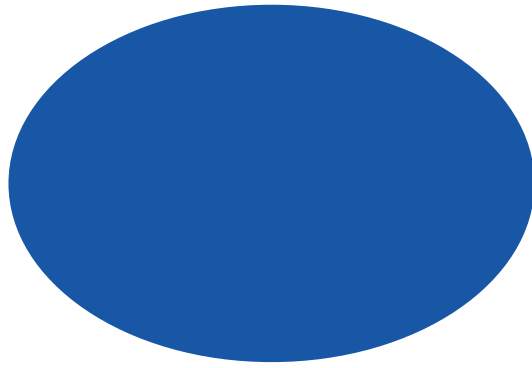


# FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



5

2013



Four Centuries

Russian Poetry in Translation

fourcenturies@gmx.de

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*Four Centuries Library* 37

The choice of colours for different languages is just random and has nothing to do either with national flags or national traditions.

Letter from the Publisher

**Four Centuries Library**

Dear Friends,

The following text of the Publisher's Letter was published in *Four Centuries*, Nr. 3:

Dear Friends,

Thank you very much for reading our magazine.

I would like to open its third issue by launching a new initiative to create a library of Russian poetry in translations - **Four Centuries Library**.

The ambitious goal of this project is to collect books, periodicals and other papers with Russian poetry, old and new, translated into different languages, and finally to donate collection as a whole to one of the university or public libraries. At the end of this issue you will find the list of more than thirty items - a starting contribution from my personal collection. You can join me in my efforts to implement this idea by sending your donations in the following categories:

A. Monographic poetry collections by separate poets translated into different languages

B. Anthologies of Russian poetry translations

C. Periodicals with translations of Russian poetry

Please, send your donations to:

Dr. Ilya Perelmuter, Erikapfad 7, 45133 Essen, Germany

The list of all the gifts with the names of the donators will be published in *Four Centuries*. Thanks a lot for your support in advance!

Yours,

Publisher

In this issue you will find new donations to the *Four Centuries Library* at page 37.

## XIX

Fjodor Tyutcsev (1803-1873)

Фёдор Тютчев (1803 - 1873)

Nem sejt'ni, miként egyetlen...

Нам не дано предугадать...

Magyarra fordította Ceszárszkaja Maja\*

Translated into Hungarian by Maya Tsesarskaya \*\*

\* \* \*

Nem sejt'ni, miként egyetlen  
Szavunk éri a másik lelkét, –  
S így adatik nekünk a részvét,  
Adatik, mint a kegyelem...

**Maya Tsesarskaya (Ceszárszkaja Maja)** was born in 1951 in Zhitomir. In 1973 after graduating from the Leningrad Polytechnical Institute she left the USSR for Hungary. In 1985 she finished Higher Translation Courses at the University of Budapest. Her Russian translation of István Bibó's book *The Jewish Question in Hungary After 1944* was published in Moscow in 2005. Her first collection of poems *Love in a Bottle* published the same year included her first poetic translations into Russian. She was the editor and translator of the book *In Memoriam Nyugat* (2009) devoted to the most influential literary journal in Hungary in the first half of the 20th century. Maya worked a lot in several city theaters as an interpreter and translator. Her translations of János Pilinszky's poems in 2012 was the first book of the series launched by Vodolej Publishing House. She is currently working on the second volume of the series.

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## XX

Alexander Blok (1880 - 1921 )

Александр Блок (1880 - 1921)

Gamayun, the Bird of Prophecy.

From a picture by V. Vasnyetsov

Гамаюн, птица вещая (Картина В. Васнецова)

Translated by Alistair Noon\*

On the water's never-ending surface  
clothed in the purple of dusk,  
it sings and makes its prophecy,  
its wings weakened and crushed:  
the swing of executioners' axes,  
the yoke of the Tatars... It prophesies  
hunger, fire and cowardice,  
that the evil are strong and the good die.  
Overcome by terrible predictions,  
its beautiful face burns with love,  
but it speaks the truth of all things  
with its lips, clotted with blood.

**Alistair Noon's** translations from the Russian include Pushkin's *Bronze Horseman* (Longbarrow Press), Anna Akhmatova ([www.balticsealibrary.de](http://www.balticsealibrary.de)) and Osip Mandelstam (various online and print magazines). From German he has translated WW1 Poet August Stramm (Intercapillary Space) and contemporary poet Monika Rinck (Barque Press). A first full-length collection of his own poetry, *Earth Records*, appeared from Nine Arches Press in 2012 and has been shortlisted for the Michael Murphy Memorial Award.



