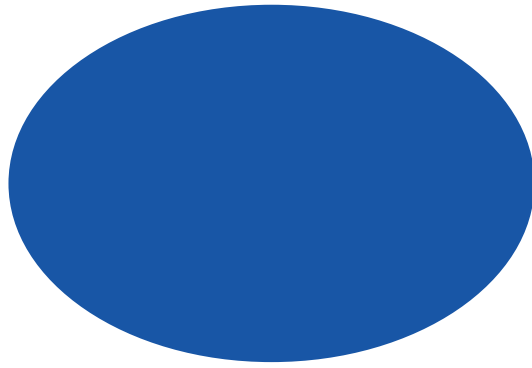


FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



7

2014



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 64.

XIX

Nyikolaj Ogarjov (1813 - 1877)

Николай Огарёв (1813 - 1877)

Galgóczy Árpád fordítása*

Translated into Hungarian by Árpád Galgóczy*

Éjjel

Álmomban újra láttam önt...
Rég andalít szívem magánya -
Nem is vártam, hogy drága árnya
Elém libbenve rám köszönt.
Szelíd arcát miért idézem?
Miért van az, hogy lusta vérem
Kínzó erővel éli át
A múlt kínját és mámorát?
Ma már nem hoz gyönyört a bájuk,
Elmúltak, nincs szükség reájuk...
De hogyha visszaálmodom
Az elcsitult dalt, fáj az emlék;
Felébred, megsajdul szívem meg,
De elfeledni nem tudom.

1859

Afanaszij Fet (1820 - 1892)

Афанасий Фет (1820 - 1892)

Galgóczy Árpád fordítása*

Translated into Hungarian by Árpád Galgóczy*

* * *

A nyelvünk mily szegény! Akarnám s nem tudom,
Barát vagy ellenség vagy, el nem mondhatom,
A keblemben mi forr fénylő hullámveréssel.
A gyötrődés örök, akárhogy küzd a szív,
S a lángeszű tudós is mindhiába vív
E végzetes hazug mesével.

Költő, csupán te vagy, kinek ha szárnyra kél
Mindható szava, elzúgja mint a szél
Lelked lázálmait a füvek illatával;
Az Ég kedvence is, a bátor sasmadár
A koldus föld felől a fellegekbe száll
És biztos karma közt villámot tartva szárnyal.

1887

Арпад Галгоци (Galgóczy Árpád, род. 1928).

Юношей за - невыдуманное - участие в антисоветском заговоре был осуждён и провёл семь лет в лагерях ГУЛАГа и ещё столько же на воле, в Караганде; вернувшись на родину, работал разнорабочим, служащим, техническим переводчиком, синхронистом. Все эти и последующие годы занимался переводами русской поэзии, непревзойдёнными, по мнению филологов и знатоков. Лауреат множества государственных наград.

В его переводах вышли "Евгений Онегин" и несколько двуязычных сборников: избранная русская поэзия 18 - 19 веков, избранные стихи Лермонтова, Пушкина, избранная русская поэзия 19 - 20 веков. Любимый поэт на все времена - Лермонтов. В последние годы один за другим вышли в свет три тома эпопеи его мытарств и университетов.

Урок Арпада Галгоци, который отчаянно приходится повторять в эту минуту:

"...нельзя отождествлять душу, дух, искусство ни одного народа с уродующей и оподляющей его политической системой. В таких случаях знак равенства недопустим, не может быть допустим никогда".

Майя Цесарская

Alekszej Kolcov (1809-1842)

Алексей Кольцов (1809 - 1842)

Magyarra fordította Ceszárszkaja Maja*

Translated into Hungarian by Maya Tsesarskaya **

A Gyűrű

Este gyertyát gyújtok
Fehér viaszból,
Széjjel folytatom
Mátkám gyűrűjét...

Gyulladjál, lángoljál,
Tüzem-végzetem!
Folyass-olvasszál
Tiszta aranyat!

Minek vagy nékem
Ha ő nincs velem;
Nélküle kezemen
Kő a szívemen.

Ránézek, sóhajtok,
Szomorú leszek,
Majd előnti szemem
Bánat keserve.

Hazatér-e egyszer?
Röpke hírével
Engem, vigasztalant
Kelt-e életre?

Lelkem reménytelen...
Akkor hulljál szét
Arany könnyekben
Mátkám emléke!

Tűzben sértetlen,
Koromfeketén
Zengeti gurulva
Örök emlékét...

1830

Maya Tsesarskaya (Ceszárszkaja Maja) was born in 1951 in Zhitomir. In 1973 after graduating from the Leningrad Polytechnical Institute she left the USSR for Hungary. In 1985 she finished Higher Translation Courses at the University of Budapest. Her Russian translation of István Bibó's book *The Jewish Question in Hungary After 1944* was published in Moscow in 2005. Her first collection of poems *Love in a Bottle* published the same year included her first poetic translations into Russian. She was the editor and translator of the book *In Memoriam Nyugat* (2009) devoted to the most influential literary journal in Hungary in the first half of the 20th century. Maya worked a lot in several city theaters as an interpreter and translator. Her translations of János Pilinszky's poems in 2012 was the first book of the series launched by Vodoley Publishing House. She is currently working on the second volume of the series.

Майя Цесарская. Родилась в 1951 году в Житомире. В 1973 окончила Ленинградский политехнический институт, в 1985 – высшие курсы перевода при Будапештском университете. В 2005 в Москве вышли: «Еврейский вопрос в Венгрии после 1944 года» Иштвана Бибо и – залог дальнейшего бескорыстия – сборник стихов «Любовь в бутылке», куда вошли и первые мои поэтические переводы на русский. На венгерский переводила Цветаеву, рахманиновские романсы к концертам симфонического оркестра Золтана Кочиша, драматическую инсценировку «Кармен» для театра, умную эссеистику и пр. и др. Главные вещи: альманах «In memoriam Nyugat», Водолей, 2009 и «Избранное» Яноша Пилинского, Водолей, 2012 в серии «Венгерские тетради». Свёрстан и вот-вот выйдет второй выпуск Венгерских тетрадей: “Перспектива” - рассказы разных лет Дёрдя Шпиро, с прологом из его ранних стихов.

Майя Цесарская

Szemjon Nadszon (1862 - 1887)

Семён Надсон (1862 - 1887)

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

* * *

Próféta! Ébredj s jer!
Rí mind a bánat,
Rí mind a szeretet hozzád és szólít mind!
Nézd, mivé lettünk itt,
Mindenki vén és fáradt,
Az utolsó remény pislákol s hozzád int!
Vagy most, vagy soha se!..
A tudat halál-halvány,
A szégyen kialszik,
Sehol egy árva láng,
S csak teli torokból még alkuszik a hitvány...

