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"I was as if a piece of history"

When the ocean hit into coast,

It was simple and strong, as before.

And the hurricane blew as a ghost

And drove waves back to English Channel.

Under a ring of chains, under a clang of chains,

In steaming rush, in a current engine gains,

From Dover to Vladivostok

The old continent had rushed about.

Barracks and banks.

And temples, prisons,

They were the darkest black and deadest dead.

Had furrowed the earth by greyest scars -

Had trenched the thrown ditches.

There were the wars that would be always

They seemed the young the only from first sight,

Were guite obedient, decent and light,

And had to go where they were order.

They would get used to discipline,

With eagerness valorous burning,

And they would die in trenching clay

For their Kaiser or for tsar and it's no turning.

As in St. Petersburg or in Berlin

The staffing clerks had not to sleep.

Or railways lines like metal sleepers

Were gleaming in the dark as vainest stars...

And they would die in trenching clay

For their Kaiser or for tsar - had nothing say?

Where you would look - you saw the same

The ominous reflection of bad weather came.

The century became the end of adolescence

It looks as if it's fourteenth year.

http://tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/Chilkova_Anastasia_St_George_Ribbon_doc.rar

Чиркова АнастасияПослан Дьякова Светлана Анатольевна - 09.04.2013 18:30

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