

LETTER
N.I.Vaptsarov
To Signora Franceska Labore Juesca.

Mother, Fernandes is dead,
Fernandes is no more here,
Fernandes
is shot to death-
victim of ferocious deed,
Fernandes is buried near
city suburbs of Madrid.

He was handsome and so good,
why they murdered my dear husband?
Is his death their bloody food?
Who the bloody fighting must ban?

Mother, you are the only soul,
to whom grief I am confessing,
death at war, you know, is tall,
tears are so hard to lessen.

Also in the others, eyes
you can't find a consolation,
tears, tears are the price
of each war and its creation.

May be brother, may be son,
may be lover dear is fallen,
may be by a blind canon
blossomed youth is being stolen.

May be somewhere, just as me,
waits for man another woman,
deep in earth is lying he
but with features scarcely human.

Mother, don't be cross at him,
he had fought for something dear,
Fernandes was right, I deem,
even may be wrong we are.

Only he was able to guess
the eternal truth of bravery:
better is to meet the death
than to live a life in slavery.

Yes, indeed, we had some bread,
for us both it was sufficient,
but how children could be fed?
Mother, we are not magicians.

There is still another point
that had always arisen -
people go, and fight, and join...
Is the bread the only reason?

To-day sunk into the grave
hundred dead that had been murdered
by a sharp machine-gun wave.
I saw them but couldn't talk further.

How all that was pretty strange,
how was charming their duty,
them I saw in god-like range,
radiating moral beauty.

For an instant I see them
through the planks of the black coffins,
groans from the inside stem
and the echo can't them soften.

They are joined in their death,
in one person they are melted,
and on their faces rest
flames of death and they had felt it.

Suddenly I understood -
any way, he had to be there,
he had perished and I would
never see him smiling either.

Mother, Fernandes is dead,
Fernandes is no more, mother,
Fernandes is dead, instead
happiness and joy to gather.

Do not tell the old man, please,
by such grief he might be shattered,
shed some tears alone in peace,
keep in secret all the matter.

If the old man finds some clue,
if he got suspicious may be,
tell him that it is not true
and that we expect the baby.

Tell him kindly:" Dolores
learns by heart some children,s stories
and both, she and Fernandes,
ask you: grandson or granddaughter?"

Let us end all these sad words,
mother dear, my grief is growing,
pain is getting worse and worse...
Truly: D. Maria Goya.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)