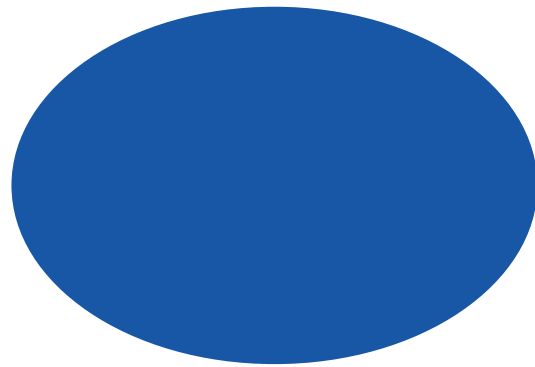


# FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



19

2018



Four Centuries. Russian Poetry in Translation  
fourcenturies@gmx.de

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*Four Centuries Library*

The choice of colours for different languages is just random and has nothing to do either with national flags or national traditions.

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

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Please, send your donations to:

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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 21.

## XVIII

Gavriil Derzhavin (1743 - 1816)  
Гавриил Державин (1743 - 1816)

Translated by Vadim Vozdvizhensky\*

### From the Poem "The Nobleman"

For that you have the spacious world,  
Holding its palms servile out,  
To your fastidious dinner laid  
Delicious dishes putting out,  
Tokayan wine -- thick nectar's poured,  
Soleil Levant -- rich coffee's brought,  
What would you want for labour done  
To leave the world if moment's won?..

*November 1794*

**Vadim Vozdvizhensky** has been studying and translating the poetry of Grigory S. Skovoroda for years. His dissertation on the Hungarian motives in the literary and philosophical works of Skovoroda is the first such study either in Hungary or the philosopher's homeland. Vadim Vozdvizhensky translates other Russian poets with devotion to Tokay or Hungary as for example Fyodor Tyutchev, Igor Severyanin, etc.

Vadim Vozdvizhensky in *Four Centuries*:

16, 2017, p. 5-9 (Григорий Сковорода)

17, 2017, p.14-15 (Фёдор Тютчев)

18, 2018, p. 26-29 (Игорь Северянин)

## XIX

Vasily Zhukovsky (1783 - 1852)

Василий Жуковский (1783 - 1852)

Translated by Vadim Vozdvizhensky\*

### **From the Poem "To Delium" (Imitation to Horace)**

Be moderate, Delium, when sad  
While happiness not dazzling you:  
Immortals gave this moment's life;  
All to Taenarum way have paved.  
If only troubles did torment,  
If only drank Tokayan wine  
While basking on the gentle turf --  
We'll die: as Zeus bequeathed to you.

1809

Vasily Zhukovsky in *Four Centuries*:

18, 2018, p. 6-21, translated into English by Alex Cigale

## XX

Ivan Bunin (1870 - 1953)

Иван БУНИН (1870 - 1953)

Traducere în românește de Leo Butnaru

Translated into Romanian by Leo Butnaru\*

\* \* \*

Cupa cu vin întunecos zeița tristeții mi-o-ntisne.  
Bând vinul, fui cuprins de-o mortală vlăguire.  
Și, zâmbind glacial, imperturbabil, zeița zise:  
"Dulce-i îmbătătoarea-mi otravă.  
E din loaze de pe mormântul iubirii".

\* \* \*

În miez de noapte ies din casă,  
Pe pământ pașii îmi sună înghețat,  
Stele-mpresură neagra grădină,  
Iar pe-acoperișuri -- paie albind:  
Al nopții doliu dăinuind dungat.  
1888

\* \* \*

Pe subcerescul stei, unde furtuni  
Șuieră-n azurul orbitor --  
Sălbatic, puturos azil de vulturi.

Ca pe apa rece beau setos  
Furtuna munților și libertatea,  
Veșnicia ce mai zboară pe aici.  
1889

\* © Leo Butnaru, 2018, translation

*Four Centuries. Russian Poetry in Translation, 19, 2018*



\* \* \*

Intrai la ea în miez de noapte.  
Dânsa dormea -- luna bătea  
În geamul larg -- și lumina  
Al plapomei atlaz de nea.

Și cum era-ntinsă pe spate,  
Se bifurcau nuzi sâni grei --  
Și-ncet, precum apa-ntr-un vas,  
Stătea viața-n somnul ei.

1898

### Daghestanul

Fii atent, te sprijină mai tare-n scări.  
În defileu e noapte, cascadele vuind.  
Și până la cer stânci învâlmășite  
Stau pe margine -- perete neclintit.

