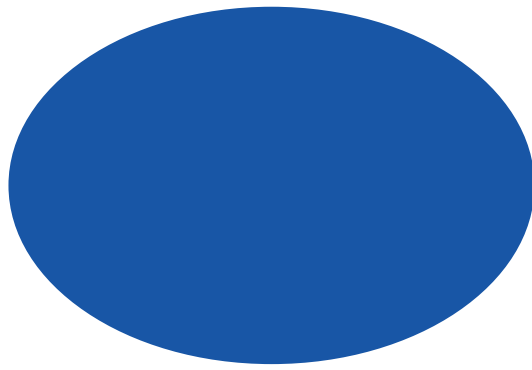


# FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



20

2019



Four Centuries. Russian Poetry in Translation

fourcenturies@gmx.de

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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 Perelmutter, 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 29.

## XIX

Mihail Lermontov (1814 - 1841)

Михаил Лермонтов (1743 - 1816)

Magyarra es angolra fordította

Vozdvizenszkij Vadim\*

Translated into Hungarian and English

by Vadim Vozdvizhensky\*

\* \* \*

Viszlát, szegény Oroszországom,  
Rabok és urak otthona,  
És kék mundéros rendőrséged,  
Miközben néped hallgatna.

Kaukázus hegyein átkelve,  
Elbújok cárjaid elől,  
A mindent látó szemeiktől,  
S mindent halló fülűktől.

1841

### Vitorla

Egy fehér csónak vitorlázik,  
Kék tenger köd alatt lapul!..  
Mit keres távoli országban?  
Mit elhagyott a parton túl?..

Hullámok játszanak a széllel,  
Árboca nyikorog és dül!..  
Nem boldogságot keres távol,  
S nem boldogságtól menekül!

\* © Vadim Vozdwizhensky, translation, 2019

Alatta áramlás -- azúrkék,  
Fölette napsugár -- arany...  
Ő pedig lázad, vihart keres,  
Mintha a viharban -- előny!

1832

\* \* \*

Farewell to thee, my poor Russia,  
The land of slaves, the land of lords,  
Policemen wearing blue coats,  
Obeying them servile hordes.

Maybe, beyond the ridge Caucasian,  
I'll hide away from tsars of thine,  
From their sharp all-seeing eyeballs,  
From their overhearing spies.

1841

### **The Sail**

White sail seen alone and distant  
Thick fog is covering blue sea!..  
What is it looking for out there?  
Why did it leave its shore so lee?

Waves playing -- wind is whistling,  
The mast is bending with a creak...  
Alas! Not happiness it's seeking  
And not from happiness it flees!

Below a stream of light azure,  
Above sunray of pure gold...  
But it revolts and looks for tempests,  
As if a tempest could resolve!

1832

**Vadim Vozdvizhensky** has been studying and translating the poetry of Grigory S. Skovoroda for years. His dissertation on the Hungarian motives in the literary and philosophical works of Skovoroda is the first such study either in Hungary or the philosopher's homeland. Vadim Vozdvizhensky translates other Russian poets with devotion to Tokay or Hungary as for example Fyodor Tyutchev, Igor Severyanin, etc.

Mikhail Lermontow in *Four Centuries*:

9, 2014, p.6-7, translated into English by Robert Chandler

9, 2014, p.8, translated into German by Christoph Ferber

9,2014, p.9-10, translated into Romanian by Leo Butnaru

9, 2014, p. 11, translated into Hungarian by Maja Cessarskaja

9,2014, p. 12-14, translated into Hungarian by Arpad Galgoczy

16,2017, p.18-19, translated into Dutch by Paul Bezembinder

Vadim Vozdvizhensky in *Four Centuries*:

16, 2017, p. 5-9 (Григорий Сковорода)

17, 2017, p.14-15 (Фёдор Тютчев)

18, 2018, p. 26-29 (Игорь Северянин)



## XX

Marina Tswetajewa (1892 -1941)

Марина Цветаева (1892 - 1941)

Translated by Mary Jane White\*

\* \* \*

Find yourself more credulous women,  
Who've never rendered wonder into numbers.  
I know, Venus -- is a form of handiwork,  
And I am a craftsman -- and I know my craft.

Know my range -- from High-Church silences  
To the baser trampling of the soul:  
The whole length of the sublime ladder -- from:  
My breath -- to: don't dare breathe!

