

ON WINGS OVER THE  
HORIZON

**POEMS OF NIGAR**

*Translated by  
Richard McKane*



## LOVE OF FLYING

The poems of Nigar, a young Azeri woman poet writing in Russian, are a revelation. At once reminiscent of the poems of Akhmatova and Tsvetaeva, (the phenomenon known as 'Akhmatvet' coined by the Russian woman poet Tatiana Bek) they are totally her own. They take flight to the heights 'on wings over the horizon', but at the same time plunge to the depths. Poems of the heart, of the soul, but not an entirely 'Russian soul' for her soul is a double soul as well, from her own homeland of Azerbaijan. To have a 'double soul' means that the poet is always in that risk-charged territory where the chosen language is enriched by more than two cultures. Though the poet has wings and works with Homer's winged words, in this book the crash is never far away. Perhaps all great poetry and much great music is bipolar: or as Mandelstam put it to Akhmatova in the 30s: 'One writes poems only as a result of powerful shocks either joyous ones, or tragic ones', thus the future readers of this translation will embark on an adventure of discovery of a poetry full of laughter and tears, rapture and its opposite, meetings and partings and non-meetings of a young poet whose poetry has been praised in her own country, and where she is the youngest member of the Azerbaijani Union of Writers. But she may not carry everyone with her:

'I scared away so many with this wind  
that I hid them and locked them away,  
so as not to drive souls mad,  
not carry the wingless up to the clouds.'

Nigar is a rebel (myatezhnitsa) and a romantic, but also she rejects the clichés, the Scylla and Charybdis of 'saint' and 'whore' that cling so stereotypically to women poets and Akhmatova in particular – and calls herself 'the joker' ('Revelation'). I hope that the humour, playfulness and irony of her poems shows through in these translations as well as the majestic anger, love, drama and pain.

She is generous-spirited: 'God grant that you fly and do not crash:/I am happy to leave my wings to you' and even promises her Muse to repay her with just what she needs from a poet – 'life': 'I don't care who you are, where you are from/ and who tried to overpower you/... come what may I will send life to meet you!' Her 'mission statement' is clear: 'If you can be born an Angel/ try to die an Angel', but she also knows: 'Whoever is an angel is made out to be a sinner,/ the burden of the freedom of white birds.' She knows the dangers of being an outsider: 'a white crow'. It is this boldness, which is also present in her drawings, that makes her a controversial poet: 'Someone will say:

‘She’s sinning like a sinner/ making the world laugh with her madness,/ these eyes of hers are too bold...’

I wish I knew more about Sufi poetry – I know well the Turkish poetry of Yunus Emre and have read Rumi, his contemporary (and Dante’s), in translation. Some of the greatest Sufi poetry comes from Azerbaijan and my friend and co-translator with me of Oktay Rifat and Nazım Hikmet, Ruth Christie, who cast an eagle eye over the English of these translations, feels there are elements of Sufi poetry in her poems.

The fact that Nigar writes in Russian – the language and literature of which she studied at Baku University, though it was her schooldays that formed her sensibility as a poet – yet is drawing on an Eastern tradition gives her poems an extra dimension, perhaps most demonstrable in the realm of fate.

A word about ‘form’: her rhymes are always unerring, the music beautiful. In most cases I have failed to reproduce the rhythms and rhymes, relying on the rhythm of the images to carry the poems and aiming at a precision of translation. This was the method I had adopted with my translations of Anna Akhmatova, Olga Sedakova and Larissa Miller (to name just women poets), although I should add that most of my own poems in English do rhyme. I am much indebted to Nigar for her close and lively collaboration on the English text. I believe a transposition of the rhyme and rhythm scheme of Nigar’s poetry would probably not work in English translation. The regular schemes of Russian which are still so bewitching with their masculine and feminine rhymes too easily can sound in English like ‘Hymns Ancient and Modern’. Who knows, a future translator might prove me wrong? As it was I was not averse to some rhyming especially at the end of certain poems. I recommend those who can read the Russian text to read it aloud to themselves.

Nigar’s landscapes are those of the heart, mind (in her Russian there are three words used for madness/craziness/insanity), soul and flesh. The soul, which is a ‘she’ in Russian (see the last poem) is omnipresent and maybe this will trouble the modern English reader not used to coming across this concept in modern English poetry: but it is a key word. Perhaps it is this that made one reader talk of her ‘antique’ quality, when at the same time she is startlingly modern. A year or so ago I was walking in London with the Mandelstam scholar and poet Pavel Nerler and I said to him, musing on the role of poetry in the XXIst century: ‘Pavel, are we dinosaurs?’ and he replied, ‘Yes, Richard, we are dinosaurs with e-mail’, and it was in that mode mainly that Nigar and I communicated. Joking apart, one must never forget in reading this first book of Nigar that the poems stretch back to her

teenage years, and that she wrote her first poem aged four. I can't think of a more outstanding debut of any poet I have read recently, and a second book is in preparation, where she brings on the metaphor of Icarus which lies behind the whole of the first book. Why else should so many of the flyers be crashing in this first book – except here it is not son and father? Indeed, whereas the strong Azeri/Turkish/Eastern influence may be paramount, in keeping with the pairings I have indicated, there is a Greek feel about this book, certainly I see the concepts of Hubris, Tragedy and Lament, and Nigar tells me that she has always had an affinity for the beauty of Greek culture. But this is not to say that it is a heavy book, since there remains that concept of 'play' and 'wordplay', in all their meanings (in Turkish 'oyun' 'play' also means 'dance') and a joy even brighter than the sun, which each of us must heat in the sense that God needs our love and friendship as well as we His.

Nigar now lives in England. I met her by 'chance' (one of Nigar's favourite words, though nothing is random in her poems) at my reading in Lauderdale House in London in summer 2001 and we worked in close collaboration on these translations. By some extraordinary fate I share with Nigar three of her four languages, Russian, Turkish and Azeri (Azeri is understandable to Turkish speakers) and English and we are both interpreters in them. Nigar's poetry's revelations, intimacy, combination of innocence and wisdom, its tactileness, its concentration on the depth of the eyes have a haunting quality. There is heat, naturally enough in a poet from Azerbaijan – of the sun, which always shines behind the clouds – warmth of fire, of the 'foolish candle':

'I will find that dwelling place of love and warmth,  
where once more I would burn and not burn out!'

In welcoming Nigar into English poetry these lines strike me as proving that Nigar has already arrived, survived and will be a powerful force in poetry.