Iar peste ele -- stele -- diamante depărtate.  
Iar la pieptul lor, în bezna-sălbăticiune,  
Stă calul: dragon cu mii de ochi  
Cuibărit acolo-n înălțime.

1903-1906

### De pe corabie

Pentru viața -- viața! Iată valuri înspumate  
Bătând în țărături vineții, de piatră.  
Iată rămășițele unei nave distruse demult...  
Dar cine jelește marinarii înecați odată?

Pe nisipul umed, la soare se usucă oase...  
Dar peste ele -- cerească mângâiere, azur,  
Mai e-mprospătătoare briza de dimineață --  
Și bucură ochii albul oaselor risipite-n jur.

1906-1907

## Stepă

Corbul siniliu își desprinde de stârv  
Clonțul roșu și veghează atent.  
Pe când alții privesc rău, croncănitor,  
Iar tufișul freamătă, dement.

Siniliul corb bea ochișorii până-n adânc,  
Adună tributul de oscioare uitate.  
Plaiul meu, iubita mea baștină,  
Milenara mea pustietate!

1912

## Testamentul lui Saadi

Fii generos ca palmierul. Iar de nu ești în stare, fii  
Tulpină de chiparos, drept și simplu -- distins.

1913

## Vela

Pe vela mea sunt cusute stele  
Și naltă e, și albă, și întinsă,  
Printre ele fața Maicii Domnului  
Strălucește blândă și distinsă.

Și ce mi-i că deja se-ndepărtează  
Tot mai mult țărmlul, că nu-l voi zări?!  
Pal-subțire luminează cornul  
Lunii tinere în apusul de zi.

1915

\* \* \*

Tapetele albastre s-au decolorat,  
Icoane, cadre-dagherotip au fost scoase, --  
Doar în locuri unde-au atârnat ani la rând  
A mai rămas albastru în nuanțe cețoase.

A uitat inima, ah, inima a uitat  
Multe din cele pe care, iubind, le-a cântat!  
Numai celor care nu mai sunt printre noi  
Le-au mai rămas urmele de neuitat.

31.01.1916

## Luna

Va veni și Noaptea mea. Noaptr lungă, mută,  
La sorocul pus de Domnul, creator de minuni,  
Și-atunci un alt astru se va-nălța peste genuni.

-- Luminează tu, Lună, ridică-ți cât mai sus  
Chipul dăruit de Soare ca un semn ce spune  
Că Ziua mi s-a stins, dar urma mi-a rămas în lume.

15.09.1917

\* \* \*

O, bucuria culorilor! Iarăși și iarăși  
Azur cernut prin al grădinii aur întomnat,  
Arzând tremurat și liliachiu,  
De parcă ar privi îngerii din înalt.

O, bucuria bucuriilor! Doamne,  
Imensa bunătatea a Ta eu cred, eu știu  
Că-mi va reînturna-n paradisul pierdut  
Speranțele juneții și visul târziu!

24.09.1917

\* \* \*

Prin livada pustie, lumina ce o străbate,  
Trec prin noiaunul de frunze foșnitoare.  
Ce bucurie stranie încerci  
Când calci trecutul în picioare!  
Ce scump îți pare să-ți amintești  
Ceea ce nu prețuiai odinioară!  
Ce durere dulce, în speranța  
Că poate mai ajungi în primăvară!

03.10.1917

## Canarul

*În țara lui el este verde.*

*Bram*

Canar de peste mări și țări,  
Adus la noi, sub vergi de fier,  
Se-ngălbeni de-atâta tângă,  
În viața-i de prizonier.

Liberă, verzuie aripată  
Nu va mai fi -- orice-ar cânta  
Despre insula -i minunată --  
În crâșmă, peste guraliva gloată!

1921

## Noapte

Noapte geroasă. Mistralul  
(El încă nu s-a potolit).  
Prin geam văd sclipiri depărtate-  
Munți, culmi, pământ vâlurit.  
Neclintită lumină de aur  
Așternută până la patul meu.  
Nimini-în lume, țipenie,  
Decât eu și Dumnezeu.  
Doar El Unul îmi cunoaște  
Apăsătorul alean mortal,

Pe care de lume îl tăinuiesc...  
Noapte, ger, gemutul mistral...

1952

\* \* \*

Ce-o fi înainte? Drum lung și fericit  
Spre care ea își îndreptă privirea  
Liniștită, pe când pieptu-i tânăr, bombat,  
Respirând ritmic, îi desprinde-abia-abia  
De gât gulerașul alb, dantelat --  
Și simt iarăși ușorul, finul aromat  
Al zulușilor, al respirului ei,  
Ca chemarea-ncântărilor ce-am cunoscut...  
Ce-i spre zări, departe? Numai că eu  
Nu mai privesc înainte, ci spre trecut.

