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## The Dshwari Cloister Ruins translated by Elizabeth Weber

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## THE DSHWARI CLOISTER RUINS

The brown monks march like geese  
They are very old, only their voices  
Are beautiful a band bursting forth  
They chant at the drop of a button they are still.

Here they wait, feet motionless lifted  
Until the peasant lets their mouths sing again  
Hands inserted in sleeves  
They go like swallows through the eighth nest

Until evening comes, the time of wine  
They sleep in drunk spools  
The abbot on his high stool  
Counts kopeks in the hollow of a stone.

*translated by  
Elizabeth Weber*