Ossip Mandelstam (1891 - 1938)

Осип Мандельштам (1891 - 1938)

Translated by Tony Brinkley\* and Raina Kostova\*\*

### **Tristia**

I have studied the science of leaving  
in night's unbraided sorrows.  
Oxen ruminate - the waiting lingers to the final  
hour of the city's vigil - and I honor rituals  
from that other night - the rooster crowing -  
under the weight of journey's sadness,  
the tear-stained eyes raised, gazing at the distance,  
a woman grieving mingled with the muses' singing.

At the sound of "leaving", who can know  
the separation that awaits us, the augury  
in a rooster's exclamations? When fire  
lights the acropolis and now  
a new life dawns - an ox chews idly  
in his stall - why does the rooster  
the new life's crier -  
beat his wings from his perch on the city's walls?

I love the simplicity of weaving:  
the shuttle twists; a spindle hums.  
And look: like swansdown, how  
barefooted Delia flies toward us!  
How bare the warp of this life is! How  
meager blessing's language! All of this  
recurred before. All of it repeats.  
For us it is the moment's recognition that is sweet.

So let it be: a lucid figure,  
lying across a clean, clay saucer,  
like the stretched pelt of a squirrel.  
A girl leans over the wax and gazes.  
Divining Erebus is not our labor:  
wax is hers; bronze -  
our task, our tally in battle -  
while women die and live as augurs.

1917

*Translated by Tony Brinkley*

### **Lines on the Unknown Soldier**

1.

Let this air be witness -  
to his heartbeat battling in the distance -  
and omnivorous, toxic in the trenches  
is an ocean, mass without an opening.

Why should stars be so abusive:  
why should they see everything? - To eye  
and sentence judge and witness to an ocean,  
mass without a window.

The unkind farmer, rain recalls  
his nameless manna,  
how the wood of crosses marked  
an ocean or a battle's wedge.

Cold and ailing, men  
will murder, cold and starved,  
and in his well-marked grave  
we place an unknown soldier.

Ailing swallow, teach me if you will,  
you who are forgetting how to fly,  
how to steer without a sail or wing,  
but with a grave above me in the air.

And for Mikhail Lermontov  
I give a rigorous tally,  
how the stooped learn from the grave,  
and how an aerial pit attracts.

2.

Like grapes that stir and rustle,  
these communities of worlds alarm us,  
and the tents of outstretched constellations -  
tensile clusters - oils of golden constellations -  
hover over us like stolen cities,  
Yagodas, gossips, berries of toxic  
cold, gilded slips of the tongue.

3.

Through an ether decimally-labeled  
the light-world of velocities, ground to a beam,  
starts the count, translucent  
with the radiant pain and mole of zeroes.

But triangular, crane-like  
across a fields of fields a new field flies,  
news flies along a path of glowing dust,  
a battle radiates from yesterday.

News flies along a path of glowing dust -  
I am not Waterloo, I am not Leipzig,  
and I am not the Battle of Nations.  
I - the new - from me comes light to light.

In marbled-back, an oyster's deep recess,  
the light of Austerlitz dies out -  
the Mediterranean swallow squints -  
the plague-infested sand of Egypt sticks.

4.

An Arabian medley, muddled, tangled, crumbling -  
world-light of velocities, ground to a beam -  
on my retina the beam pauses  
in my eye on squinted feet.

Millions of dead men cheaply killed  
have walked a path through emptiness.  
Good night! Best wishes to them all!  
from this facade, the face of these earth-fortresses.

Sky of the trenches, incorruptible,  
sky of mass, of wholesale deaths,  
beyond, behind - away from you - entirely -  
I am moving with my lips in darkness.

Beyond the craters, the *voronki*, behind embankments,  
scree, *osypi* - where he lingered, darkened,  
overturning - gloomy, pockmarked, *ospennyi*,  
the unsettled graves' belittled genius.

5.

Foot soldiers die nicely,  
the night choir crows nicely,  
over Schweik's flattened smile,  
above the poultry-lance of Don Quixote,  
over the bird-knight's metatarsus.  
The cripple befriends the human:  
both will find employment.  
And tapping at the margins of the century's eyelids -  
families of wooden crutches chattering -  
friendship, comrades! - the earth's orb!

6.

Is it for this the skull unfolds -  
temple to temple - an entire span:  
that armies, their soldiers, still murmur softly  
through the precious sockets of his eyes?

A skull unfolds from living -  
temple to temple - the entire span -  
teasing itself with a purity of stitches,  
readying itself as the cupola of insight,  
foaming with thinking, dreaming itself itself -  
the cup of cups and fatherland of fatherlands -  
a cap embroidered with an astral rib -  
good fortune's cap of happiness and blessings -  
Shakespeare's father.

7.

The ash-tree's clarity, the sycamore's vigilance,  
reddening barely, speed toward home -  
as if they were casting spasms as magic,  
addressing each heaven with its dull fires.

What allies us, only the superfluous,  
before us - not the failure, but an error  
in the measure - with no model - and the air,  
enough to breathe, to fight  
for air is glory that is unlike any other.

