FINLAND

Whether-ish? Never-ish?
   Pine needles churffle, -- churffle
Anna---Maria, Liza -- no?
   Whether-ish? -- Lake-ish?

Lulla, lolla, lalla-lu,
   Liza, lolla, lulla-li.
   pine needles churffle, churffle,
   tee-hee-hee, tee-hee-hoo-hoo.

   Forest-ish, --- lake-ish?
Whether-ish?

   Ah, Anna, Maria, Liza,
Hey-tara!
   Terr-ay--tree-eh--tree-eh...hoo!
Khole, kuleh, haay.

Lake-ish? -- Forest-ish?
Sh-sh-ee
   Vee-ee..oo.

ФИНЛЯНДИЯ

Это-ли? Нет-ли?
   Хвои шуютъ, -- шуютъ
Анна---Марія, Лиза, — нетъ?
   Это-ли? — Озеро-ли?

Лулла, лолла, лалла-лу,
   Лиза, лолла, лулла-ли.
   Хвои шуют, шуют,
   ти-и-и, ти-и-у-у.

   Лес-ли, — озеро ли?
   Это-ли?

   Эхъ, Анна, Марія, Лиза,
   Хей-тара!
   Тере-дере-дере... Ху!
   Холе-кулэ-нэээ.

   Озеро-ли? — Лес-ли?
   Тио-и
   ви-и... у.
The planks subsided beneath the Spring sunshine,
Movement sped along with red exclamation,
Tallymark – Northward became brickish – the shore is not ours!
You are still hoping to improve, plaiting a braid,
but inside me rages a sun storm!
Tramcar, samovar, semaphore,
“North-West” inside me!
Merry storm, you will not defeat,
will not defeat me!
Under the ship’s ladder, the pier trembles
In Courland brewery,
there is a girl with black braids.
THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

Finnish melody.

Ah, the days are days of pining!
Who has scattered them to the wind?
--- Half-wit!
But no one, no one clever
has gathered up my days again.
and will not gather them,
and will not bring them,
to my mother.

Mama, mama, mamochka – do not be angry –
I will soon gather my little days so tight
I will run after them to the sea so light
And I will say to the sea, give it back ---
I'm cheerful!
I promised them to my mother willful

My mama is strict; – exactly the like
as me, the day – and she is the night!

--- Come, come close beside,
my dear son,
uselessly spent by-the-by
my little day, my little day'un.

It came up, snuggled tender nigh,
for just one, for just one.
My little heart skipped a beat,
my dear son, my dear son.

From my hands the whip fell
he laughs – a friend:
I was a little lazy. Yes, by-the-by
my dear day'un.
FROM SWEET ONES

A garland of spring roses
lies upon a rosy lake.
A garland of spectral mountains
beyond the lake.

Violets brushed lightly the dress’s train
Pearly snow-white
Of purple velvet in the meadow
May’s greenery.

Oh my illustrious knight!
I have hope that, come blood or come victory,
you will honor the name of thy lady!
From the raven-black horse he sprung,
Bent double until finished tying
The delicate design “Edita”
Beaded or silken.
Trace of his dusty sole
on the hem of her veil.
His prickly spur
tore her gown.

Your lord husband is coming,
I see his feathers undulating above his helmet
And a pack of dogs is barking.
Farewell madame!

IZ’Ъ СЛАДОСТНЫХ

Миниатюры.

Венокъ весеннихъ розъ
Лежитъ на розовомъ озере.
Венокъ призрачныхъ гор
За озером.

Шлейфомъ задели фиалки
Белоснежность жемчужная
Лилового бархата на лугу
Зелени майской.

О мой достославный рыцарь!
Надеюсь, победой иль кровью
Почтите имя дамы!
Съ коня вороного спрыгнулъ,
Склонился пока повяжетъ
Нежный узоръ „Эдита”
Бисеромъ или шелкомъ.
Следь пыльной подошвы
на конце покрывала.
Колючей шпорой ей
разорвало платье.

