

The Ring Line

A woman without a ring is riding the ring line,
I can read from her face like a book –
she doesn't believe it, but she is 32,
she's in Moscow, but where is Moscow?!
At home, the paper, TV and tea,
no children for her to meet,
there was something – or was there?!
They all gave her flowers but didn't fuck her right...
And she, so pretty,
cries and masturbates,
gathering her last strength.
It seems to her she's reaching orgasm.
She's wrong. It's just a spasm.

Translation by Ulyana Zavorotinskaya