

The Twenty First
By Anna Akhmatova
Translated from Russian by **Anne-Sophie Kim**

On the twenty first night, 'twas a Monday

In the darkness, capitol's shadow.

Someone lazy—a bum—thought just to say

That on this earth there exists true love.

From either laziness or just boredom

All people thought to live in this way:

They wait for dates and fear separation,

They love singing, and sing about love.

But yet others discover some secrets

And for those, they become very calm...

I had found all this out by accident

And it seems now I'm ill all the time.