

Anna Akhmatova

Death of a Poet

The unrepeatable voice won't speak again,  
Died yesterday and quit us, the talker with groves.  
He has turned into the life-giving ear of grain  
Or into the gentlest rain of which he sang.  
And all the flowers that grow only in this world  
Came into bloom to meet his death.  
And straightway it's grown quiet on the planet  
That bears a name so modest...Earth.