

CALL
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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)