Господинъ супругъ Ваш едетъ,
Я вижу реютъ перья надъ шлемомъ
И лаютъ псы на сворахъ.
Прощайте дама!
During the tournament the box seats glimmer.
The forest of weary lances,
like a forest of victorious masts.
The banners dance in the azure
With a multi-colored smile.

All eyes shift forwards
Someone’s dainty hand in agitation
is waving a handkerchief.
Unicorns speed by in big-eyed horsecloth,
Visors lowered, spears clanging with a squeal,
The arena’s red dust obscures the box seats.
The strict evil queen lets down her raven hair and sings:
Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is fairest of them all?

* * *

Nora, my Snow White
Nora, my snowy flower
My cloudy little lamb.
Oh you, Snow Queen,
Cloudy fleece,
Delicate feather,
You, mountain edelweiss,
Nora, my shimmering wave,
Nora my sweetly shimmering dream!

...Ah, strict Queen, do not punish me,
Do not sentence me to death!

My snowy cloud
My snowy fairy tale,
Edelweiss from the mountain,
Is much fairer than you!

* * *

Строгая злая Королева распускает вороньи вороньи волосы и поет:
Ты мне зеркальце скажи
Да всю правду доложи
Кто меня здесь милее

* * *

Нора, моя Белоснежка,
Нора, мой снежный цветик,
Мой облачный барашек.
Ох ты, снежная королева,
Облачное руно,
Нежное перышко,
Ты, горный эдельвейс,
Нора, моя мерцающая волна,
Нора мой сладко мерцающий сонь!

...Ахь, строгая Королева, не казни меня,
Не присуждай меня к смерти!
Мое снежное облако,
Моя снежная сказка,
Эдельвейс сь горы,
Много милее тебя!
TO MY BROTHER.

Pray over me – you,
for whom the skies are open.
You loved little birds
and died, tortured by people.
Pray for me since you are allowed to
so that I will be forgiven.
You in your life are not guilty of that ---
of that which I am guilty.
You can save me.
Pray for me.

In wee hours of the morning I find myself unsleeping
because I am sad.

And I think of those
who live in the world of the misunderstood, the oddballs,
who because of this, are wronged by the people,
flushed in little corners -- made cold without caress,
they weave a clumsy and inept life, they will plod
along the long road without any warmth.
They stared into stranger's flowerbeds,
where there were planted
pink and lilac flowers
for the strangers, for their households.
But nevertheless the road leads them --
they walk without taking heed where it goes
I --- could never do this.
I am surrounded by the boundary of death.
And I don’t know, who encircled me.
I only weaken and shudder from the cold here.

In wee hours of the morning I find myself unsleeping
because I am sad.

MOEMU BRTAT.

Помолись за меня — ты
Тебе открыто небо.
Ты любил маленьких птичек
И умер замученный людьми.
Помолись обо мне тебе позволено чтоб-бы меня простили.
Ты в своей жизни не виновень в том —
в чем виновна я.
Ты можешь спасти меня.
Помолись обо мне.

... Какъ рано мне приходится не спать,
оттого, что я печалюсь.
Также я думаю о техъ,
кто на свете въ чудаках,
кто за это въ обиде у людей,
позасунуты въ уголкахъ — озябшіе безъ ласки,
плетутъ неумелую жизнь, будто бредуть
dлинной дорогой безъ тепла.
Загляделись въ чуже цветники,
ge где насажены
розовенькіе и лиловенькіе цветы
для своихъ, для домашнихъ.
А все-же ихъ дорога ведеть —
идуть, куда глаза глядятъ,
я — же и этого не смогла.
Я смертной чертой окружена.
И не знаю, кто меня обвель.
Я только слабею и зябну здесь.

