

On A Tree Fallen Across The Road (To hear us talk)

The tree the tempest with a crash of wood
Throws down in front of us is not bar
Our passage to our journey's end for good,
But just to ask us who we think we are

Insisting always on our own way so.
She likes to halt us in our runner tracks,
And make us get down in a foot of snow
Debating what to do without an ax.

And yet she knows obstruction is in vain:
We will not be put off the final goal
We have it hidden in us to attain,
Not though we have to seize earth by the pole

And, tired of aimless circling in one place,
Steer straight off after something into space.



Падалица



Свернув на спелый аромат
Из-за ограды вдоль пути,
Направил взор в осенний сад,
Надеясь, яблоню я там
Свободной от плодов найти,
Где дрожь последнего листа,
Как веера прекрасных дам.