

Проблема эта всех народов враг.
Восторженность в стремление к чудесам
Пределы все превысила сполна.
Жизнь взрывом облегчат, увидишь сам,
Ведь бомба для того и создана.
Их мастерство в угоду чудесам
Нашли решение, слава небесам,
Терпенья чаша по края полна.

Bursting Rapture

I went to the physician to complain,
The time had been when anyone could turn
To farming for a simple way to earn;
But now 'twas there as elsewhere, any gain
Was made by getting science on the brain;
There was so much more every day to learn,
The discipline of farming was so stern,
It seemed as if I couldn't stand the strain.
But the physician's answer was "There, there,
What you complain of all the nations share.
Their effort is a mounting ecstasy
That when it gets too exquisite to bear
Will find relief in one burst. You shall see.
That's what a certain bomb was sent to be.

