

Парус
Михаил Лермонтов

A Sail
Mikhail Lermontov

Белеет парус одинокий
В тумане моря голубом!
Что ищет он в стране далекой?
Что кинул он в краю родном?

Играют волны - ветер свищет,
И мачта гнется и скрипит
Увы, - он счастья не ищет
И не от счастья бежит!

Под ним струя светлей лазури,
Над ним луч солнца золотой
А он, мятежный, просит бури,
Как будто в бурях есть покой!

A white sail stands alone
In contrast to the azure sea.
What does it seek so far from home?
What is it trying to flee?

The wind howls, the waves roll.
The straining mast cries for relief.
The sail's not searching for its soul;
Nor is it leaving behind any grief.

In the blue abyss it feels free.
The sun transforms it to a golden fleece.
Restless, it looks for a rougher sea,
As if in a storm it will find its peace.

Commentators say the poem is symbolic. Autobiographical. Lermontov sees himself as the sail. He was attending university in Moscow but ran foul of some lecturers, motivating him to move to Saint Petersburg, ever restlessly searching for his goals, which he seeks to achieve willingly confronting - even relishing – the tumultuous challenges facing him.