

Он не нашел ее, хотя  
Везде искал.  
У дома матери спросил,  
Была ли там.

Так неожиданно легко  
Уз тает твердь.  
Он обнаружил, что финал  
Еще не смерть.

## V. THE IMPULSE

IT was too lonely for her there,  
And too wild,  
And since there were but two of them,  
And no child,

And work was little in the house,  
She was free,  
And followed where he furrowed field,  
Or felled tree.

She rested on a log and tossed  
The fresh chips,  
With a song only to herself  
On her lips.

And once she went to break a bough  
Of black alder.  
She strayed so far she scarcely heard  
When he called her—

And didn't answer—didn't speak—  
Or return.