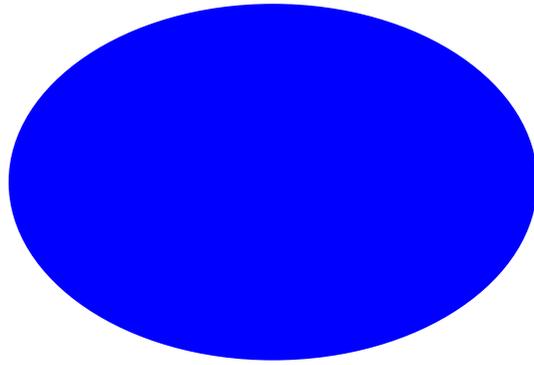


FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



3

2012



Four Centuries

Russian Poetry in Translation

fourcenturies@gmx.de

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Four Centuries Library

Letter from the Publisher

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

XVIII

Russian Epigrammatists of the XVIIIth Century:
Mikhail Lomonosov, Alexandr Sumarokov,
Pankratii Sumarokov, and Ivan Barkov

Русская эпиграма XVIII века: Михаил Ломоносов,
Александр Сумароков, Панкратий Сумароков и
Иван Барков

Translated by Alex Cigale*

Mikhail Lomonosov (1711 - 1765)

Михаил Ломоносов (1711 - 1765)

On the Opponents of Copernican System

Once two Astronomers meeting at a feast
Fought with each other in excessive heat.
The Sun circles in its orbit the Earth,
One insisted. The other: The Sun leads
The planets on its rounds. One of these
Was Copernicus, the other's name, Ptolemy.
The cook decided the argument with a joke.
The master asked his opinion in the matter
And he replied: "That Copernicus is right
I'll prove without having once left the earth.
Who had ever heard of such a fool as a cook
Who turns his spit around the chunk of meat."

Alexandr Sumarokov (1717 - 1777)

Александр Сумароков (1717 - 1777)

Ambassador Ass

In Venice an ambassador was appointed
Exceedingly proud and bent on talking smack.
The local populace addressed to the court
Their complaints about his personal attacks.
After deliberations about ambassadorial lies
The reply comes: "Forgive him, he's an idiot.
There ought be no quarrel between humans
And an ass." They back: "We have no shortage
Of asses but don't assign them councilor rank."

Dancer, you are rich! Professor, you are patronized!
That's right: the legs more than the head are prized.

Pankratii Sumarokov (1765 - 1814)

Панкратий Сумароков (1765 - 1814)

Inscription on my Portrait

This portrait is quite remarkable!
The whole world will agree with me.
The only thing it lacks is soul,
Which bears a remarkable likeness to the original.

* * *

Klav is our Borzoi-hound-of-a-poet;
On a single honor for six years he has fed.
No surprise then he's as skinny as a skeleton.

Answer to Question: What kind of people are Dentists

Their methods are most often crude:
We cannot chew and so they choose
To pull from others all their teeth
So theirs have something left to eat.

Ivan Barkov (1732 - 1768)

ИВАН БАРКОВ (1732 - 1768)

Dionysius Cato's distichs To a Son, on Right Conduct

Let Reason Rule

Having faulty judgement and a clumsy mind,
Do not say Fortune is in her absence blind.

On Eschewing Ire

Not knowing things precisely avoid arguing harshly.
The mind of truth won't ripen were wrath is rashly.

A Choice

A man once asked his wife what they should do:
"Shall we have dinner or first begin to screw?"
The wife's reply to him: "It is up to you.
Soup's on the boil; we need to spice the stew."

Alex Cigale's own English-language poems have appeared in the *Colorado*, *Green Mountains*, *North American*, *Tampa*, and *Literary* reviews, and online in *Asymptote*, *Drunken Boat*, and *McSweeney's*. His translations from the Russian can be found in *Ancora Imparo*, *Cimarron Review*, *Literary Imagination*, *Modern Poetry in Translation*, *PEN America*, and *Two Lines*. Currently he is an Assistant Professor at the American University of Central Asia in Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan.

