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

a group of healthy living creatures, it buried in the coal billow twenty dead with human features. One of them was me, you know.

> Before the threshold of a brothel a fuming pistol lies on ground, the body is as cold as fossil, no noisesilence there instead, one piece of lead, and no more sound. And now how easily he lies in peace, without wish the world to see... Do You remember who he is? No doubt, it is me. On all black street abandoned lies a man shot dead by hidden killers, explosives gathered in the skies and threaten all our social pillars. The man who lies in pool of blood is my dear friend, and in his dead and glassy eyes

beam love

and hate without end. The gunman who fulfilled the job collected his ferocious fee... 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 cherie..." 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 societygood and live, with promise for a precious future in life.

And what a life!

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)