

the poems

to

Margarita

Стихи для Маргариты

from David Master

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I held you trembling in my arms as long as I could

You let me touch you and you didn't fly away

You let me take
your wings
in my hands

And then you
started singing
softly

warm
and
trembling

You felt my lips against your lips,
but when my mouth found yours,
you were frightened

and then you flew to a nearby branch to say goodbye

Я держал тебя трепещущую в своих руках, пока мог

Ты позволила прикоснуться к себе и не улетела

Ты позволила
взять в руки
свои крылья

А потом
ты тихо
запела

Теплая
и
трепетная

Ты ощутила мои губы на своих губах,
Но когда наши уста соприкоснулись,
ты испугалась

Потом ты вспорхнула, прощаясь, на соседнюю ветку

There is a place we do not go. Facing the wind, on top of the mountain, looking out over valleys and lakes, watching the sun going down through the clouds, we do not see it. Driving through the rain, as night crowds around, your head against my shoulder, we cannot get there from here.

There is a room we do not enter.
There are thoughts we don't allow.
I dared to speak them and you put your finger on my lips to stop.
The silence seemed to go on forever.
But you waited for me to understand the wisdom of the greatest poets.
Of Goethe and his Doctor Faustus
Bulgakov and his Homeless poet.
Only death can make love eternal.

And we are not about dying for there is so much life to live, so much love to give, so many places to go, so many rooms to enter, dreams to share. Thank you for teaching me, my beautiful co-pilot!

"How did you get so wise?" I ask, and you say with a quiet smile. "It is quite simple. I am a woman."

There is a child we will not have.
There is a name we will not give.
But in the crossing of our lives,
the joining of our limbs and lips,
the sharing of deepest passions,
we come away changed forever,
gaining in strength and wisdom
for mountains of truth yet to climb,
and journeys yet to even begin.
Only death can bring peace to love.

Есть место, куда мы не пойдём. Лицом к ветру на вершине горы, глядя на долины и озера,
наблюдая за лучами солнца, сквозящими сквозь тучи, Мы не видим его. Проезжая через
дождь в надвигающейся ночи, твоя голова на моем плече, Мы не можем попасть туда .
Есть комната, куда мы не войдем. Есть ребенок, которого у нас не будет.
Мысли, которые мы гоним от себя. Есть имя, которое мы не дадим.
Я осмелился озвучить их, ты меня Но на перекрестке наших жизней,
остановила, прижав палец к моим губам. в сплетении наших тел и губ,
Кажется, молчание длилось вечно. в обоюдной глубокой страсти,
Но ты выжидала, чтобы объяснить. Мы изменились навсегда,
Мудрость величайших поэтов – Приобретя силу и мудрость
Гете и его доктор Фауст, Для гор истины, которым еще расти,
Булгаков и поэт Бездомный. для путешествий, которые еще предстоят.
Только смерть может сделать любовь вечной. Только смерть может принести мир в любовь.
Но мы не собираемся умирать, потому что так много жизни, чтобы жить, любви, чтобы дарить,
мест и комнат, куда стоит войти, мечтаний, чтобы разделить. Благодарю за урок, мой штурман!
«Как ты можешь быть столь мудрой?» И ты ответила с улыбкой, «Это так просто, я – женщина».

After we said goodbye,

but I cannot stop the sky from speaking

I cannot say what is in my heart,

Outside the sky is weeping.

my day is filled with beautiful sad music.

После нашего прощания,

Не могу я заставить замолчать небеса

Как сказать не могу, что у меня на душе

За окном плачет небо

Мой день наполнен прекрасной грустной музыкой

I saw you sitting in our park. The evening air was thick with the sound of children playing.
I could not stay or leave for I can tell you
So I sat beneath a tree and spoke to a squirrel
and told her about us. Only how I feel.
You were reading and did not see me. The air was pinned clear with fountains playing around you.
between memory and hope,
trapped in a net of regret and longing.
I wanted to tell you, but I knew that a single word
could only shatter the beautiful crystal vase that we left behind.

Я увидел тебя сидя в нашем парке. Воздух вечера
Так
я сидел под
дубом и говорил к белке
и сказал ей
о нас.
Ты прочитал и не увидел меня. Воздух
Я не смог
остаться
или
выйтись
что
я
был
толщин с звуками на игре. тебя
сказать
может
поэзия
Только
как
я
прикалыван
ясн при фонтаны играя вокруг.
чувствую.
между памятью и упованием,
поглощенными в сети сожаления и желания.
Я хотел сказать тебя, только я знал что одиночное слово
смогло только разрушить нашу красивейшую кристаллическую вазу.

**The
world
is not
ready
for the
beauty
of our**

science love

**Our discoveries
are all twisted
by power and profit
and turned against the people.**

**Will
it
ever
be
?**

**Our meetings
are watched by jealous eyes
both within and without
that turn us against ourselves.**

**Let us go on a journey to seek a solution,
seeking together and alone, near
and far, within and without.**

**There
is
so
little
time
!**

**Let us seek out prophets and
wise women, wise men, even
asking them for an answer**

**But take the world
in our own hands
and shape it
to make our work**

**Let
us
not
wait
!**

**But write our story
in our own words
with patience and respect
to make our love**

**bear the fruits
of beauty
!**

**Мир
не
готов
к
красоте
нашей**

науки

любви

**Наши
открытия
исковерканы
властью и жадой наживы
и обращаются против людей.**

**Будет ли
готов
когда-
нибудь
?**

**За нашими
встречами
наблюдают ревнивые
взоры изнутри и извне
и обращают нас против себя.**

**Давайте искать решение
вместе либо по одиночке,
близко или далеко,
внутри или снаружи.**

**Но
у нас
так
мало
времени**

**Давайте искать ответ
на нашу боль у пророков и поэтов,
у мудрых женщин у мудрых
мужчин, даже у детей,**

**Возьмем мир
в свои руки
и сформируем его,
сделаем нашу
работу**

**!
Давайте
не будем
ждать
!
приносящей
плоды
красоты
!**

**Напишем нашу историю
собственными словами
с терпением и уважением,
сделаем нашу
любовь**

**Tonight the fountains and children did not play.
We met alone in the center of our park.
Was it by chance? Or was it by Woland?
Our spirits circled and came to rest
on a bench where I sat cross-legged next to you.
I think we spoke but the words flew
away before they could be heard.
My computer battery is gone" you said.
"I have to go now."**

**I watched you walking away, your light dress flowing, your gazelle body
as I walked slowly down the other path through jumbled,**

flowing slowly, then lifting, floating, slowly, rising silently into the trees of the night.

crazy-quilted memories, tied to you eternally by invisible fields of forceful attraction.

Сегодня вечером фонтаны и дети не резвились.

Мы были один в центре парка.

Было ли случайно? Или по воле Воланда?

**Наш дух кружил и остановился отдохнуть на скамейке,
где я сидел, скрестив ноги, рядом с тобой.**

**Думаю, что мы говорили, но слова улетали
прежде, чем они могли быть услышаны.**

«Батерея моего компьютера разряжена» - сказала ты.

«Я должна идти»

**Я наблюдал как ты уходила, твое легкое платье струилось, твое тело газели
за тобой, идя другим путем, через смешанный, сумасшедший**

медленно струилось, затем поднялось, поплыло к деревьям, тихо исчезая в ночи.

калейдоскоп воспоминаний,
навечно связанный с тобой
невидимой силой притяжения.

Writing me a letter
you said we can always remember without sadness or tragedy, like summer surely follows spring, and share our joy.
my tears of

I told you, to explain
"It must be allergies",
pull away.
and you did not
in yours,
I put my hand
Walking through the park,
Holding each other's souls in our hands,
gazing into our eyes of past and future,
respecting each turn and contradiction,
not seeking to uproot or transplant,
we found ourselves in a secret garden,
wild orchids subtly perfuming the air,
and lightning bugs brighter than the moon,
flashing love in the darkening forest.

В своем письме ко мне ты сказала, мы должны помнить, без печали и трагедии, что за весной, безусловно, следует лето, и разделять наши радости.
свои слезы

«Это должно быть аллергия», сказал я тебе, чтобы объяснить
одернула ее.
и ты не
я взял тебя за руку,
по парку,
Прогуливаясь

Держа души друг друга в наших руках,
заглядывая в глаза друг другу из прошлого и будущего,
уважая каждый шаг друг друга.
не стремясь что-либо искоренить или изменить,
мы оказались в тайном саду,
где дикие орхидеи тонко наполняли воздух ароматом,
и светлячки ярче луны
вспыхивали искрами любви в темнеющем лесу.

**Writing me a letter
you said we can always remember
without sadness**

**pull away.
and you did not
in yours,
I put my hand
through the park,
Walking**

or tragedy, like summer surely follows spring, and share our joy.
my tears of
to explain
I told you,
"It must be allergies",

Holding each other's souls in our hands,
gazing into our eyes of past and future,
respecting each turn and contradiction,
not seeking to uproot or transplant,
we found ourselves in a secret garden,
wild orchids subtly perfuming the air,
and lightning bugs brighter than the moon,
flashing love in the darkening forest.

В своем письме ко мне ты сказала, мы должны помнить, без печали и трагедии,

«Это должно одернула ее. и ты не я взял тебя за руку, по парку, Прогуливаясь

что за весной, безусловно, следует лето,
и разделять наши радости.
свои слезы
чтобы объяснить
сказал я тебе,
быть аллергия»,

Держа души друг друга в наших руках,
заглядывая в глаза друг другу из прошлого и будущего,
уважая каждый шаг друг друга.
не стремясь что-либо искоренить или изменить,
мы оказались в тайном саду,
где дикие орхидеи тонко наполняли воздух ароматом,
и светлячки ярче луны
вспыхивали искрами любви в темнеющем лесу.

