

ROMANTICS
N.I. Vaptsarov

I want to create to-day a poem
in which
 to pulsate
 the verses of our new time,
may tremble in it
 the zeal of mankind to roam
that prompts
 the two poles of planet
 to chime.

Who needs to cry?
Why sigh the people,
regretting the long passed away romantics?
Romantics now are
 the flying motors
that change our life
 and our old semantics.

And disregarding
 their modern
 voice,
you try
 in vain
 at them to sneer,
they had
 already made
 their sacred choice
with winged forces
 and without fear.

I see the future fate
 of these devices,
dispersing
 freedom
 and a rain of grain,
immortal songs
 and drugs

against the crises,
invented by almighty
human brain.

I see
 how they
 fly over the meridians,
how shuttle
 to and fro
 the frigid zones,
and over fields
 with colours
 of obsidians
that long to ploughing
 and to happy dawns.

It is the new romantics
 that emerges
with gallant image
 and triumphant word,
on progress
 and on peaceful deeds
 it urges,
encircling
 nowadays
 the whole world.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)