

«Lene»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

In the night or day,
In the summer's cold,
I'll say, by the way,
That Lene's beauty's bold...

* * *

In the land of pure grace,
In the most charming scene,
You are living at your pace,
Beautiful forever, Lene.

* * *

Hope and sorrow crush in one.
You do remember what is past.
There was a man. I am his son.
Without doubts, try to trust!

* * *

He was godlike, perhaps, but I
Am bound by your utter charm.
The cost of legacy is high,
Though meeting you is no harm.

The fire, fevered, tied by fast,
Will make two parts into a whole,
And in the minutes' daily cast,
It will combine body and soul.

* * *

When are you coming? Any sign?
The flame's not thought to tire.
Why are you silent? No line
Is ever full to fit the fire.

* * *

In the land of no trace,
In the most charming scene,
You are living at your pace,
Beautiful forever, Lene.