Is magic packed and stored  
in voids of empty space for this,  
that white stars, racing backward,  
barely reddening, speed toward home?

And casting on my consciousness, half-spasmed  
being - without option -  
whether I drink this potion,  
whether it is my head that I am eating under fire?

Do you sense, stepmother of the gypsy star's  
encampment - Night - what is to be?

8.  
Blood swells the aortas  
and the rows resound in a whisper:  
- I was born in '94,  
I was born in '92...  
And, squeezing in my fist - a kulak - clutching the used  
year, the worn out year of my birth - herding  
with the crowd as one  
with my bloodless mouth I whisper:  
I was born on the night of the second and third  
of January, in '91 - the ninety-first -  
a year without hope - and centuries  
encircle me with fire.

*2 March 1937-1938, Voronezh, Moscow, elsewhere  
Translated by Tony Brinkley and Raina Kostova*

**Tony Brinkley** teaches English at the University of Maine.

**Raina Kostova** teaches English and Comparative Literature at Jacksonville State University. Their essays on Osip Mandelstam have appeared in *Shofar* and *Modernism/Modernity*; their translations of his poetry, in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *New Review of Literature*, *Cerise Press*, and *Hungarian Review*. Brinkley's poetry has been published in *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *New Review of Literature*, *Cerise Press*, *Drunken Boat*, *Otoliths*, *Hungarian Review*, and *Poetry Salzburg Review*. He is the author of *Stalin's Eyes* (Puckerbrush Press) and the co-editor with Keith Hanley of *Romantic Revisions* (Cambridge University Press).

Marina Cvetajeva (1892 - 1941)

Марина Цветаева (1892 - 1941)

Mi legyen velem, vakkal és árvával...

Что же мне делать, слепцу и пасынку...

Magyarra fordította Ceszárszkaja Maja\*

Translated into Hungarian by Maya Tsesarskaya \*\*

\* \* \*

Mi legyen velem, vakkal és árvával  
Itt, ahol akárki les, s atyás,  
Ahol az átkokban, mint az árkokban  
Vágyak! hol náthának  
Fest sírás?!

Mi legyen velem, dongával, dolgával  
Hangzóval! – az ár! a pír! a húr!  
Látomásaim hídjain kószálva!  
Fellegek közt szállva?! –  
Súly az úr!

Mi legyen velem – jogarral járomban,  
Hol a legfeketébb is egér!  
Itt, hol ihletet termoszban tárolnak!  
A nincs-határommal?! –  
S úr ki mér!

1923

\*© Ceszárszkaja Maja \*\*© Maya Tsesarskaya

Ossip Mandelstam (1891 - 1938)

Осип Мандельштам (1891 - 1938)

Translated by Ian Probstein\*

\* \* \*

I am given a body - what should I  
Do with it, so whole and so mine?

Tell me, whom should I praise  
For a quiet joy to live and to breathe?

I am a gardener and I am a flower as well,  
I am not alone in the world's prison-cell.

My breath, my warmth has been already  
Laid upon the panes of eternity.

A pattern is imprinted thereon,  
A pattern, recently unknown.

Let moment's dregs then trickle down like haze -  
This dear pattern no one can erase.

1909

\* \* \*

...Not a single blade  
Grows on the moon,  
All people plait  
Baskets on the moon,  
Plait light baskets  
From soft stray.

It is twilight on the moon,  
Its houses are neat;  
They are not houses but  
Just pigeon-lofts;  
Blue houses -  
Wonder pigeon-lofts.

1914

\* © Ian Probstein



\* \* \*

The fire destroys  
My dry life, -  
So now I sing  
Wood, not stone.

It's light and rough:  
The heart of oak  
And a fisherman's oar  
Are from one trunk.

Drive the piles tight,  
The hammers, strike  
Of a wooden Eden  
Where things are light.

1915

### **A Decembrist**

A gentle senate is a proof of it:  
Such things will never die! -  
He wrapped himself in a robe and puffed a pipe  
While people played chess nearby.

He traded his ambitious dream for a wooden hut  
In a God-forsaken Siberian nook,  
Venomous lips that uttered the truth about  
A woeful world clasped a fanciful chibouk.

The German oaks roared for the first time then,  
And Europe wept in the snares,  
The horses of black chariots pranced when  
The triumphal quadrigae turned to wide squares.

Blue punch used to burn in broad glasses  
With a wide slush of the samovar,  
And a friend spoke from the Rein's shores,  
A freedom-loving guitar.

- Living voices are still anxious about  
Sweet civil rights and liberty!  
But the blind skies don't want such sacrifice:  
Persistence and labor should be relied upon.

All is mixed up, and there's no one to be told,  
While growing gradually cold,  
All is mixed up, and it is sweet to say:  
Oh Russia, Lethe, Lorelei.

