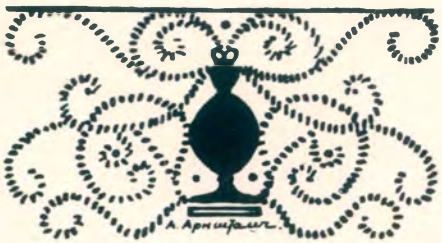
ИННОКЕНТИЙ АННЕНСКИЙ

КИПАРИСОВЫЙ ЛАРЕЦЬ

Innokenty Annensky
THE CYPRESS CHEST



Bilingual Edition
Translated by R.H. Morrison

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ИННОКЕНТІЙ АННЕНСКІЙ

КИПАРИСОВЫЙ ЛАРЕЦЪ

ВТОРАЯ
КНИГА СТИХОВЪ
(ПОСМЕРТНАЯ)

ОБЛОЖКА А. АРНШТАМА

КНИГОИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО
„ГРИФЪ“
МОСКВА — 1910

INTRODUCTION

Innokenty Annensky is one of the main representatives of the Russian Symbolist movement. This movement originated and developed under the strong influence of French Symbolist poetry (mainly that of Charles Baudelaire, Stephane Mallarme, Paul Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud). It began to take shape in the early nineties of the 19th century, and ended around 1910.

In Russia, Symbolism was a reaction to the rather barren and shallow civic poetry which had dominated the literary scene from the late fifties. To its materialistic, socialistic, realistic attitude, Symbolism opposed mysticism, individualism and a kind of new Romanticism. Both French and Russian Symbolism developed a cult of Beauty (a Romantic heritage), and conceived of Beauty as a force destined to save the world endangered by the powers of evil. Esthetics and ethics are intertwined in a way which mostly defies ordinary reason and logic, but it is precisely this characteristic which marked Symbolist philosophy with a special and unmistakable stamp.

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Innokenty Fyodorovich Annensky was born on August 20, 1856, in Omsk in Western Siberia. His father, a rather high administrative official, had been transferred to this remote place some years before. About two years after the birth of the poet he was recalled to St. Petersburg. When Innokenty was still a young boy both his parents died (his mother, by the way, is never mentioned in any of the available sources). He was reared and educated in St. Petersburg in the home of his brother Nikolai (who was thirteen years his elder, and was soon to be widely known as the liberal editor of an influential periodical), and the latter's wife (and cousin)

Alexandra, a well-known author of children's books. Both belonged, in the words of Annensky, to the "generation of the sixties," and their writings show a clearly positivistic, populist trend.

Perhaps as a reaction to this influence Annensky began early to compose "mystical" poetry, (because the word "Symbolist" was not yet known, as he says), which he makes fun of in a short autobiographical sketch. The boy received his schooling at home, quite possibly because of his frail health. He attended public school (*gimnaziia*) for one year only, but he passed the final examination very well and enrolled as a student at the University of St. Petersburg. His main subject was Comparative Philology with special stress on Classical Philology and Slavic Philology. He completed his studies in 1879, receiving a gold medal for his dissertation, which apparently dealt with Slavic folklore. In the same year he married, and a year later his son Valentin, (who was to become a poet writing under the pseudonym Krivich), was born. Immediately after having been graduated from the University Annensky began a pedagogical career which lasted for the whole of his life. For eleven years he taught Russian and Greek at private schools in Petersburg. In 1890 he became director of the rather exclusive Pavel Galagan College in Kiev, which consisted of only the four upper classes of high school, and stressed a classical education. His views on education seem not to have coincided with the views of the administrative board. Annensky favored a much more liberal education than was the usual practice, and at the same time wanted a strictly classical training; he thought that Latin and Greek should be taught in a way that would make them live, and not as rigid grammatical systems. Differences with the higher authorities resulted in Annensky's resignation and his return to Petersburg in 1893, where he became director of the Eighth High School. Here he was free to implement his educational principles. A kind of sensation was created by a school performance of Euripides' *Rhesus* in Annensky's translation.

But in 1896, for reasons that are not clear, Annensky was transferred from Petersburg to Tsarskoe Selo, the summer residence of the tsars, in the same capacity, as director of the local High School. He held this position for ten years, but he was not nearly as happy there as he had been in Petersburg. It seems that his unusual personality could not conform to

ordinary school life. His scope of interests was too broad, his approach to teaching too "progressive," his dislike of bureaucracy in school administration too pronounced. And there is no doubt that his pedagogical and administrative activities interfered more and more with his personal interests. Already in Kiev he had begun his translation of Euripedes' tragedies. He published them with long, scholarly, well-founded introductions in the prestigious *Journal of the Ministry of Enlightenment (Zhurnal ministerstva narodnogo prosveshcheniia)*. He wrote numerous reviews and articles dealing with Classical philology, and continued to fight for Classical languages in schools. But at the same time he also followed his unprofessional path: poetry and literary criticism.

Annensky's infatuation with Symbolist verse never ceased. He closely followed its development in Europe and in Russia. His knowledge of poetry and its history is amazing, and his own verses are the result of this profound and creative knowledge. No less impressive is his knowledge of old and modern languages, as shown by his numerous translations, especially from French and German. The biographical data are scarce, but apparently he travelled frequently in Europe, Italy and France left a clear imprint on his creation.

Annensky's first book of verses, *Quiet Songs*, came out in 1904 under the pseudonym Nik. T-o, meaning "nobody" in Russian. It would not have been suitable for the director of a public school to publish such "unorthodox" modernistic poetry under his own name. At the same time Annensky wrote original tragedies on antique themes "in a modern garb" (*Melanippa-filosof*, 1901, *Tsar' Iksion*, 1902, *Laodamia*, 1906, *Famira-Kifared*, 1913), and many articles of literary criticism, mostly about modern Russian and European poets and writers, collected in his two *Books of Reflections* (1906 and 1908).

But not only literature captivated the poet. He thoroughly knew and loved all the arts. There is a feeling of universality in his approach to cultural life. His remarks about painting and sculpture leave no doubt about his familiarity with these subjects, and his deep understanding and discerning judgment of music are apparent in many poems in the *Cypress Chest*.

As early as 1900 Annensky thought about resigning from school service, but he did not want "to abandon the flag" in his fight for Classical

languages. In 1905 he applied for retirement, but was refused. In 1906 he was relieved of his post as director and was appointed Inspector of the Petersburg School District. This was certainly a promotion and a partial fulfillment of his desire for more free time; at certain periods of the year, however, he was still required to travel to provincial towns to supervise the functioning of schools. These often very uncomfortable trips inspired some of his most impressive poems in the *Cypress Chest*. From 1908 on, in addition to this activity, Annensky gave lectures on Classical literature at the N. P. Raev Upper Courses in History and Literature for Woman, a private university with an excellent teaching staff.

Annensky's private literary work came to a peak in the last three years of his life. The manuscript of the *Cypress Chest*, called thus, because the manuscripts of his poems were stored in a black cypress chest, was completed; but the chest itself contained many more poems, part of which were published in 1923 (*Posthumous Verse*). His translation of Euripides was near completion, he was continuing to write critical essays, and his lectures, if published, would have made a sizable volume. Annensky died suddenly of heart failure on November 30, 1909, the day when his second request for retirement was granted.

Annensky was certainly an unusual personality. All memoirs about him (and there are not many) agree on the sharp contrast between Annensky the high school superintendent, the State Counsellor, the scholar, the member of Learned Committees and the sensitive poet, the impressionistic essayist, the author of strangely elusive tragedies. For a long time he had to hide his poetical gift. No doubt he wanted recognition as a poet, but the general attitude towards modern poetry and towards Symbolism in particular among "the educated classes" in Russia was only too often that of ridicule and scorn. Knowing this very well, Annensky wore a kind of mask. He was persuaded that the poetic gift had to be controlled by discipline in life. The correctness and emphasized politeness of his behavior were apparently a kind of self-imposed discipline designed to protect him against the possibility of being assailed by manifestations of life that were too coarse, or too pitiful. The irony, which appears so clearly in his works is no doubt a kind of protection too. But the somewhat stiff, elegantly dressed, impeccably groomed high official, apparently became a different

person when he spent time in the company of poets, for whom he felt an affinity—a pleasure which he enjoyed only at the very end of his life. Nikolai Gumilev's profoundly understanding poem "In Memory of Annensky" ("Pamiati Annenskogo," 1912), reprinted in the collection *The Quiver (Kolchan*, 1916), gives a clear idea of this side of Annensky's individuality.

* * * * *

Symbolist philosophy does not assume that this our "poor" life is reality. Both the world and life consist of mere hints which point to something behind them, something which may be real, and may be the "Truth." The Symbolists identify Truth with Beauty, because beauty alone—as represented in the arts—lifts men above themselves, makes them feel other dimensions than the narrow and petty ones of life. Annensky is perhaps the most pessimistic of the Russian Symbolists. He is not happy with this life as it is. Our reality becomes something unreal for him: a wicked enchantment, a nightmare. He knows that this wicked enchantment will end with death. But what is death? This primary question of symbolist poetry has an especially strident ring in Annensky's work. Like a hypnotizing snake death looks at him, and he cannot get away from this one theme. He sees that the sense of life seems to be death—and as a result, withering, illness, fading light, evening, autumn, the feeling of passing time fascinate him. His tense, nervous poetry is full of broken flowers, funeral wreaths, candles, coffins, graves. But the details, the trifles of life, are menacing too. Annensky is deliberately "unpoetic" in his imagery and in his epithets. His themes, such as rainy days and nights, shadows, fear, growing cold, melting snow, dirt on roads, stuffy railway coaches, sleeplessness, decay in many variations, loneliness, banality, a kind of base sorcery, are not beautiful as such. Nevertheless, there is a poetic aura around them because of the sound combinations in which Annensky presents them, a dimension of poetry to which he was extremely sensitive. Life constantly hurts. The feeling of anxiety for the beautiful, the feeling of the constant danger to beauty from "real" life, is one basic motif of Annensky's poetry. He is not only afraid of death itself; perhaps even more he fears the unbeautiful manifestations of death in life—and this is why he fears life and fears for life.

The fear for the beautiful in life results in a second basic motif: compassion for life, which can be beautiful in all its levels—starting with a stone and rising up to the highest ideal, whatever this ideal may be. Sometimes it is very difficult to see this beauty, and then life with its powerful metaphysical ingredient of evil, again becomes a frightening nightmare—a nightmare containing clear cut objects, which are all the more menacing in the suddenly unreal atmosphere into which they are put.

The border line between the direct meaning and the symbolic meaning in Annensky's poetry is deliberately fleeting. It seems that he speaks about objects and feelings of our trivial everyday life, (he likes to use colloquialisms, to be as down to earth as possible), but they are only mentioned to deepen our metaphysical disgust with life as it is, and to make our longing for something high and sublime stronger, even if there is always a doubt that it really exists. Annensky's poetic theory, if you forget about this doubt, is very consistent. Behind this world stands Beauty. But it can never be reached, not even a glimpse of it can be ours. In art we have the dim rays, which give a kind of unclear idea of what Beauty is. Even this vague idea can satisfy, can even delight. What a sublime miracle Beauty must be in reality then! Still, it can *never* be reached. We have only an insatiable longing for it. The more creative power man feels in himself, the greater this longing. But at the same time the constant realization persists that no fulfillment will ever be possible. So, creation, art—is unfulfilled longing and, therefore, suffering. Suffering and, simultaneously, rapture of a special kind, a rapture that breaks one's heart. The tortures of creation are the topic of many of Annensky's poems. Great art, according to him, has basically only three themes: Beauty (art), Suffering (tortures of life and of creation) and Death. In his poetry Annensky deliberately indicates only the milestones without the whole road. His very compressed, laconic poems provide no more than the essence of his "metaphysical feeling." The reader has to think, to create with him, to fill in the blanks, to understand the hints, to interpret and to feel (as *he* does) his brilliantly discriminative colorism, his auditory nuances, his infinitely refined reactions to odors, his sense of touch, even his subtle response to temperature. No doubt this creative effort will prove worthwhile.

Annensky was very well aware of this quality of his poetry. In his

essay "About Contemporary Lyricism" (*Apollon*, 1909, No. 1, p. 17) he says: "I have no need for the necessity of a single and universal way of understanding. On the contrary, I think that it is a merit of a lyrical poem if it can be understood in two or more ways, or, if not understood completely, at least felt out and finished in thought by oneself. Poetic word-texture is distinguished from that of everyday in that behind it you feel the mystic life of words, which is ancient and multi-formed, and that at times a verse touches upon these strings in your sensorium, which you have long forgotten to think about." And so Symbolist poetry becomes the only true poetry: "In poetry there are only *relativities*, only *approximations*—therefore it was never anything else than symbolist, and as a matter of fact it cannot be anything else" (*ibid.*, p. 22).

Russian Symbolism was ideologically not a unity. The French heritage was soon superseded by a mystic religiosity (partly inspired by the Dionysiac cult of Greece, partly by Slavic sectarian rites, partly by German Wagnerian romanticized mythology and Nietzsche's superman theory). Much worse and more dangerous was the uprise of mystic nationalism relying upon doubtful quasi-mythological profundity. Annensky always shunned this whole development. He disapproved of one of its main representatives—Alexander Blok. It seems clear that he would have adopted a new trend in Russian poetry which appeared around 1910—Acmeism. Without giving up belief in ideal Beauty, the Acmeists (like its inaugurator, the anti-symbolist—Mikhail Kuzmin and Nikolai Gumilev, Anna Akhmatova, Osip Mandelshtam) stressed the concrete objects in this world and wanted them to become the subject of poetry, together with the poet's personal experience, his own insights, and his feelings connected with the object. They found the concrete objects in Annensky's poetry, without any hints to a "beyond," revealed by *religion*. This life which is an emanation of Beauty, has become spoilt and degenerated; art alone can prove the original connection of reality and beauty. Of course, this idea implies a certain kind of mysticism too, (it might be called "esthetic mysticism"), but it is a mysticism relying upon nothing else than the existence of creative power in an artist. It is a kind of possible solution for the enigma of life, no more. The Acmeists saw Annensky as their teacher because in his poetry life *was* transformed into art without losing its "real face," com-

bining its ugliness and its fleeting glimpses of sheer beauty.

The first issues of the Acmeist periodical *Apollon* carried Annensky's excellent articles on Symbolism and poetry. Here Annensky's viewpoint and his position in the development of modern Russian poetry becomes very clear: Art *can* transform reality. The "sceptical symbolist" Annensky may easily be imagined as the head of the new poetic school, whose development was broken by the Communist revolution.

The *Cypress Chest* appeared in 1910. The edition was supervised by Annensky's son. Annensky had prepared the manuscript himself, the selection of the poems is his, but he did not see the final version as it went to press. Each of the twenty-five "trefoils," which comprise the first part of the collection consists of three thematically related poems (the second with one variant). Their titles indicate the themes. There is no apparent consistency in their sequence. Presumably Annensky would have rearranged them. The second part is formed by seven "diptychs," three of them containing two complementary poems, four including a "double subject." The third part, "Scattered leaves (or sheets)" (*Razmetannye listy*), consists of twenty-two thematically unrelated poems. The last, "My Anguish," is the last poem Annensky wrote, significantly dedicated to the leading Acmeist theoretician and mystic poet Mikhail Kuzmin. It was added to the collection after Annensky's death.

Vsevolod Setchkarev
Harvard University

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ СУМЕРЕЧНЫЙ.

СИРЕНЕВАЯ МГЛА.

Наша улица снѣгами залегла,
По снѣгамъ бѣжитъ сиреневая мгла.
Мимоходомъ только глянула въ окно,
И я понялъ, что люблю ее давно.
Я молилъ ее, сиреневую мглу:
„Погости, побудь со мной въ моемъ углу,
Не мою тоску ты давнюю развѣй,
Подѣлись со мной, желанная, своей!"
Но лишь издали услышалъ я отвѣтъ:
„Если любишь, такъ и самъ отыщешь слѣдъ,
Гдѣ надъ омутомъ синѣетъ тонкій ледъ,
Тамъ часочекъ погощу я, кончивъ лѣтъ,
А у печки-то никто насъ не видалъ...
Только тѣ мои, кто воленъ, да удалъ!"

ТОСКА МИМОЛЕТНОСТИ.

Безслѣдно канулъ день. Желтѣя, на балконъ
Глядитъ туманный дискъ луны, еще безтѣнной,
И въ безнадежности распахнутыхъ оконъ,
Уже незрячія, тоскливо-бѣлы стѣны.

Сейчасъ наступитъ ночь. Такъ черны облака...
Мнѣ жаль послѣдняго вечерняго мгновенья:
Тамъ все, что прожито—желанье и тоска,
Тамъ все, что близится—унылость и забвенье...

TWILIGHT TREFOIL

LILAC DUSK

Our street is covered in snow; over the
Snow runs the lilac dusk. Passing by, it
Merely glanced in the window and I knew I
Had loved it for a long time. I implored
The lilac dusk: "Visit me a while, stay
With me in my nook, do not dispel my
Old, old grief, share your own with me,
My longed-for one!" But only from afar
I heard its reply: "If you love me, then
Seek out my tracks yourself; my flight
Ended, I will stay a brief hour where the
Thin ice over the whirlpool shows blue
And no one has seen us by the stove...
Only those are mine who are free and daring!"

ANGUISH OF TRANSITORINESS

Without trace day has sunk. Turning yellow, the
Moon's hazy disk, still shadowless, looks on the
Balcony, and in the despair of windows flung
Open are drearily white walls, already unseeing.

This moment night begins. The clouds are so black...
I pity the evening's last instant: all that is
Spent is there—longing and anguish; all that
Approaches is there—despondence and oblivion...

Здѣсь вечеръ, какъ мечта: и робокъ и летучъ,
Но сердцу, гдѣ ни струнъ, ни слезъ, ни ароматовъ,
И гдѣ разорвано и слито столько тучъ...
Онъ какъ-то ближе розовыхъ закатовъ.

СВѢЧКУ ВНЕСЛИ.

Не мерещится-ль вамъ иногда,
Когда сумерки ходятъ по дому,
Тутъ же возлѣ иная среда,
Гдѣ живемъ мы совсѣмъ по другому.

Съ тѣнью тѣнь тамъ такъ мягко слилась,
Тамъ бываетъ такая минута,
Что лучами незримыми глазъ
Мы уходимъ другъ въ друга какъ будто.

И движеньемъ спугнуть этотъ мигъ
Мы боимся, иль словомъ нарушить,
Точно ухомъ кто возлѣ приникъ,
Заставляя далекое слушать.

Но едва запылаетъ свѣча,
Чуткій міръ уступаетъ безъ боя,
Лишь изъ глазъ по наклонамъ луча
Тѣни въ пламя сбѣгутъ голубое.

Here evening is like a dream, both timid and fleeting,
But to the heart there are neither strings nor tears
Nor perfumes, and where so many clouds are rent
And merged, it is somehow closer than the rosy sunsets.

A CANDLE IS BROUGHT IN

Does it not seem to you at times, when
Twilight walks through the house, that
Right here alongside us is another element,
In which we live quite differently?

So softly there has shadow merged with
Shadow, and there such moments can occur,
That it is as though we penetrated
Each other by eyes' invisible rays.

And we fear to frighten this instant away
With a movement, or disturb it with a word,
As if someone alongside pressed an ear to us,
Compelling us to listen to what is distant.

But the candle has hardly burst into flame, when
That delicate world yields without fighting;
Only along the inclines of a ray from the eyes
The shadows will flow down into the blue flame.

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ СОБЛАЗНА.

МАКИ.

Веселый день горитъ... Среди сомлѣвшихъ травъ
Все маки пятнами — какъ жадное безсилье,
Какъ губы полныя соблазна и отравъ,
Какъ алыхъ бабочекъ развернутыя крылья.

Веселый день горитъ... Но садъ и пустъ и глухъ.
Давно покончилъ онъ съ соблазнами и пиромъ, —
И маки сохлые, какъ головы старухъ,
Осѣнены съ небесъ сіяющимъ потиромъ.

Варіантъ.

МАКИ ВЪ ПОЛДЕНЬ.

Безуханно и цвѣтисто
Чей-то нѣжный сгибъ разогнутъ, —
Крылья алаго батиста
Развернулись и не дрогнутъ...
Все, что нѣжитъ — даль да близь,
Оскорбивъ пятномъ кровавымъ —
Жадно маки разрослись
По сомлѣвшимъ тучнымъ травамъ.
Но не въ радость даже день имъ,
Темны пятна маковъ въ небѣ,
И тяжелымъ сномъ осеннимъ
Истомленъ ихъ яркій жребій.

TREFOIL OF ALLUREMENT

POPPIES

The joyful day blazes... Amid the languid grass,
Everywhere are poppies in patches–like eager
Impotence, like lips filled with temptation and
Poison, like outspread wings of scarlet butterflies.

The joyful day blazes... But the garden is both empty
And overgrown. It has long since finished with temptations
And feasting, and the withered poppies, like old women's
Heads, are blessed from the skies with a radiant chalice.

VARIANT

Poppies at Midday

Scentlessly and flowerily someone's
Delicate enfolding is opened–
Wings of scarlet cambric have
Unrolled and will not quiver...

Offending with their bloodstained spot
All that cherishes–distance and
Nearness–the poppies have spread avidly
Through the languid, succulent grass.

But not even day makes them rejoice;
The poppies' spots are dark in the
Sky, and their bright destiny is
Wearied by a heavy autumn dream.

Сномъ о томъ, что пустъ и глухъ
Будетъ садъ, а въ немъ, какъ въ храмѣ,
Тяжки головы старухъ,
Осѣненныя Дарами...

СМЫЧОКЪ И СТРУНЫ.

Какой тяжелый, темный бредъ!
Какъ эти выси мутно-лунны!
Касаться скрипки столько лѣтъ
И не узнать при свѣтѣ струны!

Кому-жъ насъ надо? Кто зажегъ
Два желтыхъ лика, два унылыхъ...
И вдругъ почувствовалъ смычокъ,
Что кто-то взялъ и кто-то слилъ ихъ.

„О, какъ давно! Сквозь эту тьму
Скажи одно: ты-та-ли, та-ли?"
И струны ластились къ нему
Звеня, но ластясь трепетали.

„Неправда-ль, больше никогда
Мы не разстанемся? Довольно..."
И скрипка отвѣчала да,
Но сердцу скрипки было больно.

Смычокъ все понялъ, онъ затихъ,
А въ скрипкѣ эхо все держалось...
И было мукою для нихъ,
Что людямъ музыкой казалось.

Но человѣкъ не погасилъ
До утра свѣчъ... И струны пѣли...
Лишь солнце ихъ нашло безъ силъ
На черномъ бархатѣ постели.

By the dream that the garden will be
Empty and overgrown, and that in it,
As in church, the old women's heavy
Heads are blessed by the Sacrament.

THE BOW AND THE STRINGS

What heavy, dark delirium! How turbid
And moonlit these heights are! To have
Touched the violin for so many years and
Not recognize the strings in the light!

Who needs us? Who has kindled
The two yellow, dismal faces?...
And suddenly the bow felt someone
Take them up and mingle them.

"Oh, how long ago! Through this darkness
Tell me only, are you the one, the one?"
And the strings caressed the bow ringingly,
But trembled as they caressed.

"Is it not true, we will never part
Again? That is enough..."
And the violin answered *yes*,
But the violin's heart was aching.

