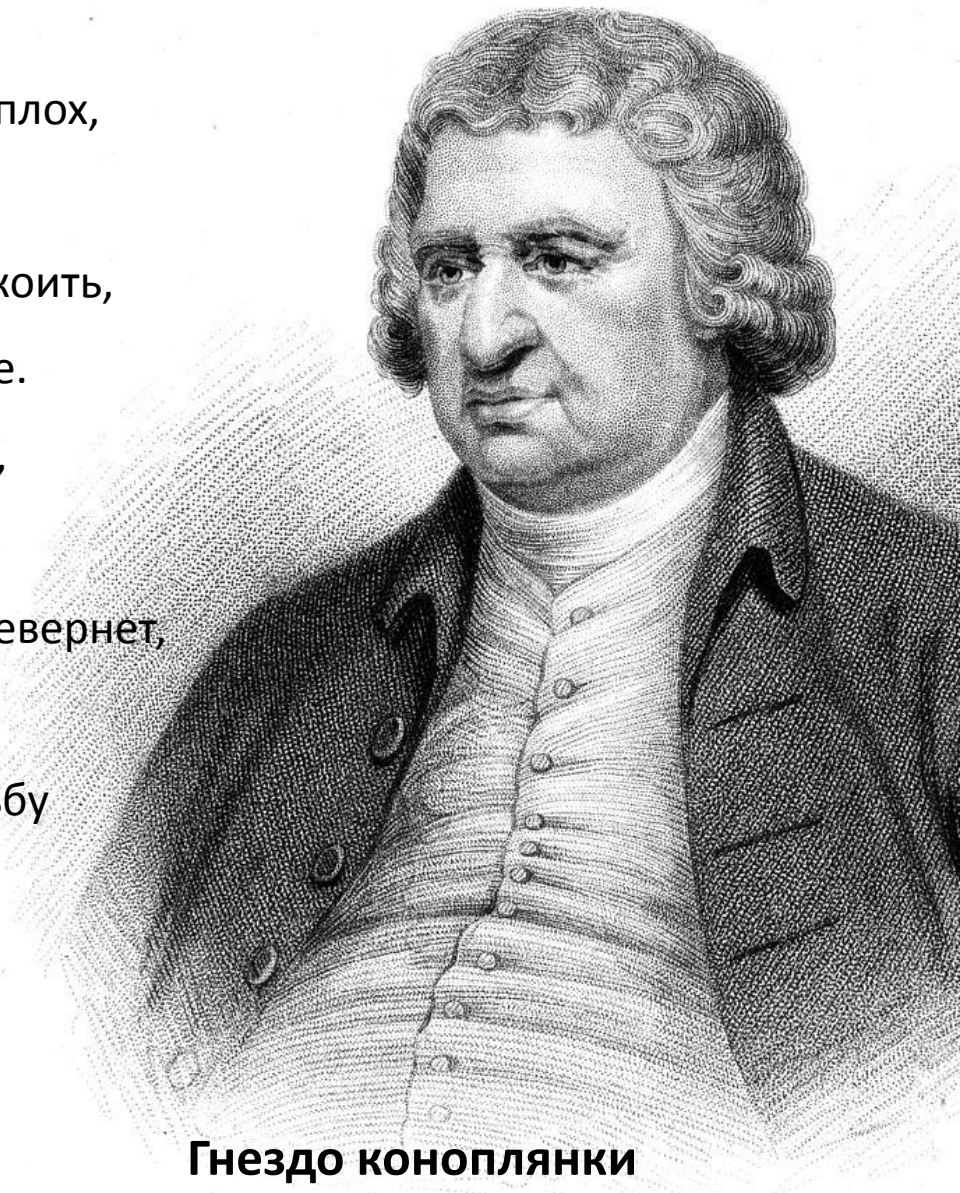


Вот оживленно птицы отбирают, выбор их неплох,
Пушок чертополоха, шерсть и серый мох.
Гнездо готовится, там где его не станут беспокоить,
Из теплых мхов и из податливых волос свитое.
Идут недели, коноплянка не считается с едой,
Да выводок грядущий согревает свой.
И белым клювом каждое пятнистое яйцо перевернет,
Но день за днем её терзает нетерпенья гнет.
И слыша молодого пленника чириканье-мольбу
На полусферы разбивает скорлупу.

