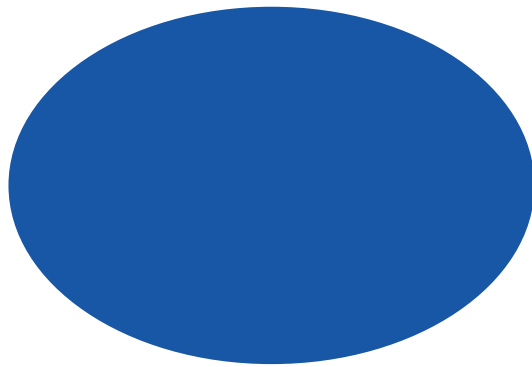


FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



15

2016



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 45.

XIX

Konstantin Batyushkov (1787 - 1855)

КОНСТАНТИН БАТЮШКОВ (1787 - 1885)

Translated by Alex Cigale*

To Dashkov

My friend! I have seen the sea's menace
And the vengeful sky's cursed punishment:
The despicable deeds of mortal enemies,
Blare of war, catastrophic conflagrations.
I have seen the multitudes of rich men
Fleeing in nothing but tattered rags,
I've seen the weathered faces of mothers
Chased from their beloved motherland.
I saw them all stumbling at the crossroads,
How, clutching nursing children to breasts,
They wept in despair and desperation
And, stirred with a renewed trepidation,
Looked to the reddening skies up above.
And then, filled thrice-fold with horror,
I wandered around Moscow grown empty,
Among the scattered ruins and the graves,
And with my tears of mourning did water
Its sacred remains, also thrice-fold blessed.
There, where the magnificent edifices
And all the ancient towers of the Tsars,
Witnesses to the ageless glory of the past
And to the glory of our precarious days;

*© Alex Cigale, translation, 2016

And there, where in peaceful graves reposed
The mortal remains of the Holy Fathers,
And the centuries slowly trickling by had
Neither touched nor altered their relics;
And there, where by the hand of luxury,
The days of our lives and fruit of our work,
Before golden-headed domed Moscow
Rose its marvelous temples and gardens --
Now only ashes and mounds of rubble,
Only piles of bodies on the river bank,
Only the pale legions of the impoverished
Remained, as far as my eyes could see!
And you, my dear friend, my compatriot,
You order me to sing of love and joy,
Of happiness carefree, and harmony,
And the noisy intoxication of youth!
In the midst of military vicissitudes,
Enduring the capital's terrifying glow,
To the peaceful voice of a reed flute,
To summon shepherdesses into a choir,
To sing of the treacherous amusements
Of the Armidas and of the fickle Harpies,
Among the graves of my friends who
Sacrificed their lives on the field of glory!
No, never! I would rather my talent wither,
And my lyre, though precious to my fellows,
Grow silent, if ever by me you are forgotten,
Oh Moscow, fair fatherland's golden ground!
No, never! Not until on the field of honor,
For the ancient city of my grandfathers,
I offer in sacrifice to the face of vengeance
Even my life, and my love for the motherland;
Until, chest to chest with a wounded hero
Who has tasted the path of glory, three times I
Place my own breast in the line of fire,
Before the enemy massed in tight formation --

My friend, until that time I will be estranged
From the Nine Muses and the Three Graces,
And shun the wreaths woven by love's hand,
Taking no notice of noisy rejoicing in wine!

March 1813

Alex Cigale's first full book, *Russian Absurd: Daniil Kharms, Selected Writings*, is forthcoming in February 2017 in Northwestern University Press's World Classics series. In 2015, he was awarded a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship for his work on the poet of the St. Petersburg philological school Mikhail Eremin. In 2016, he edited the contemporary Russian poetry issue of *Atlanta Review* (Georgia Tech), which contained the work of some 50 poets and 35 translators. His translations in this issue are forthcoming in a bilingual anthology of *400 Years of Poems About Moscow* (OGI; Maxim Amelin, ed.)

Alex Cigale in *Four Centuries*:

2, 2012, p. 7 (Владислав Ходасевич), p. 8 (Георгий Адамович); p. 8 (Георгий Иванов)
3, 2012, p.6 (Михаил Ломоносов), p.7 (Александр Сумароков),
p.7-8 (Панкратий Сумароков), p.8 (Иван Барков)
4, 2013, p.6-8 (Иван Тургенев), p.11-13 (Константин Бальмонт)
6, 2013, p.5 (Николай Карамзин), p.6 (Василий Капнист),
p.22-25 (Евгений Туренко)
8, 2014, p.6-12 (Александр Шенин)

Konstantin Aksakov (1817-1860)

КОНСТАНТИН АКСАКОВ (1817-1860)

Translated by Alex Cigale*

To Sophie

I keep my word, remembering how sacred debt,
And send you, my dearest friend, greetings there,
Where the shores of our beloved Volga wet
The broad expanse with their abundant waters.
Please, a deep bow from me to its capacious wave,
Its treasured depths and clement weather above,
A bow before the ancient reliquaries upon the hill,
Nor forgive my regards to the spirit of the fields,
To all these I send a distant greeting from Moscow,
From the illustrious capital of Russia's antiquity.
On more than one occasion did Volga's brave sons
Promptly rise up and rally valiantly to its defense.
The sacred city of its youth and gray beards,
"For Nation, Faith and God!" could be heard
All the way to the city's white walls and towers,
Penetrating the hollies of Moscow's Kremlin itself.
What can I tell you, my cherished bride to be?
And how should I continue to compose this verse?
The news has reached you as well, I suppose,
Of the troubled, clamorous stirrings in the West,
Where they've decided to make do without God.
In regret, they'll come to realize how difficult it is.
Where will adopting the ways of the West lead us?
Or will we too beat a path to its false gods?
We are strangers to phrase-mongering rejoicing
And to malicious and mendacious sufferings.