XX

Vladislav F. Hodassevitš Владислав Ходасевич

Tõlkinud Jaan Kaplinski*

"Ни жить, ни петь почти не стоит..." (I)

Mis rätsep õmbleb, läheb katki,
mis puusepp teeb, see vajub koost.
Ons leida mõtet pisematki
siis lauludest või eluloost?

Kuid keset kaduvuse-õelust
mu kõrvu kostab vaikne tuks;
teist aiman, tõelisemat tõelust
ja see teeb meele heldinuks.

Nii naine, tajudes, et tuska
on hingepõhja laskunud,
käte paneb hellalt vastu üska,
mis ihuviljast raskunud.

"Ни жить, ни петь почти не стоит..." (II)

Mis mõtet on, et oled elus,
mis kasu tööst või laululoost?
Kõik laguneb siin jõhkras melus,
kõik käriseb ja vajub koost.

Ent äkki keset seda laga
kui märkaks viivuks vaimusilm,
et teispool vaikse võbinaga
end ilmutab üks teine ilm.

Nii jättes tuima päeva paine
ja trotsiks argitusale
käte aralt-õrnalt paneb naine
sääl oma paisund üsale.

Покрова Майи потаённой...

Las loor, see maya-nimeline
ei kerki iial minu eest, -
küll paistab maailm imeline
su selge silmatera seest.

Seal armastus ja linnakära
on müstilises tervikus
ja eetri ülevane sära
ja sulavete tervitus.

Loob kirka kosmose su kiire
ja kerge lau- ja ripsmepilk
ja saatma tema tähistiire
jääb kodarate vikervilk.

Jaan Kaplinski, 1941, Estonian poet, was born in Tartu. Studied linguistics in Tartu University, worked as a researcher in linguistics, sociology and ecology, has published several books of poems and essays in Estonian, Finnish and English. He has translated poetry from French, English, Spanish, Chinese and Swedish (a volume of poems by Tomas Tranströmer). Active as a journalist at home and abroad.

Ossip Mandelstam Осип Мандельштам

Translated by Ian Probststein*

To the Memory of Andrei Bely

Blue eyes and a burning forehead bone -
You were lured by a young fury of the world.

Since in the magic power you were so well versed,
You can never be judged or cursed.

They gave you a tiara - a jester's cap and bells for a crown,
A turquoise teacher, a torturer, a ruler, a clown.

A little Gogolish snowstorm, you strutted along a Moscow street,
Implausibly plausible, entangled and light, indiscrete...

You collected space, a fledgling that passed his exams, a prudent
Schoolboy, an author, a goldfinch nestling, a bell-ringer, a student.

An ice-skater, a first-born of the age who drove you out into spaces
Filled with an icy dust of newly-formed declensions and cases.

Often we spell "malady" but say "melody" at ease
Perhaps simplicity is just a moral disease?

Our forthright speeches aren't meant to scare the children away -
It's by the news, not piles of paper, that people are saved.

Like dragonflies missing the water land in the reeds,
The fat pencils attack the deceased.

On their knees they held pages for our glorious future ages,
Begging to forgive them for every line they drew.

An icy bond is born between your country and you -
Therefore lie there young and upright forever.

Let those young future generations never dare
Ask you, an orphan, how you feel in a pure void over there.

10-11 January 1934

10 January 1934

I am haunted by a couple of random phrases:
"My grief is rich in fat," I utter all day long.
Oh, God, those dragonflies of death have such blue eyes,
So fat they are, so black is the azure of the skies.

Where is the right of the first-born? where's the joy of rite?
Where is a nestling of the hawk soaring on the bottom of the eyes?
Where is knowledge? or the bitter taste of a secret insight?
Where's the clear stature? or the candor of speeches

Entangled as honest zigzags of the ice-skater
And mingled with a blue fire as if
Frosty feathers were whirled in an iron thrust
Clinking with a hard-blue icy river crust.

