

Михаил Юрьевич Лермонтов,  
Sail

*tradukita de A. Z. Foreman*

A sail drifts white and on its own  
Amid the light blue ocean haze.  
What does it seek in distant country?  
What made it leave its native bays?

Great billows play. High winds are whistling  
Down at the bending, creaking mast  
Oh! This one seeks no happy ending  
And does not flee a happy past.

Beneath, a brighter stream than azure.  
Above, the golden sunray flows  
Yet this one, restive...quests for tempests  
As if in tempests were repose.

*Traduko de la Rusa poemo "Паpyc" de МИХАИЛ ЮРЬЕВИЧ ЛЕРМОНТОВ (\*1814-10-16 – †1841-07-27)  
en la Anglan de A. Z. Foreman.*

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*I, Manfred Retzlaff, found this poem-translation in <http://poemsintranslation.blogspot.e/2009/10/lermontov-sail-from-russian.html>.*