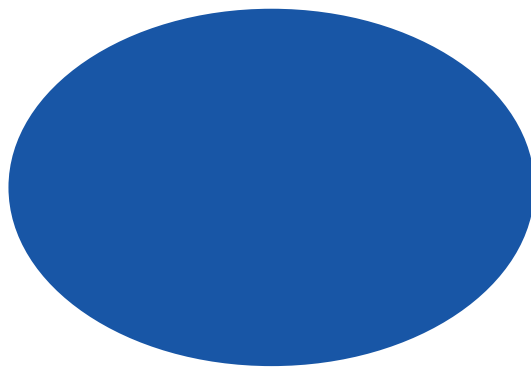


# FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



12

2015



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 Perelmuter, 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 30.

## XIX

Nikolai Ogariov (1813 - 1877)

Николай Огарёв (1813 - 1877)

### Monoloage

În românește de Leo Butnaru\*

Translated into Romanian by Leo Butnaru\*

#### *I*

Noapte grea! Totul în jur i-apăsător, pustiu!  
Ploaia somnambulă bate-n geamul mat.  
Se rânduiește raza cu-al umbrei fir negriu  
Și sufletul mi-e trist și-adânc întunecat.  
Vise dulci! Inima nu poate să vă uite;  
Mai deslușesc himerele în zare;  
Nevrând, mai bat în piept dorințele cărunte  
Dar viață, gând le duce la pierzare.  
Gând, o, gând! Mă înspăimântă, simt mișcarea ta  
Mi-e strașnică și lupta-ți tumultoasă!  
Decât furtuni celeste mai rău poți dărâma  
Neîmblânzit ca soarta nemiloasă.  
În mine ai înfrânt lumea nevinovată  
În locul ei lăsându-mi frământarea  
Pe rând, răpui credințele cu mâna-ți oarbă  
Lumina neagră îți este culoarea.  
Uitat-am de credință pentru adevăruri  
În fața visului închizând ușa.  
Filă după filă am rupt caiete, teancuri  
Din toate-acum rămas-a doar cenușa.

\*© Leo Butnaru, translation, 2015

Eu trebuie să râd de slăbiciuni și basta  
Văzând la lume-aceeași neputință -  
Nu e ușor deloc să recunoști aceasta;  
Adevăru-i spus și prin suferință.  
Dar chiar și Dumnezeu în fața lui dispare  
Orgoliul și visul de-a învinge  
Și-n care se întind pustiile-n dogoare  
Și-ncă zadarnic jar mai arde-n sânge.

## II

Repede, în nebunul val al orgiilor  
Topește-ți gândul, inima, simțirea;  
Bate-ți joc de ce-ți păruse sfânt, înălțător  
Pierde-ți în desfrâu viața ta, iubirea!  
Încoa'! Uplete-mi pocalul cu sevele de foc!  
Bacantă, vino! Mângâie-mi auzul  
Cu cânturi deșănțate, cu cinstea ta în joc!  
Cu aur mult îți voi plăti sărutul...  
Fierbe-n mine veacul, mă arde gura-ți grasă...  
Ești afurisită! Trup încântător!  
Dar cum de iar în piept durerea mă apasă  
De ce-mi tresaltă iar suflet-n fior?  
De ce ești tu frumoasă și-mi trezești uitate  
Remușcări de dor, amintiri rebele?  
Ah, tu cu mângâieri forțate și ciudate  
Dragostea-mi trezii în licăr de stele?  
Iubire, o, iubire!...Dar nu, compătimesc  
Chipul tău de înger decăzut, pierdut...  
Dar mă sufoci, ah, pleacă! Disprețu-mi omenesc  
Te condamnă, scalvo, marfă de vândut!  
Tu plângi? Te rog nu plânge. În veci nu te-oi jigni.  
Mă iartă, vinul mi-o fi ars blândețea  
Căci dacă nu aş iubi, nici să urăsc n-aş şti;  
Tu sufletu-mi încânți cu frumusețea.

