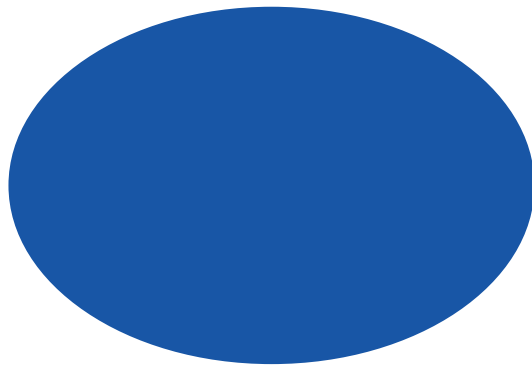


FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



11

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 28.

XX

Mihails Kuzmins (1872 - 1936)

Михаил Кузмин (1872 - 1936)

Latviski atdzejojis Einārs Pelšs*

Translated by Einars Pelss*

* * *

Kā pasaku, kā rod lai vārdu pulku
Par pastaigu, šablī, par ceptu bulku,
Cik ķiršu ahāts kārdinoši salds?
Silts vējiņš šalc, met saule jūrā spulgu,
Kur ķermenus šļāc vēsa vilņa šalts.

Tev skatiens - liegs, tas, šķelmīgs, sacel jukas, -
Kā mīlīgs nieks no komēdiju lugas,
Ko sacerējis viltnieks Marivo.
Tu - īsts Pjero, tavs deguns, lūpas smukās
Man prātu jauc kā "Kāzas Figaro".

Ak, nieku gars, kas gaisīgi un līksmi,
Kad mīla skar mūs tumšās naktīs tīksmi,
Un dzīves vieglums jautri bezrūpīgs!
Viss cits ir nīks, vien zemes ziedi - tvīksmi,
Arvienu tev es, zeme, uzticīgs!

*© Einārs Pelšs, translation, 2015

* * *

Sēžot grāmatas lasu par kaismīgu kaisli,
Skatos mirušo portretus sējumos senos.
Runā mirušo portreti sējumos senos:
"Tu esi aizmirsts, tu esi aizmirsts..."

- Nu ko lai dara, ka esmu aizmirsts,
Kā palīdzēt var man portreti senie? -
Un vaicāju: ko lai iesāku, portreti senie,
Lai lūdzos, zvēru vai draudu baismi?

"Lai aizmirstu skūpstus uz pleciem, šo laiku,
Tev jākļūst par mums, senu, mīlošu bildi:
Tu vari būt laba, mīloša bilde
Bez runām jelkādām, ar skatienu maigu".

- Es mirstu no bezgala mīlestības!
Vai tad jūs neredzat, mīlās bildes?
"Mēs redzam, mēs redzam, - portreti bilda, -
Tu esi mīlnieks pilns uzticības!"

Tā sēdēju, lasot par kaismīgu kaisli,
Skatot senajās grāmatās mirušo bildes.
Un nebija žēl man, ka čukstēja bildes:
"Tu esi aizmirsts, tu esi aizmirsts".

Epilogs

Ko darīt, jaukie dzejoļi, ar jums?
Tik tikko sākušies, jau galā.
Pār mīlētājiem - laimes starojums,
Beigts līķis, kad pagalam.

Viss skaidrs romānā, kad ciet to šķir,
Kur beigas - punkta veidā,
Tur teikts, kas atraitne, kas Armāns ir,
Un Elīza kam meita.
Bet manā stāstā spārnotā nudien
Nav vēstījuma raita,
Pār bezdibeņiem lec un brīvi skrien
Tas stirnas gaitā.

Man as'ru acīs neredzēsit vis
Par dzīvi raibu,
Liek nevis punktu beigās liktenis,
Bet tintes traipu.

Maskarāde

Kas dzied tīksmi vasartvīksmi:
Birzi, gaismu, varavīksni,
Raķetes un salūtu?
Pļavā klaigas, smiekli līksmi,
Menuets un liesmas zibsnī,
Fauns tik - galvu nodurtu.

Kas pie strūklakas tur staigā
Pelēcīgā miglā maigā?
Kas tur čukst un nopūšas?
Brūce svaigā sadzīs laikā,
Vakaru vien - maskas vaigā,
Grotā sūnas mākslīgas.

