

«My Love»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

The pools with multi-coloured leaves,
The evening lights, the tone
Of roads that the fortune weaves...
The weeping mountains, alone.

* * *

The rains were torturing the dusk,
The stormy clouds joined the cry.
My love could burn, rejoice and busk,
But I am pleased to have it dry.