

The meadow grass could be cemented down
From growing under pavements of a town;
The apple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame.
Is water wood to serve a brook the same?
How else dispose of an immortal force
No longer needed? Staunch it at its source
With cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrown
Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone
In fetid darkness still to live and run --
And all for nothing it had ever done
Except forget to go in fear perhaps.
No one would know except for ancient maps
That such a brook ran water. But I wonder
If from its being kept forever under,
The thoughts may not have risen that so keep
This new-built city from both work and sleep.

Примечание.

Стихотворение «A Brook in the City» неоднократно переводилось на русский, в том числе Василием Бетаки, Борисом Старосельским, Николаем Кружковым.



Жильё в утёсе

Песок - как золото небес,
равнина - будто золотая.
Бреди по ней наперерез -
до горизонта ни жилища,
лишь меловой барьер с бугром,
в нём грот, к нему тропа крутая.
Вход - будто тёмное клише.