

Я был встревожен, был наизготовке.
Притворно потянулся за цветком.
(А он ушёл, не посмотрев в лицо!).
Я после просто сел под деревцо.



The Demiurge's Laugh

It was far in the sameness of the wood;
I was running with joy on the Demon's trail,
Though I knew what I hunted was no true god.
It was just as the light was beginning to fail
That I suddenly heard—all I needed to hear:
It has lasted me many and many a year.

The sound was behind me instead of before,
A sleepy sound, but mocking half,
As of one who utterly couldn't care.
The Demon arose from his wallow to laugh,
Brushing the dirt from his eye as he went;
And well I knew what the Demon meant.

I shall not forget how his laugh rang out.
I felt as a fool to have been so caught,
And checked my steps to make pretence
It was something among the leaves I sought
(Though doubtful whether he stayed to see).
Thereafter I sat me against a tree.

Примечание.

Среди переводов стихотворения «The Demiurge's Laugh» можно найти в Интернете работы Жанны Жаровой и Виктора Топорова.