He grasped as if in half an hour, half an age,
Solutions of three-layered salts,
The voices of many a German sage,
And luminous disputes of Russian first-born sons.

Suddenly the music rushed from ambush, ample,
But not as a predator leaping from the bow-strings,
Not to delight and not to please the ear,
But as balm for the muscles and each struggling temple,

Flowing for a tender newly-cast mask,
For the plaster fingers holding no pen,
For enlarged lips and mighty caress
Of large coarse-grained goodness and peace.

The furs of coats breathed, shoulder to shoulder,
The cinnabar of health boiled with blood and sweat:
A dream was wrapped in a dream, the dream inside
Was dreaming to move on half a step ahead.

An engraver stood amidst the crowd
Preparing to transfer onto a true bronze plate
What a draftsman managed to grasp
Blackening the paper with frugal lines.

As if I were hanging on my own eyelashes
Ripening, stretching until I finally plunge down,
I am acting all the parts in the same play
Presenting the only thing we learned today.

16 January 1934

* * *

When a soul, shy and fast
Suddenly sees the things to their depth,
It rushes along the winding path,
Not seeing clearly the path of death.

He seemed to shy away from death
With a sweet shyness of a novice,
Or from the sound of the first-born
In a brilliant assembly it flows into

The stretched wood of a bow string,
Flows back and forth, idling and measuring
With the measure of flax or fiber, flows like resin,
Flows out of nowhere, from thread, amazed itself,

From dark it flows onto a tender newly-cast mask,
For the plaster fingers holding no pen,
For enlarged lips and mighty caress
Of large coarse-grained goodness and peace.

January 1934

* * *

He conducted the orchestra of the Caucasian peaks,
Waving his hands, stepped onto the narrow path of the Alps,
And looking around at the deserted shores,
He went on grasping the talk of multitudes.

As only a mighty mind could, he carried on
A throng of minds, impressions, and effects:
Rachel looked into the mirrow of events
While Leah sang and weaved a flower wreath.

January 1934

* * *

Amidst the crowd, bearded and deep in thought,
An engraver stood, a friend of pine-copper plates
Bathed in a three-fold raging oxide, lustrous slant
Where truth shines through the layer of wax.

As if I were hanging on my own eyelashes
In a winged crowded air of canvases
Of those masters who establish in the faces
The order of vision and the rite of the throng.

January 1934

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.

Roald Mandelstam (1932-1961)

Роальд Мандельштам (1932-1961)

Translated by Ian Probsteyn*

Notturmo

The glowing bronze cast of the skies
Is withered like enormous roses.
Burning down
behind the canal,
The evening leisurely drowns.
Not a star,
 Not a cloud,
 Not a sound -
In a window pale as pain
Stretching their longing arms
Belfries rave about the moon.

White Night

As soon as the sky fades
And the shades descend on the roofs,
Canals like warm glass
Tightly embrace the city,

And a blue quiet moon
Roams in the sky like a bride
Longing to find her groom
Under the cupola of the night.

June 1954

Notturmo I

The moon's porcelain shoulders are
Under a fiery blooming umbrella,
And the star that left a high stellar
Assembly, clings to them with its blue mouth.

How her matte hands are wandering
In the silks of a foggy kimono!
Her golden body is full of suffering,
And the cause of pain is unknown.

Oh, Moon! Moon is careless,
Deadly-white in her quiet fervor,
Shivering with a silver quiver,
And her bells will sing forever.

May 22, 1954

White Night

A sun-bird is flying away,
Throwing the ash of clouds to the wind.
May midnight is a white jay,
May city - a roofless temple.

If I could ripe as an apple,
If I could fly led by my eyes
Since a golden-haired star
Has been shaken down by the skies!

She also wanted to be cool,
Howl, the poet, to the moon of a pre-dawn pool!
You too starve like a dog gone astray -
Ice in your belly and fire in your head!

