

# “How Sad”

By George Ivanov

Translation from Russian by **Rob Stephens**

How sad that we simply desire to be alive  
But with spring there's lust in the air  
And in an instant we prepare and we strive  
To get it, no price being spared

Then people shout as the carriage starts to fly  
The Concorde fades with a shimmer  
The soft, pink sunset of Paris waves goodbye  
In silence, the shadows slither