I don't remember if the sun was rising or if it was setting.

I don't know where you were flying from,

or where you were flying to.

All I know is that:

As a beautiful bird, lit by the sun, you flew across the sky of my heart

Have

I ever loved?

Maybe not. But, no,

I forgot. I think of you and I know.

I love you. I loved you even then - Yes!

Я не помню рассвет это был или закат.

Я не знаю откуда и куда ты летела.

Я знаю только одно,

Любил ли

я когда-нибудь?

Возможно, Ах, нет, я

забыл. Я думаю о тебе и я знаю.

Я Люблю тебя. Я Любил тебя еще тогда - Да!

Подобно прекрасной птице, освещенной солнцем, ты пролетела по небу моего сердца.

Last night
our hearts were full
as as the
the sound of
moon water
peeking falling.
through
the trees.

In this morning's
sun we are still in each
other's other's
arms, dreams,
your the smell
head of your hair
still resting on my lips.
on my
shoulder.

Прошлой ночью
наши сердца были
как полны как
эта звуки
луна падающей
плывущая воды.
над
деревьями.

В луча хутренного
солнца наши руки все еще
обвивали друг друга
твоя во сне
голова запах
все еще твоих
покоилась волос
на на моих
моем губах.
плече.



painting by Nicholas Roerich

After the storms of the night, are lost
valleys beneath the blankets of clouds.
Я буду любить тебя, Дэвид, пока есть горы
вырастающие из тумана.
После долин под из from the mists.
I will love you, Margarita, long as there are mountains

ночной бури
скрываются
одеялом
облаков.

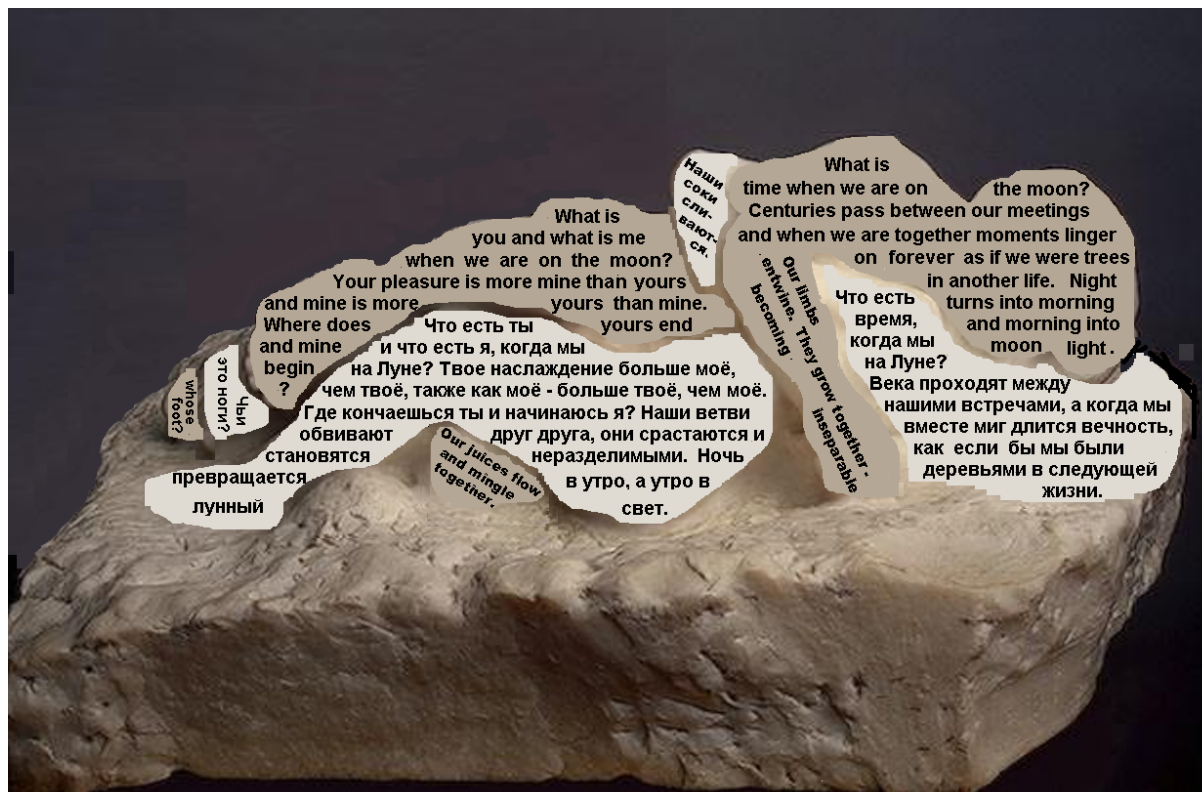
with me and the mules through last snows of spring.

Changing
sun leaps

You climbed Rice Peak
I climbed in the Caucasus
Kavkaz with you, barefoot on the summer snow.
Мы поднялись с тобой на мулах
на вершину Раис по весеннему снегу.

from day to day the
from peak to peak
splashing each
with color.
скачет с вершины
разноцветными
брызгами.

Солнце на Ты поднялся со
мною на вершины
Кавказа босиком
по летнему
снегу.



Чья
это нога?
whose
foot?

Чья
это нога?
whose
foot?

превращается
лунный

Where does
and mine is more
begin
?

Our juices flow
and mingle
together.

What is
you and what is me
when we are on the moon?
Your pleasure is more mine than yours
and mine is more
yours than mine.
yours end

Что есть ты
и что есть я, когда мы
на Луне? Твое наслаждение больше моё,
чем твоё, также как моё - больше твоё, чем моё.
Где кончаешься ты и начинаюсь я? Наши ветви
обвивают друг друга, они срастаются и
становятся неразделимыми. Ночь
превращается в утро, а утро в
свет.

Наши
соки
сли-
вают-
ся.

What is
time when we are on
the moon?
Centuries pass between our meetings
and when we are together moments linger
on forever as if we were trees
in another life. Night
turns into morning
and morning into
moon light.

Our limbs
entwine. They grow together -
inseparable

Что есть
время,
когда мы
на Луне?

Века проходят между
нашими встречами, а когда мы
вместе миг длится вечность,
как если бы мы были
деревьями в следующей
жизни.

Slowly, shyly, our two hands meet. They entwine and agree, yes, yes, let us make music, let us create new harmonies.

Медленно, робко встречаются наши руки. Они сплетаются и договариваются, да, да, давай создадим музыку, гармонию.

Then, softly, gently caressing, fingers hardly touching the keys, tracing slowly the smooth white curves of your skin,

Затем, мягко, нежно лаская, пальцы едва касаются клавиш, следуют гладким белым изгибам твоей кожи,

seeking dark caverns where hidden rivers flow, where symphonies of sound await the musician's hands,

отыскивая темные пещеры, где текут скрытые реки, где звуки симфоний ждут руки музыканта,

our rhythms crescendo, hands, loins, mouths, arms, feet, thighs, mounting, pounding, plunging, soaring into music!

наш ритм крещендо, ладони, торсы, губы, руки, ступни, бедра, взлет, удар, погружение, парение рождают музыку!

Come, take my hand and fly with me !

Come, fly with me, invisible and free !

Forget the lab, the clock, the phone,

Come fly with me far away, alone !

Forget the sun and solar time !

Come to the moon, with throbbing rhythm and rhyme !

Come, stay with me and run in dreams

until our feet no longer touch, it seems,

the earth, but slowly swell and fly,

leaving the ground and soaring into the sky !

Come fly with me, invisible and free !

A general expression was used for migration speed (V_{migr}), accounting for energy accumulation and transport, and derive how V_{migr} scales with body mass for three types of migratory locomotion: running, swimming and flying (powered and soaring flight). Migration speed is predicted to increase with increasing body mass in animals that run ($ocm^{1/11}$), swim ($ocm^{1/24}$) and fly by soaring ($ocm^{0.22}$), whereas in animals migrating by powered flight it decreases ($ocm^{-1/4}$).

[illegible]

Waking , I find you sleeping peacefully by my side, clothed by night turning to dawn

Invisible and free, my fingers go flying across you, gently touching as you sleep

You stretch your body softly, sweetly, sighing like wind awakening the trees

Your song grows stronger, strumming a melody of distant dreams

plucking, drumming, throbbing rhythms of passion

cascading sound gushes like rivers

waves of sound, soaring

aloft, the eternal

symphony

of love

Little David, play on your harp
Margarita is dancing

Невидимые мои пальцы порхают над тобой, нежно касаясь, пока ты спишь

Ты мягко потянулась, вздыхая подобна ветру пробуждающему деревья

Песня звучит всё ещё сильнее, наигрывая мелодию далеких снов

Теперь это перебор струн, барабанный бой, ритм страсти

каскады звука, хлынувшие подобно рекам

Волны музыки взлетают и парят

Вот старейшая песня

и симфония

любви !

Маленький Девид, играй на арфе
Чрево Маргариты танцует

I came to you and left all time behind.

or was it more? There was no counting.

Flying, soaring, invisible and free.

Whose mouths? Whose tongues? Whose breath? Whose cries?

Beyond all words, beyond all time

You took my hand and flew with me!

Beyond all worlds, beyond all self.

We flew around the moon three times,

Whose limbs are these? Whose hand in hand?

Я пришел к тебе, позабыв о времени.

Чьи это члены? Чьи руки?

