

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

Arg-545-2269 (2015-01-28 19:03:20)

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