

### First Ice

A girl freezes in a telephone booth.  
In her draughty overcoat she hides  
A face all smeared  
In tears and lipstick  
She breathes on her palms.  
Her fingers are icy- she wears earrings.  
She'll have to go home alone, alone,  
Along the icy street.  
First ice. It is the first time.  
The first ice of telephone phrases.

Frozen tears glitter on her cheeks.  
The first ice of human hurt.

Andrei Voznesensky  
Translated by George Reavey

### The First Ice

In the telephone booth the girl freezes.  
Her face is smeared with running tears  
and lipstick; she huddles, peers  
out from her chilly collar, aches-  
blows upon her thin little paws,  
icicle fingers! Earrings flash.  
Back- alone as she is, along  
the long, lonely, icy lane.  
The first ice. The first time, it was,  
First ice cracking in phone phrases-  
The frozen track shines on her cheeks-  
First ice on her insulting ears.

By Andrei Voznesensky  
Translation: Anonymous

### First Frost

A girl is freezing in a telephone box  
Huddled in her flimsy coat,  
Her face stained by tears  
And smeared with lipstick.

She breathes on her thin little fingers,  
Fingers like ice, glass beads in her ears.  
She has to bear her way back alone  
Down the icy street.

First frost. A beginning of losses.  
The first frost of telephone phrases.  
It is the start of winter glittering on her cheek,  
The first frost of having been hurt.

By Andrei Voznesensky  
translated by Stanley Kunitz

### First Frost

In a phone-booth, eyes in tears,  
Stands a young girl, all distraught,  
Hides her face, with lipstick smeared,  
Deep into her flimsy coat.

Skinny fingers cup her face.  
Fingers - sting. And earrings - blaze.

All alone she must retreat  
Back on down the frozen street.

It's the first frost. For the first time.  
From a phone phrase, it's the first time.

Frozen marks on the cheeks glow -  
It's the first frost of a human woe.

1959

By Andrei Voznesensky  
Translation by Andrey Kneller

### First Frost

Мерзнет девочка в автомате,  
Прячет в зябкое пальтецо  
Все в слезах и губной помаде  
Перемазанное лицо.

Дышит в худенькие ладошки.  
Пальцы - льдышки. В ушах - сережки.

Ей обратно одной, одной  
Вдоль по улочке ледяной.

Первый лед. Это в первый раз.  
Первый лед телефонных фраз.

Мерзлый след на щеках блеснит -  
Первый лед от людских обид.

1959 - Andrei Voznesensky