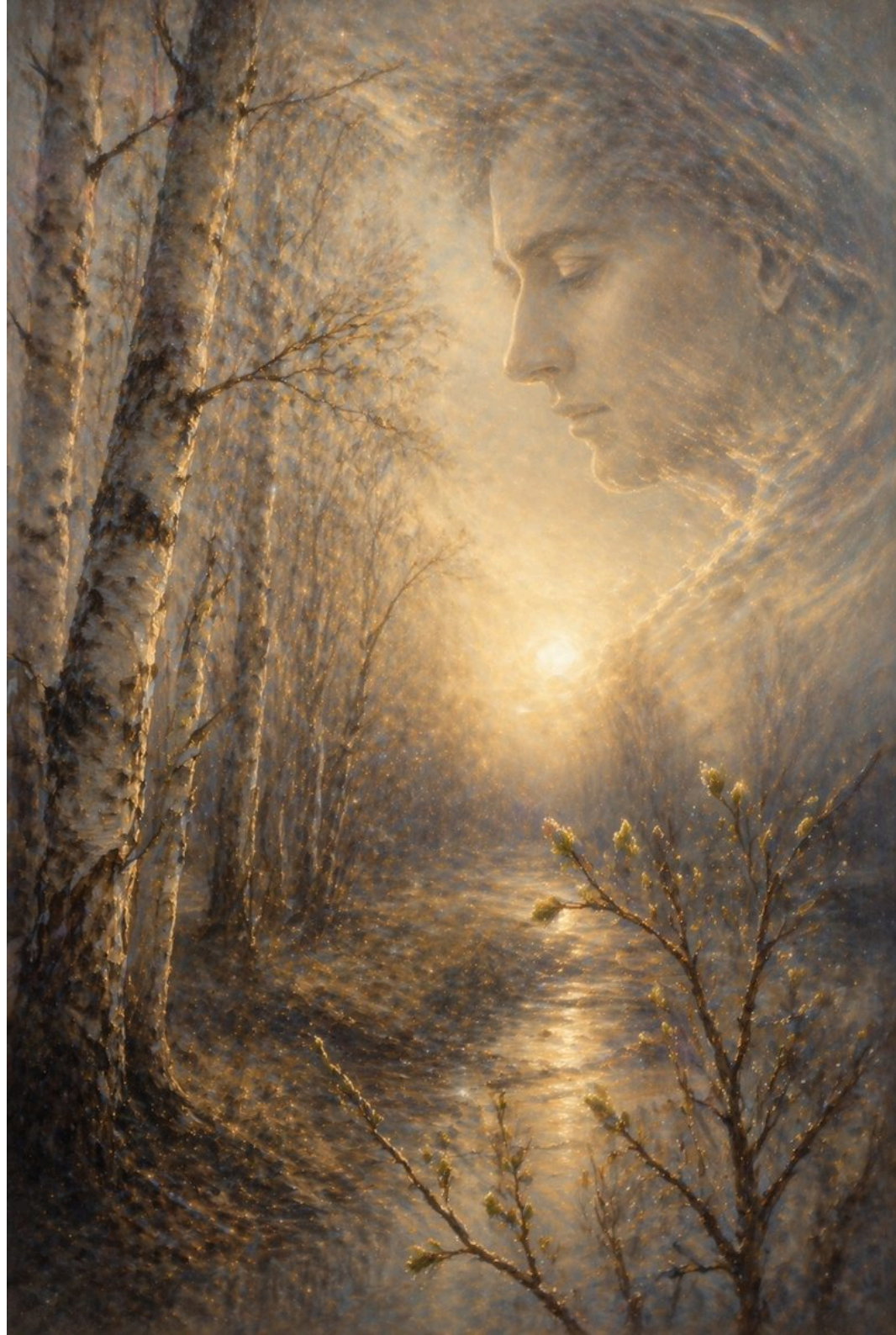




Spring

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

Through the sleep of the birch-lined lanes
the wind passed by, a weightless shade,
and now in the chilled poplar boughs
the springtime sap already trembles.

The blizzard's gone, the ice has thawed,
and brooks run playful, set free.
Spring through the blue of the vaulted sky
looks down so trusting, happily.

The rooks drink dawn from the well-deep dark,
and the sun in the puddles smiles.
Spring has come! And light fills the heart,
and all in the soul comes true once more. ☼☼

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