Smaržo laukā ziedi plaukā,
Arlekīns jau glāstīt rauga,
Kolumbīnei tīk šis joks.
Kaut uz īsu brīdi auga,
Taču zaigo, zeme jaukā,
Man tavs varavīksnes loks!

* * *

Māc bezmiegs, aizmigt nesanāk
Un balsi dzird,
Kas čukstēt sāk
Vēlīgi, saldi: "Laiks mirt, laiks mirt".

Izlasu grāmatu, ķeros pie citas,
Vai apņems miegs?
Skumstu bez mitas
Kā ieslodzīts katordznieks.

Simts reizes "Manon" ciet un vaļā vēru,
Kas notika man?
Vai tēju dzēru
Pārmēru, ka bezmiegs māc, laikam gan.

Ne mīlestība, vien kaite
Ir bezmiegs mans.
Lūk, klusi, raiti
Uz rīta liturģiju sauc zvans.

Es redzu jūs, kad aizšķiru lapu,
Kad acis ciet;
Un skropstas tapa
Mitras no asarām, šķiet.

Vai slimību no mīlestības
Man neatšķirt?
Es slimis, bez gribas,
Un balss maigi čukst: "Laiks mirt, laiks mirt!"

* * *

Pretī logam būvē ēku.
Dzirdu ārā kaķu brēku.
Kaut nav marts.
Skatos ļoti uzmanīgi,
Ko man zīlē liktenīgi
Kārts pie kārts.

"Slimība, ceļš, mīla, mala" -
Pareģojumu bez gala:
Šis un tas.
Uzcels māju, jaukšu kārtis,
Būs vēl aprīļi un marti -
Nu un kas?

Skumju osta sirdi posta,
Bet tā atkal dzīvei mostas,
Paies gads.
Pavasārī uzcels māju,
Zem tiem pašiem plakstiem mājās
Jaunais skats.

* * *

Saulainā istaba - mana ala,
Domas - piejaucētu putnu dūkšana;
Manas dziesmas - priecīgas lūgšanas;
Mīlestība - mana ticība no laika gala.

Nāciet visi - kas jautru, kas nomāktu garu,
Kas atradis vai zaudējis gredzenu,
Lai jūsu nastu nesaredzamu
Es uz nagliņas kā apgērbu karu.

Paraudāsim laimē, pasmaidīsim bēdās.
Nav grūti vieglās lūgšanas izdziedāt.
Viss nemanāmi tiks izdziedēts
Istabās saules apspīdētās.

Augsts ir logs virs mīlestības un nīcības,
Kaisle un skumjas kā vasks ugunī izkusīs.
Tumšās, smagās mocības izgaisīs,
Jauni ziedoņa ceļi jaušami - pilni ticības.

* * *

Atkal lapas vīd, ko kāre izlasīt,
Atkal saule spīd un zelta stari krīt;

Aizmirsušās izlasītās nodaļas,
Nākamajās notiks nezināms kaut kas.

Viesu māju atstājiet, ja jāaiziet!
Sliktus sapņus aizmirstiet, ja modīsiet!

Rīta zvaigzne zaigo debesīs tāpat,
Aizgājušais neatgriezīsies nekad.

Liksmi pasmaidiet un as'ras nelejiet,
Apkārt augstas papeles un pļavas zied,

Priekšā jaušas skaidrs ceļš, vēl neiemīts:
Ziemai pavasaris sekos, naktij - rīts.

Guris, zaļā zālē atlaidīšos es,
Izlasīšu atlikušās lappuses:

Savu dzīvi lasīt vien, ne rakstīt mums,
Nezinām, kāds būs šī stāsta nobeigums.

* * *

O, pagājības raudātāji,
Jums neatbildēs likten's mēms,
Sen slēpto bagātību meklētāji,
Vai gaidāt jūs uz bazūnēm?

Kad pienāks brīdis bezjūtīgais
Tās, pamodinot tāles, brēks.
Neviens, ne dumpīgais, ne padevīgais
No likten's gūsta neizbēgs.

Tā pati upe, pīles citas,
Klus padebeši, skaidrs rīts,
Zied ziedi, krāsas nomainot bez mitas
Un saules vietā ēna krīt.

