

homage to pushkin

protean and simple

unassailable in his private values

publicly unvirtuous

his image grows

a language so modern

we kiss his hand

and in those far off days

of life and death

are we living ?

with all our rights and words

our feeble freedoms

we are bored as he was

look at our messengers

god help us

we turn to his great statue

his stone eternity

as he enters the room

fills it with his wit and laughter

he lives with us

reminding of precision

and the language of love

what clarity of thought!

look down on us from your imperial height

least of imperials

grant us your usage

in an age of perfidy

let a poet arise

whom we can say

when all else is an index

here is his age o pushkin

the age of