*Imagists* – translate the following selection:

I

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;

Petals on a wet, black bough.

**Ezra Pound, *In a Station of the Metro***

II

Whirl up, sea -

Whirl your pointed pines,

Splash your great pines

On our rocks,

Hurl your green over us -

Cover us with your pools of fir.

**Hilda Doolittle, *Oread***

III

Cold, wet leaves

Floating on moss-coloured water

And the croaking of frogs—

Cracked bell-notes in the twilight.

**Amy Lowel, *The Pond***

IV

A touch of cold in the Autumn night—

I walked abroad,

And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge

Like a red-faced farmer.

I did not stop to speak, but nodded,

And round about were the wistful stars

With white faces like town children.

**T. E. Hulme, *Autumn***

V

Once, in finesse of fiddles found I ecstasy,

In the flash of gold heels on the hard pavement.

Now see I

That warmth’s the very stuff of poesy.

Oh, God, make small

The old star-eaten blanket of the sky,

That I may fold it round me and in comfort lie.

**T. E. Hulme, *The Embankment***