

## **ADULT POETRY TRANSLATION**

### **Night in August**

O'erwhelmed

by the white

of that quivering

light

On the sea, as the shining moon beams,  
With the silvery sight and its vitreous bright,  
I'm compelled to be roused from my dreams.

Un-numbered lines of sweet scented pines,  
Rustling leaves a song may express;  
And the soft drowsy breeze that shivers the trees  
Like a mother's light fingered caress.

### **Marisa is intent on her study**

Marisa applies herself with zeal,  
Into her room I softly steal  
In radiant sunlight's glare.

Then poised on tip toe softly lurk,  
Behind her back I read her work  
Through flowing locks of hair.

My shadow on the page projected  
Immediately I am detected.

But Oh! What bliss,  
Marisa's kiss