1917

\* \* \*

When a feverish Forum of Moscow  
Halts in a warm night, and wide  
Throats of the theatres throw  
Out the crowds to the squares, -

The excitement of night funerals  
Streams along sumptuous streets,  
Joyously-grim crowds  
Flow from divine depths.

It is mob excited by games,  
Returning from a midnight feast,  
That buries the night sun  
To the dull sound of the hooves,

A sleeping city rises in moonlight  
Like a new Herculanium, - both  
The huts of a wretched market-place,  
And a mighty Doric trunk!

1918

## The Twilight of Freedom

1.

Hail, brothers, freedom's twilight,  
The great twilight year.  
A heavy forest of snare  
Is thrown into the boiling waves of the night.  
You are ascending into the dead of time,  
Oh sun, oh, nation the judge!

2.

Hail, brothers, a fatal burden,  
Which the nation's leader takes in tears.  
Hail the twilight burden of power,  
Its unbearable bondage.  
Whoever has the heart, should hear,  
Time, how your ship goes down.

3.

We tied the swallows into the fighting legions,  
So that the sun grew dark,  
And the entire world  
Twitters, lives, revolves  
Under the snare of a dense dusk  
The sun is dim, and the land floats.

4.

So, let us try: a huge and gawky,  
Squeaking turn of the wheel.  
The land sails. Take courage, warriors!  
Dividing the ocean as with a plow,  
We will remember even in a Lethean chill  
That our land cost us ten heavens.

1918

\* \* \*

Because I could not hold your hands in mine,  
Since I betrayed your salty tender lips,  
I must wait for the dawn in the thick acropolis now -  
How I hate those ancient weeping wooden walls.

In the darkness Achaian warriors equip their horse  
And rip firmly into the walls their jagged saws,  
The dry tumult of blood would never cease,  
And there is no name, no sound, no cast of you.

How did I dare think that you would return!  
Why did I leave you, why did I go ahead!  
The dark has not scattered and the cock has not crowed yet,  
And the glowing ax has not yet pierced the wood.

A transparent tear of resin ran down the walls,  
And the city feels its wooden ribs, but the blood  
Rushed out to the stairs and went in to the assault,  
And thrice the men saw a tempting image in their dream.

Where is sweet Troy, where is the king's, where is the maidens' home?  
It will be destroyed, Priam's starling nest,  
And the wooden rain of arrows will pour down,  
And more arrows grow like a hazel grove from earth.

A sting of the last star dies painlessly out,  
And a grey swallow of the morning knocks on the window pane,  
And a slow day like an ox in the haystack wakes up  
Stirring on the rugged squares after a long dream.

1920

**Ian Probstein**, assistant professor of English in Tour College, New York, a bilingual English-Russian poet and translator of poetry, is writing poetry and on poetry. He published seven books of poetry in Russian, one in English, and more than twenty books and anthologies of poetry in translation. He has translated poetry from English, Spanish, Italian, and Polish into Russian and from Russian into English. A bilingual edition of *Complete Poems and Selected Cantos* of Ezra Pound, which he compiled, edited, commented, and of which he is one of the major translators, was the Best Book of 2003 in

Translation and Poetry in Russia. *Collected Poems* of T. S. Eliot in Russian with Dr. Probstin's 50-page introduction, 65-page commentaries just came out in Moscow's Astrel Publishing. Mr. Probstin is also one of the three translators alongside Andrei Sergeyev and Victor Toporov.

Roald Mandelstam (1932-1961)

Роальд Мандельштам (1932-1961)

Translated by Ian Probsteyn\*

\* \* \*

I did not know why I woke up,  
But my longing for you is light  
Like scarlet clouds that fly  
Over the world of glass streets.

The thoughts dance, melt, drown,  
So transparent and so smart  
As the balcony's patterned shadow  
Of the moon that streams in the window.

I don't wish a better life  
Or a better fairy-tale:  
A stone in my lane is like  
Poppies in the fields of Monet.

\* \* \*

Why do you sleep, Margarita?  
Listen: the dreams flock together and cling,  
The windows are tightly shut  
By the leaves of the moonlit spring.

The orchard, turning blue,  
Dreams covered by a gentle sleep:  
There, on the bent branches  
Strange birds perch.

When I raise my eyelids a bit  
In the blaze of a new day,  
By those fast intelligent birds  
I am instantly carried away.

But your enchanted dream  
Will not be disturbed - until dawn  
There'll be no answer. What's left?...  
Just to sing under the window...  
To sing.  
2 January 1953

\* \* \*

It's a joy to long for you,  
But I've known for a long time  
That no one can reconcile  
Hellas' body with India's soul.

