

There is a fellow on the ocean now
Or down a mine or at the mill (I met him)
Who slept there in a mow of meadow hay
One night (he told me). And the barn he meant
Was the one I meant. Our details agreed.
We said Well twice to what we had in common,
The old barn at the bottom of the fogs.
In only windows were the crevices
All up and down it. So that walking there
Next morning to the light of day was more
Like waking in a cage of silver bars.
Its locks were props - and that reminded him.
Trust him to have his bitter politics
Against his unacquaintances the rich
Who sleep in houses of their own, tough mortgaged.
Conservatives, they don't know what to save.
Consider what they treasure under glass,
Yet leave such lovely shafts outdoors to perish.
Would someone only act in time we yet
Might see them on a rack like famous oars,
Their label Prop-Locks, only specimens
In chestnut now become a precious wood
As relic of a vanished race of trees -
When these go there will be none to replace them.
Yes, right I was, the locks were props outside;
And it had almost given him troubled dreams
To think that though he could not lock himself in,
The cheapest tramp that came along that way
Could mischievously lock in to stay.

1936 "A Further Range"

Примечание.

Других переводов данного стихотворения на русский язык в интернете найти не удалось.