Mai mult n-ai să auzi împricinări, obidă  
Însă uită-ți viața ta de până-acum  
Uită decăderea și calea cea perfidă -  
Fericirea nu e, nu e numai fum.  
La pieptu-mi lasă-ți fruntea, suferindă-a vieții  
Și visul tău să fie pură floare  
Pe care o re-nvie, subțind nămeții  
A primăverii tainică suflare.  
Copilo, de ce taci și mă privești uimită?  
Eu de ce-am lăsat uitat pocalul plin?  
Blestem necruțător! În suflet tăinuită  
Iarăși s-au trezit durere și venin!  
Dar ea, lăsându-și fruntea la pieptu-mi, adormi  
Și-adânca îndoială cum s-o știe?  
Eu o privesc cum doarme și-ncerc parcă-a zâmbi:  
Speranța mi-e curată nebunie!

### III

Dar ce doresc?...Ce vreau?...Dorințe-atât de multe  
Tind a-nfăptuirii cale a urma  
Că dacă-ar sta alarma lor să le asculte  
Creierul ar arde, pieptul s-ar sfărma.  
Ce doresc? Vreau totul în toată plinătatea -  
Înțelept să fiu, eroic, recunosc;  
Iubirii să mă dăruie vreau, și bunătatea  
Gustul vieții vreau deplin să le cunosc.  
Dar glas aud, de taină: zădarnice dorințe  
Viața e zgârcită, dar și eu sunt slab  
Pleca-vor de la mine oricare năzuințe  
Voi încerca în van, chiar cu părul dalb.  
Eu singur îmi par mie răpus de întrebări  
Mic de tot și jalnic, ba mai mult - chiar prost  
Ființă rătăcită prin hău de depărtări  
Care orice-ar face, este fără rost.  
Cum să pot ascunde întreaga veșnicie?  
Din cupa vieții beau mici înghițituri.

Dar și după asta mă prinde nostalgia  
 Și regrete vechi mă tot izbesc de muri.  
 Îmbătrânesc cu ziua, greu îmi e pe suflet;  
 Când amintiri mă dor, speranțe mă-nspăimântă  
 Și nu mai cred că viața-i un detunet  
 Și tot mai vag mi-e pulsul, glasul nu-mi mai cântă.  
 Și în continuare trăiesc fără de scop  
 Mă apasă crunt crucea grea a vieții  
 Fierbintele meu sânge și clipa fac potop  
 Haos fac și-n el îmi aruncă sorții.  
 Eu totul vreau!... Dar ce?... Dorințe-atât de multe  
 Tind a-nfăptuirii cale a urma  
 Și dacă-ar sta alarma lor să o asculte  
 Creierul ar arde, pieptul s-ar sfărma.

#### IV

Ca un elev în bancă, iarăși sunt la școală  
 Setos de-nțelepciuni, liniștit, atent;  
 Cale grea-i aceasta, dar duhul nu mă-nșeală  
 Nu mă tem de muncă - vreau și-s consecvent.  
 Alături stau alți tineri, cu ochi la-nvățător  
 Ca și mine-ascultă slova cea cu har.  
 E totul nou în lume, e mare adevăr -  
 Socoate-n gând, naiv, orișice școlar.  
 Dar eu aici venit-am cu gândul copt de-acum  
 Căci am fost ostaș supus la încercări  
 Dar ne-nvins de ele... Pe greul vieții drum  
 Am răpus iluzii prin străluminări.  
 Eu m-am recucerit de la neliniști hâde  
 Adesea, răbdător, pornind pe alte căi  
 Și-acum n-oi rătăci din drum oricând, oriunde -  
 Liber îmi e gândul, pieptul - în văpăi.  
 Ce-i, dragă Mefestofel, invidios, ciufut?  
 De azi am spulberat forța ta de fur  
 Puterea ta bolnavă și răul ce-ai făcut:  
 M-am răscumpărat prin suferințe,-s pur.

Amicul meu acum e alt duh de negare  
Nu acel ironic, aspru și-nrăit  
Ci duhul bucuriei care dă mișcare  
Tânăr, nou mereu, setos de infinit.  
Ne-nfricat în luptă, palate vechi dărâma  
Alte minuni din praf înalță firea  
Și ura-i de-a curma ce-i rău până la urmă  
Sfântă-i inimii, precum e iubirea.

Nikolaj Ogarjow in *Four Centuries*:

7, 2014, p. 7, translated into Hungarian by Árpád Galgóczy

Leo Butnaru in *Four Centuries*:

7, 2014, p. 13-17 (Борис Поплавский); 9, 2014, p.10 (Михаил Лермонтов)

**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 then twenty languages.

Fjodor Tyutcsev (1803 - 1873)  
Фёдор Тютчев (1803 - 1873)

Két szólam

Magyarra fordította Ceszárszkaja Maja\*  
Translated into Hungarian by Maya Tsesarskaya\*

1.