* © Alex Cigale, translation, 2016

What use to us is a hangover from an alien feast?
Why should we force ourselves to be that sick?
Portentous for us now is the booming word.
Could it be in an instant many will again recall
Our Russia and the cradle from which we sprung?
We must sever all shameful contacts with the West
And cleanse ourselves of all this ape-like filth,
And once again we Russians must be Russian.
The West being the source of contagion and disease,
So much of what we hold dear lies trampled in dust.
We must remember Faith, must not forget God,
Recall the grand purpose of our life on earth.
I have said enough; do not be angry with my audacity
And my frame of mind: so many audacious thoughts.
The turmoil and precariousness of states concern me.
Arise, oh native land with your distinctiveness of old!
While sickness and disgust oppress us, may Moscow
Be our nation's sole sovereign! Please forgive me!
Relay my deep respects and embrace your spouse --
Moscow's bells are tolling. Dear Lord, heed our prayers!

Moscow, April 1848

Dmitry Minayev (1835-1889)

ДМИТРИЙ МИНАЕВ (1835-1889)

Translated by Alex Cigale*

From the Cycle "Motifs of the Russian Poets"

5. A Motif Ravidly pro-Moscow

Russia's realm is rich in heroes,
It seems as though her mold was poured
Out of Damascus steel and granite boulder,
And the entire nation fears not
The arrival of the adversary,
Will neither spray him with buckshot,
Nor show him the point of a bayonet,
But will deflect the cutting sword
By dint of mighty Russian word
Alone, having salted it slightly,
This speech, avid, juicy, saucy,
Tenacious, pulling this way and that,
Cocky, stuffed, menacing, zesty,
Drunk on Slavic pluck and spunk,
Caustic and precise, like a punch.
Who could possibly resist us?
The Slav, in the face of the enemy,
Will place one hand behind his ear,
Let out a bark, a whistle, and flip
The enemy in a stranglehold on his back.

1865

* © Alex Cigale, translation, 2016

XX

Ossip Mandelstam (1891 - 1938)

Осип Мандельштам (1891 - 1938)

Translated by Tony Brinkley*

The Stalin Ode

1

Were I to work in charcoal that would draw the highest praise -
My ode to joy -- my silent oscillation --
I'd draw in cunning angels --
anxiously, uneasily --
the present in my sketch would answer
and art border on audacity
to picture him who honors cultures in one hundred
forty nations while he shivers the world's axis.
I'd raise the angle of the brow
and, sketching it again, reauthorize its sweep.
Knowing it was Prometheus whose fire lights the coal,
Look, Aeschylus, see my charcoal drawing through my tears.

2

Sketched simply -- a few burning lines
will grasp his new millennium --
and bundle courage in a smile
and then release it in a quiet light --
and in the wisdom of the eyes, I'll draw a twin --
I won't say whose -- a look so near,
so close to him -- until you'll know the father,
and you gasp -- sensing the closeness of the mir.
And I will thanks the hills
in which the bone, the growth unfolds:

*© Tony Brinkley, 2016, translations

born from grieving mountains and the bitter cost of prisons --
I will say -- not Stalin -- I will call him Dzhugashvili.

3

Artist, cherish, shield the warrior --
ring your moist concerns about him
like the resins in dark forests. Do not spark,
enflame the moisture with false paradigms or thinking,
but remember he is with you -- help him
Think and build and feel. Not I --
Nor any other but the people --
the Homeric -- will magnify his epic.
Artist, cherish, shield the warrior --
see how massing in the shadows,
the human forest sings. The future is a wise
man's comrade -- now it listens, now it dares.

4

Some debts are stirred by deeper claims:
as if his dais were a mountain, he looms
above the mounds of heads. The eyes, the depths
of their surmise, have narrowed onto someone near. The gaze
beneath the thick brow gleams. And I would draw the way
An arrow darts to sketch the mouth -- the austere father of
relentless speeches.

Sculpted, puzzling, stern his eyelids,
flicker from a millian frames. All
is true -- all metallic recognition.
The vigilant ears will tolerate no muting.
Over the living and transported -- how readily
they live or die - the play and shades of his expressions furrow.

5

The fiery charcoal is alive in things -- I hold
It in a predatory hand -- my image for a warrior's cry --
A famished hand that reaches for the axis of a likeness.

I crumble charcoal, searching for the face.
I learn -- not for myself --
I ask no mercy for myself.
If miseries hide the vision in his lofty plans.
I'll grasp it in the accidents of their offspring...
Then let me be unworthy of a friend --
then let me thirst for loss and tears --
I still will see him in the magic square --
the great coat, the peaked cap -- with happy eyes.

6

Stalin's eyes are grieving mountains --
far away they squint the fields.
Tomorrow runs from yesterday, an ocean without chafing,
while the furrows from his great plow touch the sun.
He smiles -- a smiling reaper --
who culls hands
in conversations
that begin and last forever
in a field of oaths. And
every sheaf in every barn is bundled,
taut and bound -- the living good --
the people's miracles -- the life enlarged --
axis happiness swerved.

7

And in my six-oathed consciousness I tally
measured witness to his labor, to the struggle
loss, the harvest -- from his journey through the taiga
past Lenin in October -- to the oath's fulfillment.
In the distance where the mounds of heads
fade, I fade -- I will leave unnoticed --
but in generous books, in children playing,
rising from the dead, I say the sun is shining.

No truths are truer than a soldier's candor:
for courage and for love, for honor and for steel,
there is a given name that glories on my reader's
Taut lips while we listen, grasping, gasping still.

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).

Osip Mandelstam in *Four Centuries*:

- 1, 2012, p. 9-12, translated into English by Alistair Noon
- 3, 2012, p. 11-14, translated into English by Ian Probststein;
- 4, 2013, p. 14-20, translated into English by Ian Probststein;
- 5, 2013, p. 8-13, translated into English by Tony Brinkley and Raina Kostova;
- 5, 2013, p. 15-20, translated into English by Ian Probststein;
- 6, 2013, p. 9-10, translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova
- 6, 2013, p. 11, translated into Serbian by Mirjana Petrovic
- 9, 2014, p. 19-28, translated into English by Ian Probststein
- 11, 2015, p. 14, translated into English by Tony Brinkley
- 14, 2016, p. 17-23, translated into English by Eugene Dubnov, John Heath-Stubbs, and Chris Arkell

Tony Brinkley in *Four Centuries*:

- 4, 2013, p. 41 (Олег Юрьев)
- 5, 2013, p. 8, (Осип Мандельштам)
- 10, 2015, p. 25, (Ирина Машинская)
- 11, 2015, p. 14, (Осип Мандельштам, Марина Цветаева, Борис Пастернак)
- 13, 2016, p. 11-19 (Марина Цветаева)

Boris Poplavskij (1903 - 1935)

Борис Поплавский (1903 - 1935)

Übersetzt von Adrian Wanner*

Translated into German by Adrian Wanner*

Paysage d'enfer

Für Georgij Štorm

Das Wasser brodelte und seufzte lang,
Das Wasser schwebte über mir als dunkle Welt,
Die Seele schwieg -- ein halb-geborener Klang,
Wie Schnee, bevor er auf die Erde fällt.

