“How Sad”

By George Ivanov

Translation from Russian by Rob Stephens

How sad that we simply desire to be alive
   But with spring there’s lust in the air
And in an instant we prepare and we strive
   To get it, no price being spared

Then people shout as the carriage starts to fly
   The Concorde fades with a shimmer
The soft, pink sunset of Paris waves goodbye
   In silence, the shadows slither