

**“Not my grave, not my homeland” by Joseph Brodsky**

Translated from Russian by **Fillip Shelobolin**

82394 Russian for Heritage Speakers: Babushka's Russia & Beyond

Not my grave, not my homeland,  
I'm unwilling to choose.  
On Vasilevsky island is  
My body's recluse.  
Your facade so inky-blue  
In the dark I won't find.  
Between lines fade accrued,  
On asphalt I'll confine.

And my soul, still restless,  
Hurrying towards the gloom,  
Will soar over vast bridges  
In Peter's fogful tomb,  
With playing-april shower,  
My snow-touched nape end,  
I'll hear a distant howl:  
“Goodbye, my dearest friend!”

And I'll notice two figures,  
Red-cheeks pressed to their land  
Far behind the long river  
On their country's tan sand.  
Sisters, sparkling diamonds  
Of some unlived years gone,  
Running towards the island,  
And waving the boy on.