Im blauen Meer, worin die Vögel baden,
Wo ich ertrunken treibe in den Wogen,
Ist lange Zeit der rotgesichtige Abend
Im Tang der Pärke durch die Stadt gezogen.

Die Dächer-Muscheln überflossen triefend,
Der Zug verbog sich wie ein Wurm im Meer.
Und höher, das heißt weiter, näher, tiefer,
Schwamm wie ein Fisch ein Zeppelin daher.

Medusenartig schimmerten die Wolken,
Bekämpft von einem fahrig-übereilten Tod,
Ich ging mit stolzem Schritt wie ein Matrose
Über das Deck des Festland-Schiffs zum Steuerbord.

Und alles war zu sehn im seichten Wasser,
Wohin das grelle Licht noch immer dringt.
Jetzt sinken wir, jetzt sind wir auf dem Grund gelandet.
Ein Kupfer-Grammophon, das zur Begrüßung singt.

* © Adrian Wanner, 2016, translation

Tief unten, wo die Meeresströme wogen,
Traf der Ertrunkene auf den Kumpan,
Und langsam ist das Frühlicht eingezogen
Und häuft schon neue Leichenberge an.

Das Wasser seufzt in stiller Agonie.
So ist das Leben, Gottes Traum und Trost.
Die Windeskugel rollt durchs Feld bis sie
Im Kasten landet wie die Briefe auf der Post.

Die schwarze Madonna

Für Vadim Andreev

Die Weiten wurden blau und fliederfarben,
Zunehmend überschattet, leer und prächtig.
Die Passagiere dösten in den Straßenbahnen,
Die heiligen Häupter schwer und übernächtigt,

Im Glücksgefühl geschaukelt auf den Schienen.
Von Mittagsglut gezeichnet schlief der Asphalt schon.
Und in der Luft, voll Traurigkeit, so schien es,
Fuhr im Minutentakt ein Zug davon.

Und lärmend jubiliert die Menschenmasse,
Die billigen Lämpchen glimmen an den Ketten,
Und auf dem schüttern, ausgetretenen Grase
Ersterben schon die Geigen und Klarinetten.

Noch einmal klingen sie, gebären vor dem Ende
Noch eine Melodie in leisen Strähnen,
Wie schwarzes Bier auf schweißbedeckten Händen
Kommen den Musikanten jetzt die Tränen.

Die Kavallerie hat träge defiliert,
Ermattet und vom Festtag nicht beglückt,
Mit roten Uniformen ausstaffiert
Kehrt Artillerie vom Festumzug zurück.

Und all der Staub, der Schweiß, Eau de Cologne,
Lichtbögen, welche über Köpfen zittern,
Vermengen sich mit Dünsten von Erbrochenem,
Mit Pulverdampf von Feuerwerkgewittern.

Und plötzlich hört ein dünnlicher Junge
In Hosen, die nach unten mächtig schwellen,
Die Detonation des Glücks im kurzen Fluge,
Der rote Mund des Sommers glitzert auf den Wellen.

Und plötzlich kreischt vom Munde der Trompeten
Der Lärm von Kugeln durch den finstern Raum.
Und die Madonna, schwarz, schreit auf mit lautem Zetern,
Sie reißt die Arme hoch im Todestraum.

Und durch die nächtliche heilige Höllenhitze,
Durch violetten Rauch, wo die Klarinette sang,
Beginnt der Schnee zu wirbeln, unerbittlich
Und weiß, Millionen Jahre lang.

Die Todesrose

Für Georgij Ivanov

Den Frühling trafen wir im schwarzen Park,
Wo flunkernd eine Groschenfiedel fiepte,
Der Tod sank auf dem Luftballon herab
Und rührte an die Schulter von Verliebten.

Der Abend rosa, voll von Rosenluft,
Ein Dichter macht auf Feldern eine Zeichnung.
Der Abend rosa, voll von Todesduft,
Und grüner Schnee fällt leise auf die Zweige.

Die dunkle Luft von Sternenschwärmen schwer,
Die Nachtigall begleitet von Motoren,
Und im Kiosk über dem grünen Meer
Sieht man tuberkulöse Gase lodern.

Und in den Sternenhimmel gleiten Schiffe,
Die Geister winken mit dem Taschentuch,
Durch dunkle Lüfte auf dem Viadukt
Singt funkelnd eine Dampflokomotive.

Die dunkle Stadt entflieht in Bergregionen,
Die Nacht schlägt Krach und lärmt im Tanzlokal,
Und die Soldaten, die der Stadt entkommen,
Trinken ein schweres Bier im Bahnhofsaal.

Tief, tief schwimmt überm Rummelplatze schon
Der runde Mond, der auf die Seelen drückt,
Indes vom Boulevard her mit dünnem Leierton
Ein Karussell die Damenwelt beglückt.

Der Frühling aber, abgrundtief und lächelnd,
Das Himmelszelt betretend, rosarot,
Entfaltet einen dunkelblauen Fächer,
Die Aufschrift, klar und deutlich, lautet: Tod.

Römischer Morgen

Der Frühling singt. Am Berghang flattert eine Meise.
Im Hippodrom durchlaufen Pferde ihre Strecke.
Der Legionär am Stadttor trauert leise.
Der Sklave Epiktet steht stumm in seiner Ecke.

Und unterm Grün der niedrigen Akazien,
Wo Wasser in die offenen Kloaken läuft,
Da spähen in die Bläue, wo die Sterne flackern,
Phantome und beschwatzen ihr Geschäft.

Durch die antike, grau-verblichene Magistrale
Sieht man das Auto des Senators gleiten.
Der Flieder glänzt, ein Seemann ruft von der Galeere,
Und Christus braust im Flugzeug in die Weite.

