

Tatyana Astapova

Rose



Татьяна Астапова

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«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

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Poems in English

Rose

It was an early greenish spring
And little lovely birds were singing.
A gentle wind could freshness bring
And willows' osiers were leaning.

They leant towards the limpid stream
And touched its waters, soft and tender.
The sun was shedding bright spring beams,
Which could romantic aura gender.

And in that holy Paradise
Majestic claret rose flourished.
She was a pleasant sight for eyes.
She was a beauty, never tarnished.

Her velvet petals, slender stalk
With graceful thorns and pleasant smelling.
It seemed perhaps, that she could talk
About life, her fate retelling.

She sighed for very handsome guy
With whom she fell in love so deeply.
He told her once: 'My love, goodbye'
And disappeared very quickly.

As for the rose, she stood still
And faded fast and looked so gloomy.
How'd it appear he could kill
Her soul, that her heart was roomy?

She was crestfallen, but at last
She realized that life was better

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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