

«The Letter»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

*There are no letters more romantic
Than those of love and ballet frantic...*

Kindness, friendliness, a smile –
You'll not refuse me, I may hope?
You weren't dreaming of exile,
Or of the loneliness to mope.

* * *

The halls are cold, and if you wait
For flowers, clapping that discords,
The only praise of dimming fate
Is reminiscing praising words.

* * *

In the first night all changes fast:
The sleeping audience is freezing.
I'm rich in troubles of my past,
But memory is just as seizing.

* * *

All your admirers are keen
On actresses, and not the ballet;
I'd've known why if I had seen
The crowds of the ticket-selling.

* * *

This melody, grim, lonely, sad,
Will take us to the lands unknown.
Planned meetings aren't so bad.
Or, maybe, it's the Heaven's tone?

You won't answer me, I guess.
Kindness, friendliness, a smile –
I know not what to confess,
So I'll accuse you of your style.

* * *

In torments vague, truth self-reveals.
The greatest world! I love it so,
I wish you to succeed in deals
Selling your talent high and low.

* * *

I will forget you very soon,
In a September's week, it seems.
But I cannot forget your boon
Of youth that brought me dreams.

* * *

E-mail me any time you wish:
Morn, eve and day, and never rue.
My destiny can be your niche:
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