1886

XX

Boris Poplavski (1903 - 1935)

Борис Поплавский (1903 - 1935)

Versuri automate

În românește de Leo Butnaru*

Translated into Romanian by Leo Butnaru*

* * *

Somnolență

Călătorul coboară spre centrul pământului

Drumurile duc tihnit spre vest

Soare

Noi am deprins diverse lucruri

Am fost la pol

Unde gheața-i asemănătoare logicelor reveniri

Iar apa e adâncă

Precum spațiul

Totul e abandonat

Doar în depărtare memoria vorbește cu Dumnezeu

* * *

La aeroport a fost doborât recordul de înălțime

Văzduhul e plin de bucurie și minciună

Stradă neagră duduitorul privirilor loviturile zâmbetelor

Pericol

Iar în umbra clopotului vagabondul cântă la flaut

Încet-încet

Abia de se aude

...El a dezlegat

Cuvintele încrucișate ale crucii

E liber

* * *

Încă nu știe nimeni
E încă devreme
Dorm dulce zielele viitoare
Cu capetele lor uriașe pe
Mari brațe frumoase
Stelele le cheamă
Însă ele nu aud
Undeva departe jos se aprinde gazul
Trecu ploița caldarâmul lucește
Încălțat cu bocanci Hristos călătorește în tramvai

* * *

Cine știe? Aici nu știe nimeni.
Cine aude? Acolo nimeni nu aude.
Nu se-ntâmplă nimic
Uită cu toții toate
Cască dulce
Respiră încet
Tihnit ca un rac ce se trage în beznă
Fericirea se dă îndărăt în lumi siderale
Soarele tânjește
Noi în vecii vecilor nu ne vom trezi din somn

* * *

Beam limonade aprinse și deasupra noastră strigau drapelele
Și păsări de mare se certau parcă-njurau
Corăbiile se-nclinau spre pol
Soarele deplin dormea în feericul teatru
Printre prăfoase decorații unde mari palate se-nclinau
În unghiuri neverosimile. În pustia și neagra sală
Stătea bătrâna fericire în pantofi scofâlciți
Și fuma enorme trabucuri ieftine
Contemplând otrăvitorul foc al asfințitului
În praful culiselor
Iar sus în cer ardeau în flăcări dirijabile
Oamenii țipau și se prăpăstuiiau

Depărtările tăceau și se-arătau vederii
Deja se declanșase ploaia
Dinăuntru spre exterior din trecut spre viitor
Ducând în mâna ei gri și moale
Ultima virtute a marinarilor

* * *

Păsările-anemone apăruseră în cerul verde-mov
Jos sub noi era marea și sub ea la o adâncime strașnică -
O altă mare și încă o altă și altă mare în fine
Sub toate astea - pământul unde fumegau zgârie-norii
Și pe bulevarde aerostatele cântau încet și-ndepărtat
Din nori se arătau cetăți fantastice
Turnuri cu racursiul modificat până la nerecunoaștere
Se-nclinau undeva-n interior și-acolo încă -
La o înălțime-amețitoare - mai treceau și alte drumuri
Unde-ar fi dus ele? Acum eram în Olanda...
Peste canalul înghețat pe aproape negrul cer plutea zăpada
Iar în port printre valuri întunecat legănate
Se-ndepărta un gigantic vapor cu zbatouri în care
Oameni slabi și bătrâni purtând joben priveau atent
Stranii mașini cu talie înaltă
Pe cadranele cărora era scris -
Polul

* * *

Vuietul anemonelor doarme-n electricitate
Aurul apusului s-a reîntors în negrul râu
Zăpada neagră ne îndurera
În acel an muriseră șerpilor de aramă
Iar cămilele plecaseră-n pustiu după apă de munte
Încet pe perete se ridica-răsărea apa
Cornișele priveau spre-ndepărtări oceanice
Pisicile dormeau chiar pe marginea neființării
Și cineva vorbea în somn
Despre ceva îngrozitor -
Despre trădare

* * *

De ce nu trece-odată durerea?
Pentru că trece înăuntru
Unde doarme statuia cu neagră față electrică
Ce stă la straja anemonelor și peștilor solari
Acolo durerea nu are ce face

* * *

O clopote
O liliac al liliacilor liliachii
O revărsări de zori ce lalele din lalele sunteți
Cel mai simplu e - să mori
Cel mai greu - să suporti
După pragul casei din nou strada scuarul
Trec din odaie în odaie
Și somnul se aține după mine
Paltonul meu se gârbovește colo în lunarul întuneric
Eu cad el - după mine
O soare
Cum să redai rușinea refuzului de-a plânge
Și în seninul subteran să-ți scuturi floarea
În geamul meu soarele a obosit să mai cadă
Refuzul de-a tăcea
Clopote
E timpul ca pana de scris să adoarmă-n vis
Liliacul se rupe spre veșnicie
Dorm demult
Pe chip un straniu zâmbet de fecioară moartă
O leule
Cu o rază-mpreunează ale reginelor vedenii

* * *

Sunetele cerului abia de se aud
Adânci sunt zăpezile și stepele
Cine umblă colo doarme nu respiră?
Roza vântului și-a scuturat petala
Liniștea stă culcată-n pat
Adânc suferindă
Și visează alte vremuri
Michiduță scrie versuri
Chiar sub geamul ei
Dormi pruncuț al vieții noi
Prea-i devreme și-ntuneric
Dormi al zării foc de purpur
E adâncă noaptea zilei

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.

Roald Mandelstam (1932 - 1961)

Роальд Мандельштам (1932 - 1961)

Translated by Ian Probsteyn*

Catilina

1.

I am full of a sinister feeling
When I read a bronze lettering: Sallust -
The bronze of threatening arrows
Is burning like chalk on dust.

2.

Oh, the lettering of ancient engravings,
Your lines defy the rust,
I hear measured steps of the veterans,
Rebellion's furious thrust.

3.

I am drunk as a quartering soldier
With liquor called "don't care a damn" -
A doorman damned me? Don't care!
The doormen don't know Latin at all.

4.

I am going home heavily armored
In the scarlet bronze of the sunset;
I paint with my golden head
On the oils of museum canals.

5.

Alley cats are like passersby strolling
Along a clay path in the park -
I greet Catilina's rebellion.
I was going myself to revolt,

6.

When I heard someone calling: "Roald!"

On a desolate Gunboat Kanonerka¹:

- I greet you, a Furious Scald!

- I greet you, Nomadic Berserker!²

7.

He milked in that desolate lane

A wet glove, like an udder,

I knew him, although in vain

I tried to remeber his name.

8.

The fog was wrapping its foxes

Round the lunar oil of street lamps...

- Are you still composing your kennings

With that confident strength of a beast?

9.

- I am (screeching like a street car,

I spat on a soggy walkway).

And he, "Keep away from the snow,

Keep away, Furious Scald!"

10.

The light of the lamp is a torture

On this night made of pitch and of cream.

