

«The Scarlet Roses»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

The scarlet roses were burning the snow
When she was leaving, silence he kept.
The stars going mad, the ice being thawed,
And even the moon for the broken past wept.

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The planet, which shuddered, feeling its blame,
Started breaking the rhythm of rotation a bit.
She was leaving... Did we play right in this game?..
He kept silence... Or, maybe, will say, let it be?..

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After he was departing, she asked not to leave,
Crying ruthlessly burning his palm with her tears.
And he tried to forget, understand and forgive,
Watching to the appealing and rigid flame leers.

* * *

And she also called him by the long lonely nights,
She embroidered with dreams on his blazon.
Did together not stay, as her mother's a wave,
And his passion – a fire hotly blazing.

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The scarlet roses were burning the snow
The ways of the both led to sleeping.
The stars going mad, the ice being thawed...
..Someone was the spring jolly greeting.