Каъ какъ рано мне приходится не спать,
оттого, что я печалюсь.
RECOVERY

The appetite recovering
Sleep is a row of bottomless wells,
and to sense the silence of the pantry and of the stove hour
after hour.
I know, I was withdrawn from disintegration by those, who
love...
Sluggish legs, softened elbows,
The twilight is as long as languor itself.
Lies hard and flat the body,
and the wish to hear aloud two or three
superfluous lines, --- that kindled the imagination
with such maddening, resounding light...
The sluggish body disobediently in bed,
Life’s luster only half understood by the brain.
And permanent and sinister in this same space
again became the reflection of the lantern’s light...
Again in the confusion of endless twilight...
Delirious twilight,
I am afraid of you.

ВЫЗДОРОВЛЕНИЕ

Аппетит выздоровлянскiй
Сонъ, — колодцевъ бездонныхъ рядъ,
и осязать молчанье буфета и печки часъ за часомъ.
Знаю, отозвали отъ распада те, кто любят…
Вялые ноги, размягченные локти,
сумерки длинныя, какъ томление.
Тяжело лежитъ и плоско тело,
и желанье слышать вслухъ две-три
лишихъ строчки, — чтобъ фантазию зажгли
такимъ безумнымъ, звучнымъ светомъ…
Тело вялое въ постели непослушно,
Жизни блескъ полупонятень мозгу.
И бессменный и зловещий въ томъ же месте
опять сталъ отблескъ фонаря…

Опять въ путанице бесконечныхъ сумерек…
Бредовые сумерки,
я боюсь васъ.
PICASSO’S VIOLIN

In light shadow on marble the tremble of the chandelier.
In the name of the happy half-sufferer,
all upliftedness of suffering was manifested on the little wooden plaque with golden shimmering lines the kingdom of shadow through nervous angles.

And the long torso of the musician, carved up with his cinched vest, was a continuation and a curve of the weary fingerboard. The hidden parts of the spirit and the land of white walls was charmed by that genius little twist of the violin, and became the mist of white music that, having sunk into a muted world, leads away from objects.

Spoiled sufferer with the pale blue-colored face on the couch, prostrating out his exhausted arms and lifting his long chin towards the light.

Like him, the flowers were almost dying in the crystal vase filled with water.

СКРИПКА ПИКАССО

Въ светлой тени на мраморе трепет люстры.
Въ именi счастливого полустрадальца,
всь поднятость мучений на дощечке съ золотымъ блескомъ черть выразило королевство тени нервными углами.

И длинный корпус музыканта, вырезанный втянутымъ жилетомъ, былъ продолжениемъ и выгибомъ истомленнаго грифа. Изворотикомъ гениальнымъ скрипки очаровано скрытое духа и страна бельихъ стень, и насталъ туманъ бельй музыки и потонувшее въ миръ немоты, уводящее изъ вещей.

Избалованный страдалецъ съ лицомъ изсина бледнымъ на диване, простерши измученные руки и протянувъ длинный подбородокъ къ свetu.

И какъ онъ, почти умирали цветы въ хрустальномъ стакане съ водой.
LAZINESS
And laziness.
By noon it began to warm up.
On the pond sparkling stir
the stirrings.
Diamond sparks jump.
Rings faintly.
Horsefly buzzes.
Above water
Highgrass's laziness.

LENЬ
И лень.
К полудню стала теплень.
На пруду сверкающая шевелится
Шевелень.
Бриллиантовые скачут искры.
Чуть звенится.
Жужжит слепень.
Над водой
Ростинкам лень.
Having sat down on a clean-cut stump,
He made his flute sing.
From the resin he managed to protect himself.
--- I brought you my soul, oh, wild land,
Oh wild land.
Still the last bud was blooming.
And juicy were the grasses,
The resin accumulated on a delicate clump of earth.
Night was falling. Frogs croaked
From puddles nearby.
Still the spring bud was blooming.
--- Edouard Ivanich!
The steward did not come.
Farm hands searched for the German over the whole estate.
Lidochka ran to a new balcony
And Mama called: «Where is he?»
Already night is falling, he needs to be in time
For the sheep's pen and the buildings need attending.
Mama even became angry:
«And where has he disappeared to?!»
Mama's tail fringe got hooked, snagged.
Lidochka and Masha, after bumping into each other in the doorway,
Laughed at their mother – it's too much!
And in the slanted beam the shaving curls seemed set ablaze
And the alder bush.
Night was falling, frogs croaked
far away, far away.
--- Edouard Ivanich!
The German lout wasn't coming.
The spring bud was blooming
The bright soul of the cat shined in the room.
He had a white, animal tummy,
His soul was creaturely, small, innocent, crafty and full
of beastial wisdom. That is why the radiant old man wanted
to teach cats to talk, or people to be silent and contemplate
the secret mystery...

