**Приложение 2**

Стихотворение Константина Симонова “Wait for Me” и фрагмент стихотворения Стивена Спендера “Two Armies”

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| Wait for me, and I'll come back!  Wait with all you've got!  Wait, when dreary yellow rains  Tell you, you should not.  Wait when snow is falling fast,  Wait when summer's hot,  Wait when yesterdays are past,  Others are forgot.  Wait, when from that far-off place,  Letters don't arrive.  Wait, when those with whom you wait  Doubt if I'm alive.  Wait for me, and I'll come back!  Wait in patience yet  When they tell you off by heart  That you should forget.  Even when my dearest ones  Say that I am lost,  Even when my friends give up,  Sit and count the cost,  Drink a glass of bitter wine  To the fallen friend —  Wait! And do not drink with them!  Wait until the end!  Wait for me and I'll come back,  Dodging every fate!  "What a bit of luck!" they'll say,  Those that would not wait.  They will never understand  How amidst the strife,  By your waiting for me, dear,  You had saved my life.  Only you and I will know  How you got me through.  Simply — you knew how to wait —  No one else but you. | Deep in the winter plain, two armies  Dig their machinery, to destroy each other.  Men freeze and hunger. No one is given leave  On either side, except the dead, and wounded.  These have their leave; while new battalions wait  On time at last to bring them violent peace.  All have become so nervous and so cold  That each man hates the cause and distant words  Which brought him here, more terribly than bullets.  Once a boy hummed a popular marching song,  Once a novice hand flapped the salute;  The voice was choked, the lifted hand fell,  Shot through the wrist by those of his own side.  From their numb harvest all would flee, except  For discipline drilled once in an iron school  Which holds them at the point of a revolver.  Yet when they sleep, the images of home  Ride wishing horses of escape  Which herd the plain in a mass unspoken poem.  Finally, they cease to hate: for although hate  Bursts from the air and whips the earth like hail  Or pours it up in fountains to marvel at,  And although hundreds fell, who can connect  The inexhaustible anger of the guns  With the dumb patience of these tormented animals? |