

Песня последней встречи
Анна Ахматова

Song of Our Last Meeting
Anna Akhmatova

Так беспомощно грудь холодела,
Но шаги мои были легки.
Я на правую руку надела
Перчатку с левой руки.

Показалось, что много ступеней,
А я знала — их только три!
Между клёнов шёпот осенний
Попросил: «Со мною умри!

Я обманут моей унылой,
Переменчивой, злой судьбой».
Я ответила: «Милый, милый!
И я тоже. Умру с тобой...»

Это песня последней встречи.
Я взглянула на тёмный дом.
Только в спальне горели свечи
Равнодушно-жёлтым огнём.

Helplessly, my body was cold inside,
But still I lightly walked along.
Wondering why my hands felt tired –
I had put my gloves on wrong!

I lost count of steps along the way.
Autumn leaves were all I could see.
Among them a whisper I heard say:
“Come today and die with me.”

Despondency and despair took hold,
Fickle fate dictated what to do.
Suddenly I felt empowered and bold,
To answer “Yes, I’ll die with you too.”

This is finally how it must be.
A final glance at the house in the dark,
A bedroom candle is all I see,
Its careless yellow flame barely a spark.

The title in English is taken from the Russian title Akhmatova must have given it. Her title is taken from the first line of the last verse: “This is a song of the final meeting.” Keeping in mind that there is no ‘a’ or ‘the’ in Russian. I’ve kept the original title even though I don’t literally translate the line in question.