

Konstantin Balmont
At sea the blackened

At sea the blackened the pillars are.
Of rock the pillars. And eight in number.
Do come the bondmen, do come this far.
Youths carry hearses in hordes bizarre.
And autumns whisper. And winters slumber.

And beasts the coast do prove to reach.
A bird does happen to come a-whirling.
"What are we doing?" they sadly screech.
They move, they wander and drop to beach,
Too worn for yearning, too sick of twirling.

At sea the blackened the pillars loom.
From mists of elder. In grim a number.
In number faitf'l mongst them of doom.
And means of pillars do calls assume:
Forever. Speechless. Ill-willing. Umber.