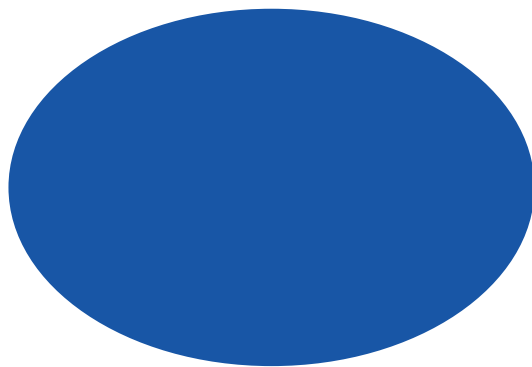


# FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



9

2014



Four Centuries

Russian Poetry in Translation

fourcenturies@gmx.de

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Letter from the Publisher

**Four Centuries Library**

Dear Friends,

The following text of the Publisher's Letter was published in *Four Centuries*, Nr. 3:

Dear Friends,

Thank you very much for reading our magazine.

I would like to open its third issue by launching a new initiative to create a library of Russian poetry in translations - **Four Centuries Library**.

The ambitious goal of this project is to collect books, periodicals and other papers with Russian poetry, old and new, translated into different languages, and finally to donate collection as a whole to one of the university or public libraries. At the end of this issue you will find the list of more than thirty items - a starting contribution from my personal collection. You can join me in my efforts to implement this idea by sending your donations in the following categories:

A. Monographic poetry collections by separate poets translated into different languages

B. Anthologies of Russian poetry translations

C. Periodicals with translations of Russian poetry

Please, send your donations to:

Dr. Ilya Perelmutter, Erikapfad 7, 45133 Essen, Germany

The list of all the gifts with the names of the donators will be published in *Four Centuries*. Thanks a lot for your support in advance!

Yours,

Publisher

In this issue you will find new donations to the *Four Centuries Library* at page 37.

# XIX

Михаил Юрьевич Лермонтов  
(1814 - 1841)

## Cossack Lullaby

Казачья колыбельная песня

Translated by Robert Chandler\*

Sleep, my little one, sleep soundly;  
    high above your head,  
bright and clear the moon is shining,  
    silver on your bed.  
I shall tell you one more story,  
    sing you one more song -  
close your eyes and let sleep take you;  
    sleep, my little one.

Splashing over stones and shingle,  
    the Terek swirls below us,  
while some Chechen hones his dagger,  
    squatting by a boulder.  
But your father's battle-hardened,  
    he'll protect his son.  
Sleep in peace and fear no stranger,  
    sleep, my little one.

\*© Robert Chandler, translation, 2014

You'll grow up and, like your father,  
live a fighter's life;  
sword in hand, you'll leap on horseback,  
glad to join the strife.  
I'll embroider brilliant colours,  
golden as the sun -  
silk to lay upon your saddle,  
sleep, my little one.

You will have a warrior's bearing  
and a Cossack soul.  
I shall watch you leave the village;  
a wave - and off you go.  
I shall know long nights of weeping;  
bitter tears will run.  
Sleep, my angel, deeply, sweetly;  
sleep, my little one.

I'll know only fear and worry  
when you're out of sight;  
all day long I will be praying,  
reading signs all night.  
I shall dream you in strange countries,  
friendless and alone.  
Sleep now, while you know no trouble;  
sleep, my little one.

Keep this icon I shall give you,  
keep it close at hand;  
pray to it when darkness holds you  
in some distant land.  
And when riding into battle,  
think of me, my son,  
don't forget your grieving mother;  
sleep, my little one.



Sie wird es sich nicht abgewöhnen...  
Пускай поэта обвиняет...

Übersetzt von Christoph Ferber\*  
Translated into German by Christoph Ferber\*

\* \* \*

Sie wird es sich nicht abgewöhnen,  
Die spöttische, verrückte Welt,  
Mich anzuklagen, zu verhöhnen -  
Ich bin auf mich allein gestellt.  
Doch ist mein Lied frei wie ein Adler,  
Durch ferne Welten zieht es hin,  
Von Lüften, unsichtbar, getragen,  
Ein Segel, das auf Wogen schwimmt.  
Was soll mir auch das eitle Treiben,  
Wenn ich in deiner Nähe sitz,  
Wenn meine Hände ich an deinen  
Zuerst erwärme, dann erhitz?...  
Wenn, Himmelstochter, wir zusammen  
Durch einen Hain verstohlen gehn...  
Dann mag die Welt mich auch verdammen -  
Mir reicht es, dir ins Aug zu sehn!