1954 ?

* * *

Once there was Hellas on Earth
In the morning land...
Do not wake up the dead,
Do not be sad.

The evening and the night will pass,
The fog will sit still.
All wounds will heal,
Any wound will.

Why crave for future, blame
Those who passed away?
It might be better just to sing,
Better that way?

Sing of a bright and breezy dawn
In the wide world,
Where chains of quiet lamps swing
Under the wind.

In yellow fretted maple leaves
Pure joy nests:
Once Hellas was in the morning land,
On this earth.

The Bridge with Griffons. Benvenuto Chellini*

To Rika Aronson

1.

I am bored and chilled.
I shiver on the bridge,
Kissing golden palms.
A maple tree drops down its chased star -
Captured bronze armory destroys the trees.
Even a street sweeper's broom
Spares the leaves for some reason,
As if the sweeper does not dare to touch
An autumn leaf chiseled by Chellini.

2. Bank Bridge

A quadriga of griffons drowns on the bridge,
Autumn bronze destroys the trees.
I follow a falling star,
Kissing golden palms.

A quadriga of griffons drowns on the bridge.

3.

Silently shivering on the bridge,
I am kissing golden palms,
A maple tree drops down its chased star -
Autumn bronze destroys the trees.

* Bank Bridge in St. Petersburg is a 25-meter-long pedestrian bridge crossing the Griboedov Canal near the former Assination Bank. The special popularity of the bridge was gained through angular sculptures of four griffins or griffons, legendary creatures with the heads of eagles and the bodies of the lions, crowning the abutments. The griffons on Bank Bridge look more like winged lions. Benvenuto Chellini (1500-1571) was an Italian goldsmith, sculptor, painter, soldier and musician, who also wrote a famous autobiography. He was one of the most important artists of Mannerism.
(Translator's Note)

The wind will sweep such treasures away
(Chellini, they must be cut by your chisel):
Even a street sweeper's broom
Spares them for some reason.

A cold leaf resembling a star
Whose color reminds of a lemon
You hold in your hands -
I kiss golden palms,
Silently shivering on the bridge.

Swinging of Street Lamps

A white circle of night enamel
Rusty from insomnia
And languor of a pearl moon
Sick with bad cold,
Sailed swinging in the yellow wind
And with a bat's wing
Tucked the eyes of the houses
That put out their lights.
Speckled pools below the window
(The smell of a staircase and cats),
And silver cobble stone shone
In the golden light of lamps.
Someone drunk behind the wall
In a winter hat and boots
Hit the piano keys
And laughed.

For Arefiev

A sky - a belly - a drum -
Is swollen with a brass buzz,
A lunar bucket fell
Into the red holes of the wounds.

Street lamps run in line;
The rusty clot of dawn
Breaks loose falling down
In the hernia's blue wound.

The sky is etherized,
Hernia is being cut -
Eyes, wet with tears, would
Run by the morning as stars.

A Junkman

A fog is tasteless as in the fall.
It staggers from wind. - Drunk.
Someone came to the yard. Calls:
- Rags - bottle - can!

Should I take a bizarre challenge -
A ridiculous Tatar cry?
(A crow wandering on the ground
Suddenly sprung up high.)

- I guess a wise crow
Dislikes trouble in the neighborhood!
But silently
 through a loophole
 I throw
A bottle and a ragged boot.

* * *

The flags are the color of blood clots,
A starry (is that a sky?) sifter.
The sky is a wrapping paper,
Yellow is the windswept sky.

The world is full of electric bile,
The moon is the metal of teeth,
Brighter than change for a trolley fare is
This - City - State (Metropolis-Chandelier).

Engines (synchronous and asynchronous),
One thousand-watt grapes are ripe,
This (mocking at those who are in love)
Peter - Petro -and Lenin - grad.

* * *

A moon crescent rolls down the sky
Scooped by the Big Dipper.
So bright is the sickle of the waning Moon,
How great is its decline.

