



# *Time flows by*

*Time flows by, and has passed like rivers  
Since that hallowed moment we first saw each other,  
Yet I'll never forget the love we had together,  
You miracle, with large eyes and cold fingers.*

*Oh, come back! To bring words only you can inspire,  
Watch over me so your gaze gently lingers,  
Let me marvel at this moment that hungers  
For those new words you wring from my lyre.*

*You're not even aware that when you're near  
A great peace descends to quell my agony,  
Just like the silence at the rising of a star;*

*If I could only see you like a child, smiling up at me,  
All the suffering of my life would disappear,  
My eyes rekindle, my soul grow within me.*


*Mihai Eminescu (1850-1889)*

*Romanian Poet*






# *Even when the memory!*



*Even when my memory tired  
Just like those midnight trams  
Only at the main stations will it stop,  
I will never forget you.*

*I'll remember  
The silent, endless evening of your eyes,  
Muffled doom, slumped over my shoulder  
Like an unseasonable snowman.*



*The division came  
I'm leaving you ...  
Nothing extraordinary,  
Except for one night  
Someone's fingers will curl into your hair  
With my fingers far, miles long ...*

*Ismail Kadare (1936- )  
Albanian Poet*



TO \*\*\*

*I still recall the wondrous moment:  
When you appeared before my sight  
As though a brief and fleeting omen,  
Pure phantom in enchanting light.*

*In sorrow, when I felt unwell,  
Caught in the bustle, in a daze,  
I fell under your voice's spell  
And dreamt the features of your face.*

*Years passed and gales had dispelled  
My former hopes, and in those days,  
I lost your voice's sacred spell,  
The holy features of your face.*

*Detained in darkness, isolation,  
My days began to drag in strife.  
Without faith and inspiration,  
Without tears, and love and life.*

*My soul attained its waking moment:  
You re-appeared before my sight,  
As though a brief and fleeting omen,  
Pure phantom in enchanting light.*

*And now, my heart, with fascination,  
Beats rapidly and finds revived  
Devout faith and inspiration,  
And tender tears and love and life.*

*Aleksander Pushkin(1799-1837)*

*Russian poet*