## Cântec rusesc

## Русская песня

În românește de Leo Butnaru\*

Translated into Romanian by Leo Butnaru\*

1  
Zăpada cade smocuri, nu se cerne.  
De ce frumoasa tânără se teme  
    Să coboare din pridvor,  
    S-aducă apă de izvor?  
Ca un popă ce sicriu-l duce,  
Așa viforul cântec își zice  
    Din izvoade,  
Pe când sub lemnul de poartă,  
Dulăul năvălos lanțul și-l roade  
    Și latră...

2  
Dar nu lătrat de câine-n lume\_  
Nu urlet de vifor a-ngropăciune  
    Trezește frică  
    În ochi ei de sticlă:  
Drăguțul ei înmormântat cândva,  
Mai alb ca neaua se va-nfățișa  
    Pe înserate  
Ca să-i spună: "Tu m-ai înșelat"  
Și inelul de logodnă, nesperat,  
    Să i-l arate!...

1830

Adio, tu, Rusie nespălată...

Прощай, немытая Россия...

În românește de Leo Butnaru\*

Translated into Romanian by Leo Butnaru\*

Adio, tu, Rusie nespălată,  
Țară de domni, țărâm al robilor,  
Rămâneți voi, mundire-albastră pată,  
Și tu popor umil, supusul lor.

Caucazul, poate, ca un zid înalt  
Mă va feri de zbirii tăi tehui,  
De ochiul lor oriunde la vânat,  
De-auzul lor - pe urmele oricui.

1841

Rabok s urak mosdatlan hona...

Прощай, немытая Россия...

Magyarra fordította Ceszárszkaja Maja\*

Translated into Hungarian by Maya Tsesarskaya\*

Rabok s urak mosdatlan hona,  
Te, Oroszország, ég veled,  
S te, kékmundéros marcona,  
S te, nép, ki előtte hüled,

Ég veled. Tán Kaukázus elrejt,  
S basáid eleresztenek,  
Ezek a mindenlátó szemek,  
Mindent lefülelő fülek.

1841?

*Démon, Második rész, részlet*

"Демон", Часть вторая, отрывок

Galgóczy Árpád fordítása\*

Translated into Hungarian by Arpad Galgoczy\*

VI

Mély sóhajok közt ablakában  
Tamara gyakran ül magában,  
És szüntelen, vágyó szemével  
A kéklő messzeségbe kémlel.  
Egész nap szívrepesve vár,  
Ó, bárcsak jönne, jönne már!  
Úgy érzi, nem hiába várja;  
Kinek szemén bús vágy tüzel,  
Édes szavú, szerelmes párja  
Eljön megint, nem hagyja el.  
Régóta lázong már a vére,  
S nem tudj, mért, el-elmereng...  
Hiába küld fohászt az égre,  
Szívében Őhozzá eseng:  
Örök harcától elgyötörve  
Ha esténként ágyába tér,  
A párna éget, hull a könnye,  
Remeg, agyába forr a vér;  
A keble zsibbad, ég a válla,  
Szemére kínok ködje ül,  
Karját szomjún ölelni tárja  
S az ajka csók után hevül...

.....  
.....