*   *

It was rainy. The kitty bundled his snout with his
paws, bundled, bundled and became a little Bundle. The
children woke up and saw that on their bed lay the little
Bundler – one eye unsleeping, cunning, green, and straight
into the plush small hole its gaze disappeared, satiny paws
became soft breaded balls, like little lepyoshka rolls.
Finally you blossomed my big, silly daisy of the field.
I always wished this for myself.
Your yellowish fur smells like the sun, ---
You are God.
You are a round, cheerful, kind sun.
You are the symbol of eternal youth.
You are impossibly trusting: instantly you submit for
a kiss this round forehead with a sacred white spot and
but firmly against the lips of the kisser; you are doing this
so as not to deprive all the many who long for you, you feel,
that you are bestowing a gift.
O, You, the rising sun. You...
Your fur smells like sunshine, your symbol is the
joyful round buckwheat blin.
Your guiding light is the sun, the sun....
Your little flower is the daisy with the large yellow
center.
Your stone is topaz.
You know, terrible glutton, how silly you are,
unbelievably, vainly silly.
Such lavish, tsar-like silliness could only be the
destiny of the sun god.

CAT VAT

Finally you blossomed my big, silly daisy of the field.
I always wished this for myself.
Your yellowish fur smells like the sun, ---
You are God.
You are a round, cheerful, kind sun.
You are the symbol of eternal youth.
You are impossibly trusting: instantly you submit for
a kiss this round forehead with a sacred white spot and
but firmly against the lips of the kisser; you are doing this
so as not to deprive all the many who long for you, you feel,
that you are bestowing a gift.
O, You, the rising sun. You...
Your fur smells like sunshine, your symbol is the
joyful round buckwheat blin.
Your guiding light is the sun, the sun....
Your little flower is the daisy with the large yellow
center.
Your stone is topaz.
You know, terrible glutton, how silly you are,
unbelievably, vainly silly.
Such lavish, tsar-like silliness could only be the
destiny of the sun god.

КОТЪ ВАТЪ

Наконецъ ты расцвелъ у меня большой, глупой,
полевой ромашкой.
Я всегда себе желала такого.
Твой желтоватый мех пахнет солнцем,—
Ты — Бог.
Ты — круглое, веселое, доброе солнце.
Ты — символ вечной молодости.
Ты невозможно доверчив: сейчасъ же
подставляешь для поцелуя круглый лобъ со
священнымъ, белымъ пятномъ и бодаешь крепко въ
самья губы целующего; ты делаешь это такъ, чтобы не
обделить всѣхъ многихъ, жаждущихъ тебя, ты
чувствуешь, что даришь.
О, Ты, восходящее солнце. Ты...
Твой мехъ пахнетъ солнцемъ, твой символъ, —
гречневый круглый радостный блинъ.
Твое светило — солнце, солнце...
Твой цветокъ — ромашка съ крупной
желтой серединкой.
Твой камень — топазъ.
Ты знаешь, ужасный обядало, какъ ты глуп —
невероятно, несбыточно глупъ.
Такая щедрая, царственная глупость могла быть
уделомъ только солнечнаго бога.
TO THE FOXBERRY.

My name is June Dew.

It is a small pink soul of June life under the pine trees.

One cannot help but rejoice. Such a tiny, pink goblet, wilting from happiness, overturned in pairs on the fork of a gracefully lifted leg.

And the feeling of bliss, of elves, of refinement, and of June's bridal freshness and joy.

