

## FAREWELL

Theodore Traianov

I sought you when I was repenting,  
and asked you my affection to forgive,  
although I felt still more the cruel scenting  
of nightmare that will never, never leave.

I did not know yet that just next minute  
my hate and fervent pride won't let me go,  
for my completely broken heart, I mean it,  
will recognise your love as secret foe.

My hand rejected yours - so white and tender,  
because my piercing pain was still alive,  
because I was not ready to surrender  
and in your joyful sea of lust to dive.

Forgive me! Now I am only beggar,  
so poor am I. You took my dreams away  
and made my soul without stop to stagger,  
and for unreal hopes in vain to pray.

One precious secret I preserved however -  
the memory for power and for sin,  
when you were lying tamed as though forever  
in passion, to a panther most akin.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)