Ne csüggedj, barátom, légy harcodban kemény,  
Ha vesztésre állsz is, ha oda a remény!  
Fölötted az égi világok hallgatnak,  
Lent sírok hallgatnak a mélyben alattad.

A gondtalanságnak olimposzi jussa  
Az isteneké: ne a földi mulassa;  
Csak halandó szív szorong, küzd majd elég...  
Nem övé a győzelem, övé a vég.

\*© Ceszárszkaja Maja, Maya Tsesarskaya, 2015, translation

2.

Ne csüggedj, csatázzál, ó barátom,  
Ha rútul az ütés, ha erőd se sok!  
Fölötted a szótalán csillagkarámok,  
Alattad a néma, süket koporsók.

A konok szívet, amint küzdött, s elvérzett  
Irigylik Olimposzról: tudják, miért.  
Kit más le nem tepert, egyedül Végzet,  
Kezükből kitepte a győztes babért.

1850

Fyodor Tyutchev in *Four Centuries*:

5, 2013, p. 6, translated into Hungarian by Maya Tsesarskaya

Maya Tsesarskaya in *Four Centuries*:

5, 2013, p. 6 (Фёдор Тютчев), p.14 (Марина Цветаева);

7, 2014, p.10 (Алексей Кольцов), p. 12 (Семён Надсон);

9, 2014, p.11 (Михаил Лермонтов)

**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 (Три квадрата) и – залог дальнейшего бескорыстия – сборник стихов "Любовь в бутылке" (Водолей), куда вошли и первые мои поэтические переводы на русский. На венгерский переводила Цветаеву, рахманиновские романсы к концертам филармонического оркестра Золтана Кочиша, драматическую инсценировку "Кармен" для театра, умную эссеистику и пр. и др. Главные вещи: в издательстве *Водолей*: альманах "In memoriam Nyugat", 2009, "Избранное" Яноша Пилинского, 2012 (серия "Венгерские тетради) и "Перспектива" Дёрдя Шпиро, рассказы разных лет с прологом из ранних стихов (вторая книжка той же серии).

Майя Цесарская

Vladislav Khodasevich (1886 - 1939)  
Владислав Ходасевич (1886 - 1939)

Poems from the Book *A Heavy Lyre* (1922)

Translated by Ian Probstein\*

### To Psyche

My soul! My love! You breathe in  
Such a pure height,  
You wave your slim wing  
In such an azure delight,

That at times, I can't bear a blissful torment,  
Cherishing our sacred union,  
I kiss my own hands and for a moment  
Can't turn my eyes away from me.

How could I not but love myself,  
A frail and ugly vessel,  
Yet precious and blissfull  
Since it encloses you, my soul?

\* © Ian Probstein, translation, 2015

## Soul

My soul is like a full moon:  
She's clear and cool.

She is ablaze on high out there -  
She won't drain even my single tear.

She is not hurt by my woe,  
The moan of my anguish to her is unclear;

How much have I suffered here  
A shining soul doesn't need to know.

\* \* \*

O Psyche! My poor thing!  
Holding timidly her breath,  
She doesn't wish or dare,  
She is so terrified to hear  
What silence foretells her  
In the hours of tortured nights.

Alas! Why does inspiration keep  
Telling her, when everything's asleep,  
Its Pythian verbs of fate?  
The gift of magic knowledge is  
Unbearable to a simple soul:  
Psyche collapses under its weight.

1921

## **Giselle**

Yes, yes! In a blind and tender passion  
Get sick, outburn this fire,  
Tear the heart, like a letter, in pieces,  
Go mad and then just die.

So what? You'll have to lift and drag  
A tombstone over yourself and then  
You'll have to live and jerk your leg  
On a moonlit and blue stage again.

1922

## **From a Diary**

Each sound tortures my ear,  
Each ray hurts my eyes,  
My spirit starts cutting throughout  
Like a tooth through swollen gums.

It'll cut through and shake off  
Its worn out skin, a thousand-eyed  
It will plunge into a great dark,  
Not in this petty gray night.

And I will stay here lying,  
A banker stabbed by a bandit, curled,  
Holding the wound with hands, crying  
And agonizing in your world.

1921

## To a Guest

Bring a dream when you visit me  
Or bring a devilish beauty,  
Or God if you truly believe,  
Yet your little kindness do leave  
Like a hat on the hall stand.

