

The Objection To Being Stepped On

At the end of the row
I stepped on the toe
Of an unemployed hoe.
It rose in offense
And struck me a blow
In the seat of my sense.
It wasn't to blame
But I called it a name.
And I must say it dealt
Me a blow that I felt
Like a malice prepense.
You may call me a fool,
But was there a rule
The weapon should be
Turned into a tool?
And what do we see?
The first tool I step on
Turned into a weapon.



Звезды



Как их бесчисленно скопление
Над вихрями снегов,
Текут среди стволов виденья
Под натиском ветров.

Как будто в трудную минуту
Над шатким шагом взгляд,