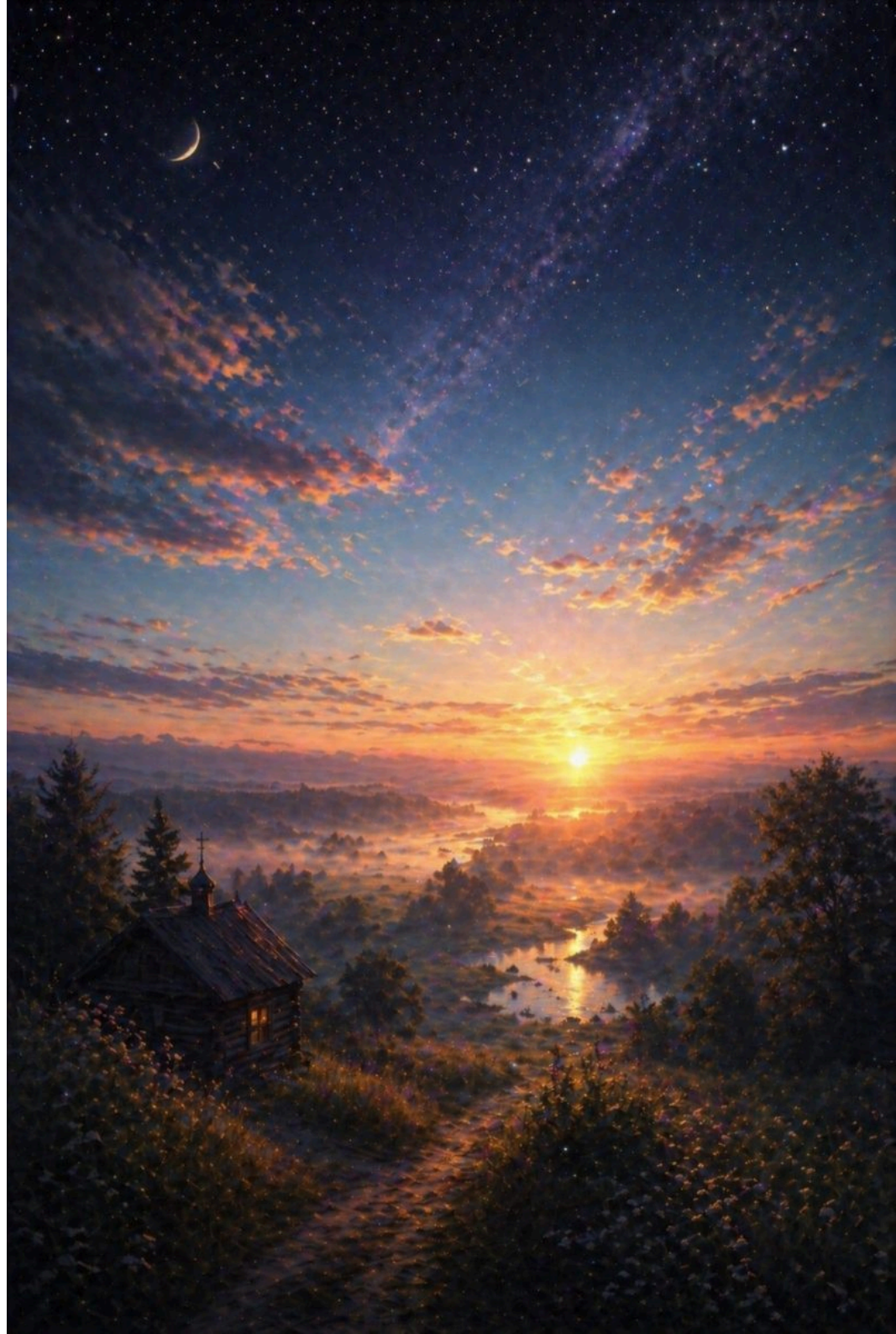




With Quiet Tread the Dawn Comes In

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

With quiet tread the dawn comes in,
I had believed You were not near...
A hush past the window, no answer, no word —
only the breath of the Light, memory's call I hear.
I sought You in temples, in strangers' voices raised,
on the peaks, in the crowd, in the gold of the icons' face.
But all the world was a mute reflection of wall —
You were nearer than sight, beyond the bounds of disgrace.
Not in the break of hope, but the shade without warmth,
You stood past the edge, where the soul lay dead and still.
And when I did not wait, You opened within me —
not in signs of the heavens, but living, silent and real.
I had counted Your "no" as the end of the road,
yet it turned out a start that was burning inside.
You were in the flesh of the water, the nameless line,
where "I" is rubbed out, dissolving wide in Your tide.
And now — with no certainty, with no names to hold,
I go like a child down the footpath of the years.
You are not near, not somewhere, but this very step —
with quiet tread Your Light comes in, a beacon clear.

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