

## A Boundless Moment

He halted in the wind, and -- what was that  
Far in the maples, pale, but not a ghost?  
He stood there bringing March against his thought,  
And yet too ready to believe the most.

"Oh, that's the Paradise-in-bloom," I said;  
And truly it was fair enough for flowers  
Had we but in us to assume in march  
Such white luxuriance of May for ours.

We stood a moment so in a strange world,  
Myself as one his own pretense deceives;  
And then I said the truth (and we moved on).  
A young beech clinging to its last year's leaves.



## Скептическое



Звезда легко чиркну'ла по фотопластинке  
И выжгла чёрный атом, сделав белым,  
Я верю и не верю, истине крупинке.  
И я не верю света след увидев первым.

Я верю и не верю, ты одна в пространстве,  
И я не верю, что ты близко так от края,  
И я не верю, что в малиновом убранстве  
От взрыва мчишься, быстро в бездне исчеза.