

«Cities»

(Eng) Translated by Makarenko Catherine

I am standing on a pavement
Looking at the street. Across it
A statue in a suit of dittos
Is rounding its shoulders.

* * *

How many forks and crossroads
Will I pass hereafter?
Sawdust of the many-colored
Fates is mixed with laughter.

* * *

City comfort will remind me
Carelessness I turned from.
Seldom I hear behind me
«Memory eternal».

* * *

I am standing on a pavement;
At the street I'm looking.
In a weird repertory
Hills of files are stooping.

* * *

Here flows a river of
Unfulfilled ideas.
There were great people, and
Great was their heaviness.

* * *

For the people's health's sake let us
Nettle shirts contrive.
We'll increase the population
That means we will live!