Я вижу потеряться мне легко, "Где я на Небесах? Не говори! О, облака, раскрывшись широко, Потерянности дайте мне испить".

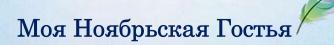
## Lost in Heaven

The clouds, the source of rain, one stormy night Offered an opening to the source of dew; Which I accepted with impatient sight, Looking for my old skymarks in the blue.

But stars were scarce in that part of the sky, And no two were of the same constellation -No one was bright enough to identify; So 'twas with not ungrateful consternation,

Seeing myself well lost once more, I sighted, 'Where, where in Heaven am I? But don't tell me! Oh, opening clouds, by opening on me wide. Let's let my heavenly lostness overwhelm me.'





Моя Печаль, сейчас со мной, Считает дождь осенних дней Непревзойдённой красотой, Милы ей ветви наготой, Прогулки вдоль сырых полей.