

THE TURMOIL

*Never has such turmoil
nor vehement trouble been put in my flesh
by Christ's suffering on the earth
or by the millions of the skies.*

*And took no such heed of a vapid dream —
green wood of the land of story —
as when my stubborn heart leaped to the glint
of her smile and golden head.*

*And her beauty cast a cloud
over poverty and a bitter wound
and over the world of Lenin's intellect,
over his patience and his anger.*