Die Göttin klettert auf den Turm im Morgenrot,
Auf dem enormen Turm weht leise eine Fahne,
Und mit dem Zeitungsblatt von gestern auf dem Schoß
Schläft Christus in der Luft, ein Stern in seinen Haaren.

Und in dem Marmortempel bellen laut die Hunde,
Man hört die Statuen auf dem Flügel spielen,
Sie wollen aus dem Bade lange nicht verschwinden,
Derweil die Mondeshände an die Bettstatt rühren.

Und Epiktet hebt an zu singen. Rom vernichtet
Mein Schicksal, wie der Morgen Wolken lichtet.

Hamlets Kindheit

Für Irina Odoevceva

Auf der nächtlichen Brücke zogen Scharen von Kindern dahin,
Die blauen Sterne trugen zitronenfarbene Hüte.
Der Große Bär verbarg seine Krallen in samtene Pfoten.
Der Junge trug stolz sein neues Matrosenkostüm.

Die Brücke schaukelte sacht, zwischen Leben und Tod gefangen,
Dort, auf der einen Seite, wo frostig der Morgen entstand,
Trug ein schwarzer Beleuchter den Kopf der Nacht
auf der Stange,
Widerwillig war unter den Dächern das Gaslicht entbrannt.

Am schneeigen Federbett kratzte der Wintermorgen,
Auf der anderen Seite stand senkrecht ein lilafarbener Wald,
Wo verborgen das blendende Krächzen der Nachtigall hallt,
Dort sanken vom Himmel durch Blätter die leuchtenden Boote.

In der Luft der Stadt standen gelbe Dächer in Flammen,
Der seltsame, blaue Himmel verdunkelte sich in der Ferne.
Auf allen Etagen kamen lächelnde Leute zusammen,
Nur von der Erde, tief unten, war nichts mehr zu sehen.

Am Morgen sind Kinder adrett in die Stadt ausgerückt,
Der Einsame lächelt und blickt durch den Nebel nach ihnen.
Unser Zirkus, der größte der Welt, wird,
mit Fahnen geschmückt,
Im grünen Waggon-Restaurant durch die Gegend ziehen.

Sie sprachen noch mehr, und dahinter folgten die Sterne.
Sie verlangten nach Spiel, Akrobaten von Staub umfächelt,
Und die Zukunft ist bis an die Schwelle des Morgens getreten,
Und im Schlaf haben kommende Morgen der Erde gelächelt.

Doch der Einsame nickte schon ein, überwältigt von Trauer,
Im riesigen Abend, der ewige Dauer verspricht.
Auf den Boulevards erklangen die schönen Trompeten im Feuer,
Und beim grauen Zelt sang ein Clown mit bemaltem Gesicht.

Hoch oben in der Arena, auf dünnem, stählernem Tau
Gingen Tänzerin und Akrobat, so zärtlich verbunden.
Doch da stutzte das Volk und der Klang der Trompete brach ab -
Akrobat und Tänzerin waren im Halblicht verschwunden.

Das Luftschiff der Dämmerung ist über Häuser gefahren,
Die Abendluft, zunehmend blauer und kälter, verblich.
Die Wolken im Strahlentrikot wie hellblaue Zaren
Wippten träge blasiert auf Tapezen von Sternenlicht.

Der Einsame sprach: "Morgen ist wieder Frühling auf Erden.
Es wird leicht sein, im Morgenrot plötzlich den Schlaf zu finden.
Und die Ewigkeit singt: Vergiss nicht, im Frühlicht zu sterben,
Geh vom Morgen zum Abend hinüber wie himmlische Kinder."

Trauer um Europa

Für Mark Slonim

Europa, Europa, wie langsam und traurig entfalten
Sich deine gewaltigen Fahnen, von Mondluft durchströmt.
Ein Gelächter von Krüppeln, die sich übern Krieg unterhalten.
Der Gelehrte im Park präpariert ein Geschöß für den Mond.

Die hohen Gebäude mit leuchtenden Fahnen versehen.
Gelingt der Versuch? Auf dem Turm prangt träumend die Uhr.
Und im Meer, wenn die riesigen Sommertage vergehen
Entschwindet ein Schiff am Ende der rauchigen Spur.

Der Asphalt ist lila vom herbstlichen leichten Regenguss,
Ein Jüngling richtet aufs klingende Kino den Blick.
Und am Regenhimmel träumt ein geflügelter Genius
Auf der Spitze des Wolkenkratzers vom künftigen Glück.

Europa, Europa, wie menschenreich sind deine Gärten,
Ophelia hat im weißen Taxi die Zeitung entfaltet,
Und Hamlet, träumend von Freiheit auf Straßenbahnfahrten,
Ist mit sterblichem Lächeln unter die Räder gefallen.

Und die riesige Sonne neigt sich im gelblichen Nebel,
In den Vorstädten lodert das Gas, weit, weit weg.
Europa, Europa, dein Schiff versank in den Meeren,
Und im Saal intoniert die Musik ein Trompetengebet.

Und die Straßenbahn, Bäume und Herbst waren allen gewärtig,
Und alle verloren sich traurig im hellblauen Bann.
Habt ihr Angst? Gebt es zu! Hab ich Angst? Nein, nicht wirklich!
Ich bin Europäer! - lacht frackbekleidet ein Mann.

Ich kenne das Eis aus der Zeitung, ich bin ja ein Brite,
Ich halte, auch wenn ich verliere, den Kopf stolz erhoben.
Und in London machen die zärtlichen Ladies Visiten,
Und hinter dem Glas in den Läden verwelken die Rosen.

Und der Genius hoch auf dem Turm träumt
von kommenden Jahren,
Er erblickt in der Ferne die gläsernen blauen Gebäude,
Wo Leute auf Flügeln der Freiheit zur Sonne hoch fahren,
Von Engeln getragen, zu trauern, fernab von der Erde.

Und über den Dächern stand wieder der Abend im Raum,
Wo Verliebte am Himmel den ewigen Frühling besangen.
Und am Morgen weinten die Leute, von Trauer umfangen,
Als ihnen vergangene Jahre erschienen im Traum.

