

A tree beside the wall stands bare,  
But a leaf that lingered brown,  
Disturbed, I doubt not, by my thought,  
Comes softly rattling down.

I end not far from my going forth  
By picking the faded blue  
Of the last remaining aster flower  
To carry again to you.



### Клочок старого снега



Уголок занял снега клочок,  
Но его не узнать.  
Словно сброшенный ветром листок,  
В дождь уложенный спать.

Испещрен чернотой будто бы  
Отпечатанных строк,  
Новостей дня, что я позабыл,  
Коль прочесть бы их смог.

### A Patch of Old Snow

There's a patch of old snow in a corner  
That I should have guessed  
Was a blow-away paper the rain  
Had brought to rest.