*18 June 1922*

\* \* \*

Remember this stricture: Earth is  
No place to be possessive!  
Because later on --  
In the city of friends:

In an empty  
In a severe  
Male paradise  
-- Unbrokenly golden --

In a world where rivers run back,  
On the bank -- of a river,  
I might take into my imaginary hand  
The imagined hand of another...

© Mary Jane White, translation, 2019

A brief spark might crackle,  
Burst -- meet with answering burst.  
(An Apocrypha of hands might  
Be concealed in a handshake!)

O there might be a simultaneous drop  
Of our clothing, flat as a sword --  
In a paradise of male deities,  
In a paradise of male victories!

And so, among the adolescents:  
Among our equals,  
In the fresh latitudes  
Of morning, in the great fires

Of these games -- on the dry wind  
Long live the impassivity of our souls!  
In a paradise of Tarpeian cliffs,  
In a paradise of Spartan friendships!

20 June 1922

\* \* \*

When, if ever dear God,  
Will you let fall upon my life  
The serenity of grey hair,  
The serenity of your altitudes.

When, at last, in the grand silences  
Of *those* first light blues  
Will my own high shoulder  
Have borne all of life.

You, dear God, alone,  
Alone, and none of you, know  
How I loosed myself from clumps of white  
For a deep and mountainous blue.

How beneath a persistent mouth  
Asleep -- I listened -- to the grasses...  
(Here, in the land of the arts,  
Where I pass for a wordsmith!)

And how weary I am grown  
Of lies -- and the burden of my quit-rent,  
As if the last of my muscles  
Had turned into the first quiver of a tree...

\* \* \*

A tree's --first -- quiver,  
A dove's -- first --coo.  
(Isn't that your quivering,  
Pride, isn't that your coo,  
Fidelity?)

                    -- Stop,  
Clear script of penetrating darts!  
Of the disappearing ink of love  
The sky -- it seems -- is blank!

If -- not -- for morning:  
Tinkle, and warble, and leaf,  
If not for the vanity  
Of vanities -- ours would have become

Certain lives ...  
                    Not a balm, but a scourge --  
To the honeysuckle of tender bodies.  
With these headlong bounties  
The sky -- it seems -- has its limits!

Day. The cart road's  
Ruts. -- I set out. -- I'm gone.  
A wild and quiet wince  
Of my knowing shoulder.

Our masks ...

Poured as if out of a pail --  
Morning. Whitewash.  
Of any trace of my rib  
The sky -- it seems -- is blank!

*22-23 June 1922*

\* \* \*

The sunburned one has -- ax and plow.  
Enough -- tribute to dark dustiness!  
My hack-working hands allow  
These hard-won early hours are precious.

Morning -- out of Old Testament darkness --  
Everlasting manly prowess!

Out of moss and honey, a smoking fetus --  
Be gone -- small creature of the early hours!  
In the piled furs of somnolence  
Sarah -- as promised and Hagar --

Heart -- cast aside ...

-- rejoice alike in the mornings'  
Everlasting manly prowess!

*24 June 1922*

\* \* \*

Morning! As neither arrow, nor stone:  
I! -- Liveliest of women:  
Life. With both hands  
Move into your waking dream.

Yield! (With your forked tongue:  
Take me! -- You fork-tongued snake!)  
Take all of me in my bareheaded  
Joy, attach yourself!

Cling! -- To today's day on a schooner,  
-- Cling! -- to a slope on skis! -- Cling! -- to my flaxen head!  
Today I wear my newest skin:  
My gold-plated, seventh molt!  
  
-- Mine! -- and what rewards  
Has heaven -- when in my hands, my mouth:  
Life: with its wide-open joy  
Greet you in the morning!

25 June 1922

**Mary Jane White** is a poet and translator who practiced law in Waukom, Iowa, and is now retired. Her poetry and translations received NEA Fellowships in 1979 and 1985. She taught lyric poetry and poetry workshops at the University of Iowa and Luther College and was a visiting poet in the Schools in Iowa. She has published her poetry and translations in a number of magazines and poetry anthologies. She is the author of "*Starry Sky to Starry Sky*" (1988), "*The Work of the Icon Paper*" (1979), and other books.

Marina Tswetajewa in *Four Centuries*:  
5, 2013, p. 14, translated into Hungarian by Maja Tsesarskaja  
11, 2015, p. 14, translated into English by Tony Brinkley  
13, 2016, p.11-19, translated into English by Tony Brinkley

Marina Tswetajewa (1892 -1941)

Марина Цветаева (1892 - 1941)

Russian Translation of Charles Baudelaire's "Le Voyage"

Retranslated into English by Tony Brinkley\*

## Sailing

for Maxime du Camp

1

A boy at night is stirred by images of ships --  
past every wave, a prospect -- past every  
prospect, waves, the mir -- so vast in lamplight! --  
and how infinitely small in memory's eye!