Мы облетели луну три раза

— а может быть больше? — не осчитать.

Летая, паря, невидимые и свободные.

Губы? Языки? Чье дыхание? Чей крик?

Вне всяких слов, вне времени,
Ты взяла меня за руку и полетела со мной!
вне миров, вне самих себя.

	Go to the park before the full moon sets in the dark mists before the sunrise.	
There you will find your little brother who was conceived too late to be born.		With him you will play in a world too beautiful to have ever existed.
He has your eyes, eyes of your mother, eyes that see what no one else can see.		
Together you will name the squirrels and know each tree, where they live.		Together you will know the flowers by their perfume and birds by their song.
Don't be afraid! He will never take your mother away from you!		
Together you will run the angled path, the path they never paved across the Green.		Together you will fly to mythical mountains and explore their dark mysterious caves.
You will teach him all the quick turns and darting strikes from Tai Kwando.		And he will teach you how to find the hidden fossils buried in stones of buildings.
And if you find your mother has sadness in her eyes, put your arms around her and tell her the following: "There is a man who will love you always"		

<p>Спеши в парк пока полная луна не скрылась в предрассветном тумане.</p>		
<p>Там ты найдешь твоего младшего брата который был задуман слишком поздно, чтобы родиться.</p>		<p>С ним ты будешь играть в мире слишком прекрасном чтобы быть реальным.</p>
<p>У него твои глаза глаза твоей матери, глаза, которые видят то, что не видит никто другой.</p>		
<p>Вместе вы будете давать имена белкам и знать каждое дерево где они живут.</p>		<p>Вместе вы будете узнавать цветы со своими духами и птиц по их песню.</p>
<p>Не бойся! Он никогда не заберет твою маму прочь от тебя!</p>		
<p>В месте вы будете бегать по угловой дорожке, никогда не была проложена в парке.</p>		<p>В месте вы будете летать к мистическим горам и исследовать там темные таинственные пещеры.</p>
<p>Ты будешь учить его всем быстрым разворотам и сокрушительным ударам Тазквон-До.</p>		<p>А он будет учить тебя находить скрытые ископаемые, погребенные в камнях зданий.</p>
<p>И если ты увидишь грусть в глазах матери, обними ее и скажи следующее: «Есть человек, который будет любить тебя всегда!»</p>		

So I'm a pig.
A beautiful pig!
And, yes, I'm pink!
Pink is sexy!

So,
let's make love!

Да, я могу летать. Зачем еще нужны крылья?
Приходи и полетай со мной!

Итак, я - свинья.
Прекрасная свинья!
И, да, я розовая!
Розовый - это так
сексуально!
Давай займемся
любовью!

Yes, I can fly. Why else should I have wings?
So, come and fly with me!

**If I remember, it was here:
our wild beach.**

**Or maybe, it was on the
next road on the left . .**

**OK, we'll try the next road.
We'll leave the car and go
by foot along the shore.**

**At least it is wild here,
even if there is no beach**

**I
think thought
it was
here**

**Let's keep going. The trail is
good through the forest and
at least it's cool.**

**The birds sing sweetly.
Here are seven great trees
in a circle. And look there's
a fawn running over there.**

**I know it is hot
and you are tired,
but please
don't give up.**

**But where is the beach? you say.
Maybe around the next point.**

**They are selling plots
on the moon, you say.**

**The trail is ending,
you say.**

But how shall we get there?

Please never stop looking with me!

**We -
this moment is
a kind of bright
flash of
time**

**If
Faust
is so
pleased
that he
wants to
stay in
that moment**

no deal with the devil for there is so mi

I am tied to you eternally by invisible feel

holding each other's souls in our hands, gazing into

Tell me again we cannot die from ,

Our love is like smoke, fore

When we're on the mo

our moments linger on for

Already we have lived three more liv

Parallel lives like parallel lines should never m

Time on the moon is not like time he

exploding into new galaxies with

the big bang leadin

each explosion leads to others and o

our unique genetic combination would explod

We may think of the culture of mankind as a stream flowin

Multicolored, sparkling streams

I am crazy to think that having a baby

I'm leaving my kids with daddy for a long

I am thinking... and thinking... and thinking... too

To be or not to be, that is the question ! All the wc

Let us accept that beautiful moments co

**We -
this moment is
a kind of bright
flash of
time**

exploding into new galaxies with their own memories . . .

the big bang leading to many-many new galaxies
each explosion leads to others and others, and we cannot get enough !
our unique genetic combination would explode into a new universe . . . Each galaxy/person with

We may think of the culture of mankind as a stream flowing down through time . . constantly flowing in b . .
We stand on the shore of a vast sea . . . Every moment, noiselessly, mutations burst out in it, . .
Multicolored, sparkling streams mix and turn, giving rise to novel gene combinations !

I am crazy to think that having a baby would let me hold onto you forever . .

I'm leaving my kids with daddy for a long time. Are you ready to take care of them?
I am thinking... and thinking... and thinking... too much, the problem with poets and prophets
It is better to think before saying yes

To be or not to be, that is the question ! All the world's a stage, and all the men and women
Let us accept that beautiful moments come and go like birds singing and
no deal with the devil for there is so much life to live, so much love
I am tied to you eternally by invisible fields of forceful attraction

Time on the moon is not like time here, an instant there is a century
Parallel lives like parallel lines should never meet, unless they are spiraling
Already we have lived three more lives than a cat, is it nine or ninety nine, I don't know

Woland has returned again and again tempting me to hold on to our moment

our moments linger on forever as if we were trees in another life
There is so little time
When we're on the moon, centuries pass between our mees

Tell me again we cannot die from love, that we can only live in the moment
Our love is like smoke, forever free. Let us be smoke and forever

such a time could only be in another life

holding each other's souls in our hands, gazing into our eyes of past and future,
such a time could only be in another life

**Мы -
это момент,
какой-то
яркий
миг**

Если

Давай признаем, что прекрасные мгновения
Быть или не быть, вот в чем вопрос. Весь мир - театр

Я думаю, и думаю - слишком много - как бы
Я оставляю моих детей с папой на

Сумашествие думать, что ребенок

Сложными потоками переливаются

Мы стоим у края необъятного моря. . . ех

Мы можем представить человеческую культуру

Наша генетическая комбинация взор

Каждый взрыв приводит к другим

Взрыва в новые галактики со св

Время на Луне не похож здесь, м

Парапелельные жизни, иначе

Парапелельные жизни, иначе

ение

Может быть, чем кош

Миг длится вечность, как если

Когда мы на Луне веков про

Есть любовь, похожая на дым

Скажи мне снова, что мы не полны

Держа души друг друга в наших руках, забываю

Я навечно связанный с тобой невидимой

Не согласны с чертом, потому что так

я

**Мы -
это момент,
какой-то
яркий
миг**

Есть
только миг между
прошлым и будущим -
именно он называется
жизнь !

Мы стоим у края необъятного моря. . . ежeminутно взрываются мутации
Сложными потоками переливаются, рождая новые комбинации генов
Сумашествие думать, что ребенок позволит мне удержать тебя вечно
Я оставляю моих детей с папой на долгое время. Ты готов заботиться о них?

Лучше
подумать,
прежде чем
сказать
да.

Если
Фауст
захочет
остановить
прекрасное
мгновение,
он умрет
в тот момент
Давай признаем, что прекрасные мгновения, как ленивые птицы, прилетят
Быть или не быть, вот в чем вопрос. Весь мир - театр. В нем женщины, мужчины - все
Я думаю, и думаю - слишком много - как бывает со всеми поэтами и пророков

Наша генетическая комбинация взорвется в новую вселенную
Каждый взрыв приводит к другим, мы не удовлетворяем
Большой взрыв приводит к новым галактикам
Взрыва в новые галактики со своими воспоминаниями

Время на Луне не покажется, час здесь, а минуте там
Параллельные жизни, как параллельные линии, минимизируют расстояние
Век не телегу, а самолет

Воланд
возвращается
снова и
снова,
искушая
меня
удержать
мгновение

Миг длится вечность, как если бы мы были деревья в другой жизни
У нас
так мало
времени
Мы прожигли больше жизни, чем кошки, девять или десять тысяч лет

Когда мы на Луне веков проходим между нашими встречами

Есть любовь, похожая на дым. Быть как дым, - но вечно
Скажи мне снова, что мы не должны умирать от любви, что мы можем жить

Я навеки связан с тобой невидимой силой притяжения . . .
Держа душу рукой, руку в наших руках, заглядывая в глаза, руку, руку на прошлого и будущего
такое время
может быть
только в другой
жизни

**I love the way you walk
the way you carry yourself
the tunes you softly sing
the way you sway**

You were walking, your beauty swaying, your spirit dancing to feel the wind

I saw you gliding, my heart was soaring

We met together

we kissed

our swing

We came together

You saw my rhythm, you felt my flying

our song

You saw my rhythm, you felt my flying

You saw my rhythm, you felt my flying

my all

I was walking, no shoes to bind me, my feet in freedom to feel the earth

my singing

You hold my hands, my dreams, my soul

You mirror my eyes, my thoughts, my moves

I went running this morning, drawn to the sea, at first slowly, taking time to find a rhythm, pull, pump, push, roll
past our Green, looking in vain to find you there, past the pizza parlor, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump push, roll
past the construction zones, now seeing the harbor, where land meets the sea and sky, pull, pump, push, roll, pull
leaning into the wind, pull, PUMP, PUSH, roll, stroke by stroke down the straight stretch to the sea, pull, pump, push
Then along the beach, where we walked together, pull, pump, our feet bare to the warm sand, push, roll, pull, pump
Flower feet, Chrysanthemum feet, perfume in the full peak of pleasure, pull, pump, push, roll, PULL, PUMP, PUSH
There isn't any other way, push, roll, on one side the sea, pull, pump, on the other, but highway and city, push, roll
On one side there's the sea flowing around the world, pull, pump, push, roll, on the other, our other lives, pull, pump
Our lives crossing and crossing, entwining, tangling, push, roll, until they cannot be taken apart, pull, pump, push
'til we fall sleep with me inside, inside of you forever and ever, pull, pump, push, roll, PULL, PUMP, PUSH, ROLL
pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push,

Параллельные миры, как и параллельные прямые, могут пересекаться только в поэзии или в фантазиях.

