

KLEOPATRA
P.K.Yavorov

The heavy steps of the almighty Roman,
long echoed down on the marble floor;
for her his bitter words were most uncommon -
to sound inside this hall with golden door...
O, vanity! The noble Caesar's son
was not her lover but a man of duty,
in vain the queen unveiled her glowing beauty,
his brave heart yet remained as cold as stone.
She had expected fast and easy gain,
but now, instead, was shamefully defeated,
her kisses, heralds of her golden reign,
he just humiliated and omitted.

Where were they - hopes that were intensely beaming?-
the flowers of her soul, so young and fresh?
Before the mirror, like in fervent dreaming,
she tore her dress to see the avid flesh,
obsessed by dark suspicion, zeal and fear:
"Tell me, o, metal, if the nails of ages
have grasped already me in their cages
and made my beauty ripe to disappear?
My royal palm, is it by Time now ordered
to yield to winter all its fruits and leaves
and to become with death and ruins bordered,
until I shall be conquered by the grieves?

She raised her head. Abundant ebony river
of hairs in random beauty freely fled
and occupied a comfortable bed
on naked shoulder with a tender shiver.
Enchanted by the metal, beaming charms,
the queen was looking full of admiration
at her reflected face with veneration
like vestal-virgin in Astarta's arms.
She knelt before her own magic figure
and bowed as if it were a mighty god,
and never spoken frenzy words a lot

erupted through her lips with angry rigour:

" The dark self-jealous demons call for vengeance!
Not gods but god-like men enjoyed my love!
The Roman eunuch tarred me with his laugh -
so the immortal Apis now revenges
my sins but, Isis, here I proudly swear,
no mortal man will come more with caresses
to overcome my body. Virgin dresses
I will put on and only them shall wear..."
Oziris watched her from a distant cloud,
and, hearing her grave sermon with disgust,
he did not answer but kept going South,
rejecting the repentance of the Lust.

The coming dawn sowed with desperation
the empty sanctuary of God-Snake,
invited by the queen her life to take...
In mourning fell her wizards and her nation.
As frozen passion in the golden bed
the queen was lying. The storm of hottest feeling
was over. Radiated from the ceiling
aromas now embraced the gorgeous dead.
Still as alive was she with her fine features
as though the world would her forever miss.
The ugly god of all infernal creatures
had sealed her lips with poison and a kiss.

(Translation from Bulgarian of Stefan K. Robev)

SHE RISES...

P.K. Yavorov

In light she rises - star of my unconscious dreaming,
and yet I long for light
for she has all the seeming
of ghost, though bright,
with rays of an unreal streaming.

O, hundred bodies, that I loved and afterwards rejected -
the sad remembrance of my ugly past,
look at her face, how she has resurrected
among your crowd, and will forever last!
I beg you to forgive my soul, with sins infected.

You all are cruelly humiliated
by this contagious jealousy of mine
against her beams - beloved and hated,
behind the border line
of happiness... As always belated...

CALL
P.K.Iavorov

Without noise roams Ghost of death
and covers all the planet with white blanket -
chilly night exhales its icy breath
on crowded valley as though tries to blank it.

I think of you, my dear mother,-there
in grave of stones you are, by earth embraced;
suffer I in fear, as if I were
in no-end-road by pack of hungry wolves chased.

Bent over walks the mean Ghost of death
and marks the graves with signs of dead endeavour,
as accomplice is the night with its caress
in sacred union with the death forever.

I know, mother, you are feeling cold
inside the depth of the eternal sadness,
I miss you in despair and I make bold
to say without you I am so close to madness!

Amazed now stops the ghastly Ghost of death
while the moon behind the clouds is hiding,
mighty voice is echoing without grace
and me to join the choir is inviting.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)

PRAYER
P.K.Iavorov

My soul is ferocious, bad and cruel.
Mother, watch
upon your fallen son, defeated in a duel
versus vice and evil in a batch.
A gentle hand holds my hand with a trembling -
hand of smiling child...
To what infernal land, the Paradise resembling,
I will lead her now tired and wild?

However you are here, Ghost, confident and tristful.
Mother, watch -
as midnight moon, of pity and of mist full,
tracks up robber's catch.
She, being child, tastes now the sweetness
of enjoying abysses of sin.
Am I not teaching her to witness
the hypocrisy with pleasant mien?

Through abyss to another abyss
treads, collecting witched flowers she,
and breathing their poisonous rabies,
where is going, does she see?
My soul is very hungry, very cool.
Mother, watch!
Install in both of us your rightful rule
and give the innocence your badge.

(Translated from Bulgarian Stefan K. Robev)