

«I Like»

(Eng) Translated by Makarenko Catherine

I like the way that Autumn
Spends without regretting,
And then whimpers quietly.
Clouds cry by raining.

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Then with Winter Autumn
Talks it over with smother,
After hearing early
In spring the steps of Summer.

* * *

The Summer that will come
And hug us.
It will get cooler some before
It leaves us.

* * *

It'll sink in
A September's rustling gilt.
In silence leave
Through woods becoming wilt.