## VII

Már könnyű esti köd takarja  
Szép Grúziát. A nap letűnt.  
A Démon, édes vágytól hajtva,  
A csöndes zárdához repült.  
De oly magsztos béke ült  
A szent falakra, hogy sokáig  
Némán bolyongva fától fáig  
Nem merte megzavarni még.  
És úgy látszott egy pillanatra,  
Hogy bűnös tervét is feladta.  
Amerre jár ü mozdul a lég,  
S az alvó lombok megremegnek!  
Fölnéz: Tamara ablakán  
Magányos lámpás fénye reszket;  
Vajon kit vár e gyöngye lány?  
De ím, a teljes néma csendben  
Most egy gitárnak húrja rezzen,  
És csengő hangok hangzanak;  
S a hangok úgy patakzanak,  
Mint könny a könny után, ha árad;  
Oly lágy, oly zsongító e dal,  
Hogy földre szállt hangjaival  
Bizonnyal égiekre vall  
Talán egy régi angyaltársnak  
Esett meg rajta jó szíve,  
Az égből lopva szállt ide  
S e dallal csillapítja le,  
Hogy így enyhüljön szenvedése?..  
Szerelmi bánat döbbenése  
Először vett erőt szívéen:  
Már fél: úgy érzi, visszafordul,  
De szárnya béna, meg se mozdul!  
S csodák csodája! Két szemén  
Keserve súlyos könnye csordul...

E helyt még most is furcsa felt  
Sötétlik ott egy kőbe égve:  
Egy forró könnycsepp hullt a kőre,  
S a könny - nem ember könnye volt!..

**Robert Chandler** studied Russian at Leeds University and spent the academic year 1973-74 as a British Council exchange scholar in Voronezh, a city 200 miles south of Moscow. His translations of Sappho and Apollinaire are published in the series "Everyman's Poetry", but he is best known for his translations from Russian. These include Alexander Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter*, Vasily Grossman's *Everything Flows*, *The Road*, *An Armenian Sketchbook* and *Life and Fate*, many works by Andrey Platonov and Hamid Ismailov's novel *The Railway*. He has compiled two anthologies of Russian short stories and Russian magic tales. A third anthology, *The Penguin Book of Russian Poetry*, will be published in February 2015. He is also the author of a "Brief Life" of Alexander Pushkin. He runs a regular translation workshop at Pushkin House (London) and also works as a mentor for the British Centre for Literary Translation. His translations have won prizes in both the UK and the USA.

**Christoph Ferber**, b. 1954, lives as a freelance translator in Sicily. He has been translating poetry from Russian, Polish, French and Italian into German for thirty years. In his translations books of poems by Lermontov, Tyutchev, Sologub, Gippius, Bryusov, Vyacheslav Ivanov, Konstantin Balmont, David Samoylov have been published.

**Leo Butnaru**, 1949, a Romanian poet, writer, and translator has been publishing his works since 1967. He studied philology and journalism at the University of Kishinev and worked as an editor in a number of journals. His first collection of poetry was published in 1976. He was the Deputy President of the Writers' Union of Moldova from 1990 up to 1993 and has been member of the board of directors of the Writers' Union of Romania since 1993. Apart from his own literary work he is very active in translating Russian poetry into Romanian and editing Russian poetry anthologies. As marks of recognition he received literary Prizes from Moldova and Romania. His works has been translated into more than twenty languages.

**Арпад Галгоци** (Galgóczy Árpád, род. 1928)

Юношей за невыдуманное участие в антисоветском заговоре был осуждён и провёл семь лет в лагерях ГУЛАГа и ещё столько же на воле, в Караганде; вернувшись на родину, работал разнорабочим, служащим, техническим переводчиком, синхронистом. Все эти и последующие годы занимался переводами русской поэзии, непревзойдёнными, по мнению филологов и знатоков. Лауреат множества государственных наград. В его переводах вышли "Евгений Онегин" и несколько двуязычных сборников: избранная русская поэзия 18-19 веков, избранные стихи Лермонтова, Пушкина, избранная поэзия 19-20 веков. Любимый поэт на все времена - Лермонтов. В последние годы один за другим вышли в свет три тома эпопеи его мытарств и университетов. Урок Арпада Галгоци, который отчаянно приходится повторять в эту минуту: "...нельзя отождествлять душу, дух, искусство ни одного народа с уродствующей и оподляющей его политической системой. В таких случаях знак равенства недопустим, не может быть допустим никогда".

