

«The House Of Dream»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

It's not a house – it's a paradise...
The doors of flame. Hang on the wall the picture
Of our day so notable and nice,
And open wide the window to the winter.

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The only floor, the couch of thirty seats.
The flaring fire-place gives me its cozy warmth.
The stars above like brides, who dance in rings...
The house's fine – come in, apprise its worth!

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The garden' beautiful – it's neat and full of light.
The area's adorned with blooms and plantings.
Even in solitude your shining eyes are bright,
When you're with me – this radiance turns blinding.