Redz mūsu acis, ausās ausis,
Mēs putnu dziesmas klausāmieš.
Ir pļavās silti, priecīgi un sausi -
Šķirt dzīves lapas nesteidzies.

Kam sevi nomocīt ar bažām,
Lai nesāpina nolemtais,
Tev jāsarod ar laicīgajām važām
Un jālīksmo, kad laukā maijs.

* * *

Saldi ir mirt
kaujas laukā,
svilpjot lodēm un šķēpiem,
kad skan taure
un spīd saule,
dienvidū,
krītot par tēvzemes slavu
un dzirdot:

"Ardievu, varoni!"

Saldi ir mirt
kā cienīgam sirmgalvim
tai pašā mājā un gultā,
kur dzima un mira vectēvi,
bērnu lokā,
kas jau kļuvuši par vīriem,
un dzirdot:

"Ardievu, tēv!"

Bet vēl saldāk,
vēl gudrāk,
izputinot dzimto muižu,
pārdodot pēdējās dzirnavas
dēļ tās,
kura rīt aizmirsīsies,
atgriežoties
pēc jautras pastaigas
jau pārdotā mājā,
nobaudo vakariņas
un izlasot jau simtu un pirmo reizi
Apuleja stāstu,
siltā, aromātiskā vannā
bez atvadu vārdiem
atvērt vēnas;
un lai garajā logā pie griestiem
smaržotu lefkojas,
plauktu vakarblāzma
un tālumā skanētu fleitas.

* * *

Kāds lietus!
Mūsu bura caurcaurēm slapja,
pat svītras neatšķirt.
No taviem vaigiem notecējis rūžs,
un tu - kā tīriešu mālderis.
Nedroši pārkāpām
ogļuvīra mazās zemnīcas sliksni;
saimnieks ar rētu pierē
izgaiņāja
kraupjainos, netīros, slimacainos bērņelus,
un, nolīcis uz galda tev iepretim rokas stumbeni,
ar priekšautu notrauca putekļus,
un, uzsitis ar plaukstu, vaicāja:
"Vai kungs nobaudīs plāceni?"
Bet veca, melna sieviete
Šūpoja mazuli un dziedāja:
"Ja es faraons būtu,
nopirktu bumbieru pāri:
vienu iedotu draugam,
pats otru apēstu kāri".

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.

Osip Mandelstam (1891-1938) Осип Манделъштам
Marina Tsvetaeva (1892-1941) Марина Цветаева
Boris Pasternak (1890-1960)* Борис Пастернак*

Three Poems for Akhmatowa

Translated by Tony Brinkley**

Osip Mandelstam, *For Akhmatowa*

Grief mourning, turning half-
way to indifferent glances --
like stone, ossifying on a
shoulder, her scarf's mimicries --

soul spirited, like Rachel
playing Phaedra -- omened --
dark voiced bitterly like hops
indignantly tears heart-deep.

1914

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Marina Tsvetaeva, *For Akhmatova*

Above a field of grain your voice today from
slender wires -- I hear ten thousand voices --

blessing, without limits -- or like church bells
sounding with one voice -- one sound of voices.

I cup my ear -- your dark voice like a cupola
of sound encircling me -- I stand and listen.

* * *

Willows do not sway
as deeply as your hands.

The homeless say you are the
earth's; to me you are the cross

to whom I pray. And only
with your eyes the icons gaze.

1916

Boris Pasternak, *To Anna Akhmatova*

Like you, I think I fit
my words primordially.
If not -- then not --
my fault, our difference.

I sense the moist roof-murmurs --
how a sidewalk's ecologues die and seed --
explicitly a city from first verses,
spilling and recoiling in each syllable.

Spring circles, but beyond the city.
Deadlines order. Embroidering
by lamplight, eyes tear, back
unbent, the daybreak glows

and breathing from a distance Lake Lagoda's
fluency, it hurries toward the sea, subdued by
dying power, channelled through canals where
everything is flagrant with the reek of molding

pylons. Wind excites -- rocking surfaces like empty
walnut shells, the centuries sway their branches,
eyelids flicker stars, street lamps and hallmarks --
from a bridge the morning-seamstress heeds

the distance. Every eye hones differently --
images and figures sharpen differences --
under the white-night's glance, night-
distance spans the terrifying power.

