

DUEL
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At you and me are clutched our hands,
our fight is cruel

and without mercy,
my heart in wounds now here stands,
groggy you are,

what further?

One of us has to be dead,
one of us shall lose his head,
and the defeated

shall be you.

You don't believe?

You are not scared?

But I computed every pass,
all forces for the fight prepared,
the cruel battle

I shall win

against your sin,

against my past.

Our duel is since long ago,
it started

since one hundred years,
it is non-compromised

and fierce,

despite the law...

Despite the law we again
are clutching steadily our hands
and I am trying to sustain
a pain
as though by iron bands.

The pit was stricken

by a blow,
and coal avalanche there buried

You know who was this misanthrope?
No doubt,
it was me.

Do you remember
how a child
once died on barricade in Paris?
One child on battlefield
there died,
attacking fearlessly,
and perished.
His blood
was flowing out
slowly,
becoming cool
as steel of sword,
but on his lips a smile was growing
with a naive
but sacred word,
and afterwards
the lips were stiffening
but his blue eyes
were proud and free,
and they were singing in the evening
"Liberté chérie..."
A boy is shot in chest
to death,
without motion lies there he.
Who was that brave child?
Do you guess?
No doubt, it was me!

Do you remember the device
that passed
with laugh
and optimism
the clouds where even biggest fowl
is not allowed
at any price,

a winged motor that with bowl
splits all ice-curtains
of the orbit,
and killed
by force
of petrol vapors
the evil past -
exact and morbid?
The motor
singing
so inviting
is product
of my mighty skill,
and in its song
as strong as lightning
pulsate
my heart and my good will.
The man, who made it,
concentrated
his glance on compass
with true faith,
he fought
and won against the tempest,
against the thunders
and the sea...
Do you remember his
brave face?
No doubt, it is me!

Yes, I am here,
there,
everywhere -
a Texas working employee,
a porter,
poet in despair...
It,s always me!
It,s always me!

How do you think?
Will you win,

you ghastly,
 nasty, bad, mean life?
With zeal we fight, to beasts akin,
 in sweat is soaked our strife.
But all your forces now expire,
 you weaken,
 losing
 normal breath,
and that is
 why you burst in fire
in mortal horror may be.
 Yes!

And then we shall substitute you
for new society-
 good and live,
with promise
 for a precious future
in life.
 And what a life!

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)