



## Endquote

### With a View of the Sea

*October, and the sea this morning  
rests its cheek against the quays;  
the pattering upon the awning's  
seeds of the acacia trees,  
keeping a beat. The blazing sun  
is hoisting up out of the sea  
a piercing stare that doesn't burn,  
just as the rowers sculling by  
pierce the water, gazing up  
at one far snowy mountaintop.*

—from *With a View of the Sea* by **Joseph Brodsky**,  
translated from the Russian  
by Glyn Maxwell and Zakhar Ishov