

СКИТНИШКА БАЛАДА

Теодор Траянов

Аз бродех самин и безпътен
от лес неизброден пленен,
мил образ, далечен и смътен
лъстеше отвред отразен.

Видях, че над извор се свежда
от гръм поразена бреза,
и сякаш скръбта си оглежда
в последната своя сълза.

Запах самодивската песен
за скитник с луната венчан,
и вместо брезата - унесен
познах самодивския стан.

Измолих й билките странни,
сърца да отключвам навред,
но мойто до гроб да остане
заклучено в гордост и лед.

Днес бродя самин и безпътен
от лес неизброден пленен,
мил образ, далечен и смътен
отвсъде лъсти отразен.

VAGABOND'S BALLAD

Theodore Traianov

I roamed alone and enchanted
in forest unknown and bleak,
a face, radiating and candid,
was following me in the thick.

I saw how a willow was bending
o'er spring, stunned by thunder, with fear,
as though it started defending
its right of an ultimate tear.

I sang a song, tender and magic,
of vagabond wed to the moon
and spectre of fairy most tragic
appeared to welcome me soon.

I asked her to give me the power
to open the hearts by my sighs
but mine to remain in the tower
of Pride, deeply frozen in ice.

Now I am alone and enchanted
in forest unknown and bleak,
a face, radiating and candid,
is following me in the thick.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)

FAREWELL

Theodore Traianov

I sought you when I was repenting,
and asked you my affection to forgive,
although I felt still more the cruel scenting
of nightmare that will never, never leave.

I did not know yet that just next minute
my hate and fervent pride won't let me go,
for my completely broken heart, I mean it,
will recognise your love as secret foe.

My hand rejected yours - so white and tender,
because my piercing pain was still alive,
because I was not ready to surrender
and in your joyful sea of lust to dive.

Forgive me! Now I am only beggar,
so poor am I. You took my dreams away
and made my soul without stop to stagger,
and for unreal hopes in vain to pray.

One precious secret I preserved however -
the memory for power and for sin,
when you were lying tamed as though forever
in passion, to a panther most akin.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)

УЖАС
Теодор Траянов

Ний тръгваме без плач, без отчаяние,
спокойно всеки връзките раздра,-
на тежкото, студено тук мълчание
ти немия въпрос дали разбра?

Да можем поне да заридаем -
тъй ужасено всичко в нас мълчи -
не плачем ний, че сълзите ни, знаем
змия ще пий - без сълзи заплачи!

HORROR

Theodore Traianov

We go without grief , without new sensations
and calmly cut off every former link.
I am so cold, and my insisting patience
contains a grave question, don't you think?

O, if we could burst into tears now!-
But all in us is ruins and bad fake...
We don't cry because we rightly know
that our tears will drink a rattle-snake.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)

THE SECRET OF RIVER STRUMA

Theodor Traianov

Hurriedly hurries Struma,

hiding secret, grim and grave,
hurriedly rumours rumour,
only leaves and sad, bad humour
are embracing wave by wave.

Hurries She through rocks and valleys,
and Her echo slowly dies
but again with new force rallies
and attacks the mountain palace
whose ghosts roam in the skies.

For a trice a wave is stopping
as though hearing sacred call,
hope has perished, hearts are hoping,
only sadness is now roping
all the rocks from wall to wall.

Do the centuries remember
ancient wars and new defeat,
fuming blood in bleak September,
vengeance trying to dismember
native country bit by bit?

Pirin , sad and gloomy, watches
under brow of hill and cliff;
to the shadows now he snatches
and with desperate efforts catches
stones for tombs to those who live.

Hurries Struma, strangely singing,
welcome by enchanted wood,
black dry branches She is bringing
to Aegean sea and thinking
them to land of slaves to root.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)