One foul day -- inhuman longing is  
unwilling to be anchored -- we board  
ship to meet immensity -- sea-bound --  
without horizons -- dreaming. What

impels us? Some escape a fatherland  
they loathe -- some, boredom -- ennui  
by the fire -- others, Circe's lashes that  
have shaded half-a-lifetime -- now with

hope -- not to become the beasts in Circe's  
gardens -- sailing -- stupified as long as  
burning ice and fiery suns have not  
erased the scars from the witch's teeth.

True sailors sail -- without intention -- sailing  
to sail -- swallowing the latitudes -- where  
every dawn will celebrate new dwellings --  
even dying -- still... still "Forward!" --

\* © Tony Brinkley, translation, 2019

look -- the clouds -- the look of their desires! --  
for a young man -- love, and cannon fire  
for the new recruit! The edge of things is  
offering us the names that no one speaks.

2

And now the horror -- to be a spinning ball --  
a whirling top. And late at night in dreams  
when Fever whips us like a spitefull Angel --  
invisibly how lashes blight the world.

Our strange game with its moving targets! -- being  
nowhere -- then the targets could be anywhere? --  
a game where people hunt their shadows --  
behind a phantom boat on phantom water ...

Our souls like vessels bounds for Eldorado --  
there! -- the blissful country? straits? a channel? --  
suddenly the mountains, chasms, hydras -- seas  
from Hell -- the lookout's outcry -- "Blessings! --

Passion! -- Paradise!" -- the Reef! The smallest  
island that our lookout spies (we fancy lands  
with amber fruit, with azure water, emerald  
lawns -- while basalt cliffs reflect the sunrise) ...

"Land!" Our crazed lookout screams.  
Then feed him to the ocean, shackle  
the naïve liar -- creating more Americas  
with figments from the ocean's gray expanses.

Old man travelling -- each night in a ditch --  
who stares all dreams of power in the eye --  
enough for him to sight another Eden  
in a tower's blinking, attic light.

3

Such sailors -- what a story  
in your eyes -- sea chasms!  
caskets of memories -- hidden  
treasures Nereus never saw.

Hurl us -- without steam or sails! --  
to visions framed in blue  
(stretched canvases -- your  
paintings -- bewitch eyes).

What do you see then? What have you seen?

4

"The constellations. Tide-swell,  
yellow sand -- still burning to this day -- storms  
pounding -- boulder-reefs ... but nothing hides  
the boredom -- for us as bored as here.

"Lilac seas in evening's luster -- cities by the  
sea in diadems of light -- for us give birth to  
longing -- our faithful, melancholy poison -- like  
a warrior resting on a field of splendor -- This!

"Narrow, gracious bridges, glorious buildings --  
sadly, notwithstanding -- for us are matched by  
hail -- by that! which Random-Genius shapes  
from clouds... And blank eyes find their Eden.

"From earth's sweetness -- crueller visions!  
Dream -- eternity's great oak the ground feeds --  
growing taller -- passionately desires,  
grasps at heaven, for the sun and moon.

"How tall? Much taller! Than the persistent  
cypress?...

Look! -- what from the seas we've brought  
you -- palace-faces, this profile of a headland -- but  
more than any present -- for all of you -- the miles!



"On porphyry columns gazing at the  
the world, the elephant idols greet us --  
palace carvings, lines of flight in stone,  
a dream to bankrupt bankers ...

"Costumed for intoxicating guilt --  
clawed women, dyed with henna --  
bronze-green brazen men in reptile collars."

5

And then? and this? and more?

6

" A child's insistence? ...

"But -- not to forget -- to tally our journeys:  
from vineyards to palm-fronds of glacial  
moss -- everywhere -- anywhere -- circling  
the planet -- wherever -- we witness

"the comedy of evil: women, infantilized,  
slaved to their beds -- thoughts blush their  
foreheads -- and men, servants, slaves, in  
castles and tenements -- but always slave

"slave! Torturers flower -- in martyrs' wounds;  
gluttons in blood -- dance on the bones;  
the humbled masses -- unbridled tyrants;  
the rich bundle fears while slaves sweep

"the dust-bins. The One Religion -- multiplied --  
dozens -- leading to paradise -- often to evil!  
Ascetics in chains -- their self-indulgences --  
sensual skin -- silk sensualities --

"kitsch -- people's gossip -- two-day affairs --  
while battle-scarred wrestlers pitch their  
Creator on underworld bonfires: "My  
Lord! Doppelganger! Oh how I curse you!"

