

WOMEN AND WINE!

Cyril Christov

Farewell my sobre native hell! Farewell!
To-day I face a life with new creations
full of adventures and of bright temptations,
my heart vibrates as a triumphant bell,
my soul now longs for joy and stormy ventures!
I am so drunk by this young blood of mine
that wants my youth to last at least for centuries...
Come, loving women! Women and red wine!

Your temple, people, is an ugly hive,
your sun is just a candle. You are prone
to search for ghosts but, please, leave me alone
to choose the way to spend my own life:
in turmoil of nice follies and of pleasure!
And when you ever learn that I am dead,
don't mourn in vain - I earned the richest treasure:
the paradise on Earth is what I had.

O, let my winged precious life be cut
but not before I empty my resources,
before I finish all my crazy courses
and tell the Death to come just at the flood.
And let my head find out a pleasant shelter
on marble-white and tender woman's breast;
my lips will whisper while I calmly rest:
-Sing me a lullaby! I will in pleasures welter...

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)