

But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,
You have seen me when I was taken and swept
And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together,
Fate had her imagination about her,
Your head so much concerned with outer,
Mine with inner, weather.



Осколки синевы



Зачем везде осколки синевы
И здесь, и там, то бабочка, то птица,
Цветок, сапфир, и глаз из-под ресницы
Под полотном небесной глубины?

Пока еще земля не небеса,
Хоть умники и говорят другое,
Нас манит высотой голубое
И дразнит недоступностью глаза.

Fragmentary Blue

Why make so much of fragmentary blue
In here and there a bird, or butterfly,
Or flower, or wearing-stone, or open eye,
When heaven presents in sheets the solid hue?

Since earth is earth, perhaps, not heaven (as yet)--
Though some savants make earth include the sky;
And blue so far above us comes so high,
It only gives our wish for blue a whet.