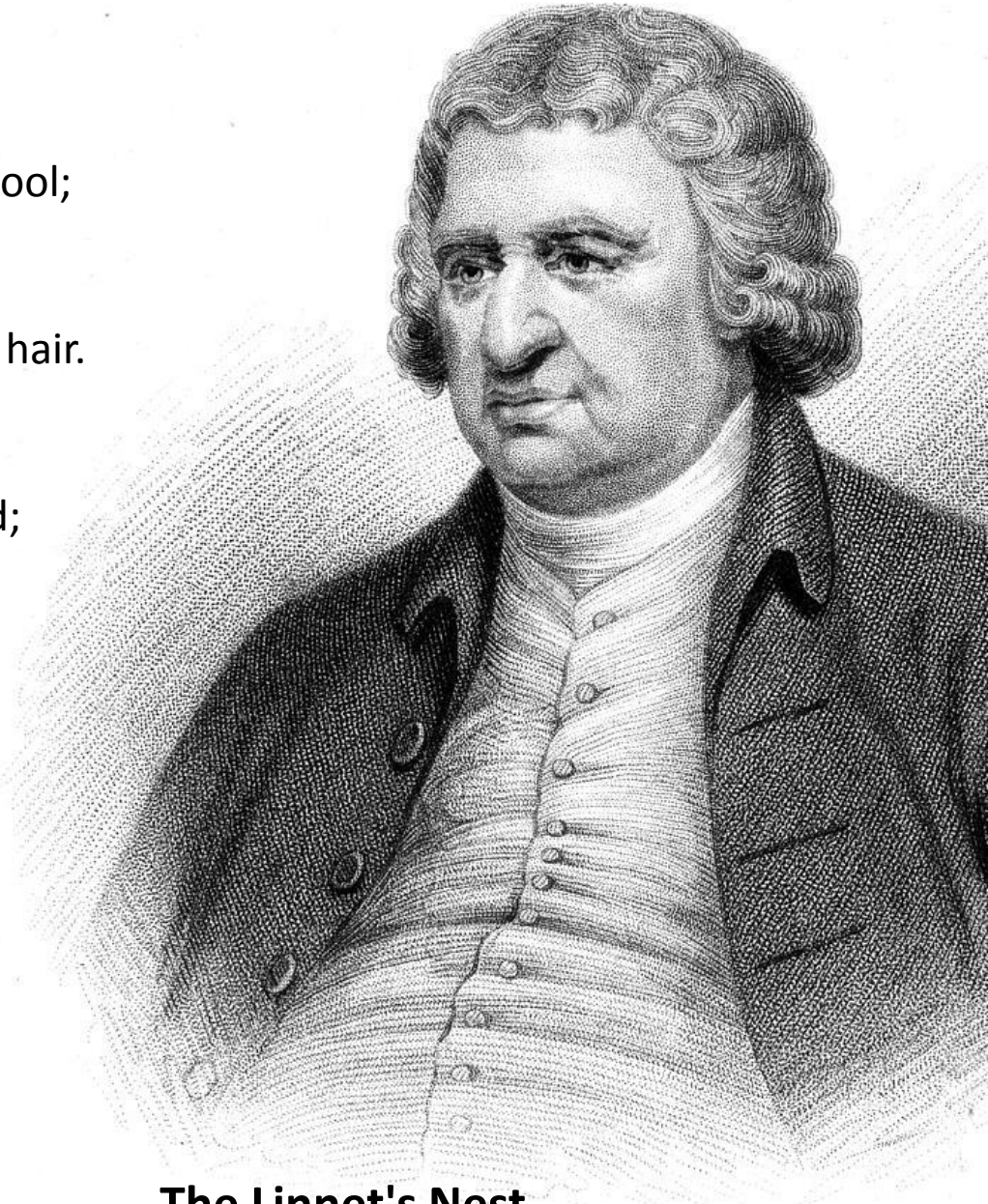


Гнездо коноплянки

Эразм Дарвин, ДМ, чл. К.О.

пер. П.Никулина. чл.ВОГИС

The busy birds, with nice selection, cull
Soft thistle-down, gray moss, and scatter'd wool;
Far from each prying eye the nest prepare,
Form'd of warm moss, and lined with softest hair.
Week after week, regardless of her food,
Th' incumbent linnet warms her future brood;
Each spotted egg with ivory bill she turns,
Day after day with fond impatience burns;
Hears the young prisoner chirping in his cell,
And breaks in hemispheres the fragile shell.



The Linnet's Nest

By Erasmus Darwin, MD, FRS



Last words

by P.Nikulin, MS

Without a doubt, one of the greatest men
Much of the Nature's secrets he uncovered
Intelligence and observation was his power
Revered in fame both now and then
He climbed just unimaginably high,
With clear mind rejected fear,
And uttered, when his death was near,
"I am not the least afraid to die."

So we have only hope of catching up with him
We should embrace what further lies,
And quench the terror of demise,
As grim as it may seem