You said parallel worlds, like parallel lines, can intersect only in poetry and/or in fantasy.

Ты сказала, подумай о восприятии времени как о спирали, параллельной to a timescale.

You said to think about representation of time as a spiral that is going parallel to a timescale.
параллельной реальному времени.

The turns of the spiral не могут быть константными, с течением жизни through the lifespan.

Витки такой spiral cannot be constant; they taper and compress

But in fact, our parallel lives have intersected. жизни пересеклись. Мы сплелись и сжимается.

Но на самом деле, наши параллельные We have entwined by moving, двига-
ются по спирали.

I am in you and you are in me.
Я в тебе, а ты во мне.
Мы настолько переплелись, что мы не можем распутаться.
entwined that that we cannot be untied.
in spirals.

**How many times have we said the little goodbyes, sometimes in pleasure,
sometimes in anger, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly? Ten, you say?**

**And how many
times do we
find each other
again in our
arms? Ten,
you say. But
this, too, will
pass, you say.
And how many
times do we
ask when are
you leaving?
and will you
come back
and, if so,
when? I want
to know too
much, you said.**

*Our lives are
a rehearsal for goodbye*

**Leaving
last night, I
saw you at
the doorway
at the head
of the
staircase,
waiting and
watching me close
the door, and then as
I left the house, you
were in the window
to wave goodbye to
me. But what is
this goodbye? And
why say I want to
know too much?**

**How can we leave
our friends?
Master and
Margarita
Elizabeth and
Darcy
Zhivago and
Laura
Bathsheba and
Gabriel
Goya and
Duchess of Alba
Olga and
Count Kameyev
Abby and
Bill
Larissa and
Ivan**

What can I make you worthy of our love?

What words can put my arms around you and will laugh at the parody.
sing like a bluebird, you
hang shells, you will find them heavy as tombstones.

If I plant flowers they will be bitten by the ? And so,
summon Jupiter, you will say stars in your hair
winter frost.

What words can put flowers and stars in your hair
you've heard that before.

I can only say, with all my heart, I love you!

collecting what we have always known,
symbols from our ancestors,
never seen, but newly discovered

seeking treasures
along the shore, разыскивая сокровища
на берегу, scallop shells, гребешки,
horseshoe crabs, мечехвосты,
curious stones shaped by waves,
обкатанные волнами
камешки, oysters encrusted
on oysters, устрицы

показывая друг другу
одну находку за другой,
выбирая что сохранить

инкрустированные устрицами, with barnacles, bryozoa, wormtubes
and boatshells, морскими желудями, мшанками, морскими червями, и
башмачками, whelks weathered to reveal their secret spaces,
выветренные рожки раскрывающие тайны своего внутреннего

пространства, driftwood polished
and reduced to monstrous

shapes, отполированные
коряги причудливой
формы, you and I forever
seeking, ты и я, мы всегда ищем

собирая то, что мы уже знаем,
знаки наших предков,
не виданных а заново открытых

showing each to each other
one by one, choosing what
to keep and what to leave

налево назад
right left
вверх left
назад forwards

справа up
down
назад forwards

назад forwards up
down left
справа down right

справа down right
down right
вниз

I touched your soul and you took flight
like a butterfly in the dancing sunlight.
Коснулся твоей души и ты полетела,
как бабочка в пляшущих лучах солнца.

Another time I held you in my hand
and felt the fluttering of your wings
but I could not hold you there
and you took off again.
If I had a pin,
but no, but no!

В другой раз я держал тебя в руках
и чувствовал трепет твоих крыльев,
но я не смог удержать тебя,
и ты снова взлетела.
О, если бы меня была булавка,
но нет, нет!

Когда ты присела я увидел на миг
миниатюрные иероглифы
в раскраске твоих крыльев,
прежде чем ты вновь взлетела.
О, если бы у меня был сачок,
но нет, нет!

When you alit I saw for an instant
miniature hieroglyphics
in the colors of your wings
before you took off again.
If I had a net,
but no, but no!

You must be free
flying, fluttering, dancing
in the sun
forever!

Ты должна быть свободной,
летать, махать крыльями,
танцевать
в солнце
всегда!

backwards
up
вперед left
справа

down
up
вперед
налево
вперед
down

down
up
вперед
налево
вперед
down

вниз
backwards
назад
налево forwards
backwards left
вниз

вниз
назад right
вниз up

налево
налево
справа вперед up
backwards forwards
справа назад down

налево
назад
left
right
вверх
left
назад
forwards
down

справа

up

вверх

I touched your soul and you took flight
like a butterfly in the dancing sunlight.
Коснулся твоей души и ты полетела,
как бабочка в пляшущих лучах солнца.

назад
forwards
up
справа
down
left
вниз
left

справа
down

right

вверх
down
right

right

вниз

Now it is cold in the winter snow.
My flower is withered and shrunk away.
and you are gone I don't know where.

Теперь холодно в зимнем снегу.
Мой цветок засох и сжался.
И ты ушла куда я не знаю.

Мой цветок был наполнен летним зноем.
Ты пришла и приникла ко мне губами,
Ты пила мой нектар. Он был сладким.
My flower was full in the summer heat.
You came and took me in your lips
and drank my nectar. It was sweet.

backwards
up
вперед
left

вперед
down
up
вверх
налево
right
вверх

As days grow longer I dream of spring.
My flower is budding with inner heat.
Oh, come again with fluttering wing
and drink my nectar Oh so sweet!

Дни становятся длиннее и я мечтаю о весне.
Мой бутон наполняется внутренним теплом.
О, приди опять с распахнутыми крыльями,
Пей мой нектар, О, так сладко!

вперед
налево
down
справа
вперед
up
down
справа
назад
backwards
forwards
backwards
down

справа
right
налево
вниз
backwards
left
назад
forwards
налево
вниз

Come let us dream and make a crazy house,
A pleasure dome, like that of Kubla Khan,
where the only lights are flickering flames,
where horseshoe crabs climb up the walls.
Come eat with me and set a table of love
where everything is served on plates of gold
with truffles and pineapples and champagne
and drink from little silver goblets of cognac.
Come, come, escape with me into craziness!
Yes, it's crazy, we've long since gone beyond
all human reason and all that science knows
and we've flown into a land of make believe!

Come, fly with me into every room,
each one unique in its special way.
Here, in this room, we travel the world,
by horse, through the sands of Araby,
through blinding Himalayan snows,
exploring the taiga with Dersu Uzala,
With Eliane the mountains of Indochine,
with Abbie the fields of wheat in Texas.
The greatest lovers are coming with us:
Zhivago and Laura, Katie and Hubbell,
Liz and Darcy, Master and Margarita.
With them we fly into other worlds!

Here is the door where we each have keys to pass from here into the outer world

Yes, we cannot live always in make believe,
but every day we pass between our lives
and take the door to another world where
reason and work are the rules of the day.
But we leave without a heavy heart because
we know that we can always return again
to this crazy house, this pleasure dome,
where magic is the rule, invisible and free!

Let us go now to our heavenly bed
to fly to the moon, and again and back!
Let us seek new pleasures, finding them
every time, every way, by every means!
Let us fly and fly, and fly, and fly and fly
and fly, and fly, and fly, and fly and fly!
until our wings droop with heaviness
and we fall together into deepest sleep.

And here are doors to inner worlds

Cascading water is cool and warm,	Here
flowing like waves across our skin.	it is
Our bodies reveal our hidden form,	we
our eyes, hands, caress our curves,	pass
licking, tasting, drinking beauty,	to
seeking to share our deep desires,	the
my hands encircling your breasts,	tree
holding back your starting fires.	house

This is the door where we pass into eternity

Houses come and go, but always we will have
somewhere, a treehouse for the birds to come
to share our messages from wherever we are,
telling us always that love is the eternal song.

Давай помечтаем и создадим безумный дом,
дом подобный дворцу Кубла - Хана,
где мерцают огни пламени,
где мечехвосты взбираются по стенам.
Раздели трапезу со мной за столом любви,
где все подается на посуде из золота,
с трюфелями, ананасами, и шампанским.
Давай пить коньяк из серебряных кубков.
Приди, давай сбежим в это сумасшествие.
Да, это безумие мы давно вышли за рамки
всякого разума и всего, что известно наук,
и улетели в вымышленную страну!

Лети со мной через все комнаты,
каждая из которых по своему уникальна.
В это комнате мы путешествуем по миру,
на лошадях через пески Аравии,
через ослепительные снега Гималаев,
исследуя тайгу с Дерсу Узала,
горы Индокитая с Элиан,
пшеничные поля Техаса с Авви,
величайшие любовники с нами:
Живаго и Лаура, Кэти и Хаббел,
Лиз и Дарси, Мастер и Маргарита,
с ними мы летим в другие миры!