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

Iwan Bunin in *Four Centuries*:

9, 2014, p. 29-32, and 10, 2015 translated into Polish by Macej Froński

Leo Butnaru in *Four Centuries*:

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

12, 2015, p. 5-9 (Николай Огарёв)

Naum Korzhavin (1925 - 2018)

Наум Коржавин (1925 - 2018)

Translated by Alex Cigale\*

### **A Date with Moscow**

Alright then! Greetings, Moscow.  
    Dreams and fortunes have receded.  
And so all around me you clang  
    And you shine, bright and new  
With the glitter of subway stations,  
    With the heights of erected buildings  
You make valiant efforts, Moscow,  
    To betray the glitter and the sky.  
You're so business-like now,  
    placing a price on everything.  
They will spit into your soul  
    and with impunity spill blood.  
With the complex weave of theories  
    finding a cover for your betrayal,  
You'll sell everything with a calm:  
    conscience, and love and life.  
So that no one might trouble  
    the pleasant peace of plentitude --  
Moscow's luxuriance, consecrated  
    by the deception of commodity.  
  
And so, in this way you live, Moscow!  
    You lie,  
        you swear,  
                raping memory,  
And flirting with history,  
    You launch an affair with the future.

1992

© Naum Korzhavin, Наум Коржавин, 2018

\* © Alex Cigale, translation, 2018

**Naum Korzhavin**, 1925-2018, was a Russian poet of Jewish descent (real surname Mandel), a dissident and emigrant who moved to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1973, living there for 43 years. Laureate of the distinguished Poet (2016) and Big Book (2006) prizes for his lifetime contributions in verse, prose, drama and translation. He was the subject of Kultura TV Channel's Pavel Mirzoev prize winning documentary *Naum Korzhavin: Time is Given...* (2016). Korzhavin was born in Kiev and died in North Carolina this past June 22. The present poem is intended as a tribute to him, and specially, to his conscienciousness and foresight.

*Alex Cigale*

**Alex Cigale's** first full book, *Russian Absurd: Daniil Kharms, Selected Writings*, is a Northwestern World Classics (2017). In 2015, he was awarded a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship in Literary Translation for his work on the poet of the St. Petersburg philological school Mikhail Eremin. He edited the contemporary Russian poetry issue of Atlanta Review (Spring 2015, Georgia Tech), and more recently, the *Russian Ballet* issue of Trafika Europe (Penn State Libraries). From 2011 to 2013, he was an Assistant Professor at the American University of Central Asia in Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan and is currently a Lecturer in the Russian Program at CUNY-Queens College.

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)
- 15, 2016, p. 5-7 (Константин Батюшков), p. 8-9 (Константин Аксаков), p. 10 (Дмитрий Минаев)
- 16, 2016, p. 10-11 (Александр Сумароков), p. 12-17 (Иван Дмитриев)
- 17, 2017, p. 6-13 (Василий Петров)
- 18, 2018, p. 6-21 (Василий Жуковский)

Анна Глазова  
Анна Глазова

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

\* \* \*

болката в човека  
е изнесена на хладно,  
за да изстине

тихият огън на разрушението  
нагрява живота  
като през лупа,

това се готви  
утре за закуска

\* \* \*

в мястото на стихийното бедствие  
светът изведнъж става непроходим.

в разбирането понякога  
също така внезапно  
се разразява  
тихия час.

© Анна Глазова, 2018  
© Мария Липискова, 2018, translation

*Four Centuries. Russian Poetry in Translation, 19, 2018*



\* \* \*

двойно положеното пространство  
между  
отвлечеността тук и отсъствието там  
както разделителят в книгата --  
нищо не означава  
освен:  
това тук е мястото  
някъде преди края.

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  
15, 2016, p.32-33, translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova

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)  
15, 2016, p. 32-33 (Анна Глазова)

**Anna Glazova**, is a specialist in study of literature, translator from German and a poet. She is an author of five books of poetry: *Pust' i Voda* (2003), *Petlia*, *Neopolovinu* (2008), *Dlya Zemleroyki* (2013), *Opit Sna* (2014), and *Semlja Lezit na Semlje* (2017). She was awarded Andrei Bely Prize in 2013.

**Maria Lipiskova**, 1972, is a Bulgarian poet, writer and translator. She has academic degrees in Bulgarian Philology, Library of Information Science and Cultural Policy. 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, *not shooting*, 2013, won the competition of the Ministry of Culture of Bulgaria. Among her recent works are translation of Mikhail Bakhtin's *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics* into Bulgarian and collection of poetry *My Hiroshima*. Her poetry and prose have been translated into English, German, Romanian, and Croatian.

