This evening I dreamed:
I wandered in the forest, sick,
the trees unseeing
shook violently with anger
so that not even one leaf remained
and in the darkness, on the paths,
winds told each other:
Once, once, more than fifty years ago,
once, once, over 350 years ago,
a settlement stood here;
the earth was black
and the sky blue and white,
summer b golden, and winter b snow.
The day b a sun-crowned kingdom of the world.
Stars sing quietly at night,
but a gloomy, troubling dream
presses down on people’s brows,
and sick, sick they run
and they seek and seek...
and in them the white world withers,
a bird consoles them - they do not hear it,
flowers temptb but no one hears them
and they run and run,
and sick, sick they seek
but what befalls them is blurred by tears.

Once, on a red-tinted evening,
when the earth and the sky in their final throes
spilled bloodily across the fields,
they screamed out to the heavens:

God, how much longer? How much longer?
We have borne a thousand years of curses
God, we are already dead tired.
While You have made your bed in the seven heavens
and take pleasure in your rest,
and you are deaf to our laments
and laugh at those who are wanderers ... 

The sun burns and then puts itself out,
the years come and they go
and remain in the same place
motionless, day and night

a punishment has befallen them:
the old ones became trees,
the young are like branches
grown thin and black,
and together they make up the forest ...

And when midnight comes,
the sky darkens with remorse,
memories haunt the horizon
and stars lament in the clouds
or fall from sorrow
into a weary river somewhere ...
Then the forest starts to tremble,
as winter's heart quivers
in the dark and snow
when a soul soundlessly flutters
from one frozen in a ditch ...
their dark thoughts
get tangled amongst the branches,
life tosses itself harshly amid the trees
and thousand-year old evil spirits
rustle, rustle at night.

(1920)