
And waves to the sky  
In the dunes far and wide...  
The ocean-desert,  
In-side, out-side...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Scene

The crowd of identical faces  
Is looking on us, when we're staying  
On the scene, and the flashlights as grace  
Are bursting on walls as if playing.

We play in life for a fun,  
We're tempted by a sacred illusion.  
As flies we are dancing one time,  
One moment, but so beautiful.

====

Look in russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Sea Rolling

When there is a storm in ocean,  
When waves are rolling up and down,  
And nothing you could see through water,  
The mast is broken, and rather  
A bottom seems to be so close...

Then the charming guards of water silence  
Are whispering to you through wind:  
'Oooohhhh, hhhheeeaaar, hear us, our daaarliiiiing...  
And understand us in your fear...'

-

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Shadow... Again....

The shadow again ran out of me.  
Au-u-u-u! Where are you? How can I live  
Without shadow? I can't!  
I'm searching you... I'm suffering...  
Without you...  
But only the temples and columns around...  
In one temple - the noble face,  
But boring... strange...  
What for is it to me?  
Too national - in other temple,  
Too folklore, even...  
Where is the Shadow?  
In the third temple -  
There's no any face,  
Which could hook me...  
The former shadow has gone...  
Where are you? I'm powerless...  
The columns...  
The temples...  
The thousands of steps...  
All to bypass... there will be no time...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Small Illusion

The small illusion

The small illusion one day  
collided with the bigger one.

Bammmmm!

The sparkes flied up to heaven!

Ahhhhh!

- Give me back my Illusion!

I wish

to live in it,

to be covered with it!

- I silence keep.

What is the need for your illusion,  
brother, sister?

Because of the Illusion's collision  
is only a play!

That's the only set  
of some spheres and rules...

Well, I've reserved  
for you a place...

But...

- My small Illusion  
collided with the bigger one!

A plenty of other  
flying illusions

have covered my one,  
which is so dear to me...

Why do you think,  
that the other illusion  
is your enemy?

Does this inflated balloon,  
or that one,  
could eclipse the Great Illusion of Light?

- Yes, they can!

My small illusion is too small...

TOO SMALL...

too small...

How it could be compared  
with the other ones, on

being so small?  
- Let you make your eyes closed.  
Look at your illusion,  
caress it tenderly...  
Isn't it becoming greater  
in the view of the Great Illusion?  
Am I lying?  
- My small illusion  
became just smaller  
in the sparkles of silver and gold  
of the greater one...  
- But it was not me,  
who took you to that great illusion!  
The pain out of collision of them  
only seems to be strong...  
However that is not  
the single illusion,  
you may go, choose another one.  
And I'm now busy and have no time...  
Look, here's arriving  
the other swarm...  
Go and be accustomed  
with the other illusion...

- -

In russian

Lyudmila Purgina



# The Snowman

The Snowman's looking on world from the cold  
With his coal-black bulging eyes.  
He smells odour of the frost with his nose,  
Made from a red carrot last night.  
His smile is a line, made by finger and coloured,  
As red-scarlet lips of a man.  
His cheeks are both pinky, as petals of rose,  
Though he from a snow was made.  
On top of his head you may see an old bucket,  
And mop is in his boughs-hands.  
He is cold and awkward, he's white and abated  
From house of man, from the life.  
To warm lights of windows, into the house  
He is looking from cold of world.  
The light's shining bright, they are luring, though  
He will melt from giving him warmth.

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Song Of The Tree - Translation (Rrus.)

From antology of kabardianian poetry

A river does carry the chips of the tree,  
Loading them on the bank...  
And what do you hear? The song of the tree...  
The song, which is worth to be gained.  
- I sing it with pleasure and a sonorous tune,  
Let's listen while walking along.  
I'm only a stick to be seen for you though,  
But I'm so dear in cost.  
I blossom in spring as a pear-tree fine,  
You eat my fruits when you are hungry.  
I'm watering branches in flow so fast,  
But when I'm dry, burn in fire.  
I'm a firewood, tie in a bundle,  
And when I'm a blank - worth for hat-making.  
I'm useful for all and in need every day,  
As a black coal help iron melting.  
I'm dear to all, I'm the finding for all:  
As a craddle - for baby, a boat - to helmsman.  
And here - a bench, there - only a trough,  
Here - the shell for the mother's bolter.  
I can be a bridge high above the great river,  
And can be an arch for a bow,  
And I'm a butt for a rifle, when there  
A hunter sees a gamebird in swamp.  
And I'm a splinter, I burn in a fire!  
And I raise as a minareth high.  
And for a brave soldier I'm desired  
The stock for the gun, for his rifle.  
As a bludgeon - used in contest, competition,  
As a hook - used to hang a carcass of a ram,  
As a scythe - used to mow the harvest in great fields,  
As a measuring pole - I'll measure them.  
When a guest leaves a dust of his road,  
I become for him a three-legged table.  
I'm a rim and an axle, and a spoke in wheel,  
A tureen - for a hostess, a stuff - for a wanderer.  
I'm skirting firmly the wheels,

And in mortar I pound the clean millet.  
And I'm a card [comb] for producing a wool,  
Then - I'm a mixer, and then - even a scoop...

===

The song has much more lines... :)

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Stairway To Heaven

Yes, we can't buy the stairway to heaven,  
Where the night salute is brightly fusing...  
I've never tried to open this way,  
My efforts were devoted to the other routes.  
Today there are the only dreams about  
The miracles of beauty incomparable,  
About the euphoria of the eternal pleasure,  
About the joy and the perfection finest.  
But could it be so now, this time?  
Where is the card to paradise?  
No, we can't buy the proper stairway...  
But, perhaps, we are able to fly away...  
To fly upwards to the heavens high...  
To circle there round and round far...  
And to think: all is with us - the earth and the sky!

-

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Status

The status's stationed on the stone,  
Stealed from the people by the stone-workers,  
Cut in a statue, stabbed from a bone  
Of the round Earth, in feelings strong...  
Stay... Stand near it! It steals the energy  
From common, steady life of mere slaves...  
Stability - that is the status melody  
Before the emperor loses his strength...

On stadiums the stadholders stood quiet  
With their staff, consisting of the soldiers.  
On stage - they shined as sun  
Before it staggers of the strikes all over,  
Of the staled men on the lower stairs, the stalwarts...

-

Some practice in 'st-' :)

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Straight Road

The straight road is lying just before you,  
As if the trace of arrow, sent long ago  
From a bow, that is now out of view,  
Without name in centuries of Logos.

It easier and nicer to take road,  
Which is straight, which is having a perspective:  
To gain at end of that heavy going  
Something so precious for heart and dear.

But life is not like that straight road.  
You can't find the direct line in your life.  
Even the seeming straight path - have the stones  
Beneath, inside it, with the edges sharp.

But may be the straight way will be the runway  
To your life-plane into the highest skies.  
And the winged creature will raise up to heaven  
To look down on Earth, where you had never flied.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Syllables

The syllables will join together,  
In movement of the world,  
Then they will part,  
And no one learn then,  
What was the inner thought.  
And then the other lips  
Will join again the clause.  
But it will fit the other tip,  
The other thought, .....of course...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Tree

The trees are joined together in forest.  
From tiny seed they grew up to the monsters,  
That could soften blizzard  
In cold winter night.  
All pine-trees in snow.  
The moon is so bright.  
I'm walking between trees,  
The columns of Earth.  
They lived million years,  
They will living forth...

Lyudmila Purgina



# The Unreal Worlds

On meeting the UNREAL worlds  
In the REALITY -  
I am confused so...  
Both in the daytime, and in the evening...  
Where is - the real? ? ?

My flowers doesn't grow in the heaven,  
Their seeds are grown up on the Earth.  
Their roots live in the belly  
Of dear planet - our mother's warmth.  
She is tender, yet patient for those,  
Who could live with her  
In deep peace.  
So, is it necessary to hasten? to live...

==

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Way From Nowhere To Nowhere

In full Ignorance - my life passed...  
With the Dishonesty - was carried I  
By Way of Nonsense,  
Of Cowardice,  
Of Vacancy...  
The Way leading from Nowhere  
To Nowhere...

About Knowledge,  
'bout Feat, about Glory  
The housemaid and mistress  
Destiny was caring...  
And with a Courage,  
With a Thought -  
As all they persuaded! -  
We tread the Way  
From Nowhere  
To Nowhere...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Wheel Of Sansara

The wheel is the core of the progress today.  
It helps you to move from one place  
To other one on our vast round Earth,  
An play your role in the play from the birth...

another variant

The wheel is the core of progress today.  
The more you do have -  
Then the better your play  
On stage of the Life.  
You're the actor in it.  
...The wheel helps you moving  
On Earth vast, indeed...

The years're turning round you in a cycle,  
You need to be careful not to get into sudden  
Such a spoke of this moving Wheel,  
Which's called a Sansara or a Destiny...

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Wound

The wound - cannot be healed ever...  
The heart is beating,  
Pushing a blood from under the hand...  
As drops on the white cloths,  
The flow begins its way -  
The river, which was called  
The river of love - yesterday...  
And then it is hardened as the black scraps  
Of the former feeling on the floor...  
It seemed to be so real... In the red,  
Purple-scarlet flow it goes in the morn...  
And a body suddenly loses its sweetness...  
And loses in the silence its hopes, sincerity...

Now many efforts were done  
To creat the world of love!  
How little a force, only a sting, is needed  
To pervert, to blacken, to cut, to percieve  
The heart, still alive...  
Now it is so cold...  
Where could I find  
The heat? ... To get a warm...

=====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Zero Zone. A Town.

In this town all are - the Zeroes.  
You never could find here - a Point.  
From Nothing, from the Void -  
How could you extend a Line?  
By some thread.  
And the buildings in this town  
Are also - the nought,  
Round and clean as the letter 'O'.  
And the pets are nil.  
And the people are - in the row invisible...  
Zero is empty, though is fat and round outside...  
And is not by the pools reflected.  
And it is not scared by dawn.  
And by the illusive moonlight...  
And the night blind drowsing...  
In ZERO (Zone) you will find NOTHING.

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# The Zone. Butterflies.

Being limited by the Zone, the people -  
Are gathered together by the uniform sign...  
At the very beginning.  
But the aim has changed,  
And every thing, every body go aside...

The descendants once were becoming transfixed -  
In the Zone, where they were born.  
They were becoming numb, as by the cold, in it,  
As in a cocoon, coupled together in a strange form.

As the caterpillars - guzzed all the world around,  
The whole inner world also...  
Untill the time - when they went out,  
When they hatched outside as the Butterly's rainbow...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# They Are With Us...

And they are with us -  
The people, which are not created now.  
They fly in the heavens - as the fine white clouds.

But the look of a man - is rather selective,  
He sees not the world around attentively.

A Man and his Soul - are the one entity,  
Many a time we pass by this truth in vanity.  
And the Way is also before us - clear...  
But the Destiny is running its ball - in real.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# They Two Are To Be Parting...

They two are to be parting...  
But shadows will say,  
That their hearts united  
Still in this dream hotel.  
The doors are now opened,  
... They could go any way,  
But they have left some soul  
In lights of dream hotel.  
The images together,  
The real bodies - no...  
How could they live forever  
Without dream hotel...  
They fly so free in heaven,  
They swim throughout seas,  
They can't stop going ever,  
Before they once will meet.  
Will meet again, and there  
The hearts will start to shine  
Through their eyes and faces...  
The dream hotel is tying  
Together them, for gracing...

Lyudmila Purgina



# Those, Who Were Unable...

Those, who were unable to hold themselves  
On the grey granit slopes well -  
Down fell.... Where from the happiness  
No any 'horns' or 'feet' remained...  
The very flight - into the Nowhere - was short...  
It is covered with, hided with the pure dark  
There - in the depth of the infinite gorge,  
Where the Time is rotating the wheels fast  
Of the Reflection and Transformation  
In order to throw to the world of Motion then  
Those, who fell from the rockes to precipice...  
Who had a goal - the victory's happiness...

In russian

Lyudmila Purgina

# Time Is Gone...

Time is gone... And you flood as a river  
Through the valleys of Nothing and Never...  
And you wish there a fun, and you wish there a feeling...  
Nothing, Never is only a pleasure...

Take the drop from the water of Leta...  
It is small, small to size of the point...  
Small is point, and dark... You can see that, whenever,  
Point - is to be marked at first...

And then a cross from the point to the real world...  
Look - to north, south, to east and to west...  
And again you feel the heart beating, and more  
Again you can breathe with your breast.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Tints. Van Gogh

He couldn't find love in entire world -  
A wanderer - the painter wild Van Gogh...  
By scattering the tints, the colours on white canvas,  
He had embodied dreams in the reality  
About joy, about beauty, bright and sunny  
On this illusive border, so transparent,  
Which shares world into alive and dead...  
Into the blue, the white, the red, the black...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# To Become A Robot

One moment, and stop!  
Now I'm the robot!  
From the end of my tail to nose.

