

A Flake of Snow

A flake of snow
A division of land
A spreading or flapping of wings
A flaucht
A number of birds in flight
The flute
Is high over the city
Patches of mist appear
From the sea

Tomorrow
Light and shadow
On the sea
The freshness and depth
And the taut wind in the sails
And the voice disappearing where
The waves part
My will is not my own in the blue sea
The wind blows
Unlike the winds of the hills
The wind sounds

In the sea-shell of the open mouth
The reticent gulls
Open their wings
Over the supple fingers of water
Rhythmically working their wings
Over the light on the sea-crest
The scattered mines of the sun

The edge of the wine in the bowl
Resembled the sea-horizon
So they called it wine-faced
But its fluent waters are blue
At Pirita

Caesaria

and Bass Rock

The blue sea on a sunny day
Everywhere
There is a way to the sea
Only exile from the language
Persists

—Eugene Dubnov
June 1979
Edinburgh

(Translated from Russian by the author and C. Newman)