

Konstantin Balmont
Odolen the Herb

Thou that dost finde Odolen the herb shalt have great fortune upon the face of earth.
The traditional herbal

Odolen the herb,
Am amidst the wrong,
Numbly comes a verb,
Dumb is my a song.

Am amidst the men,
Hardly standing throng,
Help me swiftly then,
Let me sing my song.

You, like me, are brought
At the woodlands' verge,
For the moon are sought
'pon the silent surge.

You be hands-vower
Grey does gently frock,
Are a trollflower,
Water lily-rock.

Fell the lightning flash
Into hush of looms,
Fell the lightning slash
And the flower blooms.

Odolen the herb,
Many be the dooms
As you bright disturb
Face of glassy looms.

Walked in sad debris
Thro' the empty fen,
Lastly you to see,
Help me swiftly then.

Do defeat and mute
Not the barrow shrines,
'pon which darkened root
Whisper darkened pines.

Non the forest gloom,
Not the dark of night,
Not the wicked coomb,
Not the steppes to sight.

Odolen the herb,
Do defeat and mute
Them whose lives superb
Glow in sleep dilute.

Who, as deadly tombs,
Downward burden bring,
Facing glassy looms,
Knowing not the spring.

Ever lives your orb,
Beamy charm to ken,
Odolen the herb,
Do defeat the men.