

Seemed strong when I was young;  
The petal of the rose  
It was that stung.  
Now no joy but lacks salt  
That is not dashed with pain  
And weariness and fault;  
I crave the stain  
Of tears, the aftermark  
Of almost too much love,  
The sweet of bitter bark  
And burning clove.  
When stiff and sore and scarred  
I take away my hand  
From leaning on it hard  
In grass and sand,  
The hurt is not enough:  
I long for weight and strength  
To feel the earth as rough  
To all my length.



Не все дома



Я к Богу взгляд поднял,  
Мол, в мире жить все хуже,  
Но хуже то, что там  
Его не обнаружил.

Не смейтесь было так,  
Бог сверху взгляд свой кинул,  
Меня не обнаружил -  
Почти наполовину.