



БЕЛАРУСКАЯ ЛІТАРАТУРА ў АНГЛІЙСКІХ ПЕРАКЛАДАХ

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UNDER THE BLUE SKY

From woe's grim songs, unlovely measures,
From nightmares of this earth of grey.
To the sky's ocean, the sky's azure,
Lift now your seeking eyes, straightway.
In the blue sky is no despair, to
Quench all things slowly with dull might,
Under the blue sky all seems fairer,
And life, as if in dreams, shines bright.
Life is a strange and wondrous flying,
An inspiration, without tears,
In the sky's azure, never-dying,
In endless festal flow the years.
Then to the sky's unshadowed kingdom,
From grimness to life soaring high,
On the white plumes of daydreams winging,
Bard, to seek the word's wonder – fly!

[1920]

Translated by V. Rich