

And lie in stones and bushes unretrieved.  
Books were not thrown irreverently about.  
They simply lay where someone now and then,  
Having tried one, had dropped it at his feet  
And left it lying where it fell rejected.  
Here were all those the poetess's life  
Had been too short to sell or give away.

"Take one," Old Davis bade me graciously.

"Why not take two or three?"

"Take all you want."  
Good-looking books like that." He picked one fresh  
In virgin wrapper from deep in the box,  
And stroked it with a horny-handed kindness.  
He read in one and I read in another,  
Both either looking for or finding something.

The attic wasps went missing by like bullets.

I was soon satisfied for the time being.

All the way home I kept remembering  
The small book in my pocket. It was there.  
The poetess had sighed, I knew, in heaven  
At having eased her heart of one more copy —  
Legitimately. My demand upon her,  
Though slight, was a demand. She felt the tug.  
In time she would be rid of all her books.

1923 "New Hampshire"

*Примечание.*

Переводов этого стихотворения «A Fountain, a Bottle, a Donkey's Ears, and Some Books» на русский язык в интернете не обнаружено.

**\*Дэлтон** - название многих городов и городков в США, Англии, Канаде. В том числе в Массачусеттсе (около 7 тысяч жителей) и в Нью Хэмпшире (около одной тысячи жителей), есть деревушка Дэлтон в штате Нью-Йорк...