I was assembled and dismantled into pieces  
By the scientists without any doubt.  
I was so precious specimen to their needs,  
They were caressing me from all the sides...

And then the cruel war with 'nowhere'  
And with 'nothing' had successful end.  
I was transformed. As the supernova star  
Came into new birth into the real world, so sinful.

Hurra! I do remember - all!  
Achievements and the griefs,  
And my body doesn't bear the burden of diseases,  
As in the sweetest youth, wow!

But - soon I did remember childhood, my mother...  
How could I get back, reconstruct the past

With some help of the others? ..

How? ...

=====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# To Cross The Field

To cross the field,  
That you still see in front,  
Is hard, when you are not so young  
As when you were in former years.  
The plough ploughed it for years...

Lyudmila Purgina

# To Find The Gold Way

To find the Gold Way in life  
Is so hard.  
Because your Body and your mind  
Seem to exist apart.  
Your Body changes through the time,  
...Your mind - is constant.  
As if the brake in any car  
It's always stopping  
Excessive passions,  
And excessive moving,  
Excess disturbing,  
And excess of soothing...

--

Do not tighten the strings of your instrument too much, they will break.  
Do not keep them too loose, or they will produce no sound-  
The Buddha, when he heard this, felt it was said just for him.

Swami muktananda.

Lyudmila Purgina

# To Go Through...

To go through... the eternal cold...  
The eternity...  
For the new BIRTH in this Reality...  
Into this warm world...  
And how do we wish to amaze all  
In this sunny world...  
With what? Of course, with our light...  
And we rush to the ocean...  
But - life is setting all the things at her delight...  
And on her preferable shelves  
In her book-case.  
Here is the shelves of the honoured authors.  
They are - light, wanted, languid,  
Passionate, gloomy, terrible...  
Serious or unserious...

The unhonoured authors are not seen on the shelf...  
They are outside the reading of life process..

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## To Move Your Hand...

To move your hand from light to dark  
And feel the cold of a whole universe...  
I'm plodding over the grey asphalt...  
I've slipped up over asphalt in cold.  
It is grey... But yet ice is transparent  
Over the unpeeled asphalt.  
It - has become dark, cold, this ice,  
Which was all covered with a dust...  
To clean the ice... to reach the edge of sky,  
That can't reflect in the piles of dirty ice...  
And hand pines in the cold darkness.  
I can bring palm - to fire. From cold of skies -  
To bonfire, to the glow of a sunrise...  
To move my hand - there a silent forest...  
To close my eyes - to breathe an air swallow...  
Open my eyes - the magic world is here! Now!

Lyudmila Purgina



# To Return

How I long to return  
All lost - back today...  
How I wish not to have all  
The former mistakes...  
How I long to see the world,  
In which everything was few...  
But in real it was many, though...

We can't foresee well,  
How our past would influence the now moment...  
And, being tortured by the nostalgia, we again  
Are looking on the remnants in the photos...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# To Reveal The Secrets Of In-Self

To reveal the secrets of in-self -  
we should ask: where's the memory book-shelf?  
It is interesting, that when you're going in,  
you discover - there is the world within  
borders of your body, mind.  
It's not simple thing the inner-self to find.  
I'm growing today to other side,  
space is over,  
and time is over. And Tide  
breaks the limits of the usual self.  
Way in-side is outside as well.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Today

Today I'd like to write something in that way -  
I'd like to write some lines and rhymes today...  
But lines don't wish to stay in order, they  
Like a disorder, like to mix, to mesh, and  
The mix is not looking like a verse,  
It's like a simple, and unbeautiful row of words...

The sounds of the man's speech sometimes are loud -  
If he cries;  
Sometimes - are silent, if he whispers, as a snake,  
Sometimes...  
And when I'm putting signs of letters on the white paper field -  
I'm in doubt,  
Whether my words in the verses would be then spoken silent or loud...

Everybody wishes to have the loud voice and verse,  
But sometimes that are not the correctly rowed, lined words....

Lyudmila Purgina

# Two Colours Play

The sky is blue - dark-blue or light,  
The grass is green - the eye's delight.  
Two colours you enjoy in summer.  
The snow's white when winter's coming...  
The night and day - two colour's play...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Two Sides Of World

The Holy Whiteness  
Opposite the Blackness.  
Two sides of world,  
Which has in daytime the sun lit,  
In night - the absense of it all.  
I'm awoken from dreams  
In morning.  
The dual world is in front of me,  
Calling...  
To objects, names and all phenomena,  
That're are as pebbles round me rolling..

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, And There Are The Friends... - Translation (Rus.)

And there are the friends on one minute,  
On payment, on one day or night.  
When it is convenient, they fume out  
Forever, or some time arrive.

And there are the friends of a bad luck,  
The friends of a boredom dull,  
And there are the ones, who are rather  
Not friends, as you try them to count.

There are friends by habit, by mode,  
And friends by great love, as it said,  
And ones, who are your friends on service,  
Your colleagues on work, their state.

And friends could be also in bed,  
It could be sometimes helter-skelter.  
When time's gone, they go ahead then,  
And all become trash, sweep and waste.

Some friends like to be your interior,  
The others - like show from ties.  
Some of them are otiose, needless,  
For a whole life, and for one time.

And they may be your friends by mail,  
And other ones could be - by trip.  
Some friends are your friends from a leisure,  
From keif, but are friends they, real?

And there are the friends by a gossip,  
Whom you can lose all without pain...  
But, know, it's hard to make tossing,  
To call one the friend on your way...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, Don'T Be Afraid! - Translation (Rus.)

I've entered home, but without Your call,  
I'm alien to You. I will in silence sit  
Near the fire. I shan't bother.  
I'd like to take a warmth, and disappear...

Don't be afraid! I shan't get in your soul,  
Nor I wish somebody to get in soul of mine.  
I can say, or may listen to You without doubt -  
I'm ready to learn something to turn wise...

Why had I come? By warmth attracted.  
Not Your's! The warmth of the night fire...  
No, I was not in search for You, my compass  
May be was broken, or gone awry...

That's so banal case - the iron is the iron -  
All the mechanics sometimes go rusty...  
Looking on my coming - may be in that doors  
The magnet brought me, carrying by its ties.

Yes, You are right. There exists the gravity  
Of souls on the earth. But - it's a tale.  
Not tale? Truth? I don't believe in that.  
Thank You! I got some warmth, I melt...

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, I Don't Like To Lose My Friends - Translation (Rus)

by unknown russian author

I don't like to lose my friends, with whom I  
Feel warmth in the severe cold.  
In the crooked streets, in wide squares it's hard  
To find a person, who is really worth.  
You could for centuries rove from one house to other,  
Without seeing souls, and without seeing faces,  
And think the past days as the dream, forlorn,  
And with a passer-by get angry.  
Friend's circle is, indeed, too dear for my heart -  
Our talking, singing, and confessions in the nights.  
I know perfectly - here all are the friends of mine,  
They're always ready helping me in the time.

We're destined to such variable chance,  
And life will not be similar to honey.  
But if you ask me: 'Oh, please, come! '  
I'll come to you, despite of any trouble.

====

the russian variant please look on

Lyudmila Purgina



# Unknown Author, I Don'T Believe In Tales - Translation (Rus.)

By unknown author

Don't scare - I shan't pry into Your soul,  
As I shan't let the others in me, too.  
I can say You, or I can listen only -  
I'm eager now to learn, as well as You...  
Why did I come? Of no matter.  
I was attracted by the warmth, not Your's,  
By that heat of the fire tender...  
I was not searching You, at all.  
That was the only compass wreckage -  
The common reason in my poor life.  
You really do know, that the technics  
Are only the mere rusty iron...  
And looking on that case without bias,  
Magnet was also responsible for that.  
You're right - the gravitation is lying  
In base of coincidence of the men.  
That's only the tales, rather!  
Thank You. I've got the warmth, I melt...  
Bye-bye... There is the dawn outside house...  
Bye-bye... I don't believe in tales...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, I Walked... And Suddenly...

## Translation (Rus.)

By unknown author

I walked... and suddenly... in going straight on...  
I curiously... looked into the someone's soul...  
Her deepness drew me all inwards...  
And hardly could escape I from that hole...  
I sank into this mystic world...  
I grasped the notes of the tender music...  
And her confession pleased my ears all...  
Her voice was as the guide illusive...  
She was so open, so fair by the kind...  
Though she did think her being wholly sinful...  
And she was often crying in the night...  
Thus weakness of her type revealing...  
And I gasped breathing by the tears burst...  
No any cure could I bring to her...  
I tried her to embrace with soul first...  
But failed to get out malicious thorn...

I walked... and suddenly... in going straight forth...  
I curiously... had looked in someone's soul...  
That was not only her need... but all...  
Was need of my soul from being cold...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, If The Black Days... - Translation (Rus.)

By Unknown author

If the black days as guards near your gates are staying,  
If it seems that the dark is for years and years,  
If you hear the words, and a poison in every...  
Don't be frightened - that's not TROUBLE either!

If your friend had betrayed you and thus turned to nothing,  
As if died, never you'll wish to meet him again-  
That's the awful thing, though  
don't care about,  
STILL that's not any TROUBLE this day!

If your Love's gone outside into the opened door,  
And no any could say where it stays,  
But your HEART, being a captive, cannot beat now properly,  
Then believe, that's not TROUBLE again!

And the black days in turn will fly over, really...  
And the bad word will sink to the bottom...  
Only you - don't loose YOURSELF in those vanities!  
Find out - you can't get back anymore!

If you look at sunset, never holding a breath,  
If you think that a rain - a water rather,  
If your soul could hardly sing, suffer in pain,  
Then this TROUBLE is really TROUBLE!

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, If You Stumble Once... - Translation (Rus)

By unknown author

If you stumble once upon the road,  
If it is the devastation of all power -  
Then it's necessary for a man to know,  
That someone is loving him, undoubtedly.  
If the burden's so heavy either,  
If there's no any light between affairs,  
Then you never can deny, that  
A man is worthy to regret him.  
And if his hands fall down in woe,  
If the whole world becomes too bad -  
It is necessary for a man supporting,  
He is worthy being cared yet.  
And if - a miracle! - his way is so fair,  
If all the troubles are of no value,  
Then there is one way - to take care,  
Caress over him with love and pleasure.  
To the core thus to believe, to inner self,  
To the soul, which's light not so poor, really,  
It is necessary for a man to have there  
In his home somebody to live.  
And to understand then the true core  
Of the man's occurrence - not in vain -  
It is necessary for a man, and obviously -  
He! - ought loving somebody himself...

=====

The song on the verse, which I know from childhood:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, I'M Only Mirage..- Translation (Rus.)

by unknown author

I'm only mirage... only ghost in the night...  
As a mirror of beautiful daytime...  
I - can be as a devil, so whimsical,  
But by soul is white as an angel...  
Everyone could see anything wanted  
In my image, by their desire...  
My face - nice, body - perfect,  
My look - tender, rather,  
As the masterpiece of Leonardo...  
For someone - I am the only Lady,  
Who eclipses the whole world round...  
For the other one - a daughter of fairy,  
Who could perish the man by word 'No'...

For someone - I'm a passionate lioness,  
No minute you'll be in a silence...  
And for other one - I'm the Queen, loving  
Only her King, without a doubt...  
As mirage I exist in oasis  
Of the night time, one flickering moment...  
I'm charming, I'm luring... Do you wish! ?  
Under bird's scream away I'm going...  
I had many masks, roles in my life yet,  
Many a role, mask will I have...  
Don't seach in your heart the parole,  
You can't break out honour of maid...  
Don't seek for me, vain would be finding,  
Don't pray, don't call, don't ask...  
Even if you could mark my step, neither  
You could catch a phantom thus, at last...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, It Is Said, That Dreams... - Translation (Rus.)

Author is unknown but may be it is Darya Yashenko

It is said, that dreams do not die, though  
They are burning down as the candles...  
In the sky as a tiny light cloud they will thaw,  
As a quiet snow will fall down on the shoulders,  
Being left as a sad light glow,  
Which will shine our heart for long...  
Then they'll go after the green summer,  
Promising somewhere to revive...  
And returning by the lines, by tears  
In the sad nights, empty nights.  
And the soul's twisting on the splinters,  
As the flame of candle's twisting...  
It is said, that dreams do not die, simply  
They are flying away, as the bird's leaving...  
That's for purpose to be dreamt all night,  
That's for staying long with us, forever...  
That's for coming back to sight,  
That's way to revive inevitably  
To fight to sadness with the hope,  
With new light, with new happiness,  
With new pair of wings behind the shoulders...  
It is said, that dreams do not die, though  
They fall asleep as small and tired children,  
Then to be awakened in the morning  
And to smile with kind eyes gleaming...

