

Could concentrate anew and rise as one.  
Light was a paste of pigment in our eyes.  
And then there was a moon and then a scene  
So watery as to seem submarine;  
In which we two stood saturated, drowned.  
The clover-mingled rowan on the ground  
Had taken all the water it could as dew,  
And still the air was saturated too,  
Its airy pressure turned to water weight.  
Then a small rainbow like a trellis gate,  
A very small moon-made prismatic bow,  
Stood closely over us through which to go.  
And then we were vouchsafed a miracle  
That never yet to other two befell  
And I alone of us have lived to tell.  
A wonder! Bow and rainbow as it bent,  
Instead of moving with us as we went  
(To keep the pots of gold from being found),  
It lifted from its dewy pediment  
Its two mote-swimming many-colored ends  
And gathered them together in a ring.  
And we stood in it softly circled round  
From all division time or foe can bring  
In a relation of elected friends\*\*.

(1917) 1936 "A Further Range"

#### Примечания.

Стихотворение написано Р.Фростом, по-видимому, в 1917 году, но опубликовано только в 1936 г. В интернете переводов этого стихотворения на русский язык обнаружить не удалось.

\***Малверн** - гряда живописных скалистых холмов в английских графствах Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, где поэт неоднократно совершал прогулки во время своего пребывания в Англии. Здесь описывается конец большой целодневной пешей прогулки вдвоём с близким другом Эдуардом Томасом (Edward Thomas) в августе 1914 г.

\*\*Друг Р.Фроста **Эдуард Томас** погиб на войне во Франции в 1917 г. С его памятью связаны и другие стихотворения Р.Фроста: "The Road Not Taken", "A Soldier", "On Talk of Peace at This Time", "To E.T.".