

Tatyana's Letter to Onegin

I write to you- what else is there?
What else is there to say?
Now, I know, it is your will,
To punish me with contempt.
But you, to my unfortunate fate,
Have not a drop of pity,
You will not leave me.
First, I sought silence.
Trust me: trust that my shame,
You will never know.
While hope remained within me,
Though rarely, though once a week,
To see you in our village
Or to simply hear your voice.
To share a word, and then,
To think, to think of just one thing,
All night and day, until we meet again.
But, it is said you are indifferent
In the village and the wilderness, you are bored
But we... we do not shine.
But we... we are happy with our simplicity.