

Однажды уйду на восходе,  
Но разум мой и не мечтает,  
Что череп мой на небосводе  
Звездой станет.

Меня неуместно так славить,  
Чтоб сооружать в небе вежу.  
Пусть вера поможет направить  
Не вниз, а кверху.

### **Astrometaphysical**

Lord, I have loved your sky,  
Be it said against or for me,  
Have loved it clear and high,  
Or low and stormy.

Till I have reeled and stumbled  
From looking up too much,  
And fallen and been humbled  
To wear a crutch.

My love for every Heaven  
O'er which you, Lord, have lorded,  
From number One to Seven  
Should be rewarded.

It may not give me hope  
That when I am translated  
My scalp will in the cope  
Be constellated.

But if that seems to tend  
To my undue renown,  
At least it ought to send  
Me up, not down.