

**BELLA AKHMADULINA (Untitled 'Rains whips my face...' - 1955)**

Rain whips my face and collarbones,  
Over masts the thunders rip,  
You have come upon me  
Like a storm upon a ship.

What will be will be  
I do not seek to know,  
If I'll be flung up into joy  
Or smashed against sorrow.

I'm frightened and elated  
Like a ship riding the wave,  
I don't regret our meeting  
I do not fear to love.