



Poetry

Alexey Kalakutin

A fragment from the poem “The Sweet Martyr”

Rumors are flies and the tattlers are gadflies
Feeling the high blood and stinging aggressively,
Driving the sting into flesh and the souls
Of the sovereigns and royal successors shamelessly.

The virulent piercers in Russian Empire
Fell to the lady from Alemannia,
That one inspiring love and admiration
Of high-minded Romanov, son of Emperor.

Anna, excuse me, I state things straightforwardly,
Wounding your feelings by tactless pronouncements,
Cannot be secretive, cannot gloss over,
Thoughts seething madly in brain like enouncements.

In former times, you remember, the common herd
Twisted the face with dislike for the empress,
As if for dinner not vodka, but cider
Is served with steak that is coarse and tasteless.

Members of gentry glanced at her askance,
Merchants did not start to dance with excitement.
Gingerbread cookies baked in the Russian lands
Didn't accept Alemannic sweet items.

Old and young, in a jacket and fashions,
Did not compassion the peregrine queen.
The ancestor worship is dear to Russians,

Father the Tsar, and the queen should be Mother! But
she was born by the Britons and Germans.
To understand Russian world like the others
For stranger's heart is extremely uncommon!

You may the name Alexandra receive,
You may feel alone so much less,
But cannot wear your heart on your sleeve,
Because you are proud Alice of Hesse.

Big Russian soul cannot be bought!
You are a Russian since you were born –
With Pushkin, Yesenin, the noise of birches,
With tear of the Virgin inside your core!

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Alexey Kalakutin (October 30, 1973) lives in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia. He is a Russian writer, a philologist. He is the author of six novels in verse, and six long and extensive poetic pieces. International Ambassador for Peace, participant in several international poetic anthologies, awarded with certificates of recognition.
