

Упадут они среди болот,
Вера в крылья в их душе живет,
Но лишь днем возможен их полет.
Я беду свою забыть готов,
Ведь пичуги потеряли кров.
С той бедой ушла моя беда.
Подточили общий дом года,
Крышу из соломы разнесло,
И его столетие прошло,
Дождь снаружи в комнаты течет,
Окропляя лестничный пролет.

The Thatch

Out alone in the winter rain,
Intent on giving and taking pain.
But never was I far out of sight
Of a certain upper-window light.
The light was what it was all about:
I would not go in till the light went out;
It would not go out till I came in.
Well, we should wee which one would win,
We should see which one would be first to yield.
The world was black invisible field.
The rain by rights was snow for cold.
The wind was another layer of mold.
But the strangest thing: in the thick old thatch,
Where summer birds had been given hatch,
Had fed in chorus, and lived to fledge,
Some still were living in hermitage.
And as I passed along the eaves,
So low I brushed the straw with my sleeves,
I flushed birds out of hole after hole,
Into the darkness. It grieved my soul,