Here, on this little pea of Earth,  
Be an angel or a demon.  
As for man - isn't a human  
Worth forgetting after death?

Vladislav Khodasevich in *Four Centuries*:

1, 2012, p. 16-17, translated into German by Adrian Wanner

2, 2012, p. 7, translated into English by Alex Cigale; p.10-14, translated into German by Adrian Wanner

3, 2012, p. 9-10, translated into Estonian by Jaan Kaplinski;

6, 2013, p. 12-16, translated into English by Ian Probst

Ian Probst in *Four Centuries*:

3, 2012, p. 11-14 (Осип Мандельштам), p. 15-24 (Роальд Мандельштам);

4, 2013, p. 14-20 (Осип Мандельштам), p. 21-28 (Роальд Мандельштам);

5, 2013, p. 15-20 (Осип Мандельштам); p. 21-25 (Роальд Мандельштам);

6, 2013, p. 12-16 (Владислав Ходасевич); p. 17-21 (Елена Шварц);

7, 2014, p. 18-33 (Роальд Мандельштам); p. 45-49 (Александр Кабанов);

8, 2014, p. 13-15 (Иннокентий Анненский); p.28-34 (Вениамин Блаженный);

9, 2014, p. 19-28 (Осип Мандельштам);

10, 2015, p. 6-7 (Иннокентий Анненский); p. 18-20 (Нина Искренко)

**Vladislav Khodasevich**, a prominent Russian poet, translator of poetry, a critic, a writer, was born in Moscow in 1886 and died in Paris in 1939. He is the author of seminal books about the great Russian poets Derzhavin and Pushkin. Khodasevich is said to be born late for the Russian Symbolist movement. In his youth he was under the influence of symbolists, especially Balmont and Briusov. However, he matured to be a precise, dry, even a stern master of verse. All of his books were critically acclaimed. His poetry was praised by Innokenty Annensky, Valery Briusov and Vladimir Nabokov, who brilliantly translated Khodasevich's "Ballada". Khodasevich published five books of poetry in his life time, *Heavy Lyre* being the last one published in Russia, later reprinted in Berlin. After wandering in Europe

(Germany, Italy, London, Dublin), he finally settled in Paris, France, where he became a leading literary critic. His last book published in his lifetime was *Collected Poems* (published in Paris in 1927), which included *European Night* that had not been published separately. In 1939 he published *Necropolis*, a book of memoirs. He was also a prominent translator of poetry from many languages: R. L. Stevenson, Adam Mickiewicz, Émile Verhaeren, Khaim Byalik among others. He also published a Jewish Anthology.

Ian Probststein

**Ian Probststein**, 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. Probststein's translations, introduction and commentaries was published by Astrel in 2013 in Moscow. His book on Russian poetry *Spiritualized Soil* was published by Agraph, Moscow, 2014. Most recently, he published an essay "Of Time and the Line" on the work of Charles Bernstein, a prominent American poet, in *Arcade*, a journal of Stanford University:  
<http://arcade.stanford.edu/content/charles-bernstein-time-and-line>

Nikolajs Gumiļovs (1886 - 1921)  
Николай Гумилёв (1886 - 1921)

No krājuma „Konkistadoru ceļš” (1905)

Latviski atdzejojis Einārs Pelšs\*  
Translated into Latvian by Einars Pelss\*

### **Zaratustras dziesma**

Sapņa un sajūsmas brāļi,  
Jaunais un saulainais tēls,  
Skauju jūs, tuvie un tālie,  
Gaišzilo debesu dēls.

Kapsētas, krusti un ēnas  
Miglā jau zuda kā rēgs,  
Apgaismo, valda uz zemes,  
Augšāmceļ dzīvinošs spēks.

Aiztraucas gredzenos slaikos,  
Sajūsma augstumos nes;  
Mūžīgi tiksimies laikos  
Mūžīgā svētlaimē mēs.

Dzidra kā tērauds un kaisma  
Dzejnieka dedzīgā sirds.  
Gauži, ja nezina gaismas!  
Posts tam, ar skumjām kas sirgst!

1903-1905

\* © Einārs Pelšs, Einars Pelss, translation, 2015

\* \* \*

Kad lidoja iz dzīves dzīles  
Mans lepnaiss, apskaidrotais gars,  
Man veltītajās bērū dzīrēs  
Sērst sāka motīvs bēdīgais.