===

In russian

Lyudmila Purgina

## Unknown Author, Let's Take Today... - Translation (Rus.)

Let's take today a bright lip-stick  
And make from the hair-curls a wave.  
He doesn't look at you? - That's his grief!  
There's the other one to like you then!

And buy a dress, brighter than a shining sun,  
It would be greedy of your beauty long!  
In all the way, he won't return, thus  
You shouldn't bother! Why's the need of wrong?

Look, how you are neat and fair!  
And you don't wait from others any boon.  
In this world there's a lot of happiness,  
In world, which you're creating, too.

A flacon of perfume, so luring, odour,  
And smile in eyes... Men, going by,  
Would say: 'She is the best of best girls! '.  
And he will sigh of loss of you, at last.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, On Heels The Happiness... - Translation (Rus)

By unknown author

On heels the Happiness was running,  
The summer Rain was in galoshes,  
In shoe covers was the Disaster...  
The Passion - in what then? Who knows...  
The Trouble has shuffled in the boots,  
The Cosiness - in soft light slippers,  
In heavy shoes the road took  
The Slander, Jealousy and Grief...  
The lace-up shoes were worth to Talants,  
The sneakers tried to have Success,  
The Love was flitting 'en pointes',  
It had united all to test...

Lyudmila Purgina



# Unknown Author, Push Away Your Former Misfortunes - Translation (Rus.)

Push away your former misfortunes  
And forget of the yesterday's failure.  
But today! Yes, today! They'll be over,  
And you surely will have success.

And today! Yes, today! Look at road!  
Smell the sweetness of open air.  
You may swim far away, till horizon,  
And to press to your heart all unknown.

All, that was yesterday so complex,  
Will today open their doors.  
The unreal will change to real things-  
Don't scare, that your love grasps world.

I'm aware of that, to say frankly,  
It is hard to stand up from the earth.  
But today! Yes, today! All will happen,  
Which you couldn't feel in your before.

Every grain of sand has your will written,  
Every blade of grass has your own name.  
Go forward, and bravely - all world real  
Will give help to you now and then.

Blink to sun - and it will recognize you, for certain,  
It will give a plenty of warmth, a golden ore.  
And today! Yes, today! you'll get fortune.  
I believe, I wish you this, no more.

Deeply breathe into - your soul be lighter,  
Flap away your tear - it doesn't suit now.  
Exalation will pour out the darkness,  
And the sun will be shining in eyes.

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, The Coloured Glasses Of Kaleidoscope... - Translation (Rus.)

By unknown author

The coloured glasses of kaleidoscope -  
That was is far youth a favourite game.  
Growing older, we just carry on  
Those splinters of the glass in memory.  
While alternating names of our loves,  
While chattering, or being angry, joking,  
We change the pictures by chance  
So easily, as if the tube we're turning.  
I'm playing with mosaic of the words.  
So I could make the tender picture and  
With music of the intricate flower's flock  
I could charm you as if with magic wand.  
But I can also overturn my blaze,  
Which's sharpened by the irony, and well,  
Towards the world, thus crossing way  
Of someone by its inner angriness.  
And this is not the childish game -  
In the kaleidoscope of the days  
Let's stop! ! ! Let's hold the thought  
What patten there would be out laid?

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, The Poetry Perfection - Translation (Rus.)

Well, shall I wait for a time, when a core -  
My soul - will be only words?  
And then the artless words, as water,  
Would give a birth to icy facets, swords?

Is this an ice? A steel?  
The tears? Laugh?  
Or is it sweat? Or a blood stream?  
Or is it grace? Or sin in life?

And that is - the true Poetry!  
How could the people be a Poetry?  
Without body, mind or spirit  
We can't live on this earth in real.

But how's the Word? And how's the verse?  
How's the rhyme, the style, and the Perfection?  
The true core, surely, exists in them. And only there.

The Poetry is living in the Mind,  
Like a grey-haired oldman with a freedom  
Of a flying bird, who has acquired  
With the language knowledge - without name or meaning.

===

Another translation look sa

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In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, The Rain Is Crying From... - Translation (Rus.)

by unknown author

The rain is crying from the early morning,  
There on the cold and wet crossroads  
Great Love is standing, yesterday forgotten,  
And muffles in a tatter, pity so.

She recently was circling on the ball,  
Was laughing, singing, fallen into happiness.  
Today she's surely not worth to court,  
And she stands as a poor beggar there.

It's absurdly: the tatter's from brocade,  
And lips are bitten to the blood all over.  
She is not crying, she keeps silence well,  
And only she squeezes her teeth stronger.

Great Love is standing with a stretched hand,  
She doesn't ask for money and for gowns...  
The only need is a ceiling over head,  
A warmth, a heart, that's beating near, rather.

===

The russian variant please look on

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, There Are The Gaps In Life.. - Translation (Rus.)

There are the gaps in life, and lasting,  
In order to look backwards in that moment...  
To stop, to think, where we were hasting,  
Where from we came, what we forgot...

Who loved us, whom we loved, as ever...  
Who once forgave us, who was let off...  
Whom we were parted with, what stay with...  
And look from other side where on...

Who was..., but who dared be an image...  
Who was a guilty one, who hadn't that crime...  
Don't have a sorry about your weakness,  
Let's make all 'round you and yourself fine...

All's not in vain... all's not for nothing...  
You can't guess anything in life...  
Your way is long, the truth is common -  
One place you'd lost... the other - 'll find...

You'll cease to love... and burn in loving...  
That will be noon, ... that will be night...  
And will be darkness... will be a dawn light...  
Then let the losses don't confuse much:

When somebody a vessel wants to brim,  
Before a work he needs to empty it.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, There's A Love Stream - Translation (Rus.)

By unknown author

There's a love stream. We're floating -  
One man - along, against - the other...  
And time will pass, when we get knowledge:  
That here is our bank, in contrary.

The love river is boiling, racing,  
In whirlpools pulling, luring a lot...  
And everybody wishes to find destiny  
Behind this turn, or then in other turn.

And river has the banks: left-right,  
And sometimes is as deep as ocean,  
And it is wide and stately enough...  
It may be all the thing, you could suppose.

A River-Love... It is the bright reflection  
Of such great feeling to you, dear mine,  
And I'm carried by a current, tempted  
With distance, where fate I'll find.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, There's No Worser Time, Than Waiting...- Translation (Rus.)

By unknown author

There's no worser time, than waiting...  
There's no better time, than to believe.  
And in the middle - to be hanging  
In question: may be I'll succeed?

There's no worser time, than waiting...  
To find a reason and justification,  
To suffer and deceive the self...  
Oh, if it would be will's embodiment?

There's no worser time, than waiting,  
When nobody's waiting you at least...  
And in the deep of soul - tempting,  
May be today it will be bliss?

But all the base of 'waiting, willing, trusting'  
Is easy to combine in one full state:  
'Not wait, by wish, not trust and even...! '  
And this will be indifference, so late...

Lyudmila Purgina



# Unknown Author, Today There Was A Distribution... - Translation (Rus.)

Author is unknown, but it may be Anna Grinko

-

Today there was a distribution free of Love.  
I've stood in a turn, but was the last in it.  
Before me there was a girl so young,  
So lean and pale with a snub nose stick  
And with a high-bowed eyebrow. We  
Were waiting there all day long  
On cold with the clanging teeth...  
The distribution stopped just before...  
We failed to get Love, forlorn been.  
I see the question mute in opened eyes:  
'Why for? How so did it happen?  
I was in queue. Where is the justice? '  
The young girl prayed to heaven  
With simultaneous tears, smiles.  
'It can't be so, that there was the lack of Love.  
I waited much with deep belief!  
I've read much books, I have the right  
To have true Love, believe me!  
Oh please! Please give me Love!  
One droplet only! Some piece!  
Why should I live a mere mouse,  
To go to cinema alone, to library?  
I'm ready to enjoy Love's balm...Oh please! '  
Such was the cry of junior loud..  
This entreaty sincere was heard by an Angel  
And from the heavens the consoling rain  
Of happiness had falled directly on her shoulders...  
And she pressed her two hands to breast,  
This happy flow with her heart accepting!  
She's beautiful, and lively, and so joyous!  
Be happy further then, the naive soul!

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, Well Why So In Our Life All Happens? . - Translation (Rus)

By Unknown author

Well why so in our life all happens?  
Under what laws is our life such flowing?  
We search in wrong place, and the wrong thing take,  
We wait for one thing, but receive the contra...  
Well, who is making a decision strict  
For whom we'd love,  
without whom we'd live?  
Why our life does not permit  
To rule our fate by self, indeed?  
And who is placing points in agenda,  
Who builds the bridge, then raises up it high?  
Who plays with hearts as if it were the chesses,  
Without asking you about your desire?  
We are obedient to all in our being,  
We thank our destiny for all in our life,  
Though of injustice we're entirely eager,  
We only woe and groan, but completely silent.  
But contrary to all laws and the norms all  
The soul is likely waiting a success,  
And looking to the skies with love and hope,  
It going afar with farewell...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Author, We've Got Used To Our Cosy Home... - Translation (Rus)

By unknown author

We've got used to our cosy home,  
In the cold days we're warmed by cloths...  
And in our lives we're directed  
By Belief, by our Love and by Hope.  
Everyone has a star high in heaven.  
If your star couldn't shine as before,  
If you lost your Belief, then remain only  
Love and Hope in your life, no more.  
It is usual for Love going away, and  
Your eyes then are squint by hard tears,  
But the warm blood is pulsing in vessels,  
Hope is dying at last turn in real.  
Seems like vanity - that cosy home,  
You may live and without the cloths,  
But let be the directing force further  
Our Belief, our Love, our Hope.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## Unknown Author, You Cant Buy Love By Order - Transl. (Rus.)

You can't buy Love by mere order only,  
You can't select it by the colour, taste...  
It comes to one man once without effort,  
And to the other man - in tens of years.  
One love - is burning, other's - stifled...  
And we could say without any hide:  
Love doesn't have the standards anyhow!  
And everybody have of their own kind.  
In cold or in rainy weather, either  
In scorching heat,  
You shouldn't call, it'll come...  
I say in those words about real,  
About true and great and tender Love!  
And not about love, born in a boredom,  
Which, being inflamed, will turn to rather cool...  
I say about love, which may be flour,  
Which has passed through the death, although.  
It burns with such a pleasure in your soul,  
Or presses with the weight of lead...  
If you have found such Love, then undoubtly  
Keep it, hold it and care it till end!

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Autor, He Once Looked Back.. - Translation (Rus.)

By unknown author

He once looked back, and she - looked in answer,  
He had a thought, and she - guessed in alliance,  
He smiled so timidly, shyly to her...  
She - smiled and got confused in a turn...  
Their looks were racing to and fro  
In search for gravitation.  
The air was full of something unexpected, born  
And into movement penetrated.  
Into the blood it seeped, in a breath...  
The world's turned into the circle,  
The borders were ruined,  
The clocks stopped its march.  
The eyelashes were quivering only  
Unaware of being rewarded...  
For all that tests, for all that losses,  
For that the unextinguished hopes,  
For pains of the treachery and the compassions...  
Instantly that sad past's failed,  
Their looks met and the faces got still  
Only for moment, only for second  
Their souls fled as the Blue Bird to miracle,  
To a magic flight with continuation...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# Unknown Autor, Let You Bliss Enemies.. - Translation (Rus.)

Let you bliss enemies -  
They've made you stronger!  
They flooded you with swearing  
And beated painfully and wrongly,  
And have betrayed you many times,  
Thus giving you the valuable chance  
To allocate what was in life  
So bad or good, and loss or prise...  
Without a demand to fate,  
Let you live well, despite of foes,  
So even that the memory of that  
Will be preventing them to sleeping further.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# utov, I'M Dissolving Sugar-Day... - Translation (Rus.)

by Vitaly Bakhmutov

I'm dissolving sugar-day in coffee-night, soon  
I'll mix shade and light with a spoon-moon...

I'm trying now to muffle the bitterness on lips,  
But I'm destined far this night times all to drink.

I'm sitting at the table to write about day,  
But at the end remember only the dreams' replay...

I'm seeking light in darkness, but find out a moon lit,  
Day-night - a couple-spouse without you rises fear.

Lyudmila Purgina



# ov, The Flower - Translation (Rus.)

By Vlad Kaganov

With the great bouquet once I was going,  
And, suddenly, saw a fine flower aside,  
In mud of ditch. Getting adorable,  
I fell in love to it that time.

That was not rose, but a thistle,  
The mere plant, though good looking.  
So I said: 'Such a chance to pick up  
This flower and join to my bouquet.

It will be like a king there, undoubtly,  
In sights of the beautifullest ladies.  
As if the eight world's miracle  
It would shine in my bouquet.