She has the rosy scent of a happy almond, ---and rosy waves of this smell incite surprise as you walk past with encouraging steps along the thorny crowned path.

This is a celebration of June earth, one cannot but rejoice.

* * *

Give me, oh give me even more strength to love all people and the earth ---so that I won't treasure my own --- and so that I will become strong and rich! And generous, ---my God, how generous! ...

ТОЛОКНЯНКА.

Меня зовут Июньская Роса.

Это маленькая розовая душа Июньской жизни подъ соснами.

Ей нельзя не радоваться. Это такой малюсенький, розовый, поникший от счастья бокальчикъ, опрокинутый по двое на вилочек вознесенной стройно ножки.

И чувство блаженства, и эльфов, и миниатюрности, и июньской венчальной свежести, и счастья.

У нея розовый запахъ счастливого миндаля, — и розовые волны этого запаха волнуют внезапностью пока шагаешь мимо ободренными шагами по увенчанной тропинке.

Это праздникъ Июньской земли, ему нельзя не радоваться ...

* * *

Дай мне, дай мне силу еще больше любить людей, землю — чтобы не дорожить моимъ — и чтобы быть сильной и богатой! И щедрой, — Боже, щедрой!..
LITTLE FIELDLINGS.

My fielded little fieldlings,
What made you quiet down? Was it sadness?
-- No, we quieted down happily -
We are listening to the lark.

Fielded little fieldlings,
How soon will the bread grains ripen and bloom?
---You want it too early – they are not of the age for wooing.

Fielded little fieldlings,
Why do you stand on the border path– on the border spitting?
The reason why we spit, is that from our saliva the buckwheat will grow.

Fielded little fieldlings,
why do you touch my footprint with your fingers?
We protect your footsteps, we protect them,
because we know what is sacred,
We know when the rye will ripen and bloom.

Fielded little fieldlings,
Why have you become my darlings?
---We are not the ones who have become darlings,
for soon you will be a mother –
That is why the whole world has become darling to you.

ПОЛЕВУНЧИКИ.

Полевые мои Полевунчики,
Что притихли? Или невесело?
— Нет, притихли мы весело —
Слушаем жаворонка.

Полевые Полевунчики,
Скоро ли хлебам колоситься?
— Рано захотела — еще не невестились.

Полевые Полевунчики,
Что вы на меже стоите – на межу поплевываете?
Затемь поплевываемъ, чтобъ изъ слюнокъ нашихъ гречка выросла.

Полевые Полевунчики,
что вы пальцами мой след трогаете?
Мы следки твои бережемъ, бережемъ,
а затемъ, что знаемъ мы заветное,
Знаемъ, когда ржи колоситься.

Полевые Полевунчики,
Что вы стали голубчиками?
— Мы не сами стали голубчиками,
а знать тебе скоро матерью быть —
 То-то тебе свет приголубился.
April
Tarhovka Station
Dedicated to M.M.

Sand was sticking to the footsteps on the melted snowy path.

Yellow, yellow.
In the tiny future bakery, in the future dacha life, in two small windows two cardboard roosters sit brightly painted. They look out on the pockmarked snow.
Over the faded peaks extends the music of Rachmaninov. We are, after all are we? Holding hands! Here the future is present.
In summer it will sound, it will gleam. Awaiting two signs: a bakery and a pharmacy. The sky is reflected.
They are already running in the future.
They are poems. Kruchenikh's poetry smells of new lacquer.

Us---it's us!
Merriment.
Dreams.
I sit in the dacha.
I sit on the floorboards, under the window. On an enormous grey sheet of paper I draw the music of Rachmaninov, stretching out like branches, while through the windows the path will run, sand sticking to the footsteps.

Shall we settle here? Do you want to? Before the snow melts!

Апрель
Станция Тарховка
Посвящается М. М.

