

На кромку пенных берегов?
Но лето не вернуть назад.
И в небе горы туч лежат.
За краем прогнутых полов
Кружатся листья и шуршат,
В колени бьют и вдаль спешат.
Расслышать в звуке мрачном смог
Я свой секрет из пары строк:
Слова, я в доме одинок,
Что как-то, вышли за порог,
Слова, я в жизни одинок,
Слова, здесь никого, лишь Бог.

Bereft

Where had I heard this wind before
Change like this to a deeper roar?
What would it take my standing there for,
Holding open a restive door,
Looking down hill to a frothy shore?
Summer was past and day was past.
Somber clouds in the west were massed.
Out in the porch's sagging floor,
Leaves got up in a coil and hissed,
Blindly struck at my knee and missed.
Something sinister in the tone
Told me my secret must be known:
Word I was in the house alone
Somehow must have gotten abroad,
Word I was in my life alone,
Word I had no one left but God.