A starry gold of blizzards groans  
Over the smoke of a snow-white land -  
Do not strangle me with a swarthy loop  
Of your yearning cool hands.

Am I doomed by ironic God  
On my starless way through the night  
To burn like an anxious meteorite  
And to die in your embrace?

\* \* \*

With a hopeless dream of happiness  
I stand on the threshold of the day,  
She is beautiful as the sun,  
But she doesn't love me, alas.

I can easily conquer the world  
With the mighty rhythms of my dreams,  
But my priceless pearls of rhymes  
Cannot buy me her love.

The laws of love are tough!  
I can't change them if I try.  
I know I am doomed to die  
In front of her balcony.

## **A Visit to the Beloved on the Autumn Night**

An unbaked moon's pancake  
Fries on the jagged stoves of the squares.  
I ride on the humpbacked bridge,  
A steed of the river valleys.

Through a narrow corridor  
Into the midnight,  
Through the thoughts about fallen leaves  
He came in a golden wear  
    A tranquil toreador.

An old glass ball of the door  
Cracks in front of me:  
A golden cuffed porter's hand  
Offers me Swiss brie.

Exposing blue mould,  
The stairs fall down:  
Past stained-glass windows,  
Spirochete of cold stairs.

Majolica beasts arise, -  
I throw an electric bell's chill  
Behind an iron jaw of the door  
Seized by the stupor of an oak dream.

The meeting is unexpected:  
The splinters of chalk-like speeches  
And night's iron cast pedestal  
Are not being helpful at all.

The impossible dream of happiness  
Has to die on the threshold of the dawn:  
Yes, she is beautiful as the sun!  
No, she does not love me at all.



\* \* \*

Born by an autumn gutter,  
A bastard without honor,  
I'll die as a stray dog under  
The window of a former bride.

She won't open the window  
The entire summer, thinking  
That in that gutter  
A dead cat is stinking.

Then the soul that in silence  
Mourned its shame,  
Will be revived in a carved  
Body of a light-legged, fast wolf.

Where the moss grows  
Blue as a morning dew,  
The pearls of the dew will wash  
My light-legged pack.

Cowardly gossips will rush  
Along the town of disgrace,  
But proud mighty wolves  
Despise revenge.

\* \* \*

The War of Red and White Rose goes on in the skies:  
The tears of lamps and the stars have dried in its lights.  
The road of the red quadriga will never end:  
The dawn rose adorned with gold -  
The sugar lamps will melt  
In the red godl of strong tea.  
-Vanish! Wane! It's wrong  
To darken the city with groans:  
If Pierot's bride is gone,  
Poor Pierot must bite his tongue.

The girl sleeps in a blue chaise longue,  
But this is the end of the blue wasteland:  
Again Alba Longa  
Is being rebuilt in my soul's Rome.  
Let discontented moan,  
My happiness might flee,  
But I won't sacrifice to the spirit of India  
The body of Hellas, her myth.

### **A Mask-Seller**

Today my long-rimmed hat  
Is seen by all.  
I am drenched in a blue night  
In a wet spring park.

At once, I recognize  
Everybody, I call:  
"Bring sorrow and smiles  
To a colorful confetti storm!

Poppers and masks - grimaces,  
Tickets to a masquerade ball,"  
I am always glad to call  
From a weirdly painted stall.

Станислав Лвовски

Станислав Львовский

Превод: Мария Липискова\*  
Translated into Bulgarian by Maria Lipiskova\*

\* \* \*

сутрин е страшно      вечер е невъзможно  
когато тя плачеше, или в крайна сметка  
в ранното детство      лошият син

\* \* \*

цялата ни надежда е                      във вас  
за това, че вие  
сами всичко ще разберете  
и когато обявим официално началото на края на света  
вие сами  
ще спрете водата      газта, внимателно ще заключите дома си  
а ключът ще сложите под изтривалката      и  
още нещо

НЕ ЗАБРАВЯЙТЕ ДА ИЗКЛЮЧИТЕ ТЕЛЕВИЗОРА!

\* \* \*

есен  
малкото момиченце  
тихо чете от псалтира  
над някаква нова невидима  
още тъмнина

\* \* \*

ще избягам от вас на небето каза момченцето  
ще стана лястовичка ще се скрия в съседен свят никой  
никога няма да ме намери ще срещна девойка-лястовичка  
няколко години и ще си имама деца  
млади болни небеса  
така

\* \* \*

гледа снимката  
и говори (с такава тъга):  
*тази бирария не съществува вече.*  
Аз му отговарям:  
*вече нищо не съществува*  
*останаха само имената*  
*само имената*  
*и тук никой не помни*  
*къде се поставя*  
*правилното ударение*  
*а ти ми говориш*  
*за бирарията.*

