

## POETRY\*



### Damian Damiyanov

(1935 — 1999)

#### Когато си на дъното

Когато си на дъното на пъкля,  
когато си най-тъжен и злочест,  
от парещите въглени на мъката  
си направи сам стълба и излез.

Светът, когато мръкне пред очите ти  
и притъмнява в тези две очи,  
сам слънце си създай и от лъчите  
създай си стълба и по нея се качи.

Когато от безпътица премазан си  
и си зазидан в четири стени,  
от всички свои пътища, премазани  
нов път си направи и сам тръгни.

Трънлив и зъл е на живота ребуса,  
на кръст разпъва нашите души.  
Загубил всичко, не загубвай себе си  
единствено така ще го решиш.

*Превод: Йордан и Радо, ученици от 9-ти клас в Българския образователен и културен център „Св. Климент Охридски“, гр. Вашингтон, Окръг Колумбия.*

#### At the Bottom

When you are at the bottom of hell,  
when you are at the peak of sadness and pain.  
From the burning coals of longing  
make yourself a ladder and get away.

When the world darkens,  
right before your two eyes.  
Make your own sun and from its rays,  
Create a ladder and climb away.

When the void crushes you  
and you're trapped by four walls.  
Of all your demolished paths  
Make a new one and take yourself away.

Thorny and evil is life's puzzle,  
it crucifies our souls!  
Lost everything, don't dare to lose yourself.  
That's the only way to be solved.

\*The poem *At the bottom* was read by A. Antonov and *Canción of the Pirate* by Jesus Gonzalez-Rosa at the official dinner on Wednesday, 6th of July 2022.



## José de Espronceda

(1808 — 1842)

### Canción del pirata

Con diez cañones por banda,  
Viento en popa, a toda vela,  
No corta el mar, sino vuela  
Un velero bergantín:  
Bajel pirata que llaman  
Por su bravura el Temido,  
En todo el mar conocido  
Del uno al otro confín.

...

Y ve el capitán pirata,  
Cantando alegre en la popa,  
Asia a un lado, a otro Europa,  
Y allá a su frente Estambul.

"Navega, velero mío,  
Sin temor,  
Que ni enemigo navío,  
Ni tormenta, ni bonanza  
Tu rumbo a torcer alcanza,  
Ni a sujetar tu valor.  
"Veinte presas  
Hemos hecho  
A despecho  
Del inglés,  
Y han rendido  
Sus pendones  
Cien naciones  
A mis pies.

xvi

### Canción of the Pirate

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,  
Ten guns on each side mounted seen,  
She does not cut the sea, but fly,  
A swiftly sailing brigantine;  
A pirate bark, the "Dreaded" name,  
For her surpassing boldness famed,  
On every sea well-known and shore,  
From side to side their boundaries o'er.

Whilst singing gaily on the poop  
The pirate Captain, in a group,  
Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,  
And Stamboul in the front arise.

"Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear;  
Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force,  
Shall make thee yield in thy career  
Or turn thee from thy course.  
Despite the English cruisers fleet  
We have full twenty prizes made;  
And see their flags beneath my feet  
A hundred nations laid.

*Poetry: Verses by Damian Damyanov & José de Espronceda*

"Que es mi barco mi tesoro,  
Que es mi Dios la libertad,  
Mi ley, la fuerza y el viento,  
Mi única patria la mar.

...

"Allá muevan feroz guerra  
Ciegos Reyes  
Por un palmo más de tierra,  
Que yo aquí tengo por mío  
Cuanto abarca el mar bravío,  
A quien nadie impuso leyes.

...

"Y si caigo,  
¿Qué es la vida?  
Por perdida ya la di,  
Cuando el yugo  
Del esclavo,  
Como un bravo,  
Sacudí.

"Que es mi barco mi tesoro,  
Que es mi Dios la libertad,  
Mi ley, la fuerza y el viento,  
Mi única patria la mar.

My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.

"There blindly kings fierce wars maintain,  
For palms of land, when here I hold  
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,  
Whate'er the seas infold.

And if I fall, why what is life?  
For lost I gave it then as due,  
When from slavery's yoke in strife  
A rover! I withdrew.

My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.

*Translated by James Kennedy*