**Номінація 6**

**Переклад українського поетичного твору англійською мовою**

***\*\*\*\*\****

***Дмитро Лазуткін***

У березні морозному чи в квітні,

коли зірки, мов рани ножові,

знайди слова, які комусь потрібні,

знайди слова — допоки всі живі.

Нeхай вони гарчать як дикі звірі,

нeхай розкажуть, як насправді є.

Господь рятує кожного по вірі

і кожному по справах роздає.

І нeбо розкривається на вeсну,

й лeтять над супeрмаркeтом дими,

і, раптом, я ніколи нe воскрeсну,

можливо, нe побачимося ми.

Алe блищить важка роса на вітах,

так сонячно і вранішньо блищить.

У цьому світі важко нe любити —

практично нeможливо нe любить.

Лови сніжинки тeплими губами,

коли eпоха мов німe кіно,

і в шибку б’ються ангeли лобами,

а дeмони всeрeдині давно

*Аболмасова Варвара Андріївна*

*Факультет технологій та бізнесу ДТЕУ*

*1 курс 10 група*

\*\*\*\*\*

In frosty March or April,

when stars resemble wounds from blades,

find the words that calm the will,

as long as life within us never fades.

Let them growl like creatures of the wild,

let them tell how it really is.

The Lord redeems each soul through faith

and grants to everyone according to their deeds.

And heaven opens wide to meet the spring,

while clouds of smoke fly high above the store,

and suddenly, I will never rise again,

perhaps we will never meet forevermore.

But heavy dew gleams on the vines,

It sparkles in the morning sun so bright.

In such a world, where beauty gently shines,

It is impossible not to love the light.

Catch the snowflakes warmly with your lips,

when all the sounds are stolen from the age.

And angels crash against the window’s grips,

as demons, locked inside, with silent rage.

*Абрамова Ірина Андріївна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*2 курс 1 група*

In frosty March or freezing April nights,  
when stars cut deep and wound like knives,  
find words that someone craves to hear,  
find words — while all are still held dear.

Let them snarl like beasts unchained,  
let truth be blatant, unrestrained.  
The Lord will save by each one’s faith,  
and judge us all by thoughts we face.

The sky unfolds to welcome spring,  
while smoke above the markets clings.  
And if I never rise again,  
perhaps we weren’t destined to meet then.

Yet heavy dew on branches gleams,  
so sunny-bright, in morning beams.  
In such a world of light and air,  
To *not* love here is hard to bear.

Let snowflakes land upon your tender limb.

This era fades like muted film,  
while angels bruise the window’s rim,  
and demons are waiting silently within.

*Бабій Анна Євгенівна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*1 курс 1 група*

***Dmytro Lazutkin***

In frosty March or April’s breeze,

When stars cut deep like blades in skin,

Find words that someone truly needs,

Find words—while every heartbeat feels.

Let them, like beasts, growl wild and loud,

Let truth break loose from chains beneath.

The Lord above, not lost in crowd,

By faith we live, by name through deed.

The sky unfolds, the spring awakes,

Smoke rises where the markets gleam.

And if I never rise again,

Then maybe we’ll never meet in dream.

Yet heavy dewdrops shine like gold,

They glisten in the morning’s grace.

To love is all—how can one hold

A life devoid of love’s embrace?

Catch snowflakes soft upon your lips,

As silent ages drift like mist.

And angels bang their heads on glass,

And demons whisper, clenched in fists.

*Бородай Тимофій Ігорович*

*Факультет технології та бізенсу ДТЕУ*

*1 курс 11 група*

**\*\*\*\*\***

*Dmytro Lazutkin*

In March's cruel frost or April's night,

when stars like knife wounds scar the sky,

find words that someone needs to hear -

find words before the last goodbye.

Let them roar like untamed beasts,

let them speak the rawest truth.

God saves each soul as faith persists,

And tests the heart in all we do.

The heavens open with spring's return,

smoke curls above the marketplace,

and suddenly - I may not rise again,

perhaps we'll never meet face to face.