*Майя Цесарская*

**Maya Tsesarskaya (Ceszárszkaja Maja)** was born in 1951 in Zhitomir. In 1973 after graduating from the Leningrad Polytechnical Institute she left the USSR for Hungary. In 1985 she finished Higher Translation Courses at the University of Budapest. Her Russian translation of István Bibó's book *The Jewish Question in Hungary After 1944* was published in Moscow in 2005. Her first collection of poems *Love in a Bottle* published the same year included her first poetic translations into Russian. She was the editor and translator of the book *In Memoriam Nyugat* (2009) devoted to the most influential literary journal in Hungary in the first half of the 20th century. Maya worked a lot in several city theaters as an interpreter and translator. Her translations of János Pilinszky's poems in 2012 was the first book of the series launched by Vodolej Publishing House. She is currently working on the second volume of the series.

**Майя Цесарская.** Родилась в 1951 году в Житомире. В 1973 окончила Ленинградский политехнический институт, в 1985 - высшие курсы перевода при Будапештском университете. В 2005 в Москве вышли: "*Еврейский вопрос в Венгрии после 1944 года*" Иштвана Бибо и - залог дальнейшего бескорыстия - сборник стихов "*Любовь в бутылке*", куда вошли и первые мои поэтические переводы на русский. На венгерский переводила Цветаеву, рахманиновские романсы к концертам симфонического оркестра Золтана Кочиша, драматическую инсценировку "*Кармен*" для театра, умную



эссеистику и пр. и др. Главные вещи: альманах *"In memoriam Nyugat"*, Водолей, 2009 и *"Избранное"* Яноша Пилинского, Водолей, 2012 в серии *"Венгерские тетради"*. Свёрстан и вот вот выйдет второй выпуск *Венгерских тетрадей*: *"Перспектива"*, рассказы разных лет Дёрдя Шапиро, с прологом из его ранних стихов.

*Майя Цесарская*

Alexander Puschkin (1799 - 1837)

Александр Пушкин (1799 - 1837)

Übersetzt von Christoph Ferber\*

Translated into German by Christoph Ferber\*

### Erklärung

Ich liebe Sie - doch mir ist schwer,  
Vergebens, ach, ist mein Bemühen,  
Ich bin so närrisch, dass auf Knien  
Ich mich vor Ihnen heut erklär!  
Es ziemt sich nicht für meinesgleichen...  
Ich sollte längst gescheiter sein;  
Doch ich erkenn an allen Zeichen:  
Die Liebeskrankheit muss es sein!  
Sind Sie mir fern, will ich verzagen;  
Sind Sie mir nahe, bin ich zag;  
Wie wünsch ich Ihnen nur zu sagen,  
Wie ich, mein Engel, Sie nur mag!  
Erlausch ich aus dem Gästezimmer  
Den leichten Schritt, mir wohlbekannt,  
Und Ihre unschuldvolle Stimme,  
Verlier im Flug ich den Verstand.  
Sie lächeln sanft - es ist mir Freude;  
Sie drehn sich ab - 's ist mir Verdruss;  
Und welche Tröstung meinem Leide? -  
Auf Ihrer Hand ein scheuer Kuss.

\* © Christoph Ferber, translation, 2014

Wenn Sie am Rahmen eifrig sticken,  
Nach vorn geneigt aufs Muster blicken,  
Die Haare locker, frei und schlicht,  
Schweig ich in wonnigem Entzücken  
Und wie ein Kind ergötz ich mich!...  
Soll ich mein Unglück Ihnen sagen  
Und meine eifersüchtige Qual,  
Wenn Sie von Zeit zu Zeit es wagen,  
Sich fortzuschleichen aus dem Saal?  
Und Ihre Tränen im geheimen,  
Und das Geflüster tête à tête,  
Das Fortepiano abends spät,  
Was, Engel, soll ich dazu meinen?  
Alina, ich erfleh nur Gnade,  
Obwohl mein Herz Sie selbst begehrt.  
Vielleicht, weil ich gesündigt habe,  
Bin ich der Liebe gar nicht wert!  
Und sei es nur gespielt!... Ihr Stern  
Mög leuchten mir, auch wenn Sie lügen;  
Es ist so leicht, mich zu betrügen...  
Ich selber tu es noch so gern!

\* \* \*

Georgien ruht - und dunkel liegt die Welt:  
    Es rauscht ein Fluss vor mir.  
Mir ist so schwer, so leicht; mein Gram ist hell,  
    Er ist erfüllt von dir;  
Von dir allein... Für meine Trauer gibt  
    Es Angst und Marter nicht.  
Und wieder brennt mein Herz und brennt und liebt -  
    Nicht lieben kann es nicht.

