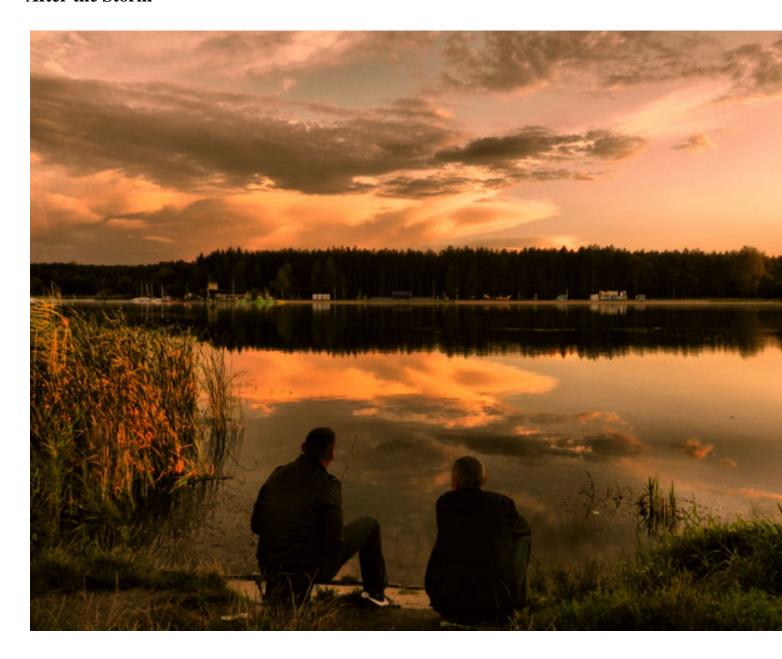
After the Storm



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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