I rushed to ditch, and frightened a bumb?bee,  
Who gathered there a nectar,  
But even my hand was wrapped up in a handkerchief,  
It was hard hurted by the spikes.

I made all efforts to get out  
The wild flower from dirty earth,  
But, when I tore it up: 'Oh wow! '  
It was not such fine, as I just longed.

It was so beautiful in gutter,  
But on the air - lost its form.  
As if the door unlocked - is rather  
Not so mysterious, as when it's closed.

I felt a pity, that I picked up  
The flower from native place.  
It was so worth to be in gutter,  
Where it struggled with its fate.

I thought: 'The harmony of being  
Neither you, nor I could break'

And in this time the pain had pierced me  
Into my heart... I gasped my breath...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## sevich - Good Poems... - Translation (Rus.)

Good poems torment me much,  
Bad ones - are nice without reason:  
They can't sting souls, nor they bite,  
They have the warmth of home, isn't it?

So - that's a real lemonad, of course,  
(They're light, as a silk morning gown) .  
And geniuse ones takes minute to concern, oh...  
The grey verses hold evening whole.

Lyudmila Purgina

## sevich, Good Poems... - Translation (Rus.)

Good poems torment me much,  
Bad ones - are nice without reason:  
They can't sting souls, nor they bite,  
They have the warmth of home, isn't that?

So - that's a real lemonad, of course,  
(They're light, as a silk morning gown) .  
And geniuse ones takes minute to concern, oh...  
The grey verses hold evening whole.

Lyudmila Purgina

## sevich, I'M Leaving You. Heart's Cold... - Translation (Rus.)

I'm leaving you. Heart's cold and all over,  
And the last tear's completely dry.  
That door's closed. Wind's, as evil, roaring,  
Night without stars looks in my eyes.

I'm leaving you. Shall find the other roads.  
Never I'll look back, know, never I.  
Life is luring me with its last ghosts...  
I snan't take them, no any lie...

Lyudmila Purgina

# ov, Don'T Touch There A Genre... - Translation (Rus.)

by Vladimir Kostrov

Don't touch there a genre,  
Which is pouring a heat.  
The intellect's logs in a blaze of the singing.  
Believe that and test that a Poetry's a sphere,  
And when you go right, then the left will be a finish.  
In it clear is vague, and wise seems to be fool,  
In it feeling, sense are like a horse and a girth,  
Believe that and test that a Poetry's a cube  
Of that room, where you were loving sencerely both.  
I'll built, I'll create you a simple great idol,  
A tear on cheek will be then revelation.  
The Poetry is angle - that I can underscore -  
Where we rarely, but kneel down in praying.

===

In russian and translated in bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev:

Lyudmila Purgina

# ev-Kumach - It's So Light On The Heart... - Song - Translation (Rus.)

It's so light on the heart from a good song,  
It never bores us or teases for miss.  
The song is loved by all villages, towns,  
And song is loved by all great cities, indeed.

R: The song helps well in the building and living,  
It's like a friend calls and carries with it.  
And who is marching with song through his life dream,  
He never knows both failure and defeat!

Do march up forwards, the young generation!  
Be glad and joy in the blossom of smiles.  
We are the conquerers of times and of spaces,  
We are the landowners in that time.

R.

We shall extract, understand, wish to open  
The cold pole and blue higher skies,  
When country says us to be a brave hero,  
Any of us will be heroes at once.

R.

We can sing songs and can smile as the children  
Among the furious fights and hard work,  
Because we were born on Earth as the people,  
That don't surrender nowhere and no more.

R.

And if the enemy tries to take out  
The feel of joy and of peace, causing death,  
We shall sing a war song without any doubt  
And join breasts for our dear Motherland.

R.

Lyudmila Purgina



# ovsky, As From Heine... - Translation (Rus.)

As from Heine

by Vladimir Mayakovsky

She zapped a lightning with her eyes:  
'I've seen you with the other girl!  
You are - the lowest one,  
You are - the foulest one...  
And so on, and so forth...  
But I'm the skilled guy.  
Let's give up your rumbling.  
If this bolt of lightning  
Hasn't killed me all up,  
Then no fear for thunder,  
Which's going after the dart.

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, Lilichka! - Translation (Rus.)

The smoke of sigarettes has emptied the air.  
The room - takes my head to the circling hell.  
Remember - behind this window for the first time, excited  
I was stroking fervently your hands.  
Today you are sitting - the heart in iron.  
One day else - you may drive me out, scolding.  
In the vague entrance hall hardly I can put on the coat,  
Because of hand, by shiver broken.  
I'll rush, taking my body outside.  
As a wild one, frenzy, cut by a despair all over.  
Let put the end to this, my dear lovely now,  
Let bid farewell to each other.  
All the way, my love - it is felt like a weight -  
Hanging on you, anywhere you are going.  
Let's in the last cry to show all the bitterness of complaints.  
If the bull is deadly exhausted by labour - he will go away,  
Will lie on the cold waters.  
Except your love - I have no any sea,  
But in you love - hardly could I outcry any kind of rest.  
If a tired elephant wants to have a rest-  
He will lie, as a tzar, on the burned sand.  
Except your love - there is no any sun to me,  
But I don't know, where are you and with whom...  
If someone had such torture of the other poet,  
He would have changed his love to money or to glory,  
But no any name is of such a joyful ring to me, except your's.  
No, I shan't fall from the stairs, nor I drink a poison,  
Neither I'm able to pull a trigger to my temple.  
No any blade of knife could be a power over me, your eye except.  
Tomorrow you'll forget, how I have crowned you,  
How I have burned the blossoming soul,  
And the vanity of days will rise up in a carnival,  
Will tatter the pages of my books.

Could the drained as the leaves words force you  
to stop once, breathing greedily?  
Give me a chance to lay, to spread my tenderness  
to every your step, on leaving me...



## ovsky, Listen! - Translation (Rus.)

Listen!

If they burn the stars,

Then - that's the need to them!

Then - they like them to be in real?

Then - they name those spits as a pearl?

And, having been overstrained

In the noon dust blizzards,

To burst in the god's room,

Scared that they were late,

Crying,

Kissing his gnarled hand,

Asking -

That they do have their stars! -

Swearing -

That they can't bear that torment without stars!

And then

They are going anxious,

But silent in the face.

Saying somebody:

'Is this the real end?

Are you feared?

No? ! '

Listen!

If they burn the stars,

Then somebody has the need of that?

Then - it is necessary,

That every evening

Above the roofs

There might be shining a star in any way? !

Lyudmila Purgina

## ovsky, Take This! - Translation (Rus.)

Take this!

by Valdimir Mayakovsky

In an hour from here to tidy alley  
Over man will trickle his flabby grease.  
Recently I've opened before you casket,  
Filled with valuable words, as I'm a spendthrift.  
Hey you, man - you have the cabbage  
In moustaches, of subeated shchi!  
And you, woman - your ceruse too thick covered,  
Like the oyster from a shell of things!  
All of you on poet's heart butterfly  
Will pile up so dirty in galoshes or less.  
And the throng will then turn brutal,  
As the louse will bristle up against.  
And if I, so rude Hunn, wouldn't wish to grimace  
Before you, then I'll laugh and spit  
To your such ludicrous faces.  
Know, it's me - the valuable words spendthrift.

-

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# mov, A Poetry - Is The Affair... - Translation (Rus.)

by Varlam Shalamov

A Poetry - is the affair of  
The old men - all grey-haired,  
Of those, who're wrinkled and wounded,  
But not of boys, young, immature.

Of those men, who lived a lot of,  
A hundred lives on the stern earth,  
Who rose upwards from the bottom,  
But not of the young, silly boys.

The study of highlands of heavens,  
The study of depth of your soul,  
The Poetry - a ripe fruit with hairs,  
All grey in the flame of the old.

- -

In russian and translation into bulgarian  
by Krasimir Georgiev

Lyudmila Purgina

# , Let's Try To Sing Together... - Song - Translation (Rus.)

By Victor Tsoi

Let's try to sing together with me.

On the streets snow has lost its whiteness.  
In the glassness of melted water we see a moon.  
We are going.  
We are brave and strong.  
And frozen fingers break the matches,  
From which the fires will be burned.

Let's try to sing together with me!  
Stand by me, stand close to me!

This is our day.  
We had learned it by the stars' position.  
The signs of fire and water,  
The sights of Gods.  
And then we are doing a step  
On the unfinished bridge.  
We had got a belief in stars' fate.  
And every cries: 'I'm ready! '

Let's try to sing together with me!  
Stand by me, stand close to me!

And those, who are weak,  
That they live in a drunken state.  
They cry: 'You didn't allow us to sing! '  
They cry: 'How could we sing then? '

We are going.  
We are brave and strong.  
The frozen fingers break the matches,  
From which the fires will be burned.

Let's sing together with me!  
Stand by me, stand close to me!

=====

Lyudmila Purgina



## , Music Of Waves - Song- Translation (Rus.)

Music of waves

by Victor Tsoi

I see the waves, washing away the steps on sand,  
I hear the wind, singing its song strange,  
I hear the strings of trees playing it -  
A music of waves, music of wind.

Here it is hard to say, where is asphalt,  
Here it is hard to say, what is a car.  
Here you should throw a water up to hear:  
The music of waves, music of wind.

Who could remember about those, that took the wrong way?  
Who could remember about those, that were singing and laughing well?  
Who could remember, feeling the cold butt, indeed,  
Music of waves and music of wind.

====

Lyudmila Purgina

# , The Blood Group - Song - Translation (Rus.)

By Viktor Tsoi

The group 'Kino', album 'The blood group'

is a warm place, but the streets  
Wait for imprints of our feet.  
The stellar dust is there on boots,  
A pulpy armchair and a chequered quilt,  
A trigger, in the wrong time pulled.  
And sunny day in dazzling dreams.

Ch.:

There's the blood group on my sleeve,  
And the number there on sleeve,  
Wish good luck for me, wish good luck, dear:  
Not to lie into that green grass,  
Not to lie into that green grass.  
Wish me good luck, wish me good luck, dear!

2.I'm able to pay, though not any price  
For the glorious victory true.  
I don't like to lay foot anyway  
On the breast of the enemy.  
I wish to remain and stay with you,  
Simply to stay with you so.  
But the high star in sky calls me to go.

Ch.:

There's the blood group on my sleeve,  
And the number there on sleeve,  
Wish good luck for me, wish good luck, dear:  
Not to lie into that green grass,  
Not to lie into that green grass.  
Wish me good luck, wish me good luck, dear!

====

The hit of russian songs



# , The Star. Named As Sun-Star - Song - Transl. (Rus.)

By Viktor Tsoi  
The group 'Kino'

From the Film 'Assa'  
The hit of russain songs

White snow, white snow, grey ice  
On the crackled and empty earth.  
As the patched blanket there on it -  
The town in road's grey cord.  
And above there the clouds fly,  
Blocking thus the heaven's light show.  
And above yellow smoke is high.  
This town's two thousan' years old,  
Which has lived under light of a star  
Named a Sun-star.

And there's two thousand year's war,  
Without any essential cause,  
The war for young men only,  
It's good for wrinkles taking off.  
Red, so red-red blood -  
In an hour's is simple earth,  
In two hours - it is a grass,  
In three hours - it's living forth,  
And is warmed by the rays of a star  
Named as Sun-star...

And we know this rule being old,  
Who is lucky in their fate,  
Who is living by other laws,  
Who is destined to early death.  
He can't think 'bout words 'No' or 'Yes',  
He forgot then the names and ranks.

He is able to touch a star beam,  
Not considering that as a dream,  
And fall down by fire of star,  
Named as Sun-star...

Lyudmila Purgina

## , Tree - Song - Translation (Rus.)

Tree

By Victor Tsoi

I know, my tree won't live any a week,  
I know, my tree in that city is sentenced to death.  
But I am all time with it:  
I'm tired of all the other affairs,  
I think, that it is my house here,  
I think it to be my close friend.  
I planted a tree.

I know, that pupil could break my tree tomorrow.  
I know, my tree will leave me certainly.  
But in the time, when it is living, I'm sitting closely,  
I feel a great joy, and pain also.  
I think it to be my world.  
I think it to be my son, indeed.  
I had planted the tree.

===

Lyudmila Purgina

## , War - Song - Translation (Rus.)

War by Victor Tsoi

Show me people, who are sure of the future day.  
Draw me portraits of that gone forever on their way.  
Show me a person, who'd come out alive from that regiment.  
But somebody is fated to be a door,  
And other - a lock, and other - a key from that lock.  
Earth.  
Sky.  
Between earth and sky -there is a war.  
No matter, where you are,  
What you are doing, -  
Between eart and sky - there is a war.

Somewhere there exist people, who have day and night.  
Somewhere there exist people, who have daughter and son.  
Somewhere there exist people, who's theorem is right.  
But someone will stand as a wall,  
But someone will be a shoulder, that breaks the wall.  
Earth.  
Sky.  
Between earth and sky - there is a war.  
No matter, where you are,  
What you are doing,  
Between earth and sky - there is a war.

