

Albeit through a rusty screen,
The same sign Heaven showed your guest.
Each knows his own discernment best
You have had your advantages.
Things must have happened to you, yes,
And have occurred to you no doubt,
If not indeed from sleeping out,
Then from the work you went about
In farming well—or pretty well.
And it is partly to compel
Myself, in forma pauperis,
To say as much as I wrote you this.



Вопрос



Мне голос сказал, я средь звезд.
И честно, земли сын ответь.
Как ты среди боли и слез
Родиться решился посметь.

A Question

A voice said, Look me in the stars
And tell me truly, men of earth,
If all the soul-and-body scars
Were not too much to pay for birth.