Richard McKane  
London, August 2001

After the sounds of a chance melody,  
as on the tracks of a blind pilgrim,  
fanned by another's soul secretly,  
flesh without costume or make-up wandered.  
Through time and distances – barefoot  
in the scorching sultry heat of mirages...  
it hurried – saving itself from fate,  
gathering moments coin by coin,  
drinking in now shadow, now sun,  
breast against hot rays,  
surprised at minutes sliding by,  
blazing a trail for future minutes.

To the right – you yourself groan.  
To the left – the rest groan.  
The wild thoughts of silence  
are torn to pieces by voices.  
Under the shade of eyelids, the buried  
rubble of desires so dear they hurt,  
smashed barbarously in two  
having mercy on Sisyphus' efforts.

Humility? God-given destiny is not  
for rebels', for mad ones' lot.  
The first will bless  
when the last could not care less.

Close your eyes for just a moment  
with the transparent veil of dreams  
and seek in the secret darkness  
the rays of long-dried tears,  
whose sparkle of crystal innocence  
troubled peace of mind with warmth,  
in whose sad loneliness  
happiness sometimes showed through.  
Close your eyes, their hopes are smashed outside.  
Don't look, spring is under your eyelashes,  
and tearing off your dusty clothes,  
you, however strange it is, are still alone.  
Give yourself up to the heavens,  
having sent pretended reality to the devils,  
trusting yourself to voices on the other side,  
playing at the seared banality  
of your dreams... to the very last word's letters...  
The last melody sung but not finished  
without the choking chains, without fetters,  
not shamed but undressed.



\* \* \*

9

So quietly, in a whisper, to the alien crowd's roar  
I pass on, not lifting my tired eyes,  
so as not to hear the sound of sacred prayers  
on young lips among old prayers.

With a tear of joy and perhaps spring sorrow  
I splash someone's track that happens to be lost.  
There is no present life in it, nor that of the past,  
only the future waits secretly for a meeting.

I do not hide in your shadow, disappearing  
in the light of dreams rejected at night,  
where silently drowning in meaninglessness  
I comforted myself with naive phrases.

Only the sky – the grateful viewer  
of lonely scenes without forced parts –  
joked with me and said farewell  
by the gates with a strange smile at dawn.

A moment, frozen, intoxicated by a look,  
an impulse for flight and peaceful descent.  
A chance face – effulgent,  
a wild dream's momentary vision.  
Its merciless captivity to fate  
has exposed the naked years  
without pity, fear or shame,  
listening to its own prayer alone.

11 WINDOW

Don't walk past this Window.  
One melody trembles behind it.  
A glance from inside... Passersby in their  
brazen bustle cannot catch it,  
they are too rude to others' thoughts.  
Can't you hear it? The thud on the daring glass pane...  
The Muse tried to smash it but could not.  
Do you see the down of her tired wing?  
She must have been a bird.  
Who knows...  
Don't walk past this window:  
such a land hides behind it!  
And you... are just the shadows of some abandoned daydream,  
of smashed dreams – burnt bridges.  
Life  
forgives forgotten sadness.  
Strict morals  
wipe it away –  
sad.

14

The silent groan of the autumn streets,  
the rainy lament of lost desires  
will wash out the tracks of still living confessions.

Sliding on the lanes between the powerful  
and the poor with a chilled look on the icy asphalt.  
They told me they don't look under it  
for the treasure fate intended for us.

## 15 LETTER

Did I show myself to you  
so out of it, so mad,  
that you saw me as suggestible  
to sensitive smiles and caressing words.  
My friend, I like you am of this world.  
Absurd dreams are not alien to me,  
but there is a wild melody within me  
that builds bridges to the clouds.  
So don't fool, don't destroy your soul,  
don't stretch your arms to the heavens –  
I'll run away, I simply won't hear  
and won't bow to earthly voices.  
Love those who walk don't fly:  
the likes of me are for exile and burning...  
Get to know those who don't know you from Adam,  
so that they can believe without doubting.  
Leave me...

The grey groan of autumn days,  
the whisper of rustled leaves,  
the women's endless murmur  
turning into the ringing summer  
that circles under the sleeping sky  
will knock at your window:  
wherever you, madman, might be,  
still, you'll never be saved.  
You will smile through looks and sighs  
at sadness that has slid by...  
You will know that you will be broken  
and rush off into my distance...  
Screams behind your back...  
Restraining arms.  
You'll slam the door after you  
and run to my door.

17

Bright light – don't get burnt.  
Come close. Get warm. Set out,  
don't go too far,  
don't blow out the flame  
with wings. Don't wash away  
the distant, hot shore with a wave.  
All this so as not to forget again  
the lyric  
I never once sang to the end.

I knocked at someone's door –  
didn't find...

Whether people, or beasts

I went up.

Some gave claws, some gave  
looks...

Not the stranger but the friend  
did not forgive.

Along an alley, between heaven  
and earth,

not right, nor left  
but straight.

Open wide the window to hurricanes,  
under the wing

a new wound to add to  
the old wounds.

I knocked at someone's door, my Darling,  
to listen, to believe in your voice...



I won't...  
I'll just go off to nowhere.  
I'll bury myself, I'll run away – no need to search.  
I'll forget  
and I ask you to never  
rebuke the wild one for her escape.  
You can't see arms:  
but there's a pair of huge wings,  
why is it difficult to flap them and fly?  
It hurts so...  
You know I could by myself  
heat the clouds, even the sun!

Knelt, you bent the wild one on your chest,  
not the saint and not the sinner,  
but the daring Flesh  
and soul of a rebel.  
Try to rip them open,  
you will not hear a cry.

Into the chill whip of in-love arrogance!  
You'll tear out my tongue, but I'll try to sing  
about the White, the Black, the Red mist,  
about the present, the wished-for Deception.  
I am a seer, I will never go blind.  
You hear: I was, I will be, I am!

Ages follow minutes,  
don't spare the moments' whisper.  
Your dangerous murmur  
and under it my line  
carried and captivated.  
Autumn sang of another,  
and will carry me off and not ask  
how once I cooled down.  
So it's fun, it's all not bad...  
over broken glass  
to when I breathed my last,  
I will not call, not have him back  
who listened to songs  
not mine, and he didn't sing them to me,  
but he did look into my eyes,  
built walls, destroyed towers!  
I have wings – I will not throw down,  
or break them – I will not forget:  
I was! I am! I will be!  
and I am the world's burden – not yours.

*Was there really too little sky?  
Was the sea really too shallow?*

Did I really hide my wings  
from your chance hopes?  
I satisfied only your hunger,  
concealed my daring soul  
from my secret desires.