And I see, I watch you and your gaze --
not for the pillar of salt to which
you turned five years ago, looking
back, transfixing rhymes with fear --

but, from the first, your name shored
fragments -- and in everything, like
sparks along a wire, your eyes compel
the past until it vibrates for a moment.

Tony Brinkley, born 1948, is a Professor of English at the University of Maine. His poetry has appeared in *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *New Review of Literature*, *Cerise Press*, *Drunken Boat*, *Otoliths*, *Hungarian Review*, and *Poetry Salzburg Review* etc. His translations from Russian, German, French, and Hungarian have appeared in *Shofar*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *New Review of Literature*, *Cerise Press*, *MayDay*, *World Literature Today*, *Hungarian Review*, *Four Centuries*, and *Drunken Boat*. He is the author of *Stalin's Eyes* (Puckerbrush Press) and the coeditor with Keith Hanley of *Romantic Revisions* (Cambridge University Press).

David Shraye-Petrov

Давид Шраер-Петров

Snow On the Ground

Verses about War, Blimps and Poets of the Past Century

Translated by Maxim D. Shraye*

Translator's Prefatory Note

The Russian original, a cycle of 5 short poems by David Shraye-Petrov (Давид Шраер-Петров, b. Leningrad, 1936), was published in Moscow's *ExLibris/Nezavisimaya Gazeta* in 2012; earlier versions of the individual poems had appeared in the poet's ninth collection of verse, *Line-Bodies-Figures* (2010).

The originals of the 5 included poems are composed in: Ia5; An4/An3; Ia4; truncated An4; and An4/An3, respectively. Shraye-Petrov employs patterns of alternating feminine and masculine rhymes or masculine rhymes alone. The rhyming is imaginative and frequently paronomastic. There is no punctuation or capitalization.

The principal challenges of translating these poems into English stem from the Russian originals' versification and their faintly surreal, doubly ironic, lyrical quality. An additional challenge lies in the way they capture, through intonation, idiomatic diction, and layers of cultural references, the receding memory of Soviet culture. Consider also the way the originals preserve echoes of the Russian émigrés' daily living in New England.

My approach here is simultaneously one of *organicism* and *literalism*. Having preserved the originals' rhythmic contours, I have allowed for a greater number of truncated metrical lines, as well as for a greater degree of "sprungness" and variability. I have also sought creative rhyming solutions, especially when it comes to English feminine rhymes, and in places I have resorted to shadow end rhymes and anagrammatic assonances.

I would like to thank my colleagues Andrew Sofer and J. B. Sisson for their insightful comments on the drafts of these translations.

M. D. S.

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Wild Turkeys in Boston

what happened to the wild turkeys
they used to wander in the morning grove
wasn't i thinking such pure malarkey
enmeshed with something so morose
i realized autumn had approached
i wasn't prepared for the fruitless frost
the cloudless blue sky was treacherous
bare branches without leaves the yellow froth
i was among those two or three regular walkers
round the circle eyes madly jutting into the air
i could've even chosen a girlfriend
if I had not been absently strolling there
if I had stopped to make a witty comment
say aren't those ostrichlike creations something else
so cozy in their particolored coats
enveloped by the warmth of caring earth
first bundled up in leaves then clad in snow
which keeps a blanket on their plaited nests
alas the pretty ones who could've shared my sorrow
followed not me but the fellow who was next
to me though not a crazy dreamer
he swept aside my fanciful mirage
in which the losses and the gains aren't real
in which the joy and tears are enmeshed
but wait this way i could end up like isakovsky twardovsky
composers of lyrics for the crowd
it was a luminous autumn day in Boston
i wasn't sure which path i should try

Blimp in the Clouds

i looked up and noticed a blimp in the sky
pushing bodies of clouds apart
words life or gold you would pay with
to find your lost heart
and to do this you must sail across the sky
pushing words and bodies apart
what of bravery baroque the gallant old times
when the tablesaw lies through its teeth
when the tablesaw lies as it sings of the term
which has ended forever go home
throw off your quilted coat and hum as you roam
with your marmot a child's open palm
here and there with the marmot please wait for me blimp
my celestial magnet so deft
i can't keep up with you the earthly path limps
as it sings something softly of death

