

Poetry Series

valentin savin
- poems -

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valentin savin(January 6,1939)

Born January 6th,1939 in Russia. Graduated from the Institute of Foreign Languages in the city of Moscow in 1969. Interpreter in English and Spanish Languages.

Live in Moscow. Retired pensioner. From time to time I write my own poems mostly in Russian and translate some English and Spanish authors. I am a member of the Writers Union of Russia.

□

A Lonely Star

There is a very cold winter time.
The streets are filled with snow,
A lonely star's shining in the sky.
I'm looking at her from my home.

The city's awaking from the gloom.
People scarring to and fro, and shout.
I'm quite comfortable in my room.
The star is luring me out.

How can she see me from afar?
And why she's lingering so long?
Perhaps she is my guiding star.
It'll be a pity if I'm wrong.

She wants to quit the heaven's shelf,
To warm up in the bed of mine.
(Being sad and lonely like myself) .
I'll gladly give her bread and wine.

valentin savin

Alexander Pushkin I Loved You

Alexander Pushkin I loved you
Valentin SAVIN
(my translations)

Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837) is one of the greatest Russian poets of all times.

In the below poem the author is probably writes of his own feelings to his most beloved woman. It is well known that he was sort of love lass and many people knew that. The poem was written in 1829 when Pushkin was already a very popular author. Among his famous works one can find many a poem dedicated to various women. It is suggested that the poem 'I loved you' was written to Anna Olenina a very beautiful and famous singer of those times whom he wanted to marry and was rejected by her parents.

Alexander Pushkin
I loved you
(English translation)

* * *

I loved you: and my love may still remain,
Deep in my soul where it has not died yet;
But let it no longer cause you pain;
I do not wish to make you feel upset.

I loved you silently and with despair,
Through bouts of jealousy or silent stealth;
I loved you tenderly as one may dare,
God bless you to be loved by someone else.
1829

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1829

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Goodbye, My Friend, Goodbye

Valentin SAVIN

Goodbye, my friend, goodbye
by Sergei Esenin

Goodbye, my friend, goodbye.
My love, you are inside my heart.
Predestined farewell won't die,
And means we'll meet and not depart.

Goodbye, my friend, no hugs, nor word,
Nor sadness, and don't furrow your brow. -
In this life dying means reward.
The life won't be newer than now.
1925

Original in Russian:

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1925

valentin savin

I'M No Poet Nor Lover

I'm no poet nor lover

That early spring we stood out night -
Just only you and I.
We talked and kissed in the moonlight,
The stars were shining high.

The moon was casting glance at us.
Your face was captivating me.
You told me with enthusiasm:
Such beauty there, don't you see?

But looking at the Milky Way
I mumbled somewhat fast:
- We'll perish under it one day.
You suddenly felt aghast.

I messed up all the things thereby,
That died your enthusiasm and fervor.
But caught with the side of my eye -
I'm no poet nor lover whatsoever.
08.05.2006

valentin savin

Last Night Was Looking In My Eyes

Valentin SAVIN
(my translations)

Below is a short biography of Marina Tsvetaeva and my translation of one of her poems.

Marina Tsvetaeva (1892-1941) is a very popular Russian poetess. Up to 16 y.o. old she lived a happy life in Moscow and then studied at the Sorbonne University in Paris. She began writing poems very early. Her first book was published in 1910.

A year later Tsvetaeva met Sergei Efron - cadet in the Officers' Academy who was a year younger than she and married him in 1912. Most of their time they lived in the Crimea.

After the 1917 Revolution, Efron joined the White Army, and Marina returned to Moscow to reunite with her husband. She was trapped in Moscow for five years in a terrible famine.

She had two daughters Ariadna, or Alya born 1912 and Irina 1917. She placed both of them in a state orphanage, hoping that it would be better for them there. Alya became ill, and was removed, but Irina died there of starvation.

In 1922 Tsvetaeva's family left Russia and lived abroad in constant poverty, be it in Prague, Berlin, Paris. There she gave birth to a son, whom she wanted to name Boris after Pasternak but her husband insisted on Georgy. In 1939 they returned to Moscow.

