

Aga Zaryan, A Song on the End of the World

On the day the world ends
A bee circles a clover
A fisherman mends a glimmering net
Happy porpoises jump in the sea
By the rainspout young sparrows are playing
And the snake is gold-skinned as it should always be
On the day the world ends
Women walk through the fields under their umbrellas
A drunkard grows sleepy at the edge of a lawn
Vegetable peddlers shout in the street
And a yellow-sailed boat comes nearer the island
The voice of a violin lasts in the air
And leads into a starry night
And those who expected lightning and thunder
Are disappointed
And those who expected signs and archangels' trumps
Do not believe it is happening now
As long as the sun and the moon are above
As long as the bumblebee visits a rose
As long as rosy infants are born
No one believes it is happening now
Only a white-haired old man, who would be a prophet
Yet is not a prophet, for he's much too busy
Repeats while he binds his tomatoes:
There will be no other end of the world
There will be no other end of the world