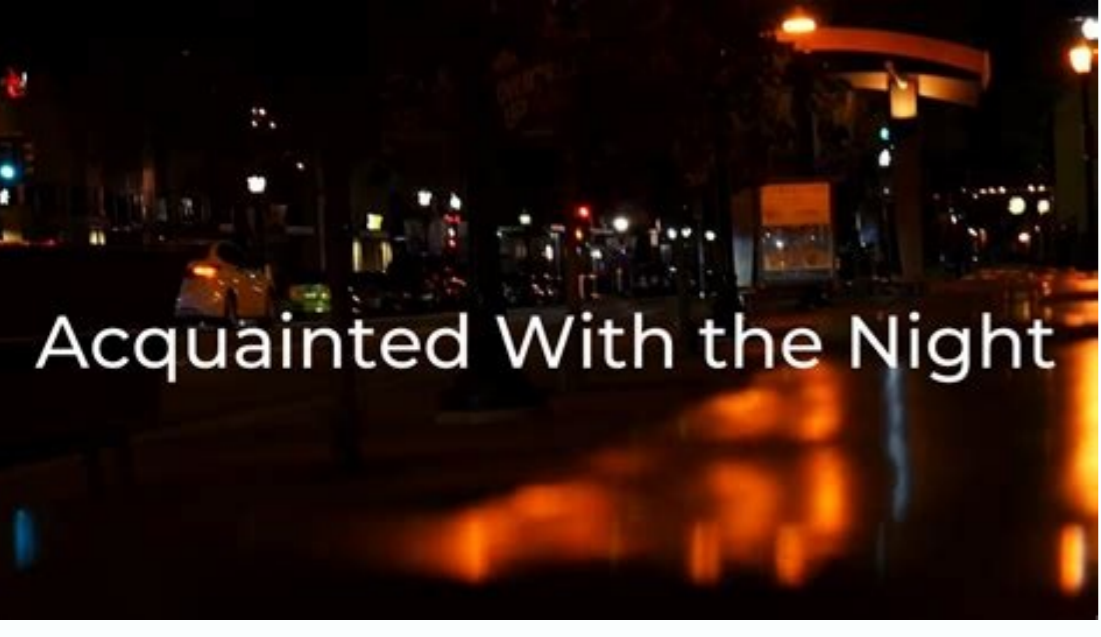
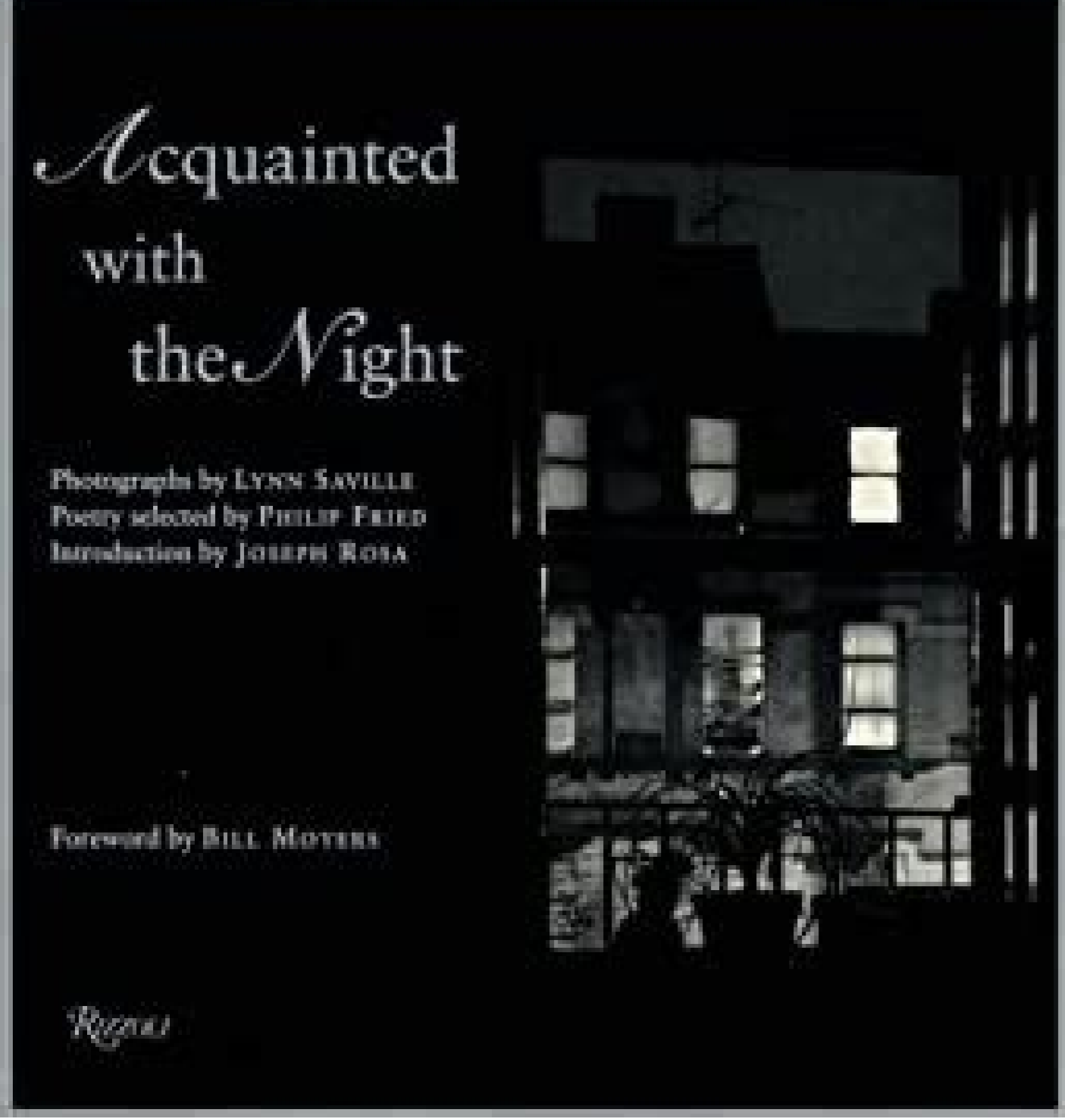


