

## MODERN FICTION



## POETRY

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR LELYA AREY

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### AREY LELYA

**E-mail:** serka7@ukr.net

Lelya Arey is a modern Ukrainian writer and poet. She began writing poetry in the 1980s, and prose in the 1990s.

Her first poetry was about love in adolescence as a response to amorousness and conflicts between men and women. In addition to the Love Corps, there is poetry dedicated to friendship and poetry dedicated to the birthdays of people within her circle of communication or outstanding events in the lives of these people.

Lelya Arey's prose is composed of stories and novels.

It is important to emphasize that in our journal this is the first publication of Lelya Arey's creative work.

Jessica Zychowicz  
Doctor of Philosophy,  
Slavic languages and literatures,  
University of Michigan, (USA);  
Postdoctoral Scholar of the University of Alberta (Canada).

My king does not forgive adultery,  
The verdict is fair and harsh:  
"You are dirty, you are a liar, like eczema  
You disgust me, you are a disgrace!"

He is silent, he is offended and angry,  
I will see the punishment in his eyes:  
Be alone and enjoy your exile,  
Suffer like me. He left.

I am myself to blame for everything,  
I deserve reproaches and quarrels,  
Pain, anguish and sadness in the rain,  
My persuasions are useless.

8.1.1999  
24.3.1999

I like my love so much:  
Longing and sadness, and happiness are very rare.  
I'm so afraid to lose my beloved pain,  
Kiss like a bite in the heart: frequent

You torment me and hurt, and then  
You ask for forgiveness – softly-softly, drop by drop.  
You unintelligently humiliate me with your mouth:  
You chase me away, part with me, return. No fear

Will you be different some day.  
I'm used to everything and always forgive.  
Forget the frankness, the complaints,  
I will not leave, I will not abandon you. I promise

Your sorrow will turn into joy,  
The disease will pass, I will heal you  
With love, I will color the bed with the sweetness  
Of dreams, fantasies, realities, myself.

I will hug you and I will understand everything,  
I will warm your soul with my breath,  
I remember everything, I know why,  
I will soothe your emotional turmoil.

Everything will be your way,  
I'm all saturated with you.  
Come back without tears and fuss.  
I need my love so much.

2.2.2000

I'm yours to play your tune, my love,  
To play your heart's desire, cherished dream,  
Your blissfulness descending from above,  
Your fancy of your bride in a white veil a gleam.

Your chord's obedient to you and true:  
It can be low, and it can be loud,  
And sonorous, and rattling, too,  
It answers your hand's movements, fine and proud.

You, children, make your music playing.  
May love vibrations be created thus:  
Your masterpieces harmony conveying,  
Your ABC created with no fuss.

The guitar longs for her guitarist  
And the fiddler for his violin  
With the love in the wraps of batiste  
That can mend broken pieces and win.

(Wedding post 3.07. 2009).

9-10. 06. 2009.

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