Липнул к следкам песок на протаявший дорожке.
Жёлтой, жёлтой.
В крошечной будущей булочной, будущей здесь дачной жизни, в двух окошонках два картошных петуха раскрашены ярко. Смотрят на дырчатый снег.
На похиленных вершинах протянулась музька Рахманинова. Мы, ведь мы?! Взявшись за руки! Здесь будущее — настоящее.
Летом зазвучит, заблестит. Ждут две вывески: булочной и аптеки. Отразилось небо.
Они уже в будущем тоже несутся.
Они — стихи. Стихи Крученых пахнут новым лаком.
Мы — это мы!
Весело.
Мечты.
Сижу в даче.
Сижу на досчатом полу, под окном. На громадном листе серой бумаги рисую музыку Рахманинова, разметавшуюся ветвями, а за окнами будет бегать дорожка, липнуть к следам песок.
Поселимся тут? Хочешь? Пока не ушёл снег!
GENTLE FOOL

There lived among the untameable, stormy mountain peaks a tiny man: proud, weakish with pretty eyes – a little dirty, a little sweaty. He peered at flowers, at trees, at the stars. He was somewhat afraid of thunderstorms, but he loved them all the same. He had a tuft of hair on his forehead, like a young colt starting to grow his fringe. He was ill, sickly, ailing, he shuddered from the cold. Even fleas bullied him, and this was more than he could handle. He loved warm baths, as they are prepared for children.

While the water caressed his skin, he thought: “What does the wind talk about? What does it say? How lovely.”

The spruces said: “We’ll nod at him in the window. He is like a child.”

He, for whom they swayed in front of the window on a dark autumn night, has dreams. He has had them all his life.

He was often alone. He very much loved people, became too attached to them, his tuft of hair was too gentle and it happened that he was left alone.

Ah, to whom the crowned peaks nodded in the window!

НЕЖНЫЙ ДУРАК

Жил среди неукротимых бурных и гордых вершин человечишка: слабоватенький, вялый, с милыми глазами — грязноватенький, потноватый. Заглядывался на цветы, на деревья, на звёзды. Немного боялся, небось, грозы и любил её. Вихорок у него был на лбу, как у молоденького жеребёнка начинающаяся чёлка. Болел, хирел, хворал, зябнул. Блохи его обижали, ни с чем он не умел справиться. Любил тёпленькую ванну, как детям делают.

В то время, как его ласкала вода, он думал:
«О чём говорит ветер? О чём говорит? Как хорошо».

Ёлки сказали: «Кивнём ему в окно. Он всё одно, что ребёнок».

А тому, у кого они закачались перед окном тёмной осенней ночью, — снятся сны. Всю жизнь потом снятся.

Он часто оставался один. Он очень любил людей, слишком к ним привязывался, вихорок у него был нежный, а пришлось оставаться одному.

Ах, кому венчанные вершины кивнули в окно!
COTTAGE WITH GHOSTS

When we came to the cottage, crept inside her deserted façade, she began to whisper to us that the house was filled with someone, possessed. Someone’s sadness bent a wing above the cottage, and unpleasant were the broken window panes of the attic....

When we entered the last room, shadows were still present. Empty armchairs stood along the walls, and the faded tablecloth was empty and dusty. An invisible soul had been waiting here for news, too long in dull time, and a heaviness lay on everything.

We moved to the upper balcony. Young and bright it slid down off the railing and disappeared. And a birch stepped forward slightly and, getting carried away like a hymn, opened a meeting along tree-lined walk, of wreaths and processions and youthful exultations!

So it was in the past.

On the mountain, by the path’s bend among the cheerful heather he passed – the young Genius. Then they answered from everywhere, from the windows and the string of balconies.

But for a long time now, no one had passed by. The overgrown area, the string was broken and on the path something was abandoned, and there was nowhere to take it. And the years passed over the pleasure of our meeting and there appeared above everything in the empty sky only signs of «Keep Out».

ДАЧА С ПРИЗРАКАМИ

Когда мы подходили к ней, сквозь её заброшенный вид повеяло нам, что она кем-то полна. Чья-то грусть над нею склонила крыло, и неприятны были разбитые стёкла чердака...