Rustling, lunar silk lies down
On the bronze plates of the sidewalks
Colored by moon's broth
And yellowed by lunar fever.

My feet as heavy as thoughts
Of eyeless foreheads, defaced faces,
Pressed eggs of pools and lamps
On the stony stoves of the squares.

-Float, moon, weave your cocoon,
A grey eternity is a silkworm!
Though nobody talks about me
And the eye sockets of windows are dark.

The frost would bite off toes,
The nights promise sure booty:
Here they go - Neanderthal men,
And I am a spear in their hands.

- Here they go - birds of feather -
To the rustle of the clouds and the whistle of the winds;
- Oh, what a night: it's not just midnight -
Archaeopteryx spread its wings.

Those are no dreams but damp piles of crushed stone,
A miraculous splatter of burning splinters,
The crescent of the waning moon is bright,
But how great is the moon's decline.

* * *

The night exploded like a cloudy cocoon,
Casting a glowing chrysalis of the day
Along ashy windows as a pied cannon ball
Into the chaos of stairs and walls.

Where the iron cast laciest laces
Are choked by the pythons of oak handrails,
Wilder than a red herd of gorillas, rages
The sun - brighter than an orange pool.

A drunk Sumerian in the outskirts of Akkade
Would be probably less bizarre:
In the morning hour of golden clowning,
The March city got deaf and blind.

The night has read her soiled dream book;
Torn by the wind, the dream came true:
The last canon turned into cannon,
The organ canon became cannonade.

A Silver Corvette

When I'll be dying,
Sung out and out-tortured,
A Silver Corvette will be flying
Near my window, watching.

With a caringly-white wing
He will cover a bright light,
When I'll be dying,
Sung out and out-tortured.

Then life, a grey whore,
Would come with a nasty grin -
Hey, corvette, fire! -
I don't know such a thing.

Like thunder, a salvo will roar,
And the old cap will help
Me ascend the ladder amid commotion,
Then the ship will fly in the open ocean.

19 April 1953

* * *

I've gone a long way.
I am alone in the whole world.
- Do not wake me up, oh, do not,
A blue wind of the spring.

My sigh is hidden deep in my heart,
Tears have dried in my eyes -
I would like to sleep and to see a dream,
Serene, starry and light.

Let me be alone in the whole world,
Having left all the dreams behind,
I will sleep, and you, a spring wind,
Do not wake me up, oh, do not!

Глеб Шульпяков

Глеб Шульпяков

Превод: Мария Липискова*

Translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova*

* * *

в моя ъгъл - глух и от греди -
такава тишина е, че чувам кръвта си
и ударите в тесните капиляри,
ритмичната работа на дървоядите -
без шията и ръцете ми да се помръдват,
в моят ъгъл аз съм като Гъливер -
от тази страна на телескопа
гледам наоколо
(променям света според настроенито си)
но чувам единствено равномерното скърцане,
- ще мине още някакъв си половин век,
изяден, разрушен - моят ъгъл
ще се разпадне под тежестта,
и ще останат само скобите, огънати от времето
като стомана, един нов Гъливер -
ще ги повдигне от тревата в светлината и ще каже:
наистина умееха да сторят

МОЯТ СТИХ

сляп като птица сред вятъра
облепен с пера
чужди имена - като вкус в устата,
който ми е непознат -
с вечного претърсване по шевовете,
търсейки края на времето,
колко много бъдеще има - *там*,
и колко ми е студено в него

* * *

поезията расте от нищото
да вземем картината,
окачена срещу прозореца,
по-точно, моментът, когато
върху стената се появява сянка
на дърво, което расте
навън -

картината е неизменна, въпреки че
реката нарисувана
тече - а сянката напротив
ту е невидима, ту не
(в зависимост от облаците)
и полека-лека
обхваща реката

неподвижна е само стената
доколкото тя
не се вижда
(и това, което е върху нея) - стиховете
за движението/покоя
обекта/субекта
изкуството и живота
(не говоря за прозореца)
така ще си останат не-
написани

Gleb Shulpyakov, 1971, studied journalism at the Moscow State University. His first book of poems *The Flick* was published in 2001. He is also the author of two other poetry collections, three novels, a book of travel essays, and a play. He writes constantly for Russian periodicals.