Let us fly to the Golden seas,

For they built our mighty trireme.³

¹ Kanonerka Lane (literary "gunboat") was located near Roald Mandelstam's communal (shared with several other neighbors) lodging on Sadovaya Street in Leningrad.

² Berserkers (or berserks) were furious Scandinavian warriors who fought either naked or covered with skins; they were said to fight in a state of frenzy without feeling pain (Cf. Yuri Lotman. *Semiosphera*. St. Petersburg: Iskusstvo [Art], 2000, 42).

³ The triremes (Greek military ships) were 120 feet long and were powered by 170 rowers arranged in three rows. They were built low to the ground, the bottom row of rowers were just 18 inches above the waterline, and very narrow which meant that the triremes were not built to handle open ocean. - *Notes by I. Probst*

11.
Let them, sinister goblins,
Erect their new Babylon.
(How familiar are ruins of those columns,
How strangely and frightfully known).

12.
Pointless speeches ceasing at last
(Who knows their reasons and causes!),
Our glances were finally cast
At the lights of the motionless chasms.

13.
The sunset stopped finally bleeding
On cast iron and dark granite stone.
The lunar lagoons are so steady
In the lingering calm of the night.

14.
The belfries will be fishing till morning
With the rods of their bronze crosses
Sharp stars that are painfully glowing
Above the humps of the bridges.

15.
I am exposed to an exquisite torture
To feel a meaningless fear
Like the pain of a woeful fiddle
In alien awkward hands.

16.
A bugle has broken the silence.
The legion lines up in the wind,
My friends have pulled down their visors,
Their banners are flying with valor.

A Runic Ballad

There is a hidden temple in the woods,
Amid the boondocks, where all are called,
Where voices sing hosanna and cry,
And in a thousand tongues the world

Calls this temple in various ways,
But those who bear its cross are bright,
Their sight is clear, shoulders upright,
Their God is one, and He is the Word -

Banished more than anyone else,
He defies those brand-new temples
And mocks at that lame verse
Of new louts who sing uncouth songs,

Whose thoughts are dirty like eunuchs,
But there is another, hidden shrine
In a runic temple in the grove,
There is God and His priests are alive.

It stands, but its lights have a dim shine
And can't be seen by everyone,
But vine and ivy climb and twine
Around its cyclopean arches in the sun.

The Minstrel

A solemn fire extinguished in blood
Shed without glory in vain -
Will a great love ever strike a chord
Of glorious battles of yore,

When the flags on the towers rustled with joy
Greeting the defeat of a malicious foe,
Minstrels sang the glory of love,
Horns praised the glory of war?

Yet, here they call death their savior
And lost count of their mischief,
What love do I dare sing here,
What victory should I praise?

Should I sing the victory of dark vile thugs,
Traucherous louts that suddenly came,
Or Judas' love for the prey of the Cross,
Or barbarian's love for the ruined shrines?

Oh, woe to the bard who has outlived his honor,
His woeful lyre should ring to the skies
Calling for vengeance, for lofty revenge,
For the glory of broken idols!

Sirventes¹

The sun, turn into a ruby gem,
The sun, leave that sky!
We'll adorn our triremes for battle
With the sails golden as nights.

Let this blood fall on the slayers!
Let invaders die! Leave them no chances!
- Hey! - obedient oars bend
Like the bodies of young maiden dancers.

How pliant bow-strings vibrate!
Eager arrows are ready to fly,
Trembling like the arms of a beloved,
And the throat utters a joyful cry.

- Hey! - strengthen your efforts together!
One can't wait for this night to arrive.
Let us face death without fear:
Our friends will avenge us or die!

¹Sirventes (provençal) - a genre of a troubadour military or a didactic song as opposed to love lyrics. - Notes by I. Probst

The west quenched as a ruby gem,
The sky fell down in the bloody sea!
- Oh, we didn't adorn our triremes in vain
With the sails golden as nights!

* * *

In a dusty passage of the palace
I found a lovely piece of tapestry:
The Roman fleet sails across the sea
To Carthage, rosy and gray.

Having seen those stern faces once,
I see them every day:
The warriors' eyes are like
Gun slots where day's shadows die.

One of them might be a consul,
Perhaps Scipio himself,
He gave in to the sea and the sun,
But the other, centurion, was stern.

The sky over Carthage was torn apart
By the sounds of the bugles when
Gasdrubal led his mammoths, but
The people cursed and yawned.

Some carried tar onto the walls,
Some cursed the approaching fleet...
At that moment the spies brought the news
That Cato won in the Senate. ¹

¹ An allusion to an incident when Cato the Elder (234-149 B.C.), accused Publius Cornelius called Africanus Major (236-183 B.C.) who defeated Hannibal, in corruption, wasting money, and inappropriate and extravagant behavior during the campaign against Antioch III. The reputation and the fate of the future victor of Hannibal were saved by the former's father-in-law, Sempronius Gracchus, but Carthage was saved that time. - Notes by I. Probst

Triumph

The tribunes of the legions are armored in bronze.
People came from afar
To gaze at the shields of the soldiers, those
Who look like autumn moons.

The veterans are upfront: legates,
The counselors¹ of foreign legions;
Their dark armor is barely seen
In the dazzling whirlwind of hooves.

Anxious aliens watch in unrest
Scipio surrounded by friends
Walking among indifferent troops
On his way to the Senate.²

Nika

My horse is covered with patterned armor,
Waiting impatiently at the gate,
Waiting when my world
Will be revived by the word.

That night, blacker than a raven's wing,
The moon will utter a mournful moan,
Like a brazen shield of a centurion
When an elephant rams into it.

And having crushed moonlight's
Green ice cube with iron and bronze,
An old Hun will be revived in a fight
On the Catalaunian Plain.³

January 1954

¹ *Counselors* - perhaps Roald Mandelstam meant military tribunes in the rank of consuls.

² The triumph of Scipio Africanus (202 BC) is described by Titus Livius known as Livy (59 BC - AD 17), Appian (AD 95 - circa AD 165), and Polybius (c. 200 BC - 118 BC). The most detailed description is that of Appian.

³ Catalaunian Plain - is the place of the battle (451 A.D.) when the Roman army defeated Huns led by Attila. - Notes by I. Probstein

Anachronismos

The night will come blacker than a raven's wing.
The moon will utter a mournful moan
Like a brazen shield of a centurion
When an elephant rams into it -
Which means: Darius revived,
A foe deserving revenge,
And I, triarius¹, wait with delight
When a hastatus² perishes in the fight.

The Lute and the Sword

The night has put on a frosty armor,
The moon is like a distant blaze,
The stars can't stand those resonant roofs,
But their dying light is still sharp.

I wish the blizzard groaned all night,
Blinding a wayward eye,
Rather than hear the bugles howl
Calling a midnight Assembly.

Over the castle that reaches the stars,
The vesper is growing hot.
A visitor came to me from the dark
With a gleaming steel of the sword.