Šai melodijā, slīgstot pāri  
Pār marmorzārku, kurā es,  
Vēl skūpstīja man lūpas, pieri,  
Par mani skuma sievietes.

Un es no gaišās ēterbrīves,  
Vēl atceroties bijušo,  
Lai mīlestība mūžam dzīva,  
Nu atgriezies uz zemi šo.

Un kļuvi es par ziediem, lapām,  
Un dziedāju kā mirdzošs strauts,  
Lai aromātiskajām lūpām  
Man skūpstīt mīļos vēlreiz ļauts.

1903-1905

## Nāra

Nāru izrotā kvēlošas krelles,  
Laistās rubīni sārti kā grēks,  
Tie kā noskumis, nosapņots rēgs  
Slimā pasaules pagīru ellē.  
Nāru izrotā kvēlošas krelles,  
Laistās rubīni sārti kā grēks.  
Nārai apburošs, spulgojošs skats,  
Dziestošs naktsvidus skats, ausmā placis,  
Tas kā stars mirdz no tumsības nācis,  
Kad no jūras spējš viesulis šnāc.  
Nārai zaigojošs, valdzinošs skats,  
Nārai brīnišķas, skumīgas acis.

Mīlu jaunavu-undīni, gaisma  
Nāk no tās kā nakts noslēpums kāds,  
Dārgs man jaunavas austošais skats,  
Mīlu rubīnu tīksmaino laismu...  
Esmu pats es no dzelmāja kaismā,  
Jo no dzelmāja baismā es pats.

1904

## Rudens

Pa taciņu dienā  
Es soļoju, sapņoju, gaviļē sirds,  
Un stiebrā ikvienā  
Rit dzīve un acis daždažādas mirdz.

Aug vijoties zāle  
Dzied lēnītēm puķes un sajūsmā tvīkst,  
Un gaišzaļiem vāliem  
Pār rudenīgs, saindēts elpojums līst.

Un laimīgā mānā,  
Ik pēdējā starā, kas auksts jau un bāls,  
Dzird smējēju Pānu  
Un jaušama savāda, svešāda balss.

Un driādas kokā,  
Kas asaru kristāliem ziedoņa raud,  
Var aizmirst par mokām  
Šai dievišķā sapnī uz brītiņu kaut.

Es zinu par maldiem,  
Es šodien vēl liksmojošs gluži kā Pāns,  
Bet rītdien no saltiem  
Un sniegainiem ziediem būs apmetnis mans.

Un gaistošās gaidas  
Ar rimstošām asinīm stāstīs, pirms mirts,  
Par acīm bez smaida,  
Par laimi bez dieva, par sapņiem bez sirds.

1903-1905

\* \* \*

Kādā mājoklī, pamestā ūķī  
Šaudās saltas un satrauktas ēnas.  
Tur lej asaras nespēkā rūķi  
Rastā mitekļa klusumā rēnā.

Skrien pa bufetēm, galdiem un sienām,  
Katrs varētu redzēt tos kaktos –  
Tur bez glāsmainas gaismas un vienus,  
Tumsas ielenktus sērīgā naktī.

Viņu ķermeņi slimīgie, vājie  
Ilgās, gurdumā drebinās, knosās  
Kopš tā laika, kad pamestā mājā  
Vairs nav bijušā saimnieka rosas.

Tumšo istabu smacīgā gaisā  
Katra brīdi jo sērīgāk, klusāk,  
Viņi saimnieku nožņaudza baisi  
Guļamistabā gotiskā, dusā.

Projām aiznesa piemiņas svecas  
Un jau aprima bēresta gaudas,  
Tik vien palika atmiņas vecās,  
Vēl dažs pārmetums, nožēla, raudas.

Kādā mājoklī, pamestā ūķī  
Šaudās saltas un satrauktas ēnas.  
Tur lej asaras nespēkā rūķi  
Rastā mitekļa klusumā rēnā.

1903-1905

Einars Pelss in *Four Centuries*: 11, 2015, p. 5-13 (Михаил Кузмин)

**Einars Pelss**, 1960, is a Latvian poet and translator. He graduated from the Buryat State Pedagogical University where he had studied Russian language and literature. He is the author of four collections of poetry. He has translated Russian poetry into the Latvian language ( I. Severjanin, N. Gumiljow, M. Kusmin, A. Ulsitujew etc.). He lives in Preili, Latvia.