The bow understood everything
And fell silent, but in the violin
The echo held on...and what seemed
Music to people was agony to them.

But the man did not extinguish his
Candles till morning...and the
Strings sang... Only the sun found them,
Devoid of strength on the bed's black velvet.

ВЪ МАРТѢ.

Позабудь соловья на душистыхъ цвѣтахъ,
Только у т р о любви не забудь...
Да ожившей земли въ неожившихъ листахъ
Ярко-черную грудь!

Межъ лохмотьевъ рубашки своей снѣговой
Только разъ и желала она,—
Только разъ напоилъ ее Мартъ огневой,
Да пьянѣе вина!

Только разъ оторвать отъ разбухшей земли
Не могли мы завистливыхъ глазъ...
Только разъ мы холодныя руки сплели
И дрожа поскорѣе изъ сада ушли...
Только разъ... въ этотъ разъ...

IN MARCH

Forget the nightingale in the fragrant flowers,
Only do not forget love's *morning*...
And the bright-black breast of revivified earth
In the unrevived leaves!

Among the tatters of its snowy shirt
Only once did the earth desire too—
Only once was it intoxicated by fiery March,
Headier than wine!

Only once could we not tear our envious
Eyes from the moisture-swollen earth...
Only once we clasped cold hands and,
Shivering, left the garden hurriedly...
Only once... this time...

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ СЕНТИМЕНТАЛЬНЫЙ.

ОДУВАНЧИКИ.

Захлопоталась дѣвочка
Въ зеленомъ кушакѣ,
Два желтые обсѣвочка
Сажая на пескѣ.

Не держатся и на-поди:
Песокъ ли имъ не радъ?
А солнцѣ ужъ на западѣ
И золотится садъ.

За ручкой руку бѣлую
Малютка отряхнетъ:
„Чуть ямочку продѣлаю,
Ее и замететъ...

Противные, упрямые!“
— Молчи, малютка дочь,
Коль непріятны ямы имъ,
Мы стебельки имъ прочь.

Вотъ видишь-ли: все къ лучшему,
Дитя, развеселись!
По холмику зыбучему
Двѣ звѣздочки зажглись.

Мохнатыя, шафранныя
Звѣздинки изъ цвѣтовъ...

DANDELIONS

The little girl with the
Green belt is bustling
About, planting two poor
Yellow seedlings in the sand.

They don't stand up—and that's
It: isn't the sand glad of them?
But the sun is already in the
West and the garden turns golden.

The child shakes one small
White hand after another:
"As soon as I make a little
Hole it fills in...

Nasty, stubborn things!"—
Hush! little daughter, if
They find the holes unpleasant
We will take away their stems.

There, see? All's for the
Best, cheer up, child! On
That shifting hillock two
Small stars have caught fire.

Shaggy, saffron little stars,
Made out of flowers...

Ну вотъ, моя желанная,
И садикъ твой готовъ.

Отпрыгаются ноженьки,
Весь высыплется смѣхъ,
А ночь придетъ—у Боженьки
Постельки есть для всѣхъ...

Заснешь ты, ангелъ-дѣвочка,
Въ пуху, на локоткѣ...
А желтыхъ два обсѣвочка
Распластаны въ пескѣ.

СТАРАЯ ШАРМАНКА.

Небо насъ совсѣмъ свело съ ума:
То огнемъ, то снѣгомъ насъ слѣпило
И ощерясь, звѣремъ, отступила
За Апрѣль упрямая зима.

Чуть на мигъ сомлѣетъ въ забытьи—
И опять на бровн шлемъ надвинутъ,
И подъ настъ ушедшіе ручьи,
Не допѣвъ, умолкнутъ и застынутъ.

Но забыто прошлое давно,
Шуменъ садъ, а камень бѣлъ и гулокъ,
И глядитъ раскрытое окно,
Какъ трава одѣла закоулокъ.

Лишь шарманку старую знобитъ,
И она въ закатномъ млѣньѣ Мая
Все никакъ не смелетъ злыхъ обидъ,
Цѣпкій валъ кружа и нажимая.

There, my precious, your
Little garden is ready.

Her small feet will cease jumping
And all her laughter will
Pour out, but when night comes,
God has beds for everybody...

You will fall asleep, little
Angel-girl, in down, on your
Elbow... and the two yellow
Seedlings will lie flat in the sand.

THE OLD BARREL ORGAN

The sky has driven us quite out of our minds:
It has blinded us, now with fire, now with
Snow, and stubborn winter, baring its teeth
Like a wild beast, has retreated behind April.

Scarcely for a moment does it sink into forgetfulness,
When again the helmet is pulled over its brows, and
The streams that have departed under the snow's crust,
Without singing on to the end, will fall silent and freeze.

But the past is long since forgotten, the
Garden filled with sounds, and the stone white
And resonant, and the opened window sees
How the grass has clothed the secluded nook.

Only the old barrel organ shivers with
Cold, and in May's sunset swoon it can
In no way mince its deadly insults,
Turning and pressing the tenacious barrel.

И никакъ цѣпляясь не пойметъ
Этотъ валъ, что не къ чему работа,
Что обида старости растетъ
На шипахъ отъ муки поворота.

Но когда-бъ и понялъ старый валъ,
Что такая имъ съ шарманкой участь,
Развѣ-бъ пѣть кружась онъ пересталъ
Оттого, что пѣть нельзя не мучась?..

ВЕРБНАЯ НЕДѢЛЯ.

Валь Хмара - Барщевскому.

Въ желтый сумракъ мертваго Апрѣля,
Попрощавшись съ звѣздною пустыней,
Уплывала Вербная Недѣля
На послѣдней, на погиблой снѣжной льдинѣ.

Уплывала въ дымахъ благовонныхъ,
Въ замираньи звоновъ похоронныхъ,
Отъ иконъ съ глубокими глазами
И отъ Лазарей, забытыхъ въ черной ямѣ.

Сталъ высоко бѣлый мѣсяцъ на ущербѣ,
И за всѣхъ, чья жизнь невозвратима,
Плыли жаркія слезы по вербѣ
На румяныя щеки херувима.

And in no way will this clutching barrel
Understand that there is no reason in this
Work, that the insult of old age will grow
On the thorns from the torments of the turning.

But even if the old barrel did understand what
Was its and the barrel organ's destiny, would
It cease then to sing while turning, because
It is impossible to sing without feeling tortures?...

PALM WEEK

To Valia Khmara-Barshchevsky

Having taken leave of the starry
Wastes, Palm Week was sailing on the
Last doomed piece of frozen snow
Into defunct April's yellow dusk.

It was sailing in fragrant smoke, in
The fainting of death knells, from
Icons with profound eyes and from
Lazaruses forgotten in the black pit.

The white moon on the wane rose high, and
For all whose life was irretrievable,
Ardent tears swam along the palm
Branch on to a cherub's rosy cheeks.

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ОСЕННІЙ.

ТЫ ОПЯТЬ СО МНОЙ.

Ты опять со мной, подруга осень,
Но сквозь сѣть нагихъ твоихъ вѣтвей
Никогда блѣднѣй не стыла просинь
И снѣговъ не помню я мертвѣй.

Я твоихъ печальнѣе отребій
И чернѣй твоихъ не видѣлъ водъ,
На твоемъ линяло-ветхомъ небѣ
Желтыхъ тучъ томитъ меня разводъ.

До конца все видѣть цѣпенѣя...
О, какъ этотъ воздухъ странно новъ...
Знаешь что... я думалъ, что больнѣе
Увидать пустыми тайны словъ...

АВГУСТЪ.

Еще горятъ лучи подъ сводами дорогъ,
Но тамъ, между вѣтвей все глуше и нѣмѣе:
Такъ улыбается блѣднѣющій нгрокъ,
Ударовъ жребія считать уже не смѣя.

Ужъ день за сторами. Съ туманомъ по землѣ
Влекутся медленно унылые призывы...
А съ ними все душнѣй, дробится въ хрусталѣ
Еще вчерашній блескъ, и только астры живы...

AUTUMN TREFOIL

AGAIN YOU ARE WITH ME

Again you are with me, my friend autumn,
But your bluish color never froze paler
Through your bare branches' net,
And I do not recall more lifeless snow.

I have never seen your tatters
Sadder and your waters blacker;
The yellow clouds' pattern in
Your faded old sky wearies me.

To the end to see everything growing
Torpid... Oh, how strangely new this
Air is!... You know... I thought it was
More painful to see words' secrets empty...

AUGUST

The rays still burn under the roads' arches,
But there among the branches it is ever darker and
More silent: thus a gambler smiles, turning pale,
Already not daring to reckon the blows of fate.

Day is already behind shades. Dismal summonings are slowly
Trailed over earth with the fog... And with it, everything
Becomes a suffocating feast, yesterday's splendor still
Crumbles in the crystal, and only the asters are alive...

Иль это — шествіе бѣлѣетъ сквозь листы?
И тамъ огни дрожатъ подъ матовой короной,
Дрожатъ и говорятъ: „А ты? Когда же ты?"
На мѣдномъ языкѣ истомы похоронной...

Игру ли кончили, гробница-ль уплыла,
Но проясняются на сердцѣ впечатлѣнья;
О, какъ я понялъ васъ: и вкрадчивость тепла,
И роскошь цвѣтниковъ, гдѣ проступаетъ тлѣнье...

ТО БЫЛО НА ВАЛЛЕНЪ-КОСКИ.

То было на Валленъ-коски.
Шелъ дождикъ изъ дымныхъ тучъ,
И желтыя мокрыя доски
Сбѣгали съ печальныхъ кручъ.

Мы съ ночи холодной зѣвали,
И слезы просились изъ глазъ;
Въ утѣху намъ куклу бросали,
Въ то утро въ четвертый разъ.

Разбухшая кукла ныряла
Послушно въ сѣдой водопадъ,
И долго кружилась сначала,
Все будто рвалася назадъ.

Но даромъ лизала пѣна
Суставы прижатыхъ рукъ,—
Спасенье ея неизмѣнно
Для новыхъ и новыхъ мукъ.

Гляди, ужъ потокъ бурливый
Желтѣетъ, покоренъ и вялъ;
Чухонецъ-то былъ справедливый,
За дѣло полтинникъ взялъ.

Or is this a procession showing white through the leaves?
And fires are trembling there beneath a dull crown,
Trembling and asking: "And you? When will you?"
In the bronze language of funereal weariness...

The game may have ended and the tomb have glided away,
But the impressions on the heart are growing brighter;
Oh, how I understand you: both the warmth's insinuation and
The splendor of flowerbeds where decay is showing through...

IT HAPPENED AT VALLEN-KOSKI

It happened at Vallen-Koski.
Rain was falling from hazy
Clouds, and wet, yellow planks
Flowed down the dismal slopes.

Since the cold night we had been
Yawning, and tears came into our
Eyes; for fun they threw a doll in
For the fourth time that morning.

The sodden doll dived obediently
Into the gray waterfall, and at first
It whirled round for a long time, for
All as though it longed to go back.

But in vain the foam licked at the
Joints of its arms pressed to its
Sides—its salvation was predestined
For new and yet newer torments.

See how the turbulent current is
Already yellowing, submissive
And drowsy; the Finn was honest,
And took half a rouble for the job.

И вотъ ужъ кукла на камнѣ,
И дальше идетъ рѣка...
Комедія эта была мнѣ
Въ то сѣрое утро тяжка.

Бываетъ такое небо,
Такая игра лучей,
Что сердцу обида куклы
Обиды своей жалчѣй.

Какъ листья тогда мы чутки:
Намъ камень сѣдой, оживъ,
Сталъ другомъ, а голосъ друга,
Какъ дѣтская скрипка, фальшивъ.

И въ сердцѣ сознанье глубоко,
Что съ нимъ родился только страхъ,
Что въ мірѣ оно одиноко,
Какъ старая кукла въ волнахъ...

And there—the doll is already
On a stone, and the river is
Flowing on... This comedy was
Distressing to me on that gray morning.

There can be such a sky, and such
A play of rays, that our heart feels
An insult to a doll is more
Piteous than an insult to oneself.

Like the leaves then, we are sensitive: as
If it had come to life, the gray stone has
Become our friend, but a friend's voice,
Like a child's violin, is out of tune.

And in our heart is a deep consciousness
That with it was born only fear,
That it is lonely in the world,
Like the old doll in the waves...

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ЛУННЫЙ.

ЗИМНЕЕ НЕБО.

Талый снѣгъ налеталъ и слеталъ,
Разгораясь, румянились щеки,
Я не думалъ, что мѣсяцъ такъ малъ
И что тучи такъ дымно-далеки...

Я уйду, ни о чемъ не спросивъ,
Потому что мой вынулся жребій,
Я не думалъ, что мѣсяцъ красивъ,
Такъ красивъ и тревоженъ на небѣ...

Скоро полночь. Никто и нячей,
Утомленъ самымъ призракомъ жизни,
Я любуюсь на дымы лучей
Тамъ, въ моей обманувшей отчизнѣ.

ЛУННАЯ НОЧЬ ВЪ ИСХОДѢ ЗИМЫ.

Мы на полустанкѣ,
Мы забыты ночью,
Тихой лунной ночью,
На лѣсной полянкѣ...
Бредъ, — или воочью
Мы на полустанкѣ
И забыты ночью?
Далеко зашелъ ты,

MOON TREFOIL

WINTER SKY

Thawing snow has flown down and flown away,
Cheeks, beginning to burn, have turned rosy;
I had not thought the moon was so small
And the clouds so hazily distant...

I will go away, without asking anything,
Because my lot has been drawn; I had
Not thought the moon was beautiful,
So beautiful and anxious in the sky...

Soon, midnight. No one and no one's,
Wearied by life's very phantom, I
Delight in the hazes of moonbeams
There in my deceptive homeland.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT, AS WINTER DEPARTS

We are at a small station,
We are forgotten by the night,
By the still, moonlit night,
In a little forest glade...
Delirium—or are we plainly
At a small station and
Forgotten by the night?
You have gone far away.

Паровикъ усталый...
Доски блѣдно-желты,
Серебристо-желты,
И налипъ на шпалы
Иней мертво-талый.
Ужъ туда-ль зашелъ ты,
Паровикъ усталый?
Тишь-то въ лунномъ свѣтѣ,
Или только греза
Эти тѣни, эти
Вздохи паровоза
И, осеребренный
Мѣсяцемъ жемчужнымъ,
Этотъ длинный черный
Сторожъ станціонный
Съ фонаремъ ненужнымъ
На тѣни узорной?
Динь-динь-динь — и мимо,
Мимо грезы этой,
Такъ невозвратимо,
Такъ непоправимо
До конца не спѣтой,
И звѣнящей гдѣ-то
Еле ощутимо.

TRÄUMEREI.

Сливались ли это тѣни,
Только тѣни въ лунной ночи мая?
Это блики, или цвѣты сирени
Тамъ бѣлѣли, на колѣни
Ниспадая?
На яву-ль и тебя-ль безумно
И бездумно

Tired steam locomotive...
The boards are pale yellow,
Silvery yellow, and
Lifeless, thawing hoar
Frost clings to the ties.
Have you really gone to the
Right spot, tired steam
Engine? Such stillness in
The moonlight, or is this
Only a dream, these
Shadows, these locomotive
Gasps, and, silvered
Over by the pearly moon,
This long black
Station guard with
His useless lantern
On the patterned shadow?
Ding, ding, ding!—and
It's past, past this
Dream, so irreparably,
So irremediably, not
Sung through to the end,
And ringing somewhere
Scarcely perceptibly.

TRÄUMEREI

Is this mingled shadows,
Only shadows, on a moonlit night of May?
Is this specks of light, or lilac's flowers
Turned pale there, falling
On your knees? Was it in
Waking hours, and was it you that I loved
Madly and unquestioningly

Я любилъ въ томныхъ тѣняхъ мая?
Припадая къ цвѣтамъ сирени
Лунной ночью, лунной ночью мая
Я твои-ль цѣловалъ колѣни,
Разжимая ихъ и сжимая,
Въ томныхъ тѣняхъ, въ томныхъ тѣняхъ мая?
Или садъ былъ одно мечтанье
Лунной ночи, лунной ночи мая?
Или самъ я лишь тѣнь нѣмая?
Иль и ты лишь мое страданье,
Дорогая,
Оттого, что намъ нѣтъ свиданья
Лунной ночью, лунной ночью мая...

In the languorous shadows of May?
Falling down before the lilac's flowers
On a moonlit night, on a moonlit night of May,
Did I kiss your knees,
Unclasping and pressing them,
In the languorous shadows, in the languorous
Shadows of May? Or was the garden only a fancy
Of the moonlit night, of the moonlit night of May?
Or am I myself only a speechless shadow?
Or are you too my suffering,
Dear one,
Because we are not meeting on a moonlit
Night, on a moonlit night of May?...

ИЛИСТНИКЪ ОБРЕЧЕННОСТИ.

БУДИЛЬНИКЪ.

Обручена разсвѣту
Печаль ея руладъ...
Какъ я игрушку эту
Не слушать былъ бы радъ...

Пусть завтра будетъ та-же
Она, что и вчера...
Сперва хоть громче, глаже
Идетъ ея игра...

Но вотъ, ужъ не читая
Давно постылыхъ нотъ,
Гребенка золотая
Звенитъ, а не поетъ...

Цѣпляясь за гвоздочки,
Весь изъ безсвязныхъ фразъ,
Напрасно ищетъ точки
Томительный разсказъ,

О чьемъ-то недоборѣ
Косноязычный бредъ...
Докучный лепетъ горя
Ненаступившихъ лѣтъ,

Гдѣ нѣтъ ни слезъ разлуки,
Ни стылости небесъ,

THE ALARM CLOCK

The sorrow of its roulade
Is betrothed to the dawn...
How glad I should be
Not to hear this toy!

Let it be the same tomorrow
As it was yesterday...
Though louder at first, its
Game continues more evenly...

But now, already not reading
The long-hateful notes,
The golden comb rings,
And does not sing...

Clutching at the nails, all
Made from unconnected phrases,
The tiresome story—this
Stammering delirium

About someone's shortage—
Seeks in vain for an end...
Importunate lisping of
Grief of unarrived years,

Where there are neither tears of
Parting nor freezing of skies,

Гдѣ сердце — счетчикъ муки,
Машинка для чудесъ...

И скучно разминая
Пружину полчаса,
Гдѣ прячется смѣшная
И лишняя Краса.

СТАЛЬНАЯ ЦИКАДА.

Я зналъ, что она вернется
И будетъ со мной — Тоска.
Звякнетъ и запахнется
Съ дверью часовщика...

Сердца стального трепетъ
Со стрекотаньемъ крылъ
Сцѣпитъ и вновь расцѣпитъ
Тотъ, кто ей дверь открылъ...

Жаднымъ крыломъ цикады
Нетерпѣливо бьютъ:
Счастью-ль, что близко, рады,
Муки-ль конецъ зовутъ?..

Столько сказать имъ надо,
Такъ далеко уйти...
Розно, увы, цикада,
Наши лежатъ пути.

Здѣсь мы съ тобой лишь чудо,
Жить намъ съ тобою теперь
Только минуту — покуда
Не распахнулась дверь...

Where the heart is a meter of
Torments, a machine for miracles...

And tediously unwinding the
Spring for half an hour, where
There is hidden a ludicrous
And superfluous Beauty.

THE STEEL CICADA

I knew that Anguish would
Return and stay with me.
It will tinkle and shut
With the watchmaker's door.

He who has opened the door to it
Will link and again unlink the
Palpitation of the steel heart
With the chirring of the wings...

Cicadas impatiently beat with
Eager wings: are they joyful with
Approaching happiness or are
They summoning the torment's end?

They have so much to
Say, so far to go...
Alas, cicada, our
Paths lie apart.

Here you and I are only a
Miracle, we have to live
Now only a minute—until
The door is thrown open...

Звякнетъ и запахнется,
И будешь ты такъ далека...
Молча сейчасъ вернется
И будетъ со мной — Тоска.

СОНЕТЪ.

Пока въ тоскѣ растущаго испуга
Томиться намъ живя еще дано,
Но ужъ сердцамъ обманывать другъ друга
И лгать себѣ хладѣя суждено;

Пока, прильнувъ сквозь мерзлое окно,
Насъ сторожитъ ночами Тѣнь недуга,
И лишь концы мучительнаго круга
Не сведены въ послѣднее звено, —

Хочу-ль понять, тоскою пожираемъ,
Тотъ міръ, тотъ мигъ съ его миражнымъ раемъ...
Ужъ мига нѣтъ — лишь мертвый брезжитъ свѣтъ...

А садъ заглохъ... и дверь туда забита...
И снѣгъ идетъ... и черный силуэтъ
Захолодѣлъ на зеркалѣ гранита.

It will tinkle and shut, and
You will be so distant...
Silently Anguish will return
Now and will stay with me.

SONNET

For the time being it is still granted to us, while
Living, to pine in an anguish of increasing dread,
But already it is decreed that hearts shall deceive
Each other and lie to themselves while growing cold;

For the time being, clinging to the frozen
Window, the Shadow of Infirmity watches
Us by night, and only the torturing circle's
Ends are not joined in the final link.

When I, consumed by anguish, wish to understand that world,
That moment with its mirage-like paradise, already the
Moment is not—only lifeless light is glimmering...

And the garden has run wild... and the door thence
Is barred... and snow is falling... and a black
Silhouette has grown cold on the granite's mirror.

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ОГНЕННЫЙ.

АМЕТИСТЫ.

Когда, сжигая синеву,
Багряный день растетъ неистовъ,
Какъ часто сумракъ я зову,
Холодный сумракъ аметистовъ.

Но чтобъ не знойные лучи
Сжигали грани аметиста,
А лишь мерцаніе свѣчи
Лилось тамъ жидко и огнисто.

И, лиловѣя и дробясь,
Чтобъ увѣряло тамъ сіянье,
Что гдѣ-то есть не наша с в я з ь,
А лучезарное с л і я н ь е...

СИЗЫЙ ЗАКАТЪ.

Близился сизый закатъ,
Воздухъ былъ нѣженъ и хмѣленъ
И отуманенный садъ
Какъ-то особенно зеленъ.

И о Незримой твердя
Въ тучахъ таимой печали,
Въ воздухѣ, полномъ дождя,
Трубы такъ мягко звучали.

FIERY TREFOIL

AMETHYSTS

When, setting the blue on fire,
The raging purple day grows,
How often I invoke the twilight,
The cold twilight of amethysts.

But let no blazing rays burn
The amethyst's facets; may
Only a candle's gleam flow
There liquidly and ardently.

And, turning lilac and crumbling, may
A radiance there persuade us that
Somewhere there exists not our *link*,
But a resplendent *fusion*...

BLUE-GRAY SUNSET

The blue-gray sunset drew
Near, the air was tender and
Heady, and the misted garden
Somehow was specially green.

And affirming the Unseen One
In clouds of hidden sadness,
Trumpets were sounding so
Softly in the rain-filled air.

Вдругъ — точно яркій призывъ,
Даль чѣмъ-то рѣзко разъялась:
Мягкія тучи пробивъ,
Мѣдное солнце смѣялось.

ЯНВАРСКАЯ СКАЗКА.

Свѣтилась колдуньина маска,
Постукивалъ мѣрно костыль...
Моя новогодная сказка,
Послѣдняя сказка, не ты-ль?

