

## АХАСФЕР

Николай Лилиев

Заспиват вековете своя сън  
И пригвоздено времето трепери.  
Просторите не ронят звън,  
Но ти си буден, Ахасфере!

Къде в нощта, безкрайна глуха нощ,  
В зениците на кървав студ стопена,  
Отнасяш гибелната мощ  
На своята самота смутена?

Ще стихнат ли поройните води  
На твоято отчаяние без име,  
Щом трепнат първите звезди  
Сред небеса неугасими?

Ще се простре ли светлата ръка  
На Бога в заледените пустини,  
Да изведе като река  
Съня ти в сините долини?

Или щом трепнат първите звезди  
И времето пак своя ход отмери,  
Ще чуеш явствен глас "Бъди  
Проклет навеки, Ахасфере!"

О, блясък на звездите, отразен,  
Като любов,  
Като надежден зов,  
Напразно в тоя мразен миг, пред мен!

Аз стигам до пределната черта  
На своята черна скръб  
Без спомен скъп  
И без напътствена мечта.

И пак ме люшкат странни ветрила,  
И пак плющят  
И глъхнат в моя път  
На времето покорните весла.

Аз падам пак и моля, и греша,  
Но няма смърт  
Под тази няма твърд  
За моята изгубена душа.

Погледни! - Планините блестят  
И издигат високо в лазурите  
На мечтите кристалния съд.  
Но върти се пред мене снегът  
И в нощта, разлюляна от бурите,  
Несъгрените мисли горят.

Докога? - Дървесата зоват.  
Небесата ме срещат зачудени.  
Ветровете ме помнят на път.  
Докога?- Вековете летят.  
И надеждите трепват събудени  
На мечтите в кристалния съд.

Надеждите са будни,  
Но в тая тежка нощ,  
Безкрайна, безначална,  
Полята са безлюдни,  
Земята е без вожд,  
Земята е печална.

Студени сенки раснат  
По нейното лице,  
разрѣфали одежди,  
И затъмнени гаснат,  
Заклучили ръце,  
Най-светлите надежди.

Чаках години,  
Чакам и днес  
Пътник да мине  
С благата вест:  
Чудо се носи  
Вред по света:  
Снощи Христос се  
Върнал с нощта.  
В глухите степи,  
В глухия мрак,

Срещнал е слепи,  
Дал им е зрак.  
Още не звъннал  
Утринен звън  
Морни и сънни  
Вече са вън.  
С блясък в душите,  
С пламнал възторг,  
Чакат честити  
Младия Бог.

Исусе, аз те виждам - о, този скърбен лик  
И сълзите горчиви на светъл мъченик!

Исусе, аз те чувам - божествени слова  
се ронят и замират сред тъмната мълва.

Край тебе вик се носи, там бичове хлестят  
И ти вървиш отруден по своя стръмен път.

Устата ми позорни мълвят несвятна реч  
И тази реч се внизва у тебе като меч.

Ти чуваш ясно всичко - измамните слова,  
И тъмните закани, и тъмната мълва.

И спираш да починеш и в твоите очи  
Аз виждам своята клетва - тя пламва, тя звучи:

-Да няма мир за тебе, и вечно сам в нощта  
Да скиташ, докогато се върна пак в света!

Исусе, ти ме чуваш! Аз страдам, аз търпя...  
Ела, благослови ме, навеки за заспя!

Негли зад пустинното море  
Оживяло от внезапен крясък  
Ще ме срещнат тримата царе  
Каспар, Мелхиор и Балтазар,  
Озарени от божествен блясък,  
Че се ражда на царете цар.

И в нощта по техните следи  
Аз ще тръгна радостно понесен

Под покров от сребърни звезди.  
Моят друм ще тъне в розов дим  
И в душата ведра млада песен  
Ще трепти подобно светъл химн.

