

To Pasternak

why did I not know your frank belief
The source of all your moral goodness
How blind the seeming poet comes so late
Yet still in time before his ideal fate.

with what relief I see your headlong strait
The subject fills you with a glowing pride
Your prow goes sharply to the center point
Hand on wheel,so steady,now but wait.

These simple truths and not ourselves abide
Yes rediscovered even in ones ruin
where from that state new being breaks
The sovereign trophy cannot hide.

No longer prisoner to the world
This symbol connects all realities,
Ascends,your flag is waving in the breeze
And we upon our knees invoke and seize.