

when out of mortal mouth
gushes the blazing light ...

A half-dark house,
a resounding minuet.



APPROACHING THE SEA

Agitated by its total liberty,
the wave is swelling and advancing,
marching towards the shore in line ahead,
commanding what exists for you and me.

Living and dying teach us thus to raise
freedom to the height and that is why,
tensing yet again my lips, I say to you
approaching the sea is always the first time.

Translated from the Russian by Peter Porter with the author