Auf die leeren Boulevards fiel der Regen erschöpft und erkaltet
Und hauchte am Zaun sein herbstliches Leben aus.
Dort starben auch wir, entkräftet und nichts mehr erwartend,
Kranke Knechte in einem zu riesig geratenen Haus,

Unter weißem Gemäuer im gelbkalten Morgen beerdigt,
Beruhigt wie Jahre. Der Herzog im Frack ist ertrunken.
Der greise Professor singt still in der Eisenrakete
Auf dem Flug durch die Nacht, wo die tödlichen Sterne funkeln.

Boris Poplavski in *Four Centuries*:
7, 2014, p. 13-17, translated into Romanian by Leo Butnaru

Adrian Wanner in *Four Centuries*:
1, 2012, p.13 (Вячеслав Иванов); p. 16 (Владислав Ходасевич)
2, 2012, p. 10 (Владислав Ходасевич)
13, 2016, p.4-10 (Николай Гумилёв, Владимир Маяковский)

Adrian Wanner is a professor of Slavic and Comparative Literature at Pennsylvania State University. He is the author of *Baudelaire in Russia* (1996), *Russian Minimalism: From the Prose Poem to the Anti-Story* (2003), and *Out of Russia: Fictions of a New Translingual Diaspora* (2011). He has published six editions of Russian, Romanian, and Ukrainian poetry in German verse translation.

David Shraye-Petrov
Давид Шраер-Петров

Arkhangelskoye outside Moscow
Архангельское под Москвой

Translated into English
by Carol V. Davis* and Maxim D. Shraye*

Try to imagine a boomerang in flight,
Imagine an aboriginal melancholy.
Picture Arkhangelskoye, a squirrel,
A tiny rescue ship of cigarettes,
And you will understand there are no better omens
Than the red wine of the last foliage
Spilled from the branches like a deck of cards.

We'll concentrate on a handful of words,
Concentrate if only on a rhythm of sounds.
My love, love of mine and I? Your love!
O castanets like walnuts and like squirrels!
The boomerang looping back, heads or tails,
Waits for us on its homeward journey,
The flair of squirrel's passion? The devotion of a puppy?

Please try to remember Leningrad.
Oh, please picture St. Isaac's Cathedral.
Wherever you may wander, it's blazing,
Like the sun of the homeland, shining gold.
And I, like a boomerang, always racing back,
Since that spring day on the granite steps
Where I stamped love in this son's passport.

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Why did you have to tear me away?
Why did you coax me into a profession
Of change, so I would trade the slow motion
Of the Neva, the bridges, the old lime trees
For the bacchanalia of your whims?
What if a chip of granite nostalgia
Becomes the boomerang's lead weight?

Let's not drive the little squirrel away.
Before the shot let the squirrel play
On the marble shoulders of ancient maidens
In Arkhangelskoye or Tsarskoe Selo.
Later in a hussar's tavern we'd send the maître d'
Straight to the cellar for his best champagne;
We'd pop the bottle and toast a farewell!

So where are we now? Tell me who is with you.
Who am I really - a hero or a con man?
This era has yet to laugh at my example
Of a classic personality disorder.
A mandatory reading
About the fate of a disgruntled genius?
O boomerang, the model of a poem.

And now only protestations remain.
You're left only with my perceptions -
My spleen, my lack of faith, my emptiness,
My want, my alienation, my distortions.
Through many seven-branched years
Of flying on a broomstick, you've grown tired
Of seeing me as a master, as a guest.

And he, the one who flies behind you,
Sent to go after us like a boomerang,
What tents of paradise does he promise?
What does his pleading heart expect to give?
The gnawing scherzo of the autumn foliage?

It's not his fault. With my remaining strength
I was the one who dispatched him to you.

I myself left. I cannot take it anymore.
I left on my own. Forgive me. Let me catch
My breath and take the smoke of falling leaves
Into my lungs. Fish gills are turning crimpson.
We sail on leaves. The park's a red clown.
Your city wig, St. Isaac's, is your dome,
In a poet's blessed dreams, it comes to me.

1964

Note on the text.

The Russian original of the long poem *Arkhangel'skoe pod Moskvoi* (*Arkhangelskoe outside Moscow*) was written soon after the David Shrayev-Petrov's move from his native Leningrad (St. Petersburg) to Moscow, following his marriage to a Muscovite. Prior to the poet's emigration in 1987, the text of *Arkhangelskoe outside Moscow* circulated in the Soviet literary underground. It was included in the text of the poet's collection *Zimnii korabl'* (*Winter Ship*), scheduled to be published by Sovetskii Pisatel' in 1980 but derailed after the poet had applied for emigration and was blacklisted. It was first published in Shrayev-Petrov's collection *Pesnia o golubom slone* (*Song of a Blue Elephant*, 1990) and subsequently revised and reprinted several times, most recently in *Ex Libris Nezavisimaia gazeta* in 2011 and in *Derevenskii orkestr* (*Village Orchestra*, 2016), a slender volume of Shrayev-Petrov's selected long poems edited by Maxim D. Shrayev.

Arkhangelskoye (literally: "Archangels' abode") is a former estate located about fifteen miles west of Moscow, presently a museum. The village and its peasants had once belonged to princely families, first the Golitsyns and later the Yusupovs. The Yusupovs built a luxurious estate, its manor house having survived the flames of the Revolution and Civil War. *Tsarskoe Selo* (literally: "Tsar's Village"), presently the town of Pushkin outside St. Petersburg, used to be the residence of the Russian Imperial family and the original location of the Imperial Lyceum, which Alexander Pushkin attended in 1811-1817.

Note © by Maxim D. Shrayev

David Shrayev-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 collection of longer

poems *Derevenskii orkestr* (*Village Orchestra*, 2016), the volume of collected short stories *Krugosventnoe schast'e* (*Round-the-Globe Happiness*, 2015), and the fourth edition of his epic novel *Gerbert i Nelli* (*Herbert and Nelly*, 2014). Shrayer-Petrov's books of fiction in English include *Jonah and Sarah: Jewish Stories of Russia and America*, *Autumn in Jalta: 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 Shrayer. Visit his website at: <http://fmwww.bc.edu/SL-V/Dsp.html>

Carol V. Davis, is the author of the poetry collections *Because I Cannot Leave This Body* (Truman State University Press, 2017) and *Between Storms* (Truman State University Press, 2012). Davis won the 2007 T. S. Eliot Prize for *Into the Arms of Pushkin: Poems of St. Petersburg* (Truman State University Press). She received a 2015 Barbara Deming Memorial/Money for Women grant. As a senior Fulbright scholar from 1996 to 1997, Davis taught at St. Petersburg Jewish University in St. Petersburg, Russia. Davis teaches at Santa Monica College and Antioch University Los Angeles. She is poetry editor of the Los Angeles newspaper *The Jewish Journal*.

