

CINEMA  
N.I. Vaptsarov

The crowd outside was coarse  
but in a pretty panorama.  
On the big wall a blue beam wrote  
"A human drama".  
Outside was noise, of coarse,  
the coin with the Krum,s horse  
was sweating with calm  
in my palm.

And suddenly the lights went off.  
Within the screen  
the lion of Metro produced lazily a yawn,  
and in a trice - a road,  
soon after - woods,  
and in the rear - blue sky  
over a dark green lawn.

And on the road,  
just closely to a turn,  
collide two fashionable limousines,  
and here we are due to learn  
the names of our hero and our heroine.

After the accident  
the gentleman  
is taking the young lady in his arms,  
she trembles entire,  
as though in fire...  
What a girl, my brother!  
She is rather  
similar to a stud in farm for horse-breeding.

Of coarse, nearby sing nightingales,  
above the couple reigns a deep attraction,  
and very temptingly beyond the rails  
the dark green grass prompts them to action.

One reddish glowing John  
gives Sara kiss with passion,  
a mucus creeps  
on his lips...  
Down with that nasty fashion!  
Where is our fate? Is that the real beauty?  
Where am I? Do tell me!  
The death does our life invade  
and ask us for its bloody booty.

How could we love and talk like you  
with miens by lies completely smitten?  
Our breasts are full of burning smoke,  
and our lungs - by ulcers eaten.  
O, do we meet our sweethearts so -  
when driving giant limousines?-  
Our love is not allowed to grow  
unless amid the roar of machines.

And after - grief, and grey bad life,  
a fight for bread,  
a dream for freedom,  
and in the evenings - narrow bed,  
and deadly sleep with deadly rhythm.

Yes, that is it !  
That is the tragedy!  
The rest is pageantry.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)