



Afflatus Creations

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Poetry

A fragment from the poem "The Sweet Martyr"

Rumors are flies and the tattlers are gadflies
Feeling the high blood
and stinging aggressively,
Driving the sting into flesh and the
souls of the sovereigns and royal successors shamelessly.

The virulent piercers in Russian Empire
Fell to the lady
from Alemannia,
That one inspiring love and admiration
Of high-minded Romanov, son of Emperor.

Anna, excuse me, I state things straightforwardly,
Wounding your
feelings by tactless pronouncements,
Cannot be secretive, cannot
gloss over,
Thoughts seething madly in brain like enouncements.

In former times, you remember, the common herd
Twisted the
face with dislike for the empress,
As if for dinner not vodka, but cider
Is served with steak that is coarse and tasteless.

Members of gentry glanced at her askance,
Merchants did not start

to dance with excitement. Gingerbread cookies baked in the
Russian lands Didn't accept Alemannic sweet items.
Old and young, in a jacket and fashions, Did not
compassion the peregrine queen. The ancestor worship is
dear to Russians,

Father the Tsar, and the queen should be Mother! But she was born by
the Britons and Germans.

To understand Russian world like the others
For stranger's heart is extremely uncommon!

You may the name Alexandra receive, You may feel
alone so much less,
But cannot wear your heart on your sleeve, Because you are
proud Alice of Hesse.

Big Russian soul cannot be bought!
You are a Russian since you were born – With Pushkin,
Yesenin, the noise of birches, With tear of the Virgin inside
your core!

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