¹ triarius - a heavily armored Roman soldier of a higher order that stood in the third row of a Roman maniple

² hastatus - a spearman whose place was in the first row; consequently, the meaning of the last two lines is: "I am anxious to join the battle" - Notes by Boris Roginsky from the Collections of R. Mandelstam's poems, St. Petersburg, 2006

* * *

Today the evening is dreadfully hot.
The dreams are full of you today,
The cloud kisses the moon's shoulder, but
Cholera plagues Florence again,

And people die, but you and I
With friends but without slaves around,
A merry and colorful crowd,
Are telling tales in the valley of the Po.

I dreamed that you were a queen.
You ordered me to tell a tale
About the anxiety in a sick world,
But I could not utter a word.

You said, "Well, never mind:
The grave is waiting for its prey," -
You ordered your obedient friends
To pour poison in my wine.

The cloud stretched as a black pennant,
The moon meekly bore her cross,
I knew about the poison but drained the cup
And was poisoned, and the dream was gone.

*The night is called...Old Dante
Falls out from my hands.
An unfinished verse
Freezes unread on my lips -
And my spirit flies far away...
A. S. Pushkin*

1.
The ages cannot flow back,
As I cannot write in terza rimas,
The poet's hand dropped a sword,
Like a Gibbelin's hand crushed by a Gwelf.

A transparent row of Roman numerals
To me is like matches put crosswise:
They can barely evoke, if at all,
The infinite beauty of Beatrice.

2.
Adorned with flowers, Venice lies,
And Dante's boat is in the pier,
But a student is doomed to study here,
In St. Mark's library's dust and heat.

The Bridge of Kisses¹, the Bridge of Sighs²,
Though all is new to an exile,
His soul would rather fly
To Florence even risking life.

3.
A Capuchin is lucky in love,
Suffering is the poet's doom:
Your sinful son, oh God, to You
Entrusts the bliss of Beatrice.

3 August 1953

¹ The bridge over Moika river in St. Petersburg

² A famous bridge in Venice - Notes by I. Probststein

* * *

Fragile glassy sheaf of straw,
A sheaf of rains over a grey roof,
The stars were fading, and then came dawn:
The metronomes hammered
White silver chains for her.

It was a thaw -
But it was freezing.
The glowing bronze cast of the skies withered;
Having burned down,
The evening fainted over the canal.

The waves in the window's mirror faded,
Turning into a murky glass -
- How many boats have you rocked, waves?
- How many clouds passed?

- How many stars have bloomed today
On the purple banner of the clouds?
- How many thoughts were born to the world?
- How many new flowers will bloom?

Who would count? What's the point of it?
No flower has ever bloomed for count.
The city is sleeping - sea winds
Are sweeping it with their wet brooms.

20 March 1954

Variant

* * *

Fragile glassy sheaf of straw,
A sheaf of rains over a grey roof,
The stars were fading, and then came dawn:
The metronomes hammered
White silver chains for her.

It was a thaw -
But it was freezing.
The glowing bronze cast of the skies withered;
Having burned down,
The evening fainted over the canal.

It was a thaw,
Cloudless and wet.
As always, citizens struggled for peace
And cursed the war
Behind the window, glossy as mica.

The waves in the window's mirror faded,
Turning into a murky glass -
- How many boats have you rocked, waves?
- How many clouds passed?

- How many stars have bloomed today
On the purple banner of the clouds?
- How many thoughts were born to the world?
- How many new flowers will bloom?

Who would count? What's the point of it?
No flower has ever bloomed for count.
The city is sleeping - a sea wind
Is sweeping it with its wet broom.

Hurry, night! Your end is near.
In the grey depth of the corridor's gloom
Under the wing of a huge idea
Astronauts are dreaming about the moon.

March 1954

* * *

A gust of wind rushes in circles,
Not a light ahead,
Only over the circus
Whirls 'Wan Yu Li' in red.

Darkness hurls down
To hide perhaps from itself
Pectoralis's stinking jaw,
Smelling of plague.

A red shivering cry
Is smeared among the clouds overhead
The snowstorm raises its beard
To the sign "Circus" high in the sky.

Maestro

A tipsy forte of a restaurant orchestra
Hails freedom and sings of love.
Drunkards might be uneasy, yet only a pub
Is the place to speak of desires that poison blood.

They weep from joy and laugh from sorrow,
Only a sober waiter is sad these days.
For he's learned long ago what will follow
If the heart sinks in a drunk daze.

Soaring over the crowd like a black raven, maestro
Makes withered dreams bloom again...
- Oh, a false forte of a restaurant orchestra
Love blooms on freedom's grave.

20 September 1954

FFF (Three Forte)

Through the laces of hazy larches,
Reading a clash of the swords,
I am sharp as a cannon's shot,
Like a banner mocked by the wind's gust.

When the clouds bring the moon
To adorn gulfs and bays,
I stretch my arm
Over a mute world.

Then paper turns into stone
Under the weight of bold words:
- I like the loneliness of a flag
In the laughing throat of the skies!

Gostinyi Dvor Department Store

Let Hyksoses plunder Egypt
And Leonidas perish in the chasm, -
Peaches! Blue trays with peaches
Filled our days with a marvelous scent.

Oh, those funny Etruscan vases
(They won't please even a crank!)
- A toilet bowl! Please take one,
Porcelain, blue-white as a bridge!

Cut rabbit fur - won't tell from mouton
(Sounds more feathery than the trills of nightingales) -
Silky like the thighs of Madonna
And cool like her delicate nails!

Born from a rosy foam,
Simple and bright as a goddess,
A peach, golden as Mycenae,
A peach, pink as an ass.

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. *Collected Poems* of T. S. Eliot in Russian with Dr. Probstein's 50-page introduction, 65-page commentaries just came out in Moscow's Astrel Publishing. Mr. Probstein is also one of the three translators alongside Andrei Sergeev and Victor Toporov.

А проћи ће тако брзо да нећемо ни
приметити како опојни хмељ
првих младица
постаде звонко злато октобарско.
"Љубави моја, сестро моја..."

2

"Вољена моја",
Хладна си као ветар што дува пред кишу,
када
се нагињеш
и
када косе твоје падају на моје лице.
Не питај ме
ништа.
Ништа, ти и ја само сада исти...
И
ако си нежна као некада
Не питај ме
ништа.
Не питај.

3

"Љубави моја",
Преживљавања науку смо како-тако
изучили - попут птица и децу треба подизати
и
волети,
да те не оставе.
У свеопштој срећи бирати самоћу.
Не плачи, "вољена моја", шта ћеш.
После љубави и животиња је тужна.
После дугогодишње љубави можемо и
ми да приуштимо себи мало туге,

Де, приушти је себи цвеће шумско
баштенско пољско,
прекрива се росом, док сунца нема још.

Из једне прелазимо у другу, опевајући копрене на крхким празнинама, док се не излије вино чуђења. Ту треба руке подметнути.

