



Actress  
(Translation of Volna)

Mirrors reflect your royal face,  
Your skin — ivory, with muted grace,  
Your gown — brocade, in emerald  
hue,  
Smile ringed with bright lipstick.  
The lifeless clock still ticks above.  
And there is no love.

A ring with rarest stone you wear,  
You turn and strangers pause and  
stare.  
On the face petrified smile.  
Your heel is scratching asphalt.

The city's lights rise high above.  
But there is no love.

Your husband's name — a household sound,  
Your flat — across the theatre grounds.  
Each night, you walk into a role,  
In antique lace and velvet gowns.  
Backstage — the flowers, scent of stuff.  
But there is no love.

You think: "She'll grow — and love will come."  
Yet envy coils — a beating drum.  
You must be tender, you must be kind,  
But motherhood has made you numb.  
Of all the roles — this one's too rough.  
Because -no love

Life, like a surprise, in shiny packaging,  
As a picture in a solid and durable frame.  
Rehearsals. Roles. Applause.  
But when you walk alone at night,  
Your heel scratching the street —  
only the city you and the sky above  
And there is no love.

You are tired.  
Forgive.