

It is speckled with grime as if
Small print overspread it,
The news of a day I've forgotten-
If I ever read it.



Светлячки в саду



Над нами звезды полнят небосвод,
Им вторит легкий светлячков полет,
Но их размер, увы, совсем не тот.
(И звездами им быть не по душе)
Смогли звездой мелькнуть на вираже,
А доиграть роль, силы нет уже.

Fireflies in the Garden

Here come real stars to fill the upper skies,
And here on earth come emulating flies,
That though they never equal stars in size,
(And they were never really stars at heart)
Achieve at times a very star-like start.
Only, of course, they can't sustain the part.