Maria Lipiskova has translated works of Josef Brodsky, Oleg Juriew, Leonid Shwab, and other poets and prose writers from Russian into Bulgarian. Her translation of Gleb Shulpyakov's collection of poems *Letters to Yakub* is going to come out in Bulgaria.

Oleg Gritsenko Олег Гриценко

Translated by Aleksey Porvin*

* * *

Orioles by day and nightingales by night.
A short struggle of darkness and light.
And now we are held captive by the summer
And the glorious symbol of my days -
Orioles by day and nightingales by night.

Having described my peasant cares
I live like a philosopher bucolic
Another three weeks before the haymaking
When the heroic work will gratify me,
And my body will be spent with blissful exhaustion.

And such a small thing can brace my soul:
Judicious labor and the joy of creation
Here in my poor country,
Where we alone with a couple of cranes
quietly revere the ancient legends.

Oleg Gritsenko was born in Moscow. As a biologist he worked some time on Sakhalin Island. He is a well-known fishery scientist. In 1950s - 1960s his poems were published in samisdat anthologies of Russian poetry. His collection of poems *Шмелиный мёд* was published in 2001.

Aleksey Porvin is a Russian poet born in 1982. His poems can be found in *World Literature Today*, *Saint-Petersburg Review*, *Ryga Journal*, *SUSS*, *The New Formalist*, *Fogged Clarity*, *The Straddler*, *New Madrid* etc. He is author of two collections of poems in Russian - *Darkness is White*, Moscow, 2009 and *Poems*, Moscow, 2011. His first book of poems translated into English, *Live by Fire*, was published by Cold Hub Press in 2011. Poems by Porvin have been recently short-listed by Andrey Bely Prize, 2011 and The Russian Debut Prize, 2011.

Four Centuries Library

Here are the books donated to the library by the Publisher.

A. Books by separate poets

In German:

1. Altschuk, Anna: schwebte zu stand. Gedichte. Berlin: Suhrkamp, 2010, ISBN 978-3-518-12610-3
2. Druskin, Lew: Am Abend ging ich fort. 25 Gedichte Russisch/Deutsch. Übersetzt von Kay Borowsky. Tübingen: Narr Verlag, 1984, ISBN 3-87808-199-5
3. Gastev, Aleksej: Ein Packen von Ordnern. Übersetzt von Cornelia Köster. Ostheim/Rhön: Verlag Peter Engstler, 1999, ISBN 3-929375-21-4
4. Hippus, Sinaida: In Sainte-Geneviève und weiter unten...Gedichte 1914-1943. Auswahl und Übersetzung von Christoph Ferber. Edition Raute, 2003, ISBN 3-933777-12-7
5. Iwanow, Wjatscheslaw: Des einen Kreuzes Arme sind wir zwei. Gedichte. Auswahl und Übersetzung von Christoph Ferber. Edition Raute, 2011, ISBN 978-3-933777-21-8
6. Pasternak, Boris: Gedichte, Erzählungen, "Sicheres Geleit". Frankfurt: Fischer, 1959
7. Samojlow, David: Stimmen hinter den Hügeln. Gedichte 1938-1987. Auswahl, Übersetzung von Christoph Ferber. Edition Raute, 2010, ISBN 978-3-933777-19-5
8. Zwetajewa, Marina: Gedichte. Prosa. Russisch/Deutsch. Leipzig: Philipp Reclam jun., 1987, ISBN 3-379-00067-1