Когда в последнюю комнату вошли, там ещё присутствовали тени. Пустые кресла стояли по стенам, и пусто и пыльно было выцветшее сукно стола.

Невидимая душа ждала здесь вестей слишком длинное глухое время, и была тяжесть на всём.

Вышли на верхний балкон. Молодой и светлый соскользнул с перил и растаял. И берёза слегка выступила вперёд и, унесённая, словно гимн, открыла аллею встречи, венца и шествия и юного торжества!

Так было прежде.

На гору изгибом дорожки меж весёлого вереска проходил он — юный Гений. Тогда отвечали отовсюду из окон и балконов струны.

Но давно уже никто не шёл. Заросшей площадкой была оборвана струна, и в дорожке что-то запустело, и некуда было ей вести. И над радостью встреч прошли года, и стоял над всем в пустом небе запрещающий Знак.

Когда мы оглянулись, уходя, выше балкона и крыш летела сухощавой вершиной чахлая сосна, где-то высоко над всем качалась в пустом белом небе. В этом был тайный призрак суровых протекших бурь. Чьи-то
When we looked back, leaving, higher than the balconies and roof flew the lean tops of the sickly pines, somewhere high above everything, waving in the empty white sky. In this canopy, the secret ghost outlasted the severe storms. It reminded us of someone’s tight lips, when the wild granite beneath the house was remembered.

And aside in the circular rotunda, they feasted still, around the pushed-apart benches. There was the sound of youthful humming and buzzing at the table, and the arches of the pavilion echoed with toasts to someone’s health and long-gone laughter.

The base of the pavilion was choked with high nettles.
She rustled when we walked through them and spun.

сжатые губы чудились нам, когда вспоминался дикий гранит внизу дома.
А в стороне, в круглой ротонде, пировали ещё раздвинутые скамьи. Послышался юный застольный гул, и арки павильона звучали заздравным смехом.

Внизу павильон заглох высокой крапивой.
Она зашуршала, когда обходили кругом.
There stand the tsars, crowned with candles...
In the free, -- free upper air, above the crown of tsars, an empty flagpole bores tenderly into the blue...
Here I make a vow: never to be ashamed of my true self. (The true self that writes poems which nowhere are printed). Not to be embarrassed, when entering a drawing room, and, no matter how many unpleasant guests are there, -- not to forget, that I am a poet, not a louse...
And to never desire to be published in their magazines, not to be like everyone else, and not to take the lives of animals. Why do I think like this?
A Poet is a giver, not a taker of life....
Look, how the goodly the world is, -- washed clean by the sun and already -- it believes in your feelings and your future writings and looks at you with gratitude...
A Poet is a giver of life, and not an aggressor, a taker. And I promise to not hesitate to tell elegant hunters -- no matter how attractive they are - that they are scoundrels, scoundrels!
And let no one court me, I am strong!
But will I keep my word?.. Will I keep it?
I clench my fists, but I am alone, and surrounded by majesty.
All this quickly leaves me...
My hand lifted a stone and hurled it...spiraling, it traced an arc over the edge of the forest, in blue country...it was all its life on the earth, and suddenly my hand gave it flight... Did it feel bliss, flying through the blue sky?

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ENDNOTES

Finland

This is a sound poem in which Guro plays with language, bending it to embody, instead of just signify, the material she is describing. Guro grew up in St. Petersburg and may have spent significant amounts of time in nearby Finland. This poem could be alternately representing the Finnish countryside, Finnish language, or could be an imitation of the sounds of a folk song. I have decided to treat it as a combination of all three. The word «ли» in Russian means something like “whether” in English, although it can also simply signify the conditional case or indecision. The verb «шуя́ть» is a made-up word that seems to be a combination of «шути́ть», «to joke», and «шуршать», «to shuffle». I made up the word «churffle» from «shuffle» and «chortle» (with a hint of «cheerful» perhaps?) to try to approximate this in English. Most other sounds in the poem are simple anglicizations of the Russian, with a few additions where another meaning may be implied («sh» in English to represent the «тио» in Russian that sounds like «тихо», the word for “quiet”).

