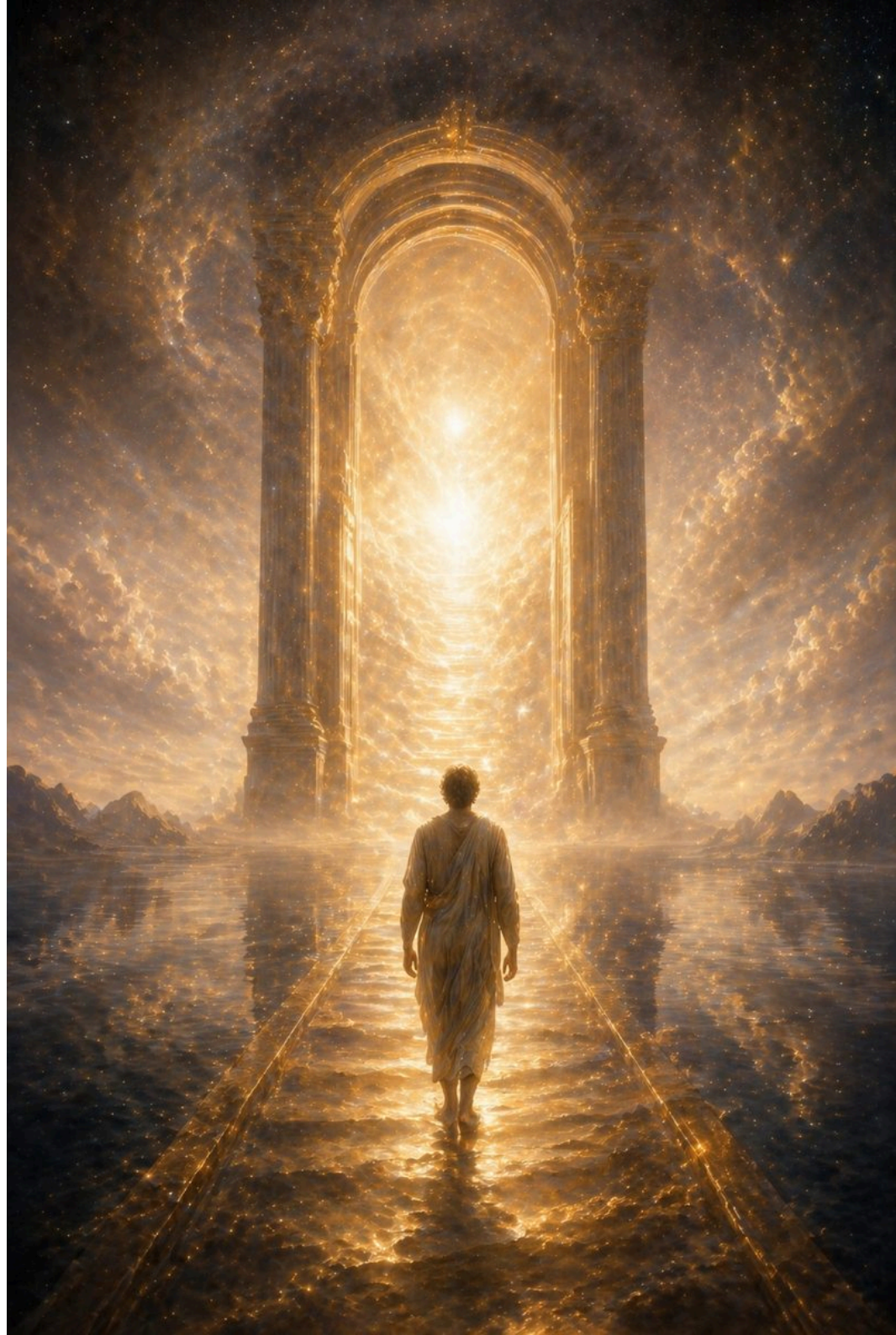




Eternity

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

The starlight does not dim or die,
it dwells beyond the river's flowing.
The centuries arrive, go by,
yet still the moment keeps on going.
All things upon the road are change,
like a wave's rush, a far-off ringing.
But timeless things lie out of range —
they ask no border, no last reckoning.
In them is stillness, pure clear light,
in them each instant stands fulfilled.
There is no past there, and no flight
of years — a world unveiled and stilled.
So let the years, the ages flow,
let all dissolve in the priceless hour.
Eternity within burns slow,
and its unchanging light is power.

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