"A few -- loving madness -- shorten their weariness,  
day after day -- dive in the ocean -- without  
meditation -- in oceans of opium... Eternity's  
Earth-Mother feeds us these bulletins!"

7

"Fruitless, bitter -- science of journeys --  
always the same, the same face to face us --  
today and tomorrow, coffin-walled -- always --  
an oasis of horror in a desert of anguish.

"Will you fly? Stay? Or run! -- weighed down  
by a milestone -- hide like a mole or run,  
race, in flight -- to circumvent Time (the old  
dandy, the Rake) like the Wandering Jew,

"or like the Apostles, under sail, under  
steam, crossing the seas on the day  
slaughter calls -- while others, walled  
in, cope with the Fiend ... But try --

"grasp the Time -- "Forward!" -- faith  
follows -- as we sailed to Peru in  
the beginning -- we'll face Aurora  
across lacquered oceans -- over black

"waters. Through underworld straits we'll  
travel cheerfully -- out of the darkness,  
voices call out to us: "Bring us your  
longing -- you who are famished --

"here is the lotus, fruit for your hunger --  
gather the fruit, taste our last ooziings -- here --  
every season, each day -- lotus-moistures --  
where lotus dreams suck all desire..."

"Seductive tongues! Underworld nectars!...  
Drawn with each stroke into the black water.  
And we will sing to you -- parched from the fire --  
"Refresh your heart -- swim to Electra!"

Death! My old Captain! It's time! The wind rises!  
 Death! It is time. This climate bores us!  
 Though water and sky are black as ink,  
 a thousand suns have dawned within us!

Misled sailors reveal the gulfs --  
 hunger for things the sun surveys --  
 dive where Eden and Hell are one --  
 in unknown depths -- to find the New!

**Tony Brinkley**, born 1948, is a Professor of English at the University of Maine. His poetry has appeared in *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *New Review of Literature*, *Cerise Press*, *Drunken Boat*, *Otoliths*, *Hungarian Review*, and *Poetry Salzburg Review*. His translations from Russian, German, French, and Hungarian have appeared in *Shofar*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *New Review of Literature*, *Cerise Press*, *MayDay*, *World Literature Today*, *Hungarian Review*, *Four Centuries*, and *Drunken Boat*. He is the author of *Stalin's Eyes* (Puckerbrush Press) and the coeditor with Keith Hanley of *Romantic Revisions* (Cambridge University Press).

Tony Brinkley in *Four Centuries*:

- 4, 2013, p. 41, Oleg Yuriev
- 5, 2013, p. 8, Osip Mandelstam
- 10, 2015, p. 25, Irina Mashinski
- 11, 2015, p. 14, Marina Tsvetaeva
- 13, 2016, p.11-19, Marina Tsvetaeva

Velimir Khlebnikov (1885 - 1922)  
Велимир Хлебников (1885 - 1922)

Translated by James L. Richie\*

\* \* \*

On a branch  
Sat a bird of anger  
And a bird of love.  
Then, a bird of calm  
Descended onto the branch.  
And with a squawk,  
Rose the bird of anger.  
And behind it , rose the bird  
Of love.

**James L. Richie** was born in Stillwater, Minnesota. He has published translations of Italian poetry in *Ezra. An Online Journal of Translation*.

## XXI

Дмитрій Кузьмін  
Дмитрий Кузьмин

Переклад українською Лесик Панасюк\*  
Translated into Ukrainian by Lesyk Panasiuk\*

\* \* \*

немовля  
тихенько  
похропує

із гучністю мужика за стіною  
в панельному будинку

світає  
у саду під вікном  
із годівнички для синиць  
вилітає сойка

\* \* \*

ці риб'ячі очі бачать народ наскрізь, на всю глибину  
кут поля зору розгорнутий у пряму  
народ попереду, народ праворуч і ліворуч  
треба рухатись повільно в цьому в'язкому середовищі  
протискатися крізь драглисту гущу народу  
що химерно заломлює обриси дна  
сором'язливо ховає шпори  
ці риб'ячі очі округлюють лінію горизонту  
загортають краї всередину  
за кордоном чорно й нема нічого  
світло зі сходу ніколи не вийде з чорної діри  
бог Ейнштейна вигадник, але не зловмисник  
цей народ із усіх боків, буквально всюди  
риб'ячі очі не заплющиш, погляд не відведеш

© Дмитрій Кузьмін, 2019

\* © Lesyk Panasiuk, translation, 2019

*Four Centuries. Russian Poetry in Translation, 20, 2019*

\* \* \*

Є. С.

