



we felt bad  
Regaining senses and thirsty,  
just as wild animals,  
enclosed in cages.  
Courageous  
were our thoughts  
and still going  
because we were so young,  
we were so young.

And afterwards  
a sharp  
and deepest hatred  
obsessed our hearts  
with zeal  
and veneration,  
as gangrene,  
no, as leprosy,  
it made it  
and webbed its damned horror curtain  
of emptiness and tragic burden,  
and led us  
to a non existing station.  
It pierced the blood  
insistently  
and surely  
but it was early, it was very early.

And high  
in sky  
sung still the wings of sea-gulls,  
the sky again was shining  
wide and long,  
the space again  
was sacred realm  
of eagles,  
on the horizon still  
in perfect concert  
the masts of ships became obscure and shady,  
the sails again saluted every sunset  
but we, we were completely blind already.

To me this is a past-not so important  
but we  
          in poverty  slept  
                                  on the ground,  
and due to our mutual misfortune  
I want  
          to tell you  
                  how I'm fit and proud.

This is the reason  
                  that stops my desire  
to make  
          a hole in my skull  
                                  by a gunshot  
it now transforms  
                  malice  
                                  and vicious fire  
in battle  
          that starts thundering  
                                  with bloodshed.

It will return to us  
                  the Philippines,  
and also Famagusta's precious star,  
and joyfulness  
                  that was so long eclipsed,  
and the late love  to tireless machines,  
we being sure,  
          the ocean keeps it  
there,  
where the tropic shines-  
                                  bright and bizarre.

Now it is night. The voices of machine  
are gently  promising  
                  good morrow.  
O, how I long to heal  
          the social spleen,  
and how chimeras  
          fill my heart with sorrow...  
I am quite sure,  
          the dark  
                  shall be dispersed,

the ice of yoke is going to be broken,  
and a free sunshine  
                                finally  
  shall burst,  
confirming all good forecasts being spoken.

And let (as butterfly weak and modest)  
it burn my wings  
                                without hesitation,  
I will not try to argue with protest,  
and will endure  
                                my funeral oration.

Yet, to be killed  
                                when the world is getting  
rid of miasma,  
                                is not cause  
  of worry,  
the millions of men  
                                are resurrecting...  
It is a glory,  
                                yes, a real glory.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)