

SPRING IN THE FACTORY
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She would have entered first
with the night shift
the Motor yet became
extremely angry
that without any permit
enter
might she:
-I am the boss
and I command : "No entry!"

However She did not obey
and came in
through window
in the ceiling,
shining clearly,
her own merry
independence
claiming,
and, being inside,
laughed at Motor
dearly.

The working men got strangely absent minded,
and suddenly a stirrer
started singing,
in concert with it sang
the men behind it,
excited
by the mood
that She was bringing.

"I want to fire Her!"
Announced the Motor,
obsessed
by growing fear

for his career.
"To fire Her!
O, no! "
Exclaimed a rotor,
"We will defend
by strike
her presence here!"

The Motor shut up,
and the zephyr brought
a flavour
of fresh flowers,
and of earth,
a melody
of youth on distant road,
directed
to a happy universe.

Those who had ever been
engaged in ploughing
were trembling
like young horses
in a row,
the rest,
upon the window lattice bowing,
enjoyed the sun
that melted
all the snow.

One mechanic cursed
without pardon,
a nice girl smiled
and started
merry song,
the factory at once
became a garden
just as by order
of a magic gong.

Then here

threateningly
came the porter
and asked:
"Who is intruder without license?"
But noticing that all is
here in order,
he whistled joyfully
and stopped
in silence.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan. K. Robev)