

The tardy dawn is hidden by the rain,
rotting in forest mist, day scarcely glimmers,
but burning with the hues of early morning,
upon the height the willow herb now shimmers.

And murkiness is murkiness no longer,
when earth is flooded by a clear warm light,
so never mind the dawn that is not dawning,
within me, noon is rising, clear and bright.

And it grows stronger, shines with purest radiance,
not boasting of its new-found strength at all:
thus do three hundred rivers roll through Russia,
commingling and becoming Lake Baikal.

I shall become more partial and more kindly,
my confidants grow fewer, friends depart...
the rains are heavier now, the shadows more oppressive,
but shimmering willow herb blooms in my heart.

Mark Sergeyev

The tardy dawn