

Ivan Franko

Strewing, strewing falls the snow
From the heaven's graying chasm,
Fluttering down in myriads
These cold butterflies, unpleasant.

As concerted as old troubles,
Colder than ill-tempered fate,
They bespatter all that's living,
All the fields' and meadows' beauty.

The white carpet of oblivion,
Stiffness, stupefaction, stupor
Covers everything and deadens
All down to the deepest roots.

Strewing, strewing falls the snow,
Ever heavier lies this carpet.
Youthful fire in the soul
Flickers, wanes, and then expires.

Translated by Ivan Teplyy

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