О счастьѣ уста не молили,
Тѣнями былъ полонъ покой,
И чаши открывшихся лилій
Дышали нездѣшней тоской.

И взоры померкшіе нѣжа,
Съ тоской говорили цвѣты:
„Мы тѣ же, что были, все тѣ же,
Мы будемъ, мы вѣчны, а ты?“

Молчите! Иль грезить не лучше,
Когда чуть дымятся угли?..
Январское солнце не жгуче,
Такъ пылки его хрустали...

Suddenly, like a clear summons,
Something sharply broke open the
Distance: breaching the soft clouds,
The coppery sun was laughing.

JANUARY FAIRY TALE

The witch's mask was glittering,
Her crutch rapped in its measured
Way... My New Year fairy tale,
Are you not my last fairy tale?

Lips were not praying for happiness,
The repose was filled with shadows,
And the lilies' open goblets
Exhaled an unearthly anguish.

And soothing the dimmed glances, the
Flowers were speaking with anguish: "We are
Those same ones that we were, always those;
We shall be, we are eternal—and you?"

Be silent! Is it not better to dream
When the coals are hardly smoldering?
The January sun is not fierce,
Its crystals are so glowing...

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ КОШМАРНЫЙ.

КОШМАРЫ.

„Вы ждете? Вы въ волненьи? Это бредъ
Вы отворять ему идете?! Нѣтъ!
Поймите: къ вамъ стучится сумасшедшій,
Богъ знаетъ гдѣ и съ кѣмъ всю ночь проведшій,
Оборванный, и рѣчь его дика,
И камешковъ полна его рука;
Того гляди — другую опростаетъ,
Васъ листьями сухими закидаетъ,
Иль цѣловать задумаетъ, и слезъ
Останутся слѣды въ смятеньи косъ,
Коли отъ губъ удается скрыть лицо вамъ,
Смущеннымъ и мучительно пунцовымъ.
. . . . . .
Послушайте!.. Я только васъ пугалъ:
Т о т ъ далеко, онъ умеръ... Я солгалъ.
И жалобы, и шопоты, и стуки,
Все это „шелестъ крови", голосъ муки...
Которую мы терпимъ, я-ли, вы-ли...
Иль вихри въ плѣнъ попались и завыли?
Да нѣтъ-же! Вы спокойны... Лишь у губъ
Змѣится что-то блѣдное... Я глупъ...
Свиданье здѣсь назначено другому...
Все понялъ я теперь: испугъ, истому
И влажный блескъ такихъ вами глазъ"...
Стучатъ? Идутъ? Она приподнялась...
Гляжу — фитиль у фонаря спустила,

NIGHTMARE TREFOIL

NIGHTMARES

"You are waiting? You are nervous? This
Is delirium. You are going to open up
To him? No! Understand this: a madman
Is knocking at your door; God knows where
And with whom he has spent the entire
Night, ragged, and his speech wild,
And his hand full of pebbles; at any moment he
Will empty the other hand, he will pelt you with
Dry leaves, or he will think of kissing you, and
Traces of tears will be left in the tangle of
Plaits, if you succeed in hiding your face
From his lips, confused and painfully crimson.
. . . . . .
Listen!.. I was only scaring you: *That one*
Is far away, he is dead... I lied. And the
Complainings, and whisperings, and rappings,
All this is the "blood's rustling," the voices
Of pain, which we endure, either I or you...
Or were the whirlwinds taken prisoner, and were
Howling? But no! You are calm... Only your
Lips are slightly touched by something pale...
I'm a fool... the meeting here was arranged with
Someone else... Now I understand it all: the
Fright, the faintness and the moist shining of
Your shielded eyes..." They knock? They are
Coming? She rose... I look—she has turned the lamp low,

Онъ розовый... Вотъ косы отпустила,
Взвились и пали косы... Вотъ ко мнѣ
Идетъ... И мы въ огнѣ, въ одномъ огнѣ...
Вотъ руки обвились и увлекаютъ,
А волосы и колютъ и ласкаютъ...
Такъ вотъ онъ умъ мужчины, тотъ гордецъ,
Не стоющій ни трепетныхъ сердецъ,
Ни влажнаго и розоваго зноя! . . . . .
. . . . . .
И вдругъ я весь сталъ существо иное...
Постель... Свѣча горитъ... На грустный тонъ
Лепечетъ дождь. . Я спалъ и видѣлъ сонъ.

КІЕВСКІЯ ПЕЩЕРЫ.

Таютъ зеленыя свѣчи,
Тускло мерцаетъ кадило,
Что-то по самыя плечи
Въ землю сейчасъ уходило.

Чьи-то беззвучно уста
Молятъ дыханья у плитъ,
Кто-то нагнувшись „съ креста"
Желтой водой ихъ поитъ...

„Скоро-ль?"—Терпѣніе, скоро...
Звономъ наполнились уши,
А чернота корридора
Все безотвѣтнѣй и глуше...

Нѣтъ, не хочу, не хочу!
Какъ? Ни людей, ни пути?..
Гаситъ дыханье свѣчу...
Тише... Ты долженъ ползти...

It is pink... Now she has let her plaits
Fall down, the plaits flew up and fell...
Now she comes to me... and we are in fire,
In the one fire... Now hands are twining
Round me and dragging me to her, and the hair
Both pricks and caresses... Such is it, a
Man's mind, that proud one, not deserving either
Palpitating hearts or moist and rosy heat!..
. . . . . .
And suddenly I became an entirely different being...
The bed... the candle alight... the rain
Lisping in a melancholy tone. I had slept and dreamed.

THE KIEV CATACOMBS

The green candles are melting,
The censer glimmers dimly, up to
The very shoulders something
Has just sunk into the earth.

At gravestones someone's lips
Are soundlessly praying for breath.
Somebody leaning "from the cross"
Gives them yellow water to drink...

"Will it be soon?"—Patience; yes,
Soon... One's ears are filled with
A ringing, and the corridor's blackness
Is ever more unresponsive and thick...

No, I don't want to, I don't want to!
What! Neither people nor way?
A breath puts out the candle...
Quiet... You must creep...

ТО И ЭТО.

Ночь не таетъ. Ночь какъ камень,
Плача таетъ только ледъ,
И струитъ по тѣлу пламень
Свой причудливый полетъ.

Но лопочутъ даромъ тая
Ледышки на головѣ:
Не запомнитъ имъ считая,
Что подушекъ только двѣ.

И что надо лечь въ угарный,
Въ голубой туманъ костра,
Если тошенъ лучъ фонарный
На скользотѣ топора...

Но отрадной до разсвѣта
Сердце дремой залито,
Все проститъ имъ... если это
Только Это, а не То.

THAT AND THIS

Night does not melt. Night is like
Stone, only ice melts, weeping,
And a flame spreads through one's
Body on its fantastic flight.

But the ice-pack on one's head
Mutters in vain while melting:
In reckoning, it does not remember
That there are only two pillows.

And that one must lie down in
The charcoal-fumy blue fog of
The pyre if the lantern's ray on
The axe's glancing is disgusting...

But until the dawn the heart is flooded
With comforting drowsiness; it will
Forgive them everything... if this
Is only *This*, and not *That*.

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ПРОКЛЯТІЯ.

ЯМБЫ.

О, какъ я чувствую накопленное бремя
Отравленныхъ ночей и грязно-блѣдныхъ дней!
Вы, карты, есть-ли что въ одно и то же время
Приманчивѣе васъ, пошлѣе и страшнѣй!

Вы страшны нѣжностью похмѣлья, и наукѣ,
Любви, поэзіи — всему васъ предпочтутъ!
Какія подлыя не пожималъ я руки,
Не соглашался съ чѣмъ?.. Скорѣй! Колоды ждутъ...

Зеленое сукно — цвѣтъ малахитовъ тины,
Весь въ пеплѣ тузъ червей на сломанномъ мѣлкѣ...
Подумай: жертву наканунѣ гильотины
Дурманятъ картами и въ каменномъ мѣшкѣ!..

ДОЛІЯ.

(КУЛАЧИШКА.)

Цвѣсти — средь немолчнаго ада
То грузныхъ, то гулкихъ шаговъ
И стонущихъ блоковъ. и чада,
И стука бильярдныхъ шаровъ...

Любиться — пока полосою
Кровавой не вспыхнулъ востокъ,

TREFOIL OF MALEDICTION

IAMBICS

Oh, how I feel the accumulated burden of
Poisoned nights and grubby, pallid days! You,
Cards, is there anything at the same time more
Alluring than you, more vulgar and frightful?

You are terrible with a drunken headache's tenderness,
And they prefer you to science, to love, to poetry—to
Everything! What vile hands have I not shaken, what have
I not agreed to?.. Quick! The card decks are waiting...

Green baize—the color of malachite slime; the ace
Of hearts all covered in ash, on broken chalk...
Just think: on the eve of the guillotine, they stupefy
The condemned with cards, even in his stone bag!..

A FATE

(Little Tight-Fist)

To bloom in a ceaseless hell of
Footsteps now heavy, now resounding,
And of groaning pulleys, and fumes,
And the knocking of billiard balls...

To love until the east bursts
Out in a bloody streak,

Часочекъ, покуда съ косою
Не сладился бѣлый платокъ...

Скормить помыканьямъ и злобамъ
И сердце и силы до тла —
Чтобъ дочь за глазетовымъ гробомъ
Горбатая, съ зонтикомъ шла...

О НѢТЪ, НЕ СТАНЪ.

О нѣтъ, не станъ, пусть онъ такъ нѣжно-зыбокъ,
Я изъ твоихъ соблазновъ затаю
Не влажный блескъ малиновыхъ улыбокъ,
Страданія холодную змѣю.

Такъ иногда въ банально-пестрой залѣ,
Гдѣ вальсъ звенитъ, волнуя и моля,
Зову мечтой я звуки Парсифаля
И тѣнь, и Смерть надъ маской короля...

. . . . . .

Оставь меня. Мнѣ ложе стелетъ Скука.
Зачѣмъ мнѣ рай, которымъ грезятъ всѣ?
А если грязь и низость только мука
По гдѣ-то тамъ сіяющей красѣ...

A brief hour, until the white
Kerchief has adapted to her plait...

To feed both one's heart and one's powers
Utterly on Harassments and Spite in order that
Your hunchbacked daughter, under an umbrella,
Should follow your coffin lined with rich brocade...

OH, NO, NOT YOUR WAIST

Oh, no, not your waist, though it be so
Tender and lively, will I save from your
Temptations, not the moist shine of crimson
Smiles, the cold serpent of suffering.

Thus at times in the banal, motley hall, where
The waltz rings out, disturbing and beseeching,
I summon up in reverie the sounds of Parsifal
And the shadow, and Death over the king's mask...

. . . . . .

Leave me... Boredom makes my bed. What do I
Need that paradise for, of which all dream? And
If dirt and baseness are only tormented longing
For the beauty that is shining somewhere there...

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ПОБѢДНЫЙ.

ВОЛШЕБНАЯ ПРИЗМА.

Хрусталь мой волшебенъ трикраты:
Подъ первымъ устоемъ ребра —
Объятья съ мученьемъ разжаты,
Раскидано пламя костра.

Но вновь не увидишь костеръ ты,
Едва передвинешь устой —
Тамъ блѣдныя руки простерты
И мракъ обнимаютъ пустой...

Нажмешь ли устой ты послѣдній —
Ни сжатыхъ, ни рознятыхъ рукъ...
Но радуги нѣту побѣднѣй,
Чѣмъ рудуга конченныхъ мукъ!..

ТРОЕ.

Ея факелъ былъ огненъ и алъ,
Онъ былъ талый и сумрачный снѣгъ:
Онъ глядѣлъ на нее и сгоралъ,
И сгоралъ отъ непознанныхъ нѣгъ.

Лоно смерти открылось черно,
Онъ не слышалъ призыва: живи, —
И осталось въ эѳирѣ одно
Безнадежное пламя любви.

TREFOIL OF TRIUMPH

THE MAGIC PRISM

My crystal is magic thrice over:
Beneath the facet's first base
Are embraces thrown open in torment,
The flame of a bonfire is scattered.

But you will not see the bonfire
Again, if you just move the base–
Pale arms are outstretched there
And embrace empty gloom...

If you touch the last base there are
Neither closed nor open arms...
But there is no more triumphant rainbow
Than the rainbow of torments ended!..

THREESOME

Her Torch was fiery and scarlet, He
Was thawing and twilight snow: He
Looked at Her and burned away, and
Burned away out of untasted blisses.

The bosom of death opened blackly,
He did not hear the summons:
Live! And the hopeless flame of
Love was left alone in the ether.

Да на ложѣ глубокаго рва,
Пѣнной ризой покрыта до пятъ,
Одинокая грезитъ вдова —
И холодныя воды кипятъ...

ПРОБУЖДЕНІЕ

Кончилась яркая чара,
Сердце очнулось пустымъ,
Въ сердцѣ, какъ послѣ пожара,
Ходитъ удушливый дымъ.

„Кончилось“ — жалкое слово,
Жалкаго слова не трусь:
Скоро въ остаткахъ былого
Я и сквозь дымъ разберусь.

Что не хотѣло обмана—
Все остается со мной...
Солнце за гарью тумана
Желто, какъ вставшій больной.

Жребій, о сердце, твой понять —
Стараго пепла не тронь...
Больше проклятый огонь
Стѣнъ твоихъ черныхъ не тронетъ!

And on the bed of the deep pit,
Covered to the ground with a
Foaming chasuble, the lonely Widow
Dreams—and the chill Waters boil...

AWAKENING

The bright enchantment is
Ended, the heart has awoken
Empty; in the heart, as after a
Fire, goes suffocating smoke.

"Finished"—a pitiful word; do
Not fear a pitiful word: soon in
The remnants of the past, even
Through smoke I shall understand.

That which did not want deception—
All will be left with me...
Behind the mist's sootiness the sun is
Yellow, like a patient risen from bed.

Your fate, O heart, is understood—
Do not touch the old ashes...
The accursed fire will touch
Your black walls no more!

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ТРАУРНЫЙ.

ПЕРЕДЪ ПАНИХИДОЙ.

СОНЕТЪ.

Два дня здѣсь шепчутъ: прямъ и нѣмъ
Все тотъ же гость въ дому,
И вянутъ космы кризантэмъ
Въ удушливомъ дыму...

Гляжу и мыслю: миръ ему,
Но намъ-то, намъ-то всѣмъ,
Иль люкъ въ ту смрадную тюрьму
Захлопнулся совсѣмъ?

„Ахъ! Что мертвецъ! Но дочь, вдова"...
Слова, слова, слова.
Лишь Ужасъ въ бѣлыхъ зеркалахъ

Здѣсь молитъ и поетъ
И съ пояснымъ поклономъ Страхъ
Намъ свѣчи раздаетъ...

БАЛЛАДА.

Н. С. Гумилеву.

День былъ ранній и молочно парный.
Скоро въ путь, поклажу прикрутили...
На шоссе передъ запряжкой парной
Фонари мигая закоптили.

TREFOIL OF MOURNING

BEFORE THE FUNERAL SERVICE

Sonnet

For two days they have been whispering here:
Straight and dumb, still that same guest is
In the house, and the chrysanthemums' shaggy
Locks are withering in the suffocating smoke...

I look on and think: peace to him,
But to us, to all of us, has the
Hatchway into that stinking
Prison slammed shut completely?

"Oh, what is a dead body! But his daughter,
His widow..." Words, words, words.
In the white-draped mirrors here

Only Horror entreats and sings,
And with a low bow, Dread
Hands out the candles to us...

BALLAD

To N. S. Gumilev

The day was early and milkily moist. We would soon
Be leaving and they had fastened the luggage...
On the highway in front of the harnessed pair
The winking lanterns had started to smoke.

Позади лишь вымершая дача,
Желтая и скользкая... Съ балкона
Холстъ повисъ ненужный тамъ, но спѣшно
Оборвавъ сломали георгины.

„Во блаженномъ"... и качнулись клячи,
Маскарадъ печалей ихъ измаялъ.
Желтый песъ у разоренной дачи
Билъ хвостомъ по ельнику и лаялъ...

Но сейчасъ же, вытянувши лапы,
На пескѣ разлегся, какъ въ постели...
Только мы, какъ сняли въ страхѣ шляпы—
Такъ надѣть ихъ больше и не смѣли.

...Будь ты проклята, левкоемъ и феноломъ
Равнодушно дышащая Дама!
Захочу — такъ самъ Тобой я буду...
— Захоти, попробуй! — шепчетъ Дама.

посылка.

Вамъ я шлю стихи мои, когда-то
Ихъ вдали игравшіе солдаты!
Только ваши, безъ четверостишій,
Пѣли трубы горестнѣй и тише...

СВѢТЛЫЙ НИМБЪ.

СОНЕТЪ.

Зыбкимъ прахомъ закатныхъ полосъ
Были свѣчи давно облиты,
А куренье віясь все лилось,
Все блѣднѣя сжимались цвѣты.

Behind was only an abandoned country cottage,
Yellow and slippery... From the balcony
There hung some useless canvas, but when they
Tore it down hurriedly, they broke the dahlias.

"In the blessed..." and the jades lurched
Off; the masquerade of sorrows had exhausted
Them. A yellow dog at the ruined cottage beat

With its tail on the fir twigs and barked...
But at once, stretching out its paws, it
Lay down on the sand, as if in bed...
Only we, who had taken off our hats in
Fear, did not dare to put them on again.

...A curse upon you, Lady breathing
Gillyflower and phenol indifferently!
If I wish, I will be You...
—"Wish, try!" whispered the Lady.

Envoy

I send my verses to you, soldiers,
Who at some time played them afar!
Only yours, without quatrains, the
Trumpets sang more sorrowfully and softly...

BRIGHT HALO

Sonnet

The candles had long been flooded with
The wavering ashes of sunset streaks, but
The incense that swirled was still flowing,
And ever turning pale, the flowers shrank.

И такъ были безумны мечты
Въ чадномъ морѣ моленій и слезъ,
На развившемся нимбѣ волосъ
И въ дыму ея черной фаты, —

Что въ отвѣтъ замерцалъ огонекъ
Въ аметистахъ тяжелыхъ серегъ.
Синій сонъ благовонныхъ кадилъ

Разошелся тогда-жъ безъ слѣдъ...
Отчего-жъ я фату навсегда,
Свѣтлый нимбъ навсегда полюбилъ?

And dreams were so insane in the
Vaporous sea of prayers and tears,
On the waving halo of hair and
In the smoke of her black veil,

That in response the little light
Twinkled in the amethysts of her heavy
Earrings. A blue dream of fragrant

Censers dispersed then without trace...
Why then have I come to love for
Ever the veil and the bright halo?

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ТОСКИ.

ТОСКА ОТШУМѢВШЕЙ ГРОЗЫ.

Сердце-ль не томилося
Желаніемъ грозы,
Сквозь вспышки бѣло-алыя?
А теперь влюбилося
Въ бездонность бирюзы,
Въ ея глаза усталые!..

Все, что есть лазурнаго,
Излилося въ лучахъ
На зыби златошвейныя,
Все, что тамъ безбурнаго
И съ лаской въ очахъ, —
Въ сады зеленовѣйные...

Въ стекла бирюзовыя
Одна глядитъ гроза
Изъ чуждой ей обители...
Больше не суровые,
Печальные глаза,
Любили-ль вы, простите-ли?..

ТОСКА ПРИПОМИНАНІЯ.

Мнѣ всегда открывается та-же,
Залитая чернилomъ страница.
Я уйду отъ людей, но куда-же
Отъ ночей мнѣ куда схорониться?

TREFOIL OF ANGUISH

ANGUISH OF THE NOW SILENT THUNDERSTORM

Did one's heart not languish
With desire for the thunderstorm,
Through white-scarlet flashes?
But now it has fallen in love with
The turquoise's fathomlessness,
With its weary eyes!..

All that there is of azure
Has poured itself into the rays
On gold-embroidered ripples;
All that there is of unstorminess
And with a caress in its eyes has
Poured itself into green-waving gardens...

From an abode foreign to it
Only the thunderstorm looks
Into the turquoise panes...
Sorrowful eyes
No longer stern,
Did you love, will you forgive?..

ANGUISH OF VAGUE REMEMBRANCE

That same page overflowed with ink
Is always opening to me. I will go
Away from people, but whither, whither
Can I hide myself from the nights?

Всѣ живые такъ стали далеки,
Все небытное стало такъ внятно,
И слились позабытыя строки
До зари въ мутно-черныя пятна.

Весь я тамъ въ невозможномъ отвѣтѣ,
Гдѣ миражныя буквы маячутъ...
... Я люблю, когда въ домѣ есть дѣти
И когда по ночамъ они плачутъ.

ТОСКА БѢЛАГО КАМНЯ.

(ВЪ СИМФЕРОПОЛѢ ЛѢТОМЪ.)

Камни млѣютъ въ истомѣ,
Люди залиты свѣтомъ,
Есть-ли города лѣтомъ
Видъ постыло-знакомѣй?

Въ трафаретѣ готовомъ
Онъ — узоръ на посудѣ...
И не все-ли равно вамъ:
Камни тамъ или люди?

Сбита въ бѣлые камни
Нищетой блѣднолицей,
Эта одурь была мнѣ
Колыбелью — темницей.

Коль она не мелькаетъ
Безотрадно и чадно,
Такъ давя васъ смыкаетъ,
И уходишь такъ жадно

Въ лиловатость отсвѣтовъ
Съ высей блѣдно-безбрежныхъ.

All the living have become so distant,
All non-existence has become so distinct,
And forgotten lines have flowed together
Before dawn, in turbid black spots.

I am wholly there in an impossible reply
Where mirage-like letters loom...
...I like it when there are children in
The house and when they weep in the night.

ANGUISH OF WHITE STONE

(In Simferopol in Summer)

The stones faint with lassitude,
People are drenched with light;
Is there a sight more disgustingly
Familiar than a city's in summer?

In its ready-made stencil it
Is a pattern on crockery...
And is it not all the same to you
Whether stones are there or people?

Struck into the white
Stones by pale-faced
Poverty, this stupor was
A cradle to me, a prison.

If it does not flash
Dismally and fumily, then,
Oppressing you, it closes you
Up, and you go away so eagerly

Into the lilacness of reflections
From heights palely boundless

На двѣ цѣпи букетовъ
Возлѣ плитъ бѣлоснѣжныхъ.

Такъ, уставъ отъ узора,
Я мечтой замираю
Въ бѣломъ глянцѣ фарфора
Съ ободочкомъ по краю.

On two chains of bouquets
Beside snow-white paving stones.

Thus, tired of the pattern,
I sink through a dream in
The china's white gloss
With a border round its edge.

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ДОЖДЕВОЙ.

ДОЖДИКЪ.

Вотъ сизый чехолъ и распоротъ,—
Не все-жъ ему праздно висѣть,
И съ лязгомъ асфальтовый городъ
Хлестнула холодная сѣть...

Хлестнула и стала мотаться...
Сама серебристо-свѣтла,
Какъ масло въ рукѣ святотатца
Глазеты вокругъ залила.

И въ мигъ что̀ съ лазурь любилось,
Стыдливыхъ молчаній полно,—
Все темною пѣной забилось
И нагло стучится въ окно.

