

Konstantin Balmont
To an embittered one

I'm wise to hatred, and perhaps more stronger still
Than might be ever known by heart of yours afflicted,
Unjust to brim as well as full with sparkling spill
Of Garden left as not evicted.

I'm wise to hating brute, and passions, by the name
Of blind self-sealing, fate that's of injustice eager,
And this decaying, to the grave belonging frame,
That given is for life of meagre.

But tortured, as you are, for years being torn,
To you I was uptied with silence of convention,
And I can see that you forgot your brother sworn
Had rather armed than thief's intention.

To foes — a daring foe, to you — will-not-forsake,
I know my fellow men bedressed in dusty covers,
But you, to leopard kin, that's bitten by a snake,
Are racking, rabid, yours true lovers!