

Нельзя прожить без горестей и бед.
Они исчезнут лишь с концом народа -
взамен вернётся дикая природа.



The Times Table

More than halfway up the pass
Was a spring with a broken drinking glass,
And whether the farmer drank or not
His mare was sure to observe the spot
By cramping the wheel on a water-bar,
Turning her forehead with a star,
And straining her ribs for a monster sigh;
To which the farmer would make reply,
'A sigh for every so many breath,
And for every so many sigh a death.
That's what I always tell my wife
Is the multiplication table of life.'
The saying may be ever so true;
But it's just the kind of a thing that you
Nor I, nor nobody else may say,
Unless our purpose is doing harm,
And then I know of no better way
To close a road, abandon a farm,
Reduce the births of the human race,
And bring back nature in people's place.

1928 "West-Running Brook".

Примечание.

Стихотворение «The Times Table» можно найти в Интернете в переводах на русский язык В.Хлебникова и Вадима Белякова.