

## I Could Give All to Time

To Time it never seems that he is brave  
To set himself against the peaks of snow  
To lay them level with the running wave,  
Not is he overjoyed when they lie low,  
But only grave, contemplative and grave.

What now is inland shall be ocean isle,  
Then eddies palying round a sunken reef  
Like the curl at the corner of a smile;  
And I could share Time's lack of joy or grief  
At such a planetary change of style.

I could give all to Time except—except  
What I myself have held. But why declare  
The things forbidden that while the Customs slept  
I have crossed to Safety with? For I am There,  
And what I would not part with I have kept.



Кокон



Везде, куда не кинешь взгляд, туман  
Осенний вечер стелет по лугам,  
И лунный диск в нем не признать луной,  
Он красит вяз и поле в голубой.  
Неужто, дымку всю дает тот дом  
С трубой одною, маленьким окном,  
Где не зажжется слишком ранний свет,  
Храня присутствия жильцов секрет,