Въ песочной зароется ямѣ,
По трубамъ бѣжитъ и бурлитъ,
То жалкими брызнетъ слезами,
То радугой парной горитъ.

. . . . . .
О нѣтъ! Безъ твоихъ превращеній,
Въ одно что-нибудь застывай!
Не хочешь-ли дремой осенней
Окутать кокетливо Май?

RAIN TREFOIL

RAIN

Now at last the blue-gray cover is
Ripped open—it certainly cannot
Always hang idly, and with a clang a
Cold net has lashed the asphalt city...

Lashed and begun to swing...
Itself silvery bright, it has
Spilled on the brocades around like
Holy oil in a sacrilegist's hand.

And in a moment what was in love with
The azure, full of shy silences—
All is thumping with dark foam and
Is insolently knocking at the window.

It buries itself in a sandy pit,
Runs and storms among the downpipes;
Now it gushes with piteous tears,
Now it shines as a double rainbow.

. . . . . .
Oh, no! Without your transformations,
Congeal into something single!
Do you not wish to wrap May
Coquettishly in an autumn reverie?

Иль сдѣлаться Мною, быть можетъ,
Однимъ изъ упрямыхъ калѣкъ
И всѣхъ увѣрять, что не дожить
И первый Овидіевъ вѣкъ:

Изъ сердца за Иматру лѣтъ
Ничто, молъ, у насъ не уходитъ—
И въ мокромъ асфальтѣ поэтъ
Захочетъ, какъ счастье находитъ.

ОКТЯБРЬСКІЙ МИѲЪ.

Мнѣ тоскливо. Мнѣ не въ мочь,
Я шаги слѣпого слышу:
Надо мною онъ всю ночь
Оступается о крышу.

И мои-ль, не знаю, жгутъ
Сердце слезы, или это
Тѣ, которыя бѣгутъ
У слѣпого безъ отвѣта.

Что бѣгутъ изъ мутныхъ глазъ
По щекамъ его поблеклымъ,
И въ глухой полночный часъ
Растекаются по стекламъ...

РОМАНСЪ БЕЗЪ МУЗЫКИ.

Въ непроглядную осень—туманны огни,
И холодныя брызги летятъ,
Въ непроглядную осень туманны огни,
Только слѣдъ отъ колесъ золотятъ.

Or perhaps to turn into Me, one of
The obstinate cripples, and to
Convince everyone that even the First
Age of Ovid has not been completed?

Out of the heart, nothing we have, they
Say, goes behind the Imatra of the
Years, and the poet if he wishes can
Find happiness even in wet asphalt.

OCTOBER MYTH

I am miserable. I can't bear
It. I hear a blind man's steps:
Above me all night long he
Stumbles about on the roof.

And I do not know if these are
My tears that are burning my
Heart, or are those which the
Blind man sheds without reply,

Which flow from his dull eyes
Down his faded cheeks, and
In the dead hour of midnight
Spread over the window panes...

SONG WITHOUT MUSIC

In impenetrable autumn, the fires are dimmed,
And cold splashes are flying;
In impenetrable autumn, the fires are dimmed,
They only gild the wheels' tracks.

Въ непроглядную осень туманны огни,
Но туманнѣй отравленный чадъ,
Въ непроглядную осень мы вмѣстѣ, одни,
Но сердца наши сжавшись молчатъ...
Ты отъ губъ моихъ кубокъ возьмешь непочатъ,
Потому что туманны огни...

In impenetrable autumn, the fires are dimmed,
But the poisoned fumes are dimmer;
In impenetrable autumn we are together, alone,
But our wrung hearts are silent...
You will take an untouched goblet from my lips,
Because the fires are dimmed...

NOX VITAE.

Отрадна тѣнь, пока крушинъ
Вливаетъ кровь въ хлорозъ жасмина...
Но... вѣтеръ... клены... шумъ вершинъ
Съ упрекомъ давняго помина...

Но... въ блекло-призрачной лунѣ
Воздушно-черный станъ растеній,
И вы, на мрачной бѣлизнѣ
Вѣтвей тоскующія тѣни!

Какъ странно слиты садъ и твердь
Своимъ безмолвіемъ суровымъ,
Какъ Ночь напоминаетъ Смерть
Всѣмъ, даже выцвѣтшимъ покровомъ.

А все вѣдь только что сейчасъ
Лазурно было здѣсь, что нужды?
О, тѣни, я не знаю васъ,
Вы такъ глубоко сердцу чужды.

Неужто-жъ точно, Боже мой,
Я здѣсь любилъ, я здѣсь былъ молодъ,
И дальше некуда?... Домой
Пришелъ я въ этотъ лунный холодъ?

NOX VITAE

The shadow is consoling while it pours the
Buckthorn's blood into the jasmine's chlorosis...
But... the wind... the maples... the tree-tops'
Noise with its reproach of an age-old remembrance...

But... in the faded, ghostly
Moonlight the airy-black figure
Of plants, and you, grieving shadows
Of branches on the gloomy whiteness!

How strangely the garden and the firmament
Are merged by their austere silence,
How Night calls Death to mind by
Everything, even by its faded cover!

And what does it matter that only
Just now everything here was azure?
O shadows, I do not know you, you
Are so profoundly alien to my heart.

Good Lord! Is it really true that I
Loved here, that I was young here,
And have nowhere further to go? Did
I come *home* into this moonlit cold?

КВАДРАТНЫЯ ОКОШКИ.

О, дали лунно-талыя,
О, темно-снѣжный путь,
Болитъ душа усталая
И не даетъ заснуть.

За чахлыми горошками,
За мертвой резедой
Квадратными окошками
Бесѣдую съ луной.

Смиренно дума-странница
Сложила два крыла,
Но не мольбой туманится
Покой ея чела.

„Ты помнишь тиховѣйныя
Тѣ ночи, какъ утра,
И какъ ея кисейная
Тонка была чадра.

Ты помнишь сребролистую
Изъ мальвовыхъ полосъ,
Какъ ты чадру душистую
Не смѣлъ ей снять съ волосъ?

И какъ, тоской измученный,
Такъ и не зналъ потомъ —
Узломъ-ли были скручены
Они или жгутомъ?"

— Молчи, воспоминаніе,
О, грудь моя, не ной!
Она была жланнѣе
Мнѣ тайной и луной.

За чару-жъ сребролистую
Тюльпановъ на фатѣ

SQUARE WINDOWS

Oh, moonlit, melting distances!
Oh, dark, snowy road! my
Tired soul is aching and
Will not let me fall asleep.

Across the stunted sweet peas,
Across the dead mignonette,
By means of square windows
I converse with the moon.

Humbly my thought-pilgrim
Has folded her two wings,
But not with entreaty is
Her brow's repose misted.

"Do you remember those
Softly-blowing spring
Mornings, and how thin
Was her muslin veil?

Do you remember the silver-leafed
One among the hollyhock streaks,
When you did not dare remove
The fragrant veil from her hair?

And how you were worn out with
Anguish, so that you did not
Even know later whether her hair
Was tied in a bun, or twisted?"

–Be silent, remembrance,
Oh, my breast, do not ache! She
Was more desired by me because
Of the mystery and the moon.

For the silver-leafed enchantment
Of tulips on her veil, I will stand

Я сто обѣденъ выстою,
Я изнурюсь въ постѣ!

„А знаешь ли, что тутъ она?“
— Возможно-ль, столько лѣтъ?
„Гляди — фатой окутана...
Узналъ ты узкій слѣдъ?

Такъ страстно не разгадана,
Въ чадрѣ живой, какъ дымъ,
Она на волнахъ ладана
Надъ куколемъ твонмъ.“

— Она... да только съ рожками,
Съ трясучей бородой —
За чахлыми горошками,
За мертвой резедой...

МУЧИТЕЛЬНЫЙ СОНЕТЪ.

Едва пчелиное гудѣнье замолчало,
Ужъ ноющій комаръ приблизился звеня...
Какихъ обмановъ ты, о сердце, не прощало
Тревожной пустотѣ оконченнаго дня?

Мнѣ нуженъ талый снѣгъ подъ желтизной огня,
Сквозь потное стекло свѣтящаго устало,
И чтобы прядь волосъ такъ близко отъ меня,
Такъ близко отъ меня, развившись, трепетала...

Мнѣ надо дымныхъ тучъ съ померкшей высоты,
Круженья дымныхъ тучъ, въ которыхъ нѣтъ былого,
Полузакрытыхъ глазъ и музыки мечты,

И музыки мечты, еще не знавшей слова...
О, дай мнѣ только мигъ, но въ жизни, не во снѣ,
Чтобъ могъ я стать огнемъ, или сгорѣть въ огнѣ!

Through a hundred liturgies,
I will exhaust myself in Lent!

"And do you know that she is here?"
–Is it possible, for so many years?
"Look: wrapped in her veil...
Do you recognize the narrow footprints?

Not divined so passionately,
In the living veil, like
Smoke, she is in the waves
Of incense above your cowl."

–She... but only with little
Horns, with a quivering beard–
Across the stunted sweet peas,
Across the dead mignonette...

TORTURING SONNET

The hum of bees had hardly lapsed into silence,
When the whining mosquito's sound drew near...
O my heart, for how many delusions have you not
Forgiven the ended day's disquieting emptiness?

I have need of melted snow under the
Yellowness of fire that is shining wearily
Through the misted glass; and may the lock of
Hair so near me, so near me, tremble uncurled...

I need hazy clouds from a darkened summit,
Wheeling of hazy clouds in which is nothing of
The past, half-closed eyes and music of a dream,

And music of a dream that still knows no word...
O give me only an instant, but in life, not in sleep,
So that I might become fire, or be consumed in fire!

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ЛЕДЯНОЙ

ЛЕДЯНАЯ ТЮРЬМА.

Пятно жерла стѣною огибая,
Минутно ледъ туманный позлащенъ...
Мечта весны, когда-то голубая,
Твоей тюрьмой горящей я смущенъ!

Истомлена сверканіемъ напраснымъ,
И плачешь ты, и рвешься трепеща,
Но для чудесъ въ дыму полудня красномъ
У солнца нѣтъ побѣднаго луча.

Ты помнишь мигъ свѣтила, но иного,
Въ тебя не тѣ глядѣлися цвѣты,
И твой конецъ на сердцѣ у больного,
Коль подъ землей не задохнешься ты.

Но не желай свидѣтелемъ безмолвнымъ
До чаръ весны сберечь свой синій плѣнъ...
Ты не мечта, ты будешь только тлѣнъ
Раскованнымъ и громозвучнымъ волнамъ.

СНѢГЪ.

Полюбилъ бы я зиму,
Да обуза тяжка...
Отъ нея даже дыму
Не уйти въ облака.

ICY TREFOIL

PRISON OF ICE

Bending a wall round the muzzle's spot,
The misty ice is momentarily gilded...
I am confused by your burning prison,
Formerly blue dream of spring!

Wearied by vain scintillation, you
Both weep and rend yourself, trembling,
But the sun has no triumphant ray
For miracles in the red haze of noon.

You recall a star's face, but another's,
Not those flowers looked at themselves in
You, and your end will come upon a patient's
Heart, if you do not suffocate under earth.

But do not wish to preserve your blue captivity
As a silent witness until spring's charms
Arrive... You are no dream, you will be only
Decay to the unfettered, thunder-sounding waves.

SNOW

I would love winter, but
Its burden is heavy...
Not even smoke can go from
It into the clouds.

Эта рѣзанность линій,
Этотъ грузный полетъ,
Этотъ нищенски-синій
И заплаканный ледъ!

Но люблю ослабѣлый
Отъ заоблачныхъ нѣгъ—
То сверкающе бѣлый,
То сиреневый снѣгъ...

И особенно талый,
Когда, выси открывъ,
Онъ ложится усталый
На скользящій обрывъ;

Точно стада въ туманѣ
Непорочные сны —
На томительной грани
Всесожженья весны.

ДОЧЬ ІАИРА.

Слабы травы, бѣлы плиты,
И звонитъ побѣдно мѣдь:
„Голубые льды разбиты,
И они должны сгорѣть."

Точно кружитъ солнце, зимній
Долгій плѣнъ свой позабывъ,
Только мнѣ въ пасхальномъ гимнѣ
Смерти слышится призывъ.

Вѣдь подъ снѣгомъ сердце билось,
Тамъ тянулась жизни нить,

This incising of lines,
This loaded flight,
This beggarly-blue
And tearstained ice!

But I love the snow enfeebled
From blisses beyond the
Clouds—the now sparklingly
White, now lilac snow...

And especially the thawed,
When, opening the heights,
It lies down tired on
The sliding precipice;

Like flocks in the mist
Are the chaste dreams
On the oppressive brink
Of a holocaust of spring.

DAUGHTER OF JAÏRUS

The grasses are tender, the tombstones
Are white, and copper rings out
Triumphantly: "The blue ice is
Broken up and it must be burnt."

The sun seems to spin,
Forgetting its long winter
Imprisonment, only I hear death's
Summons in the Easter hymn.

Why! under the snow a heart was beating,
A thread of life was stretched there,

Ту алмазную застылость
Надо было разбудить...

Для чего-жъ съ контуровъ нѣжной,
Непорочной красоты
Грубо сорванъ савань снѣжный,
Жечь зачѣмъ ея цвѣты?

Для чего такъ сине пламя,
Раскаленность такъ бѣла,
И гудя съ колоколами
Слили звонъ колокола?

Тотъ, грѣхи подъявшій міра,
Осушившій рѣки слезъ,
Такъ-ли дочерь Іаира
Поднялъ нѣкогда Христосъ?

Не мигнулъ фитиль горящій,
Не зазыбилъ вѣтеръ ткань...
Подошелъ Спаситель къ спящей
И сказалъ ей тихо: „Встань!"

That diamond-like congealment
Had to be awakened...

Why is the snowy shroud
Rudely torn from the outlines
Of tender, chaste beauty,
Why burn its flowers?

Why is the flame so blue, the
Incandescence so white, and
Why have the bells mixed their
Ringing and their resounding?

He Who took on Himself the world's
Sins, Who dried up rivers of tears—
Did Christ once in the same way
Resurrect Jaĭrus's daughter?

The burning wick did not flicker,
The wind did not ripple the fabric...
The Savior went up to the sleeper
And softly said to her: "Arise!"

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ВАГОННЫЙ.

ТОСКА ВОКЗАЛА.

О, канунъ вѣчныхъ будней,
Скуки липкое жало...
Въ пыльномъ зноѣ полудней
Гулъ и краска вокзала...

Полумертвыя мухи
На забитомъ кіоскѣ,
На пролитой известкѣ
Слѣпы, жадны и глухи.

Флагъ линяло-зеленый,
Пара бѣлые взрывы,
И трубы отдаленной
Безъ отзыва призывы.

И эмблема разлуки
Въ обманувшемъ свиданьѣ —
Кондукторъ однорукій
У часовъ въ ожиданьѣ...

Есть-ли что-нибудь нуднѣй,
Чѣмъ недвижная точка,
Чѣмъ дрожанье полудней
Надъ дремотой листочка...

Что-нибудь, но не это...
Подползай — ты обязанъ;

TREFOIL OF THE RAILROAD CAR

ANGUISH OF THE STATION

Oh, eve of eternal workdays,
Viscous sting of ennui... in
The dusty heat of middays the
Din and paint of the station...

Half-dead flies on the
Nailed-up kiosk, on
The spilt whitewash,
Blind, greedy and deaf.

Faded green flag, white
Puffs of steam, and
The unanswered calls
Of the distant funnel.

And a symbol of parting
In a deceptive meeting–
The one-armed guard
Waiting by the clock...

Is there anything more tedious
Than a fixed point,
Than midday's flickering
Over a leaf's drowsiness?..

Something, but not this...
Creep along–you have to;

Какъ ты жарокъ, измазанъ,
Все равно — ты не это!

Уничтожиться, канувъ
Въ этотъ омутъ безликій,
Прямо въ одурь дивановъ,
Въ полосатые тики!..

ВЪ ВАГОНѢ.

Довольно дѣлъ, довольно словъ,
Побудемъ молча, безъ улыбокъ,
Снѣжитъ изъ низкихъ облаковъ,
А горній свѣтъ унылъ и зыбокъ.

Въ непостижимой имъ борьбѣ
Мятутся черныя ракиты,
До завтра, говорю тебѣ:
Сегодня мы съ тобою квиты!

Хочу не грезя, не моля,
Пускай безмѣрно виноватый,
Глядѣть на бѣлыя поля
Черезъ стекло съ налипшей ватой.

А ты красуйся, ты — гори,
Ты увѣряй, что ты простила...
Гори полоской той зари,
Вокругъ которой все застыло.

ВНЕЗАПНЫЙ СНѢГЪ.

Снѣговъ нѣмую черноту
Прижгло два глаза изъ тумана,
И дымъ остался на лету
Горящимъ золотомъ фонтана.

How hot and soiled you are, but
No matter—you are not this!

To be annihilated, after dropping
Into this faceless pool, straight
Into the stupor of the seats,
Into the striped ticking!

IN THE RAILROAD CAR

Enough of deeds, enough of words, let
Us remain silent, without a smile. It
Is snowing from low clouds, and the
Sky's light is dismal and wavering.

The black willow bushes are tossing
In a struggle incomprehensible
To them; until tomorrow, I tell
You—today you and I are quits!

Not dreaming, not imploring, though
Immensely guilty, I wish to look
At the white fields through the
Glass with cotton batting stuck to it.

And you, be splendid and shine, you
Convince me that you have forgiven
Me... Shine with a streak of that
Dawn around which all has congealed.

SUDDEN SNOW

Out of the fog two eyes burned
The mute blackness of the snow,
And the smoke remained in the
Air as a fountain's hot gold.

Я знаю — пышущій драконъ,
Весь занесенъ пушистымъ снѣгомъ,
Сейчасъ порветъ мятежнымъ бѣгомъ
Завороженной дали сонъ.

А съ нимъ, усталые рабы,
Обречены холодной ямѣ,
Влачатся тяжкіе гробы,
Скрипя и лязгая цѣпями.

Пока съ разбитымъ фонаремъ,
На половину притушеннымъ,
Среди кошмара думъ и дремъ
Проходитъ Полночь по вагонамъ.

Она — какъ призрачный монахъ
И чѣмъ ея дозоры глуше,
Тѣмъ больше чада въ черныхъ снахъ
И затеканій и удушій;

Тѣмъ больше словъ, какъ бы не словъ,
Тѣмъ отвратительнѣй дыханье,
И запрокинутыхъ головъ
Въ подушкахъ красныхъ колыханье.

Какъ воръ, намѣтившій карманъ,
Она тиха, пока мы живы,
Лишь молча точитъ свой дурманъ
Да тушитъ черные наплывы.

А снизу стукъ, а съ боку гулъ,
Да все безцѣльнѣй, безымяннѣй...
И мерзокъ тѣмъ, кто не заснулъ
Хаосъ полусуществованій!

Но таетъ ночь... И дряхлъ и сѣдъ,
Еще вчера Закатъ осенній,

I know that a fiery dragon all
Covered in downy snow will now
On its riotous course break the
Sleep of the spellbound distance.

And with it weary slaves doomed
To a cold pit drag along
Heavy coffins, creaking and
Clanging with their chains.

Meanwhile with its broken lantern
Half extinguished, amid the
Nightmare of thoughts and dozing,
Midnight walks through the cars.

It is like a ghostly monk, and
The more muffled its patrols the
More fumes in the black dreams,
The more numbnesses and suffocations;

The more words that are unlike
Words, the more disgusting the
Breath, and the jolting of heads
Lolling in the red cushions.

Like a thief aiming at a pocket,
Midnight is quiet while we are alive;
It only pours out its dope silently
And stifles the black influxes.

And from below, a clatter; and from the
Side, a rumble; and ever more aimless, more
Anonymous... and the chaos of semi-existences
Is abominable to those who have not fallen asleep!

But the night is dwindling... Both decrepit
And gray, still yesterday the autumn Sunset,

Приподнимается Разсвѣтъ
Съ одра его томившей Тѣни.

Забывшимъ за ночь свой недугъ
Въ глаза опять глядитъ терзанье,
И дребезжитъ сильнѣе стукъ,
Дробя налеты обмерзанья.

Пары желтѣющей стѣной
Загородили красный пламень...
...И стойко долженъ зубъ больной
Перегрызать холодный камень.

Daybreak rises up from its
Sickbed of languishing Shadow.

Torment again looks in the eye those
Who during the night had forgotten their
Infirmity, and the clatter jars more
Strongly, breaking up the films of frost.

The steam has obscured the red
Flame with a yellow wall...
...And the diseased tooth must
Steadily gnaw through the cold stone.

СПУТНИЦѢ.

Какъ чисто гаснутъ небеса,
Какою прихотью ажурной
Уходятъ дальніе лѣса
Въ ту высь, что знали мы лазурной...

Въ твоихъ глазахъ упрека нѣтъ:
Ты тучъ закатныхъ догоранье
И сизо-розовый отсвѣтъ
Встрѣчаешь, какъ воспоминанье.

Но я тоски не поборю:
Въ пустынѣ выжженнаго неба
Я вижу мертвую зарю
Изъ незакатнаго Эреба.

Уйдемъ... Мнѣ болѣе не въ мочь
Застылость этихъ четкихъ линій
И этотъ сводъ картонно-синій...
Пусть будетъ солице или ночь!..

PAPER TREFOIL

TO HER WHO TRAVELS WITH ME

How cleanly the skies are extinguished,
With what delicate caprice
The distant forests recede to those
Heights we knew as azure...

In your eyes there is no reproach:
Like a memory you meet the
Burning-out of sunset clouds
And the bluish-pink reflection.

But I do not conquer my anguish:
In the wastes of the burnt-out sky
I see the lifeless daybreak
From a never-setting Erebus.

Let us depart... I can no longer
Stand the congealing of these clear-cut
Lines and this pasteboard-blue canopy...
Let there be sun or night!..

НЕЖИВАЯ.

На бумагѣ синей,
Грубо, грубо синей,
Но въ тончайшей сѣткѣ,
Разметались вѣтки,
Вѣтки-паутинки.
А по вѣткамъ иней,
Самоцвѣтный иней,
Точно сахаринки...
По бумагѣ синей
Разметались вѣтки,
Слезы были ѣдки...
Бѣдная тростинка,
Милая тростинка,
И чего хлопочетъ?
Все увѣрить хочетъ,
Что она живая,
Что, изнемогая —
(Полно, дорогая!) —
И она ждетъ мая,
Вѣтреныхъ объятій
И зеленыхъ платьевъ,
Засыпать подъ сказки
Соловьиной ласки,
И проснуться, щуря
Заспанные глазки
Отъ огня лазури.
На бумагѣ синей,
Грубо, грубо синей
Разметались вѣтки,
Вѣтки-паутинки.
Заморозилъ иней
У сухой тростинки
На бумагѣ синей
Всѣ ея слезинки.

THE LIFELESS ONE

On the blue paper, crudely,
Crudely blue, but in the
Most delicate net, the
Twigs were thrown apart,
Twig-cobwebs. And on the
Twigs was hoar frost,
Semi-precious hoar frost
Just like grains of
Sugar... On the blue
Paper the twigs were
Thrown apart, the tears
Were bitter... Poor
Little reed, dear little
Reed, and why is it
Bustling? It would ever
Convince us that it is
Alive, that, growing
Weary–(Enough, dear!)–
It too awaits May, the
Wind's embraces and
Green clothes, to fall
Asleep to the fairy tale
Of the nightingale's
Caress, and to awake,
Blinking little eyes
Sleepy from the azure's
Fire. On the blue paper,
Crudely, crudely blue,
The twigs were thrown
Apart, twig cobwebs.
The hoar frost froze
All the tiny tears
Of the dry reed
On the blue paper.