И ще шепна вдъхновено аз:  
Нека бъде неговата воля  
Моя воля в този чакан час!  
И застанал в пещерата сам  
Аз пред тебе кротко ще се моля,  
Да измиеш моя вечен срам!

Да чакам ли? О, господи вземи  
Душата ми печално озарена  
От спомена за твоите земи,  
Разпръснати из цялата вселена!

Ти виждаш сам: пред твоите нозе  
И посоха, и скръбните скрижали,  
И всичко що животът ми не взе  
Преди ненавистта да ме пожали.

Ти виждаш колко много тъмен грях  
Излъчват моите спомени опасни!  
Спусни без жал завесата над тях  
И слънцето за мене да угасне!

Ти сложи пламък в моето сърце,  
Изпепелено то лежи пред тебе,  
И скръстени са скръбните ръце,  
Но няма кой мъртвеца да погребее.

Да чакам ли? - Годините не спят,  
От писъците земни ужасени,  
Виявици опасват моя път...  
О, господи, смили се ти над мене!

Напразно аз чакам да блеснат сред мрака  
В небесната твърд  
Звездите незнайни, предвестници тайни  
На моята смърт.

Напразно аз моля: Смили се над мене,  
Бъди милосърд!

Ти виждаш, в неволя са дните живени  
И в жажда за смърт.

Напразно! Отново в студената вечер  
Под нямата твърд  
Звучи твойто слово: О, скитнико вечен,  
(Безжалостен жребий!) да няма за тебе  
В пустинята смърт!

Отново свирят будни ветрове.  
О, този гневен плач на ветровете!  
Той мами и приканва, и зове,  
На кървав пир в полята зверовете.

Там от незнайни върхове нощта  
Се спуща над долините бездомна  
И с нея растне - съвест на света!-  
На Ахасфера сянката огромна.

A H A S F E R E  
Nikolay Liliev

The centuries are chained by mortal sleep,  
the nailed Time is tiresome and thirsty,  
on blind horizons - motionless and steep,  
you, Ahasfere, pray hopelessly for mercy.

Where are you going in the chilly night,  
with heavy eyelids melted by emotion,  
and carrying your most indignant might  
in solitude, eternal like the Ocean?

Shall ever stop the torrents of despair  
that fill your horrid sadness with affection  
to lead your dreams to hell and out of there  
if God decides to show you His perfection?

Shall ever God lend you a helping hand  
across the desert, full of sins and crises,  
and shall He bless the secret sacred land,  
where you'll find indulgence for your vices?

Or when the sparkling stars will rise again  
and Time will start again its tired morrow,  
you, full of fear and of biting pain,  
will hear "be damned with no egress from sorrow!"

O, brightness of reflected precious stars,  
like gracious love  
and blessing from Above,  
you still remind me my forgotten scars!

Despaired I reach my final border-line  
and here I stay  
without any ray,  
my destiny attempting to decline.

Again am shaken I by white strange sails  
and more and more,  
exactly like before,  
I hear the song of the recessing gales.

I want my cruel sadness to console,  
and to confess,  
but meet no soothing death  
for my abandoned and rejected soul.

How intensely the mountains beam!  
Look how rich is the brilliance of Heaven!  
In a crystal vase keep I my dream  
but the blizzard whirls up in its whim  
and the wild night, embraced by the Raven,  
longs for peace dedicated to Him.

Until when? The bleak forest demands,  
and the clouds, by which I am cherished,  
call the winds to blow over the lands  
and to cover with poisonous sands  
our happiness, long ago perished,  
but my shame still alive there stands.

The hopes still remain  
but in that frozen night -  
repulsive, dark and bad,  
the fields are nude again,  
the people have no sight,  
the people are so sad.

Bleak-facéd shadows wander  
on mournful grass and wood,  
with torn off silken dresses,  
in searching for a wonder  
to tame it, if they could,  
and cure my sore distresses.

