

I dream upon the opposing lights of the hour,  
Preventing shadow until the moon prevail;  
I dream upon the nighthawks peopling heaven,  
Or plunging headlong with fierce twang afar;  
And on the bat's mute antics, who would seem  
Dimly to have made out my secret place,  
Only to lose it when he pirouettes,  
On the last swallow's sweep; and on the rasp  
In the abyss of odor and rustle at my back,  
That, silenced by my advent, finds once more,  
After an interval, his instrument,  
And tries once--twice--and thrice if I be there;  
And on the worn book of old-golden song  
I brought not here to read, it seems, but hold  
And freshen in this air of withering sweetness;  
But on the memor of one absent, most,  
For whom these lines when they shall greet her eye.  
1913 "A Boy's Will"

*Примечание.*

В Интернете можно найти стихотворение «Waiting» в переводах на русский язык Вадима Белякова и Вячеслава Толстова.



### **Моя бабочка**

Твои любимые цветы погибли  
и глупо атакующее солнце,  
мучитель твой, ушло или мертво.  
Не будь меня  
(Не грустно ли тебе?)