

Лохматые тучи, скрыв небеса,
Как пряди волос упали в глаза.
И кажется мне, уйдет волна смыв
Землю водой, но удержит обрыв,
Обрыв уцепился за континент.
И кажется мне, какой-то момент,
Пришла эта ночь на тысячу лет.
Будь лучше готов принять ужас бед.
И прежде чем все разрушат шторма,
Нам скажет Господь: Сгустится же тьма!

Once by the Pacific

The shattered water made a misty din.
Great waves looked over others coming in,
And thought of doing something to the shore
That water never did to land before.
The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,
The cliff in being backed by continent;
It looked as if a night of dark intent
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.
Someone had better be prepared for rage.
There would be more than ocean-water broken
Before God's last Put out the light was spoken.

