

## **Jevtushenko**

The dawn

New ideas were floating in the air  
A generation tainted by the pain of parting  
With the unsettled soil

They lost the battle with frosty days  
And moved back

Into uncertainty  
Into silence

A new time has arrived  
With its irritating stillness  
With crystal tears

Now they look into the eyes of old pages  
And they dream

*Anna Maria Mickiewicz*  
*London*