

Into having weight.
It was in a state
Of atomic One.
Matter was begun—
And in fact complete,
One and yet discreet
To conflict and pair.
Everything was there,
Every single thing
Waiting was to bring,
Clear from hydrogen
All the way to men.
It is all the tree
It will ever be,
Bole and Branch and root
Cunningly minute.
And this gist of all
Is so infra-small
As to blind our eyes
To its every guise
And so render nil
The whole Yggdrasill.
Out of coming-in
Into having been!
So the picture's caught
Almost next to naught
But the force of thought.
1962 "In the Clearing"

Примечание.

В стихотворении «A Never Naught Song» Роберт Фрост связывает научные гипотезы о большом космическом взрыве в начале возникновения Вселенной с древним скандинавским мифом, где