

## «The Last Year Snow»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

The last year snow was falling in the sky...  
How can explain it you, the child of sunset?  
This falling snow was barely white  
Among the bliss, which we had once felt.

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The snow was close, but it was strange,  
Was beautiful, but somewhat ugly.  
The years were twiddling it in clench.  
In our dreams a little clumsy,

\* \* \*

It lingered to come true at nights  
And hurrying hard to greet the sun,  
Had mixed just everything in the fuss:  
Waited for a woman – met the one...

\* \* \*

So close, so mine.