



The Planners

If anything should put an end to This,
I'm thinking the unborn would never miss
What they had never had of vital bliss.
No burst of nuclear phenomenon
That put an end to what was going on
Could make much difference to the dead and gone.
Only a few of those even in whose day
It happened would have very much to say.
And anyone might ask them who were they.
Who would they be? The guild of social planners
With the intention blazoned on their banners
Of getting one more chance to change our manners?
These anyway might think it was important
That human history should not be shortened.
1947 "Steeple Bush"

Аннотация.

Стихотворение "The Planners" впервые было напечатано в журнале "Atlantic Monthly" в ходе дискуссии по ядерной проблеме. Фрост изложил свои соображения в нескольких стихотворениях. Адекватно перевести содержание стихотворения по техническим причинам не удалось. Публикуется вольный пересказ.



Дама-импортёр

Некая миссис, пленённая Азией,
дивный товар привезла к нам с оказией:
лаки, петарды, нефриты и трости;
много вещиц из слоновой кости;