А той гледайки снимката  
казва: *аз тук се запознах*  
*с Людочка.*

**Stanislav Lvovsky** was born in 1972, graduated from the Chemistry Department of Moscow State University. He worked in advertising and journalism, has published five poetry collections, one collection of short stories and one novel (in co-authorship with Linor Goralik) and has been translating from English. His play "Sixplays" written together with Linor Goralik was staged in Moscow-based "Theatre.doc". Well known through regular appearances in periodicals and Internet publications he has received numerous literary honors, including the awards of *Moscow Free Verse Festival* (1993), *Teneta Internet Literary Contest* (1998, in three nominations) and the award for best new poetry of the year at the 2003 *Moskovskii Schyot*. He was shortlisted twice for Andrey Bely Prize (2005 and 2009) and once for "Razlichenie" poetry prize. His poetry has been translated into English, French, Chinese, Italian, Spanish, Georgian and other languages.

**Maria Lipiskova** is a Bulgarian poet, writer and translator, born in 1972 in the city of Teteven, Bulgaria. She has a M.A. (Bulgarian Philology) and MLIS (Library of Information Science and Cultural Policy). Her translations have been published in literary periodicals in Bulgaria and abroad. She has translated Boris Dubin, Mikhail Iampolski, Mikhail Epstein, Joseph Brodsky, Oleg Yuriev, Leonid Shwab, Polina Barskova and Gleb Shulpyakov from Russian into Bulgarian. The publishing house SONM is about to publish her translation of Gleb Shulpyakov's collection of poems *Letters to Yakub*. Her poetry and prose have been translated into English, German, Romanian, and Croatian.

Valerij Legyenyov      Валерий Леденёв

Magyarra fordította Gerevich András\*  
Translated into Hungarian by András Gerevich\*

*Sasha R.-nek*

álmainkban madárszemek vagyunk vágyak palettája  
de valójában madarak léptek fényképek keretek vagyunk  
ok az eltűnődésre amikor kicsöng a telefon  
metafórák véletlen hangok a véletlen térben  
ajkak vagyunk amiket másodpercekben mérnek

\* \* \*

narancslé  
a nyelv savanykás íze

(többet tudsz nálam)

úgy csókolsz  
mintha le akarnál egészben nyelni

egyformák leszünk

de így is

mélyen

a magunk módján  
megértünk  
minden  
pillanatot

\* \* \*

a hiányodra vágyom  
és az érintésedre

még az üres ágy is  
személy

néhány ember meg nem is létezik

### **Fernando Pessoa az álmaimban**

toxikus vízben úsztunk

mondtam  
hogy el akarok úszni  
de te nem engedted

felébredtem  
és egy senkinek éreztem magamat

**Valerij Ledenev** was born in 1985 in Moscow. He graduated from the Moscow Psychological-Pedagogical University and studied history and theory of art at the State Modern Art Center in Moscow. From 2011 he is a chief editor of the modern art magazine *Art Chronical*. His first collection of poems *Smell of Polygraphy* was published in 2008 by *Argorisk Publishers*. He translates poetry from English and French.

**Andras Gerevich** was born in Budapest in 1976. His fourth book of poems in Hungarian is due out this fall. A book of his poetry in English translation, *Tiresias's Confession*, came out in 2008. Translated into over a dozen languages he has been a guest at a number of international literary and poetry festivals and artists' residencies, including the legendary *Yaddo* in New York and the *Akademie Solitude* in Germany. Besides writing poetry he scripted several prize-winning short animations produced in the UK, and his plays were performed in Budapest and read in London. He also wrote essays and stories, and translated a number of English-speaking poets into Hungarian, including Seamus Heaney and Frank O'Hara, and a book by filmmaker David Lynch. He was editor of two literary journals, *Kalligram* in Budapest and *Chroma* in London, an assistant producer of the radio program *Poetry by Post* for the BBC World Service. He was also the President of the József Attila Kör, the Hungarian young writers' association from 2006 for a three year term.

Andriej Sien-Sieńkow     Андрей Сен-Сеньков

Przełożył Tomasz Pierzchała\*

Translated into Polish by Tomasz Pierzchała\*

## AFRYKA JAK TRZY POSIŁKI DZIENNE

### śniadanie

jeśli pada tu deszcz  
to pada bardzo długo  
przypomina to  
przezroczystą transfuzję krwi

### obiad

większość tutejszych (całkowicie obcych)  
dziwacznych owadów  
wydaje się że zostały narysowane  
podczas  
pięknie przerwane go aktu płciowego

### kolacja

biały bóg w afryce nudzi się  
i kiedy przychodzą do niego  
on  
chowa się za drzwiami  
bawi się  
udając dzieciaka  
i zmienionym głosem  
mówi  
"nie mogę otworzyć.  
rodziców nie ma w domu"