B. Anthologies

In German

9. Dein Lächeln noch unbekannt gestern. Verse russischer Frauen. Übertragen und herausgegeben von Johannes von Guenther. Heidelberg: Wolfgang Rothe Verlag, 1958
10. Deutsche und Deutschland in der russischen Lyrik des frühen 20. Jahrhunderts. Hrsg. von D. Herrmann und J. Peters. München: Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1988, ISBN 3-7705-2477-2
11. Fünfzig russische Gedichte. Ausgewählt und herausgegeben von Kay Borowsky. Stuttgart: Philipp Reclam jun., 2001, ISBN 3-15-018110-0
12. "Gedichte an Gott sind Gebete". Gott in der neusten sowjetischen Poesie. Hrsg. von F. P. Ingold und I. Rakusa. Zürich: Arche, 1972, ISBN 3-7160-1443-5
13. mitternachtstrolleybus. neue sowjetische lyrik. Ausgewählt und herausgegeben von Fritz Mierau. Berlin: Verlag Neues Leben, 1965

14. Neue russische Lyrik. Hrsg. von Johannes von Guenther. Frankfurt: Fischer, 1960
15. Plank, Rudolf: Russische Dichtung. Karlsruhe: Verlag C. F. Müller, 1946
16. Russische Gedichte. Übertragungen von Hans Baumann. Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann, 1957
17. Russische Lyrik. Gedichte aus drei Jahrhunderten. Ausgewählt und eingeleitet von Efim Etkind. Münche, Zürich: Piper, 1987, ISBN 3-492-10770-2
18. Russische Lyrik 1185-1963. Ausgewählt und übersetzt von Hans Baumann. Darmstadt: Wissenschaftliche Buchgesellschaft, 1963
19. Russische Lyrik des 20. Jahrhunderts. Eine Auswahl von Gisela Drohle. Frankfurt: Insel, 1964
20. Selbstmörder-Zirkus. Russische Gedichte der Moderne. Hrsg. und übers. von Alexander Nitzberg. Leipzig: Reclam Verlag, 2003, ISBN 3-379-20081-6
21. Solang es dich mein Russland gibt. Russische Lyrik. Hrsg. von Roland Opitz. Leipzig: Verlag Philipp Reclam jun., 1967
22. Sternenflug und Apfelblüte. Russische Lyrik von 1917 bis 1962. Berlin: Verlag Kultur und Fortschritt, 1963
23. Sternenflug und Apfelblüte. Russische Lyrik von 1917 bis 1963. Berlin: Verlag Kultur und Fortschritt, 1964
24. Sternensalz. Russische Lyrik. Hrsg. von Ulrich Schmid. Frankfurt: Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, 2003, ISBN 3-596-16176-2
25. Und nun ist das Wort aus Stein gefallen. Russische Lyrikerinnen des 20. Jahrhunderts. Ausgewählt, übertragen und herausgegeben von Kay Borowsky. Frankfurt: Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, 1993, ISBN 3-596-11622-8
26. Wiens, Paul: Aus meiner Dienstzeit als Deutscher Delphin. Übertragungen. Berlin: Verlag Volk und Welt, 1982
27. Zwei und ein Apfel. Russische Liebesgedichte. Hrsg. von E. Mirowa-Florin und L. Kossuth. Berlin: Verlag Kultur und Fortschritt, 1965.

C. Periodicals

In German

28. Sinn und Form, 1961, 2. Heft: Sergej Jessenin, Gedichte, übersetzt von Paul Celan
29. Sinn und Form, 1973, 5. Heft: Ossip Mandelstam, Gedichte, übersetzt von Rainer Kirsch
30. Akzente, April 1982: Ossip Mandelstam, Gedichte, übersetzt von Ralph Dutli
31. Akzente, Februar, 1989: Marina Zwetajewa, Neujahrsbrief, übersetzt von Felix Philipp Ingold; Bella Achmadulina, Die Steinkette, übersetzt von Uwe Dick
32. Akzente, Februar 2000: Neue Poesie aus Russland, übersetzt von Felix Philipp Ingold

