

I taught myself live simply  
I taught myself to live simply and wisely,  
to look at the sky and pray to God,  
and to wander long before evening  
to tire my superfluous worries.

When the burdocks rustle in the ravine  
and the yellow-red rowanberry clusters droop  
I compose happy verses  
about life's decay, decay and beauty.

I come back. The fluffy cat licks my palm, purrs so  
sweetly and the fire flares bright  
on the saw-mill turret by the lake. Only the cry of a  
stork landing on the roof occasionally breaks the  
silence.

If you knock on my door I may not even hear.