

are Ilinden songs singing,
in Ohrid -
the most sacred dreams there lie
and further
my look
in Aegean is sinking.

This I remember.
Pictures with blood
are minted
and printed
in my whole person.
O, my land!
O, my land!
You are wounded and cut,
suffering
in tears,
rebellions
and arson.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)