

Я миновал правопорядка слуг,
Взгляд опустил, не зная нужных слов.
Я встал и замер, шага замер звук.
Поверх домов, застыв среди преград,
Раздался крик из дальних улиц вдруг,
Он не прощался и не звал назад,
Растаял в небе, как песок в горсти,
Остался только лунный циферблат
Часов, что знали встать им иль идти.
Я тот, кто близко ночь познал в пути.

Acquainted With The Night

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain - and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.
I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.
I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,
But not to call me back or say good-by;
And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky
Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

