

My voice is weak but not my will...

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Translated by A. S. Kline

My voice is weak but not my will,
It's better even without love.
High skies and mountain winds,
And my thoughts now innocent.

Insomnia, my nurse, is elsewhere.
I'm not brooding by cold ashes.
And the curved hand on the tower clock,
Is no longer a deadly arrow.

How the past loses power over the heart!
Freedom is near. Everything's simple,
See how the sunlight falls across
The wet ivy this spring.