

2. Boris Mogilner (trad.: Marina Bower)

No. 4. By the lake

In the Autumn the water is bitter,
It is redolent of wormwood, it is cool and dark.
The trees are keeping firm watch,
Sunk in cobweb nets.
A quiet song is heard in the forest,
Without birdsong or words.
It disappears softly in the distance,
But it lingers in my sensitive heart.
Autumn is stern but it draws and beguiles me
With delicate bunches of rowan berries,
With mysterious footprints of wild animals
That glitter and shine like colourful leaves on the waves.
The mist creeps over slowly and silently,
Hoping to shroud the splendour of the season.
But don't despair, just before the rain
The dawn may dare yet to light a Summer bonfire.
You won't see this anywhere else.
My pen shall not shake
When I turn this picture into tidy lines of words,
Although I know that the spark will have gone...

I feel this too may sustain me and make me strong
To take up that beguiling challenge, to follow the voice
That would separate us forever.

No. 5. Interpreting dreams