

13. Tsilye Dropkin.

No. 27 "To a Young Poetess".

What good is it
that your gaze pierces deep into things?
Your heart, your heart is asleep.
And when he came
and you gazed clearly
at him, as at a sun -
what good did it do?
You have to burn three times, like me,
in Hell in the fire of love -
burn long and slowly;
you have to be purified three times
in Hell, like me;
you have to love unwisely, without pride,
love unto death;
then, when you recognize death in love,
then write love-poems!

(Translation by Barnett Zumoff.)