

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)