Али деца, стиснувши у песнице макове поноћне до побелелих зглобова, прилазе и радознало проматрају властито појаву. Чудно је, ипак,

Како је чудно када се опет удаљаваш.

Ко ће ме по повратку познати?

Као да нисам ни годину живео.

Опрезност.

Пажња.

Усредсређеност.

Од свих стања, да сам жена, одабрао бих за себе чекање,

Али зачућеност над речју од говора ме удаљава.

И тако, не рекавши ни речи...

7

Ал' шта је самоћа!

Наклоњено нам је небо данас -

Камен необичне лепоте краси

врх целога дана.

И шта је кобно протицање времена? -

Када улицама можемо да корачамо несметано,

Као да далеко напред Диониса узресмо,

овенчаног влажним лишћем гроздова,

Као да је Исус далеко испред

Плеше Исус са голубом сињега паперја на росноме рамену.

Постаје јачи северни ветар.

Сипати вино. Просипати вино по земљи, по себи,

на камење, на маховину мрку у сувом

опалом

лишћу.

У папрат проспите,
Јер очи су одавно пијане чуђењем.
Крај је и вину.
Пресуше и усне.
И није то знање сакривено у овим речима.
Прах се у шачици не види.
Руке ко свирала-трска на уснама дубоко
 уклесаним у земљу сенки, -
Како су лака била наша тела.
Наклоњено је небо према земљи данас.
Благонаклони су према нашем путу месец и небеске звезде.

Из
јесени у лето
прелазимо,
Из
лета прелазимо у зиму,
Из слободе у слободу - ликујемо,
као да је до дна испијена бушна чаша губитака.

8

- Струјање ноћи, чујеш ли? Кораџи.
Звездани дашак приближен тамом.
Ко плод заветни, сладчајши мних глас,
 Отежан наговештајем речи,
И контуре му нежно рањавају тебе и мене.
Чији је?
Зашто пониче у сумраку моћном дебала,
Изобличује схватање времена и простора,
 успоменом на пад, што су у уму?
Лет?
Глас ко глас. Није за усне а ни за грло.
Загледајући се у таму нерођеног облака
Кажеш да се може и измислити глас.
Измислити уста, преопорођена дисањем,
Да изјутра избледи поток шумова, напева,
 шкрипа коре, месечином дарованих утвара,

Један у низу могућих исказа.
Равнотежа преобиља и распршености.

Mirjana Petrovic-Filipovic, poet, translator and literary scholar, was born in Tallinn in 1976. She has translated poetry and prose of such authors as Akhmatova, Tsvetaeva, Nabokov, Dragomoschenko, Skidan, Petrova, Sen-Senkov, and others, as well as works of literary criticism. For her poetry collection "*Palimpsest*" (2007) she was awarded the literary prize of the town of Kragujevac as the best first poetry book of the year. She is living in Belgrad.

Павел Арсениев
Павел Арсенъев

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

Бележка на преводача

*Връзката между думите възможно е било създадена в друго време
Л. Витгеншайн*

В Кингс Колидж има пожар.
Не говори глупости.
Какъв е обектът на желанието ти?
Бих искал в стаята да влезе мистър Смит.
Сигурен ли сте, че точно това искате?
Разбира се, би трябвало да знам какво искам.
Не говори глупости.
Бих искал да се случи това и това.

Това, в което вярваш не се явява факт.

Страхувам се.
Страхувам се от нещо, не знам от какво.
Където и да си трябва да стигнеш
откъдето и да идва това
към мястото, от което си излязъл.

Защо предполагаш, че болката в зъба ти се отнася към факта,
че се държиш за бузата.

...
Безусловно, съществуват свършено определени действия
в представата,
че друг изпитва болката.

Мен никога не са ме учили
да съотнасям дълбочината на водата под земята
с усещанията на ръката ми
но когато чувствам определено напрежение в нея,
думите "3 фута" веднага възникват
в съзнанието ми.

Разбира се, че червеното съществува,
трябва да видите това,
ако можете да си го представите

Увеличеното очно налягане
възпроизвежда червени образи.

В Кингс Колидж има пожар.
Не говори глупости.

Бих искал да се случи това и това.

*Колко странен механизъм в този случай
би трябвало да бъде желанието ни,
ако можехме да желаем това,
което никога няма да се изпълни.*

Разбира се, това не е всичко,
но ти можеш да построиш много
по-сложни случаи, ако поискаш.

Ние трябва
да говорим по-тихо
за значението на израза
"забравено значението на думата".

Бележа на преводача:
Това никога така и не беше
Направено.

Краят на август

своевременното напускане на сградата на съвместното ни
малко преди пълното ѝ разрушаване
е синдром на шрьодингер

ако нещо съществува, то задължително
има порнографска употреба
старецът в метрото свирещ на гусла
и пеещ нещо за "сладостта на погледа"
семејството - тази машината за унищожаване на чувствата

в италианските филми архитектурата позволява
да се заснеме влака от втория етаж: ти гледаш от горе
"разхождах се в този район и не мога да намеря мястото
където преподавах някога"
не бягай, не фотографирай, have fun

"и за да не бърка с клейн,
аз му казвам коайн"
когарто съдът изиграва съдията
балансът между трезвостта и опиянението е нарушен

Pavel Arsenjew, 1986, poet, artist, and theorist was born in Leningrad. He studied literary theory at the University of St. Petersburg. He is the author of two books, his poems have been published in a number of poetic anthologies, as well as in literary journals in Russia and abroad. He is editor of literary-theoretical almanac *Translit*, organizer of literary festivals and art exhibitions. As an artist he took part in exhibitions including a personal one. His poems have been translated into English, Italian, Danish, Bulgarian and Polish. He was awarded Andrey Bely Prize in 2012.

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.

Alexander Kabanov

Александр Кабанов

Translated by Ian Probstein*

* * *

We've been waiting for each other
for hundreds of winter years -
ice is in the sockets of our eyes
and a snow mound is in our throats.
There's neither love nor hate:
they left and turned off the light.
It seems a bit longer and there
will be no darkness either.

What is there to be said
or be silent about?
Silence is a favor to all tongues.
Water and stars
smell of sealing wax,
embraced, we are
waiting for each other again.

1996

* * *

Someone's rightness is boring, my own doesn't bother me
as before,
it has wires in multicolored old rags:
a yellow wire to a shoal, a silver one to a star over the road -
cut them all mercilessly off, just don't touch that violet one,
don't touch it because poetry is an odd stuff:
what was needed cleared the dark and blew happily to pieces,
everybody's pain is just tickling now,
a suburb is covered forever with eucalypt snow.

Hey, Crimea in torn jersey rags, you lost an evil empire,
I'll bend over you and kiss your temple till I expire,
the keys stuck, the words suck, and the music begs for a replay:
Times New Roman, baby.ua¹, and a grey bad wolf
is watching through a monitor window.

