

SINIY PLATOCHK / THE LITTLE BLUE SCARF



The modest blue scarf was falling off your lowered shoulders.
You were saying that you wouldn't forget
The tender and happy rendezvous.



At nighttime, you and I bid
farewell to one another...
There are no more nights!
Where are you, oh little scarf - so beloved, so desired, so dear?

I remember how on that unforgettable evening
Your little scarf was falling off your shoulders.
You were seeing me off, and you were promising
That you would keep the blue little scarf.

And even though today, my beloved, my dear one is not with me,
I know that with love, you are hiding the blue scarf
Under your pillow [lit: at the head of the bed]

