**Андрей Вознесенский**

**на английском языке**

The Monologue of Merilyn Monroe

I am Marilyn, Marilyn!
I am a hero
of suicide and heroin!

For whom are sparking
my dahlias?
With whom are telephones speaking?

Who is in fancy-dressing rooms
creaking elkishly?!
-Intolerable! Unbearrable!

Unbearrable is - don't fall in love!
Unbearrable is -
to live without groves in autumn.

Unbearrable is -
 Suicide!
But to live is -
the most unbearrable!

The sale of the selling faces!
The patron's laughter
- foolishly standard.

I remember Marilyn, I remember Marilyn...
She was watched by automobiles
On hundreds of cinema pictures,
In the Bibled blue sky, between stars,
- between stars,
Abundant and peaceful!

She was watched above the steppe,
Full of tiny advertisements!
She was breathing
- and she was strong,
She was vividly alive - Marilyn...

The cars are exhausted, the cars want you -
Intolerable!
Unbearrable! -
There are faces into seats,
permeated by dog's smell, -
Intolerable!
Unbearrable -
when by force, but voluntarily -
Is more unbearrable!

Intolerrable - to live without thinking,
But more unbearrable - to get lost in thinking!
Where is our belief?
It looks like we were blown away;
An existence - is suicide;
Suicide - is to fight with trash,
Suicide - is to make peace with it, -
Intolerable!

Unbearrable,- when untalented,
but when talented -
more unbearrable;

We kill ourselve by the career,
by the money, by tanned girls,
because for us, actors, -
to live doesn't mean -
to have offsprings;
and producers - are all the dregs of society;

We sqweeze our darlings in our arms,
and pillows are printed on their young faces,
Like tracks from tyres! It is intolerable,
Unbearrable!

Oh, mothers-mothers, why did you bring us
to such world?
You knew, mother, -
I'll be over whelmed...

Oh, cinema's freezing ice!
We can't have seclusion;

In metro, in trolley bus, in stores -
"Hello! Here we are!" -
the rubber is staring at us, -
Intolerable!
Unbearrable!

Unbearrable, when undressed
In every poster, in every newspaper;
we wrap our hearts in the herring-fish;
we have forgotten, that our hearts are -
in a middle;

The face is crushed,
the eyes are teared to pieces...
(How awful to remember at the "France-Observer" the photo of the ugly, with self-assurance face
on the turnover of dead Marilyn!)

Producer is yelling,
while he is overeating a pie:
"You are just goose,
Your forehead is made of pearls!"
But do you know, how pearls smell?!
Like suicide!!!

Motor-cyclists are suicidel,
they are self-murderers, hurried on push -
to get intoxicated;
ministers are paled from flashing lights, -
Self-murderers!
Self-murderers!
The world of Xirasima is walking;
Intolerable, unbearrable..!

Unbearrable - to wait to burst out, to break out -
Forever;
But the main force - is
Intolerable! Unbearrable!
Just only hands smell like gasoline!

Unbearrablely -
Your sparking oranges are burning on the blue..,
And they say \*good-bye\* to me..!

I am a weak woman...
I can't take it anymore...
It's better - right now...

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