Вот дверь во внешний мир и у каждого из нас есть от нее ключи

Да, мы не можем остаться навсегда в фантазия!
Каждый день мы переходим между жизнями
и открываем дверь в другой мир,
где правят работа и здравый смысл.
Но мы расстаемся с легким сердцем.
Мы знаем что всегда можем вернуться
в это безумие, в этот дворец, где
правит волшебство, невидимое и свободное!

Идем к нашему небесному ложу!
Летим на Луну, туда и обратно!
Давай искать новые удовольствия, находя их
каждый раз, всячески всеми средствами!
Давай летать и летать, летать и летать,
летать и летать, летать и летать, летать
пока наши крылья не поникнут от тяжести,
пока мы не провалимся в глубокий сон.

А это дверь во внутренние миры

Водные каскады прохладные и теплые
струятся волнами по нашей коже.
Наши тела раскрывают скрытые формы.
Наши глаза, руки, ласкают наши изгибы,
лижут, пробуют на вкус, пьют красоту,
стремясь поделиться глубокой страсти.
Мои руки обвивают твою грудь,
сдерживая разгорающееся пламя.

Вот
мы
пере-
ходим
к
дому
на
дереве

Это - дверь в наш тайный сад

Давай, войдем еще раз в наш волшебный сад,
где духи зверином облике приходят и уходят,
принося нам вести из других миров,
Связывая наши души узами любви.

**you must decide to
live in two worlds, or
else just live in one.**

**You ruined my
weekend. I could have
done something else.**

It was a mistake
for us to see each
other again.

**We have so little
time. I'm sorry
it's not perfect.**

**I would cry
with you but
I am afraid.**

Do what you want.

Yes, I know . . . almost . . .

I don't know what I want.

You make everything
complicated and tragic.
I live in the moment.

**I will try to live in
separate worlds, but
please help me!**

So you are the
American and I
am the Russian!

So I make mistakes.
How can we love
without mistakes?

Do you know
what you want?

There is
nothing
to discuss!

**Half a bottle of cognac
gone. I saved you
from the second half.**

I know there is much
to say, but I don't
know how to say it.

**It's better for you
we don't see
each other again**

We don't share
anything except
the bed.

There is no solution, no
beginning, and no end.

**But I love you!
How can I
not see you?**

flowers, ocean, films, walks, birds, theatre,
music, cats, science, mountains, seashells

You hurt me!

**What good was
it for you to
come here?**

I said this week
is difficult, but
you said it is not.

I don't want to hurt you!

I was lying.

**You'll never be alone
wherever you may go,
for little birds will come
and sing a song you know.**

**Early in the morning
before your day's begun,
the birds will wake you up
to greet the morning sun.**

**Birds of all bright colors,
singing in many ways,
bringing you my music
to fill your sunny days.**

**And when the night has fallen,
an owl will perch above
the darkness of your treehouse
to tell you of my love.**

bluejay
cardinal

robin

cardinal

robin

bluejay

owl

owl

bluejay

chickadee

bluejay

robin

owl

chickadee

chickadee

cardinal

robin

chickadee

owl

cardinal

True friendship
is tempered
in the fires
of love.
All pretense
and fear
are burned away,
while patient
empathy remains.

True love
consumes
itself
in the flames
and leaves
behind scars
and ashes
of time
All which was
can no longer
be the same

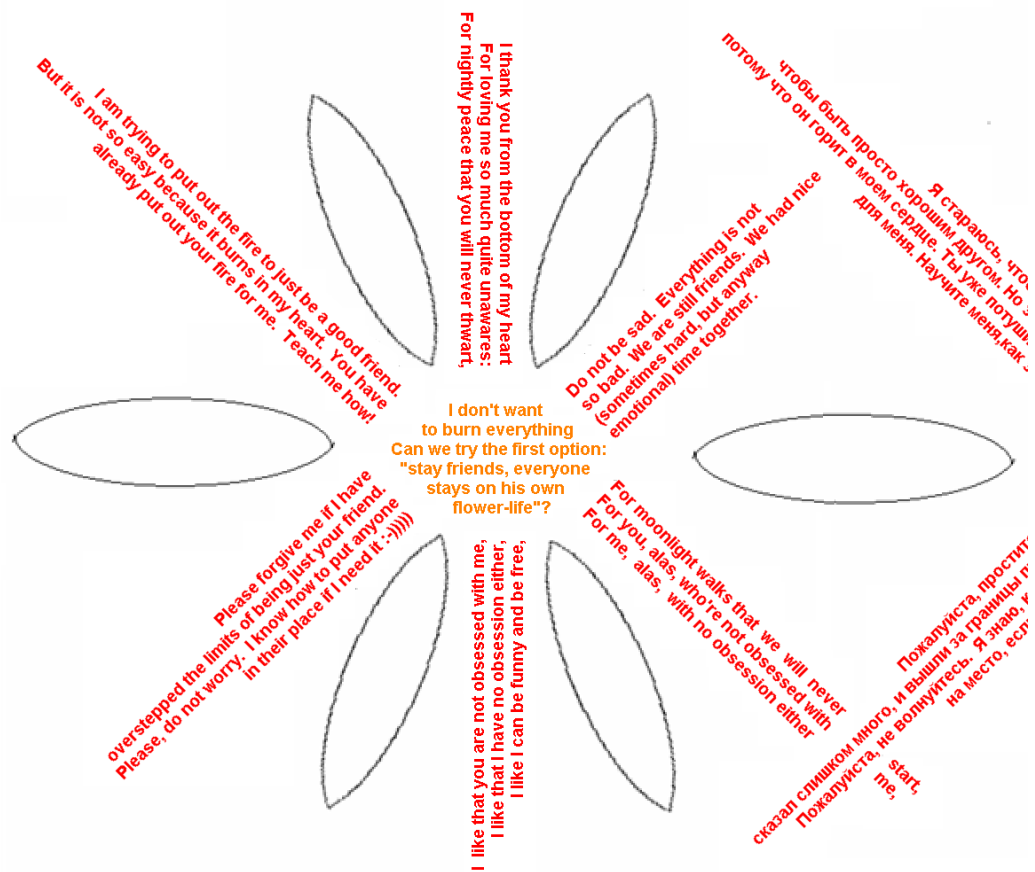
Why should
we not
then take
each other
in fiery
moments of
fleeting pleasure
and let
our friendship
grow on
its own?

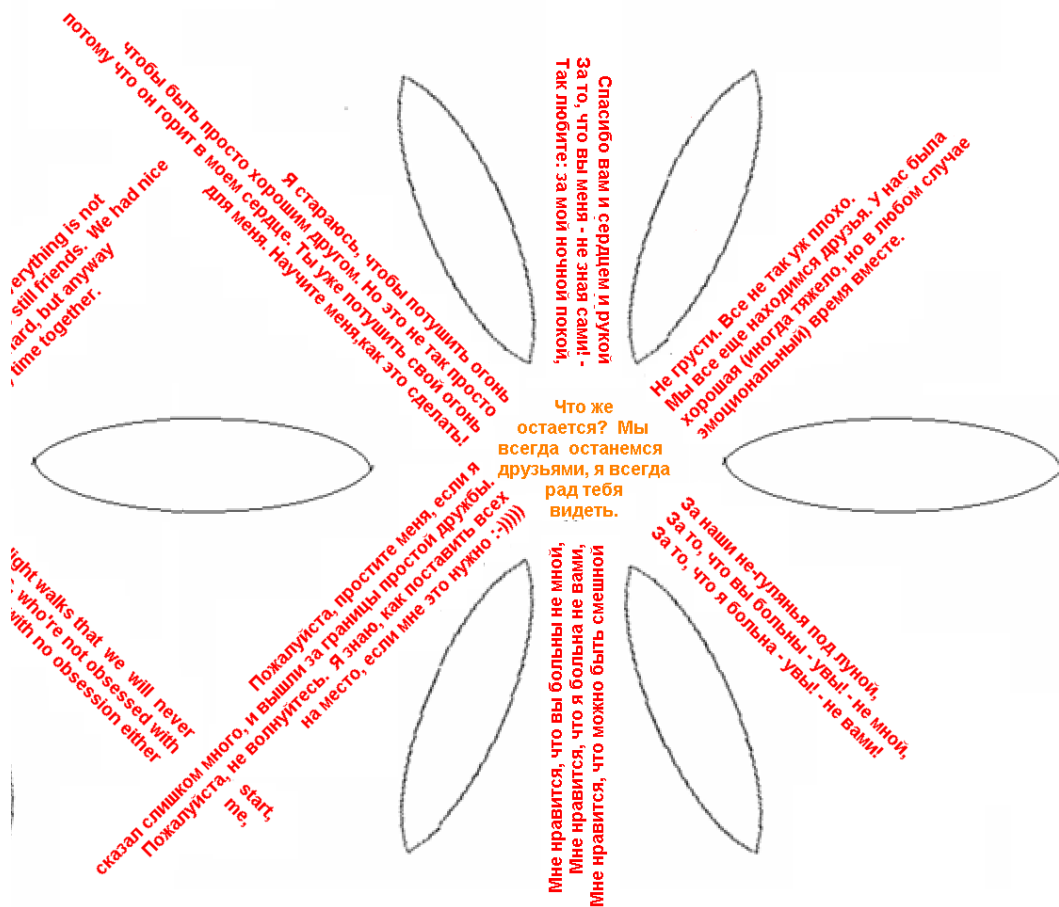
Is all
in the
moment
or is there
not more?
Some lasting
trace that
adds to
the timeless
creation
of what is
beyond us
and forever.