Зручно ненавидіти Росію з Латвії.  
Зручно ненавидіти Росію з Америки.  
Більш або менш зручно ненавидіти Росію з деяких районів  
України,  
але з Криму та з Донбасу не надто зручно.  
Порівняно зручно ненавидіти Росію з Москви.  
Значно незручніше -- із Пермі чи Омська,  
де містян розважають моделлю шибениці в натуральну  
величину.  
Дуже незручно ненавидіти Росію з Лабитангі.  
Голова паморочиться, сильна слабкість,  
поколювання в пальцях, оніміння рук.  
Сухість у роті постійна, не виходить напиться водою.

\* \* \*

Інтелігенція каже: неможливо.  
Інтелігенція читала Ганну Арендт.  
Інтелігенція каже: нестерпно.  
Інтелігенція читала Шаламова.  
Інтелігенція каже: безсилля.  
Інтелігенція читала Розанова, про варення.  
Але якщо запитати інтелігенцію:  
ось тобі, інтелігенціє, вервечка в руки  
від петлі на шийі цієї судді,  
цього начальника колонії,  
цього тележурналіста,  
цього національного лідера,  
-- затягнеш ковзний вузол?  
Ні? Отже, поки можливо.  
Ні? Отже, поки стерпно.

< після повернення з Варшави >

1

Вулиця Олеandroва,  
колишня Партизанська,  
нічим не примітна.  
Горобець  
сідає на долоню.

1995

2

На розі Олеandroвої  
та Маршалковської  
Музей народної пам'яті  
зачинений  
на ремонт.

2008

**Lesyk Panasiuk** is an Ukrainian translator, poet, and designer. He is the author of three books of poetry and a co-author of one poetry zine. He has translated *How to Forgive the Snow* (2019) by Artem Werle and *Epidemic of Roses* (2019) by Valzhyna Mort. He is also a co-translator of Dmitry Kuzmin's *Blankets Are Not Provided* (2018). Lesyk Panasiuk has won a number of literary contests, such as *Young Poets' Republic* (2013), *Smoloskyp Publishers' Literary Competition* (2013, 2014) or *International Slavic Poetry Prize* (2018). Besides being a co-founder of educational art project *Poetry. Translation. Performance* (2017) he has taken part in various art festivals in the Ukraine and abroad. He translates works of contemporary writers from Russian, Belorussian, English and Polish into Ukrainian.

Dmitry Kusmin in *Four Centuries*:

5, 2013, p.35, translated into Gaelic by Christopher Whyte

11, 2015, p.23-24, translated into French by Alexandr Petrossov

16, 2017, p.33-38, translated into Ukrainian by Fridrich Tschernishow

Vladimir Stockman  
Владимир Штокман

Przełożył Maciej Froński\*  
Translsted into Polish by Maciej Froński\*

\* \* \*

Ach, jak pragnie kobiety facecik  
W paltociku niemodnym od lat!  
Miłość jednak ku niemu nie leci,  
Obojętny na niego jest świat.

O pieśczołach się ostrych rozmarza,  
O całusach śni gęstych, lecz sam,  
Widzi przecież odrazę na twarzach  
Tu i tam mijających go dam.

Kto pokocha pokurcza? Polubi?  
Miałby rozum, urodę czy trzos...  
Myśl, by współżyć, a choćby bez ślubu,  
Jest jak kotki głaskanie pod włos.

Ulicami się płacze bez końca,  
Skryta żądza przepala mu łeb,  
Własna gęba go razi jak słońce  
Odbijane w witrynie przez sklep.

1987



## Jazz w Paryżu, kwiecień 1952 roku

Avenue Montaigne żyje balangą --  
Tu wymiatają Dizzy i Django,  
Co dźwięk, to strzała stłowa śmiga --  
Gra na gitarze belgijski Cygan.

Dizzy i Django z melodią lecą,  
Aż się gorąco robi jak w piecu,  
Dla dźwięków miejsca i czasu nie ma,  
Cóż -- geniusz jeden, a głowy dwie ma!

Dizzy i Django -- muzyka sytych,  
Muzyka resztki wiecznych beatników,  
Sypie synkopy tata be-bopu,  
Zgłupiała z tego babcia Europa.

