

VAGABOND'S BALLAD

Theodore Traianov

I roamed alone and enchanted
in forest unknown and bleak,
a face, radiating and candid,
was following me in the thick.

I saw how a willow was bending
o'er spring, stunned by thunder, with fear,
as though it started defending
its right of an ultimate tear.

I sang a song, tender and magic,
of vagabond wed to the moon
and spectre of fairy most tragic
appeared to welcome me soon.

I asked her to give me the power
to open the hearts by my sighs
but mine to remain in the tower
of Pride, deeply frozen in ice.

Now I am alone and enchanted
in forest unknown and bleak,
a face, radiating and candid,
is following me in the thick.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)