



## 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  
glossover,  
Thoughts seething madly in brain like enouncements.

In former times, you remember, the common herd Twisted the  
facewith 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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