The sun-burned hillside sets my face aglow, My breathing shakes the bluet like a breeze, I smell the earth, I smell the bruised plant, I look into the crater of the ant.





Зимой сова едва свернуть смогла, Чтоб не разбить оконного стекла, Лишь в напряженье крылья распахнув, Заката цвета алого черпнув. И увидала пух и цвет пера, За стеклами внезапно детвора.

Questioning faces

The winter owl banked just in time to pass
And save herself from breaking window glass.
And her wings straining suddenly aspread
Caught color from the last of evening red
In a display of underdown and quill
To glassed-in children at the window sill.

