

POETRY

TYMCHENKO Antonina ©

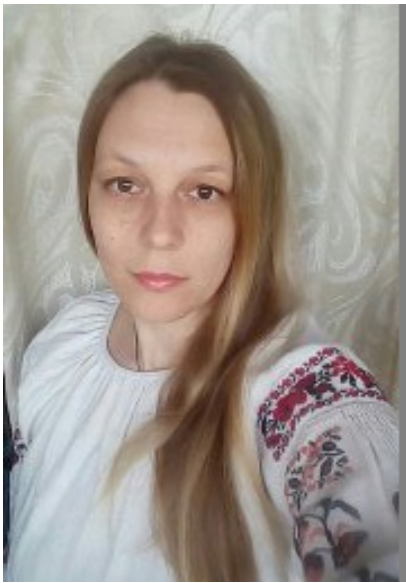


ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Antonina Tymchenko is a poetess, a literary critic, a candidate of Philology, an assistant professor, a member of the National Union of Writers of Ukraine, laureate and organizer of literary contests. The poetess managed a literary and journalistic class at the Central Children's and Youth Theater №6, was a freelance proofreader, editor, translator, and author at «Ранок», «Фактор», «Клуб сімейного дозвілля», «Основа», «Vivat» and other publishing houses.

The story of friendship with language art began a long time ago. When Antonina was a child, she liked to listen to fairy tales and stories, and then she began to read, interested in an unusual world of adventure, feelings, imagining herself either in the mysterious forest with Ellie and the Cowardly Lion, or on the yacht «Дункан» in the ocean... Grandpa wrote poetry, so the granddaughter also tried to rhyme, and they corresponded.

In the 9th grade, Antonina entered the Regional Literary Studio «Зав'язь» headed by Olga Taranenko. It not only helped Antonina to decide on the next path – philology – but also forever fell into her heart with a sparkle of great love for the word. The word is considered to be preserved and cherished. Olga Taranenko taught the group members to understand what was read, heard, said; as a mentor accompanied their first steps in the literature. She was and is an example of a wonderful Teacher and friend for every pupil, and now they have spread all over the world...

Choosing philology as a subject of interest, Antonina Tymchenko entered

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V. N. Karazin Kharkiv National University. In her 4th year she was fascinated by the work of Volodymyr Svidzinsky; and her PhD thesis was emerged from this passion.

Antonina Tymchenko is the author of 6 collections of lyrics and several books for children, and the lecturer in high school: National University of Pharmacy; Kharkiv National Kotlyarevsky University of Arts, trying to convey a spark of love for the word to students.

Svitlana Kryvoruchko
Doctor of Sciences (Philology),
Professor, Department of World Literature,
H. S. Skovoroda Kharkiv National Pedagogical University (Ukraine)

Glued to a straw bull,
I stand in the sun, so enlightened,
And around me, the air is ringing fair-haired,
Filled with Granny's cherry smell of clay.

I ask that I stick with the memory,
Let it burn and call with a guttural scream,
Let it stop and replace breathing,
Let it lull me softly like a child.

I wake up with you,
And the silence is still empty without a word.
A snowstorm flees without a fight.
The rays lime the walls white
And patch the interspaces white.
What has been bitterly, sinfully lost,
I now return letter by letter.
I will collect the rays in a basket,
To each jar: here and from there.
Love is my Pea-Roll-Along,
Whose eyes are full of light.

God, save and protect my parents
On the sonorous cobblestone road, in a warm bed, in the middle of a river.
Mum's caress and Dad's strength, steady and strong,
Here they are near me at an arm's length.

Apples ripen, plums are sweet, an angel in the branches
Helps to pray and keeps his word
Dear God, protect them, they are your little children,
They are my father and mother.

I will fall in love with the winding roads,
I will let a wild bush into my heart
Weather-beaten. Without perhaps and except.
Autumn has Eurydice's face.

Nothing will come back,
The leafy porphyry is weeping scarlet.
Only love, old and blind,
Sighs, smiles and believes.
English translation Anna Kononenko

Tired by travelling, walking,
listening, seeing,
suffering, quarreling,
freezing, that is all



And it's high time to take a rest,
but the house is not done,
but things are scattered,
and it's dinner time, by the way,
and the sky carries clouds.

And I am going to cook soup,
while you will do the dusting.
And the downpours outside the window gather,
all days are alike.

And dreams of peace have melted away,
The war is not in a dream.
And after I cut my finger,
I'm crying.

Spears are broken, and so are wheel spokes;
broken are singings and broken is peace.
I am looming, a survivor, like the miracle of Nessy,
probably irritating the nervous autumn mirror-like surface.

When we die, we are more like ourselves:
and we will not offend or blame any more.
The body for the spirit, isn't it a brittle home?
Who will keep it safe?

A fish's tail on the water – splash.
Holy Mother of God, pray for us!

I spring to my feet and in haste to the window:
a torrent of rain is pouring over the branches.
And the only rhyme in my head is “war”.
Or a railway station, anxious and noisy.
And my heart is howling, only one, sad,
And there are only such visions flickering – ghastly...
And God is one. here is no such thing as a “No” for Him,
Or a “Not”.
He has only “have”.
And the sun rises from behind the cloud.

English translation by Julia Rakityanska

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