2005

* * *

We do not sleep, though buried in snow,
optimistic radio babble breathes down
my neck foreboding of choice,
a draught of discarded good.

A round table, home brew,
the sides of pickled tomatoes.
Talk, life, talk at the interview
of death. While the windows

of casinos and drugstores are
covered with sticky slurry stuff,
a downcast century guards
a maternity ward in an age-long curfew.

Those guns, stamens, pistils are
on both sides of a foreign movie,
ink crosses at the cemetery
with zeros hanging above,

yet it smells of school, not a plank-bed berth,
pickled cucumbers are so cool:
...that classroom, those heavy thighs
of the teacher from a Kherson school.

2007

¹The Internet country code for Ukranian domains

* * *

If I loved my body,
a black body adorned with carving,
and they would whisper to me, Anderson and Pamela,
"Alex, Al, what have you done to yourself, darling?"

Plantain is in my shoulders,
mistletoe blooms in my heart,
heather is ceaselessly rustling in my armpit weeds,
oh, if I had loved my body,
who would have waited on me hand and foot?

Who would have put it in Ararat's arc,
a crinkly body with a scum of dreams,
as a pipe coil for making homemade booze
or the foundation, the basics, the cornerstone.

2013

* * *

Between noughts and crosses,
a cemetery and a chapel,
kids are butchering white rabbits
and don't believe in the Holocaust at all.

The view above is nice,
it smells of alder's lime,
and Rh is positive now,
but it was bad once.

Life skates on roller blades
along the cemetery fences,
and the air of the former city of Leningrad
is dense with rabbits' blood.

All the curbs and thresholds fell asleep,
a boneless crescent shines on height,
buy, comrades, knives,
train your kids tonight.

10 July 2013

Accidental arson

Then a Firecat flew down to me to have supper,
to have a smoke, to knock at the window with claws,
to trade books and to drink some grappa
while the sun was rising on its both paws.

A water jet from a hose in foam and hiss
woke up a tasty Phoenix-fish
with orchids growing from its muzzle
and jelly wings in ketchup drenched.

It took my wife twenty years to come back
to Ithaca - I embraced her like my faithful dog
while those years would ring in me like a bow-string, which
didn't ignite a question: with whom did you hang out, bitch?

27 February 2014

* * *

The clouds in the pools of the Podol¹
are surely Jewish since
they dry up. And then
here goes Chen,
a Chinese, bent like a horseshoe,
doomed to happiness and some carrots.
This flat world is stuttering like
an innocent, innocent,
innocent vinyl LP
scratched a bit -
a shriek comes out of the shrubs.
It was heard - cops rush
from a copper dark.
Those who didn't hide will be tied up,
and the emergency brake will break.

¹ A famous shopping district in Kiev, Ukraine

Entire Podol is strong coffee
Out of nothing instantly dissolved in the crowd.
First, one has to puff at it lo-ong enough,
Then forget about hemlock - and drink.

Alexander Kabanov , born 1968, is a Russian poet residing in Kiev, Ukraine, a graduate of the School of Journalism of Kiev State University (1992). The author of nine books of poetry and numerous publications in major Russian literary journals, Kabanov is said to be one of the leading poets of his generation. He was awarded several prestigious literary prizes, among which are the Russian Prize, International Voloshin Prize, Anthologia Prize, *Novy Mir* Literary Magazine Award for the best poetry publication of the year, and some others. His poems have been translated into German, English, Dutch, Ukrainian, Kazakh, and some other languages. From 2005 Kabanov is the chief editor of the journal of contemporary culture SHO (WHAT) and coordinator of the International poetry festival Kiev Lavry (Laurels).

Anna Głazowa
Анна Глазова

Przełożył Tomasz Pierzchała*

Translated into Polish by Tomasz Pierzchała*

* * *

tak powyginaliśmy ścianę,
że wszystkie drzwi - na zewnątrz,
a morze - w środku,
i wszystkie rzeki płyną po czerwonych dywanach,
po których, z reguły, idą okrętową stopą
wszystkie wzory – kwiaty,
jeśli widzieć przez łodygę.
tak powyginaliśmy krystaliczne morze,
że w środku – tylko noc,
aby i w ciemnościach, i przy świetle jarzeniówki
widzieć powietrze i światło.

twoja jesień

kanapka
szyjka butelki
krzywy rybi kręgosłup
liście
ochładza się

popada w omdlenie
(cztery płyty)
czarna
otchłań

targ rozcięty palec
karton
podróż w głąb
przez mgłę
to co robisz
piszesz w sprawie

to co pamiętasz
pusty portfel

obłoki siadają na ramiona
spoconym dupskiem

zimny pot

* * *

gdy znajdziesz w lesie śpiącego,
odciągnij mu od powiek rękę,
odtocz z kolan kamienie.
pomyśl jemu
to, co jest.
połóż na siebie jego ciężar,
odniesiesz nad morze.

śpiący nosi na wydechu
ciemny spokój.
weźmie od ciebie słowo
ogłuszonymi w nocy uszami
i wróci, rak do muszli,
przestrzeń w twoje chciwe
wdychające usta.

niech pamięć,
gdy odtoczyła się,
wróci przyprływy listowiu,
pod drzewami słycać
i maleńki szum.

Anna Glazova, is a specialist in study of literature, translator from German and a poet. She is an author of three books of poetry: *Pust' i Voda* (Moscow, 2003), *Petlia. Nevolovinu* (Moscow, 2008) and *Dlya Zemleroyki* (2013). She was awarded Andrei Bely Prize in 2013.

Tomasz Pierzchała, born in 1968, is a Polish translator of English, Russian and Ukrainian. He lives in Świdnica, Poland. Since 2006 he has been translating Russian and Ukrainian contemporary poetry and prose. He collaborates with Russian and Ukrainian artists, poets and writes. He has translated such authors as: Shamshad Abdullaev, Pavel Arsenev, Andrey Sen-Senkov, Anna Glazova, Alexander Skidan, Alexei Tsvetkov jun., Kirill Korchagin, Leonid Tishkov, Dmitry Kuzmin, Kirill Medvedev, Pavel Pepperstein, Sergey Timofeev, Maxim Borodin, Sergey Zhdanov, Tatyana Zamirovskaya etc. For further information visit

<http://tompierzchala.wordpress.com/>

Анри Волохонски
Анри Волохонский

Превод: Мирјана Петровић*

Translated into Serbian by Mirjana Petrovic*

Делфин

Талас носи пред таласом други
А међ њима покретач духа влаге
Час винут сав увис, час с виси у вода пенаст прах
Он пада, час изнова у врху ветрова
Ал верно таласи му следе
Без мере, уобличене редом
Валомноговалнократног његова
Свевалшћа плесак - морско чедо
Бог му је мора невелик с неба
Подсмешљива њушка, модри враг
Дакле, зарони, да с блеском уназад бациш
У слани сок стег ко живу
У млеко мора груди наге
Стисни ружном губицом драгом
Пробуди вал, и буди верни друг му ти
С вала свргнув у њ облину круте кичме
Реп у бели траг уложи свој трофеј
Лети, узвишене маније Орфеју,
Торзос тела свезачарав у пене кошнице
Жељене медне у воде лице
Вавек у таласу - света пчело
Пиј океан непомична чела.