I'm not robot!





Сонет #18 (Шекспировский)  
Дал ли compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often the fair season's face is dimm'd,  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course, untrimm'd,  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair world you inhabit,  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Перевод: М. М....

Могу ль тебя  
равнять я с  
летним днем?



Acquainted with the Night

I have been one acquainted with the night,  
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.  
I have outwalked the furthest city light.  
I have looked down the saddest city lane,  
I have passed by the watchman on his beat,  
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.  
I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet,  
When far away an interrupted cry  
Came over houses from another street,  
But not to call me back or say good-bye,  
And further still at an unearthly height,  
One luminary clock against the sky,  
Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.  
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Handwritten notes in Russian and English are present, including a diagram of the sonnet's structure (1-14-3-4) and a signature 'Robert Frost'.

Acquainted with the night sonnet.

Robert Frost's talent radiates best from his shorter poems. His poetic voice, naturally laconic, finds its most expressive mode in his shortest poems. The tightness of form and economy of language allows Frost to pack layers of meaning into as few words as will express them effectively. "Fire and Ice" and "Nothing Gold Can Stay" exemplify this mastery. Another poem that ranks with them is "Acquainted with the Night," originally published in 1928 in Virginia Quarterly Review and appeared that same year in Frost's collection, West-Running Brook. The full text of the poem is: I have been one acquainted with the night. I have walked out in rain—and back in rain. I have outwalked the furthest city light. I have looked down the saddest city lane. I have passed by the watchman on his beat And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain. I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet When far away an interrupted cry Came over houses from another street. But not to call me back or say good-bye. And further still at an unearthly height. One luminary clock against the sky Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right. I have been one acquainted with the night. First, the form of the poem is at once orthodox and marvelously inventive. It consists of fourteen lines – a sonnet. However, its form is neither Petrarchan (one octave and a sestet) or Shakespearean (three quatrains and a couplet). Instead, it modifies the Shakespearean form to four tercets and a couplet – the tercets taking the form of terza rima, reminiscent of Dante's Divine Comedy. That resemblance can hardly have been accidental: terza rima is all but synonymous with Dante's epic. Frost was clearly evoking Dante in his simple sonnet. An exploration of the subject matter reveals why. Frost opens with the poem's aphoristic title. What is the night with which he is acquainted? The night of love? Of sleep? Of dreams? It is none of these. The night Frost describes in intense dramatic monologue is of aimless wandering in the rain. Sadness pervades the very city street. At times the narrative voice is ashamed – "dropped . . . eyes, unwilling to explain" its presence to the night watchman. At others it is afraid – having "stood still and stopped the sound of feet / When far away an interrupted cry / Came over houses from another street." The cry is interrupted, indicating a struggle, and carries for blocks, indicating desperation to be heard. Yet the narrative voice does not rush to investigate or help, but merely stands still, afraid to be detected. The narrative voice then sees the clock "at an unearthly" – that is, a heavenly – "height," telling a time "neither wrong nor right." The time is not wrong because the narrative voice finds the outer world of the desolate nighttime streets reflective of its inner feelings of sadness, shame, and fear. Yet neither is it right, implying that the nighttime wandering is not a natural or desirable state. Frost then closes by repeating the opening line, at once framing the nighttime scenes as past events remembered and at the same time conveying a tone of plaintive emphasis, of a mind wandering off as words become too much. This second time around, though, the line carries meaning that it lacked at the poem's beginning. Now that the reader has seen the sort of night with which the narrative voice is acquainted, he understands that "night" is the darkness of the human psyche, and the line rings much more somber than it did before. The wanderings Frost describes mirror Dante's descent into hell. The narrative voice enters a realm of darkness and solitude, which it is in, but not of. It recoils in sadness, horror, and fear at what it sees and hears, yet it sees reflected in the somber and sad outward setting the melancholy within. Whereas Dante has himself venture beyond death to glimpse the eternal realm of hell, Frost has his narrator venture beyond sleep to glimpse night as an idealization of the darkness of the afflicted mind. Framing the poem's description narrative voice in the past tense also implies that the narrative voice is done with his melancholy journey – he has been acquainted with the night. Much like Dante in the Inferno, Frost's narrative voice has been on a journey into the depths of hell, but has returned to reminisce on it. Frost's hell, though, while it might seem external, is not, the internal hell of depression and despair turns otherwise mundane night scenes into horrifying experiences of sadness, shame, and fear: "The mind is its own place, and in it self / Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n." (Paradise Lost, 1:233-34.) In "Acquainted with the Night," Frost places his own stamp upon the sonnet's form, and in doing so subtly alludes to Dante's journey through hell in the Divine Comedy. He portrays a nighttime world made at once sad and fearsome when filtered through the narrative voice's inner melancholy. In this masterful marriage of form and dramatic monologue, Frost gives a convincing portrayal of a "night" not of external, but internal darkness. Every poet – indeed every person – has been "acquainted" with the night" at some time. Like Frost, the true poet will look deep into that night, for it is only by experiencing its darkness that the human mind can