## XX

Osip Mandelstam (1891 - 1938)

Осип Мандельштам (1891 - 1938)

Translated by Ian Probsteyn\*

\* \* \*

I hate the light  
Of tedious stars.  
Hail, my frenzy, old friend -  
The rise of a lancet turret!

Become, stone, a lace,  
A cobweb, turn into stone,  
Pelt with a sharp lance  
The hollow chest of the sky.

My turn will come as well -  
I feel a mighty wingspan.  
Well, but whereto will  
An arrow of my living thought fly?

Or should I return,  
Having wasted my time and ways,  
I could not love - then,  
Here I am scared to love.

1912

## A Wand

My wand, my freedom is  
The core of my being, its soul,  
How soon will my truth become  
The truth of the whole people?

I did not bow to my land  
Until I found myself:  
I rejoiced and took my wand  
And went to a faraway Rome.

Yet the snow on the black plow land  
Will never melt,  
And the sorrow of my own kin  
Is still alien to me.

The snow will melt on the peaks,  
Burnt by the sun of truth,  
The nation was right to entrust  
Me, who saw Rome, with a wand.

*1914, 1927*

\* \* \*

No, I've never been anyone's contemporary -  
Such an honor is not for me,  
How disgusting is a namesake  
That was not me, it was he.

A tyrannous age has two sleepy apples  
And a beautiful mouth of clay,  
But on his death-bed he will kiss  
The drooping hand of his aging son.

I raised my sickly eyelids with the age -  
Two enormous sleepy apples -  
And rattling rivers used to tell me  
About the feverish lawsuits of the people.

A folded light bed was an age ago  
White like snow with pillows,  
But a clay body stretched strangely -  
The first tipsiness of the age was gone.

Amid a squeaky world's crusade -  
Such a light-feathered bed!  
Well, if we can't forge another age,  
Let's live out our life with it.

In a hot room, in a wagon, in a tent,  
The age is passing away, and then -  
Two sleepy apples on a corneous wafer  
Shine with a feather-like flame.

1924

\* \* \*

No, I won't be able to hide from a great mess  
Behind Moscow - that broad coachman's back,  
I am a streetcar cherry of the terrible days,  
And I don't know why I still live.

We will take an "A" and a "B"  
To see who will be the first,  
While Moscow ruffles up like sparrow  
Or rises as a pie on the yeast of air,

It nearly manages to ambush us everywhere -  
You may try to play games, but I won't dare!  
Who has guts and heat under one's underwear  
To run around all Moscow, this whore!

April 1931

\* \* \*

An apartment is quiet as paper  
Blank, without any décor,  
Inside the radiator  
Liquid babbles and pours.

The possessions are all in order,  
The telephone's stiff as a frog,  
Our well-worn belongings  
Are begging to be thrown.

There is nowhere else to run  
The damn walls are unfaithfully thin,  
But I have to play like a clown  
Idiotic tunes on a comb.

I have to teach hangmen to twit.  
More insolent than a college song,  
More arrogant than a komsomol gang,  
They came to class to learn.

I read rationed books,  
I hear ragged orations  
And sing a stern lullaby  
To the farmer's rations.

Some kind of a duffer,  
A picker of a kolkhoz flax,  
A mixer of ink with blood  
Deserves such doom.

Some honest traitor,  
Purged and cleansed like salt,  
His family's supporter  
Will crush such a moth.

Every hint conceals  
Such painful fury,

As if Nekrasov's hammer  
Pounded nails here.

Let's start preparing for the scaffold  
Seventy years in advance,  
It's time, an old loafer,  
You stamped your boots at once.

There won't be Hippocrene's fountain,  
But a familiar torrent of terror  
Will burst through the hackwork walls  
Of Moscow's evil run-down.

*November 1933*

\* \* \*

A living man's unique: do not compare.  
I have accepted the equality of plains,  
With somewhat tenderly scare,  
And was sick with a circle of the sky.