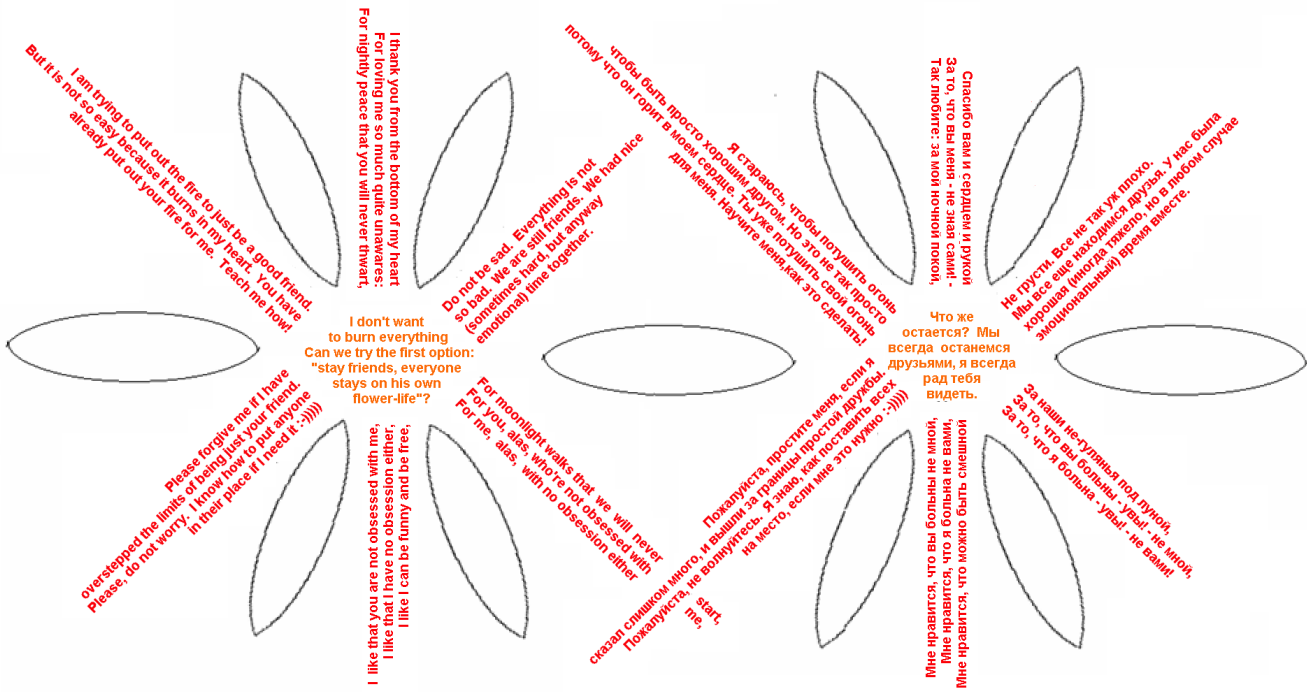
Last night
the moon rose bloody red
from behind the hills. She rose
through clouds of arguments and blazoned
forth her condemnation. I tried to hide from her face
but I should have known she was looking only at me. Alone
among the billions on this planet, she was looking only at me.

So much pathetics and so many question. I don't care about your forgotten things . . .
Do you really want to know answers to your questions? OK. What I'm worried about? The feeling of disgust
that I have now and uncertainty. I warned you. I tried to prevent this, e. g. never come back to the place
where somebody fucked you on a towel and kicked you out, when somebody can run away in the midst of dinner
with muddled excuses and pretenses in naivety. The only thing I know at the moment is that
I don't want to see you, to read your poetry, and to hear your lies. Good night!

She burned away my defenses, my airs of innocence, my pride
And left me shaken with shame like a little child or an old
man alone with hollow fantasies and useless dreams.
I should have known. I should have known.
I should have known.







Again And
and raise
again In- In- our
Like we visible divisible arms Like
birds flew and yet to trees
we to free touch we
When soared the the dance Now
we on moon to we
were the the are
young updraft whistling older
we wind and
flew . grow
together
by
one
way
or an-
other
.

I know it is my fault but I'm missing you can know, This
Maybe I should not In say spring It
They bear no fault it next year was
Their fruit and I'm I think fault,
petals are live want we I
The cherry blown so you can know, This
blossoms around short find to year
have in a our be again
given heaps time gone we
way by the with did
to the the not
leaves wind see
of the
spring
.
This year
the spring
was cold
and did
not stay
.

I will I have
We try no Now the
heard not right birds
the to to are lost
The cherry mysterious miss want and The tree
In tree songs you they is Now
the in of birds . crash dead the
secret flower through against no secret
garden, moved our the longer is closed
wild with window moves and
orchids the . with will
used to dancing the never
bloom wind know
in the . the
spring
.
Now the
cherry
tree is
marked
in red
to be
cut down
.

How much time does it take to make a love ?
Does it take a lifetime? And how many lives
have we had? I count that we are now enter-
ing our 14th, since the 13rd was a forest fire!
Or, was it a shooting star? For you, it was a
shooting star, for me a forest fire. For you,
the trust is gone. For me the forest can grow
again. I will try to be more caring and careful,
not to betray, not to hurt, or go back, or drop
what is in my hands. And I hope that you will
be more understanding and more forgiving
of me. I realize that my self image as a
prophet must make it very difficult for
you, since prophets are impossible
to live with! But since we are both
married, I cannot ask you to
live with me. What I ask of
you, instead, is that you
continue to be my good
friend and sometimes
let me sometimes
be with you and
even love you
in the way
I do now
!!!!-:-

What is love? I have looked for it in marriage, and found it for a while, but
when the passion subsides and the paths diverge, marriage becomes
a kind of cage. I have looked for it in passion, and there I found
it for a while, but again the passion subsides. I have looked
for it in classic song and poetry, and found it everywhere.
But those songs and poems are not so joyous. They
are usually full of the sadness of longing and
loss. And so it has always been for the
poems that I write for you. Except for
a few (like the piano, your favorite),
you say they're always touched
by tragedy. Yes, because I
am missing you, or
fearing you will
leave for-
ever
!!

What kind of love is it that never can
be hurt? Is it not to be vulnerable
to be in love? Can love ever
be fully trusting? If we are
to love, must we not
learn how not to hurt
and not to be hurt,
and learn as well
how to hurt
and to be
hurt?

What is this? This is not love. It has the passion of love... Unfortunately I loved you too much and seriously...
grow into love, but this is not about us because we do not have this time, such a time could only be in another life

I love you and miss you, but same time I do not think that I should
I'm afraid you'll feel guilty for your family, running away every time

When you say I never loved you, are you not dissecting my
soul with a sharp and painful knife? I tell you that if
I have ever loved, it is you I love. And then, if
you say that I only loved an image of you,
I ask you to remember that out of all
the photos of you, my favorite
is "we" with vanka, and that
it was I who asked for
the photos of you
with gleb.

From
the time we
first met, I saw
your wedding ring
and you saw the tattoo
that I share with my wife. We
have always both been married.
You were afraid your husband would
see my love poems to you in Russian and
I was afraid that my wife would know that I was
still seeing you. You were lucky that your husband
did not ask you always where you were, and although I
asked my wife for more freedom, she refused and became
all the more suspicious. What if your husband had been
more jealous and my wife had not been? Should
I then have accused you of lying and
playing games? Can't you
see how it is that you
are being unfair
to me
?

Please, do not fight any
more, and do not be
hurt. But, please,
whatever you do,
allow me to love
you in my own
prophetic,
crazy,
way!

I tried to understand love when I worked with animals. I could
find many of our emotions in them, including anger, fear,
and sex. But where was love? The only thing I could
imagine was the submission that animals assume
during sex and when they give up in a fight. It
seems strange but maybe that's the origin
of love. Maybe this can explain why
having lost your trust in me, you
can never regain it? To my
regret, that's what came
in both of my last
two marriages:
trust never
returns

I know for sure that I cannot trust you and your promises
Yes something burned; I realized that I still miss you but
I'll miss my feelings of deep love and passion for you, which I lost
has brought too much pain for me and too much fear and pressure on

How
can you not
use the one you
love? Must you cease
living if you are in love? If
you are a poet, should you not
write poems to your love? If you
are a painter, should you not
paint her? If you are lonely,
should you not look for
his companionship?
And even if you
cease loving,
can you not
still be
friends
?

Let
me ask you
how it could have been
otherwise? Yes, I should never
have told my wife about you. I asked her
for my freedom, but she would not give it to me.
Should I have left her for you? What would it have been
for us after that? Would I have become jealous and possessive,
putting you in a cage like marriage? And as for you, you told me that if
you were with Adam in the Garden of Eden, you would have killed him. Does that
mean that if I had sought such a garden with you, that you would have had to kill me? And
if so, would that not have been more hurtful than all the betrayals and hurts that we have suffered?

If love is submission, then I don't want
your love! I don't want to see you
dominated. I love you as a free
spirit, as the butterfly and the
bird in the poems that
I wrote you. I want you
to be like Margarita-
invisible and free.
If you want to be
dominated,
then find
another
man

I realized that it is a good loss. My love
you; definitely you could not handle it.
I wrote you. I want you
to be like Margarita-
invisible and free.
If you want to be
dominated,
then find
another
man

You gave It's not so much
me a vase the flowers
that had as the search
no flowers or missing
and colors the pieces
impossible as imagining
to match. the scene.
You gave It's not so much
me a puzzle that you're going
with missing pieces to leave,
and a picture but time becoming
impossible to see. more precious
You promised me every day!
to make no promise And longing
and in any case that puts ink
you plan to leave. in my pen
And yet it makes me and makes
love you all the more! me think
It's clear that I of nothing
am some crazy cat! but you!

