

## **On Being Chosen Poet of Vermont**

Breathes there a bard who isn't moved  
When he finds his verse is understood  
And not entirely disapproved  
By his country and his neighborhood?  
1962 "In the Clearing".



## **Мы зря воюем...**

Мы зря воюем с упованием,  
которым нужно дорожить,  
при встрече с роковым страданием  
той вере и самой не жить.



## **We Vainly Wrestle...**

We vainly wrestle with the blind belief  
That aught we cherish  
Can ever quite pass out of utter grief  
And wholly perish.  
1962 "In the Clearing".

