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.
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 zari,
Azi o vedem, si nu e.

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

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

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-neece oare
Valurile, vânturile?

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

Nenţeles rămâne gândul
Ce-ţi strâbate cânturile,
Zboară vecinic, îngănându-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

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