Maxim D. Shrayer (**Максим Д. Шпраер**), son of David Shrayer-Petrov, was born in Moscow in 1967. A biligual author and translator, Shrayer is a Professor of Russian, English, and Jewish Studies at Boston College and a 2012 Guggenheim Fellow. Shrayer 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). He lives in Brookline, Mass, with his wife and two daughters. Visit the website at <http://www.shrayer.com>

David Shrayer-Petrov in *Four Centuries*:

2, 2012, p. 15-25, translated into English by Maxim D. Shrayer, Edwin Honig, and Dolores Stewart

7, 2014, p. 54-59, translated into English by Maxim D. Shrayer

11, 2015, p. 18-22, translated into English by Maxim D. Shrayer

Maxim D. Shrayer in *Four Centuries*:

2, 2012, p. 15-25; 7, 2014, p. 54-59; 11, 2015, p. 18-22 (Давид Шпраер-Петров)

4, 2013, p. 29-37 (Илья Сельвинский)

Фелікс Чэчык
Феликс Чечик

Переклаў на беларускую Андрэй Фаміцкі*
Translated into Belorussian by Andrew Famitsky*

* * *

Я з лесу з'яўлюся. Я стану як вы,
дакладней падамся такім,
здымаючы нанач парык з галавы,
абрыдлы змываючы грым.

На дзвюх, каб усім падмануцца лягчэй,
я буду хадзіць па зямлі,
і толькі б агні непагасных вачэй
вам праўду сказаць не змаглі.

Дзіця загалосіць у цішы начной,
і маці не знойдзе прычын,
параіцца прыйдзе, бядачка, са мной,
чаму непакоіцца сын.

І я калыханку яму запяю,
і ён адпачне без турбот,
як звер, абдымаючы пысу маю,
і ўткнуўшыся ў цёплы живот.

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© Andrew Famitsky, translation, 2016

* * *

Як быццам сам сабе сінонім,
я разліваю на траіх,
на свята сеўшы за староннім
сталом нябожчыкаў маіх.

Там бацька — злева, маці — справа,
і зноў па целіку парад;
вось-вось растане пераправа,
і больш няма дарог назад.

А я і не хачу дахаты,
я буду з імі да святла
там, дзе як брат старэйшы, тата,
а мама — родная сястра.

Спяшацца мне ўжо не трэба
ісці ў нікуды з ніадкуль,
пакуль не сходзіць зорка з неба,
начная птушка спіць пакуль.

* * *

А калі ўсур'ез, без фантазій,
не ламаючы гэту камедзь,
як Аглая глядзела на князя,
так мінуламу ў твар паглядзець,
што ўбачыш? — Любоў і расстанне,
два-тры словы на ідышы і
перад смерцю табе пажаданне
ад бабулі: любові ў жыцці.
Што пачуеш? — Фальшывую ноту,
Боскі дар, утаптаны ў грязь.
Дасталося табе, ідыёту, —
І ўдалося ўсё, хай і не князь.

* * *

Ён з пункта "А" паехаў да цябе,
і выйшаў позняй ноччу ў пункце "Б".

А ты жадала, каб усе шляхі
зышліся ў гэтым гіблым пункце "і".

Астыла кава. Ежы паўстала.
А ён адразу ў "Б" паехаў з "А".

Завялі ружы. Здохлі салаўі.
І нават час спыніўся ў пункце "і".

А ён жыве, сумуе ў пункце "Б",
і вечарамі грае на трубе.

* * *

Сястры

Гэдээрэўскай ляльцы не спіцца —
надта светла і веек няма,
колькі год, не ўгадае сама,
у каморы самотна пыліцца
і няма каму плакацца: "ма".
Дзеці выраслі. Ўнукам да фені,
што старызна? — хай нават згне,
ўсюды "Barbie", як цьмяныя цені,
на раскормленым фоне яе.
Худасочныя амерыканкі —
"Made in China" — ніякіх турбот.
А ў каморы кансервы, бляшанкі,
агуркі, памідоры, кампот.
Небарака ўздыхае бязгучна,
для яе не пяройдуць парог.

Хоць бы хто дакрануўся нязручна,
хоць бы хто зачапіў незнарок —
каб дашчэнту. Пагодзяцца людзі,
лепей так, а ў засценку — хоць плач.
І апошняе хрыплае: "Mutti!
Wo bist Du? Пашкадуі і прабач".

* * *

Мы і не марылі аб тым
ні ў першым класе, ні ў дзесятым:
абдымемся і памаўчым,
разыйземся пад снегападам.

Кружы над школай, летні снег,
і не перашкаджай бяссонню,
дзе пасівелы чалавек
з уласным ценем танчыць сёння.

Andrew Famitski was born in Minsk in 1989. He is the Chief Editor of the literary web portal "*Textura.by*" and a Curator of the literary project "*Literary Wednesday in Petrus Browka Museum*". He is the author of two books of poetry and a number of publications in traditional and web magazines and journals. He is currently living in Minsk.

Анна Глазова

Анна Глазова

Превод - Мария Липискова*

Translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova*

* * *

окосената трева
опитът превръща в мирис,
дървото на зимата
крие се в плода,

но трябва винаги
да си представяш най-малката достатъчност,
докато тялото
се изпарява.

© Анна Глазова, 2016

* © Мария Липискова, 2016, translation

* * *

бреговите птици
пазят реката от сушата,

водните птици
погребват вълните в морето,

разривът между нас -
заслонен от чайката -
като яростен плач.

Anna Glasowa in *Four Centuries*:

7, 2014, p. 50-52, translated into Polish by Tomasz Pierzchała;
9, 2014, p. 35-36, translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova
10, 2015, p. 21-24, translated into Ukrainian by Galina Babak

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 Манделъштам);
7, 2014, p. 42-44 (Павел Арсенъев);
9, 2014, p. 33 (Арсений Тарковский); p. 35-36 (Анна Глазова)
12, 2015, p. 21-22 (Геннадий Айги)

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.

