

Anna Akhmatova

Loneliness -

So many stones are thrown at me,  
They no longer scare.  
Fine, now, is the snare,  
Among high towers a high tower.  
I thank its builders: may  
They never need a friend.  
Here I can see the sun rise earlier  
And see the glory of the day's end.  
And often into the window of my room  
Fly the winds of a northern sea,  
A dove eats wheat from my hands...  
And the Muse's sunburnt hand  
Divinely light and calm  
Finishes the unfinished page.