

Desert Places

Snow falling and night falling fast, oh, fast
In a field I looked into going past,
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,
But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it—it is theirs.
All animals are smothered in their lairs.
I am too absent-spirited to count;
The loneliness includes me unawares.

And lonely as it is, that loneliness
Will be more lonely ere it will be less—
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars—on stars where no human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places.



Никогда не убегающий



Он не беглец, сбежавший и бегущий.
И в беге не запнется оглянувшись.
Не сзади гонит страх его, он рядом
По обе руки курса и, возможно,
Не менее зигзаг прям, чем прямая.
Лицом идет вперед он. Он искатель.