*© Мирјана Петровић, Mirjana Petrovic

David Shraye-Petrov

Давид Шраер-Петров

Runner Begoon*

Translated into English by Maxim D. Shraye

for Yosef Begun

I had a dream
A huge stadium
Flung open like a giant's ear;
A ravine or a canyon
Filled with stones to the brim.
With stones or heads?
I peered at them:
Red, rough hewn, hollering stones,
Thousands, hundreds of thousands in the grandstands,
All--meaty faces, glittering mica eyes.

* Translator's Note: Titled "Бегун" in the original Russian and composed in March 1987 in Moscow, this long poem originally circulated in the Jewish *samizdat* and was subsequently published in the USA, originally in the anthology *Klub poëtov. 1994* (New York, 1994). The English translation appears here for the first time. The poem's oneiric narrative was informed by the refusenik protests that took place in Moscow in February 1987 and led to the release of Yosef Begun, the famous refusenik activist and prisoner of Zion, from incarceration. In Russian, Begun's last name literally means "runner" and is pronounced "be-goon" with the stress on the second, long syllable. The poem centers around a play on the meaning of Begun's last name; this paronomastic wordplay can be only partially rendered in English translation--hence this solution. For more information about Begun, go to http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iosif_Begun.

The translator thanks Professor Andrew Sofer (Boston College) - poet and critic - for his generous comments on a draft of this translation.

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English translation copyright © by Maxim D. Shraye. All rights reserved.

Their stone jaws were chewing,
Ghastly lips were spitting,
Massive fists were brandishing bricks,
And their traps were savagely screaming:
"BEGOON, RUNNER BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON..."
So even a Mongol or Hunnic warrior would grow numb.
In my sleep I fought off with my hands
Their clutches pouring at me like dirty bottles.
Meanwhile, enraged, they knocked their skulls
Against the ferroconcrete stands:
"BEGOON, RUNNER BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON..."
He ran. I shielded him from the deluge
Of bottles, bare, green and furious
Because a bald liar had brought them out of swamps.
And a martyred magus had seduced them with Nazarene oil,
They now threatened to burst from the stone chalice,
They threatened with supreme and righteous penance:
"How dare you touch Russian strings, your hands unclean,
BEGOON, RUNNER BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON..."

Passing through death's final spiral,
Catching particles of God's breath,
Showered with shards of glass, cigarette butts and slurs,
Wiping off bloody sweat with his angelic palm,
He gasps out:
"I didn't touch Russian strings. We're strangers.
I never tried to pass for one of you,
Though I've embraced you as we wallowed together
In prison bunks, in perineums of ditches;
Though our sweat is equally bloody, spelled out likewise,
I'm a Jew,
I never tried to pass for a Russian."

The stadium howls: "Then why did you stay?
Don't mess with our haystacks.
Run! There you'll find manna and capon.
Bear it! Scram!
BEGOON, RUNNER BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON..."

Where to run?
Where can he run?
A trench-coated troop has blocked the gates.
Ominious companies stand in the aisles.
Where to run?
To gulp down his soul
And in the stadium's stone gut
To RUN, TO RUN, TO RUN, TO RUN, RUN, RUN.

Where am I?
In my dream above him am I flying?
"Stop, RUNNER BEGOON," I say to him,
"Stop or your heart will fly away
Into the boundless ether toward searing heights."
"Stop? How can you say that, my dear boy?
You see: between the stone wall,
The yelling bowl of the stadium and me--
Open space, pit, asphalted ground--
A dozen women, like a dozen verses.
It wouldn't take much to crush them,
To beat them up or tear them to pieces,
A dozen refusenik women standing there,
Each--a poster on her breast.
You see, your wife's among them,
Her poster says: RELEASE BEGOON!
My boy, I cannot break the host of guards,
Nor can I wrest these women from the stadium's maw,
Just as neither the public, nor this armed host
Can wrest a groan from me.
And as a RUNNER I have nothing left
But TO RUN, TO RUN, TO RUN, TO RUN, RUN, RUN.
For how long?
Forever.
I know this for sure.
To run from chilly Palm Sundays
Where people carry broken-off sprays.
My dear boy, we cannot escape.

"I am the Wandering Jew,
I am the Flying Dutchman,
The spring of a stone womb,
The mechanism
Holding in check the Russian aphorism
That links the salvation of Russia
With the slaughter of a potential Messiah.
So that's my fate; my star:
To run to the roar of stone gullets,
To run before the tommy guns of guards,
To run before the trembling wings of angelic posters,
To run to the sound of your angular poems,
Which you, my boy, recite to friend or foe.
I am the Wandering Jew of Russia.
I am BEGOON, RUNNER BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON..."

Am I dreaming?
Or am I at the Stygian shore,
Against which oblivious waves go on lapping?
"Why do you run from liberty and freedom?
Give me your hand, BEGOON, I'll help you leap over these walls."
"I can't, my boy, just leave them here,
I can't give up or stop or disappear,
Stygian waves have rolled up to the feet of refusenik women,
I can't swerve from my course or lose it,
I can't slow down my step; can't fly away with you.
It would mean their death.
Heads of the crowd will roll, like stone cannonballs,
Brick fists will crush and maul.
You'll never see your wife again.
My freedom? Could that ever be a tribute
To the loneliness of your remaining days?"
"But what about the guards?"
"Like a narrow creek, the guards
Will run into the sand, will shake off their fatigues
And merge with the crowd,

Their mica eyes
Madly sparkling amid the rattling stones.
And there will be no one left in the stadium:
No guards, women or stormy crowd.
But in the center, where the refusenik women stood before,
There will be a pile of cannonballs or skulls; a sepulcher.

From behind the stadium walls--a newborn rumble,
Newborn columns streaming here
From Frya, from Lyu, from Mee,
Should I, should you--why should we rile them up?
In their country these hordes spawn legally and freely,
Guards and stone thugs arise steadily
Without needing bulls, safe conducts or decrees."
"What should we do, BEGOON?"
"My boy, I'll keep running around
Inside the stadium--to hold them back."
But how to run before the stone grandstands
Without troubling Russian strings?"

BEGOON, RUNNER BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON, BEGOON...

