

но мечтал о мираже  
(таком же, как платоновский меон) -  
о Фениксе,  
но в возрасте цыплят.  
И стрелы разлетелись  
в напрасном кураже,  
не натолкнувшись на заслон,  
как разрывные пули,  
как брызнувший томат.  
Зато и мысли в голове блеснули.



### Version

Once there was an Archer,  
And there was a minute  
When He shot a shaft  
On a New Departure.  
Then He must have laughed:  
Comedy was in it.  
For the game He hunted  
Was the non-existence  
Of the Phoenix pullet  
(The Meon of Plato),  
And the shaft got blunted  
On her non-resistance,  
Like a dum-dum bullet  
Did in fact get splattered  
Like a ripe tomato.  
That's how matter mattered.  
1962 "In the Clearing"