

Partly because it sang ventriloquist
And had the inspiration to desist
Almost before the prick of hostile ears,
It ventured less in peril than appears.
It could not have come down to us so far
Through the interstices of things ajar
On the long bead chain of repeated birth
To be a bird while we are men on earth
If singing out of sleep and dream that way
Had made it much more easily a prey.



Лунный циркуль



Я крался в тьме, дождь приутих слегка
Меж ливней, я взглянул на облака.
Лучей двух циркуль скрытою луной
К горам был спущен в темноте ночной.
Луна, как будто уточнить решив
Кронциркулем величие вершин,
Касалась гор, их светом взяв кольцо.
В любви так в руки мы берем лицо.

Moon Compasses

I stole forth dimly in the dripping pause
Between two downpours to see what there was.
And a masked moon had spread down compass rays
To a cone mountain in the midnight haze,
As if the final estimate were hers,
And as it measured in her calipers,
The mountain stood exalted in its place.
So love will take between the hands a face...