\*© Tomasz Pierzchała



## PÓŁ PACZKI GITANES

### 1. *papieros*

czerwona cygańska sukienka  
jest szyta według schematu pomidorowego metro  
w którym  
kilka porusza się po linii okólnej  
zawsze bez żadnej przesiadki

### 2. *papieros*

pod koniec filmu "Tabor wędruje do nieba"  
wszystkich głównych bohaterów  
łapie ulewa  
mokre niebo skowyczy  
to u cygańskiego boga  
z wielkim bólem łamie się głos

### 3. *papieros*

rok tysiąc dziewięćset czterdziesty czwarty  
pogrom cyganów dobiega końca  
w ciemności odrobina fałszu  
wpełza pod europejski szynel  
leżącej narodowości

### 4. *papieros*

cyganie za swoją praojczyznę uważają  
wyspę Tsy  
wyspa nie wyspa  
indyjska łyżeczka  
którą  
ktoś kto lubi herbatę  
zgiął w osłodzonej wodzie

## 5. papieros

Rada Komisarzy Ludowych  
ustanowiła dekret  
"O środkach ułatwiających przejście koczowniczych  
społeczności  
cygańskich na tory produktywnego życia osiadłego".

1 października 1926 roku  
w redakcjach gazet lokalnych  
wydrukowane koniki galopowały obok  
mężczyzn-Cyganów

*...A potem przechodząc obok budowy, całą paczkę z pozostałymi papiero-  
sami oddałem gasterbeiterowi*

mołdawscy robotnicy  
chowają się przed milicjantami

nie boją się  
to po prostu taka gra -  
ostrzą swoją narodowość  
do takiego stanu  
że zaczyna się kruszyć  
na moskiewskie pagony

*W paczce został jeszcze jeden papieros z polskim reżyserem Wajdą,  
którego nazwisko wywodzące się z języka cygańskiego oznacza  
"naczelnik"; papieros z fotografiami jedenastu cyganów, którzy podczas  
Wielkiej Wojny Ojczyźnianej otrzymali tytuły bohaterów Związku  
Radzieckiego; papieros z mustalaiset (tak Finowie nazywają swoich  
cyganów); papieros z Japonii, jedyne państwa na świecie, w którym  
cyganie nie mieszkają oraz papieros z niesamowitym męskim imieniem  
Dufunia.*

**Andrej Sen-Senkov** was born in 1968 in Tajikistan. He graduated from the Medical Academy in Jaroslavl. He is the author of eleven books. He has been shortlisted for Andrej Belyj Prize three times and has been translated into sixteen languages.

**Tomasz Pierzchała**, born in 1968, is a Polish translator of English, Russian and Ukrainian. He lives in Świdnica, Poland. Since 2006 he has been translating Russian and Ukrainian contemporary poetry and prose. He collaborates with Ukrainian artists, poets and writes, and Ha!art (Postdisciplinary Magazine for Contemporary Culture in Cracow). He has translated such authors as: Andrey Sen-Senkov, Alexander Skidan, Alexei Tsvetkov jun., Leonid Tishkov, Kirill Medvedev, Sergey Timofeev, Maxim Borodin, Sergey Zhdanov, Tatyana Zamirovskaya and other authors. For further information visit <http://tompierzchala.wordpress.com/>

le Dmitry Kuzmin

ДМИТРИЙ КУЗЬМИН

bhon Ruiseanais - Crisdean MhicIlleBhain\*

Translated into Gaelic by

Crisdean MhicIlleBhain/Christopher Whyte\*

\* \* \*

Bha mòran rudan a dhìth orm  
's mi nam leanabh. Cha robh duin' ann  
leis an cluichinn cluich' an ospadail,  
riamh cha d' fhuair mi steatascope 'nam làimh;  
nach neònach a tha sin,  
grèim a bhith agad air ionnsramaidean fhuair mheatailt  
's tu ga dlùthachadh ri craiceann teth cuideigin eile:  
bidh an dithis dhibh teth, ach eadaraibh  
a' mheatailt fhuar. (Aon uair,  
ann an ospadal mòr airson daoine beairtich,  
's mise faighinn a-steach le cuideachadh  
bho bhalach a bha gaol agam air uair,  
chunnaic mi mar a chaidh an teothachadh ro-làimh -  
an steatoscope, 's an spàin cuideachd  
a chuireas iad nad sgòrnan,  
bha iad a' cleachdadh inneil rèidh speisealta).  
Ach chan eil sin a' tachairt a-nis, a-nis  
beanaidh mo mheòir air ball  
rid chraiceann teth, ged a tha iad fuar  
's an dèidh sin sleamhnaichidh iad sìos.  
Chan eil feum air ionnsramaidean eadarainn,  
tha sinn òg 's lomnochd a-cheana.  
Ach roimhe seo, roimhe seo - nuair nach dùraiginn  
beantainn ri duin' eile seach mi fhìn -  
b' urrainnear le steatoscope,  
ach le làimh cha b' urrainnear.  
Bha sin a dhìth orm, 's mi 'nam leanabh.

