

Letter to Mother

Sergey Yesenin

(translated from Russian)

Do you live yet, my poor old mother?
I, too, live, sending you my love.
May the twilight climb up like a ladder
your poor cottage and hover above.

I've heard say you conceal fear,
that you miss me, that your life is hard,
and along that path, my dear,
that you walk, funny-clad, gazing far.

But when evening showers down its gloom,
you are seeing, you are seeing close,
murky inns... bloody killers loom...
my heart... pierced... and your fear grows.

That's a trifle, mother! Please stay calm.
You see nightmares dance and play.
I could never cause you such a harm
as to die, without you, far away.

I still miss your gentle, fondling hands,
and I dream every night that I could
leave this anguish, leave these foreign lands,
and return to our home made of wood.

I'll come back when the day is born
and our orchard whitens in its glow.
Only never wake me at the dawn
as you used to, as you did years ago.

Please don't rouse what I've dreamt away,
let it sleep, let it sleep for ever.
Life too early had managed to slay
all my dreams, all my hopes, all my lovers.

Please don't teach me how to say my prayer;
what has gone is erased, erased.
You're my grace, you alone are fair,
you're my only light in the haze.

So give up, abandon your fear,
stop that longing, soothe your sorry heart,
and along that path, my dear,
walk no more, funny-clad, gazing far.

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