But heavy dew still sparkles on the branches,

so morning-bright, so sunlit in its play.

It’s hard to live and not feel some affection —

near impossible to turn love away.

Let snowflakes melt on lips while silence lingers,

as if the world turned mute like films of old.

While angels beat their foreheads on the windows,

and demons settled in us long ago.

*Венглівська Вікторія Іванівна*

*Факультет технологій та бізнесу ДТЕУ*

*1 курс 11 група*

**By Dmytro Lazutkin**

In March’s frost, or April’s breath so slight,  
When stars cut deep like wounds from sharpened knives —  
Find words that someone needs to hold at night,  
Find words — while we are still among the lives.

Let them snarl like beasts in wild despair,  
Let them reveal the truth without disguise.  
The Lord redeems the faithful by their prayer,  
And grants to each their portion, just and wise.

The sky unfolds its veins to give us spring,  
While smoke above the megamart hangs low —  
And suddenly, I may not rise again,  
And maybe we shall never meet, you know.

Yet heavy dew on branches brightly gleams,  
It shines so warm, so morning-like, so clear.  
In such a world, to not fall into dreams —  
To not love here is nearly insincere.

Catch snowflakes gently on your tender lips,  
When time is like a silent film, gone cold.  
As angels knock their foreheads on the glass,  
The demons nest inside us from of old.

*Вітушко Вероніка Андріївна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*4 курс 2 група*

**\*\*\*\*\***

In March’s frost or when April is so near,

When stars appear like blood drops after knife,

Go find the words that someone needs to hear,

Go find the words — while we are still alive.

And let them snarl like beasts or cry like seagulls,

Let them unveil the naked truth beneath.

The Lord redeems by faith both poor or regal

And gives to each according to their deeds.

The spring is almost here, in heaven’s shell crack,

Smoke coils upon the market and a lane,

And suddenly — I’ll never drive my death back,

And we will never ever meet again.

Yet heavy dew gleams bright upon the branches,

So morning-clear, with sunlight in its core.

In this world, it’s hard not to feel love much, as

In truth, it’s near impossible to ignore.

Go catch snowflakes with lips, while in this windy

Day eras roll, like silent film, in vain,

As angels knock their foreheads on the window,

And demons dwell inside us, long ingrained.

*Воробйов Богдан Андрійович*

*Комунальний заклад "Чугуївський опорний ліцей № 6 імені І. М. Кожедуба" Чугуївської міської ради Харківської області*

*10 клас*

In frosty March or April’s wounded light,

When stars above like knife wounds pierce the night,

Find words that someone needs, and let them flow

Find them while hearts are beating here below.

Let them snarl fierce, like beasts that break the chain,

Let them reveal the truth beneath the pain.

The Lord saves each according to belief,

And gives to all: reward or silent grief.

The sky unfolds as spring begins to sing,

While smoke above the market starts to cling.

And suddenly, I may not rise once more

We may not meet again, not as before.

Yet still the dew clings heavy to the trees,

It sparkles in the morning's golden breeze.

In such a world, it's hard not to adore,

Almost impossible to love no more.

Catch falling snowflakes with your warming lips,

While silence reigns like old film’s frozen clips.

As angels bruise their foreheads on the pane,

The demons stir inside us, once again.

*Дегодій Амалія Віталіївна*

*Миколаївський ліцей № 60 Миколаївської міської ради Миколаївської області*

*10-А клас*

\*\*\*\*\*

In blossom April or in frosty March

When bright stars pierce the night like a knife.

Find in silence the words that someone needs so much…

Find words that will bring light to you life.

Let them scream with the voice of wild beasts

Let them reveal the naked truth in the world.

God judges everyone according to their deeds.

And each of us receives according to our faith.

When the blue sky embraces gladly spring/

Smoke floating over the supermarkets/

What, if I never rise again.

And we will never see each other.

Heavy dewdrops silvered the branches

The morning dew sow brightly and so fresh.

It’s hard not to love in this world.

It’s really impossible to live without love.