I called my servant, air  
Expecting him to serve or bring in the news,  
And set sail and sailed along the archway  
Of voyages that have never started.

I am eager to wander where  
There's more sky, but clear sorrow  
Does not let me go from the young hills of Voronezh  
To those of Tuscany, which illuminate mankind.

*18 January 1937*

\* \* \*

Pure gold bars of Roman nights -  
A cradle that lured young Goethe:  
I am accountable, but I didn't lose:  
There is a deep life of an outcast, an outlaw.

*June 1935*



\* \* \*

We are still full of life sentence,  
Chinese blouses and gowns  
From a butterfly, moth-like cloth  
Still stroll along the Soviet Union's towns.

A hair-cutter number one  
Still collects chestnut bribes,  
And smart dark curls fall down  
On a clean white napkin in piles.

There are still enough swifts and swallows,  
A comet hasn't plagued us as of today,  
And intelligent purple ink follows  
And pens it all down with starry tails.

*24 May 1935*

\* \* \*

Having deprived me of seas, flight, and space,  
You gave me a foothold of a forcible land,  
What have you gained? A brilliant end:  
You failed to take my moving lips away.

*May 1935*

\* \* \*

Let go, Voronezh, raven-town,  
Let me be, don't let me down,  
You'll drop me, crop me, won't revive,  
Voronezh - whim, Voronezh - raven, knife.

*April 1935*

\* \* \*

The day was five-headed: five unbreakable days.  
Shrinking, I grew proud of space rising on yeast.  
Sleep was larger than hearing, which was older than sleep,  
Solid but alert, and the road rushed behind us  
pulled by coachman's reins.

The day stood five-headed, and crazy from the dance,  
The black mass moved on horses, on foot, and the might  
Of white nights - no, five knives -  
Made the aorta expand, and the eye turned into  
coniferous flesh.

If I had been given an inch of blue sea, just an eye of a needle,  
So that a double-boat of escorted time sailed along  
fast and well.

Dry food of the Russian fairy tale, a wooden spoon, hey, you!  
Where are you, three nice guys from the iron gates of the GPU?

Young lovers of white-teeth verses are learning to read,  
A young tribe of Pushkin scholars in uniforms and with guns,  
So that Pushkin's fine goods are not stolen by parasites.  
If I had been given an inch of blue sea, just an eye of a needle!

The train moved to the Urals. Talking Chapayev<sup>1</sup> galloped  
From a sound film right into our open mouths  
To drown in the river and mount his horseback again  
Behind a wooden back, a white sheet of the screen.

*April - May 1935*

<sup>1</sup> A movie about Chapayev, a Red Army commander killed during the ambush of the White Army in the time of the Civil War, was one of the most popular films of the 1930s.

\* \* \*

Armed with the vision of narrow wasps  
Sucking the axis of the earth, the earth,  
I feel all that I have had to watch  
And recollect by heart and in vain.

I neither paint nor sing,  
Nor do I run a black-voiced bow across the strings -  
I just sting into life and love  
To envy mighty cunning wasps.

Oh, if only an air's barb and summer's warmth  
Could have made me -  
Avoiding sleep and death -  
Hear the axis of the earth, the earth.

*8 February 1937*

\* \* \*

What should we do with murdered plains,  
With a prolonged starvation of their wonder?  
For what seems their openness to us,  
Drowsing, we imagine ourselves,  
And the question grows: where are they from, whence,  
Isn't the one slowly crawling there,  
Who scares us to crying in a nightmare -  
Isn't he Judas of the future nations?

16 Jan 1937

\* \* \*

I must live though I died twice  
While the water made the city crazy here:  
With high cheek-bones, it is so handsome, joyous  
And the ploughshare likes its share of a fat layer,  
How in its April turn over the steppe lies,  
And like Buonarrotti are the skies.

*April 1935*

### **A Poem for N~~a~~talie Shtempel**

I.

Unwillingly clinging to a bare land,  
With an uneven sweet gait  
She goes scarcely ahead  
Of a swift girlfriend and a coeval young groom.  
She is drawn by the constrained freedom  
Of an uplifting imperfection.  
Perhaps a clear prediction  
Clings to her gait, longing to stay:  
That this spring weather  
Is for us a grave's foremother,  
And this will begin forever.