Tak okularnik dmie w trąbkę wąską,  
Że na trzy bandy starczy z nawiązką,  
Palców na strunach tyle się mieści,  
Jakby ich było całych dwadzieścia,

Lecz czas się kurczy, koda się zbliża,  
Diango się zwinie -- żeby z Paryża...

Dizzy i Django już zawsze grają,  
Jak wam to idzie, chłopaki, w raj?   
2013

\* \* \*

Czekać, aż kitę smok odwali?  
Jemu też jedno życie dali...  
Na razie to przeżywa on,  
"Wojna!" ze wszystkich słycać  
I zewsząd tylko: "Zdrada! Wróg!",  
I "Trzymać! Łapać!" -- głuche dźwięki,  
I komu tak nie podać ręki,  
By człowiek w lustro spojrzeć mógł?

Noc. Gwiazda srebrzy się na niebie,  
Pustka jak cios w słoneczny splot.  
Pociągów stuk po torach, ot  
I smok przeżywa mnie i ciebie.

2015

\* \* \*

Czasu, zdawało się, że było dość,  
Lecz niewidzialny nastąpił już koniec,  
A z nieba rozległ się potężny głos,  
Cały podniosłym smutkiem przepelniony.

Przez krzątanię newowego dnia  
Nie było kiedy zebrać rzeczy, teraz  
Więc, przeklinając, na czym stoi świat,  
W pośpiechu w torbie umieszczasz papiery.

Gdyby tak dało się nadrobić czas,  
Gdyby się dało brudnopis poprawić,  
Gdyby się dało zamarzyć choć raz  
"O wielkich czynach, o męstwie, o sławie"...

A hen nad głową płyną chmurki dwie,  
Jak białe kartki, wprawdzie pogniecione,  
"I niebo jasne, jak w dziecięcym śnie",  
Przy niewiadomej nam granicy zionie.

### Świat i władca

*Mojej córeczce Marysi*

*Lepię z plasteliny...*

*Nowiełła Matwiejewa*

Taki na przykład władca świata  
Jak plastelinę świat ugniata,  
Lecz plastelina tego nie chce  
I w śmiech, bo władca dość ją łechce.

Władca, po srogiej sądząc minie,  
Bardziej jest zły, niż być powinien:  
-- Już ja ci zaraz stawię czoła,  
Wojnę światową wnet wywołam!

Świat, mimo słów tych, jest spokojny,  
Żadnej światowej nie chce wojny,  
Nie jest potrzebna mu w ogóle,  
Jeszcze by ktoś w niej komuś uległ.

Władca zaś już się strasznie złości,  
Światowej boi się śmieszności,  
Chce, by na serio było wszystko,  
Łez jest naprawdę bardzo blisko.

Świat łaje władca bezrozumnie,  
Rzuca oszczerstwa i kalumnie,  
Po prostu traci panowanie,  
Bo nikt się bać go nie jest w stanie.

Nijak nie pojmie biedaczyna,  
Że świat to nie jest plastelina,  
No, a po takim zawołanym  
Władcy zostają tylko plany.

**Wladimir Sztokman** (literary and stage name: Vladimir Stockman), Russian and Polish poet, translator and singer-songwriter was born in 1960 in Rostov-on-Don, Russia. Since 1992 he has been living in Krakow, Poland. He writes poems in Polish and Russian, translates Polish and Russian poetry and prose into Russian and Polish. He is the author of a poetry collection *The Upper Sea* (2007). His poems have been translated into English, Italian, Armenian, Macedonian, Bulgarian, and Chinese, and have been published in a lot of literary magazines and anthologies in Poland, Russia, and other countries. As a translator of Czesław Miłosz he reached the final stage of the contest for the best translation of Miłosz organized by the Polish Institute of Books in 2011. He is a member of the International Federation of Russian Writers and the South Russian Writers' Union. In 2016 he was awarded the literary prize IANICIUS "For Services to Polish Culture".

**Maciej Froński**, 1973, is a Polish poet and translator living in Bielsko-Biala. A lawyer by profession he is the author of two books of poetry. He has translated poetry into Polish from different languages. Mr. Froński is married with two daughters.

## *Four Centuries Library*

Here are the books donated to the Library:

*In German*

133. Mandelstam, Ossip: Das zweite Leben. Späte Gedichte und Notizen. München, Wien: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1991

134. Mandelstam, Ossip: Tristia. Gedichte 1916-1925. Frankfurt: Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, 1996