

## Not Quite Social

Some of you will be glad I did what I did,  
And the rest won't want to punish me too severely  
For finding a thing to do that though not forbid  
Yet wasn't enjoined and wasn't expected clearly.

To punish me over cruelly wouldn't be right  
For merely giving you once more gentle proof  
That the city's hold on a man is no more tight  
Than when its walls rose higher than any roof.

You may taunt me with not being able to flee the earth.  
You have me there, but loosely as I would be held.  
The way of understanding is partly mirth.  
I would not be taken as ever having rebelled.

And anyone is free to condemn me to death  
If he leaves it to nature to carry out the sentence.  
I shall will to the common stock of air my breath  
And pay a death-tax of fairly polite repentance.  
1936 "A Further Range".

### Примечание.

Стихотворение "Not Quite Social" можно найти в Интернете в переводе Вадима Белякова ("Аутист") и в переводе Виктора Топорова ("На длинном поводке").