“The Planks Subsided”

This poem includes many traveling references. Courland Brewery is located in western Latvia and the region is well known for its beer. The words «North-West» are written in English in the original (cyrillic English). Using English in a poem at this time would be considered very modern.

The Mischief-Maker

The rhyme scheme in this poem was very hard to capture. It has a lilting, folksy beat in the Russian, and I attempted to replicate that colloquialism in the English. The poem personifies, or at least animates, the «little days» and the narrator interacts with his/her own days throughout the poem. This made it easier to turn to the Southern-inflected personification «day’un» in order to make the rhyme scheme work in the second part. This poem uses many diminuities (for «days», «son», and «mama»), which can mean «little», «dear» and «intimate» all at the same time. I added these supplementary words when I could, necessarily limiting their meaning by choosing one connotation. The word «мамочка» is directly transliterated from the Russian, as I found «mommy» to be too modern-sounding and unlikely to be heard in any American folk song.

To My Brother

The second part of this poem talks about «чудакие», or eccentric ones. The root of the word is «чуда» or miracle, and the connotation here is of someone who is odd, off, strange, but intriguing and harmless: mad but in a poignant way. There is a long history of holy fools in Russia, who were considered both crazy and sacred. They wandered the countryside and sometimes engaged in self-flagellation or wore chains around their bodies. Though holy fools were certainly marginalized, there was a trope in Russia of holy fools being able to see things that normal people can’t. They spoke truth from the margins and had a certain prophetic quality about them.

Picasso’s Violin

This poem is muddled and inverted in the original Russian. I think Guro is attempting to create a cubist word-poem here,
shifting and mixing words around to simulate an angular, multifaceted work of art. I tried to play around with this in the English, while still making it semi-intelligible. English is of course limited by its strict word order, whereas the cases in Russian allow each word to carry its syntactical construction with it no matter where it is inserted.

**Laziness**

Instead of «stirs», one could use agitates, disturbs, muddles, perturbs, or disrupts. The word in Russian means movement but has a more disruptive connotation. There is a repetition of the word for laziness «лень» on every other line that I was unable to replicate in English. I took out some of the smaller articles (a, the) and conjunctions that English would normally require in order to lessen the number of words and match the lazy tone of the poem in Russian.

**The German**

Peter the Great was credited with drawing a large population of ethnic Germans to Russia in the early 18th century. Edouard Ivanich seems to be the name of the eponymous «German» of this poem. His first name, Edouard, is foreign-sounding but his patronymic has been Russified, meaning either that his father’s first name was Johann and the Russians merely changed it to the equivalent Ivan, or that his father was Russian and the reference to him as «The German» refers to his matrilineal ethnicity. There are many German stereotypes in Russian literature, especially of the 19th century. They are known for being hardworking, so the fact that this man is taking a whimsical break from his duties makes it seem like he is either having an uncharacteristic moment of laziness or is perhaps in love. Also, the second to last line uses a slightly derogatory word for German, «немчура» which I was unsure how to render in English.

**Cat Bot**

Unfortunately, I have no idea what «Ботъ» is supposed to mean. The Russian dictionary says it could mean “boots” or “boat” but it would be an obscure word for both of these meanings. Both of the Russian native speakers who helped me with revisions said that it was a nonsense word, so I kept it simply for the sake of fidelity and rhyme. I was unable to render some of the language play that Guro works with in this poem, such as “животенький животик” which means “animal tummy” but contains a repetition of the word «живот» in a very cutesy, clever way. Lepyoshki are a standard type of round flat bread, usually with an egg glaze.

**Cat Vat**

Again, «вать» or “vat” has no meaning in Russian according to the native speakers with whom I spoke. I simply transliterated it.

**Little Fieldlings**

Footsteps often serve as talismans in Russian folklore. The footstep is supposed to contain something of the person who made it, some essence, and there are tales of Russian witches cutting out and digging up footsteps of people they want to curse. There is spiritual significance to the «little fieldlings» guarding the footsteps of this expectant mother.