===

The hit of Victor Tsoi's songs

Lyudmila Purgina

# ova, And We Should Be... - Translation (Rus.)

By Veronika Tushnova

And we should be faithful as ever,  
Keeping our love till end,  
But it's time to part, when evil  
Is between us, the truth is in vain.

No ever that'll be in such a way,  
But who is aware of fate?  
Never it'll be, but nonetheless...  
We all are people - learn that:

I would never be left by you,  
Never you'll lie to me, as to enemy,  
We shall part as in the stated rule -  
I'll help you by myself, be aware.

- -

The second variant  
of translation

We should keep our love through the life  
Till the end under tomb stops the duty,  
All have need to depart, when it's time,  
When the faithfulness is in diffusion.

Then forever that would be a ban,  
Who'd determine the flexures of fate?  
That's not wished, but as all other men...  
Do remember - the only state:

Never I would be casted by you,  
Never you could lie me as to enemy;  
We will part as in the common rule -  
I shall help you by self and in all the way.

Lyudmila Purgina



# ova, I Understood, You Wanted... - Translation (Rus.)

By Veronika Tushnova

I understood, you wanted evil not  
To me, you were somehow fair.  
You were, as thruth, only a boy,  
Who couldn't go out of a budget.

Don't feel aggrieved, that's not for your reproach,  
You are, as such, sweet to my heart as ever.  
Good - bad, that's may be only nonsense.  
To love - then love, without any manner.

I've turned to sadness. And please, pardon me.  
In that case may be remorse not your partner.  
I'll try to save me by myself, indeed,  
No anyone could help me, on another.

Forget me and from memory sweep out.  
I was... and not, put cross on that clue.  
All my wounds will be cured from inside.  
And I'll ride to sea at summer, surely.

I'll hear wave, that rolls over the shore,  
I'll hear her sound, raising into uproar,  
And, going back, she rustles so,  
As if she's leafing book of constansy for long.

Don't call a dash on me. Don't feel a pity then  
By thought of me disturbing your life way.  
And don't feel sad, all mine - is my fate,  
Don't sympathize, I didn't make a bargain.

Lyudmila Purgina

# ova, They Say... - Translation (Rus.)

By Veronika Tushnova

They say: there's no such love in real!  
They say: live so, as the others do live!  
You may have tried to earn the unexisting man,  
And, thus, you are mischieving the others and yourself!  
They say: you're sad for nothing, don't be fool, eat some food.  
Time will be, when you concede, and the better way - let it be today!

But it exists. Exists. Exists.  
And love is here. Here. Here.  
As a warm nestling in my heart it lives.  
As a hot melted lead in my veins is streaming.  
And it is she - as a light in my eyes.  
And it is she - as a salt in my tears fast.  
And my seeing, my hearing, my stern power,  
My sun, my sees and my mountains.  
She is the shelter of the oblivion haze,  
She is the armour of lie and of lack of faith.  
If she were not existing - I'll also never.

...But they say: there's no any such love in real!  
But they say: live as the others do live.  
But never I give a chance somebody to extinguish my soul now.  
I live in such a way, in which all the others will live some time!

Lyudmila Purgina

# Voskresensky, The Wolf's Choice - Translation (Rus.)

By Viktor Voskresensky

You live and without the fate in your mind...  
A wolf doesn't have a simple being:  
Last day he was able to press others, but  
Today he is exiled from pack, and severely.

The blind puppies there behind the leader's back  
Were sharpening fangs on the quiet:  
And, getting together, they had torn up then  
The sides of the old wolf, rather.

I'm suffering from such a tedious thought,  
Abased and malicious, tired.  
And howling at moon is not now a joy.  
Are you glad to eat me, the jacals?

I know, that span of the wolf's life is short  
That's not so long time for running.  
The two enemies wait me now in front:  
The old age and the bullet of hunter.

And will I die from the ripe age in the view  
Of mocking puppies, so spiteful? !  
From this thought the fear grows up, to be true,  
I'd like to have other end, rather.

I have searched for a bullet for months, and at last,  
I see the spitfire in front of me.  
The huntsman is welcoming me, grinning fast,  
The wolf, who is tired of concealing.

And only the gun sight between us - the cross,  
Which shares, divides our gazes.  
My enemy that time had changed in his face,  
As getting the beast's mask in waiting.

I'm not in a state to play a hide-and-seek with fate,  
Untill years bent me to real land,

And fearlessly I rush forward in attack  
With my breast, defeated from first step.

====

In russian:

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In bulgarian, ukranian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, Farewell To Mountains - Translation (Rus.)

Farewell to mountains  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

1. To the street's vanity, to the rivers of transport  
We return- there's no way other! -  
And descending from high, anew conquered tops,  
We still leave our hearts in the mountains!

R.: Let then leave such a needless discussion -  
I have proved that in life and a lot:  
Better mountain is such a mountain,  
Where you never conquered a top.

2. Who would like to be one in the state of the grief, though?  
Who would like to go away and without his heart?  
We go down from steep of the cold high mountains,  
For the gods also downed from the vault of the sky.

3. How much hopes and words, songs and themes, soever,  
Born by mountains, call us to stay there! -  
But we're going down - for a year, forever,  
Because we must go down, must return anyway!

--

The hit of russian songs

Lyudmila Purgina

## sky, He, Who Was With Her Before - Transl. (Rus.)

He, who was with her before  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

That evening I was not tight, nor sang -  
At her with all my eyes I gaped,  
As children're gazing, as children're gazing.  
But he, who was with her before,  
Compelled to go me away,  
Compelled to go me away,  
Because I'm a failure.

And he, who was with her before,  
Was so rude and threatened so,  
I do remember- I was not drunken.  
But when I was ready to go,  
She said: 'Don't haste to go! '  
She said: 'Don't haste to go,  
It's early rather! '

But he, who was with her before,  
Might be the rancorous man, so  
On meeting one day, on meeting one day -  
When I was going with friend,  
I've noticed the row of them,  
I've noticed the row of them,  
The silent eight.

I had a knife, the decision was:  
I was not easy to be caught-  
Be ready, bastards! Be ready, bastards!  
I was the first to beat the foe,  
I was the first to beat the foe,  
That was the right time.

But he, who was with her before,  
And for this porridge had response  
Was very serious, was very serious.  
Valyuha cried to me: 'Attention! '  
Valyuha cried to me: 'Attention! '

But it was late though.

For eight misfortunes - answer one,  
And hospital in jail is hard,  
I was there lolling, I was there lolling.  
And doctor cut me lot and lot.  
He said me: 'You should hold you on! '  
He said me: 'You should hold you on! '  
And I was holding.

The parting was not long enough,  
In waiting me she was not hard,  
But I forgive her in that time, forgive her.  
But him, who was with her before,  
But him, who was with her before,  
I can't absolve.

Of course, I had forgiven her,  
But him, who was with her before,  
But him, who was with her before,  
I'll meet one day, for certain!

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, Here's Not A Plain Surface - Translation (Rus.)

By Vladimir Vysotsky

Here's not a plain surface, and climate is wrong,  
And avalanches are going in row,  
And after the rockfall you'll see the another rockfall,  
You may go aside, or miss bad steep thus,  
But now we choose the difficult path,  
As dangerous as military path.

Who hasn't been here, who had no risk -  
Who hasn't test ever himself on the cliffs,  
Though underneath he was awarded by stars,  
At foot he can't find, any wishes despite,  
For all his long and happy life,  
One-tenth of such a beauty and a charm.

That was not a rose, nor a funeral band,  
And not like a cold and high monument  
Was stone, which brought you gift of the rest, -  
The mountain top is sparkling in day  
With emerald ice - the Eternal flame,  
The conquest, which was only your fail.

But let they say right, and let they say wrong -  
There's nothing and no one vainly gone!  
That's better, than from vodka, or from flu!  
The others will change the comfort, though,  
For risk and the excessive work,  
And will cross the uncrossed by you marshroute.

The vertical walls... Be careful now!  
Don't hope for only luck, thought without,  
In mountains neither a rock, or an ice could be safe.  
We only rely on hardness of hands,  
On friend's hand, the driven hooks's strength,  
And pray, that the equipment wouldn't be bad.

We cut here the stairs... No any step back!  
And out of tension the knees go shake,



And heart is ready to run to the top at one step.  
The world is in palm! You're happy and quiet!  
But only jealous to those ones,  
Whose tops are there in future life, as yet.

====

variant - to 1

There's no plain here, and climate is bad.  
The hard snowglides are all times, it is said,  
The roar of rockfall alternates by the other rockfall.  
We can go away from the difficult way,  
But there's no place just to cry or to stay,  
So the dangerous footpath is now our choice.

===

The hit of russian songs

Lyudmila Purgina

## sky, I Don'T Like - Translation (Rus.)

I don't like

by Vladidmir Vysotsky

I don't like the fatal passing either,  
And life is not the thing I'm tired with.  
I don't like the every time of year,  
When I can't joyously songs to sing.

I don't like the cold rotten cynicism,  
And don't believe in ecstasy, and more:  
I don't like when somebody is reading  
My letters, looking over my shoulder.

I don't like when work is done in a half-way,  
And don't like when the talk is interrupted.  
I don't like the shooting in my back then,  
But in the need I'll fire straight at somebody.

I don't like the gossip as a version,  
The worms of doubt, honour thorn as a pass,  
Or when they flatter contrary to coat,  
Or when they draw with iron at the glass.

I don't like the confidence repleted,  
It's better when the brakes then all break down.  
How annoying, that 'honour' word's depleted,  
While slander is distributed around.

When I do see the fractured wings, no pity  
I have in me, and here the reason is:  
I don't like the violence or weakness,  
But I regret for crusified Christ.

I don't like myself, if I'm frightened,  
And don't stand when the innocent are beaten.  
I don't like when someone in my soul thrusts,  
And ever more, when someone's spitting in.

I don't like the circus rings and stages,

Where millions're exchanged to only one rouble.  
Let it would be in future many changes,  
I never ever like this, to be true.

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, I Have Passed Half A World - Transl. (Rus.)

I've passed half a world  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

I've passed half a world through the violent battles,  
I was crawling and creeping with my batallion.  
Then was carried by the hospital echelon backwards,  
That was the compensation, the fighting reward.

They have carried me just to threshold - you see -  
On the lorry to my native house, but suddenly  
I was struck dumb with a whole astonishment, wicked,  
While seeing the smoke, wrong puffing.

Even windows seemed scared, looking in eyes;  
As well the mistress, displeased with the soldier.  
She did not lean to mine, to strong breast in a cry,  
Waved her hands, and returned to interior.

And the dogs started barking fiercely on chains.  
I had stepped inside house to see,  
And got stumbled against something alien to gain,  
Jerked out door - and became weak in knees.

There was sitting at table at my only place  
The new host with the unamiably grinning,  
The phuphaika was on, under the hostess's grace. \* phuphaika (fufaika) - the  
cotton jacket, coat  
That's why dogs barked at me at beginning.

That's the case, while I was under fire and ordeal,  
No time being joyous, hard working,  
He had moved all the things in my house that moment,  
And reweighed everything to his own.

We were under the influence of God of the War,  
We were under the artillery batter.  
But the deathly stab's plunged straight into my backbone,  
And in heart as the treason kept staying.

I have crooked me in waist with the force of my will,  
And have said to him: 'Excuse me, my comrade.  
I was wrong to come to this alien house to see  
This unknown for me and good threshold.'

'Let it be love and peace in that house for years,  
Let it be bread and concert between you.'  
He didn't move even ear for this,  
As it was in that case just the right state.

And I staggered on floor. Didn't slammed by the door,  
As it was in the earlier times.  
Only windows opened, when I went outdoors,  
Glanced at me with a guilty in eyes.

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, Ships Are Staying Awhile... - Translation (Rus.)

By Vladimir Vysotsky

Ships are staying awhile, and then set their courses...  
But they always return through bad weather and storm.  
Half a year will pass - and I shall return also -  
For a while, to leave you for half-year or long.

All return, always, yes - besides our best friends,  
Besides our most lovely and faithful women.  
All return - besides those, who we mostly need really...  
I believe not in fate, and the lesser in me.

But I wish to believe, that this not ever so,  
That to burn our ships will go out of mode.  
I'll, for certain, return - all in friends and affairs -  
I, for certain, shall sing - in half a year or longer.

I'll, for certain, return - all in friends and in dreams, though,  
I, for certain, shall sing - in half a year or longer.

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, The Ballad About Time - Translation (Rus.)

by Vladimir Vysotsky

The tower was ruined by time, covered,  
Muffled all with a plead of the green sprouts.  
But the tongue of granit will be loosen up,  
And the cold past will tell about  
The campains, the battles, the triumphs.