II.

Some women are kin to damp soil,  
Their each step is a resonant weep,  
They are summoned to accompany  
The resurrected and be the first to greet the dead.  
It is a crime to demand for their caresses,  
And it is impossible to leave them.  
Today an angel, tomorrow a grave's worm,  
And the following day, just a shadow...

What was a posture will be gone...  
Flowers are immortal, the sky is wholesome,  
And everything to come is just a promise.

4 May 1937

**Ian Probstein**, assistant professor of English in Tour College, New York, a bilingual English-Russian poet and translator of poetry, is writing poetry and on poetry. He published seven books of poetry in Russian, one in English, and more than twenty books and anthologies of poetry in translation. He has translated poetry from English, Spanish, Italian, and Polish into Russian and from Russian into English. A bilingual edition of *Complete Poems and Selected Cantos* of Ezra Pound, which he compiled, edited, commented, and of which he is one of the major translators, was the Best Book of 2003 in Translation and Poetry in Russia. *Collected Poems* of T. S. Eliot in Russian with Dr. Probstein's 50-page introduction, 65-page commentaries was published by Astrel in 2013 in Moscow's Astrel Publishing. Mr. Probstein is also one of the three translators alongside Andrei Sergeyev and Victor Toporov.

Iwan Bunin (1870 - 1953)

Иван Бунин (1870 - 1953)

Przełożył Maciej Froński\*

Translated into Polish by Maciej Froński\*

\* \* \*

Zniewalający i uroczy,  
Znów we mnie radość wlewa sen -  
Nęci uśmiechem słodkich oczu,  
Mami obrazem miłych scen.

Wiem - znów mnie okpi nieprzytomnie  
Ten sen, gdy spłynie razem z dniem,  
Lecz nim dzień smutny wstanie, do mnie  
Ty się uśmiechnij - okpij mnie!

1898

### **Pieśń**

Prosta-m dziewczyna na basztanie,  
On - rybak, towarzyski człek.  
Mknie biały żagiel po Limanie,  
Wiele on widział mórz i rzek.

Mówią - Greczynki przy Bosforze  
Ładne, a na mnie spojrzysz ktoś?  
Wyłynął biały żagiel w morze,  
Może nie wróci nigdy już!

\* © Maciej Froński, translations, 2014

Będę nań czekać w niepogodę,  
W pogodę, w złe i dobre dni...  
Nie wróci - pierścień rzucę w wodę,  
Warkocz posłuży mi za stryk.

1903-1906

## Kwiecień

Mgła, półmrok, księżyc - dopiero co nów,  
Blask ołowiany - dach blachą pokryty,  
Szum młyna, w dali ujadanie psów  
I nietoperza lot niesamowity.

Ogródek tonie w ciemności i tak  
Świeżo i słodko pachnie tu jałowiec,  
I sennie poprzez gałązki świerkowe  
Przebija sierpa zielonkawy znak.

1903-1906

## Górski las

Wieczór. W dolinę opuścił się cień.  
W krąg pachnie sosną. Czyste i głębokie  
Nad lasem niebo. Mleczny wąż potoku  
Szemrze w korycie donośniej niż w dzień.

Głośniej rozbrzmiewa daleki płacz kozła.  
Ostrzej skrzeczenie leciutkich brzmi srok.  
Góra, co wcześniej wbijała w dół wzrok,  
Swoją szczyt czerwony wysoko uniosła.

Tu cześć odbierał Wilczy Zeus. Z tych skał  
O jakże często pradawnymi czasy  
Dym się unosił, pieśnią czczono lasy,  
W rękach kapłana miedziany nóż drgał.

Cichutko starą podniaosłem zasłonę.  
Drogi w chram ojców szukałem zgubionej.

1908

\* \* \*

Północ, a widno. Cienie się kładą  
Liliowe w żółtych wądołach fal.  
Słońce nie grzeje - na twarze pada  
Światłem promieni zimnych jak stal.

W morzu się skryły krzyże Sołówek.  
Po biegun - pusto. Na lekkiej mgle  
W świat umykają święci mężowie -  
Bosi kmiotkowie-dziadkowie trzej.