Did I not splash the dust  
from your feet with sun  
and forget all yesterdays?  
Did I ever ask you to leave  
none of my stones unturned?  
Was I not the wild wind that circled  
like a daring miracle  
in your sleeping chest.  
I came down like a sinful angel

from the heights of a rebel  
to light up a stranger's soul.  
You are silent and I don't hear  
your tears imploring  
that I dry them on my white dress,  
waft with the scent of my tanned  
skin... Do you remember the summer –  
wasn't there light in plenty?

*Do you hear how softly I breathe  
so as not to disperse the chance moment?*

Embrace, freeze and let go  
in the moment, heady with heat.  
Pretend to be my Breathing  
and I will be your Wing...

I'll breathe in, you take off into nowhere,  
disdaining questions, no cares –  
and by chance perhaps for ever  
you'll really see the light!

Why are you quiet? Your look  
of dismay clings onto my face...  
It is a lost track leading to  
the engagement Ring.  
It will carry carefree me off  
to hibernate on others' knees  
and I will release eternal memory  
to you to kiss your lips.

I, the rebel, lean my head  
in silence on your arms,  
I'll chase the songs  
of yesterday from the threshold.  
Let someone's wind knock and break down  
the door. Do you hear the Rain  
hiding in my heart, and you lie  
beyond my heart – so wait.

30

Passed by. Touched me. Tanned skin fondled,  
now can't your palms forget its warmth?  
Sorry. Look how your candle  
liked to burn on my shoulder...

30

I will tell you of that deep sea  
where I swam in white foam on the waves.  
I will tell you of that great grief  
when I couldn't love you.

I will tell you of the heavens' distance  
where a white cloud clowned over the earth,  
where I forgot everyday morals  
and raved about you, breathed in a miracle.  
I will tell you of that distant star,  
the white one. Unique. Cruel!



You ask me to open the windows wide,  
without terror, reason or shame,  
I scared away so many with this wind  
that I hid them and locked them away,  
so as not to drive souls mad,  
not carry the wingless up to the clouds.  
Someone knocks at the door... I don't hear,  
I leave pity to Fools.

On the right a whisper: 'Truth does not hurt,  
living flesh breathes in your footsteps.'  
But I am beyond the sun! You don't see me,  
can you overcome the force of light..?  
then see: recognise my undressed look,  
it's got lost somehow on the way  
but you'll pick up perhaps from this discovery  
that you, who were passing, will never go away.

You used to say: 'It's not important, it'll pass...  
Life is aimless – aimless are actions.'  
The whole world laughs at me  
for my wild, naive confessions,  
for my light on the corner of hidden desires  
for the loud laughter of my mute sufferings.  
I am behind a window, you behind a door...  
Do you hear my whimsical, playful whisper?  
Perhaps you breathe my breath,  
but it's me who's called stubborn and crazy...  
What words, what time of the year,  
in what order? My chance one did you wait for me?  
When the long-awaited freedom will be boring  
you will cross my threshold once and whisper secretly:  
'I'm tired, warm me, my love.  
Let the world rush off to its devils!  
Forget about it: forgive, don't remember –  
I will never give you back to the world!'

Joy in tears, in pain and blood –  
moments of happiness in a flash of the end.  
The shining of my destined wreath  
cuts, gnaws again and again.  
You can't grasp how dreams that are ash  
after that must resurrect.  
I burn like bridges to the sky  
that the earth does not need burn.  
I'm afraid I'll burst, leave no trace –  
dissolve in the silence.  
Something whispers: go mad, sin!  
Let the desires sail out over the abyss,  
feel sorry for your soul and flesh.  
Don't try to rip it open before time,  
one doesn't wait for the dead behind the door.  
Joy in tears, in pain and blood –  
moments of happiness in a flash of the end.  
Dream – Awakening – I believe again  
in the shining of my destined wreath.

Who's guilty of the fatal mistake  
that I walk but wings are on my back?  
You can't crawl or soar alone:  
all the world avoids you.

Time got cold, look round at random,  
a look shines with innocent light,  
madness dozes secretly in it  
and the Lord himself is not happy with it.

The winged track of the earthly soul  
once paced over the horizon.  
Twice I repeat to you, wild one,  
there will be none of your sunrises after.

If by chance you manage to  
cling to forgotten glowing rays...  
the light of desires will sadly send  
a kiss, to go back to sleep again  
for a long time.

## REVELATION

I try to warm myself with the moment,  
I crave again for the touch  
of the miracle, granted me by fate,  
so as to dissolve in its embraces,  
to soar up to the clouds and crash...  
To catch it with a glance, a sigh,  
to drink it down to the last tear...  
Someone will say: 'She's sinning like a sinner,  
making the world laugh with her madness:  
these eyes of hers are too bold...'  
I can't hear them or understand...  
For me to take off my tired clothes  
and crucify myself above the earth.  
Here I am not a saint,  
not a whore,  
just  
a joker...

\* \* \*

## From the Cycle DEDICATION TO MUSIC

## I

The music rang out beyond the stone wall,  
a forgotten, strange melody.  
The music rang out, heating the embraces  
of the cold days in a magic shroud.  
Not knowing the bustle behind the wall,  
drinking in crystal tears of sacred heavens...  
In the soulless tiny rooms of emptiness,  
circulating the hopes of distant dreams  
the music shone beyond the stone wall.

The sacred soul spread  
like the sacred music.  
In the noisy bustle's darkness  
on the walls of vulgar emptiness  
it scattered with an innocent light;  
like the sacred music  
beyond the horizon, through the skies  
to where its eyes led  
to the last surviving feature.  
The music-soul does not know  
how difficult it is on earth to sing to the end  
the song of the most bright dreams  
to the whisper of lonely tears  
lost slowly in the haze.

The sacred soul scattered  
like sacred music  
in the moments of noisy bustle...

## TO THE MUSE

I

Miracle, touch me with your lips.  
I am tired of waiting at your feast.  
I don't care who you are, where you're from  
and who tried to overpower you.  
Light the candle and leave  
the cherished brand on the palm.  
Let all around tremble and groan,  
come what may I will send life to meet you!



41

II

You tasted divine bliss,  
you touched infinities with your lips,  
now let rumour gnaw  
with its vulgar mouth.  
To the very clouds,  
and then to the devils with you,  
let your gaze delight in the sun,  
but now the shame of your Victory:  
food for passing guests.

All for you, stranger, do you hear?  
Nothing left over today again.  
I perish in your palms... do you see?  
But how sweet for me is this wild pain.  
Once more to fly up, and then  
the crash, the hopeless remains...  
I'm after you again – by your road,  
whose tears flow long.