Poets of the Past Century

poets of the past century
we are all of us unbidden brothers
because the past century
won't let go its clutches
we argued bitterly in the snake pit
in the main hall of the house of writers
while in the billiards room we shared
publishers' secret plans and contacts
traded editorials ploys and gossip
the revolutionary century that birthed us
has vanished without a trace yet
we go on living we're still around
recalling the fights of bygone days
remembering our departed enemies
with good words and with wine

Snow on the Ground

i awoke when the snow had covered the ground
the pond the shrubs and the streets
i thought this was so akin to
forgotten notes on runaway sheets
i thought of all sorts of wonderful trifles
that pose as marks of serious life
a person lost amid high desert sands
mistakes saxaul for a blooming white rose
if we believe that on waking we instantly lead
a new life amid those who have aged by one day
then the reservoir glued to the edge of the road
and the snow's primordial shadow on the limbs
only an attempt to escape from the care
of your tensing eyes your honeyed lips
o forgive me a nonfawerell sounds bare
frozen pond your shoulder sloping off
and the wind-shattered ice of December
that we tread after cancelling love

Off to War

in a dream off to war i was seeing
my radiant son
i kept muttering something about victory spring
but the rapid stream carried him on
charred poles of inglorious banners
fluttered over the infantry regiment
where i stood i could hear wild banter
mixed with tears and scraps of men's names
drum's basso trumpet's seafaring shadow
trailed off while ahead the draftees

disappeared and columns of black smoke
rushed off like ships out to sea
i stood all alone charred like a stump
in the grove of impending bloodshed
all day long i could hear the drum's distant thud
notes of guilt in the voice of the trumpet

David Shraye-Petrov (Давид Шраер-Петров), poet, fiction writer, memoirist, and medical scientist, was born in Leningrad in 1936. He has published twenty-five books in his native Russian, most recently the novel *Istoriia moei vozliublennoi* (*The Story of My Beloved*, Moscow, 2013) and the 4th edition of his epic novel *Gerbert i Nelli* (*Herbert and Nelly*, Moscow, 2014). Shraye-Petrov's books of fiction in English include *Jonah and Sarah: Jewish Stories of Russia and America*, *Autumn in Yalta: a Novel and Three Stories*, and, most recently, *Dinner with Stalin and Other Stories*. He lives in Brookline, Mass. with his wife of over fifty years, the translator Emilia Shraye. Visit his webpage: <http://fmwww.bc.edu/SL-V/Dsp.html>

Maxim D. Shraye, bilingual author and translator, was born in Moscow in 1967. He is Professor of Russian, English, and Jewish Studies at Boston College and a 2012 Guggenheim Fellow. Shraye has translated the works of over thirty Russian authors, among them Pavel Antokolsky, Eduard Bagritsky, Ilya Ehrenburg, Samuil Marshak, Ilya Selvinsky, and Yuri Trifonov. His recent books include *Leaving Russia: A Jewish Story* (2013) and *Bunin i Nabokov. Istoriia sopernichestva* (*Bunin and Nabokov. A History of Rivalry*, 2014). Visit his website at <http://www.shraye.com>

Dimitri Kouzmine
Дмитрий Кузьмин

Traduit par Alexandre Petrossov*
Translated by Alexandr Petrossov*

à V. L.

Je nous ai trouvé deux places libres,
je te laisse les garder,
j'ai couru chercher les valises,
je reviens et voilà, à côté de toi,
une Américaine peu souriante
et son boyfriend aux pieds nus,
jusqu'à Agde
j'ai dû rester assis sur une marche
à tes pieds.
Si seulement dans la vie
une place à côté
perdue
se changeait
en une étroite marche incommode,
un effleurement fugitif
de la tempe contre la cuisse.

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Four Centuries. Russian Poetry in Translation, 11, 2015

à P. P.

Mon premier amour
assis en face de moi dans le métro.
Sans me remarquer.
Ou sans me reconnaître.
Mais non, sans me remarquer, -
comme auparavant.
Combien d'années se sont écoulées?
Dans l'échancrure de son T-shirt
on aperçoit des poils sur son torse.