know and understand the light. Just as the contrast between light and shadow defines the vision, life's light only becomes visible in the darkness.Adam Sedia (b. 1984) lives in his native Indiana, where he practices as a civil and appellate litigation attorney. His poems have appeared in print and online publications, and he has published two volumes of poetry: *The Spring's Autumn* (2013) and *Inquietude* (2016). He also composes music, which may be heard on his YouTube channel. He lives with his wife, Ivana, and their two children.
‘Acquainted with the Night’ is a poem by Robert Frost (1874-1963), published in 1928. One of Frost’s most popular short poems, it is slightly unusual in his oeuvre in focusing on the urban rather than rural world of many of his other famous poems. You can read ‘Acquainted with the Night’ here before proceeding to our analysis of the poem below. To summarise: ‘Acquainted with the Night’ is a lyric poem in which the speaker (who may or may not be Frost himself) tells us that he has been one of those people ‘acquainted with the night’, who has walked outside, and home again, in the rain. He has walked far, out to the farthest edges of the city, where the city lights stop and he is plunged into a deeper darkness. There is a suggestion of pathetic fallacy here: ‘night’ and ‘rain’ are both suggestive of gloomy or melancholic emotional states, and there’s a possibility that Frost’s speaker wants us to think beyond the literal and into the metaphorical: he is no stranger to dark thoughts and to sadness. Indeed, such an analysis of the speaker’s meaning seems well-founded when he tells us, in the fourth line, he has ‘looked down the saddest city lane’ (where ‘I have looked down’ glimmers, momentarily, with the secondary meaning of looking down in the mouth, or looking depressed). Seeing a night-watchman out on his patrol, or ‘beat’, the speaker has avoided his eye contact, perhaps because he suspects that if their eyes meet the watchman will ask him what brings him out so late. The speaker would rather not say. In the third stanza, the speaker tells us he has stopped walking until the echoes of his footsteps cease, and he hears an ‘interrupted cry’ carry through the night air from another street. But the cry is not meant for him (either someone calling him back or bidding him farewell). A tall clock (perhaps the town clock, in a clock tower, but probably the moon, given the word ‘luminary’, i.e. emitting light) high above him gives him the time, which is ‘neither wrong nor right’. Perhaps this is because, it being night time, there is no right or wrong time for the speaker: time has largely lost its meaning, in terms of hours and minutes. The poem concludes with the speaker repeating that first line: he is (or has been) ‘one acquainted with the night’. ‘Acquainted with the Night’ has been interpreted as a poem about loneliness, but this seems to be a reductive or even misguided analysis: the speaker appears to revel in his solitariness rather than feeling the lack of other human company, and notably, the one person he ‘meets’ in the poem, the watchman, he goes out of his way to avoid speaking to. One of the problems in interpreting the meaning of the poem is that Frost’s speaker refuses to tell us how he feels about his solitary wandering through the night: he is, to borrow a phrase from the poem, ‘unwilling to explain’. Does he crave human company, does he wish that he had someone to call him back home? Ultimately, as with that interrupted cry in the poem, there is no answer. Although it doesn’t necessarily strike us as one, ‘Acquainted with the Night’ is an example of the sonnet form: fourteen