

## «Confession»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

What else can I say but repeat  
That your beauty's divine?  
Bliss is sure to follow your feet,  
Always brighten the being of thine.

\* \* \*

Well, what else? I can say,  
You inspire creation of things.  
From now and on, late to stay,  
You know what victory brings.

\* \* \*

What can I add, when in spring,  
Freshness fills in the lakes?  
Beauts are many; they don't cling  
To nature, like you. They're fakes.

\* \* \*

Beauts are many. They aren't wise,  
Though. And only you alone  
Make all my spirits rise,  
When I can hear your tone.

What more can I say? Only that  
You're a beauty, gentle and divine.  
Clever, charming, as if I'd met  
A mountain river's playful line.

\* \* \*

I'll call you one and only, like  
A distant road in my lot,  
Predestined to come in and strike,  
To be the only sun I've got.

\* \* \*

I do beseech: don't leave me, dear,  
And if we're forced to bid farewell,  
Do love me, if you leave me here,  
And stay in poems that I tell.