



A Boundless Moment

He halted in the wind, and -- what was that
Far in the maples, pale, but not a ghost?
He stood there bringing March against his thought,
And yet too ready to believe the most.

"Oh, that's the Paradise-in-bloom," I said;
And truly it was fair enough for flowers
had we but in us to assume in march
Such white luxuriance of May for ours.

We stood a moment so in a strange world,
Myself as one his own pretense deceives;
And then I said the truth (and we moved on).
A young beech clinging to its last year's leaves.

Примечание.

Стихотворение «A Boundless Moment» было неоднократно переведено на русский язык, в том числе Алёной Алексеевой и Вячеславом Толстовым.



Ручей в городе

Наш старый дом был фермерским вначале,
теперь вписался в городском квартале.
Но где ж ручей, что огибал весь дом,
держа его в объятии тугом?