Генадий Айги (1934 - 2006)

Геннадий Айги (1934 - 2006)\*

Превод - Мария Липискова\*\*

Translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova\*\*

### Появата на Храма

о  
синевата  
и  
полето - сребърната нишка на - полето  
(и много  
злато  
много)  
по цялото продължение - напрежение!  
и  
твърдостта на осветеното  
отгоре

1981

### Листопад и мълчание

1  
За да  
се моля за себе си  
Ти  
не се изпълваш с мен - молитвата,  
и явното отсъствие  
силно  
обкръжен съм, като в кръг.

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\*\*© Maria Lipiskova, Мария Липискова, translation, 2015

2

А на нея  
детето - да се моля  
не мога. Тя  
самата е - молитва. Ти, в тихия кръг,  
Сам си  
пълнота  
в Себе си

3

Какво съм аз  
в Мълчанието - все кдно съм в светлината?  
Или в огъня. А живото - като замръзналото равенство  
на дървета  
болни. И при това - Ти,  
яснота, - о, непрогледна яснота. В сравнение с нея  
смърт - обещание... - нещо друго!.. И в мъртвия кръг  
непоносимо  
пада от дървото - лист.

1984

Maria Lipiskova in *Four Centuries*:

3, 2012, p. 25-26 (Глеб Шульпяков);

4, 2013, p. 38-40 (Полина Барскова); p. 43-44 (Глеб Шульпяков);

5, 2013, p. 26-28 (Станислав Львовский);

6, 2013, p. 9-10 (Осип Мандельштам);

7, 2014, p. 42-44 (Павел Арсеньев);

9, 2014, p. 33 (Арсений Тарковский); p. 35-36 (Анна Глазова)

**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.

Gleb Schulpjakow\*

Глеб Шульпяков\*

Übersetzt von Sergej Tenjatnikow\*\*

Translated into German by Sergej Tenjatnikow\*\*

### **Der Mantel**

fällt über einen Menschen her,  
reißt ihm die Knöpfe ab,  
renkt die Ärmel aus -  
scheuert/quetscht/reißt/schneidet  
und schmeißt ihn an den Haken.  
und der Mensch hängt in der Garderobe,  
vergessen, nutzlos,  
und atmet schwer,  
mit dem ausgestreckten  
rosafarbenen Futter.

### **Im Dorf**

bleibt der Mensch mit sich selbst allein.  
langsam steigt der Rauch aus seinem Schornstein  
zu einer glatten, dichten Säule  
erstarrt. bevor der Mensch das Haus verlässt  
mit einem leeren Eimer, um einfach  
Wasser zu holen, macht er Licht an,

\*© Gleb Schulpjakow, Глеб Шульпяков, 2015

\*\*© Sergej Tenjatnikow, 2015, translation

hebt den Himmel, ordnet den Wald,  
klebt an den Himmel Pappwolken. weiter  
inszeniert er Donner oder Schneefall  
(abhängig von der Jahreszeit).  
im Grunde geht dieser Mensch mit dem Eimer  
von einem Haus zum nächsten  
und bleibt, wie er ist.

### **Anfang der Religion**

wenn man das Standbild eines Hundes  
an der Station Revolutionsplatz  
durch millionenfache Berührung  
auf Hochglanz poliert hat,  
ist es an der Zeit, dem Hund  
einen Namen zu geben,  
einen Stammbaum auszudenken,  
ihn mit Blumen und Früchten zu schmücken  
und eine Spendenbox hinzustellen.

*Ihren unterirdischen Weg  
beschützt der Gott der blauen Linie!*

wenn es nicht so ist,  
dann heißt das, dass Ihre Spende  
einfach mit dem Ticketpreis  
verrechnet wurde.

## **Gedanken in der Kirche Santa Maria dei Miracoli in Rom**

während einer katholischen Messe  
betet ein Mensch Gott an,  
indem er sich  
auf eine Holzbank kniet -  
als ob er damit sagen will:  
o Schöpfer und Herrscher der Welt,  
ich bin nicht deine letzte Schöpfung

während eines orthodoxen Gottesdienst  
betet ein Mensch Gott an,  
indem er sich  
auf den Steinboden kniet -  
als ob er damit sagen will:  
o Schöpfer und Herrscher der Welt,  
ich bin dein letzter Sklave

wenn man von Europa und Asien redet,  
davon, was uns trennt;  
ich denke, dass der Punkt nicht  
Sprache, Geschichte oder Geographie ist,  
sondern diese eine Holzbank -  
eine kleine Stufe,  
die man nicht überwinden kann.

