

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



RUSSIAN EYES

In Saint Petersburg,
I saw in their eyes.
No youthful spark,
No enterprise.

In Saint Petersburg,
I saw in their stares.
Empty hopes, loss of trust,
Resignation to life's cares.

In Saint Petersburg,
I saw in their stride.
The gait of second place,
The early death of pride.

The eyes of Russian men,
Told the choices that they face.
'Success' requires compromise,
Of integrity and grace.

In the eyes of Russian women,
I saw the loss of heart.
They knew their men could only win,
If they tore ideals apart.

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