



БЕЛАРУСКАЯ ЛІТАРАТУРА ў АНГЛІЙСКІХ ПЕРАКЛАДАХ

**NATALLIA ARSENNEVA**

MY NATIVE LAND

My native land lies in the south,  
Yet that land is unknown to me,  
And only in my thoughts can I  
Wing to the far shores of that sea.

Not Adjument with wild-grown roses,  
Nor the mountains, mist-veiled, proud,  
Nor the sea's eternal singing  
That lures to its blue space profound.

No, of these matters I know nothing,  
Another land have I loved long.  
No seas nor mountains to adorn it,  
But there I learned of grief and mourning,  
And there it was my soul grew strong.

[1920]

*Translated by V. Rich*