

Он - муж. Она - его жена.
Он ей не чужд, и жизнь им не страшна
(и поняли, откуда ждать им света,
да чтоб сродни была им светлость эта).
Но мне уже пора была в постель,
и я в пути не разглядел их цель.

А поздним утром, разминая ноги,
когда я шёл по полотну дороги,
то всё глядел сквозь паровозный дым,
как вдалеке живётся всем другим.



On the Heart's Beginning to Cloud the Mind

Something I saw or thought I saw
In the desert at midnight in Utah,
Looking out of my lower berth
At moonlit sky and moonlit earth.
The sky had here and there a star;
The earth had a single light afar,
A flickering, human pathetic light,
That was maintained against the night,
It seemed to me, by the people there,
With a Godforsaken brute despair.
It would flutter and fall in half an hour
Like the last petal off a flower.
But my heart was beginning to cloud my mind.
I knew a tale of a better kind.
That far light flickers because of trees
The people can burn it as long as they please;
And when their interest in it end,
They can leave it to someone else to tend.