Anna Akhmatova
Victory

Translated from Russian
by Spencer Rice

Gloriously started a glorious deal
In horrible thunder, in snow dust
Where languish is pure
Unholy enemies of the land.
To us stood a native birch
Pulling branches we call waiting,
The mighty grandfather frost
Since we are in close order.

He erupted over the first lighthouse pier,
The other lighthouses forerunner -
Wept and took off his sailor hat
He swam in seas full of death
Along which danger meets death.

The victory is at our door…
Like a guest wants to meet?
Let the women raise the children
Rescued from thousands upon thousands of deaths -
Thus we awaited response.