All for you, stranger, how much  
had fate divided for us?  
I only wanted to shelter you from the rain,  
without thinking, I let you in.

All for you... Forget and remember  
the four corners of the world and the Wanderer...

● \* \*

45

Beyond your window the rays  
tenderly caress the clouds.  
My best one, I am with you... until.  
Like the carefree spark of the candle,  
like the wild chance breeze  
that burst in, circled and after that  
at the time destined by fate  
will fly away from you forever.  
Beyond your window the clouds,  
my best one, I am with you... until.  
Perhaps for one day, perhaps two or an hour  
we can sing to madness' tune.  
The world does not even want to hear of us,  
well, I'll just spit on it!

Beyond your window the rays  
tenderly caress the clouds.  
My best one, I am with you...  
until.

No I am not a moment aroused by chance,  
not the migratory wind, not a mirage.  
I am Eternity,  
that dozes secretly in desires...  
I am someone's spring private-view in autumn.  
I can't go, can't pass through without a trace,  
without catching on to your coat tails.  
Having left all the questions unanswered  
I threw the clean papers onto the table,  
so that they should burn incoherently  
leaving no ash after it.  
Oh, my God, all this is so out of date!  
How many times have I argued with fate!  
No, I am not a ray that's slid through the window,  
without passion, support or fire.  
I'm the sun, plunged into such madness,  
that you can't be warmed without it, nor can even the day!

47

Look into my eyes – deeper, to the depths.  
You see that there I wander alone.  
In these eyes I kept from sin  
the desires of passion and the waves of warmth.  
I rarely swam out, so as to drown more seldom,  
I died down in them, to sparkle elsewhere.  
Here sadness feasts with happiness,  
sit down, help yourself, everything goes  
for a friend, try my young wine:  
look into my eyes – I'm not alone now.

\*       \*       \*

47

Forgive me, I am hopelessly foolish,  
let me go, but go softly.  
My darling, I'm afraid to touch  
your cheek lest I smash  
into an infinity of moments  
by your feet – for tomorrow, for ever,  
where the years will be cursed with love.

I cannot tear myself away from these lights,  
from this sky outside this dark window  
where the scent of wildly enigmatic days  
is carried away on wings, dreamt up in dreams.

A star dropped a tear drop on the palm  
so that dreams could wash well in it.  
Again I lit someone's flame grown cold,  
and burned someone's bridges by accident.

It's not true that the heart can't soar...  
that wings aren't waiting to lift the heavy back.  
I'll spread mine one day come what may –  
even if I'll have to soar on my own.

Into my eyes... you shouldn't, don't look your tired look,  
you take too much from them, too little you took,  
in them are your helpless words' tracks  
overfamiliar as my memory thinks back.

Into my eyes...

Your joyless 'you would'  
is too painful for me as of old...

The light in the window. Lost the place for hiding,  
in it forgotten songs sing.

Into my eyes... you shouldn't, don't look your tired look,  
you take too much from them, too little you took.

*Dedicated to my Mama*

Let me cuddle up to your breast,  
my dear one, my only one.  
I want to sleep sweetly on it.  
Do you hear how peace beats,  
like a cradle sound of bells  
for my rebel soul?  
If the world chases me away  
I'll turn into a sinful Angel  
and cling to your tracks.  
I'll go through, move apart the paths,  
fall at your knees,  
kiss these feet.  
You'll realise that beyond the wall  
under my left wing  
you alone were with me,  
my unshakeable Tree.



In sultry heat and pelting rain  
I will wait under the crown of your tree,  
you will caress me quietly  
and I'll wander with a song  
from you, to you throughout time.  
Don't count my years,  
you are my sacred burden,  
and I yours – for ever.

### 53 PASSING ONE

No, don't look...  
I am not worth the depths of the hazel eyes  
of a stranger, perhaps I'll just wash my face,  
with fresh water arouse  
the incessant ardour of tired dreams,  
lest it happen to grow cold.

I am losing you... let it go,  
can you ever take away what doesn't belong to you?  
I don't follow you with my eyes, only it's not easy  
for me to remove sadness today.  
I am losing – the door is wide open,  
I'll go away, you go away, no regrets!  
No, stop ... wait – don't believe me,  
you see, the evil headscarf has covered my face.

The sand oozes through the fingers,  
the unclasped fist can't gather it again.  
One believed, one could not  
and now who's clever and who's a fool?

Don't shout after me – I'll not hear!  
I'm turning off your road onto mine.  
Don't look – I don't want it – I can't see.  
Don't beg! I just won't return  
the nights, the days of lack of caution,  
the forgotten barefoot footprints,  
the words of bliss and fearfulness  
nor the lost star we never caught.

I want to run away, slam the door,  
cast off the nets, tear my clothes to pieces.  
I'm not lying, but don't believe me now!  
There are no doors of hope before me.

I know I seem to you to be a miracle,  
now distant, now almost close.  
But I'll become a chance one, not familiar,  
I will stand tall not low.

Somewhere between sky and earth  
I will burn up, slowly melting.  
I will scatter the ashes with wings,  
I need no wings to fly.

You will remember an inoffensive mistake  
somewhere on your rosy moon,  
well, I'll send you a smile  
that I cherished and hid in the depths.

If you can, forgive me once  
for what I couldn't see.  
We can't fit the same life twice.  
We can't wear the same dress.

You are so strange to me it hurts,  
you can't warm yourself on my breast.  
You handed a coin to a blind hermit  
on the road in a simple gesture.

Two wings soared over the earth  
and searched for an angel under the heavens.  
They were given to him by chance.  
They were ripped from him by chance.

Time mercilessly slid away  
and did not think of sparing condemnation.  
Thus once Body lost Soul  
trusting the unworthy.

The white one cannot get on in the dark flock,  
it's not easy to fly up through the blackthorn.  
If you can be born an Angel,  
try to die an Angel too.

Two wings lost by someone  
wander in confusion in the clouds.  
Perhaps I was that angel once,  
only the wings do not know about me...

*Life is a station, I'll take a train soon, but to where I won't tell...*  
(M. Tsvetaeva)

How right you are to say that life is a station,  
a station, besieged by a crowd:  
in it someone waits, someone is late  
tricked by the cunning chimes of clocks.  
In it the smell of years gone by and years to come  
will drug its chance prisoners.  
In it no mercy is shown to anyone  
from cruel and banal scenes.  
Smoke of cigarettes, hail of stale shouts,  
a whirlpool of godforsaken souls,  
you can't tell to whom women and men belong...

... There is a silhouette of a woman on the platform,  
the happiness of loneliness is her salvation,  
a poet whom no one hears,  
sheds unknown tears...

