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[*В одном практически шнурке, 1992*]

In essence but a shoelace on,
And with a handkerchief,
I'll chance between the *pro* and *con*,
Unlock my door, and leave.

Surrounded by a sea of green,
Bathed in a cheering breeze,
I'll pass a meadow, a ravine,
A grove of needled trees,

And just a pair of lines below,
Or maybe even less,
The grove will meet a river flow,
Where I will drown to death.

A captive of the muddy stream,
I'll roll in oozy smear,
And she, the lady of my dream,
Will not remember me.

To drown amid one's virile years –
It's such an awful lot!
No! I shall instantly reverse
My catastrophic plot.

These rivers just as much I want
As bikes a salmon would.
Transport me, my poetic wand,
Back through the piney wood.

Let me transgress in one quatrain
That talent-lacking scene,
Where halfway through the green terrain,
I crossed a steep ravine,

Return me to my open door,
From where forevermore
I dragged myself God knows what for
Straight to the river shore,

Whereas I could, swayed by the *pro*,
The hankie on my face,
Be calmly swaying *to* and *fro*,
Suspended on a lace.