

On Going Unnoticed

As vain to raise a voice as a sigh
In the tumult of free leaves on high.
What are you in the shadow of trees
Engaged up there with the light and breeze?

Less than the coral-root you know
That is content with the daylight low,
And has no leaves at all of its own;
Whose spotted flowers hang meanly down.

You grasp the bark by a rugged pleat,
And look up small from the forest's feet.
The only leaf it drops goes wide,
Your name not written on either side.

You linger your little hour and are gone,
And still the wood sweep leafily on,
Not even missing the coral-root flower
You took as a trophy of the hour.



Два странника в распутицу



Из леса в слякоть двое шли,
Застав меня за колкой дров,
Один, прервав труды мои,
Сказал: «Да, ты колоть здоров!»
Я знал, что он имел ввиду,
И что двоим нет места тут,