## REVELATIONS WITH THE POET

## I

My dear brother of the unearthly lament,  
what are a stranger's revelations to you?  
Don't trust yourself to the blind guide,  
whose every step is in the power of inspiration,  
whose staff does not wander in dust but clouds,  
laying down paths from wild dreams,  
whose flesh laughs and soul suffers  
when he lowers his feet to earth.  
I don't know you or what to open up to you –  
it's deep there, not for human eyes...  
It's high there and so easy to crash  
not having written down the plot.



61 cont'd

And I will dance so that the stage will shake,  
so that everything that is and will be circles,  
tomorrow, you know, the vulgar arena  
will rouse me again with its trumpets.

II

It's all wrong that I will wash out  
with tomorrow's lines, without shame  
and regret the sighs, tears,  
revelations that are at hand.  
There are too many – deep  
at the bottom of the soul I hide them.  
I smile – it's not easy.  
I pluck the stars at nights.  
For you – my laughter, warmth, forgiveness;  
for me – sins and alienation.  
I will not stay – I am estranged.  
The glance of the chance confession  
will be given me as they see me off,  
I will leave – goodbye...

## TO A DANCER

Circle wound-up dancer  
so that the wild spark  
off the ringing heels will shine  
disturbing the morality of the Gods.  
To the hubbub of the street crowd  
calling envy the norm,  
sing the praises of madness,  
to the devils with the rabble's justifications.

## STILL LIFE

The candle is crying in the icy crystal vase  
dropping tears into wild dreams.  
It shines, dissolving itself in the haze  
so that a stranger's flowers would not fade.  
It cries and believes that the starry night  
will somehow throw wide its embraces  
and away from the forgotten table  
will rise to the clouds like a newborn star.

It shines, dissolving itself in the haze  
dropping tears into wild dreams,  
so that a stranger's flowers would not fade,  
someone's candle in the icy crystal...

## GYPSY WOMAN

## I

I flew up close to the sun,  
clung to fiery lips.  
Today I'm no longer low,  
today I fly to the very clouds.  
Let the thunderstorms open out tomorrow,  
the winds fan the scent.  
Today I'm kissing roses  
and warming my soul by the bonfire.

## II

I knew that the heart is not bottomless,  
candles go out in the wind.  
The red dress – immodest –  
and off to the fire I love.

The ghosts take me  
for a shadow of the crazy flame,  
for a whisper of noisy merriment,  
for the night of the sunny day.

### III

Stretch out your palm,  
I'll put fire on it,  
the one that burnt my soul  
but could not warm it.  
Hide it, bury it in your breast,  
you and I are not on the same road.  
Perhaps I'll share my foolish heart  
with future winds.

67

### IV

I hope for what I live by...  
I am sea, wind, wild cloud...  
I stick my soul together and it bursts apart again,  
I turn a stranger's heart into a dear one's.  
I will leave centuries behind my back  
and once more pace to meet the centuries.  
One day in the future perhaps I'll meet  
what was never before, nor is now.

68-69

MONOLOGUE IN THE MIRROR

I've looked at you for so many years  
and in your eyes is still the same waiting.

*Not always will the searcher find,  
not always is being late good for us.*

Foolish, fed up with losing,  
then smile, risk once more.

*To trust one desire became  
irreversibly twice complicated.*

Don't I know how to love,  
didn't I put these wings on myself?

*It's not always easy to soar,  
I must have flown past...*

I am tired of you, forgive me,  
and laughter will scatter you now!

*So what, let me go, forget me.  
I'm Alone... and you live for all.*

Sometimes I laugh – I'm wound up,  
I hurry to heat with my warmth...

*But I didn't understand that I am  
slowly burning myself in that flame.*

## PRAYER

Forgive me, a holy sinner,  
the depraved desires of sins,  
the sufferings of my repentance,  
the bold, wild amusements  
that slowly lead to the end  
of the earthly soul, strange morals  
that don't seem to suit me;  
forgive the wild mirages  
and belief in their total illusions.  
Forgive, but if you can't, punish  
the trembling deepest feelings...



They whisper to me: you're clever, sweet, beautiful,  
your light would warm the dead in the ground  
but in my face blows the cold wind  
and I freeze, joking, half-playful.

They're jealous – she knows how to fly,  
the sun caresses the wings behind her back.  
Meeting with it burns me to ash  
but the heart does not dare breathe without it.

It's true I know the peaks well,  
that I break off earthly passions from them,  
but there is no disaster more terrifying  
for the soul than hearing their pitiless groans.

Forgive me that I opened your door silently,  
without knocking entered your fate,  
that I lit the fire but then turned cool,  
that I searched but did not find.  
Forgive me that I trusted, did not know shame,  
that I charmed you with my boldness.  
Forgive me that I became now and forever  
an indelible scar on your soul.  
Forgive me for laughter, forgive me for tears,  
forgive me for sincerity that you didn't accept.  
Forgive me, my dear, for rosy dreams,  
for your never understanding me.  
Forgive everything in the present,  
forgive everything in the past  
which by chance followed on your heels,  
for my once opening your door,  
well, now I'll slam it behind me.

## From the Cycle 'DISENCHANTMENT'

## I

It's not I who looks, everything is erased, smashed,  
everything turned inside out by someone,  
the ring of helpless sins wound round the neck  
and yet I search for myself in the rays.

A strange spark flashes in the eyes,  
a strange word slides into the song,  
the soul, rousing itself with the dawn  
does not know about its night to be.

## II

Crush, destroy my fate,  
hurl it into sharp corners.  
You won't hear the prayer  
that the rest of life should be happier.

Pour more poison in the wine,  
take a poisoned potion before sleep,  
sweeter flavourings I do not need,  
burn me in my home captivity.

To rush down from the ghostly heights  
and scatter flesh into bits,  
so no one in the world might  
dare to flay me alive ever again.

77

III

Once more the soul attains the height  
and slowly sinks into the abyss.  
Again the spear of merciless fate  
rips your flesh unhurriedly.  
How many prayers were spoken first in silence,  
how many hopes did the tears drown.  
Laugh at fate, and sin again...  
Let others' eyes remember us!

Why do you need my sadness,  
why do you need my rains?  
They promised me the sun  
a long time ago, but don't hold your breath...

For what do you need my fragile dream,  
my crazy amusements,  
the crystal chimes of mirages,  
the conscience of an intolerable soul,  
my caressing sting,  
my sweet, merciless venom.  
I would like to have run away from it,  
but you are happy with it somehow.

We were not the last to be confused  
by tears lost in shadows,  
when the old days sang for us  
presenting a revelation.

