

## **After the Storm**



**The air is full of after-thunder freshness,**

**And everything rejoices and revives.**

**With the whole outburst of its purple clusters**

**The lilac drinks the air of paradise.**

**The gutters overflow ; the change of weather**

**Makes all you see appear alive and new.**

**Meanwhile, the shades of sky are growing lighter**

**Beyond the blackest cloud the height is blue.**

**The artist's hand, with mastery still greater**

**Wipes dirt and dust of objects in his path.**

**Reality and life, the past and present,**

**Emerge transformed out of his colour-bath.**

**The memory of over half a life-time**

**Like swiftly passing thunder dies away.**

**The century is no more under wardship :**

**High time to let the future have its say.**

**Boris Pasternak (1890 - 1960 / Moscow)**

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