Loving a country says someone, but do you care what becomes of it?
Probably not, probably I don't understand
How poverty blends into wonders, how a country disappears
Any country, the one I'm thinking of
Has villages like riddles worn down by time
And its wretched places not exactly filled with smiles.
Understanding a country (do I understand mine, even?)
Loving it, really because of almost nothing
Yes, the blue sky at Marrakech, a few rags,
It's really knowing you'll never understand anything about it.

As the mountain was filling the blackness coming from the night
more and more
(And the car was going faster because of the cool air)
There was a last village, its broad reds in dark clay
You'd think it was the alarm of a cheek in the obscure desire
of the world.
Of course you should know this country a long time to talk
about it, still
That moment of tender fire before the night (here it is)
Struck home as if in my heart
Another childhood was coming back to me,
Fragile, but colored with confidence in the sudden blackness
of time.
the recently freed Russian dissident, Robert Creeley.

it wasn't very nice in prison
it is quite nice to be free

ODE TO LIBERTY

CONSIDERED BY ELAINE FRANKLIN
FROM THE ORIGINAL RUSSIAN