

THE SECRET OF RIVER STRUMA
Theodor Traianov

Hurriedly hurries Struma,
hiding secret, grim and grave,
hurriedly rumours rumour,
only leaves and sad, bad humour
are embracing wave by wave.

Hurries She through rocks and valleys,
and Her echo slowly dies
but again with new force rallies
and attacks the mountain palace
whose ghosts roam in the skies.

For a trice a wave is stopping
as though hearing sacred call,
hope has perished, hearts are hoping,
only sadness is now roping
all the rocks from wall to wall.

Do the centuries remember
ancient wars and new defeat,
fuming blood in bleak September,
vengeance trying to dismember
native country bit by bit?

Pirin , sad and gloomy, watches
under brow of hill and cliff;
to the shadows now he snatches
and with desperate efforts catches
stones for tombs to those who live.

Hurries Struma, strangely singing,
welcome by enchanted wood,
black dry branches She is bringing
to Aegean sea and thinking
them to land of slaves to root.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)