Catch snowflakes with your warm and gentle lips

When the era is like silent movie

And angels beat in pain at the window

While the evil demons rule inside.

*Демидова Вероніка Анатоліївна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*4 курс 2 група*

\*\*\*\*\*

In March still clenched with frost or April's light,

when stars above are wounds that never heal,

find words that someone needs to hear at night,

find words while there’re hearts that still can feel.

Let them cry in madness in the darkest night,

let them tell what hides beyond the lie.

The Lord redeems by faith, without fights,

and gives by deeds that we just can`t deny.

With open arms the sky greets spring,

While smoke above the malls begins to rise,

The day may come, I will not rise with blessing

and we won’t meet to say our last goodbyes.

The early light has crowned the trees with silver,

and every drop of dew here lie in bliss.

In such a world, to not love feels like surrender —

it almost is impossible to miss.

Catch snowflakes on your tender face,

this age is like an old, mute film.

Angels look through the window from afar with grace,

while demons dwell inside us, calm and still.

*Довідна Дар'я Андріївна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*2 курс 1 група*

\*\*\*\*\*

By Dmytro Lazutkin

In the freezing March or in the April,

When the stars are like stab wounds,

Search for the words, that someone needs,

Search for the words, whilst everyone is alive.

May they growl like wild beasts

And may they tell the truth, as it is.

The lord saves everyone by faith

And each person is given a duty.

And the sky opens up for the spring,

And the smoke flies over the supermarket,

And, suddenly, I may never revive again,

Perhaps, we may not see each other.

But the heavy dew shines on the branches,

So sunny and early it shines.

In this world, it is difficult not to love,

It is practically impossible not to love.

Catch the snowflakes with your soft lips,

When the era is as if a silent film

And the angels smash against the window,

And the demons have been inside for a while.

*Дяченко Маргарита Максимівна*

*Факультет туризму та бізнесу ДТЕУ*

*1 курс 3 група*

*Dmytro Lazutkin*

A chilling spring, on March or April,

When wounds are taking star shape from a knife,

You’ll have to find the words so fatal

That they are capable of saving someone’s life.

Just let them growl, they may be wild,

But let words speak the truth about what’s real.

The Lord will help a praying child

And punish those who take a sticky deal.

The spring brings colours to the skies, althought I’m blind,

It opened up my eyes. I see a heavy smoke above the mall.

Perhaps, this time I’ll never get revived.

Perhaps, we’ll never get the chance to meet at all.

And even so, the morning dew on vines

Continues to reflect the shine from rays of Sun.

This world inflicts the love on our minds

And you must not reject whoever’s your loved one.

Keep catching snowflakes with your red hot lips, they burn from love.

The coming age of silent film, and to it – everybody bows.

Saint angels hit the glass, their forehead cracks – they’re helpless doves,

While demons calmly sit inside the house.

*Зайченко Анастасія Віталіївна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*2 курс 2 група*

\*\*\*\*\*

In March still sharp, or April’s chill,  
 When stars, like wounds of knives, stand still,  
 Find words someone is longing for —  
 Find words — while we live evermore.

Let them snarl like beasts unchained,  
 Let them speak what truth remained.  
 The Lord shall save as faith may guide,  
 And judge by deeds, not what's implied.

The sky leans open into spring's release,  
 Above the mall, smoke coils without cease.  
 And if I never rise from death's deep rest —  
 Perhaps we'll never meet again — no quest.

Yet gleams the dew on branches bent,  
 So morning-bright, so radiant.  
 In such a world, love’s hard to flee —  
 Almost impossible, you see.

Catch snowflakes on your warming lips,  
 While silence rules and time still slips,  
 As angels bang on window glass,  
 And demons settled in us — pass.

*Каук Саміра Абдулрахманівна*

*Комунальний заклад "Чугуївський опорний ліцей № 6 імені І. М Кожедуба" Чугуївської міської ради Харківської області*

*9-Б клас*

Be it in frosty March or chilly April,

when stars, like stab wounds, gape and wouldn’t revive,

just find the words that we all need so badly,

just find the words while we are still alive.

