

Living. They gave him back to her alive  
How else? They are not known to send the dead  
And not disfigured visibly. His face?  
His hands? She had to look, and ask,  
"What was it, dear?" And she had given all  
And still she had all they had they the lucky!  
Wasn't she glad now? Everything seemed won,  
And all the rest for them permissible ease.  
She had to ask, "What was it, dear?"

"Enough,"  
Yet not enough. A bullet through and through,  
High in the breast. Nothing but what good care  
And medicine and rest, and you a week,  
Can cure me of to go again." The same  
Grim giving to do over for them both.  
She dared no more than ask him with her eyes  
How was it with him for a second trial.  
And with his eyes he asked her not to ask.  
They had given him back to her, but not to keep.

1923 "New Hampshire".



### **Ночная радуга**

Под вечер мы, хоть ощупью, но верно,  
советуясь, спускались вниз с Малверна\*.  
Огнистый свет был редким и чудным.  
С оград текло. В полях размокла глина.  
Вверху, как в это верил древний Рим,  
виднелись нам мемфисские руины.  
Сквозь них пробившись, мог в любой момент  
блеснуть случайный солнечный фрагмент.  
Цвета казались нам пигментной пастой.