In Passing
By Baruir Sevag

When twilight sinks among the clouds like a fine comb,
And the sniffing light wind stands still like a puppy,
Before each bush, each tree or clod, and each person,
And when youthful cold starts to show its real force
Obliging us to button shirts and mutter words of displeasure,
And when against velvety dark the day’s uproar hushes itself,
And here and there the lights that show seem to become an old painting.

I have again become naive,
I believe in right and justice,
And it does seem to me that I
Shall die my own... natural death.

Translated by Alice Ezegelyan.