These words may sound like beasts, and growl, and flare,

Still tell the whole cold truth which burns and bleeds.

It is by faith God saves us – more than fair! -

We will be judged according to the deeds.

The sky is opening, like a bud in season,

And plumes of smoke float high above the pane.

If I’m not resurrected for some reason,

Perhaps we’ll never – ever! – meet again.

But heavy dewdrops shine on twigs and boughs,

their glimmer bright and fine at break of day.

We can’t but love in this rough world of ours -

Without love we can’t get by, I’d say.

Catch snowflakes on warm lips, it’s like a cinema

where silent frames from life flash by, so tough,

with angels banging heads – oh, let us in, man! -

while demons are inside, for long enough.

*Козубенко Маргарита Аркадіївна*

*Миколаївський ліцей № 60 Миколаївської міської ради*

*10 клас*

Dmytro Lazutkin

\*\*\*

In March frost, or in April’s light,

When stars cut deep like blades at night,

Find words that people need to hear,

Speak now—before they disappear.

Let them growl like beasts, unchained.

Let them tell the truth, unfeigned.

The Lord will save by honest faith,

and judge us all by deeds and grace.

The sky unfolds into the spring,

smoke drifts above the mall takes wing.

Suppose I will never rise from dead,

perhaps we'll meet just in my head.

But morning dew shines on the trees,

the sparkles bright in a golden breeze.

It’s hard to live without love,

nearly impossible to stay alone.

Catch snowflakes on your gentle lips,

This era plays like silent clips,

Angels knock their heads on glass,

And demons stay—they never pass.

*Котлова Ангеліна Миколаївна*

*Факультет туризму та бізнесу ДТЕУ*

*1 курс 3 група*

In frosty March or April,

when the stars are like knife wounds,

detect the words that someone needs,

find the words - as long as everyone is here.

Let them scream like wild beasts,

let them tell the truth.

The Lord saves everyone with their faith

and rewards everyone following their work.

And the sky opens up for spring,

and smoke glieds over the supermarket,

and, suddenly I will never rise again,

mayhap we will never met each other.

But the heavy dew on the branches are gleaming,

so sunny and morning shines.

In this world, it's hard not to love -

it's nearly futile not to love.

Catch snowflakes with warm lips

when the era is like a silent movie,

and angels bang their foreheads against the window,

and demons are inside for while*.*

*Маслій Анастасія Андріївна*

*Факультет економіка, менеджменту та психології ДТЕУ*

*2 курс 16 група*

\*\*\*\*\*

In frozen March or even in April,

When stars appear like stabbing scars,

Discover words that someone’s craving,

Discover words until everyone’s alive.

Let them roar like wild beasts,

Let them tell what the truth is.

God rescues everyone by faith

And conversely, rewards us by our deeds.

The sky clears in the spring

And haze is spreading above stores.

If I had never risen from the grave,

Then there is a chance that our paths would never cross again.

But still, thick dewfall on the twigs does gleam.

So sunny and morning-like it seems.

Being in this world makes it hard

not to love –nearly impossible for each of us.

Catch snowflakes with warm lips,

When the era feels like a wordless film,

And angels beat their foreheads on the glass,

While demons are already set.

*Мостів Вікторія Дмитрівна*

*Факультет економіки, менеджменту та психології ДТЕУ*

*1 курс 17 група*

In frosty April, or in March,

The stars are like wounds from the knife.

Find the words that someone needs,

Find the words while weʼre alive.

Let them roar, theyʼre wild enough,

Let them tell the truth, however dark it seems.

The Lord saves only the true ones,

The Lord measures us by actions, not by dreams.

The sky splits open into spring,

And smoke flies slowly over stores,

And I may not return to everything,

And maybe we shall never meet no more.

But the heavy dew shines on the branches,

Shining so brightly this morning.

Itʼs hard not to love in our tender lives,

Almost impossible, ʼcause it’ enduring.

Your warm lips are catching the snowflakes,

While times go by like silent films.

The angels cause the window cracks,

The demons live inside our limbs.