For two hundred years now the boat

On looking at Turner's painting,
the Dort packet-boat from
Rotterdam, at the
Art Museum

through clouds that pass before the sun,
then opening to let shafts of light break
through, dark and light, coming and going,
illuminating, animating Turner's creation!

the
light
dances
on the
water
and
squiggles
here and
there,
like
paints
spilling
and spreading
on the surface.

My Dear Friend, My Dear Sister,
Looking through Turner's eyes,
Looking through your eyes,
And you through mine,
Entwined in a moment,
Going beyond all time,

sky and
water
vibrating,
darkening,
lightening,
shimmering,
hiding and
returning

has been leaving

leaving for Dort with its full load of passengers
So, too, My Dear Friend, My Sister,
like pilgrims, hand in hand,
to refresh ourselves in the streaming sunlight
that comes and goes as the clouds
pass by.

*Immortalized by Turner,
boats and passengers,
the sun and clouds, even
the little swimming duck.*

under the blazing sky.
we will come back
or only by spirit

duck

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the Dort packet-boat from
Rotterdam, at the
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boats and passengers,
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under the blazing sky.

we will come back
or only by spirit
that comes and goes as the clouds
pass by.

duck

An osprey soared above the Green. The great fish eagle,
splendid in plumage, majestic in flight, spotted me
standing in
sunlight
on the patch of grass
where we first met.
He stopped and circled,
watching me closely,
then banked, braked
and perched
on the steeple
of the church
high above.

He sought my attention and spoke to me. "The woman you love is
flying today, across the ocean, coming back to where you first met."

"What does she say?" I asked, but he did not answer. So I asked him to carry
you a message, "I miss you and want to be with you."

After what seemed like hours, he leapt off and drove toward the sea.
Did he bring you my message? Do you want to be with me too?

Sometimes all we
:-(
our sense of humor.

Sometimes all we have is pain and hurt and humiliation. We lose our sense of humor. Trying to be funny I only evoke your biting sarcasm

enly, a quiet time, simply, gently, cheerfully and without tragedy.
 We are playing with vanka on the Green that summer night.
 And we find the greatest happiness!

And we find the greatest happiness!



Так хорошо с тобой.
Как я люблю чувствовать
тебя внутри меня!

It is so good with you!
I love to feel you
When I am inside you!!

Eyes explore and read
what cannot be written.

Our hands
caress, express
so close we taste each other's face,
the taste and pleasure
to give, soul-
satisfying, yet
exciting!

Holding each other face to face,
so close we taste each other's breath,
the taste and pleasure taken
I love you! And will
forever!

Я люблю тебя!

All that rhythmic muscular motion,
all that galloping in sensitive synchrony,
all that writhing impulsive swimming,
all that, to give us the times after
to rest
quietly in each other's arms
without speaking any words,
but only feelings expressed
by stroking hands and
penetrating eyes.

Our feet

into words?

bare in the warm sand,

push, roll, pull, pump

flower feet, chrysanthemum feet,

perfume in the full peak of pleasure.

Our bodies

How can our love-making be translated

crossing and crossing,

entwining, tangling, push, roll

until they cannot be taken apart,

until we fall asleep with me inside of you.

наши ноги
наши тела

наши любовные ласки в слова?
как можно перевести

толчек, рывок, галоп, полет
обнажены теплоту песку,

цветочные ноги с ароматом хризантем
ароматы на полном лике наслаждения

наши тела

сплетаются и сплетаются, пока не становятся не делимы

свиваются, запутываются, катятся,

пока мы не засылаем, я внутри тебя.

Cascading water, cool and warm, flowing like waves across our skin.
Our eyes, hands, caress our curves, licking, tasting.
drinking beauty, seeking to share our deep desires.
We fly and fly and fly and fly and fly
and we fall together into deepest sleep
can our love-making be translated into words?
How can our love-making be translated into words?
with heaviness

Водные каскады прохладные и теплые, струятся волнами по нашей коже.
Мы ласковым изгибы наших тел, лижут, пробуют на вкус.
Давай, летать и летать, летать и летать пока мы не провалимся в самый глубокий сон
Каждому перевести наши любовные ласки в слова?
Пьют красоту, стремясь поделиться глубокой страстью.
Пока наши крылья поникнут от тяжести.

To my caressing hands, you stretch your body softly, sighing,
like horses necking,
like wind awakening the trees.
Astride, you ride my strong horse across the misty fields,
through the high grass,
trotting, striding, galloping, to orgasmic ecstasy!
How can our love-making be translated into words?

Во след
Как можно перевести наши любовные ласки в слова?

моей ласковой руке, ты тихо вздыхая,
как ветер пробуждающий деревья.
мягко потянулась.
как шея лошади.

Расставив
ноги, ты едешь на моей сильной лошади через туманные поля,
через высокую траву,
рысью, шагом, галопом, в экстазе оргазма!

We met into words?
and walked together in the driving rain
and came home wet
and cold and aching with desire.

At first we just held and warmed each other tightly,
and then exploded together,
undulating in every possible way.
How can our love-making be translated

Мы ласки в слова?

встретились и пошли и пришли домой промокшие
в проливной дождь
озябшие и горящие желанием.

Сначала мы просто обнялись и согревали друг друга тесно прижавшись
а затем словно взорвались
двигаясь всеми возможными способами.
Как можно как

Running together, side by side, you the speedy sprinter racing ahead,
stride for stride,
then I, slower, catching you and coming together.

Rhythmic breathing, rippling muscles, bathing in sweat,
musky skin steaming perfume,
How can our love-making be translated into words?
and our juices mingling, flowing together.

Бежим вместе, бок о бок, ты быстрый спринтер бежишь впереди
шаг за шагом,
затем я настигаю тебя и мы приходим вместе
Ритмичное дыхание, пульсирующие мышцы, плавание пот градом,
мускусная кожа источает аромат,
наши соки текут смешиваясь и сливаясь.
Как можно перевести наши любовные ласки в слова?

My fingers trace your sleeping calves, thighs, belly, vulva and breasts.
You start to stretch.
I frame your face with gentle stroking hands.
sweetly sighing, your juices flowing,
wake slowly and let me enter to excite your dreams,
before we descend again into soundest sleep.
How can our love-making be translated into words?
You can our love-making be translated into words?

Мои ласки в слова?

пальцы скользят по тебе начинаешь потягиваться.

твоим сонным голням, бедрам, животу, груди и вульве.

Я прикасаюсь к твоему лицу нежными ласковыми руками.

Сладко вздыхая, твой соки текут,

Ты медленно просыпаешься и позволяешь мне войти и пробудить тебя ото сна,

ты перестави наши любовные ласки

прежде чем мы снова проваливаемся в глубокий сон.

You translated into words?
translating
What are you doing to me?
How can our love-making be

are so delicious, I want all of you,
the taste of sex and your breath,
climaxing with your chrysanthemum feet !

I can't stop either.

I can't stop.
I can't get enough of you !

Ты ласки в слова?
Как можно перевести наши любовные ласки?
Что ты делаешь со мной? Я не могу остановиться.
Я тоже не могу остановиться.
Я не могу насытиться тобой!
Вкус секса и твоего дыхания,
кульминация с ароматом хризантем твоих ног!
Так вкусня. Я хочу тебя целиком,

Slowly, into words?
How can our love-making be translated

shyly, our two hands meet. They entwine and agree.

Yes, yes, let us make music,
let us create new harmonies.

Our rhythms crescendo, hands, mouths, arms, feet, thighs,
loins, mounting, pounding, plunging,
soaring aloft into music !

Медленно, в слова,
робко встречаются наши руки.
Они сплетаются
и договариваются,
да, да, давай создадим музыку.

Как можно перевести наши любовные ласки
Наш ритм крещендо, ладони, торсы, взлет, удар, погружение,
губы, руки, ступни, бедра,
парение рождает музыку !

Come. translated into words?
Dance with me, move with me, waltz with me.
Can't get enough of you.
feel you coming so beautifully.
Your face seems like long ago
Lying quietly eye close to eye and face to face,
How can our love-making be
when you were still a little girl.

Приди, ласки в слова?
потанцуй со мной, двигайся со мной, вальсируй со мной.
Не могу насытиться тобой.
Я чувствую когда ты кончаешь так красиво.
Я вижу твое лицо, как будто давно
покойно, глаза в глаза и лицом к лицу.
Лежа перевести наши любовные
как молчком как
когда ты была еще маленькой девочкой.

I hold your dreams in my arms as you touch mine
with your fingers playing
a song I cannot hear.

I feel the warmth of your curves as you stretch
and move in response to my touch.

I've never been so happy!

How can our love-making be translated into words?

Я держу в словах
твой сны в моих руках, как и ты мои.
Ты пальцами наигрываешь песню
которую я не могу услышать.
Я чувствую тепло изгибов твоего тела когда ты потягиваешься
и двигаешься в ответ на мое прикосновение.
Я никогда не был так счастлив !
Как можешь
перевести наши любовные ласки
о н ж о м к у

Я никогда не был так счастлив !

Я чувствую тепло изгибов твоего тела когда ты потягиваешься
и двигаешься в ответ на мое прикосновение.

Я никогда не был так счастлив !