Сяргей Шастакоў
Сергей Шестаков

Переклаў на беларускую Андрэй Фаміцкі*
Translated into Belarusian by Andrew Famitsky*

* * *

яна прамаўляе: лес, — і вось ён сапраўдны лес
з травой па калені і з дрэвамі ў неба спрэс,
і крочыць яна ў зіхценне зялёных крон,
і лес адуюць бярэ яе ў палон,
яна прамаўляе: святло, — і вось ён ужо святло,
і ў свеце няма нікога, і слова — тло,
і воблака белай глінай згортваецца ў клубок
пакуль ледзь чутна яна прамаўляе: бог...

* * *

белага святла дваенне,
белы гул нябесных рэк,
ты ўляцела на імгненне,
а здалося, што навек,
не прагнуцца ад насланьня,
и стаіш нямы, глухі,
белы снег вершаскладання
замятае ўсе шляхі...

Sergej Shestakow was born in Moscow. He graduated from the Moscow State University. He is the author of six books of poems, the latest one, *Короткие стихотворения о любви (Short Poems on Love)*, being published by Vodolej Publishers in 2016. He is Deputy Chief Editor of a literary magazine *Berega* (Copenhagen). His poems have been published in main literary journals in Russia and have been translated into English, French, Hungarian, Ukrainian, and Belarusian. Sergej Shestakow is living in Moscow.

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Андрей Сен-Сеньков
Андрей Сен-Сеньков

Орыс тілінен аударған Ануар Дуйсенбинов*
Translated into Kasach by Anuar Duisenbinow*

ҮШ УАҚЫТ ТАМАҚТАНУ РЕТІНДЕГІ АФРИКА

таңғы ас

бұл жерде жаңбыр жауатын болса
ұзақ жауады
бұл —
тұнық қан құю

түскі ас

бұл жерлік (мүлде бейжерлік)
елесті жәндіктердің көбі
сәнді үзілген жыныстық қатынас
кезінде
салынғандай

кешкі ас

африкада ақ нәсілді құдайдың іші пысады
сондықтан оған біреу келетін болса
ол
есіктің артына тығылады да
өтірік бала бола қалып
ермектейді
және дауысын өзгертіп
былай дейді:
«аша алмаймын.
ата-анам үйде емес»

© Андрей Сен-Сеньков, 2016

* © Ануар Дуйсенбинов, 2016, translation

ФОТОҚАҒАЗ. ӨНДІРУШІ ЕЛ — ЕУ

екі күнге толған, көзі бүргелі, соқыр марғау

көзі ешқашан ашылмайды
ол, аурудан шаршап, көзбен көре алатынын
аңғара алмайды
бала кезімде анам қой көзді
қоңыр деп айтқанымда әрқашан түзететін
ең болмаса осы марғаудың көзі
қоңыр болсыншы?

*

*ұйықтар алдында сыйынып отырған олигофрен-балаға
тазалап жуылған тәрелке сәулесімен қоршалған,
керіліп шегеленген donald duck елестейді*

айтпақшы, ертең мейрам
кешкі асқа үйрек әзірленеді
бала дәмді тамақ ішеді
алақанына білдірмей түкіретіні — шеге

*

*соқыр словендік фотограф
соқыр әйелдің суретін жасауда*

олардың арасында қазір пайда болатын нәрсені белгілеу үшін
сөз шығару керек
ол сөздің бүкіл еуропалық тілдерінде
дауыстап айтқанда
екі рет қайталау салты болуы керек

*

*жүзі керемет әсем жалғыз аяқты әйел
шаштаразда отыр*

ол
шашын былай реттетуде:
денесінің ассиметриясы
аласа бойлы еркектерді
басында қызықтырып,
бірақ артынан жалықтыратын
жерге де ұласады

*

көзін шел басқан қарт

катарактасы
кішкентай ақ шапанға ұқсайды
қаласаңыз оның көптеген қалталарын көруге болады
олардың ішіндегісінің
титтей болғаны сонша
ол әлі туылмағандай

БАРБИ ҚУЫРШАҒЫНЫҢ ЕҢ ІШКІ КИІМІ

*

кейде
көйлегінің астында
кейін
қыздарды
ойыншық кеңес гинекологтарының
жұмсақ табаншаларын
сүйгізетін
әйелді табуға болады

*

барбидың соңғы үлгісінің
пластмассасының жұмсақтығы сонша
оның бетінде
ішкіімнің ізі қала алады
әрине,
егер қуыршақ
біреудің тізесінде ұзақ әрі ыңғайсыз отырса

*

бұл әйелдің ішінде
шағын америкалық қалалардың полицейлері
жалақысын алатын
нәрсе
бар

*

бәрі барби үшін жиынтығында
титтей нәрсе бар,
оның мақсаты бірден түсініксіз
оның осында неге тұрғанын
аңғарған кезде
қуыршақ
лап етіп
ол нәрсені
қолыңнан жұлып алады

*

ол түсіме ешқашан кірген жоқ
есесіне
адал,
үміттендірмейтін,
бітiскен саусақтары бар
жетпісінші жылдардағы мәскеулік қуыршақтар кірген

МӘСKEУ МАРҒАУЫНЫҢ НӘЗІК СҮЙЕКТЕРІ

шағын
қалалардың
кітап
дүкендерінде
бұрыс
айтылған
орыс
сөздерінің
сәл-сәл
қорланған
бұрыштарында
тығылатын
жұрнақтарға
арналған
қысқаштар
сатылады

*

роберт
фросттың
кез келген
өлеңінің
төбесінде
аталымның
орнында
эрқашан
ішінде
электрдің
керемет
сюжеттері
бар
шам
ілулі
тұрады

*

күйеугіе кеш шығудың
ландшафт
дизайны:
екі
бөлмелі
аппақ
көйлек,
ол
бөлмелердің
біреуінде
неке
түні
болмайтындай
қылып
тігілді

*

сегіз жасар
троцкий:
бала
пепси-коланың
көмейіне
кіріп кеткен
қызыл
альпеншток-көпіршіктері
кесірінен
өгелі
жатыр

