

Tatyana Astapova

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# Rose



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**Rose**

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**Аннотация**

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

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