О-ФОРТЪ

Гулъ печальный и дрожащій
Не разлился — и застылъ...
Надъ серебряною чащей
Алый дымъ и темный пылъ.

А вдали рисунокъ четкій —
Лѣса синіе верхи:
Какъ на мѣди крѣпкой водкой
Проведенные штрихи.

Ясенъ путь, да страшенъ жребій,
Застывая онѣмѣть, —
И по мертвомъ солнцѣ въ небѣ
Стонетъ раненая мѣдь.

Неподвижно въ кольца дыма
Черной думы врѣзанъ дымъ...
И она была язвима—
Только ядомъ долгихъ зимъ.

ETCHING

The sorrowful and tremulous din
Did not spread, and was stilled...
Over a silvery thicket are
A scarlet haze and dark ardor.

And in the distance a clear
Drawing—the forest's blue
Heights, like strokes traced
On copper with aqua fortis.

The road is clear, but the destiny
Frightening, to grow numb, congealing;
And the wounded copper is groaning
For the lifeless sun in the sky.

Without motion the smoke of black
Thought is engraved on smoke rings...
And the thought was wounded, but only
With the poison of long winters.

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ВЪ ПАРКѢ.

Я НА ДНѢ.

Я на днѣ, я печальный обломокъ,
Надо мной зеленѣетъ вода.
Изъ тяжелыхъ стеклянныхъ потемокъ
Нѣтъ путей никому, никуда...

Помню небо, зигзаги полета,
Бѣлый мраморъ, подъ нимъ водоемъ,
Помню дымъ отъ струи водомета
Весь изнизанный синимъ огнемъ..

Если-жъ вѣрнть тѣмъ шопотамъ бреда,
Что томятъ мой постылый покой,
Тамъ тоскуетъ по мнѣ Андромеда
Съ искалѣченной бѣлой рукой.

БРОНЗОВЫЙ ПОЭТЪ.

На сииемъ куполѣ бѣлѣютъ облака
И четко въ высь ушли кудрявыя вершины,
Но пыль ужъ свѣтится, а тѣни стали длинны,
И къ сердцу призраки плывутъ издалека.

Не знаю, повѣсть-ли была такъ коротка,
Иль я не дочиталъ послѣдней половины?..
На блѣдномъ куполѣ погасли облака,
И ночь уже идетъ сквозь черныя вершины...

TREFOIL IN THE PARK

I AM ON THE BOTTOM

I am on the bottom; I am a sorrowful
Fragment; above me the water is shimmering
Green. Out of the heavy glass darkness
There are no roads for anyone to anywhere...

I remember the sky, zigzags of flight,
White marble, and under it the cistern;
I remember the spray from the fountain's
Jet, all pierced through with blue fire...

If one believes those whispers of
Delirium which oppress my outworn
Rest, an Andromeda with a crippled
White hand is grieving there for me.

THE BRONZE POET

The clouds are white in the blue dome, and the leafy
Tree-tops have receded clearly into the heights, but the
Dust is already gleaming, and the shadows have lengthened,
And phantoms from afar are gliding towards one's heart.

I do not know whether the tale has been so brief,
Or I have not read its latter half... The
Clouds are extinguished in the pale dome, and
Night is already moving through the black tree-tops...

И стали—и скамья и человѣкъ на ней
Въ недвижномъ сумракѣ тяжеле и страшнѣй.
Не шевелись — сейчасъ гвоздики засверкаютъ,

Воздушные кусты сольются и растаютъ,
И бронзовый поэтъ, стряхнувъ дремоты гнетъ,
Съ подставки на траву росистую спрыгнетъ.

„РАСЕ".

СТАТУЯ МИРА.

Межъ золоченыхъ бань и обелисковъ славы
Есть дѣва бѣлая, а вкругъ густыя травы.

Не тѣшитъ тирсъ ее, она не бьетъ въ тимпанъ,
И бѣломраморный ее не любитъ Панъ.

Одни туманы къ ней холодные ласкались
И раны черныя отъ влажныхъ губъ остались.

Но дѣва красотой по прежнему горда,
И травъ вокругъ нея не косятъ никогда.

Не знаю почему — богини изваянье
Надъ сердцемъ сладкое имѣетъ обаянье...

Люблю обиду въ ней, ея ужасный носъ,
И ноги сжатыя, и грубый узелъ косъ.

Особенно когда холодный дождикъ сѣетъ
И нагота ея безпомощно бѣлѣетъ...

О, дайте вѣчность мнѣ,—и вѣчность я отдамъ
За равнодушіе къ обидамъ и годамъ.

And both the bench and the person on it have become
Heavier and more dreadful in the stirless twilight.
Don't move—the carnations will begin to sparkle now,

The airy shrubs will flow together and dissolve, and
The bronze poet, shaking off the weight of his dreaminess,
Will jump down from his pedestal on to the dewy grass.

"PACE"

The Statue of Peace

Among the gilded bath-houses and obelisks of glory
Is a white maiden, with thick grass all around.

No thyrsus pleases her, she strikes no cymbals,
And the white marble Pan does not love her.

Only the cold fogs have caressed her,
Leaving black wounds from their moist lips.

But the maid is as proud of her beauty as
Ever, and they never cut the grass round her.

I do not know why the sculpture of the goddess
Holds a sweet enchantment for my heart...

I love the hurt in her, her dreadful nose, and
The compressed feet, and the braids' rough knot,

Especially when cold rain is drizzling
And her nakedness shows helplessly white...

O grant me eternity, and I will give back eternity
For unconcern towards hurts and the years.

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ИЗЪ СТАРОЙ ТЕТРАДИ.

ТОСКА МАЯТНИКА.

Неразгаданнымъ надрывомъ
Подоспѣлъ сегодня срокъ;
Въ стекла дождикъ бьетъ порывомъ,
Вѣтеръ пробуетъ крючокъ.

Точно вымерло все въ домѣ...
Желтъ и черенъ мой огонь,
Гдѣ-то тяжко по соломѣ
Переступитъ звякнувъ конь.

Тѣло скорбно и разбито,
Но его волнуетъ жуть,
Что обиженно-сердито
Кто-то мнѣ не дастъ уснуть.

И лежу я околдованъ,
Развѣ тѣмъ и виноватъ,
Что на-бѣлый циферблатъ
Пышный розанъ намалеванъ.

Да по стѣнкѣ ночь и день,
Въ душной клѣткѣ человѣчьей,
Ходитъ-машетъ сумасшедшій,
Волоча нѣмую тѣнь.

Ходитъ-ходитъ, вдругъ отскочитъ,
Зашипитъ — отмѣрилъ часъ,

TREFOIL OUT OF AN OLD COPYBOOK

ANGUISH OF THE PENDULUM

With an undivined harrowing the date
Has arrived in time today; with a
Rush the rain beats on the window
Panes, the wind tries the door hook.

It is as if everything in the house
Were extinct... My fire is yellow
And black; somewhere a horse is treading
Heavily with a rustling in the straw.

My body is afflicted and laid
Low, but it is agitated by the
Terror that, outraged and angry,
Someone will not let me fall asleep.

And I lie bewitched–
Am I guilty only because
A splendid rose is daubed
On the clock's white dial?

And on the wall night and day
In a stifling man-made cage a
Mad thing walks and beckons,
Trailing its mute shadow.

It walks, and walks, and suddenly bounds
Back, and hisses, measuring out the hour,

Зашипитъ и захохочетъ,
Залопочетъ горячась.

И опять шагами мѣрить
На стѣнѣ дрожащій свѣтъ,
Да стеречь, нельзя ль провѣрить,
Спятъ-ли люди, или нѣтъ.

Ходитъ-машетъ, а для такта
И уравнивая шагъ,
Съ злобнымъ рвеньемъ „такъ-то", „такъ-то"
Повторяетъ маніакъ...

Все потухло. Больше въ ямѣ
Не видать и не слыхать...
Только кто-же тамъ махать
Продолжаетъ рукавами?

Нѣтъ! Довольно... хоть едва,
Хоть тоскливо даль бѣлѣетъ,
И на пледѣ голова
Не безъ сладости хмѣлѣетъ.

КАРТИНКА.

Мелко, мелко, какъ изъ сита,
Въ тарантасъ дождитъ туманъ,
Блѣдный день встаетъ сердито,
Не успѣвъ стряхнуть дурманъ.

Пустъ и ровенъ путь мой дальній...
Лишь у черныхъ деревень
Безконечный все печальнѣй,
Словно дождь косой, плетень.

Hisses and laughs, and starts
To mutter, becoming heated,

And again with its footsteps to
Measure the quivering light on
The wall, and to watch, to check
Whether people are asleep or not.

It walks and beckons, and to
Keep time and even out its
Steps the maniac repeats with a
Wicked zeal "Just so, just so..."

All is extinguished. In the pit
Nothing more can be seen or heard...
But who is continuing to
Wave with his sleeves there?

No! Enough... though hardly at all,
Though the distance is sorrowfully turning
White, and one's head on the plaid, not
Without a sweet delight, is becoming drowsy.

A PICTURE

Finely, finely, as though from a
Sieve, the fog rains into the tarantass.
The pale day rises angrily, unable
To shake off its dizziness.

My long road is empty and flat...
Only at the black villages, endless
And ever more melancholy, like
Slanting rain, is there a wattle fence.

Чу... Проснулся грай вороній,
Въ шалашѣ встаетъ пастухъ,
И сквозь тучи липкихъ мухъ
Тяжело ступаютъ кони.

Но узлы сѣдыхъ хвостовъ
У буланой нашей тройки,
Доски свѣжія мостовъ,
Доски черныя постройки

Все поплыло въ хлябь и смѣсь, —
Пересмякло, послипалось...
Ночью мнѣ совсѣмъ не спалось,
Не попробовать-ли здѣсь?

Да, заснешь... чтобъ быть безъ шапки.
Вотъ дѣла... — Держи къ одной! —
Глядь, замотанная въ тряпки,
Амазонка предо мной.

Лѣтъ семи всего — ручонки
Такъ и впились въ узду,
Не даютъ пастись кляченкѣ,
А другая — въ поводу.

Жаднымъ взглядомъ проводила,
Обернувшись, экипажъ
И въ туманѣ затрусила,
Чтобъ исчезнуть, какъ миражъ.

И щемящей укоризнѣ
Уступило забытье:
„Это — праздникъ для нея.
Это — утро, утро жизни!“

Hark!.. The crow's cawing has
Awakened, the rooster rises in the hut,
And through clouds of sticky flies
The horses are treading ponderously.

But the knots of the gray tails
Of our troika's three bays,
The bridges' new planks, the
Black boards of the building–

All is swimming in mire and mess,
Softened and stuck together...
In the night I could not sleep
At all; can't I try to here?

Yes, you fall asleep... and you
Lose your cap. That is what happens...
Keep to one side!–Just see! Wrapped
In rags, an Amazon is before me.

About seven years old. Her hands
Are grabbing the bridle and
They won't let the jade graze;
And another is led on a rein.

Turning round, she looked with
Eager eyes at the carriage,
And jogged along in the fog,
To disappear like a mirage.

And drowsiness yielded to the
Biting reproach: "This is a
Festive day for her. This is
Morning, the morning of life!"

СТАРАЯ УСАДЬБА.

Сердце дома. Сердце радо. А чему?
Тѣни дома? Тѣни сада? Не пойму.

Садъ старинный—все осины—тощи, страхъ!
Домъ—руины... Тины, тины что въ прудахъ...

Что утратъ-то!.. Братъ на брата... Что обидъ!..
Прахъ и гнилость... Накренилось... А стоитъ...

Чье жилище? Пепелище?.. Уголъ чей?
Мертвой нищей логовище безъ печей...

Ну, какъ встанетъ, ну, какъ глянетъ изъ окна:
„Взять не можешь, а тревожишь, старина!

Ишь затѣйникъ! Ишь забавникъ! Что за прыть!
Любитъ древнихъ, любитъ давнихъ ворошить...

Не сфальшивишь, такъ иди ужъ: у меня
Не въ окошкѣ, такъ изъ кошки два огня.

Дамъ и брашна—волчьихъ ягодъ, бѣлены...
Только страшно—мѣсяцъ за годъ у луны...

Столько вышекъ, сколько лѣстницъ—двери нѣтъ...
Встанетъ мѣсяцъ, глянетъ мѣсяцъ—гдѣ твой слѣдъ?..“

Тсс... ни слова... даль былого—но сквозь дымъ
Мутно зрима... Мимо, мимо... И къ живымъ!

Иль истомы сердцу надо моему?
Тѣни дома? шума сада?.. Не пойму...

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

My heart is at home. My heart is glad. But what makes it glad?
The shadow of the house? The garden's shadow? I don't understand.

The garden is old, all the aspens—it's terrible how lank they are!
The house is in ruin... What a lot of slime there is in the ponds!

What a lot of losses!.. Brother against brother... What a lot of insults!..
Dust and decay... Listing... But it stands...

Whose home? An old home?... Whose nook?
A dead beggar-woman's lair without stoves...

But she might get up, she might glance out of the
Window?: "You cannot seize, but you alarm, old man!

See what a joker! See what a merrymaker! What pep!
He loves to stir the ancient ones, the old ones...

You won't cheat, so get away: I have nothing
In my window, but the cat has two fires.

I'll give victuals too—poison berries, henbane...
Only it's dreadful—a month is a year to the moon...

So many watch-towers, so many stairs, not a door... The moon
Will rise, the moon will glance—where are your traces?.."

Hush!.. Not a word... distance of the past... but dimly
Seen through haze... Pass, pass... and to the living ones!

Or does my heart need weariness? Shadow of the
House? The garden's noise?.. I don't understand...

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ТОЛПЫ.

ПРЕЛЮДІЯ.

Я жизни не боюсь. Своимъ бодрящимъ шумомъ
Она даетъ горѣть, даетъ свѣтиться думамъ.
Тревога, а не мысль растетъ въ безлюдной мглѣ,
И холодно цвѣтамъ ночами въ хрусталѣ.
Но въ праздности моей разсѣяны мгновенья,
Когда мучительно душѣ прикосновенье,
И я дрожу средь васъ, дрожу за свой покой,
Какъ спичку на вѣтру загородивъ рукой...
Пусть это только мигъ... Въ тотъ мигъ меня не трогай,
Я ощупью иду тогда своей дорогой...
Мой взглядъ разсѣянный въ молчаньѣ запримѣть
И не мѣшай другимъ вокругъ меня шумѣть.
Такъ лучше. Только-бы меня не замѣчали
Въ туманѣ, можетъ быть, и творческой печали...

ПОСЛѢ КОНЦЕРТА.

Въ аллею черныя спустились небеса,
Но сердцу въ эту ночь не превозмочь усталость...
Погасшіе огни, нѣмые голоса,
Неужто это все, что отъ мечты осталось?

О, какъ печаленъ былъ одеждъ ея атласъ,
И вырѣзъ жутко-бѣлъ среди наплечій черныхъ!

TREFOIL OF THE CROWD

PRELUDE

I do not fear life. With its inspiriting clamor
It makes our thoughts glow, makes them shine.
Care, and not thought, grows in unpeopled gloom,
And flowers are cold at night in their crystal
Vase. But in my idleness, moments are diffused
When contact is painful to the soul, and I tremble
Among you, tremble for my repose, shielding it
With my hand, like a match in the wind... Let it
Be only a moment... In that moment do not disturb
Me; I go gropingly then but am on the right way...
Take note of my abstracted look in silence and do
Not prevent others round me from making a noise. It
Is better so. If only they would not notice me in
The fog, and perhaps in my creative sadness...

AFTER THE RECITAL

Black skies have come down into the avenue,
But tonight one's heart cannot overcome its
Weariness... Extinguished lights, mute voices–
Can this be all that is left of the reverie?

Oh, how sad was the satin of her gown, and how dreadfully
White her décolletage showed between the black shoulder-straps!

Какъ жалко было мнѣ ея недвижныхъ глазъ
И снѣжной лайки рукъ, молитвенно покорныхъ!

А сколько было тамъ развѣяно души
Среди разсѣянныхъ, мятежныхъ и безслезныхъ!
Что звуковъ пролито, взлелѣянныхъ въ тиши,
Сиреневыхъ и ласковыхъ и звѣздныхъ!

Такъ съ нити порванной въ волненьи иногда,
Средь мѣсячныхъ лучей, и нѣжны и огнисты,
Въ росистую траву катятся аметисты
И гибнутъ безъ слѣда.

БУДДІЙСКАЯ МЕССА ВЪ ПАРИЖѢ.

Ѳ. Фр. Зѣлинскому.

Колонны, желтыми увитыя шелками,
И платья pêche и mauve въ немного яркой рамѣ,
Среди струистыхъ смолъ и лепета звонковъ,
И ритмы странные тысячелѣтнихъ словъ,—
Слегка смягченные въ осенней позолотѣ,—
Вы въ памяти моей сегодня оживете.

* * *

Священнодѣйствовалъ базальтовый монголъ,
И таялъ медленно таинственный глаголъ
Въ капризно созданномъ среди музея храмѣ,
Чтобъ дамы черными играли вѣерами
И тайнѣ чуждыя, какъ свѣжій ихъ ирисъ,
Лишь переводчикамъ внимали строго миссъ.

* * *

Мой взоръ разсѣянный шелковъ ласкали пятна,
Мнѣ въ таинствѣ была лишь музыка понятна.

How pitiful to me were her motionless eyes, and
Hands in snow-white kid, beseechingly resigned!

And how much soul was dispersed there among the
Absent-minded, restless, and tearless ones! What
Sounds poured out that had been cared for in silence,
Lilac-colored and caressing and starlit ones!

Thus at times, from a string snapped in
Agitation, among moonbeams, tender and
Ardent amethysts roll into the dewy
Grass and are lost without trace.

BUDDHIST MASS IN PARIS

To F. F. Zelinsky

Columns wound round with yellow silks,
And pêche and mauve garments in rather too
Bright a setting; among swirling resins and
Lisping of bells, and the strange rhythms of
Millennial words gently softened in the autumn
Gilt--you come to life today in my memory.

* * *

A basalt Mongol celebrated the divine service and
The mysterious word slowly melted away in the
Temple capriciously created within a museum so that
Ladies might play with black fans and, alien to the
Mystery, like their bright iris color, the Misses
Should pay strict attention only to the interpreters.

* * *

The spots of silk caressed my abstracted gaze;
In the mysteries I understood only the music.

Но тѣмъ внимательнѣй созвучья я ловилъ,
Я ритмами дышалъ, какъ волнами кадилъ,
И было стыдно мнѣ пособій блѣдной прозы
Для той мистической и музыкальной грезы.

. . .

Обѣдня кончилась, и сразу ожилъ залъ,
Монголъ съ улыбкою цвѣты намъ раздавалъ
И, экзотичные вдыхая ароматы,
Спѣшили къ выходу пѣвцы и дипломаты
И дамы, бережно поддерживая тренъ,—
Чтобъ слушать вечеромъ Маскотту иль Карменъ.

. . .

А въ воздухѣ жила непонятая фраза,
Рожденная душой въ мученіи экстаза,
Чтобъ чистыя сердца въ ней пили благодать...
И странно было мнѣ и жутко увидать,
Какъ надъ улыбками спускалися вуали
И пальцы нѣжные цвѣты боговъ роняли.

But the more attentively I caught the harmonies,
The more I breathed with their rhythms, as with a
Censer's waves, and I was ashamed of the support of
Pallid prose for that mystical and musical reverie.

* * *

The liturgy ended, and at once the hall came
To life; the Mongol with a smile handed out
Flowers to us and, inhaling the exotic scents,
Singers and diplomats hastened to the exit, and
Ladies carefully lifting up their trains—in
Order in the evening to hear Mascotte or Carmen.

* * *

And in the air there lived a phrase not
Understood, born by a soul in a torment of ecstasy
So that pure hearts might drink a blessing from
It... And it was strange and painful to me to
Observe how the veils were lowered over the smiles
And the slender fingers let the gods' flowers fall.

СЕРЕБРЯНЫЙ ПОЛДЕНЬ.

Серебрянымъ блескомъ туманъ
Къ полудню еще не развѣянъ,
Къ полудню отъ солнечныхъ ранъ
Сталъ даже желтѣе туманъ,
Сталъ даже желтѣй и мертвѣй онъ...
А полдень горитъ такъ суровъ,
Что мнѣ въ этотъ часъ непріятны
Лиловыхъ и алыхъ шаровъ
Межъ клочьями мертвыхъ паровъ
Въ глаза замелькавшія пятна...
И что ей тутъ надо скакать,
Безумной и радостной сворѣ,
Все солнце ловить и искать?
И солнцу съ чего-жъ ихъ ласкать,
Воздушныхъ на мертвомъ просторѣ!
Подумать,— что помпа бюро,
Огней и парчи серебро,
Должна потускнѣть въ ѳиміамѣ:
Пришли Арлекинъ и Пьеро,
О бѣлая помпа бюро,
И стали у гроба съ свѣчами!

SIDESHOW TREFOIL

SILVERY NOON

Towards noon the mist is still not
Dispersed by the silvery glitter,
Towards noon the mist has become
Even yellower from the sun's wounds,
It has become even yellower and
Deader... But noon is shining
So sternly that at this hour I
Find unpleasant the twinkling in
My eyes of the spots of the lilac
And scarlet balloons among the
Wisps of lifeless vapor... And
Why must it be leaping here—that
Mad and joyous pack—ever to seek out
And catch the sun? And why should the
Sun caress them, those airy ones in
Lifeless space!—To think that the pomp
Of the undertaker, the lights and the
Silver of the brocade must grow dim in the
Incense: Harlequin and Pierrot have arrived,
O white pomp of the undertaker, and are
Standing by the coffin with candles!

ШАРИКИ ДѢТСКІЕ.