Long I have waited  
waiting still yet,  
accumulated  
good news to get:  
marvel is running

over the earth  
"God sends His son in  
form of New birth.  
In distant prairie  
gave blind the sight,  
rendered them merry,  
nourished and bright".  
Outside are ringing  
camp-bells a lot,  
people are singing  
psalms to the God!

O, Jesus, You are here, I see Your tired face  
and all Your martyr tears I feel as my disgrace.

I hear Your splendid voice, Your speeches are divine,  
they are dispersed to vanish among the people's line.

The noisy shrieks are echoed, whips strike with fervent blow  
and to Your steep Golgotha You still relentless go.

Enraged my tongue keeps saying against You shameful  
words  
and they are penetrating in Your saint flesh like swords.

You stop for a while and in Your godlike eyes  
I see my condemnation, it menaces and cries:

"No peace to you and mercy! You'll wander, I command,  
until again I come back to this unhappy land!"

O, Jesus, You are seeing, my sadness is so deep,  
come on, give me Your blessing for an eternal sleep!

I shall meet beyond the desert sea,  
stricken by a sudden loud voice,  
the renown kings with their plea -  
Caspar, Melhior and Baltazar,  
being granted by the Heaven's choice,  
to proclaim the birth of Heaven's tsar.



I shall follow humbly their cars  
in the night with heart beset of faith  
under cover of the silver stars,  
pleasant song will blossom in my soul  
and my way shall pass through crimson rays  
till I reach my final sacred goal.

Full of inspiration I'll repeat:  
" Let it be respected His desire!"  
I will kneel before Your sainted feet,  
seeking with repentance healing means  
to extinct my most infernal fire  
with Your kind forgiveness of my sins.

To wait still more? O, Jesus Christ, please, take  
my poor soul with memories obsessed  
by countless worlds created for Your sake  
and spread to glorify Your greatness best.

Now frozen and forgotten still I pray  
with ancient sacrileges not forgiven,  
and thousand devils think my breasts are prey  
at which their talons might well be driven.

You see what enormous mortal sin  
irradiate my dreams and my endeavour,  
let fall the fatal curtain on my skin  
and let it take my vicious life forever.

You set on fire all my human heart -  
in ashes now it is standing here,  
without hope of getting a new start  
although my repentance is sincere.

To wait still more? The years are alert  
and frightened by the terrors of this planet!  
With snakes my ugly presages are girt...  
O, God, relax my restlessness and ban it!

I wait here in patience for stars, scintillations  
to give me a bless,  
narrating the story of passed away glory  
and my wanted death.

I wait still again in the cold night in vain  
for gentle caress;  
my heart has no peace until You release  
my thirst for the death.

In vain! There is no answer and it is no fancier  
to wait in distress,  
Your voice cold and loud vibrates through the cloud  
commanding: "No death!"

I hear again the crying icy winds.  
How noisy is that festival of tears!  
It puts forever its gigantic prints  
on beasts and plants all over plains and meres.

From nameless peaks descends the chilly night,  
awoke and vigilant, provoking fear,  
like conscience, spirit, anguish and delight  
of the eternal stranger Ahasfere.

(Reversified from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev -11.04. 1997)

I AM NOT CERTAIN THAT....

Nukolai Liliev

*J'aime l'horreur d'être vierge...*

*(Stéphane Mallarmé)*

I am not certain that this way  
can lead me out of the dreams  
but I love most the dying beams  
of tired Hope in distant day.

To watch how with a tempting flame,  
triumphant and without haste,  
off passes every kind of chaste,  
raped by the Horror of The Fame.

To listen to the tender psalms  
of all-embracing joyful Youth  
that fills with love a carefree truth  
and your home by devotion calms.

O sacred moment of delight  
for souls enslaved by sleepless love,  
your sentence is severe and rough,  
your throne is the eternal night!

(Translated from Bulgarian by S.K.Robev )

JEW ERRANT  
Nikolay Liliev

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