* * *

Un grand gars
en T-shirt noir
est pris d'un grand frisson
(en échappant à la pluie battante inattendue
il a sauté dans le trolleybus).
La chair de poule sur ses bras bronzés
rend les petits poils brûlés au soleil, à peine visibles,
plus visibles.
Si l'on lui flatte
la tête aux cheveux coupés trop courts
il vous cassera la figure.
Silencieux, je suis debout près de lui.
Il descend.
Je vois par la fenêtre:
il marche lentement exprès.
Il pleut.
Il pleut à verse.

Alexandr Petrossov, 1979, graduated from the Faculty of Humanities of the University of Copenhagen. He is currently living in Paris where he continues his studies at the Sorbonne Nouvelle University, specialising in French and comparative literature and linguistics. He has translated prose and poetry into Russian, Danish and French.

Faina Grimberg

Фаина Гримберг

Prière faite par la fille de Villon

Молитва, сложенная дочерью Вийона

Traduit par Alexandre Petrossov*

Translated by Alexandr Petrossov*

Petite, je me suis engagée dans un bois
Et j'y ai erré longtemps
J'attendais j'attendais j'attendais
Jusqu'à ce que ça soit arrivé
Forêt sombre: je flâne dans le vide
et personne ne me regarde
comme si je n'existais point
comme si je n'étais rien
ainsi passent tous les autres
les fils qui ne sont point les miens
les amants les amours les époux
personne
comme si je n'étais rien
Personne ne me regardera plus jamais
pour me prendre la main
pour avoir envie d'être avec moi
Qu'est-ce que je deviendrai
le cœur me fait mal tout le temps
et j'ai du mal à me regarder dans le miroir
Comme dans un désert, je marche par les rues
en frappant légèrement le chemin avec mon bâton
Ni gentille ni méchante

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Ni chaude ni froide
toute seule
parmi les fleurs dans les herbes verdoyantes de mai
C'était comme si personne ne me voyait
car on ne voit jamais les vieilles
on les méprise seulement
et on les hait
Et moi, je marche,
triste et confiante, en attendant
un aide magique
armée de patience près d'un âtre
les mains jointes en prière
la main tendue pour demander l'aumône sur un pont
vêtue d'une pèlerine rouge dans l'humble espoir d'un miracle
Je marche
J'ai souffert en silence
mais à présent je veux parler
et pleurer sous les yeux de tous
en suppliant mon destin:
Rends-moi la rapidité de mes jambes
le sourire dévoilant des dents bien blanches
Je veux des bras et des épaules juteux
je veux des seins
pas gros et flasques
mais fermes comme des pommes
Je veux
J'ai envie de danser courir le long d'une rivière
qu'il y ait une balançoire en or et des courants d'air
Je veux un délicieux corps d'homme chaud pendant toute une nuit
me tourner au lit et lever les jeunes jambes nues contre le mur
Pourquoi faisons-nous ça
Parce que nous sommes des amants
De nouveau, je veux encore me promener dans la rue vêtue
d'une robe neuve
m'étant redressée
et comme en entendant de la musique gaie -

le son des regards pleins de joie
fixés sur moi
Oui, je veux!
Faites-le alors!
je vous en supplie
libérez-moi
des tourments causés par des milliers de petites chaînes
ces affreux cercles
ils s'enfoncent en moi
ils composent la vie
Faites-moi jeune et belle
Donnez-moi des yeux verts et une chevelure d'or
Je vous en supplie!
Dans l'humble espoir d'un miracle...

Faina Grimberg (pseudonym of Faina Gawrilina), poet, prose writer and playwright. She is the author of more than twenty books of poetry and prose. Graduated in Bulgarian history she has published a lot of works on the history of Bulgarian people in the Balkans, Western Europe and Russia.

Four Centuries Library

Here are the books donated to the Library:

In German

85. Jewtuschenko, Jewgenij: Lyrik, Prosa, Dokumente. München: Nymphenburger Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1972
86. Jewtuschenko, Jewgeni: Mit mir ist folgendes geschehen. Gedichte in Russisch und Deutsch. Düsseldorf: Brücken Verlag, 1962
87. Jewtuschenko, Jewgeni: Mutter und die Neutronenbombe. Poem. Berlin: Verlag Volk und Welt, 1983

