



Ingria

(translated from Finnish and Russian)

Inspired by an unexpected dialog on Facebook in which a small unknown Baltic country that was once called Ingria was mentioned I just attempted to translate a short poem originally written in the 80s by an Ingrian poet Armas Hiiri (Armas Mishin) who in 1944-56 survived the deportation to Siberia (above is his photograph).

For those who do not have time to Google the word "Ingria" I can mention that Ingria now known as Leningradskaya oblast of Russian Federation was annexed by Russia after the Great Northern War (1700-1721) and later completely destroyed by Russian Civil War of 1918-1921 and by WWII 90% of its aboriginal population being deported, killed or assimilated. Their major "fault" was that, from the point of view of Soviet leadership, they were ethnically too close to Finns, Swedes and Germans and thus were supposed to be "cleansed".

As English is my second language I am apologetic for possible clumsiness.

My good old homeland covered with the snow
And no trace that once a farm was here
Ice covered river makes a little bow
I recognize it when I'm coming near.

There stood our house but it was destroyed
Not by the war but by our neighbour Russians
Who needed logs... and it could not avoid
Its destiny and took the repercussions.

Hey, tell me snow where are my countryfolks?
They've been dispersed away by cursed dictator.
There's no return to our native oaks
Neither today nor in the future later.

Victoria, October 14 / 2017