

# Emily Dickinson (1830 - 1886)



A sepal, petal, and a thorn  
Upon a common summer's morn -  
A flask of Dew – A Bee or two -  
A Breeze – a caper in the trees -  
And I'm a Rose!

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And I'm a Rose!

Шип, чашелистик, лепесток,  
Обычайший рассвет,  
Пчела иль две, росы глоток,  
Бриз, шорох в листьях, птичий  
свист –  
И я – цветок!

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee  
One clover, and a bee,  
And revery.  
The revery alone will do,  
If bees are few.

A Bird came down the Walk —  
He did not know I saw —  
He bit an Angeworm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew  
From a convenient Grass —  
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall  
To let a Beetle pass —

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all around —  
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought —  
He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,  
I offered him a Crumb  
He unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home —

Than Oars divide the Ocean,  
Too silver for a seam —  
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon  
Leap, plashless as they swim.

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Мой королек не знал,  
Что я смотрю за ним.  
Он клювом червяка схватил  
И съел его – сырым!

Потом попил росы  
Из чашечки листа,  
Потом с дорожки отскочил,  
Чтоб пропустить жука,

И бусинами глаз  
Испуганно смотрел,  
Не прячутся ли где враги,  
И головой вертел.

Я крошку предложила  
Ему – а он в ответ  
Расправил крылья и поплыл  
Через полдневный свет –

Так лодочка спешит  
Осилить океан –  
Мелькнет серебряный стежок –  
И убежит в туман.

It's all I have to bring today –  
This, and my heart beside –  
This, and my heart, and all the fields –  
And all the meadows wide –  
Be sure you count – should I forget  
Some one the sum could tell –  
This, and my heart, and all the Bees  
Which in the Clover dwell.

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Вот всё, что я тебе несла,  
Что донести могла —  
Вот это, сердце, все поля,  
Все спящие поля.

На всякий случай перечти...  
Несложен результат:  
Цветы — и сердце, все шмели,  
Что в клевере живут.



Wild Nights--Wild Nights!  
Were I with thee  
Wild Nights should be  
Our luxury!

Futile--the Winds--  
To a Heart in port--  
Done with the Compass--  
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden  
Ah, the Sea!  
Might I but moor--Tonight--  
In Thee!

I cannot live with you

.....

I could not die with you

.....

I could not rise with you

.....

So We must meet apart –

You there – I – here –

With just the Door ajar

That Oceans are – and Prayer –

And that White Sustenance –

Despair –

"Hope" is the thing with feathers—  
That perches in the soul—  
And sings the tune without the words—  
And never stops—at all—

And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—  
And sore must be the storm—  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm—

I've heard it in the chilliest land—  
And on the strangest Sea—  
Yet, never, in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb—of Me.

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Надежда — это королек,  
Что вьет в душе гнездо.  
Поет мелодию без слов,  
Не смолкнет никогда.

И в бурю свищет все вольней,  
И буря не собьет  
Того, кто перья распушил  
И так тепло поет.

Я слышала его в краю,  
Где шторм и мертвый штиль —  
И он ни разу у меня  
Ни крошки не спросил.

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you – Nobody -- too?  
Then there's a pair of us?  
Don't tell! they'd advertise -- you know.

How dreary -- to be -- Somebody!  
How public -- like a Frog --  
To tell one's name -- the livelong June  
To an admiring Bog!

I lost a World – the other day!  
Has anybody found?  
You'll know it by the Row of Stars  
Around its forehead bound.

A Rich man – might not notice it -  
Yet – to my frugal Eye,  
Of more esteem than Ducats -  
Oh find it – Sir – for me!

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Я потеряла мир на днях.  
Никто не находил?  
Примета есть: вокруг  
чела  
Кольцо ночных светил.

Богатый мимо бы  
прошёл.  
А мне – нужней всего!  
Дороже всех дукатов...  
Верните – сэр – его

I took my Power in my Hand —  
And went against the World —  
'Twas not so much as David — had —  
But I — was twice as bold —

I aimed by Pebble — but Myself  
Was all the one that fell —  
Was it Goliath — was too large —  
Or was myself — too small?



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Я встала, жизнь мою взяла  
И двинулась на мир.  
Давид был лучше снаряжен,  
Но вдвое я – смелей.

Я камень целила, но вдруг  
Повержена сама.  
Был слишком Голиаф велик –  
Иль слишком я мала?

The Heart asks Pleasure -- first --  
And then -- Excuse from Pain --  
And then -- those little Anodynes  
That deaden suffering --

And then -- to go to sleep --  
And then -- if it should be  
The will of its Inquisitor  
The privilege to die –

This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies  
And Lads and Girls  
Was laughter and ability and sighing  
And frocks and curls

This passive place a Summer's nimble mansion  
Where Bloom and Bees  
Fulfilled their Oriental Circuit  
And ceased like these

Because I could not stop for Death--  
He kindly stopped for me--  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves--  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove--He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility--

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess--in the Ring--  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain--  
We passed the Setting Sun--

Or rather--He passed us--  
The Dews drew quivering and chill--  
For only Gossamer, my Gown--  
My Tippet--only Tulle--

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground--  
The Roof was scarcely visible--  
The Cornice--in the Ground--

Since then--'tis Centuries--and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity

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Я не брала с собою смерть —  
Она взяла меня  
С собой и правит лошадьми,  
Бессмертье заслоня.

Ей было некуда спешить.  
Я отложила всё —  
Мою работу и досуг  
По прихоти её.

Мы миновали школу, где  
Ленились школяры,  
И поле, где звенела рожь,  
И солнце у горы,

И бедный домик, что торчал,  
Как бугорок земли.  
Мы ехали уже века,  
Но мне казалось — дни.

Из шёлка был мой капюшон,  
И платье было — газ,  
Когда прохладная роса  
По сторонам зажглась.

И вечность ощущала я,  
И было ясно — к ней  
Обращено моё лицо  
И головы коней.

I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –  
The Stillness in the Room  
Was like the Stillness in the Air –  
Between the Heaves of Storm –

The Eyes around – had wrung them dry –  
And Breaths were gathering firm  
For that last Onset – when the King  
Be witnessed – in the Room –

I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away  
What portions of me be  
Assignable – and then it was  
There interposed a Fly –

With Blue – uncertain stumbling Buzz –  
Between the light – and me –  
And then the Windows failed – and then  
I could not see to see –