

## POETRY

### Hristo Fotev (1934-2002): 'How Pretty You Are'



Lord,  
how pretty you are!  
How pretty your hands are.  
And your feet how pretty they are.  
And your eyes how pretty they are.  
And your hair how pretty it is.  
Do not struggle no more – love me!  
Do not spare yourself – love me!  
Love me  
with the true power of your hands,  
your feet, your eyes – with all  
the grace of their movement.  
Trust in me forever – and never  
foolish you shan't be – love me!  
Even if wicked you are – love me!  
Love me!  
On the streets and stairs that follow,  
especially on the stairs you're pretty  
With cloths and without them,  
ceaseless you are pretty...  
Most pretty you are in the room.  
In the darkness when holding the comb.  
The comb sinking in your hair.  
Your hair is full of electricity –  
if I touch it I'll shine in the dark.  
You really are pretty, believe me.  
And try to be pretty to the end.  
Not that much for me – but for you,  
for trees, and windows, and the people.  
Do not destroy your beauty hastily,  
with jealous doubts – forgive me  
the sudden fell through somewhere –  
do not go too far, I beg of you, with smoking.  
Don't lose me ever – find me,  
fill me up me with child's amazement  
To be once more certain in your hands,  
your feet, your eyes... Love me.

## POETRY

How I long to hold you here with me forever.  
To love you ever –  
forever.  
And how impossible it is...  
How sandy you are...  
And please don't tell me  
that you long to hold me too forever,  
to love me ever  
forever  
How pretty you are!  
Lord,  
how pretty you are!  
How pretty your hands are.  
And your feet how pretty they are.  
And your eyes how pretty they are.  
And your hair how pretty it is.  
How pretty you are!  
Lord,  
How real you are.

*English translation: Assya Sotirova*

*read by Anton N. Antonov on 25 June 2014*

### **Mihai Eminescu (1886, 1 decembrie):**

#### **La steaua**

La steaua care-a rasarit  
E-o cale-atât de lunga,  
Ca mii de ani i-au trebuit  
Luminii sa ne-ajunga.

Poate de mult s-a stins în drum  
În departari albastre,  
Iar raza ei abia acum  
Luci vederii noastre.

#### **To the Star**

The radiance from that new-born star  
Will take many thousands of years  
To travel a path that comes so far  
To finally reach our eyes.

Perhaps it died while on its way  
Through infinite blue space,  
Yet only now does its light stray  
To shine upon your face.

POETRY

Icoana stelei ce-a murit  
Încet pe cer se suie;  
Era pe când nu s-a zarit,  
Azi o vedem, si nu e.

Slowly climbing the dark skies  
Is the dead star's icon:  
Invisible when it did exist,  
Today, we see an illusion.

Tot astfel când al nostru dor  
Pieri în noapte-adâncă,  
Lumina stinsului amor  
Ne urmareste înca.

And so it is when passion's fled  
Lost in the depths of night,  
The light of our love, now dead,  
Still haunts us in its flight.

*read by Marilena Avrigeanu and Mariana Petris  
in English and Romanian on 25 June 2014*

**Dintre sute de catarge**

*by Mihai Eminescu*

Dintre sute de catarge  
Care lasă malurile,  
Câte oare le vor sparge  
Vânturile, valurile?

Dintre pasări călătoare  
Ce străbat pământurile,  
Câte-or să le-nece oare  
Valurile, vânturile?

De-i goni fie norocul,  
Fie idealurile,  
Te urmează în tot locul  
Vânturile, valurile.

Nențeles rămâne gândul  
Ce-ți străbate cânturile,  
Zboară vecinic, îngânându-l,  
Valurile, vânturile.

**Of All the Ships**

*English translation by Corneliu M. Popescu*

Of all the ships the ocean rolls  
How many find untimely graves  
Piled high by you upon the shoals,  
O waves and winds, o winds and waves?

How many a bird that leaves its bower  
And o'er the sky in autumn flies,  
You beat and blindly overpower,  
O winds and waves, o waves and winds?

Should easy luck or high endeavour  
Be our aim it little saves,  
For you pursue our footsteps ever,  
O waves and winds, o winds and waves.

Still, it is past our comprehending  
What design your song enslaves,  
Rolling on until time's ending,  
O winds and waves, o waves and winds.

*read by Gabriela Popa on 25 June 2014*