

This is a post on Facebook. . .

Trad. inglese: Alex Cigale

This is a post on Facebook, and this, a block post in the East,
our losses: the five banned, six shipped back “in zinc coffins,”
the wounded, everyone: the Ukes, the Ruskis, Merkel, verses.
God himself had been mined somewhere on lofty heights.

This summer, without bulletproof vest, in September, no helmet,
the trolling “Kuban” battalion against our couch centurions;
I’ll make you a gift: a camouflage case for your tablet;
time is earwax, peddled in alleyways, under the table.

So when all is said and done, what did I do for this baby:
Stroked her nipples with a cursor, tickled her underarms?
‘Cause she so wanted to get married, and now in revenge,
she’ll suck off the recruiter and bring me my draft notice.

May the blessed relics rest in peace: her Lacoste t-shirt,
the high-speed Wi-Fi, all your likes and statuses reposted,
for the heroes never die. The heroes never die, this,
the very first roadblock at the besieged towers of Troy.

A Former Dictator

Trad. inglese: Oksana Maksymchuk and Max Rosochinsky

In a hat and sweatpants made of tinfoil
I go out on a terrace, having turned on the wire.
From the distance, I sense the stirrings of my foe.
Time to recharge my laser gun and fire.

The morning is beautiful, zero chance of rain.
Perfect time for a smoke, but I misplaced the matches.
Alpha-rays affect the tissue of the brain,
beta and gamma rays hit the heart and the testes.

My tinfoil protection clears frees me from fear.
It's too bad that my wardrobe has gotten so sparse.
I'm recalling the Bible — that R-rated verse
where the nameless author kills the hero,

then resurrects him, then robs him of hope.
What's for breakfast: a baby, a snail, or a tortoise.
The favorites on my iPad are really dope:
an album of interrogations that end in torture.

If I get served for breakfast some tender cops,
puffy ruffians, hitmen poached to perfection,
then I'll know that the rays messed me up
and I'll put on a tinfoil balaclava for protection.

Then I'll know that it's time to vanish, to disappear
in a dream, in Crimea. An angel pale as lard
sent to rescue me, gives me the middle finger
and I shoot it off — like an unwanted rhyme.

In the garden of Gethsemane on the Dnieper river

Trad. inglese: Oksana Maksymchuk and Max Rosochinsky

In the garden of Gethsemane on the Dnieper river
where the baseball bats are in bloom
shrieks the two-headed eagle cockatoo:
the parachute turned out to be a balloon!

Our dacha community warden
opens up, helps us out at the gate.
He says that Maidan is over.
How many Maidans will it take?

Armillaria caps — oily stars —
light our way all the way until dawn.
Souls are moaning in Orthodox bonds
and the baseball bats are in bloom.

Human herds happily graze
to outlaw songs on the radio:
“I fell out of love with you, miss!
You’re against the European Union.”

A Russian tourist is on vacation

trad.inglese: Oksana Maksymchuk and Max Rosochinsky

A Russian tourist is on vacation
relaxing like a soldier before battle
tomorrow bayonets bullets
he can't fall back: behind him
executioners penal battalions

A Russian tourist is on vacation
in his head winter harsh
frost deer cloudberry Lower Tagil
have you ever lived in Lower Tagil?
even January prefers
Upper Tagil or Perm

A Russian tourist is on vacation
yet he doesn't forget to remind the Turks
of the Russo-Turkish War and Shipka
the Egyptians of the Aswan Dam
the Germans of the concentration camps
and just the fact that they're German

Vacation is political education
vodka is anesthesia
a Russian song is a forewarning
If you hear a moaning Swede
beaten up in the lobby
a shrieking Pole drowning in the pool
know that it's nothing: just a Russian tourist
a Russian tourist is on vacation