Шарики, шарики!
Шарики дѣтскіе!
Деньги отецкія!
Покупайте, сударики, шарики!
Эй, лисья шуба, коли есть лишни,
Не пожалѣй пятишни:
Запущу подъ самое нёбо—
Два часа потомъ глазѣй, да въ оба!
Хорошо вѣдь, говорятъ, на волѣ...
Чирикнуть, ваше степенство, что-ли?
Прикажите для общаго восторгу,
Три семьдесять пять—безъ торгу!
Ужели-же менѣе
За освободительное движеніе?
Что? Пасуешь?..
Эй, тетка, который торгуешь?
Малъ?
Извините, какого поймалъ...
Бываетъ—
Другой и вырастаетъ,
А нашъ Титъ
Такъ себя понимаетъ,
Что брюха не раститъ,
А все по верхамъ глядитъ
Отъ большихъ отъ думъ!..
Ты который торгуешь?
Да не мни, не кумъ,
Наблудишь,— не надуешь...
Шарики дѣтски,
Красны, лиловы,
Очень дешёвы!
Шарики дѣтски!
Эй, воротникъ, говоришь по-нѣмецки?
Такъ бери десять штукъ по пàрамъ,

CHILDREN'S BALLOONS

Balloons, balloons!
Children's balloons!
Fathers' money!
Buy my balloons, kind sirs!
Hey, fox fur coat, if you have some to spare,
Don't begrudge five little kopecks:
I'll let them go right up to the sky—
Two hours later, get an eyeful, with both your eyes!
It's really good, they say, when they're free...
Shouldn't I cut one off, Your Worship?
Order them for the joy of all,
Three seventy-five, no bargaining!
    Surely no less
    For freeing movement?
    What? You pass?..
Hey, aunt, which are you bargaining for?
    Small?
Pardon me, it's one I caught...
    It happens—
Another will grow,
And our Titus
Behaves himself so
That he's not growing his belly,
But he's always looking high up
From his great thoughts!..
Which are you bargaining for?
Don't squeeze, you're not my children's godfather,
You'll spoil it, then you can't blow it up...
    Children's balloons,
    Red ones, lilac ones,
    Very cheap!
    Children's balloons!
Hey, you with the collar, do you speak
German? Then take ten of them in pairs,

Остальные да̀ромъ...
Жалко, ты по нѣмецки слабенекъ,
А не то—уговоръ лучше денегъ!
Пожалте, старичокъ!
Какъ вы—чокъ въ чокъ—
Вотъ этотъ—пузатенькій,
Желтоватенькій
И на сердцѣ съ Катенькой...
Цѣна не цѣна—
Всего пятакъ,
Да развѣ еще четвертакъ,
А прибавишь гривенникъ для барства—
Бери съ гербомъ государства!
Шарики дѣтски, шарики!
Вамъ, сударики, щарики,
А намъ-бы, сударики, на шкалики!

УМИРАНІЕ.

Слава Богу, снова тѣнь!
Для чего-то спозаранья
Надо мною цѣлый день
Длится это умиранье,
Цѣлый сумеречный день!
Между старыхъ желтыхъ стѣнъ,
Доживая горькій плѣнъ,
Содрогается опалый
Шаръ на ниткѣ, темно-алый,
Между старыхъ желтыхъ стѣнъ...
И безсильный, точно тѣнь,
Въ этотъ сумеречный день,
Все еще онъ тянетъ нитку
И никакъ не кончитъ пытку,
Въ этотъ сумеречный день...

The rest are free...
Pity you're a bit weak in German, but no
Matter—an agreement is the chief thing!
Come on, old man!
How are you?—Just what you want:
This one—it's pot bellied,
A bit yellow
And with Katie on its heart...
The price isn't the price—
Five kopecks in all,
And another twenty-five,
And add ten as a gentleman—
Take the one with the Empire's coat of arms!
Children's balloons, balloons!
Balloons for you, kind sirs, and for us,
Kind sirs, something for a few drinks!

DYING

Thank God, the shadow again!
For some reason, from very
Early above me the whole day
Long this dying lingers, the
Whole twilight day! Between
Old yellow walls, living out
Its bitter captivity, there
Shudders a collapsed balloon,
Dark scarlet, on a string,
Between old yellow walls...
And powerless, a very shadow,
On this twilight day all the
Time it still pulls the string
And in no way can it end the
Torture, on this twilight day...

Хоть бы ночь скорѣе, ночь!
Самому бы изнемочь,
Да забыться примиреннымъ,
И уйти-бы одуреннымъ
Въ одуряющую ночь!
Только-бъ тотъ, надъ головой,
Темно-алый, чуть живой,
Подождалъ пока надъ ложемъ
Быть такимъ со мною схожимъ...
Этотъ темный, чуть живой,
Тамъ, надъ самой головой...

If only night came faster,
Night! If only one could get
Exhausted and find oblivion,
Reconciled to oneself and depart
Stupefied into stupefying night!
If only that one overhead,
Dark scarlet, scarcely alive,
Would wait a while over my
Bed to be such as I am...
This dark one, scarcely alive,
There, above my very head...

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ВЕСЕННІЙ.

ЧЕРНАЯ ВЕСНА.

(ТАЕТЪ.)

Подъ гулы мѣди — гробовой
Творился переносъ,
И, жутко задранъ, восковой
Глядѣлъ изъ гроба носъ.

Дыханья что-ли онъ хотѣлъ
Туда, въ пустую грудь?..
Послѣдній снѣгъ былъ темно-бѣлъ
И тяжекъ рыхлый путь.

И только изморозь, мутна,
На тлѣніе лилась,
Да тупо Черная Весна
Глядѣла въ студень глазъ —

Съ облѣзлыхъ крышъ, изъ бурыхъ ямъ,
Съ позеленѣлыхъ лицъ.
А тамъ, по мертвеннымъ полямъ
Съ разбухшихъ крыльевъ птицъ...

О люди! Тяжекъ жизни слѣдъ
По рытвинамъ путей,
Но ничего печальнѣй нѣтъ,
Какъ встрѣча двухъ смертей.

BLACK SPRING

(Thawing)

To tollings of copper, the coffin
Was being borne on its way,
And, dreadfully tilted up,
A waxen nose peeped out of it.

Did he want to get some breath
There, into his empty breast?..
The last snow was darkly white,
And the spongy way was heavy.

And only the turbid hoar frost
Flowed on to decay, and dully
The Black Spring looked
Into the eyes' galantine,

From peeled-off roofs, out of brown
Pits, from faces turned green...
And there, in the deathly fields,
From the sodden wings of birds...

Oh, people! Life's footstep is
Hard, along the roads' ruts,
But there is nothing sadder
Than the meeting of two deaths.

И БРОДЯТЪ ТѢНИ.

И бродятъ тѣни, и молятъ тѣни:
„Пусти, пусти!“
Отъ этихъ луныхъ осеребренiй
Куда-жъ уйти?

Зеленый призракъ куста сирени
Прильнулъ къ окну...
Уйдите тѣни, оставьте тѣни
Со мной одну!..

Она недвижна, она нѣмая,
Съ слѣдами слезъ,
Съ двумя кистями сиреней мая
Въ извивахъ косъ...

Но и неслышнымъ я вѣренъ пенямъ,
И какъ въ бреду,
На гравiй сада я по ступенямъ
За ней сойду...

О, блѣдный призракъ, скажи скорѣе
Мон вины,
Покуда стекла на галлереѣ
Еще черны.

Цвѣты завянутъ, цвѣты обманны,
Но я, я — твой!...
Въ туманѣ холодъ, въ туманѣ раны
Передъ зарей...

AND THE SHADOWS ROAM

And the shadows roam, and the shadows implore:
"Let us in, let us in!"
From these moonlight silverings
Where is there to go?

The green phantom of the lilac bush
Clung to the window...
Go away, shadows, leave her, shadows,
Alone with me!..

She is motionless, she is silent,
With traces of tears,
With two sprays of May's lilacs
In the coils of her plaits...

But I am faithful also to inaudible reproaches,
And as in delirium,
I descend after her by the steps
To the garden's gravel...

O pale phantom, quickly tell me
My faults,
While the panes of the gallery
Are still black.

The flowers will droop, the flowers deceive,
But I, I am yours!..
It is cold in the mist, in the mist there are wounds
Before the dawns...

ОБЛАКА.

Пережиты ли тяжкіе проводы,
Иль глаза мнѣ глядятъ, неизбѣжные,
Какъ тогда вы мнѣ кажетесь молоды,
Облака, мои лебеди нѣжные!

Тѣ не снятся далекія грозы вамъ,
Все-бы въ небѣ вамъ плавать да нѣжиться,
Только по́дъ-вечеръ въ облакѣ розовомъ
Будто дѣвичье сердце забрезжется...

Но не дружны вы съ пѣснями звонкими,
Разойдусь я, такъ вы затуманитесь,
Безнадежно, полосками тонкими,
Расплываясь, другъ къ другу все тянетесь...

Улетятъ мои пѣсни пугливыя,
Въ сердцѣ смѣнится радость раскаяньемъ,
А вы все надо мною, ревнивыя,
Будто плачете дымчатымъ таяньемъ...

CLOUDS

Is the hard parting outlived, or
Is the inevitable looking into my
Eyes? If so, how young you seem
To me, clouds, my tender swans!

You do not dream those far-off thunderstorms, you
Would like always to swim and luxuriate in the
Skies, only towards evening in a pink cloud it is
As though a maiden's heart were beginning to gleam...

But you are not friends with ringing songs,
If I let myself go, you will become so misty,
Hopelessly, in slender streaks, swimming asunder,
All the time you reach towards one another...

My shy songs have flown away, in my heart
Joy has turned to regret, and over me
All the time you, the jealous ones,
Seem to weep with a smoky dissolving...

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ШУТОЧНЫЙ.

ПЕРЕБОЙ РИТМА.

СОНЕТЪ.

Какъ ни гулокъ, ни живучъ — Ям-
— бъ, утомленъ и онъ затихъ,
Средь мерцаній золотыхъ,
Уступивъ инымъ созвучьямъ.

То-то вдругъ по голымъ сучьямъ
Прозы утра, градъ шутихъ,
На листы велѣньимъ щучьимъ
За стихомъ поскачетъ стихъ.

Узнаю васъ, близкій рампѣ,
Другъ крылатый эпиграммъ, Пэ-
— она третьяго размѣръ.

Вы играли ужъ при мер-
— цаньи утра блѣдной лампѣ
Танцы нѣжные Химеръ.

ПЭОНЪ ВТОРОЙ—ПЭОНЪ ЧЕТВЕРТЫЙ.

СОНЕТЪ.

На службу лести иль мечты
Равно готовые консорты,
Назвать васъ вы, назвать васъ ты,
Пэонъ второй—пэонъ четвертый?

JESTING TREFOIL

INTERRUPTED RHYTHM

Sonnet

No matter how resounding or lively, the Ia-
–mbus is weary and stilled
Among golden sparklings,
Having yielded to other harmonies.

And so, suddenly on the bare twigs
Of the prose of morning, a hail of
Crackers; on the leaves by a wave of
The wand, verse gallops after verse.

Close to the footlights, I recognize
You, winged friend of epigrams, me-
–asure of the Third Paeon.

In the sparklings of morning you h-
–ave already played tender dances
Of Chimeras to the pale lamp.

SECOND PAEON–FOURTH PAEON

Sonnet

You are equally ready consorts in the
Service of flattery or reverie; should
One call you *you*, or call you
Thou, Second Paeon, Fourth Paeon?

Какъ на монетахъ вашн стерты
Когда-то свѣтлыя черты,
И строки мшистыя плиты
Глазурью льете вы на торты.

Вы — сине-призрачныхъ высотъ
Въ колодцѣ снимокъ помертвѣлый,
Вы — блокъ пивной осатанѣлый,

Вы — тотъ посыльный въ Новый годъ,
Что орхидеи намъ несетъ,
Дыша въ башлыкъ обледенѣлый.

ЧЕЛОВѢКЪ.

СОНЕТЪ.

Я завожусь на тридцать лѣтъ,
Чтобъ жить, мучительно дробя
Лучи отъ призрачныхъ планетъ
На „д а“ и „н ѣ т ъ“, на „а х ъ!“ и „б я“.

Чтобъ жить, волнуясь и скорбя
Надъ тѣмъ, чего, гляди, и нѣтъ...
И былъ бы вѣрно я поэтъ,
Когда-бы выдумалъ себя.

Въ работѣ-ль тамъ не безъ прорухъ,
Иль въ механизмѣ есть подвохъ,
Но былъ бы мой безсмертный духъ —

Теперь не духъ, онъ былъ бы Богъ...
Когда-бъ не „п и л ь!“ да не „т у б о!“
Да не „т ю - т ю“ послѣ „б о - бо!“...

As on coins, your once bright
Features are eroded, and you
Pour out mossy lines of a
Gravestone, like icing on cakes.

You are the deathly pale photo
Of ghostly blue heights in a well,
You are a drunken beer bung,

You are that messenger at the
New Year who brings us orchids,
Breathing into his iced hood.

MAN

Sonnet

I am set up for thirty years so as to
Live painfully breaking up the rays
From ghostly planets into "*yes*" and
"*No*," into "*ah!*" and "*baa*."

So as to live worrying and grieving
Over what is already not there...
And I should certainly be a poet
If I could invent myself.

In work there are perhaps some blunders,
Or is there a trick in the mechanism?
But my immortal spirit would be not spirit

Now—it would be God... When it was not
"*Seize it!*" and not "*Soho!*" and not
"*All gone now*" after "*Sore! Sore!*"

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ЗАМИРАНІЯ.

Я ЛЮБЛЮ.

Я люблю замираніе эхо
Послѣ бѣшеной тройки въ лѣсу,
За сверканьемъ задорнаго смѣха
Я истомы люблю полосу.

Зимнимъ утромъ люблю надо мною
Я лиловый разливъ полутьмы,
И, гдѣ солнце горѣло весною,
Только розовый отблескъ зимы.

Я люблю на блѣдиѣющей ширн
Въ переливахъ растаявшій цвѣтъ...
Я люблю все, чему въ этомъ мірѣ
Ни созвучья, ни отзвука нѣтъ.

ЗАКАТНЫЙ ЗВОНЪ ВЪ ПОЛѢ.

Въ блесткахъ туманится лѣсъ,
Въ тѣняхъ мѣняются лица,
Въ синюю пустынь небесъ
Звоны уходятъ молиться...

Звоны, возьмите меня!
Сердце такъ слабо и сиро...

I LOVE

I love the fading of an echo after
The furious troika in the forest;
After scintillating, impetuous
Laughter I like a spell of weariness.

On a winter morning I love over me the
Lilac-colored outpouring of semi-darkness,
And, where the sun was burning in spring,
Only the pink reflection of winter.

In a play of tints on a fading expanse,
I love the color that has waned...
I love everything which in this world
Finds neither consonance nor echo.

SUNSET CHIMING IN THE FIELDS

The forest is misted in sparklings,
In the shadows faces are changing,
Into the skies' blue hermitage
Chimings are departing to pray...

Chimings, take me! My heart
Is so weak and orphaned...

Пыль отъ сверканія дня
Дразнитъ возможностью мира...

Что онъ сулитъ, этотъ зовъ?
Или и мы тамъ застынемъ,
Какъ жемчуга острововъ
Стынутъ по заводямъ синимъ?

ОСЕНЬ.

. . . . . .
Не било четырехъ... Но блѣдное свѣтило
Едва лишь купола надъ нами золотило
И, въ выцвѣтшей степи туманная рѣка,
Такъ плавно двигались надъ нами облака.
И столько мягкости танло ихъ движенье,
Забывшихъ ядъ измѣнъ и муку расторженья,
Что сердцу музыки хотѣлось для него...
Но снѣгъ лежалъ въ горахъ, и было тамъ мертво,
И оборвали въ ночь свистѣвшіе буруны
Межъ небомъ и землей протянутыя струны...
А къ утру кто-то намъ, развѣявъ молча сны,
Напомнилъ шопотомъ, что мы осуждены...
Гряда не двигалась и точно застывала,
Ночь надвигалась ощущеніемъ провала...

Dust from the day's sparkling teases
With the possibility of peace...

What does it promise, this
Call? Or shall we too congeal
There, as pearls of islands
Congeal along blue lagoons?

AUTUMN

. . . . . .

It has not struck four... but the pale luminary
Has hardly gilded the domes above us, and in the
Faded steppe the river is misty; so softly have the
Clouds been moving above us, and their movement
Concealed so much tenderness (clouds which have
Forgotten the poison of betrayals and pain of
Separation) that one's heart wanted music for it...
But snow lay in the mountains and everything was
Lifeless there, and in the night the hissing breakers
Snapped the strings stretched between sky and earth...
And towards morning someone silently scattering dreams
To us reminded us in a whisper that we were doomed...
The bank of cloud did not move and seemed frozen;
Night came on with a sensation of downfall...

ТРИЛИСТНИКЪ ОДИНОЧЕСТВА.

ЛИШЬ ТОМУ, ЧЕЙ ПОКОЙ ТАИМЪ.

Лишь тому, чей покой таимъ,
Сладко дышится..
Полотно надъ окномъ моимъ
Не колышется.

Ты придешь, коль вѣрна мечтамъ,
Только та-ли ты?
Знаю: садъ тамъ, сирени тамъ
Солнцемъ залиты.

Хорошо въ голубомъ огнѣ
Въ свѣжемъ шелестѣ,
Только яркой такъ чужды мнѣ
Чары прелести...

Пчелы въ улей тамъ носятъ медъ,
Пьяны гроздами...
Сердце жъ только во снѣ живетъ
Между звѣздами...

АРОМАТЪ ЛИЛЕЙ МНѢ ТЯЖЕЛЪ.

Ароматъ лилеи мнѣ тяжелъ,
Потому что въ немъ таится тлѣнье,
Лучше смолъ дыханье, синихъ смолъ,
Только пить его безъ раздѣленья..

TREFOIL OF LONELINESS

ONLY HE WHOSE REPOSE IS KEPT SECRET

Only he whose repose is kept secret
Can breathe sweetly...
The curtain over my window
Does not wave.

You will come, if you are faithful to dreams;
But are you really that one?
I know the garden is there, the lilacs are
There, flooded with sun.

All is well in the blue fire,
In the fresh rustling;
Only the charms of bright allurement
Are so strange to me...

The bees carry honey into the hive there,
Drunk with clusters...
The heart lives only in sleep
Among the stars...

THE LILY'S PERFUME WEIGHS ON ME

The lily's perfume weighs on me because
Decay is concealed in it; better is
The breath of resins, blue resins,
Only one must drink it without sharing...

Оттолкнувъ соблазны красоты,
Я влюблюсь въ ея миражи въ дымѣ...
И огней нетлѣнные цвѣты
Я одинъ увижу голубыми...

ДАЛЬНІЯ РУКИ.

Зажимъ былъ такъ сладостно-суженъ,
Что пурпуръ дремоты поблекъ,—
Я розовыхъ, узкихъ жемчужинъ
Губами узналъ холодокъ.

О сестры, о нѣжныя десять,
Двѣ ласково-дружныхъ семьи,
Васъ пологомъ ночи завѣсить
Такъ рады желанья мои.

Вы — гейши·фонарныхъ свѣченій,
Пять розъ, обрученныхъ стеблю,
Но нѣтъ у Киприды священнѣй
Не сказанныхъ вами л ю б л ю.

Какъ мускусъ мучительный мумій,
Какъ душный тайникъ туберозъ,
И я — только стѣблемъ раздумій
Къ пугающей сказкѣ приросъ...

Мои — вы, о дальнія руки,
Вашъ сладостно-сильный зажимъ
Я выносилъ въ холодѣ скуки,
Я счастьемъ обвѣялъ чужимъ...

Но знаю... дремотно хмѣлѣя —
Я брошу волшебную нить,
И мнѣ будутъ сниться, алмея,
Слова, чтобъ тебя оскорбить.

Pushing aside beauty's temptations, I
Will fall in love with its mirages in
The haze... And fires' imperishable
Flowers I alone will see blue...

DISTANT HANDS

The grip was so sweetly tight
That the purple of drowsiness
Faded—with my lips I learned
The coldness of pink, narrow pearls.

O sisters, O tender ten, two
Caressingly amicable families,
My desires are glad to veil
You with the canopy of night.

You are geishas of the lamp lightings,
Five roses betrothed to the stem,
But Cypris has nothing holier than
The *I loves* unspoken by you.

You are like mummies' torturing musk,
Like tuberoses' oppressive secret places—
And I only by a stem of meditations am
Rooted in the frightening fairy tale...

You are mine, O distant hands,
Your sweet-strong grip I nurtured
In the cold of ennui, I fanned
With a strange happiness...

But I know... becoming drowsily
Intoxicated, I will abandon
The magic thread, and I will
Dream words to offend you, almah.

СКЛАДНИ.

DIPTYCHS

ДОБРОДѢТЕЛЬ.

I.

РАБОЧАЯ КОРЗИНКА.

У раздумій беззвучны слова,
Какъ искать ихъ люблю въ тишинѣ я!
Надо только,
черна и мертва,
Чтобы ночь позабылась полнѣе,
Чтобы ночь позабылась скорѣй
Между рѣдкихъ своихъ фонарей,
За угломъ,
Какъ покинутый домъ...
Позабылась по тихимъ столовымъ,
Надъ тобою, въ лиловомъ...
Чтобъ со скатерти трепетный кругъ
Не спускалъ своихъ желтыхъ разлитій,
И мерцанья замедленныхъ рукъ
Разводили тамъ сѣрыя нити,
И чтобъ ты разнимала съ тоской
Эти нити одну за другой,
Разнимала и послѣ клубила,
И сиреневой рѣдью игла
За мерцающей нитью ходила...
А потомъ, равнодушно свѣтла,
Съ тихимъ скрипомъ соломенныхъ петель,
Бережливо простыни сколовъ,
Тамъ заснула и ты, Добродѣтель,
Между путанно-нѣжныхъ мотковъ...

VIRTUE

1

THE WORK BASKET

Meditations have words that are soundless;
How I love to seek them in the silence!
It is necessary only that,
black and lifeless,
Night should forget itself more fully,
Night should forget itself faster
Among its sparse street lights,
Round the corner
Like a forsaken house...
Should forget itself among the quiet dining
Rooms above you, in the lilac-colored...
That from the tablecloth the trembling
Circle should not let down its yellow
Overflows, and gleamings of slowed hands
Should separate gray threads there,
And that you with anguish should separate
These threads one after the other, should
Separate and afterwards roll them up,
And with lilac openness the needle
Should go after the shining thread...
And then, unconcernedly bright,
With the quiet squeaking of straw
Hinges, carefully pinning the sheets,
There you too, Virtue, should fall sleep
Between confusedly tender skeins...

2.

СТРУЯ РЕЗЕДЫ ВЪ ТЕМНОМЪ ВАГОНѢ.

Dors, dors, mon enfant!

Не буди его въ тусклую рань,
Поцѣлуемъ дремоту согрѣй...
Но сама — вся дрожащая — встань:
Ты одна, ты царишь... Но скорѣй!
Для тебя оживилъ я мечту,
И минуты ея на счету...
. . . . . .
Такъ беззвучна, черна и тепла
Резедой напоенная мгла...
Въ голубыхъ фонаряхъ,
Межъ листовъ, на вѣтвяхъ,
Безъ числа
Восковыя сіянья плывутъ.
И въ саду,
Какъ въ бреду
Кризантэмы цвѣтутъ...
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Все, что можешь ты т а м ъ, все ты смѣешь теперь
Ни мольбамъ, ни упрекамъ не вѣрь!
. . . . . .
Пока свѣчи плывутъ
И левкои живутъ,
Пока дышитъ во снѣ резеда —
Здѣсь ни мукъ, ни грѣха, ни стыда...
. . . . . .
Ты боишься въ крови
Своихъ холеныхъ ногъ,
И за бѣлый вѣнокъ
Въ безпорядкѣ косы?..
О, молчи! Не зови!

2

A CURRENT OF MIGNONETTE IN THE DARK CAR

Dors, dors, mon enfant!