Tell me: translated into words?
I prefer the tastes of your body.
Which do you prefer, my smells or my tastes?
Then I invite you to taste all of me.
Afterwards, I don't know which one I like better:
making fantastic love,
or lying together quietly after.
How can our love-making be trusted?

we seem forever in the autumn of our days,

will we ever come back again this way?

thank you, trees, for giving us golden leaves.

summer is ending in little flashes of color.

leaves falling, twirling in the wayward wind.

they come to rest amid entwining circles on the surface of the pond, gold splotches swimming slowly on blue

making sweet love as if each time were last.

or will this day rest only in memory?

thank you, waning sun for burnishing the gold.

colors mount to meet each flashing leaf

reflections rising to meet each falling leaf

Please, come share the spring with me!

One year

has passed.

The ginkgo again

is losing leaves,

but now I know

they will return

when the spring

arrives next year,

and so my hopes

are born again.

I wave this magic wand of words like your wooden sword

You were at a special age – no longer a child but not yet a man.

This is the victory of words over marbled water.

The marble fountain would seem to be lasting and the memory of the water wars that summer night when your mama and you got thoroughly wet and raced around the marble covered with flowing water, but marble cannot hold onto your laughter like words, and this will last longer and still be read long after the fountain is gone.

I was at once your jealous brother, imaginary father, and grandfather.

those two magical summer nights when time stood still.

But it was your mother who had the best part in those magic nights.

This is the victory of words over marbled fire.

The marble table would seem to be lasting and the memories of that magical summer night when you and your mother took turns playing at shashlik on the marble transformed to a roasting, tickling fire, but the marble cannot hold onto your laughter like words, and this will last longer and still be read after the marble table is gone.

She transformed into the role of a running, laughing, splashing child!

Я взмахну палочкой из слов, как ты своим деревянным мечом,

**Ты был в том особенном возрасте -
уже не ребенок, но еще не муж.**

Это победа слов над мраморной водой. Мраморный фонтан кажется вечным, и память о водных сражениях летней ночью, когда твоя мама и ты, насквозь мокрые, бегали вокруг мраморного фонтана, покрытого струями стекающей воды, но мрамор не может хранить твой смех, так как это могут сделать слова, гораздо дольше, что могут быть прочитаны когда Мраморный фонтан давно исчезнет.

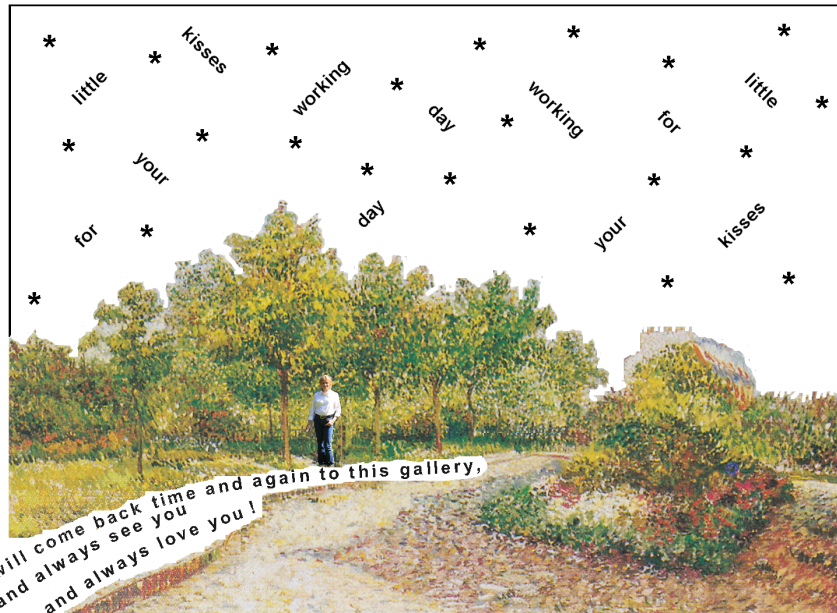
Я был одновременно твоим ревнивым братом, воображаемым отцом и дедом.

чтобы остановить время тех двух волшебных летних ночей.

И это была твоя мать, кто был лучшей частью тех волшебных ночей,

Это победа слов над мраморным огнем. Мраморный стол кажется вечным, и память о той волшебной летней ночи, когда ты и твоя мама по очереди играли в шашлык на мраморном столе, превращенном в мангал с щекочущим огнем, но тот мрамор не может хранить твой смех, так как это могут сделать слова, гораздо дольше, что могут быть прочитаны когда Мраморный стол давно исчезнет.

кто превращался в бегающего, смеющегося, брызгающегося ребенка!




And I will come back time and again to this gallery,
 In and out of the little gallery room people come and go but I see only you standing, studying the painting,
 And I can see Van Gogh enter the painting with his brush and then stand back to study it.
 as if you would enter the picture and become free forever.
 And I can see Van Gogh enter the painting with his brush and then stand back to study it.



Our time was like a shooting star. It blazed across the sky of our lives and lit each day and night with passions, finally burning out with explosive force. Oh, that we had been a comet instead, with steadiness and confidence, so even if it had to end, it could possibly return someday.



This poem is for you, Vanka
when you have your first child.



Your canoe glides quietly across the calm water,
making no sound except the soft push of paddles
May all your days glide smoothly like canoeing through calm waters,
and may you find and marry a woman
as wise and beautiful as your mother
and who can give you a son
whom you can teach to be a canoeist.

And when your son
is old enough to understand,
take down this poem from its dusty shelf,
and read to him how we both loved your mother in those far-off days.

Both your poster and your shells remind you of our wonderful days beach-combing.
our planet
in all waters of
horseshoe crabs lived
400 million
years ago

They remind us how both life and love
can go on living for millions of years.

You saw trilobite fossils and painting I made at your age
nowadays
there are
four species

Say good day to your father
and to your mother for me.

today you can
find fossils
like these

And give
a kiss to your mother for me.

Both your poster and your shells remind you of our wonderful days beach-combing.

наш  ей планеты

все водоемы

мелководья населением

лет назад

400

 миллионов

They remind us how both life and love
can go on living for millions of years.

You saw trilobite fossils and painting I made at your age



четыре вида

существует

в наше время



Say good day to your father
and to your mother for me.

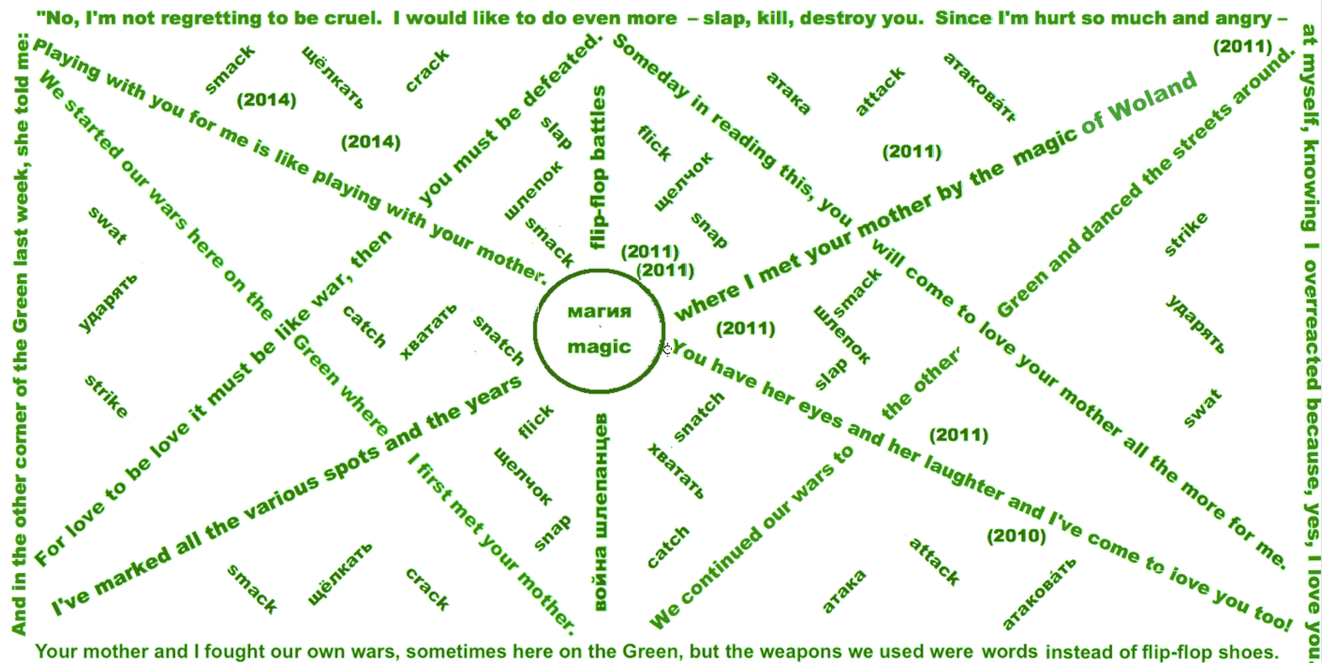
окаменелости

найти вот такие

сегодня можно

And give

a kiss to your mother for me.



[illegible]

Swinging, swishing, slashing in the dark of night

Then you were
Each time we pass we slap flip-flops
happy to be
Each time we slap, we snap right back

I was
happy to be young with you
It was
a moment
that can
never
return
a moment
when time
stood still

Being
with you
I was
young
again
I forgot
my age
your leg

my thigh
my leg

**colored
pebbles of
quartz**

**towers of
sand from
paper cups**

clam shells

strands
of green
sea weed

But the tide was rising
with each wave crashing
ever higher and higher

I was so happy to be with you and your mother that day before the waves of time came crashing over the walls and flooded an ocean between us.

Thank you for
your translations,
that I could keep

only in these verses.

Your inspiration,
your love,

Quint

I love you forever!

