

Та яблоня, что тихо там стояла,  
вдруг сбросила свой зрелый урожай,  
и лишь листва тряслась, как опахало.  
Негаданный, нежданный тарарам,  
и дерево, ещё до листопада,  
сгрузило людям, что могло, к ногам -  
задолго до начала сбора.  
Вокруг зардели яблочные горы.  
Хозяйский план пошёл к чертям.  
Не всё, что зреет, - впрок и на продажу.  
Но сладкий запах обонять - не кража.



### Unharvested

A scent of ripeness from over a wall.  
And come to leave the routine road  
And look for what had made me stall,  
There sure enough was an apple tree  
That had eased itself of its summer load,  
And of all but its trivial foliage free,  
Now breathed as light as a lady's fan.  
For there had been an apple fall  
As complete as the apple had given man.  
The ground was one circle of solid red.

May something go always unharvested!  
May much stay out of our stated plan,  
Apples or something forgotten and left,  
So smelling their sweetness would be no theft.  
1936 "A Further Range"