## **Armenisches Triptychon**

Berg Ararat - ich ziehe  
deine Mütze aus dem Ärmel,  
schiebe sie auf die Stirn -  
niemand kann mich sehen.

ich besteige die Treppe -  
die erste Stufe ist mit Gras überwuchert,  
die zweite ist aus Stein, und auf der dritten  
liegt noch Schnee - Jerewan ist meins.

da ist das Ufer, aber kein Wasser.  
eine Kirche am Ufer, aber kein Ufer.  
Himmel über der Kirche, aber keine Kirche.  
gib das zurück, was du genommen hast - der Sewansee!

### **Der Neujahrsbaum auf dem Manegnaja-Platz\***

Meine Frau ist koreanischer Abstammung  
(diese Tatsache ist relevant für die Handlung).  
[13.00] Ich verließ die Wohnung mit dem Kind.  
An jenem Samstag gingen wir  
wie üblich spazieren - plötzlich  
[13.20] kam mir der Gedanke ihm  
den Neujahrsbaum zu zeigen.  
Wir [13.30] gingen die Nikitskaja-Straße hinunter.  
[13.45] Der Neujahrsbaum an der Manege  
war hässlich - Werbung statt Neujahrsdekor!  
Und ich [13.50] beschloss zur Eisbahn zu fahren.  
Auf dem Tschistoprudnyj-Boulevard [14.15]  
gab es eine Demo. Manche Verteidiger Moskaus  
kamen mit Kindern, und diese benutzten sofort  
den Gehweg um das Gribojedow-Denkmal als Rutsche.  
Müde vom Spielen [14.45] hing mein Junge an meinem Arm.  
Ich [14.50] erinnerte mich an die Eisbahn.  
Auf dem Teich [15.10] liefen Teenagermädchen  
in weißen Kunstlaufschlittschuhen.  
Sie sprachen Französisch.  
"Merkwürdig!", dachte ich [15.20],  
"noch gestern war ich im Dorf, saß in der Banja,  
und heute eine Demo, Französinen..."  
[16.00]... Vor der Kälte fliehend,  
ging ich in eine Bar. Auf ex getrunken  
[16.30] und ein zweites Mal [16.35],  
dann brachte ich das Kind auf die Toilette.

\*Der Manegnaja-Platz liegt in unmittelbarer Nähe des Kremls.

Nun konnte man zur Metrostation Ochotnyj rjad fahren.  
 Auf der Rolltreppe [17.00] shaute ich auf das Handy  
 - 19 verpasste Anrufe! Ich rief meine Frau an.  
 "Meide die Metro!" Sie war in Panik.  
 Und: "Ich kann nicht nach Hause kommen..."  
 Wir rannten zurück auf die Straße [17.10],  
 hielten ein Taxi an [17.15] und rasten  
 zur Nikitskaja-Straße durch die leere Stadt.  
 ... Meine Frau (sie ging mit Einkäufen nach Hause)  
 versteckte sich vor Hooligans  
 im Bogen der Rachmaninow-Konzerthalle.  
 Als ich sie [17.40] ins Auto zerrte,  
 packte sie das Kind und fing an zu weinen.  
 Vor ihren Augen schlugen sie einen Touristen  
 zusammen. Sie hatte Angst um das Kind.  
 Sie [17.44] wollte nicht in diesem Land leben.  
 ... Den noch vor Kurzem leeren und kalten Platz  
 bedeckte ein rosa Nebelschleier.  
 Der hässliche Neujahrsbaum war verschwunden,  
 nur die Tannenzweige lagen herum  
 wie nach einer Beerdigung.  
 Scharen von Neonazis schwankten wie Algen,  
 und unser Auto schwamm ähnlich  
 einem gleichgültigen Fisch dadurch.  
 Ich verspürte weder Zorn noch Ekel.  
 Erstaunen war alles, was mir übrig blieb:  
 "Was wäre, wenn ich das Handy  
 in der Metro nicht gehört hätte  
 und nicht zu diesem Platz gekommen wäre?"  
 Die Welten, die uns umgaben, die Welten  
 der Menschen, die in der Twerskaja-Straße speisten  
 und die wie Besessene am Kreml randalierten,  
 die Welten der Schlittschuhläuferinnen  
 und der Verteidiger des alten Moskaus,  
 sahen erschreckend unterschiedlich aus  
 und doch miteinander verwandt.

