

## «Summer Rains»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

What's the cost of a life,  
Summer rains?  
You were heading the strife  
Of the thanes.

\* \* \*

Soldiers shared with you  
Their tears.  
Dates were left but a few,  
And the history leers.

\* \* \*

Your deception was doubled  
By your passion and age.  
They were utterly troubled,  
Meeting anger and rage.

\* \* \*

All the nameless sprouts,  
Gone before being born,  
You'll get, without doubts,  
A name, cold and forlorn.

\* \* \*

Tell me a higher price,  
Summer rains.  
Though power is a vice,  
There were thanes.

I will spearhead the gone.  
As for you, you will act  
As a guide-book for no-one,  
Damp, and sore, and wrecked.

\* \* \*

You masters of soggy treason,  
Have coped with visions.  
I wish for a change of season,  
News and collisions.

\* \* \*

You know not the cost of life,  
Grievous rains.  
A malediction traced the strife  
Of the thanes.

\* \* \*

I tear off calendar sheets  
Till they are but a few,  
And while the time heart beats,  
I say – I thank you!