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Joseph Brodsky
Translated by Julia Gnip

Not countries, nor cemeteries
I don't want to unmask
With the Vasilyevskaya Island
memories I will pass.

Your facade is dark blue
and I won't find it in the dark.
In between the faded lines I view
I'll fall on asphalt and leave my mark.

And the untiring soul
is going into darkness as if in a jog,
under the bridge hole
into the St. Petersburg fog.
It's in the light April rain I see around,
under the nape of a snowflake,
and then I hear a sound:
to our meeting, for your sake.

And life will show two hands
far down the creek and to the fatherland I'll attach
my cheek. Girls, sisters out at sea,
from the time I did not live I ask you to run
out to me the boys wave for you to arrive.