Time hasn't wiped these deeds, though.  
If you tear off its upper layers,  
If you grab it strongly by throat -  
Then it certainly will reveal the veil -

Hundred towers'll fall, hundred fetters.  
Hundred sweats will pass by as a fur mass,  
Hundred verses will form hundred legends  
Of the sieges, the gunners, the tournaments.

You'd be ready for melodies known,  
Look with skilled eye at, hear them carefully.  
Since the Love is forever eternal,  
Even there, in far future, ever.

The steel's splitted sonorously, pressed by a sword,  
A bow-string was smoking by the efforts.  
Death was sitting on lances, grumbling there in womb,  
Dusty were enemies, asking mercy,  
And surrendering to victory rows...

But not all alive have kept their kindness in hearts,  
Trying thus to protect honest name,  
To escape the rascal's lie,  
That was path for corageous man.

Well - when your horse has taken a bit between teeth  
Well - when your hand has layed firmly.  
Well - when you know surely the arrow's beam,  
Bad - when it's flied from round the corner.

What's about your villain? He's beaten? That's right!  
What's about the witches - they scare with sabbath?  
Isn't that right - evil is called mere evil in sight  
Of the future, so bright, so attractive?

And for ever and ever, and throughout the times,  
All the traitors and cowards are scorned for.  
War is war, foe is foe - the identical ones,  
And the dungeon is close,  
The freedom is bright,

Those concepts were not swept by all passing times,  
You should only lift the top layer,  
As a smoking blood, from the throat will start  
Pouring on all the feelings eternal.

And today, and in future, forever it will be,  
My old friend, price for price, fault for fault.  
Good, when your honour's rescued, protected, indeed,  
By the back of you friend, trustworthy.

All simplicity, purity we'd taken far  
From the ancients, tales and sagas.  
Because feeling of kindness remain always kind  
In the past, in the future and now.

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I'm only the interpreter of the great poetry of  
Vladimir Vysotsky

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Look also various translations of the poems of  
Vladimir Vysotsky  
in different tongues on  
with russian variant

Lyudmila Purgina



## sky, The Common Graves - Translation (Rus.)

On common graves you could hardly find cross,  
And widows don't cry ever-  
There someone will bring the bouquet of the roses,  
And burn the Eternal Flame there.

And here the earth had gone upwards from bombs,  
Today-here're the granit gravestones.  
And hardly you'll find any personal tomb,  
Together all fates here're joined.

But suddenly you'll see in Flame-the burned tank,  
The firing huts in the village,  
And burning Smolensk, and the burning Reichstag,  
And heart, burning bright, of the soldier.

You can't find a widow at common graves,  
The people, who come here, are strong,  
On those graves no one would place a cross,  
But is this more easy to hold?

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, The Crystal House - Translation (Rus.)

The crystal house  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

If I seem to be rich as the sea tzar,  
You should cry then: 'Catch the bait! '  
And the whole world, under-water or above,  
I, without any thought, to you shall splash!

R.: And the crystal house on the hill - to her,  
I shall humbly live as dog - in chains,  
O, my silver spings, spring waters!  
O, my golden fields, gold placers!

2. If I seem to be poor, as a dog,  
And alone in house live, quiet empty,  
Will you help to me, o my God? !  
And my life you'll save, ain't Thee?

3. I could never once to compare you  
With the other girls - you may shoot me now.  
How I feast my eyes upon you, please look,  
As on the Rafael's saint madonna!

Lyudmila Purgina

## sky, The Day Is Rare - Translation (Rus.)

The day is rare - it's warm, but no melting, -  
May be the Nature now has its own resource, -  
And today... as it was earlier frequently,  
I'm again starting the lyrical course.

My heart is beating, as if I'm deadly  
Drunken, as if I'm full to my throat:  
That's because of that I had six coffees,  
Turkish coffees - so heart's beating hard!

Such a doze no one could advise you -  
But - no one would advise you to love! -  
I have one friend, who is sure to prove you,  
That to live in this world is for nothing.

No, of course, you can live, live eventful:  
And to drink, suffer, love, being jealousy, -  
Not to trail along life being wretched -  
But to breathe it, to drink it, to sing!

Otherwise, you would have only one blink -  
And you'll have only the play 'into box'.  
You'll turn sad, and depressed, caught with pity,  
That is time to the labdanum turn!

But you need, when you get all the total  
Of your life - that to line the result:  
'I have lived not so bad, it is obvious,  
I was drinking, and loving, and suffered! '

No, the Nature is more rich, abundant!  
What's the day! What's? - the poetry? - nonsense!  
... However, I've written this other way,  
I wished not. I'm not - the true poet...

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, The Duet Of The Parted Ones - Song - Translation (Rus.)

The duet of the parted ones  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

The road had splitted a steppe in two halves,  
And it is now indistinct - where is the end of way.  
Along the road we are going on two different sides  
And can't cross it ever.

How many winters it will take this way?  
Someone should risk, have an advantage!  
We need to have a conversation - the crossroad is near,  
Cross it, if you think that I'm not able.

The road, road is across the earth -  
Across the destiny is as one deep furrow.  
Many a The grinn will flicker like a misfortune,  
Forever the road fork will separate them...  
Where are the necessary words, who'll first find them?  
I missed the turning point again...

A river - as the escape is sent to them,  
They only could stretch their hands...  
But again, again they stay on the different decks, .  
Help us, give us your proper counsel!

The Volga's wind is tipsy and viscious,  
Whispering into ears as a prompt:  
'There's a few time, haste, don't wait the end of way'.  
Who will run risks that time to cross first?

the beginning of 1973

Lyudmila Purgina

## sky, The Foolish Dream - Transl.(Rus.)

The foolish dream  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

The foolish dream has beated me  
Such merciless.  
And homely I was in it,  
And indistinct -  
In dream I lied, betrayed the due  
And flattered easily...  
I never have suspected true  
In me such quality.

And else: I doubled hands in fists,  
And beated hardly,  
Touching not with the strained hand's piece,  
But with its soft part.  
The dream was waning in a time,  
Returned back later.  
When I just closed my lids tight,  
It recommenced.

I was not going, but minced  
On the even timber,  
No any foot I changed in a trip,  
But wobbled in fear.  
Before the mighty man - I cringed,  
Before the villain - bowed.  
And I was loathsome for me,  
But - waked not though.

That was the ravings! Myself squeak  
I've heard through drowse.  
But it was dreamt by only by me,  
And not by others.  
On wakening, I've analyzed  
The snatch of groan.  
With pain I opened the eyes,  
Relieved although.

And dream drooped on the ceiling high  
And spreaded over.  
Was it the truth? The issue tough  
Remained, hence, opened.  
I washed my hands -  
but in backbone  
It stayed as cold.  
Whether this dream was real show,  
Or was a fraud only?

Thence this dream was illusion - well,  
I was such granted.  
But if it was a prophetic play -  
How can I shun it?  
The dream - as the reflection of events?  
It can't be so!  
While recollecting - inner essence then  
Is skewed in bow.

And if - the fire? I'm not able yet  
To step to fire.  
I'll get ashamed, as in the dream,  
In which was the coward.  
Or they will say to me: sing loud  
With everybody now!  
And I'll admit the rule of crowd -  
The dream was - oracle.

Lyudmila Purgina

## sky, The Great Karetny (Lane) - Transl. (Rus.)

1. Where are your seventeen?

On the Great Karetny.

Where are the seventeen grieves?

On the Great Karetny.

And where is your pistol that?

On the Great Karetny.

And where are you today absent?

On the Great Karetny.

Comrade, do you remember the house that?

No, you can't it forever forget.

And I say, you'd lost half a life, indeed,

If you not been to the Great Karetny street.

Because of

repeated 1.

It is renamed now, that's why for today

Everything there is other, but way

One day or other you go to this street

To wander, to catch there the old time's blink,

Because of

repeated 1.

Lyudmila Purgina

## sky, The Penalty Battalion - Translation (Rus.)

There's only one hour for the whole bombardment,  
There's only one hour for infantry to rest,  
There's only one hour for main affairs, rather.  
Who's sentenced holding orders, who's - to death.

At this hour we're not engaged in writing-  
Let's pray to artillery men - the gods of war!  
Because of that we are not mere fighters,  
We are the soldiers of the penalty battalion.

We shan't write ever: '... I'm now a communist'.  
And we drink vodka before battle - bad!  
We've drunken all our fate 'in civil',  
So we don't cry 'Hurra! ', we are silent.

The penalized have only one law, one end -  
To kill, to pierce the fascist wanders on.  
If you're lucky not to catch in breast the lead -  
Then you'll hold medal there for your valour.

Beat with your bayonet, or better - with your hand:  
It's more reliable, and even quiet.  
If you're able get alive from that -  
Then have a good time, with a rouble or higher!

The enemy considers us as weak  
In morals - wood and towns after him are burned.  
But you should better cut wood for the coffins,  
For breach are going the penalty battalions.

Now six o'clock - again the fire -  
So, God of war - shoot hard without end!  
It's only one hour for main affairs:  
For someone - order, and for someone - death!

Lyudmila Purgina



## sky, The Rock-Climber-Girl - Translaton (Rus.)

1.I had asked you: 'Why you climb the mountains? '  
You - itched to get top, and you -just wanted battle.  
'Look, Elbrus from plane you could see so well...'  
But you laughed at this, took me with yourself.

And from this time you became to me so close, sweet,  
My alpinist-love, my rock-climber-girl, -  
When you firstly from the cleft was pulling out me,  
You were smiling, my rock-climber-girl!

2. And when I for that damned clefts was praising you a lot  
Both for dinner good and for supper good.  
I received the two 'boxes on ears' short,  
But I was not offended, only answered you:

'Wow! You are so close to me, and so sweet,  
My alpinist-love, my rock-climber-girl! ..'  
Every time, when you were searching me among the cliffs,  
You were scolding me, my rock-climber-girl!

3. Later on at every next ascent you didn't trust,  
Still you were to me so suspicious.  
You insured me with such a great delight,  
My alpinist-girl, gutta-perchious!

Oh, how you today are neither close, nor sweet,  
My alpinist-love, my rock-climber-girl!  
Every time, when you were pulling out me,  
You abused me much, my rock-climber-girl.

4.I tried moving after you till loss of all my strength,  
And I see you close, in one hand almost.  
When I climbed upwards, I dared you to say,  
But went downfall with the only words:

'Oh, how you are close to me, how you are sweet,  
My alpinist-love, my rock-climber-girl! ..'  
We are binded with one rope both as you, as me -  
The rock-climber-aces we had become at all!

===

The popular song

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, The Shooting Of The Mountain Echo - Transl. (Rus)

by Vladimir Vysotsky

-

In the silence of mountains, where rocks are not obstacles.... obstacles....  
For that winds on the steeps, where nobody climbed... nobody climbed....  
There lived so merry a mountain echo... a mountain echo...  
And it answered at cry, the man's outcry...  
When a lump grasps the throat... grasps the throat...  
And a woe of help falls there down from steep... down from steep,  
This cry the echo will pick up and quickly... pick up quickly...

Amplify it and carry it then to the people... to the people...  
... But, perhaps, that there were not even people,  
Who, such drunken and crazy of poisonous beverage... beverage..  
In the order that tramp wouldn't be heard there by anyone... there by anyone...  
Had come to still echo in ravine by gagging...in ravine by gagging...  
And this bloody fun lasted all over the night...all over the night...  
And the echo was trampled, but nobody heard...  
Next morning the shot echo was really quieted,

And the tears'd splashed out as the wounded rocks... as the wounded rocks...

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, The Song About Earth - Translation (Rus.)

The song about the Earth  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

Who has said, that all's burned to the ground,  
And you can't sow seed in the soil?  
Who has said, that the earth's deadly downed?  
No, it hid itself for time now.

The maternity couldn't be torn  
From the earth, as the sea couldn't be scooped out.  
Who has got a belief in the burn?  
No, the earth only turned black from woe.

As the cut lines, the trenches have laid,  
And the shell holes like the wounds're yawning,  
The earth's naked nerves do sustain  
The extra-terrestrial bad sufferings.

It will stand all, and wait over all.  
Don't consider the earth as a cripple.  
Who has said that the earth can't sing song,  
And she is now mute and stopped singing?

No, she rings loud, stunning the moan,  
From her wounds all, from all air-holes,  
Because earth is the true our soul,  
No one could by boots trample soul.

.....

Who has said that the earth came to death?  
No it hid itself for the some time...

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, The Song About New Time - Transl.(Rus.)

The song about new time  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

As the calling alarm in thr night there appeared the sound of steps -  
That's the mark, that we have need to go without a word,  
By untrodden and sinuos paths the horses have tramped,  
Carrying their horsemen to the purpose unknown.

We have different times, hard times, but happiness,  
As in old times is worth to be gained!  
And we chase for it, fly, but it runs away,  
And in gallop, at full tilt, we lose our best friends.