Sie waren durch eine dünne (wie eine Autoscheibe)  
und gleichzeitig unzerstörbare (wie die Ziffer 1  
zwischen den Nullen des Jahres, welches  
friedlich nicht zu Ende gehen wollte)  
Grenze voneinander getrennt.  
Diese Grenze war umso fester,  
denn sie verlief nicht draußen,  
sondern im Inneren jedes Einzelnen.  
Und ich spürte diese Grenze.  
Was sah das Kind aus dem Auto?  
[18.30] Es schlief.

\* \* \*

In der Nacht zu Samstag fiel der letzte Schnee.  
Er ähnelte den Ringen nasser Wolle -  
als ob eine Schafherde oben geschoren wurde.  
Die Wolle warf man runter.  
Lindenzweige zuckten und ließen  
diese Ringe auf die Straße fallen.

In der Nacht zu Samstag fiel der letzte Schnee.  
Im Schnee ging ein Mensch und hinterließ  
eine schwarze Spur. Der Schnee schien ihm  
des großen Winters undenkbarer Anfang zu sein:  
als wenn kein März wäre,  
sondern die Zeit des Steinbockes bevorstünde.

Zum Lachen? Natürlich zum Lachen.  
In seiner Tasche lag ein Ticket an die See.  
Dazu noch diese Datscha. Er hatte vor,  
die Terrasse neu anzustreichen.  
"Und nun ist Winter. Eine tolle Geschichte!  
Der Sommer war sehr kurz..."

Bei diesen Gedanken lächelte der Mensch.  
Er bedauerte nicht, was geschehen war.  
Die Schneeringe fielen auf die Erde  
und schaukelten die Lindenzweige.  
Geschorene Schafe auf der Straße  
kauten den Schnee, ohne den Winter zu beachten.

All translations are taken from the book:  
Gleb Schulpjakow: *Anfang der Religion*. hochroth Verlag, 2015

Gleb Schulpjakow in *Four Centuries*:  
3, 2012, p.25-26; 4, 2013, p. 43-44, translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova

**Gleb Shulpyakov**, 1971, studied journalism and literature at the Moscow State University. His first full-length book of poems *The Flick* was published in 2001 and won a prestigious book award *Triumph Prize*. He is also the author of two other poetry collections, three novels, a book of travel essays, and a play. His first book of poetry to appear in English, *A Fireproof Box*, translated by Christopher Mattison, was shortlisted for the 2012 Best Translated Book Award. His second book in English was *Letters to Yakub* (2014). He has translated various British and American works into Russian, including poetry by Ted Hughes, Robert Hass, and W. H. Auden. He writes constantly for Russian periodicals.

**Sergej Tenjatnikow** was born 1981 in Krasnoyarsk (Siberia). He has been living in Germany since 1999, writing and publishing in German and Russian and producing videopoetry. He earned his Master degree in Political Science, East European History and Russian from the Leipzig University. He is the winner of the Poetry Festival Emigrantskaya Lira-2014 in Liege, Belgium and the prizewinner of the Astafyev Foundation in 2015. He lives as a freelance translator and author in Leipzig.

## *Four Centuries Library*

Here are the books donated to the Library:

### *In German*

- 88. Prigow, Dmitri: Der Milizionär und die anderen. Gedichte und Alphabete. Nachdichtungen von Günter Hirt und Sascha Wonders. Leipzig: Reclam-Verlag, 1992
- 89. Beltschenko, Natalija: Der Verlag Art House Media präsentiert. Übers.: Elke Erb, 2000
- 90. Achmatowa, Anna: Das Echo tönt. Übers.: Xaver Schaffgotsch. Wiesbaden: Limes Verlag, 1964
- 91. Tichonow, N.: Wie Diamanten fallen die Sterne. Balladen. B., 1977
- 92. Assejew, N.: Stählerne Nachtigall. Gedichte. B., 1973
- 93. Bagrizki, E.: Von Schwarzbrot und von der Treue der Frau. Gedichte. B., 1971

### *In English*

- 94. Vysotsky, V.: Hämler with a Guitar. M.: Progress, 1990

### *In French*

- 95. Mandelstam, Ossip: Poèmes. M.: Edition Radouga, 1991