

## **The Eternal woman**

E.Bagriana

Now she is bloodless, mute, without motion  
without breath, so old - like wizened cherry,  
her eyes, half-closed, reveal no more emotion,  
no matter if she is an Anne or Mary.  
She sits and sighs in bitter desperation,  
her wedding-ring is loose with no sensation  
of coming years - only distant Past  
is still remaining in her mind to last,  
her memory is in the desert tossed,  
and her hands calmly on her breast are crossed...

However don't you hear the crying baby  
that innocently lies nearby in cradle?-  
In it is gone her blood forever may be  
and there her soul will find a sacred saddle.  
New years with new days and new bright youth  
will come to resurrect the lovers' truth  
and lips full of devotion, young and merry,  
will still with passion whisper "Anne" and "Mary"  
in magic nights, where though dead but feasible  
will stand by She - eternal and invisible.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)