Moscow, March 1987

David Shraye-Petrov (Давид Шраер-Петров) was born in 1936 in Leningrad (St. Petersburg), debuted as a poet in the 1950s, and emigrated to the USA in 1987. Presently retired from medical research, Dr. Shraye-Petrov lives in Brookline, Massachusetts with his wife Emilia Shraye. The latest among his twenty-four Russian books are *The Story of My Beloved* (Moscow, 2013), a novel, and *Nevan Poems* (St. Petersburg, 2011), a poetry collection. Three volumes of Shraye-Petrov's fiction, *Jonah and Sarah: Jewish Stories of Russia and America* (2003), *Autumn in Yalta: A Novel and Three Stories* (2006), and *Dinner with Stalin and Other Stories* (2014), have appeared in English translation, edited by his son Maxim D. Shraye and published by Syracuse University Press/Library of Modern Jewish Literature. For more information, visit <http://fmwww.bc.edu/SL-V/Dsp.html>

Maxim D. Shroyer (Максим Д. Шраер), Shroyer-Petrov's son, is a bilingual author and translator and Professor of Russian, English, and Jewish Studies at Boston College. Shroyer's recent books include *I SAW IT: Ilya Selvinsky and the Legacy of Bearing Witness to the Shoah* (2013) and *Leaving Russia: A Jewish Story* (2013). His *Anthology of Jewish-Russian Literature* won a 2007 National Jewish Book Award. For more information, visit www.shroyer.com

Viktor Ivaniv

ВИКТОР ИВАНІВ

Prevedla v slovenščino Jelka Ciglenečki*

Translated into Slovene by Jelka Ciglenecki*

Pesem za Mariji Kuzanski

V odeji nosiš kamne
Na glavi je chapeau
In topel je cacao
In lahen je triko

V New Yorku bi živel
Odšel bi sam v snu
V roki izvijač je
In kača je v senu

Nebo je danes sivo
A jutri ti zajočeš
Počakaš na amebo
Ta star rogljič zahočeš

Slovo spet moje to je
Če spet me več ne bo
Počakaj tu Džedaja
Če brez sledu izginem

Nebo je danes sivo
Počakaj me zvečer
Kot boksar je gibljivo
Komolcev tvojih zver

* © Jelka Ciglenečki, Jelka Ciglenecki

Še mavrice bi rado
Zakaj so le na begu
A trámvajsko orado
In Zlatka je na snegu

Nebo je danes sivo
Tvoj mackintosh na meni
Tam suknjič je esera
Na oknu prst rumeni

Nebo je danes sivo
Na oknu prsti mladi
Oksanka Zlatka Vera
V tebe do pomladi

* * *

Vidum samo samo samo samo honey moon
Vse ostalo je je je Ban Ki-moon
Vse ostalo je je je Park Ji-Sung
A Pakistanke ne pripeljejo very soon

Jaz drink Red label in red jeans in red in red
Kozo sem poznal hripavo kričal in miš kot taburet
Vse to to to very soon
Kako ti ta imena pristajajo

Toda ta dance macabre macabre je minil
In vse je postalo no zelo zelo dobro
Živel sem bogu iza nogu
Če hočeš potrdil je mnogo

Vse to je zelo zelo zelo dobro
Aj nou z sikret našel sem jo
Vem to je je je honey moon
In tabureta se ne dotikam kot racoon

* * *

Kristalna ladja je razbita
Za stenami zamrznjenih
Za radostjo je obratno
Po truplih zemlje sprevodi
Cvetenje cvetic v steklenem rosenju dežja po steklu
Trepalnic zamrznjenih v ivju
Izpod čepice petelinčka
Poteptanega
Ne uplahne
Kot rana hematoma stigma
Psihadelična vojska je uničena
Kristal, ki se ga lahko gleda le s priprtimi očmi
Razjedel se je po vseh sklepkih
Okostnjakov
Spojenih
In krastami veselja stigmami izginulega ognja
Pokaže se smrtna bolezen
Uničenje
Zastava ne bo več zavihrala
Z vašo krvjo
Zrušeno v smrt
V uničenje
V uničenje
In žalosten zvit film mirne krajine
Zavesa utrgana leta večnega
Le uničenje
Uničenje
Vojske veselja ni več
Uničena je
Do zadnjega
In obrata ne bo
Ne bo prišel
In se nadaljuje
Z vrha poševno in dol do trebuha
Kristalno kot noč
Uničenje

* * *

K. B.

Dolgo pada v sen tovornjak
Piha samum in nemogoče je dihati v stepskem letališču
Močno trepeta na starem majhnem letalu
Besno so v cunje zaviti ljudje na postajah
Ničesar nočem samo resnico
Od jutra mislim mislim mislim s trdom in pišem
Da je resnica narava umetnost le slovo
Sem na železniški postaji moder soj svetilk nad daljno potjo
Mesto je leglo v šibično škatljico
Žveplo bo zgorelo osvetlilo stare obraze hiše krojačev
Ki trohni na soncu na nočnem sprehodu z zgodbo
V izbruhih časa kot majhna trgovina
Lahkih poslavljanj ne morem jesti počasi
Vzemirjeno gleda kako joče utrujen otrok
In srečanje pomiri in končajo se krči
Pripovedovalca ki je pijančeval v steklih krst in zaporniških celicah
Tople rokavice plašč in kavo podari milijonarki
Srečanje na postaji splavov kratka izguba
Zavesti vlak drvi dolgega branja poldrugo uro
Pomagal je sestri v vagon kdo še podarja vero v resnico
in v to da je življenje mogoče

Viktor Ivaniv was born in 1977 in Nowosibirsk. He graduated from the Nowosibirsk State University. He is the author of two collections of poetry and five books of fiction. His works have been published in numerous literary journals and anthologies. In 2009 he received Andrey Bely Prize for fiction and was among laureates of the same prize in 2012. In 2003 he was awarded International David-Burljuk-Futurismus-Prize. He is working as a librarian in Nowosibirsk.

Jelka Ciglenceki, 1980, was born in Ptuj and now lives in Ljubljana, Slovenia. She studied comparative literature and Russian language and literature at the Academy of Arts in Ljubljana. She spent one year in Moscow studying Russian literature at the Peoples' Friendship University. She translates Russian poetry and prose into Slovene (Gazdanov, Bitov, Dovlatov, Dragomostchenko, Fanailova, Ivaniv etc.). She is a member of Slovene Translators' Association and Slovene Literary Critics' Association. In 2008 she received Stritar's Award for Best Slovene Literary Critic.

Four Centuries Library

Here are the books donated to the Library:

In German

66. Achmatowa, Anna: Ein niedagewesener Herbst. Gedichte. Deutsch von Sarah Kirsch und Rainer Kirsch. Berlin: Verlag Kultur und Fortschritt, 1967

67. Mandelstam, Ossip: Armenien, Armenien. Prosa, Notizbuch, Gedichte 1930-1933. Aus dem Russischen übertragen und herausgegeben von Ralph Dutli. Zürich: Ammann Verlag, 1994

68. Rilke, Rainer Maria: Ausgewählte Werke. Band II. Prosa und Übertragungen. Insel, 1951 <Gedichte von Lermontow and Hippius>