During her lifetime she wrote poems, verse plays, and prose pieces. Though Tsvetaeva was primarily a lyrical poet, she wrote tragic poems and essays, folk songs and those that reflected her nostalgia for homeland. She was famous among major symbolists of her time.

Her husband and her daughter Ariadna were arrested on espionage charges. Tsvetaeva and her son were evacuated to Yelabuga. Soon after the execution of her husband Tsvetaeva committed suicide in 1941.

Last night was looking in my eyes

Last night was looking in my eyes

And now he's looking far aside!

Last night stayed till birds stopped their cries, -

And all the larks - turned ravens wide.

I'm stupid; you are much too clever -
Alive and I'm dumbfounded through.
Oh, women crying now and ever:
'My dear, what have I done to you? !

To her - the tears are water and blood
In bloody water - washed with tears!
Her love's not mum's but stepmom's bud.
No court her plea for mercy hears.

Ships sail away beloved ones,
White roads take them to lands new
And moan along the whole earth runs,
'My dear, what have I done to you? !

Last night was kneeling at my feet,
Equated me with China's Force!
Today I met with his mistreat -
My life turned rusty penny's worth.

Infanticide before the court
I stay - unmerciful and blue.
Yet in the hell I still retort:
'My dear, what have I done to you? '

I ask the chair, I ask the bed:
'What for I tolerate ordeal? ' "
'He kissed you all" each of them said.
'Let others kiss - Break her on wheel! "

Accustomed me to live in fire,
You threw me - on the frozen dew
Here's what you, dear one, desired!
'My dear, what have I done to you? '

It's plain to me - say no word!
I see again - though not a lover!
Where Love recedes you might have heard
There comes the Death - and us will cover.

There's no need to shake the tree! -
The ripened apple falls when due...

- For all, for all, please pardon me!
'My dear, what have I done to you? '

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Original text in the Russian

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valentin savin

Lost Love

Lost love

Whether I loved you or not
Alas, I can't say anything,
As I never really thought;
But you're gone and I'm suffering.

I am nearly choking in tears.
My life turned sad and unreal.
And this has gone on for years.
But you're still in my memory.

You may be happy, who knows,
Or grieving like me alone;
I must bear with it, I suppose.
And drink the bitterness of my own.

If you hear, answer me, please:
Do you have any love to share?
I can't bear the life of these.
Spare me at least my gray hair.

valentin savin

Lullaby

Lullaby

My sweet baby's in his bed,
May sweet dreams beguile your head.
Moonlight's peeping from the sky
On the pillow where you lie.

Sleep, my baby, do not weep,
Close your eyes and fall asleep;
In the gleam the guiding star,
Wishing you goodnight from afar.

Angel with his melody
Sings you his sweet lullaby.
Mommy looking with delight,
And lie close to your side.

Sleep on tight, my little one,
My beloved lovely son.
God guides us, have no fear.
Sleep and smile my little dear.

valentin savin

Marina Tsvetaeva Every Poem Is A Child Of Love,

Valentin SAVIN

(my English translations)

Marina Tsvetaeva

* * *

Every poem is a child of love,
? ???r bastard by birth.
A Firstling - the sky above.
Left to all winds on the earth.

Heart's left to hell and an altar,
Heart has a bless and a grief
Who is his father? A tsar?
May be a tsar, or a thief.

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valentin savin

Marina Tsvetaeva, To All My Poems

Marina Tsvetaeva

* * *

To all my poems so early written,
That I didn't know I was - a poet,
That sprung like sprays from a fountain,
Like sparks from rockets,

Like little devils they suddenly burst
In sanctuary with sleep and incense,
To all my poems of youth and death,
Unread since thence! -

And scattered in the dust of a shrine
(Where no one took and takes not some!)
To all my poems like precious wine
There time will come.

