

What an exciting age we live in -
With all this talk about the hope of youth
And nothing made of youth. Consider me,
How totally ignored I seem to be.
No one is nominating me for King.
The headsman has Darius by the belt
To lead him off the Asiatic way
Into oblivion without a lawyer.
But that is as Darius seems to want it.
No fathoming the Asiatic mind.
And father's in for what we ran away from.
And superstition wins. He blames the stars.
Aldebaran, Capella, Sirius
(As I remember they were summer stars
The night we ran away from Ctesiphon),
For looking on and not participating.
(Why are we so resentful of detachment?)
But don't tell me it wasn't his display
Of more than royal attributes betrayed him.
How hard it is to keep from being King
When it's in you and in the situation.
And that is half the trouble with the world
(Or more than half I'm half inclined to say)."

(1951) 1962 "In the Clearing".

Примечания.

Переводов этого произведения на русский язык в интернете не отыскалось.

