



Olga Borisova

Bird dreams

And the birds dream of the sky.
Blindly responding to an unclear call,
flying into the bottomlessness of the heights,
elevating himself above everything,
and they drink freedom,
like fish in the sea water.

And the birds dream of freedom,
vastness of the field
and cornflowers, daisies,
and small insects,
blooming garden near the house,
There is a shaggy dog at the booth.

Birds don't dream of winter,
and blizzards of evil mimes,
cold dawns,
flickering of the planet.
They dream of a crumb of bread
and they dream of the sky again.

Evening

Blues of the passing day
Flashes in the sunset sky.
Amber paint beckons,
The street is calling me
So that I can scoop up the gold.

And gave away around
Wet trees, passers-by,
To suddenly be happy
Someone forgot about the disease,
It's a fine evening.

Girl and pigeons

Tiny snow falls from the sky,
Like a message from distant worlds.
The pigeons ask not for snow, but for bread,
Flocking in flocks from surrounding yards.

The crumbs of bread are thrown to the birds,
A girl in a white coat feeds them.



Pigeons, girl - the border is erased, -
The shoulders are thin in a snow coat.

The birds, having had their fill, roam imposingly,
They take off noisily, spreading their wings.
Birds soar peacefully over the land of floors, -
The messengers of light know no evil.

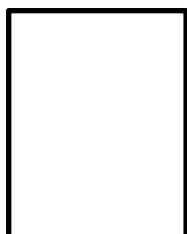
Tiny snow falls from the sky,
Like a message from distant worlds.
Girl, pigeons, crust of bread,
The cover is strewn with crumbs of happiness.
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On Bridge

I climbed onto the bridge. Leaning on the railing,
I look into the distance at the brisk running of the wave.
What force moves the mass of waters,
What power comes from the depths?!
How vast is the water desert,
The shores are hidden behind the view into the distance.
And above me is the heavenly stronghold,
A river flows under the arch of eternity.

I froze, overwhelmed by the feeling
Confusion and fear and trouble.
A ridiculous madness is growing inside me
Dive from the bridge into the vastness of water,
And become stronger, do not submit to force
Its gorges are deep and steel.
But the iron railings are high,
And trembling takes me from the splashes of icy waters.

Bionote:



Olga Borisova is a poet, writer, publicist. Lives in Russia. Editor-in-chief of literary and nonfiction almanacs "Parallels" and "Wings". Winner of twelve International literary awards. The author of 19 books of poetry, prose and journalism. Winner and prize-winner of various international festivals and competitions.

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