And for long we'll take the mere lights as the fires,  
And the creak of the jackboots will be ominous,  
Old will be the names of the plays of a child,  
People we will divide for the friends or the foes.

When the dins are all over, and fire, crying - the same,  
When our horses get tired of gallop with us,  
When the girls change the overcoats to dresses,  
How could we then not to forget, not to pardon, to pass...

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, The Song Of Geratshenko - Translation (Rus.)

The song of Geratshenko  
from the play 'The last parade'

by Vladimir Vysotsky

There're the instrument and darting eye...  
That way the work is effective.  
But I do know about you so much,  
That it's disgusting to look at.

Nat Pinkerton is the hero for me  
From childhood, who'd excel him.  
But he had great crime rate that time at least,  
So I'm sleepless by envy.

You couldn't escape, there's no a secret -  
My work is simple: to suspect all.  
Every offender is leaving a trace, footprint,  
And retutns to the crime place, of course.

The detectives have rather gloomy sight,  
And rather a bad character, to say,  
As they are working with the rights defied,  
And only with dark side of the life and bad.

The other people drink despite of grief  
And have a spree on holidays of may.  
I'm not sitting at the table, where feast,  
I'm going around, looking well.

'All world's - a theatre! ' - so told Shakespeare.  
But I do see only the roles fixed:  
That man - is villain, that one - a filcher,  
A vampire... So Pushkin said 'What's more, indeed? '

But there exists the name... I am repeating:  
'Don't think, that all the detectives're unsociable...'  
She's playing a blue role here -  
Is quite necessary for me such a role.

There're the instrument and darting eye...  
That way the work is effective.  
But I do know about you so much,  
That it's disgusting to look at.

near to 21 march 1968

Lyudmila Purgina

## sky, They'Re - Eight... - Translation (Rus.)

'They're - eight, we are - two.' That's the layout.  
Not our's, but we're ready to play.  
Seryozha, be ready! We seem to be out.  
But we should not equalize tramps!  
I shan't leave this quartet. The cyphers - to nothing!  
My friend now my back protects.  
And so the chances are equal. We'll take them.  
We are ready to play the game.

'The Messer' has come to my tail, but soon it  
Got smoke. Howled motors in strain...  
The crosses on its wings, so they now needless  
To set crosses on their graves.

- I'm 'first', I'm 'first'... They under you now.  
I have runned to intercept them.  
- Beat down the fire! Fly up to the clouds!  
I'll try you to cover! ... In vain...

Sergei! You are burning! So have only hope  
On your parachute. But its late...  
I see just in front 'Messer' also is going...  
Farewell! I'll have frontal attack!  
I know, that others will surely take him  
And out... but later... in skies...  
And our souls are flying in heaven  
As two plains... Forever we tied...

The Archangel will say: 'In paradise, know,  
It may be not easy, as well.'  
And close the gates. But we'll ask him: 'Please, note,  
Take us to the angel's regiment'.  
And I'll ask the God, holy spirit, for other  
My will in this important case:  
'I wish that forever my friend would me cover,  
As in the last battle my back.'

We'll ask wings and arrows from the God-father -  
He needs the angels-aces, at least.



But if there're too many of the angel-fighters,  
Then let him include to the keepers.  
To keep up - that's also the matter of honour:  
To carry on wings a success,  
As really we were in life with Seryozha,  
In air and on earth - dear friends.

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, To Pieces Was Splitted The Crown... - Translation (Rus.)

To pieces  
was splitted the crown,  
State was over,  
throne.  
All life, Russia, laws -  
To hell gone!

And we -  
As if from the holes,  
As if the thieves - prisoned, holded, -  
Only blood is mixed with shame  
Ignominiously.

And we  
Are vanished in understanding -  
With whom - to fight, with whom - to stay,  
Who is - for us, who's - against,  
Whom we should fear...  
Where's the way?  
Where is the spirit?  
The honour?  
The shame?  
Where are our friends,  
Where are the aliens?  
How did we get this state,  
Russia - isn't worth to betray

Shame  
To all those, who likes the silence,  
Those, who are sunk in the doubts  
Whether he could kill or not  
Either!

A call!  
As wolves, as bulls,  
As a kite, pouncing on prey -  
Let's call the crows

To have a feast this day!

Hey you!

Where is your former firmness?

Where is our former pride?

To rest now is - the wrong going!

And hand is a holding a gun!

The end!

Everything has come

To the end!

Every thing was broken, destroyed.

And we have the lesser choice -

To shoot either in temple or in foe.

February 1965

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, We Had Suffered... - Translation (Rus.)

by Vladimir Vysotsky

We had suffered from war and hunger a lot,  
Heard, eaten many an assurance,  
And threw off the tzar, later -also  
The provisional government's structure.

And if somebody is having a hope,  
We could give him a notice:  
Their time never could be returned -  
We shall take a great care on this.

And we don't have time to the temporary power -  
Since now we have the Soviet one.  
Where are you? The provisional? Get down!  
Your time is over now!

2 feb 1965

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, We Rotate The Earth - Translation (Rus.)

by Vladimir Vysotsky  
(From the road diary)

And the waiting was long,  
But the send-off - was short though...  
And the friends wished me: 'Wow!  
All the best on your roads! '  
And four countries have drawn  
Their ways eyes before,  
And four borders arose  
With the bars high upwards.

And the shadows dark  
Of the passing-by birches  
Voluntarily lied under wheels,  
The highway dimly shined,  
As the bayonet, pointed  
Sharply into the heavens, indeed.

The eternal condemned flies - mosquitos -  
Got smashed up just in front of my nose,  
And the windscreen'd become as the picture  
Of the artist Dahli, widely famous.  
Muddled thoughts so lazy  
were beating  
In my head-crown roughly in turn,  
Shook my mind so crazy - let's spit them!  
And the war time had entered inwards...  
Time, which's mixed up with blood, no doubt...  
To the cab entered eyes in the bandages,  
And they asked: 'Where are you?  
To the west? Turn back now! '  
But I kept silence...  
Bullets scratched  
Over covering...  
I've heard the scream: 'Lie! Bombs! Be careful! Here!

And the highway had gone...  
This the true only channel...

And the trunks of the fire  
Were without the cut tops by mines,  
The illusive such flow  
Had bypassed the radiator.  
And the whole day's way  
Wasn't in progres at all.

I've slept at the wheel,  
I've languished to yawning.  
What to do: to pinch ear,  
Or to rub eyes to open?  
Suddenly I've seen  
In my car the foot sergeant:  
'Ho! It's a trophy thing! ' - he said, -  
'It is easy to sit'.

We did eat with the sergant the cutlets and radishes.  
He surprised with such food while the war-time.  
'I had, brer, '- he said, -' eaten eight days in Minsk previously.  
Go then, thanks! May be I'll have a look in some time...'

He had gone to the east  
With the depleted detachment...  
And again the quiet peace Entered cab through the plating.  
This time glanced  
With the only one woman eye's look,  
She said silently:  
'Are you tired? Please, rest. I'll replace you'.

All is right, and at last we're two now.  
We are going to border... Thirty years divide  
These strange meetings, although...  
The car brushed ran up,  
Washed the windscreen, and there  
We'd seen the road signs - caution for us.  
There was nothing on road, besides  
the pits and bumps rare,  
Which resemble the war. Only the so young trees...  
But it seemed to me that  
two huge bayonets appeared,  
And had slashed with a cold on my shivering skin...  
On this straight speedway I've minded,

Though never been fighting,  
That I've been at the war...  
And the highway was then  
The grey bayonets sharpening,  
And the raggs of the swastikas  
Dangled on this bayonet.

Lyudmila Purgina

# sky, Your Own Isle - Song - Translation (Rus.)

Your own isle  
by Vladimir Vysotsky

The song from the spectacle 'Your own isle', performed on the stage of the Moscow theater 'Sovremennik' in 1971

We are leaving our land  
forever,  
Our sailing may be long, and  
for many years...  
Let place the Fortune wheel  
crosswise at the stand,  
We are knowing all of storm's hitting  
beforehand.

Be in hurry, old chap, climb the mast,  
Look for earth, the question is sharp, -  
May be you could see there a continent,  
Or it would be, at least, an island.

Someone is having a thought  
to discharge,  
Someone is having a thought  
to retire,  
And the others again - in state  
of newborn,  
Are going not to rest, but  
to work forth.

You may have covered with a veil  
your destiny,  
Laugh again into her face,  
simply,  
Someone has their own great  
continent,  
But someone has the only little  
island.

I was earlier foretold



of the trouble  
With a Queen of spades, was given a hope  
of finding  
The great continent, at last... But  
that didn't stand,  
I had fallen in love to find -  
own islands.

Lo, the shore has appeared in front  
phantasmal!  
Don't be in a hurry - count inside  
up to hundred!  
What's there in the distance -  
the continent?  
Or my happy end at least -  
my island?

end of 1970

Lyudmila Purgina

# We Are - The Leaves

A green leaf from a bud  
Is growing outside,  
Tearing a peel - for sunlight,  
To develop a visible form...  
Along the veins the green blood  
To feed the leaf's life runs,  
Carrying the energy flow  
In order to create a seed,  
That after a time - will leave  
Its native, so comfortable, bole.

And again for the other life  
From the seed - another plant grows,  
In order, that in spring time  
Again a weightless leaf shows  
The mystery of sunshine.

We are the leaves. We grow,  
And fall down to the foot  
Of the Tree of Knowledge...

When we are on the Tree -  
It's hard to look down  
On a brown leaf,  
That turned withered  
From the suffering.

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# We Had Entered This World From Dreams

We had entered this world from dreams  
Into the Reality.  
We accepted this world as real,  
As the existing thing, as a given thing...  
The fairy world, at the same time - simple...  
The world wholly filled, the world - empty...  
Trying with the 'YES' proof  
To describe the Eternity...  
Trying with the 'NO' denial  
To escape the Eternity's eccentricity...

Lyudmila Purgina

## We Live In Dimensions...

We live in dimensions of real time, space,  
When we were awakened to live from our birth...  
We try to find, catch the elusive such trace,  
The reminiscences of previous earth...  
Sometimes we are eager to see that the tail  
... Of soul-bird, which shines as bright as the sun,  
Sometimes we can feel that the sail,  
Directing the soul in world's ocean...

Lyudmila Purgina

# Well, You Have Changed...

Well, you have changed...

And the eternal things

Suddenly have dropped down as a deposit of being.

There were the times, when you were young and careless,

You grew as a mature man, around is your family.

You can't, as earlier, to fly to heaven,

Using the fragments of your former feelings -

A burden of responsibility is light, but

It prevents to learn the science of bright real.

And I - have changed... I'm flying with a wind...

And looking from the height onto the nature.

I wasn't aware in my former being,

That I can live without light - for centuries...

The centuries will pass... before the light of lamp

Of some life could warm your blood.

We all - the parts of this strange play,

Where the life again dissolves us in the mood

Of the mysterious striving to a Pleasure,

To a Grin in eyes of the elusive Destiny...

And where is the Love? Where is the Perfection,

To which we burst our tears in a praying? ...

===

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# When You Are Standing On The Bank

When you are standing  
On the bank of river  
And thinking: 'What's there? '  
Is it possible to appease my grief  
There, on the opposite bank? '

The river is streaming its water  
So far - I can't see the end.  
It's so cold and uncomfortable  
For my heart on this bank...

May be, that on the other side I'll forget  
About the scratch of the shafts  
Of the underfatigable Mill of Fate?  
It erases to powder the images of faces  
And of dreams - the circles, forgotten once...  
And you hardly could remember,  
Whether it was with you,  
Or it will be, as a *deja-vous*...

The banks of river are cold,  
And all are covered with snow...  
What is there on the other side - joy?  
Or another sorrow? ...

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# When You Had Downfallen A Book...

When you had downfallen a book  
On surface of the floor,  
Where the heart lay broken,  
When love lost realm of its dignity in full  
And nothing could return it back unfortunately...  
When every line in books or poem is mark  
Of old feeling of prostration  
By after-effect of the shaft,  
Where you were thrown by negation  
Of your dream, of your light temptation  
To process of annihilation  
In mergement, confluence as rivers  
In one great flow to flood real,  
Insuperable in its nature...

The thunder of the fall  
shakes suddenly your nerves...  
As ring of bell that tolls  
of new life after all...

Lyudmila Purgina

# When You Look In The Middle...

When you look in the middle of Sun -

The eyes will be dazzled with Light,  
Bright and luminous.

The blindness caused by Light.

When you look in the middle of Moon -

The glow of its round face

Will cause the aspiration to Other worlds...

When we look in the middle of Star,

Its distant light cause the feeling of impossibility...

The Star is only a hole in the Black sky.

Millions of white holes in Heavens.

Trying to find the middle...