We are witnesses, not judges,  
the destiny of madmen and slaves,  
we weave dungeons for ourselves  
from the wicker of wasted words.

\*           \*           \*

You are afraid... of whom? Of this flesh from light?  
Or perhaps of the soul, that is not yet warm...  
It is like you but a stranger in the herd.  
It welcomes today as it sees out yesterday.

## From the Cycle PARTING

## I

In hopeless farewell songs,  
the warm wax of burnt out candles,  
searching cautiously for a refuge  
in strangers' helpless hands,  
sentencing myself to oblivion  
into nowhere through slippery fingers  
the revelations of the past flow  
into the years that have flowed past.  
Someone's late whisper  
tries to cling to the lips,  
with cherished, tired breathing  
to meet future winds.

## II

The stiff silhouette of yesterdays  
in the captivity of shades still alive,  
touching the hands of cold walls.

The frozen thud of my soul  
tries to hear, to search, to warm  
and then to look again...

The sunrise  
of the smashed window  
where a string still trembles  
of a strange sacred melody  
of one word:

Wait



I can't understand, I can't hide,  
can't fuse into this world on earth,  
just the fate of waiting.  
I can't forget, I can't remember  
to flood with holy light  
the worst vice.  
Happiness in greedy moments,  
swift and merciless  
teases with its warmth.  
You blow out the candles  
with your rumpled wing.  
The window is closed again,  
something is smashed in the soul,  
only the silence of dreams.  
Again the lonely whisper,  
the murmur of forgotten lips  
in the lace of foolish tears.

Happiness in greedy moments,  
swift and merciless  
teases with its warmth.  
You will blow out the candles  
of the first and last meeting  
with your rumpled wing.

83

## BIRDS

You are two wings overflowing with happiness  
which raise your soul to the skies.  
I too must have been a bird,  
that's why I hear your songs.  
Tearing down into the distance from the clouds  
in ecstasy you boldly enjoy freedom,  
but beyond the window there is the realisation  
that I am not of the human species.  
Why tease with unearthly bliss,  
appeal to crazy, rosy dreams?  
Take pity on the heart that is not near and dear:  
I will give it up to you myself...

We will still argue, Brothers.  
We will fight, my little Sisters.  
I will not cast off my white dress,  
it's time for you to change your habits.

What... don't you believe, can't you sleep?  
On playful wings – the Strange one...  
doesn't even think of the crash,  
with white blood and so alive.

Can't you stand it? Can't you eat it?  
Black, damp food,  
from prattler to dumb,  
white stranger to bride.

Let's be naughty, poison the blood,  
let's pepper girls' destiny.  
We still argue with you, 'high flyers',  
on whose wings we'll soar in freedom.

Down and feathers flap everywhere.  
Just black dust in the desert.  
Bird or beast, from now on  
I will pass for the white one.

Better to sweep away a stranger's soul –  
you can't stand the rebel.  
They shout at me but I can't hear.  
I will become a white crow.

Pecking me is not so simple.  
I will croak and inconsolable guffaws  
will surprise the tribe of crows.  
Whoever is an angel is made out to be a sinner,  
the burden of the freedom of white birds.

Did your hands touch the clouds  
so that your gaze could enjoy the sun?  
Or was it the pain of senseless parting?  
Do you know the shame of losing power?

The tracks in the sand under my feet are indistinct  
but over your head the strange light is distant:  
it is terrifying to the eyes of the blind,  
and harmful because it's incompatible.

Once the ghosts of smashed dreams  
chilled broken hearts. It's a pity  
that the song which has no beginning or end  
will not be played for them twice.

By chance your shadows beyond the window  
slipped down the glass like a draught  
and you are not fated to cling in the corner  
to the candle that secretly glowed.

Impossible to get warm. Rough terror  
does not dare to look on a breeze of rumour.  
Let my fate cherish me,  
well, yours will sweep you away.

God grant for you a renaissance in dreams,  
to believe again, as you once did.  
God grant that you fly and do not crash:  
I am happy to leave my wings to you.

*I long for you... the one I haven't met*

I will smash the walls to smithereens,  
I will travel both paths and roads.  
I'll rip apart the veins to my heart,  
I'll tramp till my feet are bloody  
but I will find your dwelling  
and fall down before the sacred walls,  
as your slave, o powerful one.  
No sound, I'll melt with this look  
thirsting in the eyes.  
I'll become a shadow – I'll stand by you  
and find myself in you.  
The Miracle beats painfully and tears,  
there's not much space behind the breast:  
I will come from nowhere  
even if I am dead tired.

TO MY DARLING

To these tears,  
to these eyes,  
through space and time,  
my soul to your feet,  
I surrender the years  
to these years.



Look how the wave  
is so alive.  
Embarrassed – Rubbish! Confused – No!  
The freedom hymn of crazed years.  
Splash with your white foam existence's  
caresses...  
If it's another colour, let it be so  
send your intrusive grief to the devils.  
I will surrender to ash in your alien  
Paradise.

\* \* \*

By the sea  
its shore and water  
caress lips inconsolably.  
Love for it and misfortune is not without sin.

Fate wishes well to hopeless madmen  
who are devoted to each and every moment  
with the tears of angels and the guffaws of Satan.

93

Roads without beginning and end  
to wandering hopes and alarms  
to innumerable longed-for thresholds  
tired of waiting for the face of a loved friend.

A look, straining into nowhere,  
behind it Moments in Years,  
chases away with winds  
when their frozen gaze  
tries to help to hold them  
and there the shame of impotence  
thrusts sticks between the legs  
calling them Fate...

\*       \*       \*

Perhaps they rightly promise me  
the prickly rubbish of chilled dreams.  
The wild clothing of my soul  
that is torn in two by flesh.  
Although again it hasn't worked out  
I will gather the last ash  
and warm it in my own hands  
to spite all the alien winds!

95 HORIZON

I

The enigmatic refuge of resurrected dreams,  
the crystal path of ghostly desires  
beyond which the winged foot will flash  
and the soft sounds of singing will ring out about me.

II

Here the angel's tears of crystal rains  
are washing some dreams.  
The breath of freshness will touch these shoulders  
trying to keep them from the humdrum life.

I will scatter and beyond your line  
will melt away, drugged by a dream.

96

If the Heavens will ask:  
'Bare your wild soul,'  
the voices of dreams will awake  
these dreams that are hard of hearing.  
If they will ask on earth  
those who lost their wings  
then you dissolve like a shadow in the haze:  
we are among those who believed...

