Sail

Translated from Russian by

Don Hood

Sail, on the ocean vast and bleak
shining in the golden sun
In the distance what does he seek
at home what makes him run

The wind whips, the waves churn
the mast bends and scrapes
For happiness he doesn’t yearn
but from it he does not escape

Below him the ocean, a jewel without form
above him the sun sheds its light on the sea
And he the rebel, he begs for the storm
as if it is there he’ll find liberty