Don't disturb him in the dim early hours,
Warm his sleepiness with a kiss...
But yourself–all shivering, rise: You
Alone, you are ruling... But faster!
For you I animated a dream,
And its minutes are numbered...
. . . . . .
The gloom, so soundless, black and warm,
Is suffused with mignonette...
In the blue lights, among
The leaves, on the branches,
Without number
Wax glitterings are swimming.
And in the garden,
As if in a frenzy
The chrysanthemums are blooming...
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Everything you can do *there*, all you can dare now,
Believe neither in entreaties nor in reproaches!
. . . . .
While candles gutter
And gillyflowers live,
While in a dream mignonette breathes–
Here is neither torment, nor sin, nor shame...
. . . . . .
You fear your well-groomed
Feet in blood, and for
The white garland in
Your disordered plait?..
Oh, be silent! Don't call!

Какъ минуты — часы
Не таимой и нѣжной красы.
. . . . . На вѣтвяхъ,
Въ фонаряхъ догорѣла мечта
Голубыхъ кризантэмъ...
. . . . . .
Ты очнешься — свѣжа и чиста.
И совсѣмъ... о, совсѣмъ!
Безъ смятенья въ лицѣ,
Въ обручальномъ кольцѣ...
. . . . . .
Стрѣлка будетъ показывать с е м ь...

Like minutes are the hours
Of unconcealed and tender beauty.
. . . . . On the branches
The dream of blue chrysanthemums
Has burnt out in the lights...
. . . . . .
You will wake, fresh and pure,
And quite so... Oh, quite so!
Without confusion in your face,
In your wedding ring...
. . . . . .
The hand will show *seven*...

КОНТРАФАКЦІИ.

ВЕСНА.

Въ жидкой заросли парка береза жила,
И черна, и суха, какъ унылость...
Въ майскій полдень тамъ дѣвушка шляпу сняла,
И коса у нея распустилась.
Ея милый дорѣзалъ узорную вязь,
И на вѣтку березы, смѣясь,
Онъ цвѣтистую шляпу надѣлъ.
. . . . . .
Это Май подглядѣлъ
И дивился съ своей голубой высоты,
Какъ на мертвой березѣ и ярки цвѣты.

ОСЕНЬ.

. . . . . .
И всю ночь тамъ по мѣсяцу дымы вились,
И всю ночь кто-то жалостно-чуткій
На скамьѣ тамъ дремалъ, уходя въ котелокъ.
. . . . . .
А къ разсвѣту, въ молочномъ туманѣ повисъ
На березѣ искривленно-жуткій
И мучительно-черный стручокъ,
Чуть пониже растрепанныхъ гнѣздъ,
А длиной — въ человѣческій ростъ...
И глядѣла съ сомнѣніемъ прóсинь
На родившую позднюю Осень.

COUNTERFEITS

SPRING

A birch tree lived in the park's scanty brushwood,
As dark and dry as dejection...
In a May noon there a girl took off her hat,
And her plait fell loose. Her dear one
Completed the patterned open-work
By laughingly hanging the floral
Hat on a branch of the birch.
. . . . . .
May spied this
And from its blue height wondered how
There were bright flowers on the dead birch.

AUTUMN

. . . . . .
And all night there hazes meandered across the moon,
And all night someone pitifully sensitive dozed
On the seat there, his derby hat pulled down low.
. . . . . .
And towards daybreak, in the milky fog
There was hanging on the birch a
Twistedly horrible and torturingly
Black pod, slightly below the disheveled
Nests, and as long as a man's height...
And the bluishness looked doubtingly
At late Autumn, which had given birth.

СКЛАДЕНЬ РОМАНТИЧЕСКІЙ.

1.

НЕБО ЗВѢЗДАМІІ ВЪ ТУМАНѢ...

Небо звѣздами въ туманѣ не расцвѣтится,
Робкій вечеръ ихъ сегодня не зажегъ...
Только томныя по окнамъ елки свѣтятся,
Да кружася заметаетъ насъ снѣжокъ.

Мѣхъ рѣсницъ твоихъ пушинки закидавшія
Не даютъ тебѣ въ глаза мои смотрѣть,
Сами слезы, только сердца не сжигавшія,
Сами звѣзды, но уставшія горѣть...

Это ихъ любви безумною обидою
Противъ воли твои звѣзды залиты...
И мучительно снѣжинкамъ я завидую,
Потому что ими плачешь ты...

2.

МІІЛАЯ.

„Милая, милая, гдѣ-жъ ты была
Ночью, въ такую метелицу?“
— Горю и ночью дорога свѣтла,
Къ дѣдкѣ ходила на мельницу. —

„Милая, милая, я не пойму
Рѣчи съ словами притворными...

ROMANTIC DIPTYCH

1

THE SKY IS NOT BLOSSOMING...

The sky is not blossoming with stars in the fog, the
Timid evening has not kindled them today... Only the
Languid fir trees are gleaming through the windows,
And the whirling light snow is covering us.

The snowflakes showered on the fur of your
Eyelashes will not let you look into my eyes;
Like tears, but not burning up my heart,
Like stars, but such as have grown tired of shining...

Your stars are flooded against their will
With the mad hurt of their love...
And I painfully envy the snowflakes
Because it is with them that you are crying...

2

MY DARLING

"My darling, my darling, where have you
Been at night, in such a snowstorm?"
—"To grief, even at night the road is
Bright; I went to the Old One at the mill."

"My darling, my darling, I don't understand
A speech with false words...

Съ чѣмъ-же ты ночью ходила къ нему?"
— Съ чѣмъ я ходила? Да съ зернами. —

„Милая, милая, зерна-то чьи-жъ?
Жита я нынче не кашивалъ!"
— Зерна-то чьи, говоришь? Да твои-жъ...
Впрочемъ, хозяинъ не спрашивалъ... —

„Милая, милая, гдѣ-же мука?
Куль-то, что былъ подъ передникомъ?"
— У колеса, гдѣ вода глубока...
Лысый сегодня съ наслѣдникомъ...

ДВА ПАРУСА ЛОДКИ ОДНОЙ.

Нависнетъ ли пламенный зной,
Иль пѣнясь расходятся волны,
Два паруса лодки одной,
Однимъ и дыханьемъ мы полны.

Намъ буря желанья слила,
Мы свиты безумными снами,
Но молна судьба между нами
Черту навсегда провела.

И въ ночи беззвѣзднаго юга,
Когда такъ привольно-темно,—
Сгорая коснуться другъ друга
Однимъ парусамъ не дано...

With what did you go to him at night?"
–"With what did I go?"–Why, with the grain."

"My darling, my darling, whose grain?
I haven't been harvesting barley lately!"
–"Whose grain, you ask?–Why, yours...
But the miller did not inquire..."

"My darling, my darling, where is the flour?
The sack that was under your apron?"
–"At the wheel, where the water is deep...
The Bald One today has an heir..."

TWO SAILS OF THE ONE BOAT

Whether blazing heat hangs there
Or foaming waves dissolve, we
Are two sails of the one boat,
And filled with the one breath.

A tempest has merged our desires,
We are wound round with insane
Dreams, but fate has silently
Drawn a line between us for ever.

And on a night of the starless south,
When it is so free and dark,
Only to sails is it not granted
To touch each other, burning...

ДВѢ ЛЮБВИ.

С. В. ф.-Штейнъ.

Есть любовь, похожая на дымъ:
Если тѣсно ей — она дурманитъ,
Дай ей волю -- и ея не станетъ...
Быть какъ дымъ, — но вѣчно молодымъ...

Есть любовь похожая на тѣнь:
Днемъ у ногъ лежитъ — тебѣ внимаетъ,
Ночью такъ неслышно обнимаетъ...
Быть какъ тѣнь, но вмѣстѣ ночь и день...

ДРУГОМУ.

Я полюбилъ безумный твой порывъ,
Но быть тобой и мной нельзя же сразу,
И вѣщихъ снова іероглифы раскрывъ,
Узорную пишу я четко фразу.

Фигурно тамъ отобразился страхъ,
И какъ тоска бумагу сердца мяла,
Но по строкамъ, какъ призракъ на пирахъ,
Тѣнь движется такъ дѣланно и вяло.

Твои мечты — мэнады по ночамъ,
И лунный вихрь въ сверканіи размаха
Имъ волны косъ взметаетъ по плечамъ...
Мой лучшій сонъ — за тканью Андромаха

На головѣ ея эшафодажъ,
И тотъ прикрытъ кокетливо платочкомъ,
Зато нигдѣ мой строгій карандашъ
Не уступалъ своихъ созвучій точкамъ.

TWO LOVES

To S. V. von Stein

There is a love like smoke: if cramped,
It stupefies; give it freedom, and
It will be gone... To be like
Smoke, but eternally youthful...

There is a love like shadow: by day it
Lies at your feet, it heeds you; at
Night it embraces you soundlessly...
To be like shadow, but together night and day...

TO ANOTHER

I fell in love with your insane impulse, but
It is impossible to be you and I all at once,
And having revealed the hieroglyphics of prophetic
Dreams, I write the patterned phrase legibly.

Fear is reflected ornamentally there, and
How anguish has crumpled the heart's paper!
But along the lines, like a phantom at the
Feasts, a shadow moves so artificially and inertly.

Your reveries are Maenads in the night, and the
Lunar whirlwind in a sparkling sweep will fling
Up waves of tresses across their shoulders...
My best dream is Andromache at the spinning-wheel.

On her head is a quaint, high coiffure,
Covered coquettishly with a kerchief,
And still my austere pencil has nowhere
Yielded its harmonies to the full stops.

Ты весь — огонь. И за костромъ ты чистъ.
Испепелишь, но не оставишь пятенъ,
И богъ ты тамъ, гдѣ я лишь моралистъ,
Ненужный гость, неловокъ и невнятенъ.

Пройдутъ года... Быть можетъ, мѣсяца..
Иль даже дни, — и мы сойдемъ съ дороги:
Ты—въ лепесткахъ душистаго вѣнца,
Я просто такъ, задвинутый на дроги.

Наперекоръ завистливой судьбѣ
И нищетѣ убого-слабодушной,
Ты памятникъ оставишь по себѣ,
Незыблемый, хоть сладостно - воздушный...

Моей мечты безслѣдно минетъ день...
. . . . . .
Какъ знать? А вдругъ, съ душой подвижнѣй моря,
Другой поэтъ ея полюбитъ тѣнь
Въ нетронуто-торжественномъ уборѣ...

Полюбитъ, и узнаетъ, и пойметъ
И увидавъ, что тѣнь проснулась, дышитъ,—
Благословитъ нѣмой ея полетъ
Среди людей, которые не слышатъ...

Пусть только-бы въ круженьи бытія
Не вышло такъ, что этотъ духъ влюбленный,
Мой братъ и магъ не оказался *я*,
Въ ничтожествѣ слегка лишь подновленный...

ОНЪ И Я.

Давно межъ листьевъ налились
Истомой розовой тюльпаны,
Но страстно въ сумрачную высь
Уходитъ рокотъ фортепьянный.

You are all fire. And beyond the bonfire you are
Pure. You will reduce to ashes, but will not leave
Marks, and you are a god there, where I am only a
Moralist, a useless guest, awkward and inarticulate.

Years will pass... perhaps months...
Or even days, and we shall leave the road:
You, in the petals of a fragrant wreath;
I, simply pushed on to a hearse.

In spite of envious fate and
Wretchedly faint-hearted poverty,
You will leave a monument behind you,
Immovable, though sweetly airy...

The day of my dream will pass without a trace...
. . . . . .
How to know? But what if, with a soul more lively
Than the sea, another poet will love her shadow
In the untouched, triumphant headdress?..

Will love, and recognize, and understand,
And seeing that the shadow has awakened
And is breathing, will bless her silent
Flight among people who do not hear?..

Let it be only that in the wheeling of existence it
Should not turn out so, that this enamored spirit,
My brother and magician, should not prove to be *I*,
Only slightly renewed in insignificance...

HE AND I

Among their leaves long ago the tulips
Were filled with pink lassitude, but
The sound of a piano is passionately
Departing to the gloomy summit.

И мука тамъ иль торжество,
Разоблаченье иль загадка,
Но Онъ—ничей, а вы — его,
И вамъ сознанье это сладко.

А я лучей иной звѣзды
Ищу въ сомнѣньи и тревожно,
Я, какъ настройщикъ, все лады
Перебираю осторожно.

Темнѣетъ... Комната пуста,
Съ трудомъ я вспоминаю что-то,
И безотвѣтна, хоть чиста,
За нотой умираетъ нота.

And torment is there or triumph,
Revelation or enigma, but He is
No one's, and you are his, and the
Consciousness of this is sweet to you.

And I seek in doubt and in disquiet
The rays of another star,
I, like a tuner, run my fingers
Carefully over all the tonalities.

It is growing dark... The room
Is empty; with difficulty I recall
Something, and without answering,
Though clear, note after note dies away.

РАЗМЕТАННЫЕ ЛИСТЫ.

SCATTERED LEAVES

НЕВОЗМОЖНО

Есть слова. Ихъ дыханье—что цвѣтъ:
Такъ-же нѣжно и бѣло-тревожно;
Но межъ нихъ ни печальнѣе нѣтъ,
Ни нѣжнѣе тебя, н е в о з м о ж н о.

Не познавъ, я въ тебѣ ужъ любилъ
Эти въ бархатъ ушедшіе звуки:
Мнѣ являлись мерцанья могилъ
И сквозь сумракъ бѣлѣвшія руки...

Но лишь въ бѣломъ вѣнцѣ кризантэмъ,
Передъ первой угрозой забвенья,
Этихъ в э, этихъ з э, этихъ э м ъ
Различить я сумѣлъ дуновенья.

И запомнивъ, невѣстой въ саду
Какъ въ апрѣлѣ тебя разубрали,—
У забитой калитки я жду,
Позвонить къ сторожамъ не пора-ли?..

Если слово за словомъ—что цвѣтъ,
Упадаетъ, бѣлѣя тревожно,
Не печальныхъ межъ павшими нѣтъ,
Но люблю я одно—н е в о з м о ж н о.

IMPOSSIBLE

There are words whose breath is like a flower:
So tender and whitely disquieting; but
Among them there is nothing sadder or
Tenderer than you, *impossible*.

Without knowing you, I had already loved
In you those sounds sunk into velvet:
The shining of graves appeared to me and,
Through the gloom, hands showing white...

But only in the white garland of chrysanthemums,
Before the first threat of oblivion, was I
Able to distinguish the breathings of these
Ems, of these *esses*, of these *ells*.

And remembering how in April they
Adorned you as a bride in the garden,
I wait at the nailed-up gate; is it
Not time to ring for the watchmen?..

If word after word that is like a flower is
Falling, disquietingly turning white, there
Is none among the fallen ones who is not
Sad, but I love only: *impossible*.

СЕСТРѢ.

А. Н. Анненской.

Вечеръ. Зеленая дѣтская
Съ низкимъ ея потолкомъ,
Скучная книга нѣмецкая,
Няня въ очкахъ и съ чулкомъ.

Желтый, въ дешевомъ изданіи,
Будто я вижу романъ...
Даже прочелъ бы названіе,
Если-бъ не этотъ туманъ.

Вы еще были Алиною,
Съ розовой думой въ очахъ,
Въ платьѣ съ большой пелериною,
Съ сѣрымъ платкомъ на плечахъ...

Въ стулъ утопая колѣнами,
Взора я съ Васъ не сводилъ,
Нѣжныя, съ тонкими венами,
Руки я Ваши любилъ.

Словъ непонятныхъ теченіе
Было мнѣ музыкой сферъ...
І дѣ ожидалъ столкновенія
Вашихъ особенныхъ *р*...

Въ мѣдномъ подсвѣчникѣ сальная
Свѣчка у няни плыветъ...
Милое, тихо-печальное,
Все это въ сердцѣ живетъ...

TO MY SISTER

To A. N. Annenskaya

Evening. The green nursery with
Its low ceiling, the boring
German book, Nurse in
Spectacles, with her stocking.

It is as though I could see the
Novel—yellow, in a cheap
Edition... I might even read the
Title if it were not for this fog.

You were still Alina, with a pink
Musing in your eyes, in a dress
With a large cape, and with a gray
Shawl over your shoulders...

Squatting on my knees in a chair,
I did not take my eyes off you;
I loved your gentle hands
With their fine veins.

The stream of incomprehensible
Words was music of the spheres
To me... where I awaited the
Shock of your special *r*'s...

In the copper candlestick Nurse's
Tallow candle is guttering...
Dear to me, quietly sad, all
This lives on in my heart...

ЗАБВЕНІЕ.

Нерасцѣпленныя звенья,
Неосиленная тѣнь,—
И забвенье, но забвенье,
Какъ осенній мягкій день,

Какъ полудня солнце въ храмѣ
Сквозь узоръ стекла цвѣтной,—
Съ заметенною листами,
Но горящею волной...

Намъ—упреки, намъ—усталость,
А оно уйдетъ, какъ дымъ,
Пережито, но осталось
На портретѣ молодымъ.

СТАНСЫ НОЧИ.

О. П. Хмара-Барщевской.

Межъ тѣней погасли солнца пятна
На пескѣ въ загрезившемъ саду.
Все въ тебѣ такъ сладко-непонятно,
Но твое запомнилъ я: „приду“

Черный дымъ, но ты воздушнѣй дыма,
Ты нѣжнѣй пушинокъ у листа,
Я не знаю, кѣмъ, но ты любима,
Я не знаю, чья ты, но мечта.

За тобой въ пустынные покои
Не сойдутъ алмазные огни,
Для тебя душистые левкои
Здѣсь ковромъ раскинулись одни.

OBLIVION

Links not unchained,
Unsubdued shadow–
And oblivion, but oblivion
Like a soft autumn day,

Like noon's sun in a temple
Through the colored pattern of
The glass, with a wave covered
With leaves, but burning...

To us–reproaches; to us–
Weariness; but oblivion will
Depart like smoke, outlived, yet
Remaining young in the portrait.

STANZAS OF NIGHT

To O. P. Khmara-Barshchevskaya

Among the shadows the spots of sunlight are
Extinguished on the sand in the garden that has
Begun to dream. Everything in you is so sweetly
Incomprehensible, but I remember your: "I will come."

Black smoke, but you are airier than smoke,
You are tenderer than the down of a leaf;
I do not know by whom, but you are loved,
I do not know whose, but you are a dream.

Diamond fires will not descend past
You into deserted reposes. For you
Only the fragrant gillyflowers
Are spread out in a carpet.

Эту ночь я помню въ давней грезѣ,
Но не я томился и желалъ:
Сквозь фонарь, забытый на березѣ,
Талый воскъ и плакалъ и пылалъ.

МѢСЯЦЪ.

Sunt mihi bis septem...

Кто сильнѣе меня—ихъ и сватай...
Истомились—и все не слились:
Этотъ сумракъ голубоватый
И бѣлесая высь...

Этотъ мартовскій колющій воздухъ
Съ зябкой ночью на таломъ снѣгу
Въ еле тронутыхъ зеленью звѣздахъ
Я сливаю и слить не могу...

Ужъ не ты-ль и колдуешь, жемчужный,
Ты, кому остальные ненужны,

Ихъ не твой-ли развелъ и ущербъ,
На горѣломъ пятнѣ желтосерпъ,

Ты, скиталецъ небесъ праздносумый,
Съ иронической думой?..

ТОСКА МЕДЛЕННЫХЪ КАПЕЛЬ.

О капли въ ночной тишинѣ,
Дремотнаго духа трещотка:
Дрожа набухаютъ онѣ
И падаютъ мѣрно и четко.

I remember this night in a long-past dream,
But it was not I who pined and longed:
Through the lantern forgotten on the birch
Tree, the melting wax both wept and blazed.

THE MOON

Sunt mihi bis septem...

Those who are stronger than I—try to
Unite them... They are exhausted
And still have not merged: this
Bluish dusk and whitish summit...

I am merging and cannot merge this
Piercing March air with the chilly
Night on the thawing snow in the
Stars scarcely touched by green...

Aren't you really spellbinding, pearly
One, you who have no need of the rest?

Didn't your waning separate them,
Yellow-sickle on the burnt-out spot,

You, empty-pouched wanderer of the
Skies, with your ironical musing?..

ANGUISH OF THE SLOW DROPS

O drops in the stillness of
Night, rattle of the drowsy
Spirit: trembling, they swell
And fall evenly and precisely.

Въ недвижно-безсонной ночи
Ихъ лязга не ждать не могу я:
Фитиль одинокой свѣчи
Мигаетъ и пышетъ тоскуя.

И мнится, я долженъ таясь
На странномъ присутствовать бракѣ,
Понявъ безнадежную связь
Двухъ тающихъ жизней во мракѣ.

ТРИНАДЦАТЬ СТРОКЪ.

Я хотѣлъ бы любить облака
На зарѣ... Но мнѣ горекъ ихъ дымъ:
Такъ неволя тогда мнѣ тяжка,
Такъ я помню, что былъ молодымъ.

Я любить-бы ихъ вечеръ хотѣлъ,
Когда рдѣя тамъ гаснутъ лучи,
Но отъ жертвы ихъ розовыхъ тѣлъ
Только пепелъ мнѣ снится въ ночи.

Я люблю только ночь и цвѣты
Въ хрусталѣ, гдѣ дробятся огни,—
Потому что утѣхой мечты
Въ хрусталѣ умираютъ они...
Потому что—цвѣты это ты.

ОРІАНДА.

Ни бѣлой дерзостью палатъ на высотахъ,
Съ орлами яркими въ узорныхъ воротахъ,
Ни женской прихотью арабскихъ очертаній

In the stirless-sleepless night
I cannot help waiting for their
Clang; the lonely candle's wick
Winks and flares up, grieving.

And it seems that, hiding, I must
Attend at a strange marriage,
Understanding the hopeless union
Of two lives dwindling in the gloom.

THIRTEEN LINES

I wish I could love the clouds at
Daybreak... but their haze is bitter
To me: my bondage then weighs so heavily on
Me, I remember so much that I was young once.

I wish I could love their evening, when
Reddening there the rays are extinguished,
But of the sacrifice of their rosy bodies
I dream only of the ash in the night.

I love only night and the flowers
In the crystal vase, where fires break
Up—because they die in the crystal
As the consolation of a dream...
Because the flowers—are you.

ORIANDA

Neither with the white boldness of palaces on the
Heights, with striking eagles on the patterned gates,
Nor with the feminine caprice of Arabian designs

Не могъ бы сердца я лелѣять неустаннѣй.
Но въ пятнахъ розовыхъ по силуэтамъ скалъ
Напрасно я души, своей души искалъ...
Я съ нею встрѣтился въ картинномъ запустѣньи
Сгорѣвшаго дворца—гдѣ нѣжное цвѣтенье
Бѣжитъ по мрамору разбитыхъ ступенѣй,
Гдѣ въ полдень старый садъ печальнѣй и темнѣй,
А синіе лучи струятся невозбранно
По блеклости панно и забытью фонтана.
Я будто чувствовалъ, что тамъ ее найду,
Съ косматымъ лебедемъ играющей въ пруду,
И что подѣлимся мы ветхою скамьею
Близъ корня дерева, что поднялся змѣею,
Дорогой на скалу, гдѣ грезитъ крестъ литой
Надъ просвѣтленною страданьемъ красотой.

ДРЕМОТНОСТЬ.

СОНЕТЪ.

Въ гроздьяхъ розово-лиловыхъ
Безуханная сирень
Въ этотъ душно-мягкій день
Неподвижна, какъ въ оковахъ.

Солнца нѣтъ, но съ тѣнью тѣнь
Въ сочетаньяхъ вѣчно новыхъ,
Нѣтъ дождя, а слезъ готовыхъ
Рѣки—только литься лѣнь.

