

и около него, как призраки, стояли  
другие нерасцветшие ростки.

Натешившись, смекаю по приметам,  
что недалёк и листопад.  
Прощаюсь с завершённым летом,  
тихонечко бреду назад.



### **The Quest of the Purple-Fringed**

I felt the chill of the meadow underfoot,  
But the sun overhead;  
And snatches of verse and song of scenes like this  
I sung or said.

I skirted the margin alders for miles and miles  
In a sweeping line.  
The day was the day by every flower that blooms,  
But I saw no sign.

Yet further I went to be before the scythe,  
For the grass was high;  
Till I saw the path where the slender fox had come  
And gone panting by.

Then at last and following him I found –  
In the very hour  
When the color flushed to the petals it must have been –  
The far-sought flower.