

III  
*The Scent of Freedom,*  
*Anna Akhmatova*

Wild honey smells like freedom,  
Dust – like a ray of sun.  
Like violets – a young maid’s mouth,  
And gold – like nothing.  
The flowers of the mignonette smell like water,  
And like an apple – love.  
But we learned once and for all  
That blood only smells like blood.