lines written in iambic pentameter. Or at least, ‘Acquainted with the Night’ appears to be a sonnet, since it has fourteen lines, is rhymed, and is written in (fairly regular) iambic pentameter. However, the rhyme scheme does not match the rhyme scheme for any established sonnet. The poem is rhymed aba bcb cdc dad aa. And Frost’s decision to divide the poem into four tercets and a concluding couplet further disguises the poem’s links with the sonnet. In fact, ‘Acquainted with the Night’ is not really a sonnet at all: the fact that it has fourteen lines and concludes, as the English or Shakespearean sonnet does, with a rhyming couplet is where the similarities end. Instead, the poem is written in the Italian verse form known as terza rima, a three-line stanza form using what’s known as ‘chain rhyme’, where the middle line of each three-line stanza becomes the outer rhymes for the subsequent stanza (so ‘rain’, the middle line of Frost’s first stanza, gives us ‘lane’ and ‘explain’ in the first and third lines of the following stanza; ‘beat’ then gives us ‘feet’ and ‘street’; and so on). However, Frost’s decision to conclude this pattern of chain rhyme by bringing the rhymes full-circle – i.e. back to ‘night’ rhyme that began the poem – so that the whole thing comes to fourteen lines is certainly interesting, and is perhaps meant to call to mind the sonnet form. Terza rima was first used by the medieval Italian poet Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), who used the three-line stanza form for his religious epic, the Divine Comedy. Dante also wrote sonnets, so we might surmise (though we cannot know what Frost’s intentions were for sure) that Frost was setting out, with ‘Acquainted with the Night’, to write a ‘Dantean’ poem, whose form echoes those associated with Dante. And thematically, too, there is something Dantean about ‘Acquainted with the Night’, with the dark city doubling up as a land of spiritual darkness, or ‘city of dreadful night’. This is not to say that the poem is religious – it is decidedly secular – but Frost’s choice of verse forms summons the possibility that he wishes to offer a secular, modern take on Dante’s vision of the Inferno. About Robert Frost
Robert Frost (1874-1963) is regarded as one of the greatest American poets of the twentieth century. And yet he didn’t belong to any particular movement: unlike his contemporaries William Carlos Williams or Wallace Stevens he was not a modernist, preferring more traditional modes and utilising a more direct and less obscure poetic language. He famously observed of free verse, which was favoured by many modernist poets, that it was ‘like playing tennis with the net down’. Many of his poems are about the natural world, with woods and trees featuring prominently in some of his most famous and widely anthologised poems (‘The Road Not Taken’, ‘Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening’, ‘Birches’, ‘Tree at My Window’). Elsewhere, he was fond of very short and pithy poetic statements: see ‘Fire and Ice’ and ‘But Outer Space’, for example. Robert Frost was invited to read a poem at the inauguration of John F. Kennedy in 1961. However, as he prepared to read the poem he had written specially for the occasion, ‘For John F. Kennedy His Inauguration’, Frost found he was unable to read the words of his poem on the paper, so bright was the glare of the sun. So instead, he began to recite one of his earlier poems, from memory: ‘The Gift Outright’. Most critics agree that ‘The Gift Outright’ is a superior poem to the inauguration poem Frost had written, and ‘The Gift Outright’ is now more or less synonymous with Kennedy’s inauguration.