

## **DANIIL KHARMS - Tumbling Biddies**

An old bidy, out of excessive curiosity, slipped and tumbled from a window, splattering herself.

Another old bidy poked her head out to look at the splattered one and, from excessive curiosity, also took a tumble, splattering herself.

Later, from the window tumbled a third old bidy... then a fourth... and a fifth one.

By the time the sixth came tumbling out, I was sick of looking at them and took a stroll to Maltsevsky Market, where they say some blind cripple was given a knitted shawl.

## **BULAT OKUDZHAVA - Paper Soldier**

Once there lived a soldier-boy,  
None handsomer or braver,  
but he was just a children's toy  
A soldier made of paper.  
He'd change the world, or so he said,  
for joy and peace he'd labour,  
but he was hanging by a thread,  
a soldier made of paper.

He'd bravely go through fire and smoke,  
He'd die for you twice over.  
But he was just a laughing-stock,  
a soldier made of paper.  
You wouldn't trust a paper guy,  
With secrets or your favour.  
And why is that? I'll tell you why,  
'cause he is made of paper.

He challenged fate, prepared to die,  
Marched on another caper,  
"Ready, fire!" was his cry,  
Forgetting he was paper.  
"Forward march! We stand or fall!"  
He, burning into vapour,  
Died under fire for nothing at all,  
'cause he was made of paper.