

## **They Were Welcome to Their Belief**

Grief may have thought it was grief.  
Care may have thought it was care.  
They were welcome to their belief,  
The overimportant pair.

No, it took all the snows that clung  
To the low roof over his bed,  
Beginning when he was young,  
To induce the one snow on his head.

But whenever the roof came white  
The head in the dark below  
Was a shade less the color of night,  
A shade more the color of snow.

Grief may have thought it was grief.  
Care may have thought it was care.  
But neither one was the thief  
Of his raven color of hair.  
1936 "A Further Range"



## **Сильные молчат**

На влажной почве полный беспорядок,  
но участь сорняков не трогает крестьян.  
Мотыга правит бал среди борозд и грядок -  
готовит лунки для отобранных семян.