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New Year's Call

Valentin Savin
(my English poems)

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892)
In Memoriam A. H. H., CVI

New Year's Call

Ring bells high to the mighty sky
The Old Year is going out this night.
Ring out it's time for him to die.
Ring in The New One comes to light.

Ring bells so that hears us the God.
Ring in for love and peace on earth.
For better life we could afford,
For tables full with food and mirth.

Ring in for good and happy New Year,
For hope that for all us unfurled.
Ring in that people dance and cheer
And never darkens our world.

valentin savin

O, My Darling One

O, my darling one

Oh, my darling friend,
Take me to your land,
There in land of yours
I'll become your spouse.
There in land of yours
I'll become your spouse.

Oh, my darling one,
I would take you on,
But there in land behind
I have a wife of mine.
But there in land behind
I have a wife of mine.

Oh, my darling friend,
Take me to your land,
There in land of those
I'll be sister of yours.
There in land of those
I'll be sister of yours.

Oh, my darling one,
I would take you on,
But there in land behind
I've a sister of mine.
But there in land behind
I've a sister of mine.

Oh, my darling friend,
Take me to your land,
There in land of new
I'll be strange to you.
There in land of new
I'll be strange to you.

Oh, my darling one,
I would take you on,

But there in alien spot
A strange one need I not.
But there in alien spot
A strange one need I not.

Oh, my darling friend,
Take me to your land,
There in the alien spot
I shall be your consort.
There in the alien spot
I shall be your consort.

.....
Translated from Russian

valentin savin

Osip Mandelstam, The Sound Distant And Obscure

Valentin SAVIN
(my translations)

Osip Mandelstam

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The sound distant and obscure
Of fruit that fell from nearest tree
Among incessant melody
Of woody silence deep and pure...

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Party's Membership-Card

My grandson grows up and I'll tell him
I'd lived in the country full of dream.
It carried out the Soviet Union's name,
Ruined by renegades without a shame.

Of those times run down as such
Reminds me the Communist Party member-card,
That in my table I keep untouched -
The rudiment of the epoch left in my blood.

I'll tell him of the Communist party rule.
The one to which I'd been affiliated.
And I'll add: "I'm no longer a fool
To dress in any party's attire";
But I'm sorry for my Russia humiliated
And wish the traitors set to fire.

valentin savin

The Music Of Love

The Great Music of Love
I hear coming from above.
All is heavenly calm.
Life seems a healing balm.
The moon smiles me back.
I strain my eyes and neck.
The flowers rest in the field.
The new day is yet to yield.
The nature seem to sleep.
My thoughts are somewhere deep.

The clouds are floating at hand,
The river goes to no end.
My dreams overwhelm me so.
And sleepless on I go.

Bad luck slip down like a veil
And sorrows go off and fail.
My dreams race far along,
My life seems like a song.

I sink in my swift dreams
And gather thoughts that gleam.
My heart bits calm and slow
All grief does onward flow.

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The Road To Truth

The road to truth is steep
And lies somewhere deep.
Before I start my way
I have to think and say:
Should I at all go there
If I'm not certain where?
I'd better break my head
And fly above instead.
Looking for the word's truth,
I couldn't find in my youth.

If my endeavor fails,
I'll end like Poe* on rails.

.....
* P.S. Edgar Alan Poe (1809-1849) the famous American poet was found nearly
dead on rails at the age of forty.

valentin savin

Who's Made Of Stone, Who's Made Of Clay

Valentin SAVIN
(my translations)

Marina Tsvetaeva
x x x

Who's made of stone, who's made of clay
But I am silvering and shine!
My name's Marina - may betray
I am a frail sea foam divine.

Who's made of clay, who's made of flesh -
For them a tomb and plated site...
I am baptized in the sea font mesh -
And each time braking in my flight.

Through every heart, through every net
My self-will breaks and finds its course.
Don't you see my loosen curls yet?
You won't make me the salt of earth.

Pounding against your granite knees
I resurrect with each sea wave!
Long live the foam - gay foam of seas -
The high sea foam - mighty and brave!

(Original in Russian)

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valentin savin

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