

«The Carriages»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

The carriages, the trains,
The station far away.
«The habits of the habits
Are special», – I would say.

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The platforms, semaphores,
The jolting, rattle of wheels,
And wet throughout curtains –
The sign of parting tears.

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Like moth, gnaws through my conscience
Your childish reproach.
Your «alien» story motions
The long pain in my couch.