[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 winged 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