Night, Boulevard, Streetlight, Drugstore

By Alexander Blok

Translated from Russian by

Hannah Tomio

Night, boulevard, streetlight, drugstore,
A meaningless and dim light.
Live yet a quarter century more
All will be the same. No end in sight.

You will die – then start over as well
And everything will repeat, like time's blight
Night, the canal's icy swell,
Drugstore, boulevard, streetlight.