96

The heart no longer tyrannises the Soul,  
but has decided to rest.  
Don't call... I will not hear.  
I very much want to go to sleep.  
Is there a teardrop on my cheek?  
You're wrong, it's just dust in my eye.  
Not a word... I know what a miser you are.  
Just you and I won't ever  
wander in the blind crowd.

The foolish candle of hope  
once more flared hot fire.  
The hour of waiting torments again,  
the implacable voice of desire.  
Once more I sing and triumph  
and again I don't recognise myself.

I forgot to shut the window,  
it took it into its head the wind  
to fly in, touched my shoulder...  
The foolish candle has dimmed.

98-105

PAPER-STREAMER

Here I am standing alone before you,  
I know, forgive me – I am pale for you:  
it's simply that in the brown eyes whirlpool's dance –  
tears remembered you by chance.

\*

The wind calmed down in  
the corner of the unearthly room.  
Without walls or floor,  
woven together by me.

\*

I would let my clothes drop  
off my tensed body  
so that the spark of hope  
would glide into me.

\*

I will find that dwelling place of love and warmth,  
where once more I would burn and not burn out!



\*

Do not destroy me, the winged one,  
do not wave to the sinful earth.  
You fell for me, the richest one,  
for me who is not of this earth.

\*

White on the right bank  
I stood by the water under the sky.  
The white one, I decided to flee,  
I swam off and became white foam.

\*

Be happy who is dear  
to me and near,  
my soul is warmed by you.  
Though the world is cruel and base, I fear,  
let's pour a little light into it, I and you.

\*

Off the road, on my way by chance  
I am a little lost ring in the dust.  
Someone's finger it would enhance,  
someone's fingers it wouldn't fit.

\*

Don't give scented white roses,  
don't cast spells over them for whatsoever.  
Don't strew miracles before me,  
my chance one, I will catch you without them.

\*

Life runs like sand through the fingers.  
Don't hurry... the last drop will be drunk.

\*

In moments is eternity,  
in them are the end and hidden infinity!..

\*

There is a frozen seal of carefreeness  
of lost desires in the mirror splinter,  
desires tortured by the cruel word: Wait!  
and by the tales of fruitless promises.

\*

In forgiveness we search for justification of acts,  
in hoping to redeem sins without suffering  
we bring about unwilling trials  
and create new punishments.

\*

All decays in vanity of vanities,  
tracks of footsteps do not last long  
and the winds of meeting will one day  
carry away the scent of present times.

\*

Between the sky and earth,  
on wings beyond the Horizon  
to the clouds, and an old parasol  
to keep you from sunburn.  
Flesh is raised by the soul  
beyond all limits... Her alone.

11 WINDOW

Don't walk past this Window.  
One melody trembles behind it.  
A glance from inside... Passersby in their  
vulgar bustle cannot catch it,  
they are so rude to others' thoughts.  
Can't you hear it? The thud on the daring glass pane...  
The Muse tried to smash it but could not.  
Do you see the down of her tired wing?  
She must have been a bird.  
Who knows...  
Don't walk past this window:  
such a land hides behind it!  
And you... are just the shadows of some abandoned daydream,  
of smashed dreams – burnt bridges.  
Life  
forgives forgotten sadness.  
Strict morals  
wipe it away –  
sad.

## REVELATION

I try to warm myself with the moment,  
I crave again for the touch  
of the miracle, granted me by fate,  
so as to dissolve in its embraces,  
to soar up to the clouds and crash...  
To catch it with a glance, a sigh,  
to drink down the last tear...  
Someone will say: 'She's sinning like a sinner,  
making the world laugh with her madness:  
these eyes of hers are too bold...'  
I can't listen to them or understand...  
For me to take off my tired clothes  
and crucify myself above the earth.  
Here I am not a saint,  
not a whore,  
just  
a joker...

\* \* \*



I cannot tear myself away from these lights,  
from this sky outside this dark window  
where the scent of wildly enigmatic days  
is carried away on wings, dreamt up in dreams.

A star dropped a tear drop on the palm  
so that dreams could wash well in it.  
Again I lit someone's flame grown cold,  
and burned someone's bridges by accident.

It's not true that the heart can't soar...  
that wings aren't waiting to lift the heavy back.  
I'll spread mine one day come what may –  
even if I'll have to soar on my own.

Into my eyes... you shouldn't, don't look your tired look,  
you take too much from them, too little you took,  
in them are your helpless words' tracks  
overfamiliar as my memory thinks back.

Into my eyes...

Your joyless 'you would'  
is too painful for me as of old...

The light in the window. Lost the place for hiding,  
in it forgotten songs sing.

Into my eyes... you shouldn't, don't look your tired look,  
you take too much from them, too little you took.

Two wings soared over the earth  
and searched for an angel under the heavens.  
They were given to him by chance.  
They were ripped from him by chance.

Time mercilessly slid away  
and did not think of sparing condemnation.  
Thus once Body lost Soul  
trusting the unworthy.

The white one cannot get on in the dark flock,  
it's not easy to fly up through the blackthorn.  
If you can be born an Angel,  
try to die an Angel too.

Two wings lost by someone  
wander in confusion in the clouds.  
Perhaps I was that angel once,  
but those wings do not know about me...

98-105

PAPER-STREAMER

Here I am standing alone before you,  
I know, forgive me – I am pale for you:  
it's simply that in the brown eyes whirlpool's dance –  
tears remembered you by chance.

\*

The wind calmed down in  
the corner of the unearthly room.  
Without walls or floor,  
woven together by me.

\*

I would let my clothes drop  
off my tensed body  
so that the spark of hope  
would glide into me.

\*

I will find that dwelling place of love and warmth,  
where once more I would burn and not burn out!

\*

Do not destroy me, the winged one,  
do not wave to the sinful earth.  
You fell for me, the richest one,  
for me who is not of this earth.

\*

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I stood by the water under the sky.  
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I swam off and became white foam.

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to me and near,  
my soul is warmed by you.  
Though the world is cruel and base, I fear,  
let's pour a little light into it, I and you.

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Someone's finger it would enhance,  
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Don't hurry... the last drop will be drunk.

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In moments is eternity,  
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There is a frozen seal of carefreeness  
of lost desires in the mirror splinter,  
desires tortured by the cruel word: Wait!  
and by the tales of fruitless promises.

\*

In forgiveness we search for justification of acts,  
in hoping to redeem sins without suffering  
we bring about unwilling trials  
and create new punishments.

\*

All decays in vanity of vanities,  
tracks of footsteps do not last long  
and the winds of meeting will one day  
carry away the scent of present times.

