



# Willow

By Anna Akhmatova  
Translated By Jennifer Reeser

...and a decrepit handful of trees.

—Aleksandr Pushkin

And I matured in peace born of command,  
in the nursery of the infant century,  
and the voice of man was never dear to me,  
but the breeze's voice—that I could understand.

The burdock and the nettle I preferred,  
but best of all the silver willow tree.  
Its weeping limbs fanned my unrest with dreams;  
it lived here all my life, obligingly.

I have outlived it now, and with surprise.  
There stands the stump; with foreign voices other  
willows converse, beneath our, beneath those skies,  
and I am hushed, as if I'd lost a brother.