**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 rainsTell 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 waitDoubt if I'm alive.Wait for me, and I'll come back!Wait in patience yetWhen they tell you off by heartThat you should forget.Even when my dearest onesSay that I am lost,Even when my friends give up,Sit and count the cost,Drink a glass of bitter wineTo 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 understandHow amidst the strife,By your waiting for me, dear,You had saved my life.Only you and I will knowHow you got me through.Simply — you knew how to wait —No one else but you. | Deep in the winter plain, two armiesDig their machinery, to destroy each other.Men freeze and hunger. No one is given leaveOn either side, except the dead, and wounded.These have their leave; while new battalions waitOn time at last to bring them violent peace.All have become so nervous and so coldThat each man hates the cause and distant wordsWhich 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, exceptFor discipline drilled once in an iron schoolWhich holds them at the point of a revolver.Yet when they sleep, the images of homeRide wishing horses of escapeWhich herd the plain in a mass unspoken poem.Finally, they cease to hate: for although hateBursts from the air and whips the earth like hailOr pours it up in fountains to marvel at,And although hundreds fell, who can connectThe inexhaustible anger of the gunsWith the dumb patience of these tormented animals? |