

Untitled

Look, outside my window the vine is spreading so fast it
Almost blocks out the light. Dark, picturesque green now
Covers up half of the panes. And amidst the foliage a bunch of
Seemingly carefully-placed grapes has started to turn
Yellow... Hands off, sweetest! Why this rage for destruction?
If one plump little white hand should be seen to steal
Into the yard for a bunch of grapes, the neighbours will waste no
Time in announcing: *she* must have been in his room.

(Translated from the Russian by Robert Chandler)