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[There lived a / miller...] translated by Matvei Yankelevich

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There lived a
miller. His daughter Agnes
played with animals all day
scaring cattle from the depths of forests
her pupils shine with fire flames.
The miller fierce and wicked was
beat Agnes with a whip
drove barley from far villages
and after went to sleep.
One morning, inside the miller's
adam's apple, Agnes plants a bean.
Agnes growls. The miller springs.
But the priest comes walking in.
Long Agnes takes her seat
the winge'd miller seats the priest
nearby. He is embarrassed.
Oh would there blow a sudden wind
and then the windmill's wings would spin
the cleric, Agnes and the chatterling in flight
would then upon the roof alight.
The miller's happy. He's a magician.

January 3, 1930

Translated from the Russian by Matvei Yankelevich