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The poem to Sergey Yesenin

My actions are so scandal, My poems are so sad, My life is such a fatal, I'm not still sure if I'm a poet!

What fore I exist in here? What for I love and breath? I'm wasting my life with no fear, And I'm not afraid of death!

I'm wating for nothing now, Except for drinking and orgy. I've drunk my painful soul And gave it to devil with hope:

Someday I'll back to my childhood, And see my family home To meet with my beautiful Tanya, To walk in a meadow and wood.

To listen to crane crying, To breath fresh and country air, To feel myself calm and flying, To be again a baby!

http://tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/The poem to Sergey Yesenin.zip

Богданова Вероника, "Стихи. Посвящение Сергею Есенину" Послан Гусева Людмила Владимировна - 27.01.2014 11:23

There is something of Esenin's style in your poem, really! But mind spelling & grammar next time. Good luck.
