

Не рос колокольчик, неба цветок,  
Ни яркий люпин, что любит песок.

Но что же тогда привиделось мне,  
То, что не нашел никто на земле?

Виденье лишь тем дают небеса,  
Кто не опустил под ноги глаза.

### **A Passing Glimpse**

I often see flowers from a passing car  
That are gone before I can tell what they are.

I want to get out of the train and go back  
To see what they were beside the track.

I name all the flowers I am sure they weren't;  
Not fireweed loving where woods have burnt--

Not bluebells gracing a tunnel mouth--  
Not lupine living on sand and drouth.

Was something brushed across my mind  
That no one on earth will ever find?

Heaven gives its glimpses only to those  
Not in position to look too close.

