



And What If I Am Wrong

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And what if I am wrong?
What word of judgment will my brother say?
Perhaps the blaze of his contending throng
will stir the doubt that shadows me again.

And what if I am wrong?
And what if she, my wife, will not receive my word —
she whose own wisdom flashes like a beacon strong,
what will she show me in the silence, undisturbed?

And what if I am wrong?
The dreams my impulse carries no one understands,
and in my weakness I grow deaf, grow faint along,
hiding the soul's own light, though just a moment's span.

Would it not be better not to start at all,
to quench the fire that strains toward the light?
The fear to show that light, to still each call,
so as to meet no cold, no "no" tonight.

But a quiet voice keeps whispering within,
a living light, like flame in the still night.
It says: do not be afraid — rise up, begin,
it paints the world with whatever light it likes.

And even if I should be wrong,
and even if some day my fear runs cold,
I will still open up the radiant road,
so the one beside me feels the light I hold.

And let my doubts, like shadows of the clouds,
race through the sky and veil the clear-burning ray —
I will still walk my road as if a vow,
to give the soul's light to the one who waits to be shown.

And even if I am wrong,
I will still begin, still try, still open wide,

that, having known the light in other hearts as song,
I share my own ray, casting peace aside.

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