Полусонъ, полусознанье,
Грусть, но безъ воспоминанья,
И всему проститъ душа...

Could I more tirelessly indulge my heart.
But in vain I have sought a soul, my own
Soul, in the pink patches among the rocks'
Silhouettes... I met it in the picturesque
Desolation of a burnt-down palace, where
Tender flowering ran across the marble of
Broken steps, where at midday the old garden
Was sadder and darker and blue rays stream
Unhindered over the fading of panels and the
Fountain's drowsiness. I felt as though I should
Find it there, playing in the pond with a bedraggled
Swan, and that we should share the dilapidated bench
Near the roots of a tree growing like a serpent,
On the road to the cliff where a cast cross
Dreams over beauty made bright through suffering.

DROWSINESS

Sonnet

In pink-violet clusters the
Scentless lilac on this
Sultry-soft day is
Motionless, as if in fetters.

No sun, but shadow with shadow
Is in eternally new combinations;
No rain, but rivers of ready tears–
But they are too lazy to flow.

Half-sleep, half-consciousness,
Sadness, but without recollection,
And my soul forgives everything...

А донявь-ли холодъ ранитъ,
Мягкій дождикъ не спѣша
Такъ безшумно барабанитъ.

НЕРВЫ.

ПЛАСТИНКА ДЛЯ ГРАММОФОНА.

Какъ эта улица пыльна, раскалена!
Что за печальная, о Господи, сосна!
Балконъ подъ крышею. Жена мотаетъ гарусъ.
Мужъ такъ сидитъ. За ними холстъ, какъ парусъ.
Надъ самой клумбочкой прилажеиъ ихъ балконъ.
„Ты думаешь—не онъ... А если онъ?
Все вяжетъ, Боже мой... Посудимъ хоть немножко..."
...Морошка, ягода, морошка!..
„Вотъ только-бы спустить лиловую тетрадь?"
– „Что, барыня, шпинату будемъ брать?"
— Возьмите, Аннушка!—
„Да тамъ еще на стѣнкѣ
Видалъ записку я, такъ..."
...Хороши гребэнки!
„А... почтальонъ идетъ... Петровымъ писемъ нѣтъ?"
— Корреспонденціи одна газета Свѣтъ.—
„Ну что-жъ? устроила?"— Спалила подъ плитою.—
„Неосмотрительность какая!.. Передъ тою?
А я тутъ такъ рѣшилъ: сперва соображу,
И ужъ потомъ тебѣ всѣ факты изложу...
Еще чего у насъ законопатить нѣтъ-ли?"
— Я все сожгла.—Вздохнувъ, считаетъ молча петли...
„Не замѣчала ты: сегодня мимо насъ
Какой-то господинъ проходитъ третій разъ?"
— Да мало-ль ходитъ ихъ...—
„Но этотъ ищетъ, рыщетъ,
И по глазамъ замѣтно, что онъ сыщикъ"...

But whether or not the harassing cold
Has inflicted its wounds, the unhurried
Light rain is so noiselessly drumming.

NERVES

Record for the Gramophone

How dusty and red hot this street is!
O Lord, what a sad pine tree!
The balcony is under a roof. The wife is winding yarn.
The husband is just sitting. Behind them is canvas like a sail.
Their balcony is built over the very flower bed.
"You think it's not he... But if it is?"
Good heavens, she keeps on knitting... "Let's consider a little..."
...Cloudberries, berries, cloudberries!
"Then, if we could only get rid of the lilac-colored copybook?"
—"Ma'am, should we buy some spinach?"
—"Buy some, Annushka!..—
"And I also saw
A note on the wall there, so..."
...Good combs!
"But here comes the postman... No letters for Petrov?"
—"The only mail was the newspaper The World."—
"Well, what then? Have you fixed it?"—"I burnt it in the stove."—
"What carelessness!.. In front of her? But here I've
Decided it like this: first I'll think it over,
And later I'll place all the facts before you...
Have we something else we ought to slip out of sight?"
—"I've burnt everything."—Sighing, she silently counts
The stitches... "Haven't you noticed: for the third
Time today some gentleman has been going past us?"
—"But don't quite a few walk past?"...—
"But this one searches and scours about,
And you can see from his eyes that he's a detective..."

— Чего-жъ у насъ искать-то? Боже мой! —
„А Вася-то зачѣмъ не сыщется домой?“
— „Тамъ къ барину пришелъ за пачпортами дворникъ“.
„Ко мнѣ пришелъ?!. А день какой?“—„Авторникъ“.
„Не выйдешь-ли къ нему, мой другъ! Я нездоровъ“...

...Ландышовъ свѣжихъ. ландышовъ!

„Ну что? Какъ съ дворникомъ? Ему бы хоть прибавить!“
—Вотъ вздоръ какой. За что же?—

...Бритвы праветь...

„Присядь-же ты спокойно! Кись-кись-кись...“
—Ахъ, право, шелъ-бы ты по воздуху пройтись!
Иль ты вообразилъ, что мнѣ такъ сладко маяться...—

...Яица свѣжія, яица!

Яичекъ свѣженькихъ?..

Но вылилась и злоба...
Разсѣлись по угламъ и плачутъ оба...
Какъ эти улица пыльна, раскалена!
Что за печальная, о Господи, сосна!

ВЕСЕННІЙ РОМАНСЪ.

Еще не царствуетъ рѣка,
Но синій ледъ она ужъ топитъ;
Еще не таютъ облака,
Но снѣжный кубокъ солнцемъ допитъ...

Черезъ притворенную дверь
Ты сердце шелестомъ тревожишь...
Еще не любишь ты, но вѣрь:
Не полюбить ужс не можешь..

–"What have we got that has to be searched? Good heavens!"
–"And why doesn't Vasia find his way home?"
–"The house porter has come to the master to get the passports."
–"Come to me! What day is it?"–"It's Tuesday."
–"Wouldn't you like to go to him, my friend? I am unwell..."
...Fresh lilies of the valley, lilies of the valley!
"Well what? What happened about the house porter? Shouldn't we
pay him a bit more?"–"But what nonsense! What for?"–
...Any razors to sharpen?
"Sit down quietly. Puss, puss, puss..."
–"Ah, really, you'd better go and get some fresh air!
Or do you imagine that it's pleasant for me to suffer?.."–
...Fresh eggs, eggs!
Nice fresh eggs?
But their bad temper has poured out and gone...
They sit in opposite corners and both weep...
How dusty and red hot this street is!
O Lord, what a sad pine tree!

SPRING SONG

The river still does not reign, but it
Is already melting the blue ice; the clouds
Are still not dispersing, but the snowy
Goblet has been drained by the sun...

You make your heart anxious with a rustling
Through a half closed door... You are
Still not in love, but you may be sure, you
Already cannot help falling in love...

ОСЕННІЙ РОМАНСЪ.

Гляжу на тебя равнодушно,
А въ сердцѣ тоски не уйму...
Сегодня томительно душно,
Но солнце таится въ дыму.

Я знаю, что сонъ я лелѣю,—
Но вѣренъ хоть снамъ я, — а ты?..
Ненужною жертвой въ аллею
Падутъ умирая листы...

Судьба насъ сводила слѣпая:
Богъ знаетъ, мы свидимся-ль т а м ъ...
Но знаешь?.. Не смѣйся, ступая
Весною по мертвымъ листамъ!

СРЕДИ МІРОВЪ.

Среди міровъ, въ мерцанін свѣтилъ
Одной Звѣзды я повторяю нмя...
Не потому, чтобъ я Ее любнлъ,
А потому, что я томлюсь съ другими.

И если мнѣ сомнѣнье тяжело,—
Я у Нея одной молю отвѣта,
Не потому, что отъ Нея свѣтло,
А потому, что съ Ней не надо свѣта.

МІРАЖИ.

То полудня пламень синій,
То разсвѣта пламень алый,
Я-ль усталъ отъ четкихъ линій,
Солнце-ль самое устало...

AUTUMN SONG

I look at you with indifference, and I
Can't soothe the anguish in my heart...
Today it is wearisomely oppressive,
But the sun has hidden in haze.

I know that I cherish a dream, yet at
Least I am faithful to dreams—but you?
The dying leaves will fall into the
Avenue as a useless sacrifice...

Blind fate threw us together: God knows
Whether we shall see each other
There... But do you know?.. Don't
Laugh, stepping on the dead leaves in spring!

AMONG THE WORLDS

Among the worlds, in the stars' twinkling
I repeat one Star's name...
Not because I would love Her,
But because with others I pine away.

And if doubt weighs heavily on me,
I entreat an answer from Her alone...
Not because brightness comes from Her,
But because with Her no light is needed.

MIRAGES

First the blue of noon's flames,
Then the scarlet of daybreak's
Flames; am I tired of the clear-cut
Lines, is the sun itself tired?

Но чрезъ пологъ темнолистый
Я дождусь другого солнца,
Цвѣта мальвы золотистой,
Или розы и червонца.

Будетъ взорамъ такъ пріятно
Утопать въ сѣтяхъ зеленыхъ,
А потомъ на темныхъ кленахъ
Зажигать цвѣтныя пятна.

Пусть миражнаго круженья
Черезъ мигъ погаснутъ свѣты...
Пусть я — радость отраженья,
Но не то-ль и вы, поэты?

ГАРМОНІЯ.

Въ туманѣ волнъ и брызги серебра
И стертыя эмалевыя краски...
Я такъ люблю осеннія утра
За нѣжную невозвратимость ласки!

И пѣну я люблю на берегу,
Когда она бѣлѣетъ безпокойно...
Я жадно здѣсь, покуда небо знойно,
Остатокъ дней туманныхъ берегу.

А гдѣ-то тамъ мятутся средь огня
Такія жъ *я*, безъ счета и названья,
И чье-то молодое за меня
Кончается въ тоскѣ существованье...

But through the dark-leafed canopy
I await another sun, the
Color of the golden hollyhock,
Or of the rose and the gold ducat.

It will be so pleasant to
The eyes to sink in green nets,
And then to kindle colored
Spots on the dark maples.

Even if the lights of the mirage's wheeling
Should be extinguished in a moment...
Even if I am the joy of reflections,
Are you not also the same, poets?

HARMONY

In the waves' mist are both splashes of
Silver and washed-out enameled colors...
I so love the autumn mornings for the
Tender irrevocableness of their caress!

And I love the foam on the shore
When it restlessly shows white...
Here, while the sky is hot, I greedily
Preserve the remaining misty days.

And somewhere there amid the fire there
Toss many such an *I*, uncounted and
Nameless, and in place of me, someone's
Young existence ends in anguish...

ВТОРОЙ МУЧИТЕЛЬНЫЙ СОНЕТЪ.

Вихри мутнаго ненастья
Тайну бѣлую хранятъ...
Колокольчики запястья
То умолкнутъ, то звенятъ...

Ужасъ краденаго счастья—
Губъ холодныхъ медъ и ядъ,
Жадно пью я, весь объятъ
Лихорадкой сладострастья.

Этотъ сонъ, сѣдая мгла,
Ты одна создать могла,
Снѣга скрипъ, мельканье тѣни,

На стеклѣ узоръ куреній,
И созвучье изъ тепла,
Губъ, и мѣха, и сирени...

БАБОЧКА ГАЗА.

Скажите, что́ сталось со мной?
Что сердце такъ жарко забилось?
Какое безумье волной
Сквозь камень привычки пробилось?

Въ немъ сила иль мука моя,
Въ волненьи не чувствую сразу:
Съ мерцающихъ строкъ бытія
Ловлю я забытую фразу...

Фонарь свой не водитъ-ли тать
По скопищу литеръ унылыхъ?

SECOND TORTURING SONNET

Whirlwinds of turbid bad weather
Keep a white secret...
Bells of a bracelet will now
Fall silent, now ring...

Dread of stolen happiness–
The honey and poison of cold lips
I thirstily drink, all filled
With the fever of voluptuousness.

This dream, gray darkness, you
Alone were able to create,
Crunch of snow, gleam of shadow,

Smoky patterns on the pane,
And harmony from the warmth
Of lips, fur, and lilac.

BUTTERFLY OF THE GAS

Tell me, what has happened to me? Why
Has my heart begun to beat so ardently?
What wave of madness has forced its
Way through the stone of habit?

In my agitation I do not feel at once
Whether my strength or my torment is
In it: I catch a forgotten phrase from
The shimmering lines of existence...

Does the thief not pass his lantern
Over the gathering of cheerless letters?

Мнѣ фразы нельзя не читать
Но къ ней я вернуться не въ силахъ...

Не вспыхнуть ей было не въ мочь,
Но мракъ она только тревожитъ:
Такъ бабочка газа всю ночь
Дрожитъ, а сорваться не можетъ...

РАЗЛУКА.

ПРЕРЫВИСТЫЯ СТРОКИ.

Этого быть не можетъ,
Это—подлогъ...
День такъ тянулся н дожитъ,
Иль не доживъ изнемогъ?..
Этого быть не можетъ...
Съ самыхъ тѣхъ поръ
Въ горлѣ какой-то комокъ...
Вздоръ...
Этого быть не можетъ,
Это—подлогъ...
Ну-съ, проводилъ на поѣздъ,
Вернулся и solo, да!
Здѣсь былъ ея кольчатый поясъ,
Брошка лежала—звѣзда,
Вѣчно открытая сумочка
Безъ замка,
И, такъ безконечно мягка,
Въ прошивкахъ красная думочка...
. . . . . .
Залъ...
Я нѣжное что-то сказалъ,
Стали прощаться,
Возлѣ часовъ, у стѣнки...

I cannot help reading the phrase
But I am unable to return to it...

It could not help flashing out, but
The phrase only troubles the gloom:
Thus the butterfly of the gas trembles
All night, but cannot break loose...

PARTING

Interrupted Lines

This cannot be,
        This is a forgery...
The day was so drawn out and lived to its end,
        Or not lived through but exhausted?..
        This cannot be...
From that very time there has been
Some kind of lump in my throat...
        Nonsense...
This cannot be,
        This is a forgery...
Well, then, I saw her off on the train,
        And returned and am solo, yes!
Her annulated belt was here,
        Her brooch—a star—was lying,
The eternally open handbag
        Without a clasp,
And, so infinitely soft,
The little red pillow with lace...
. . . . . .
        The waiting room...
I said something tender,
        We began saying goodbye
Near the clock, by the wall...

Губы не смѣли разжаться,
Склеены...
Оба мы были разсѣяны,
Оба такіе холодные,
Мы...
Пальцы ея въ черной митенкѣ
Тоже холодные...
„Ну, прощай, до зимы,
Только не той, и не другой,
И не еще—послѣ другой...
Я-жъ, дорогой,
Вѣдь не свободная"...
— Знаю, что ты — въ застѣнкѣ...—
Послѣ она
Плакала тихо у стѣнки,
И стала бумажно-блѣдна...
Кончить бы злую игру...
Что-жъ бы еще?
Губы хотѣли любить горячо,
А на вѣтру
Лишь улыбались тоскливо...
Что-то въ нихъ было застыло,
Даже мертво...
Господи, я и не зналъ, до чего
Она некрасива...
Ну, слава Богу, пускаютъ садиться...
Мокрымъ платкомъ осушая лицо,
Мнѣ отдала она это кольцо...
Слиплись еще разъ холодныя лица,
Какъ въ забытьи,—
И
Поѣздъ еще стоялъ—
Я убѣжалъ...
... Но этого быть не можетъ,
Это—подлогъ...

Our lips did not dare to open,
Stuck together...
We were both absent-minded,
Both so cold,
We...
Her fingers were in a black mitten,
Also cold...
"Well, goodbye till the winter,
Only not this one, and not the next,
And not the one after the next...
You see, dear,
I am not free..."
–"I know you are in the torture chamber..."–
Afterwards
She wept quietly by the wall,
And became paper-white...
If this wicked game could be ended...
What else might there be?
My lips wanted to love ardently,
But in the wind
They only smiled miserably...
Something in them was frozen,
Even dead...
Lord, I hadn't known
How plain she was...
But thank God, they were being allowed into their seats...
Drying her face with a wet kerchief,
She gave me back this ring...
Once more the cold faces merged,
As in unconsciousness,
And
The train still stood there–
I ran away...
...But this cannot be,
This is a forgery...

День или годъ и ужъ дожитъ,
Иль не доживъ изнемогъ...
Этого быть не можетъ...

CANZONE.

Если-бъ вдругъ ожила небылица,
На окно я поставлю свѣчу.
Приходи... Мы не будемъ дѣлиться,
В с е отдать тебѣ счастье хочу!

Ты придешь и на голосъ печали,
Потому что свѣтла и нѣжна,
Потому что тебя обѣщали
Мнѣ когда-то сирень и луна.

Но... бываютъ такія минуты,
Когда страшно и пусто въ груди...
Я тяжелъ—и нѣмой и согнутый...
Я хочу быть одинъ... уходи!..

ДЫМЫ.

(зимній поѣздъ.)

Въ бѣломъ полѣ былъ пепельный балъ
Тѣни были тамъ нѣжно-желанны,
Упоительный танецъ сливалъ,
И клубилъ, и дымилъ ихъ воланы.

Чередой, застилая мнѣ даль,
Проносились плясуньи мятежной,

A day or a year is already lived through,
Or not living so long, is exhausted...
This cannot be...

CANZONE

If a tall story suddenly came to life, I
Would place a candle in the window. Come
In... We are not going to share, I
Want to give *all* happiness to you!

You will come even to a voice of
Sadness, because you are bright and
Tender, because the lilac and the
Moon once promised you to me.

But... there are certain moments when
It is terrible and empty in one's breast...
I am oppressed—and silent and bowed...
I wish to be alone... Go away!

SMOKE

(Winter Train)

In the white field was an ashy ball, the
Shadows there were tender and desired;
A ravishing dance merged and swirled
And laid smoke on their flounces.

In a turbulent sequence, screening the
Distance from me, the dancers flew past,

И была вѣковая печаль
Въ нѣжномъ танцѣ безъ музыки нѣжной.

А внизу содроганье и стукъ
Говорили, что ужасъ не прожитъ;
Громыхая цѣпями, Недугъ
Тамъ сковалъ-бы воздушныхъ — не можетъ.

И была-ль такъ постыла имъ степь,
Или мука капризно-желанна,—
То и дѣло желѣзную цѣпь
Задѣвала оборка волана.

ДѢТИ.

Вы за мною? Я готовъ.
Нагрѣшили, такъ отвѣтимъ.
Намъ—острогъ, но имъ—цвѣтовъ...
Солнца, люди, нашимъ дѣтямъ!

Въ дѣтствѣ тоньше жизни нить,
Дни короче въ эту пору...
Не спѣшите ихъ бранить,
Но балуйте... безъ зазору.

Вы несчастны, если вамъ
Непонятенъ дѣтскій лепетъ,
Вызвать шопотъ—это срамъ,
Горше—въ дѣтяхъ вызвать трепетъ...

Но безвинныхъ дѣтскихъ слезъ
Не омыть и покаяньемъ,
Потому что въ нихъ Христосъ,
Весь, со всѣмъ своимъ сіяньемъ.

And there was an age-old sadness in
Their tender dance without tender music.

But below, a shudder and a banging
Proclaimed that the horror was not spent;
Lumbering with chains, Infirmity would
Fetter the airy ones there, but could not.

And was the steppe so hateful to them,
Or the torment so capriciously desired?–
Every now and then the flounce's
Frill brushed against the iron chain.

CHILDREN

You have come for me? I am ready. We have
Transgressed, so we shall answer for it.
To us–jail, but to them–flowers...
Sun, O people, to our children!

In childhood the thread of life is thinner,
The days are shorter at this time...
Do not hasten to scold them,
But spoil them... without shame.

You are unfortunate if you do not understand
Their prattle; to provoke whispering is
A shame, yet it is even bitterer
To provoke trembling in children...

But the tears of innocent children
Cannot be washed away even with
Repentance, because Christ is in them,
Entirely, with all His radiance.

Ну а тѣ, что терпятъ боль,
У кого какъ нитки руки...
Люди! Братья! Не за то-ль
И покой нашъ только въ мукѣ...

МОЯ ТОСКА.

М. А. Кузмину.

Пусть травы смѣнятся надъ капищемъ волненья,
И посковой въ гробу забудется рука,
Мнѣ кажется, межъ васъ одно недоумѣнье
Все будетъ жить мое, одна моя Тоска...

Нѣтъ, не о тѣхъ, увы! кому столь недостойно,
Ревниво, бережно и страстно былъ я милъ...
О, сила любящихъ и въ мукѣ такъ спокойна,
У женской нѣжности завидно много силъ.

Да и при чемъ-бы здѣсь недоумѣнья были—
Любовь вѣдь свѣтлая, она кристаллъ, эѳиръ...
Моя-жъ безлюбая—дрожитъ, какъ лошадь въ мылѣ!
Ей—пиръ отравленный, мошеинический пиръ!

Въ вѣнкѣ изъ тронутыхъ, изъ вянущихъ азалій
Собралась пѣть она... Не смолкъ и первый стихъ.
Какъ маленькихъ дѣтей у ней перевязали,
Сломали руки имъ и ослѣпили ихъ.

Она безполая, у ней для всѣхъ улыбки,
Она притворщица, у ней порочный вкусъ—
Качаетъ цѣлый день она пустыя зыбки
И образокъ въ углу—Сладчайшій Іисусъ...

Then what of those who suffer pain,
Whose arms are like threads?..
People! Brothers! Is that not why
Our rest too is only in suffering?..

MY ANGUISH

To M. A. Kuzmin

May the grass give way above the heathen temple
Of agitation and the waxen hand be forgotten in the
Grave; it seems to me that among you, only my bewilderment
Will always endure, only my Anguish...

No, not about those, alas! to whom so unworthily,
Jealously, cautiously and passionately I was dear...
Oh, even in torment the strength of the loving ones is so
Tranquil, so much strength is envied in woman's tenderness!

But there is no place here for bewilderments—
Love is so bright, it is crystal, ether...
But mine is loveless, and trembles like a horse in a
Lather! To it the feast is poisoned, a swindling feast!

In a garland of blighted, withering azaleas, it
Intended to sing... Even the first verse
Had not ceased, when they bound its little
Children, breaking their arms and blinding them.

It is sexless, it has smiles for everyone,
It is a sham, it has depraved taste; all
Day long it rocks empty cradles, and its
Little icon in the corner is Most Sweet Jesus...

Я выдумалъ ее—и все-жъ она видѣнье,
Я не люблю ее—и мнѣ она близка;
Недоумѣлая, мое недоумѣнье,
Всегда веселая, она моя Тоска.

12 ноября 1909 г. *)
Царское Село.

*) *Моя Тоска—послѣднее стихотвореніе автора и включено въ книгу уже послѣ его смерти. И. Ѳ. Анненскій скончался 30 Ноября 1909 года въ Петербургѣ, внезапно, у подъѣзда Царскосельскаго вокзала.*

Изд.

I invented it—and still it is always a
Vision, I do not love it—and it is close
To me; perplexed, and my bewilderment,
And always joyful, this is my Anguish.

12 November 1909*
Tsarskoe Selo

****My Anguish*, *the author's last poem, was included in this book after his death. I. F. Annensky died suddenly on 30 November 1909 at the entrance to the Tsarskoe Selo railroad station in Petersburg.***

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