

Не переступит через дверь нога,  
Жильцы работой заняты всегда.  
Там ворожеи взаперти живут.  
Скажу им, дым, который они ткут,  
Искусно скручивают в кокон свой,  
Скрепляет землю накрепко с луной,  
Его штормам зимой вовек не сдуть,  
Но им известна их плетенья суть.

### The Cocoon

As far as I can see this autumn haze  
That spreading in the evening air both way,  
Makes the new moon look anything but new,  
And pours the elm-tree meadow full of blue,  
Is all the smoke from one poor house alone  
With but one chimney it can call its own;  
So close it will not light an early light,  
Keeping its life so close and out of sign  
No one for hours has set a foot outdoors  
So much as to take care of evening chores.  
The inmates may be lonely women-folk.  
I want to tell them that with all this smoke  
They prudently are spinning their cocoon  
And anchoring it to an earth and moon  
From which no winter gale can hope to blow it,--  
Spinning their own cocoon did they but know it.

