

Пойдёшь жевать в охотку -
в опасность попадёшь.
Вот-вот вопьётся в глотку
неумолимый нож.

Я был всегда при стаде
беспечен, как на зло.
При этаким догляде
скотине не везло.



The Milky Way Is a Cowpath

On wings too stiff to flap
We started to exult
In having left the map
On journey the penult.

But since we got nowhere,
Like small boys we got mad
And let go at the air
With everything we had.

Incorrigible Quidnuncs,
We would see what would come
Of pelting heaven with chunks
Of crude uranium.

At last in self collapse
We owned up to our wife
The Milky Way perhaps
Was woman's way of life.