

KLEOPATRA
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The heavy steps of the almighty Roman,
long echoed down on the marble floor;
for her his bitter words were most uncommon -
to sound inside this hall with golden door...
O, vanity! The noble Caesar's son
was not her lover but a man of duty,
in vain the queen unveiled her glowing beauty,
his brave heart yet remained as cold as stone.
She had expected fast and easy gain,
but now, instead, was shamefully defeated,
her kisses, heralds of her golden reign,
he just humiliated and omitted.

Where were they - hopes that were intensely beaming?-
the flowers of her soul, so young and fresh?
Before the mirror, like in fervent dreaming,
she tore her dress to see the avid flesh,
obsessed by dark suspicion, zeal and fear:
"Tell me, o, metal, if the nails of ages
have grasped already me in their cages
and made my beauty ripe to disappear?
My royal palm, is it by Time now ordered
to yield to winter all its fruits and leaves
and to become with death and ruins bordered,
until I shall be conquered by the grieves?

She raised her head. Abundant ebony river
of hairs in random beauty freely fled
and occupied a comfortable bed
on naked shoulder with a tender shiver.
Enchanted by the metal, beaming charms,
the queen was looking full of admiration
at her reflected face with veneration
like vestal-virgin in Astarta's arms.
She knelt before her own magic figure
and bowed as if it were a mighty god,
and never spoken frenzy words a lot

erupted through her lips with angry rigour:

" The dark self-jealous demons call for vengeance!
Not gods but god-like men enjoyed my love!
The Roman eunuch tarred me with his laugh -
so the immortal Apis now revenges
my sins but, Isis, here I proudly swear,
no mortal man will come more with caresses
to overcome my body. Virgin dresses
I will put on and only them shall wear..."
Oziris watched her from a distant cloud,
and, hearing her grave sermon with disgust,
he did not answer but kept going South,
rejecting the repentance of the Lust.

The coming dawn sowed with desperation
the empty sanctuary of God-Snake,
invited by the queen her life to take...
In mourning fell her wizards and her nation.
As frozen passion in the golden bed
the queen was lying. The storm of hottest feeling
was over. Radiated from the ceiling
aromas now embraced the gorgeous dead.
Still as alive was she with her fine features
as though the world would her forever miss.
The ugly god of all infernal creatures
had sealed her lips with poison and a kiss.

(Translation from Bulgarian of Stefan K. Robev)