

«The White Bird»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

The white bird with a black wing,
I would be glad to fly.
To forget past and future, to cling
To the clouds of the sky.

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To ascend the height of no fall,
But I've a habit that weighs me down:
I'm used to wander the land and stroll;
Some destiny's taken my crown.

* * *

White bird, tell me: for how long
Will last your ambitious flight?
The world is simply a draft song
Of those who used to write.

* * *

Wise bird, foretell us the wind
With your wing that is feather'd black.
I hope to have all my courage leaned
To the freedom I now lack.

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«In the nearest future» is not a «now»,
I'll have then my dreams and the time.
As if to remember us all anyhow,
The rains ask for calm, not for rhyme.

* * *

The days and events go on, fully set,
The Earth goes round, changing but few.
Fly away. Perhaps, I will not forget,
But rather – I will still remember you.