## LETTER N.I. Vaptsarov

Do you remember

the Mediterranean

and all the hatches

full of creeping

dark,

and that remotest dream,

akin

to mania,

for Philippines

and Famagusta's star?

Do you remember

any seaman's soul

who does not want there

to exchange a glance

with South and, challenging his chance,

to feel the scent of tropic air?

Do you remember, yet,

how strangely

slow

our best hopes

died in ugly mental tortures

with our faith in truth and human law, in

the romantics -

picturesque and gorgeous?

Do you remember

how we

were caught

in trap

prepared by men

without mercy,

and how we were longing

to get out?

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)