1916

\* \* \*

Widok z tawerny na zatoki ogrom.  
W tym prostym winie, najpewniej z tych stron,  
Jest dziwny posmak - siarki i winogron -  
I różowawy ton.

Pada - tu wiosna bywa humorzasta,  
Na Capri migdał kwitnie w chłodne dnie -  
Smutno bieleją oddalone miasta  
W zatoki sinej mgle.

1917



## Księżyc

Nastanie moja Noc, Noc długa i Noc niema.  
Rozkaże wtedy Pan, ten Wielki Cudotwórca,  
Nowemu na szlak gwiazd wzejść ciało niebieskiemu.

- Lśnij, lśnij, księżycu, lśnij, swą, którą masz od Słońca,  
Wznoś coraz wyżej twarz i niech się dowie świat,  
Że mój się skończył Dzień, lecz został po nim ślad.

1917

**Maciej Froński**, 1973, is a Polish poet and translator living in Katowice. A lawyer by profession he is the author of two books of poetry. He has translated poetry into Polish from different languages. Mr. Froński is married with two daughters.

Арсений Тарковский (1907 - 1989)\*  
Арсений Тарковский (1907 - 1989)\*

Превод - Мария Липискова\*  
Translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova\*

\* \* \*

Ето лятото мина  
сякаш не е било.  
Още топло на припек.  
Но е малко това.

Всичко, което можеше, се сбъдна.  
Като лист петопръст  
на ръката прилегна.  
Но е малко това.

Нито злото, нито доброто,  
не пропадна напразно,  
всеки край беше светъл.  
Но е малко това.

Животът под крилото си ме взе,  
пазеше ме, спасяваше ме,  
истински ми провървя.  
Но е малко това.

\* © Maria Lipiskova, translations, 2014

Листата не изгоряха,  
клонът не се пречупи...  
Като стъкло, денят блести.  
Но е малко това.

**Maria Lipiskova**, 1972, is a Bulgarian poet, writer and translator. She has academic degrees in Bulgarian Philology, Library of Information Science and Cultural Policy. Her translations have been published in literary periodicals in Bulgaria and abroad. She has translated Boris Dubin, Mikhail Iampolski, Mikhail Epstein, Joseph Brodsky, Oleg Yuriev, Leonid Shwab, Polina Barskova, Anna Glazova, and Gleb Shulpyakov into Bulgarian. Her book of poetry *In Search of Madlen* was published in 2007; another book, *not shooting*, published in 2013, won the competition of the Ministry of Culture of Bulgaria. Her poetry and prose have been translated into English, German, Romanian, and Croatian.

Анна Глазова\*

Анна Глазова\*

Превод - Мария Липискова\*\*

Translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova\*\*

### **Явен опит за сън**

когато в паметта допуснеш  
да влезе безпаметството  
но не докрай  
редом с теб се изправят  
движещите се стени,  
не съвсем мълчаливо  
опипваш ги -

събуждаш се не докрай  
защото стаята се разпада  
заедно с теб  
като изпитана реалност.

\*© Анна Глазова, 2014

\*\*© Maria Lipiskova, translations, 2014

\* \* \*

така живороденото  
гледа на мъртвороденото:

с неприемане.

както гледа някой  
лишил се от горчивината  
на неподвижно  
разпрострелия се свят.

и горчивият въпрос:  
ще намериш ли цвета на пламъка  
върху който ще гори  
(както светлината изгаря пътта)  
на гаснещия поглед.

**Anna Glazova**, is a specialist in study of literature, translator from German and a poet. She is an author of three books of poetry: *Pust' i Voda*, Moscow, 2003, *Petlia. Nevpolovinu*, Moscow, 2008, and *Dlya Zemleroyki*, 2013. She was awarded Andrei Bely Prize in 2013.

Here are the books donated to the Library:

*In German*

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77. Zinner, Hedda: Fabeln, Lieder und Gedichte. Nachdichtungen. Berlin: Buchverlag Der Morgen, 1985  
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*In Bulgarian*

74. Глеб Шуляков: писма до яacob. Превод от русски: Мария Липискова. Сонм, 2013, ISBN 978-954-8523-35-6

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