*Нечай Анна Богданівна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*4 курс 2 група*

Dmytro Lazutkin

In March's chill or April's grace,  
when stars like blades cut through the space,  
find words that someone needs to hear,

find words – until the death.

Let them roar wild like beasts,

let truth be fierce, and fully shown.

The Lord redeems by faithful grace

and grants us each a rightful place.

The sky unfolds for spring’s embrace,

smoke drifts above the supermarket’s frame.What if I vanish from the earth?  
What if we never meet at all?

Like silver tears, the dew will cling

to branches whispering of spring.

To live unloved in such a place—

a hollow crime, a slow disgrace.

Now catch the snow with velvet lips,

while time in silent shadow slips

and angels tremble at a kiss,

as demons sleep in ancient bliss.

*Підгородецька Христина Андріївна*

*Навчально-науковий інститут філології КНУ імені Тараса Шевченка*

*4 курс 1 група*

Dmytro Lazutkin

In frosted March or in April,

when stars feel like a sharp knife cut,

find words that are needful,

find words until there’s lifeblood.

Let them growl like a wild beast,

let them share how one truly lives.

God rescues everyone by trust

and judges everyone by deeds.

The sky reveals itself for spring

and smokes are flying over stores

and, suddenly, I’ll never rise again,

I might not see you any more.

Though branches shine in heavy dewiness,

its light’s so sunny, morninglike.

In our world it’s hard to veil tenderness –

one makes an all-out effort deep inside.

Catch snowflakes with your warm lips

when out time resembles silent films,

angels hit their foreheads against panes,

but demons are inside for years.

*Половинко Аліна Олексіївна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*2 курс 2 група*

In frosty March or April full of sorrow,

when stars seem sharp, like cuts across the sky,

go find the words that someone else can follow,

go find the words — while we are still alive.

Let them run wild like creatures born of nature,

let them speak truth in raw, unfiltered way.

The Lord will save us, our faith our future,

and bless us for the works we've done today.

And sky breaks open, spring begins to linger,

while smoke goes up above the streets.

And maybe I won’t rise again with power,

perhaps we won’t again in this world meet.

But there is dew still shining on the branches

so sunlit, full of morning’s glow.

It’s hard to live and miss love’s glances,

it finds you everywhere you go.

Catch snowflakes gently with your warming lips,

when time stands still, like silent films we know,

as angels bang their heads on window tips,

while demons hide inside from long ago.

*Чигир Дарʼя Олександрівна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*2 курс 1 група*

In the freezing March or in April,

when the stars are witnesses to wail

Just say the words someone may need to hear,

Just say them now- while hearts are beating near.

Let them tell everyone the cruel truth,

that will open the eyes of those who sleep

The Lord saves everyone by faith

and marks the path with silent step.

The sky was ready for the spring,

But lifeless smoke is already here.

And, suddenly, I will fall asleep in silence,

maybe, we'll never see each other here.

But the heavy dew on the blossom shines,

shining so brightly in the spring sunlight.

In this world, it's hard not to love.

it's almost impossible not to feel the light.

Catch the snowflakes with your tender lips,

when everything around is faded,

as angels strike the glass with trembling heads,

and demons deep inside have long invaded.

*Шевченко Маріанна Миколаївна*

*Факультет торгівлі та маркетингу ДТЕУ*

*2 курс 2 група*

*\*\*\*\*\**

*Dmytro Lazutkin*

In frosty March or April,

When the stars are like the wounds,

Find the words which someone needs,

Find some words – till everyone’s alive.

Let them scream like animals in wildlife,

Let them say some real things.

God saves us thanks to our faith

and what we actually deserve He gives.

The sky is opening up for spring,

Some smokes are being spread,

And if I never rise,

We’ll never meet again.

But the heavy dew glistens on the vines,

It glistens sunny since it’s early in the morning.

It’s complicated not to love –

It’s actually impossible to do that.

Catch the snowflakes with your warm lips,

When the century is like a silent movie,

And the window’s being hit by angels,

But the demons are inside your nature.