**Dmitry Kuzmin** was born in 1968 in Moscow. He graduated from the Moscow State Pedagogical University in 1993, then in 2005 got a PhD from Samara State Pedagogical University. Since 1993 he works as a head of ARGO-RISK Publishers (about 20 titles of present-day Russian poetry yearly), since 2006 he is also editor in chief of "Vozdukh" ("Air"), a quarterly poetry magazine. He has published several translations of poetry from English (Auden, Cummings, Stevens, Ashbery, CK Williams e.a.), French, Ukrainian etc. Selected poems and translations by Kuzmin, *Horosho byt' zhivym* (It's fine to be alive), as a hard-back of 400 pages, won Moskovsky Stchet (Moscow Count) award for the best debut poetry collection. His study on the theoretical and historical aspects of one-line poetry is forthcoming this year at Novoye Literaturnoye Obozreniye (New Literary Review Publishers).

**Crìsdean MacIìleBhàin / Christopher Whyte** (b. 1952) has published four novels in English. His fifth collection of poetry in Scottish Gaelic will appear this autumn. He has translated Kavafis and Achmatova into Gaelic, and Rilke, Pasolini and Tsvetaeva into English. Since 2005 he has been based in Budapest, Hungary.

## Four Centuries Library

Here are the books donated to the Library:

A. Books by separate poets.

*In English*

Donated by **James Kates** and **Zephyr Press**:

48. Aizenberg, Mikhail: level with us. Translated by J. Kates. Governors Bay: Cold Hub Press, 2011, 28 p., ISBN 978-0-473-17395-1
49. Aizenberg, Mikhail: Say Thank You. Translated by J. Kates. Brookline, Mass.: Zephyr Press, 2007, 109 p., ISBN 978-0-939010-88-2
50. Aygi, Gennady: Salute - to Singing. Translated by Peter France. Brookline, Mass.: Zephyr Press, 2002, 95 p., ISBN 0-939010-69-0
51. Gandlevsky, Sergey: A Kindred Orphanhood. Translated by Philip Metres. Brookline, Mass.: Zephyr Press, 2003, 105 p., ISBN 0939010755
52. Ignatova, Elena: The Diving Bell. Translated by Sibelan Forrester. Brookline, Mass.: Zephyr Press, 2006, 133 p., ISBN 0-939010-85-2
53. Naiman, Anatoly: Lions and Acrobats. Translated by Margo Shohl Rosen & F. D. Reeve. Brookline, Mass., 2005, 125 p., ISBN 0-93901082-8
54. Polonskaya, Anzhelina: Paul Klee's Boat. Translated by Andrew Wachtel. Brookline, Mass.: Zephyr Press, 2013, 154 p., ISBN 978-0-9832970-7-9
55. Porvin, Aleksey: Live by Fire. Thirteen poems. Translated by J. Kates. Governors Bay: Cold Hub Press, 2011, 28 p., ISBN 978-0-473-18765-1
56. Sapgir, Genrikh: Psalms. 1965-1966. Translated by J. Kates. Governors Bay: Cold Hub Press, 2012, 40 p., ISBN 978-0-473-19721-6
57. Shcherbina, Tatiana: an offshoot of sense. Translated by J. Kates. Governors Bay: Cold Hub Press, 2011, 28 p., ISBN 978-0-473-17958-8
58. Shcherbina, Tatiana: The Score of the Game. Translated by J. Kates. Brookline, Mass.: Zephyr Press, 2003, 126 p., ISBN 0-939010-73-9
59. Sosnora, Viktor: A Million Premonitions. Translated by Dinara Georgeliani and Mark Halperin. Brookline, Mass.: Zephyr Press, 2004, 135 p., ISBN 0-939010-76-3

**Many thanks to Mr James Kates and Zephyr Press for this generous donation!**

B. Anthologies.

*In English*

46. Modern Russian Poetry. Selected and translated by Jack Lindsay. London: Vista Books, 1960, 48 p.

Donated by **James Kates** and **Zephyr Press**:

47. In the Grip of Strange Thoughts. Russian Poetry in a New Era. Selected and Edited by James Kates. Brookline, Mass., 1999, 444 p., ISBN 0-939010-57-7

**Many thanks to Mr James Kates and Zephyr Press for this generous donation!**

Donated by **Ancient Cypres Press**:

60. Leo Yankevich: Selected Translations. Fort Lauderdale: Ancient Cypress Press, 2013, 60 p., ISBN 978-0-9889648-3-9

Among translations poems by Lermontov, Yesenin, Blok.

*Many thanks to Ancient Cypress Press Publishers for this generous donation!*