Looking in the middle of fire.

The fire of Creation.

Lyudmila Purgina



# Who's There?

Who's there? - Someone's knocking in the door...  
Who's there? What? - You wish to enter? Why?  
Who're you?  
WHO ARE YOU?  
WHOOOOUUU AAAARE YOUUUUUU? WOOOOOOUUUU...  
You are mistaken!  
That adress what you want to finf,  
is wrongly read and wrongly taken  
from someone's book..  
I'm not a houseowner...  
Away go! Ouuuuu!  
I'm only the house-keeper, know!  
Away! Away! Go! Go!  
...  
Some sound from the oitside  
disturbs me...  
Is that my guest?  
Is that his cry?  
Is that my dream?  
...  
Hey, was you really a prince  
on such a beautiful white horse?  
Where had you been  
for soooo, soooo long time  
of my life? !  
You are light as a cheruvim...  
...  
My prince... You are some stronly late...  
Abated...  
However, your rating  
still is strong..  
But it's not my fate.

Lyudmila Purgina

# Why Nobody Listen To...?

There is the wisdom, which is brought by the Elders.  
They use to tell, even if in state of the well-fed,  
The simple words, worth surely for everybody,  
The words so easy, unpretentious:  
Peace, Love, Light, Sun and Life!

But hardly they are heard by the young men,  
And downwards they fall after some time,  
By losing consciousness from the entertainments,  
Of sweetness of the fruits, that joys are giving,  
But, time will pass, the taste becomes so sickly,  
The sap of fruits will turn to plague...  
To poison, which will envenom the mind,  
And light Way will become - the dark Way.  
And suffering - will be the decoration's bight.

Why nobody to the Elders listen?  
The words are falling vainly, as the sand in clocks...  
The Destiny with her invisible light fingers  
Is running threads of life, the puppeteer cold.

====

In russian:

Lyudmila Purgina

# akov, If I Fall Ill... - Song - Translation (Rus.)

Song

By Yaroslav Smelyakov

If I fall ill, then never I'll call for a doctor for care,  
I need always my friends, that's evident,  
(Don't think that's a case of the rave) :  
And, my friends, stretch a steppe,  
Windows cover with mist, coloured grey,  
And put lightly on bedhead  
The night star there shining a fame.

I went baldheaded forth, wasn't a touch-me-not person.  
If I turn to be wounded in the righteous wars,  
Then, please, bind my head all with a mountain road,  
With a blanket, please, cover, where flowers blow.

Any powder, mixture I need not, let's in my glass  
Always beams shine and winds of the deserts and falls -  
Would be means for the treatment. The oceans, mounts  
Are the age's phenomena - look there and live long.

Not the white cachets dot all my life then,  
There're the clouds.  
Not the hospital's corridor,  
But leave you by the Milky Way...

Lyudmila Purgina

# You Are Perfect....

You are perfect,  
As your life could be...  
You are perfect,  
As your memory...  
As the string of rainbow  
Over the earth...  
You are perfect -  
Take this... so on...

Take your perfectness  
In your hand.  
And there - in perfectness  
You'll understand:  
Nothing in the world  
Is worth to be regretted -  
Every thing, everything  
Is going to live forever,  
But in other form,  
With the other Nature...  
Moving world  
Goes on and on...  
Being stable...

As the point of a round wave  
Is going up and down...  
Every moment we are - a mere clay,  
And a precious crown..

Lyudmila Purgina

# You Know What With Me...- The Song - Transl (Rus.)

The song from the film 'The Irony of Fate...'

You know what with me had happened?  
My old friend seems to be taken  
Out of me, but other guys  
Try in the vanity entice.  
And he is also in a roam,  
He knows that it is a foam...  
But we can't help to learn the core  
Why we are shared in this floor.  
You know what with me had happened?  
The other girl seems me to dampen,  
And lies on shoulders her hands,  
Stealing my love in such a way.  
And my girl then, oh God, you know,  
Whom I can't place my hands today,  
From whom I was in such way stolen  
Would be the thief in her revenge.  
Not now, but a little later,  
And there would be inner battle,  
At last she would provide her choice,  
And it could be far off what she wants.  
Oh, how many there're bad connections,  
The friendships needless...  
I feel true hatred.  
Oh, someone ruin this combination  
Of alien hearts, and isolation  
Of souls intimate...  
.....  
.....  
You know what with me had happened? ..  
-

Lyudmila Purgina

# You Look At Me...

You look at me,  
but what you see in-there?  
Only the tiredness, despair,  
Discrepancy, dislove and disillusion...  
What if the world is fallen in all-usion?  
What if the world is bursted into parts,  
When you are looking at me so smart?  
When you are testing me by your light nature?  
When you are carrying me from earth to heaven!  
I love you! Don't gaze or glare!  
I will survive from woe and despair,  
I'll creep from tiredness, when sun rises up again...  
I'll keep myself far from the next disdain...

Lyudmila Purgina

# You Open Your Eyes

You open your eyes at morning - and again:  
The chirping birds outdoors do play,  
Do jump from bough to bough, fly  
High into heaven... And the day  
Is filled with rays of glaring sun.  
You open your eyes - and once again  
You are in the mysterious role in this play,  
Which have some reason and, of course, beginning...  
The end may be either close or distant...

Lyudmila Purgina

# You Shot...

You shot a bird, that flied in sky,  
And stopped her heart in beating...  
And life of hers had flied apart  
To dreams of world... Where is it?

You shouted: 'Oh! That's my win!  
I'm the winner! Rised up  
To top of winners... Had a dream  
Of being winner all life...'

But that was bird, and her heart beats  
In threads of destiny, in net,  
Where the Parks still diminish  
Or rise to life the creatures that

Are flying, racing, running, moving  
In world of Being from the point,  
Where Nothing waits, where Nothing choosing,  
Who will rise or will fall in voyage...

Lyudmila Purgina



# Yu. Drunina, Where From... - Translation (Rus.)

By Yuliya Drunina

Where from  
I could get forces  
In the hour  
So black, like coal?  
If I were  
Not Russian daughter  
I would down  
Hands, and long ago.  
As I'd dropped my hands  
In forty one.  
Wilst remember you?  
The protecting ditches  
Nervous like  
Snaked around Moscow.  
Bury-notes, wounds  
And sites of fire...  
Memory,  
Don't tear soul...  
And  
I couldn't recollect  
The other  
Times,  
Which were so close  
To the clear Love  
To Motherland.  
And this Love,  
So sharp and pure  
Stored,  
Gave the people  
Forces and secure  
In the stormy fire  
Of the war.

If my faith  
To Russia were spent,  
How could me

Russia

Trust ever then?

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In russian and other translation by Boris Gorodetsky:

Lyudmila Purgina

# ov - The Golden Stairway - The Song, Translation (Rus.)

By Yury Antonov,  
the famous russian composer and singer

You had come to my heart  
As a lucky staircase.  
I've disclosed at start  
World enormous way.  
But my Love. Oh, my Love,  
Seems to be a gold stair  
Of the Golden stairway without rail.

We had spent with yourself  
Lot of months and time as yet.  
All the moments and steps  
I'd like to reiterate.  
But my Love. Oh, my Love,  
Seems to be a gold stair  
Of the Golden stairway without rail.

Leaves became yellow once,  
They were just the same age.  
I've got flamed, I did love,  
I had happy days.  
True my Love. Oh, my Love,  
Seems to be a gold stair  
Of the Golden stairway without rail.

Snow's melting again,  
All my dreams are melting.  
All the words melt away,  
That for you I've said.  
True my Love. Oh, my Love,  
Seems to be a gold stair  
Of the Golden stairway without rail.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ov, I Am Going To Meet You... - Song - Translation (Rus.)

I am going to meet you through a dewy grass-growth,  
Joy is falling on my shoulders with a yellow morning.  
I know for sure - you wait me in passion  
Between flowers and summer, between real happiness.

I am going to meet you through the forest thicket,  
There poplar-tree burns a candle of its gold leaves.  
It is greening brightly, leaves are ringing loud,  
That's because of you should meet me, that's because of rout.

I am going to meet you over the grass ring,  
I'll present you surely just the brilliant evening.  
That's for stars in skies be shining and your eyes be twinkling,  
That's for me and you be dreaming and the dreams turn real.

- -

Text n

Lyudmila Purgina

# tsov, The Invisible Point - Translation (Rus.)

By Yury Polikarpovich Kuznetsov  
The invisible point

I put on once a happy robe,  
While wandering between the sun and moon,  
And looked at the invisible light point,  
It always was in front of me, as truth.

No any radar caught it, no raven  
Pecked it from the inner evil, bullets all  
Passed by, all in world - had failed.  
My eye merged into it and only.

At last, I've worn out my happy robe,  
Then missed the alien, and also mine - missed.  
And gazed all time on the invisible point,  
When all the world has moved from it.

And everything was mixed, and vainly - all.  
I've lost all alien, and also - all mine.  
In the invisible point - the abyss scorched,  
And fire went out of it that time.

And voice was loud: 'Come into this fire!  
Don't be afraid! ' - 'But what will be with world? '  
'It was the only image, know, rather  
You'd been looking in me, but not on world...'

And I stepped into fire and blissed ever  
That one, who was in front of me for years.  
And all my ash I left to wander there -  
Between the sun and moon, forever...

2001

Lyudmila Purgina

# r, Romantics - Song - Translation (Rus.)

By Yuri Vizbor

All romantics have just one and the same road:  
When they pass all over the lands and seas,  
On return to their own threshold,  
They dropp the anchor for eternal rest and peace.

And they look to you with the unearthly eyes then,  
They spend time with the neighbours in a talk,  
They are listening all day to the old legends,  
And they sing with the vagrants there along.

He will come by a wild country road,  
And bypassing all the towns on his way  
For the purpose here to reach his own threshold,  
For the purpose here to live his final days.

He will stay at the boarded door awhile,  
Nobody he will say even a word,  
For they wouldn't believe him, neither,  
For they wouldn't dropp a tear on the old.

Many of us knocked about the great world,  
Stirring up the souls on the way,  
Many had remained their souls forever so,  
That could never thus return the place again.

And we won't look around with the unearthly eyes then,  
Won't have a talk with a neighbour up to morn,  
Won't listen to the old legends,  
Won't sing with a vagrant all night long.

====

In russian:

mp3:

Lyudmila Purgina



# r, The Small Telegraphist - Song -Translation (Rus.)

The small telegraphist  
by Yury Vizbor

1. In the Arkhangelsk sea port  
The icebreaker had moored.  
In hard labour and in sweat  
He had finished his way yet.

R.:  
You hear the air whistle -  
That is the distant shore.  
I'm the small telegraphist  
On this great ship I serve.

2. The long way was so hard,  
The spring ice was just the same.  
All wish now resting, though I  
Wish going other way.

a rocky isle there live,  
Which is lost in a boundless sea,  
One girl - the telegraphist  
And she's waiting only me.

4. When we'd visited isle, that time  
I was only looking at her,  
Being timid and being so shy  
To have there the serious talk.

5. But today I say you: 'Please, catch wave!  
This wave'll bring for you only the truth  
By small points and dashes in play  
How I love you! I love you! I love you! '

6. I sign this simple radiogram sheet  
In such formal and usual way:  
'I'm the small loving telegraphist  
From the ocean ship so great'.

-

In russian:

mp3

Lyudmila Purgina

# ius, Love - Is Only One - Translation (Rus.)

Love - is only one  
by Zinaida Ghippius

And only one time with a foam  
Wave is rising and falling down.  
And heart can't live with parting tone,  
There's no a betrayal - only love.

We can be angry or be playing,  
Or lying - but the heart is silent.  
We never could produce betrayal:  
The soul is one - and love is one.

Monotonoudsly and so desertly,  
With only one quality is powered,  
Life goes away... And in this life, well,  
You know, that love is one, and only one.

Immutable - causes eternal,  
And constancy - is deep as chasm.  
And further - there's the way etherial,  
And it is clear: love - is one.

With blood we pay for love entirely,  
But faithful soul - quite loyal,  
And we love only with one love rather...  
Love's one on earth, as death is one.

Lyudmila Purgina

## ova, I Wonder... - Translation (Rus.)

I wonder: 'Do you really remember? ..'  
I wish to understand - You still the same?  
Whom I could call for help, and never  
You'll say - Unable, only - No problem.

I wonder, by the way: 'Who are your minion?  
Do you have soul's favourite that days? '  
But, truely, that's the question fearing  
Me with its 'yes', it's like the fusillade.

I tend to say you: 'How I miss you...'  
But is that thing for you the necessary one?  
I, may be, take no notice of thing, too,  
That all sad stories - are about us...

I wonder: 'Do you want and now?  
To go through the life, as you did wish...'  
But, truely, I'm scared to have answer -  
'Excuse me... I'm busy! ..' thus... indeed...

Lyudmila Purgina