Tavaststjerna: Sonnet

Are you then already tired of the whole game,

Our daring game with being’s fire itself?

Has the oil of the wise virgin’s lamp been poured

On the ground, and has the wick run out?

I won’t believe in delicate deceptions,

that now your gaze on the account is stiffly fixed,

And that you calculate the debt your heart incurs

At current rate in roubles and copecks.

I won’t believe that thoughtlessly you scorn

That flower-rain of poems I offer up, entranced,

Seconda primavera – summer’s spring!

I won’t believe that you don’t understand

A thrush’s song that echoes filled with melancholy

Though in the depths the passion glows and simmers…