Faina Grimberg  
Фаина Гримберг

Traduit par Anastasia Znadvorova  
Translated into French by Anastasia Sanadworowa\*

## Tahity

*Odile et François Molly*

"Et vous n'étiez pas à Tahiti?" --  
demanda un petit, drôle à la tristesse d'un perroquet  
dans un film dessiné...  
Mais Odile et François étaient à Tahiti  
ils ont même vécu là  
Ils se sont même tenus là et ont regardé comme ils ont  
été photographiés  
par quelqu'un de la famille ou des amis  
Odile et François ont vécu à Tahiti  
Un beau mec aux cheveux noirs et une jeune femme blonde  
de peau claire  
Il était en service militaire là-bas  
et quelque chose comme ça adessiné  
en pensant à Gauguin  
Elle a raté la maison éloignée de ses parents  
et voulait aller à Paris,  
pour se promener dans les rues,  
acheter quelque chose  
et peut-être faire un petit saut au Musée d'Orsay...  
Odile et François ont vécu à Tahiti  
Ils ont même nagé là  
Là-bas il y a une sorte de petite mer grisâtre d'eau  
qui se vacille

© Faina Grimberg, 2018

© Anastasia Sanadworowa, translation, 2018

Il semble c'est un océan  
Je ne m'en souviens pas  
mais on peut se baigner  
Elle rit dans un maillot de bain noir  
ses yeux clingnotent du soleil  
Odile et François vivent à Tahiti  
Ils restent debout là après la baignade  
avec quelles expressions des visages?  
comment étaient-ils habillés?...  
Lui et elle  
Derrière eux, il y a beaucoup de plantes  
petit bosquet de plantes  
beaucoup de feuilles vert foncé  
et des plantes vert foncé et bulbeux  
Il est nu à la taille et non basané  
avec l'épaules un peu étroites mais rondes  
il sourit un peu timidement  
Il a les yeux noirs et les cheveux noirs  
Il a les yeux et les cheveux tellement noirs,  
qu'elle est à côté de lui mince et blonde et légère  
avec des châtaignes bouches autour d'une face oblongue  
Elle sourit aussi.  
ouvrant tout son visage dans un sourire  
Sur sa blouse ouverte blanche étaient des fleurs rouges  
Odile et François ont vécu à Tahiti  
Ils restaient debout là, à Tahiti,  
après la baignade  
Je regarde leurs images  
Tahiti a longtemps été transformé pour moi  
il y a longtemps, même quand j'étais petite  
a évolué d'une localité qui existe quelque part,  
transformé en un livre sur l'artiste Gauguin  
transformé en si loin  
impensable!  
qui ne peut exister que sur les pages  
livres et albums avec des peintures de Gauguin

Parce qu'en fait Tahiti  
c'est juste de l'imagination  
c'est comme le Brésil d'Emily Dickinson  
dans son petit poème  
paradis lumineux inaccessible  
habité par les femmes de Gauguin  
peint en peinture vif brune  
si vifs  
comme ils étaient dans une ancienne terre lointaine  
où vivaient Noah et Utnapishtim  
avec leurs nombreuses femmes et enfants...

"N'etiez-vous pas à Tahiti?"  
"N'avez-vous jamais été à Tahiti?" --  
demande un petit perroquet peint  
d'une voix nostalgique.

Mais Odile et François étaient là,  
ils ont même vécu là.

Ils ont même tourné pour moi Tahiti  
juste dans l'un de ces endroits  
où les gens vivent.

**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.

**Anastasia Sanadworowa** works as a PR-manager in a small Russian company. She writes and translates poetry.

Faina Grimberg in *Four Centuries*:  
11, 2015, p. 25, translated into French by Alexandr Petrossov  
17, 2017, p. 22-35, translated into French by Alexey Voinov

## *Four Centuries Library*

Here are the books donated to the Library:

*In German*

129. Mandelstam, Ossip: Hufeisen Finder. Leipzig: Reclam, 1983

130. Mandelstam, Ossip: Tristia. Gedichte. Berlin: Verlag Volk und Welt, 1985

131. So hält mich die Sehnsucht. Hundert Gedichte von Frauen. Berlin: Aufbau Verlag, 2009 (Zwetajewa)

132. Atlas der neuen Poesie. Hrsg. Joachim Sartorius. Reinbek bei Hamburg: Rowohlt, 1995 (Ajgi, Kutik, Sedakowa)