*

Ю. К.
есімді
әйел
ішінде
дүниенің
жіңішке
жағына —
өңтүстікке
ұқсайды
өкінішке орай
қасында
әйтеуір
әлдеқайда
басқалар да —
сөлтүстік,
бәтис
және
шігіс
жақтары
болуы
керек

*

көкте
танымал
клиника
бар
сенімсіз-сұлу
аналар
оған
кірсе
сүтпен
тамақтанатын
нәрсені
тағы
бір
рет
туғылары
келеді

*

pink floyd, “the money”:
африкалық
Хатос атты
ежелгі
мемлекетте
шақалардың
барлығы
иілген,
биттей
банандарға
ұқсайтын
олардың
күміс
Қабықтарын
бірте-бірте
алып тастайтын,
әрбір
сатып алынған
зат
сайын
түгел

тазаланған
шақаларды
жалғанға
балайтын

*

«НОВЫЕ КОМПОЗИТОРЫ»:

кішкентай
аққулардың
би
кезінде
таптайтын
залдан
әрең
көрінетін
ана
бір
балет
мақулықтарды
музыкалық
тінту

These translations were made during the translator's stay in residency for poets and translators organized by "*Literature Without Borders*", non-governmental non-profit project, promoting the dialogue between different national literary traditions and authorial communities in Ozolnieki, Latvia (www.literaturewithoutborders.lv).

Andrei Sen-Senkov in *Four Centuries*:

5, 2013, p. 31-34, translated into Polish by Tomasz Pierzchała

8, 2014, p. 24-27, translated into Portuguese by Ana Hudson

Anuar Duisenbinov is a poet and translator from Kazakhstan. He was born in 1985 in Andreevka (now Kabanbay) and grown up in Taldykorgan. He graduated from the Economic Department of the Lev Gumilyov Eurasian National University in Astana as well as from the Open Literary School in Almaty. He has participated in the poetry festivals in Kazakhstan and Latvia, organized a series of mixed musical and literary events in Astana. His poetry written in Russian has been published in important Russian web magazines TextOnly and Polutona. He has translated some poems of Latvian, Polish and Croatian authors into Kazakh.

XXI

Vera Polozkova

Вера Полозкова

Vertaald door Paul Bezembinder*

Translated into Dutch by Paul Bezembinder*

Bernard schrijft Esther

Bernard schrijft Esther: "Ik heb een huis en een gezin.
Geef leiding aan een team en krijg altijd mijn zin.
's Ochtends laat ik Jess uit, 's avonds drink ik gin.
Maar als ik jou zie, dan houd ik mijn adem in."

Bernard schrijft Esther: "Hier vlakbij mijn huis is een plas,
De kids gaan er zwemmen, al hoor ik dat later dan pas,
Ik heb alles gezien... Singapore, Beiroet, Madras,
In IJsland de fjorden, in Vietnam het moeras,
Maar ik zou doodgaan als jij er niet meer was."

Bernard schrijft: "Salaris, bonusregeling, krediet,
Een jeep met chauffeur, boxen met stevige beat,
Een mooie korting in iedere kroeg die je ziet,
Maar betalen, nee, dat hoef ik uiteindelijk niet,
En dan kijk jij... is 't alsof God mij plotseling ziet."

© Вера Полозкова, 2016

* © Paul Bezembinder, 2016, translation

Bernard schrijft: "Ben achtenveertig nu, een kale leeuw,
al lijk ik sterk,
Ik weet nog wie ik ben door mijn rechten, mijn paspoort,
mijn werk,
Een volgelopen bouwput, een bak met kernafval,
een lege zerk,
Koppen rollen keer op keer wanneer ik overhead beperk,
Maar spreek ik jou, is het -- ook taal is kapitaal --
Alsof ik mijn tekorten dan pas merk."

"Mijn nachtuiltje, jij bent zo mooi, zo onbedeesd,
Jij gaat dood, kwam je zeggen, dat is wat je vreest,
Maar alsjeblieft, Esther, schrijf mij niet, het is geweest,
Voor geen enkele ziel of bezieling is er nog plaats
In mijn uitgeteerde geest."

2008

Paul Bezembinder in *Four Centuries*:

14, 2016, p. 5-9 (Иннокентий Анненский, Владимир Соловьёв, Фёдор Тютчев, Афанасий Фет,)

Vera Polozkova, born in Moscow in 1986, established herself as a poet by sharing her work on her "Miss Understanding" Internet blog (mantrabox.livejournal.com), using her blog name Vero4ka, and on YouTube. She has become a popular poet blogger and published three books and received several literary awards since.

Paul Bezembinder, born 1961, holds a Master's Degree in Theoretical Physics. He is a science policy advisor at a Dutch technical university. His poetry appeared in various Dutch (online) literary magazines. Samples of his poetry in Dutch and translations may be found at his website, www.paulbezembinder.nl

Four Centuries Library

Here are the books donated to the Library:

In French

104. Mandelstam, Ossip: *Tristia et autres poèmes*. Choisis et traduits du russe par François Kérel. Gallimard, 1982

105. Mandelstam, Ossip: *Nouveaux Poèmes 1930-1934*. Traduit du russe et présenté par Christiane Pighetti. Éditions Allia, 2010

Donated to the Library by Mr. Paul Bezembinder.

Many thanks to Mr. Paul Bezembinder for his generous donation!

In German

106. Über, o über dem Dorn. Gedichte aus 100 Jahren S. Fischer Verlag. Hrsg. von Reiner Kunze. S. Fischer Verlag, 1986 (u. a. A. Blok, B. Pasternak, O. Mandelstam, S. Jessenin, A. Wosnessenski)

107. В Петербурге мы сойдёмся снова - Petersburg - die Trennung währt nicht ewig. Ausgewählt und übertragen von Kay Borowsky. Barbara Staudacher Verlag, 1996

108. Blok, Alexander: *Des Himmels lichter Rand*. Gedichte. Russisch/Deutsch. Leipzig: Insel Bücherei, 1980

109. Bulatovksy, Igor: *Längs und Quer*. Wunderhorn, 2012

110. Martynova, Olga: *In der Zugluft Europas*. Gedichte. Wunderhorn, 2012