

To the Russian Poets

"...And for you descend
In a maelstrom of fidelity, immortal" Montale

Whether we can assess or even access
The torment of your ideas
Insistent and indigent
To our psyche, to our other life,
O yes they say "all this striving-
For what?
Please be clear, do not obfuscate,"
But we are trying to put it together
The religion, the poetry, the science, the art
Do not call it all in vain
Such talk paralyses the soul....
"The soul! they thunder, they laugh,
How quaint,
Evolution has no meaning but what we give it".
We left behind struggle to see
Time passes so quickly we lose stability
I refuse to accept it
The play before empty beaches
The water rising to sweep us away
Never! Not while an ounce of breath remains
I hide in your immortal footsteps
From the Sparrow Hills to the Lemon Neva
Caught in the net of your forever.