\*

Between the sky and earth,  
on wings beyond the Horizon  
to the clouds, and an old parasol  
to keep you from sunburn.  
Flesh is raised by the soul  
beyond all limits... Her alone.

Close your eyes for just a moment  
with the transparent veil of dreams  
and seek in the secret darkness  
the rays of long-dried tears,  
whose sparkle of crystal innocence  
troubled peace of mind with warmth,  
in whose sad loneliness  
happiness sometimes showed through.  
Close your eyes, their hopes are smashed outside.  
Don't look, spring is under your eyelashes,  
and tearing off your dusty clothes,  
you, however strange it is, are still alone.  
Give yourself up to the heavens,  
having sent pretended reality to the devils,  
trusting yourself to voices on the other side,  
playing at the seared banality  
of your dreams... to the very last word's letters...  
The last melody sung but not finished  
without the choking chains, without fetters,  
not shamed but undressed.

So quietly, in a whisper, to the alien crowd's roar  
I pass on, not lifting my tired eyes,  
so as not to hear the sound of sacred prayers  
on young lips among old prayers.

With a tear of joy and perhaps spring sorrow  
I splash someone's track that happens to be lost.  
There is no present life in it, nor that of the past,  
only the future waits secretly for a meeting.

I do not hide in your shadow, disappearing  
in the light of dreams rejected at night,  
where silently drowning in meaninglessness  
I comforted myself with naive phrases.

Only the sky – the grateful viewer  
of lonely scenes without forced parts –  
joked with me and said farewell  
by the gates with a strange smile at dawn.

Don't walk past this Window.  
One melody trembles behind it.  
A glance from inside... Passersby in their  
brazen bustle cannot catch it,  
they are too rude to others' thoughts.  
Can't you hear it? The thud on the daring glass pane...  
The Muse tried to smash it but could not.  
Do you see the down of her tired wing?  
She must have been a bird.  
Who knows...  
Don't walk past this window:  
such a land hides behind it!  
And you... are just the shadows of some abandoned daydream,  
of smashed dreams – burnt bridges.  
Life  
forgives forgotten sadness.  
Strict morals  
wipe it away –  
sad.

Ages follow minutes,  
don't spare the moments' whisper.  
Your dangerous murmur  
and under it my line  
carried and captivated.  
Autumn sang of another,  
and will carry me off and not ask  
how once I cooled down.  
So it's fun, it's all not bad...  
over broken glass  
to when I breathed my last,  
I will not call, not have him back  
who listened to songs  
not mine, and he didn't sing them to me,  
but he did look into my eyes,  
built walls, destroyed towers!  
I have wings – I will not throw down,  
or break them – I will not forget:  
I was! I am! I will be!  
and I am the world's burden – not yours.

## 15 LETTER

Did I show myself to you  
so out of it, so mad,  
that you saw me as suggestible  
to sensitive smiles and caressing words.  
My friend, I like you am of this world.  
Absurd dreams are not alien to me,  
but there is a wild melody within me  
that builds bridges to the clouds.  
So don't fool, don't destroy your soul,  
don't stretch your arms to the heavens –  
I'll run away, I simply won't hear  
and won't bow to earthly voices.  
Love those who walk don't fly:  
the likes of me are for exile and burning...  
Get to know those who don't know you from Adam,  
so that they can believe without doubting.  
Leave me...



I won't...  
I'll just go off to nowhere.  
I'll bury myself, I'll run away – no need to search.  
I'll forget  
and I ask you to never  
rebuke the wild one for her escape.  
You can't see arms:  
but there's a pair of huge wings,  
why is it difficult to flap them and fly?  
It hurts so...  
You know I could by myself  
heat the clouds, even the sun!

Knelt, you bent the wild one on your chest,  
not the saint and not the sinner,  
but the daring Flesh  
and soul of a rebel.  
Try to rip them open,  
you will not hear a cry.

Into the chill whip of in-love arrogance!  
You'll tear out my tongue, but I'll try to sing  
about the White, the Black, the Red mist,  
about the present, the wished-for Deception.  
I am a seer, I will never go blind.  
You hear: I was, I will be, I am!

*Do you hear how softly I breathe  
so as not to disperse the chance moment?*

Embrace, freeze and let go  
in the moment, heady with heat.  
Pretend to be my Breathing  
and I will be your Wing...

I'll breathe in, you take off into nowhere,  
disdaining questions, no cares –  
and by chance perhaps for ever  
you'll really see the light!

Beyond your window the rays  
tenderly caress the clouds.  
My best one, I am with you... until.  
Like the carefree spark of the candle,  
like the wild chance breeze  
that burst in, circled and after that  
at the time destined by fate  
will fly away from you forever.  
Beyond your window the clouds,  
my best one, I am with you... until.  
Perhaps for one day, perhaps two or an hour  
we can sing to madness' tune.  
The world does not even want to hear of us,  
well, I'll just spit on it!

Beyond your window the rays  
tenderly caress the clouds.  
My best one, I am with you...  
until.

Look into my eyes – deeper, to the depths.  
You see that there I wander alone.  
In these eyes I kept from sin  
the desires of passion and the waves of warmth.  
I rarely swam out, so as to drown more seldom,  
I died down in them, to sparkle elsewhere.  
Here sadness feasts with happiness,  
sit down, help yourself, everything goes  
for a friend, try my young wine:  
look into my eyes – I'm not alone now.

Forgive me that I opened your door silently,  
without knocking entered your fate,  
that I lit the fire but then turned cool,  
that I searched but did not find.  
Forgive me that I trusted, did not know shame,  
that I charmed you with my boldness.  
Forgive me that I became now and forever  
an indelible scar on your soul.  
Forgive me for laughter, forgive me for tears,  
forgive me for sincerity that you didn't accept.  
Forgive me, my dear, for rosy dreams,  
for your never understanding me.  
Forgive everything in the present,  
forgive everything in the past  
which by chance followed on your heels,  
for my once opening your door,  
well, now I'll slam it behind me.

In forgiveness we search for justification of acts,  
in hoping to redeem sins without suffering  
we bring about unwilling trials  
and create new punishments.

\*

There is a frozen seal of carefreeness  
of lost desires in the mirror splinter,  
desires tortured by the cruel word: Wait!  
and by the tales of fruitless promises.

\*

In moments is eternity,  
in them are the end and hidden infinity!..

\*

Life runs like sand through the fingers.  
Don't hurry... the last drop will be drunk.

\*

All decays in vanity of vanities,  
tracks of footsteps do not last long  
and the winds of meeting will one day  
carry away the scent of present times.

\*

I will find that dwelling place of love and warmth,  
where once more I could burn and not burn out!