

В разбитом зале мозаичный пол,  
и ветер в дверь песка туда намёл.  
На нём змея с удобством и в прохладе  
лежит, покаясь и в раздумье глядя  
на всё вокруг в застывшей тишине,  
а сзади - изречение на стене.



### **The Ingenuities of Debt**

These I assume were words so deeply meant  
They cut themselves in stone for permanent  
Like trouble in the brow above the eyes:  
TAKE CARE TO SELL YOUR HORSE BEFORE HE DIES  
THE ART OF LIFE IS PASSING LOSSES ON.  
The city saying it was Cteisiphon,  
Which may a little while by war and trade  
Have kept from being caught with the decayed,  
Infirm, worn-out, and broken on its hands;  
But judging by what little of it stands,  
Not even the ingenuities of debt  
Could save it from its losses being met.  
Sand has been thrusting in the square of door  
Across the tessellation of the floor,  
And only rests, a serpent on its chin,  
Content with contemplating, taking in,  
Till it can muster breath inside a hall  
To rear against the inscription on the wall.  
1947 "Steeple Bush".