RECOLLECTON N.I. Vaptsarov

I had a good friend, a very good friend but he coughed too badly. He cheaply was rent to fulfil a goalloading with coal a furnace, to earn his bread.

The eyes I remember of this fireman.

How avidly got these sincere eyes of him the slightest beam that sometimes was entering through moisture and dirt, each season,

our prison.

How faster and faster a thirst did appear in spring time when most sublime, fine whisper of leaves and songs of the bird, that nearby lives, are heard.

I feel how these eyes are praying, how suffer they as though saying to birds that there sing:
"Only till the spring,
o, till the next spring..."

The spring came most precious with sun and fun, with flavours of rose,

mimosa and primrose but indoors was dark, and how was oppressive

the daily prose...

And so our poor life

was worsened

strongly.

The power of the motor dropped.
It started working wrongly
and stopped.
I don,t know why.
May be because
the other guy was dying
but may be this is not the cause,
may be the motor waited well
a strong hand to give the next coal dose
to firing hell.

Yes, may be... I am not sure why... I guess the highly speeding motor with pink ring of his rotor asked: "Where is the other guy?"

The other guy died.
Again spring time is outside,
the birds for a free flight
again are ready,
yet, he can not see them

already.

He was such a good friend! A very good friend! But he coughed too badly. He cheaply was rent to fulfil a goalloading with coal a furnace,

to earn his bread.