

SPRING
N.I. Vaptsarov

My dear spring, my very dear best season,
still unknown, and still less than feasible,
how I long to make you ever visible,
but the bloody time rejects my reason
almost suddenly as it had risen.

My dear spring, my very white dear season,
I am sure you will come as typhoons -
stormy, menacing, inviting, firing,
giving back our great hopes and admiring
those who heal the poor and their wounds.

Beautiful shall be the singing birds,
merrily they shall fly to the clouds,
people shall be joyful, good and proud
and shall love each other full of mirth.

My dear spring, my very white dear season,
let me see how you install your reason,
how successfully you launch your raids,
let me see your dark red rising sun,
and let me die on your barricades.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)