

Ivan Metodiev

A Selection of Poems

Translated by Petko T. Hinov



Grant Me

Grant me power, o Lord, so I can kill,
so I'd return home with a bread,
oh, may the jobless father at least once
return home with a bread,
just half a bread, o Lord...

So that my child, too—for he is a child, o Lord...
I promise I won't fondle him!
Neither will I hug my wife, I promise!
Allow me, Lord, only to put the bread upon the table.
Only allow me leave the bread,
be it only half a bread.

Farewell, my beloved, little sister...
Farewell my dear child, my rootlet sweet...
In a jiffy I'll be back, just let me slip across
to the great market and to take my wages...

Open up, o Earth! Open up, o Earth!
Welcome the orphan, father of orphans.
From the blood to the bone!
From the blood to the bone!

From «Simple Senses»

To Listen

To listen how, in the post-summer mists
Light is quietly congealing into drops —
isn't it good? — outside the linden rustles
so happy that the rain is falling now.

The thirsty tree is trembling
and spilling over these grey streets,
the tree is turning into bitter breaths
and into something more, but what?

A leaf is hovering besides my eyes
and with a slender sound the day is scattering away.
Spots of air... Is that a whiff of wind
inside the carapaces of our souls?

All things so beautifully are destroyed,
that Nothing takes on an ultimate meaning.

Dimensions

Inside a room that's measured three by three,
the measurement of this world and its souls,
God's Spirit is meandering amidst the flies
and there's a cobweb sparkling in the corner.

The rust has covered all the humid ceiling
above which maybe paradise begins,
somewhere, in the low, cockroaches stray
along the way by crumbs delineated.

Aloof of every vanity mundane,
a child is playing on the empty floor.
Perhaps this is some kind of parable,
or probably it's simply poverty.

God's Spirit's moving high above
the never-ending fallacies and hopes,
and, hidden in the corner, this wise spider
is feeding not on insects, but on angels.

The chair, this unusual philosopher,
is tranquilly observing in the silence
how all around, in mildew and in fungi
the universal love is thriving nowadays.

A Bunny

Mommy is not even three. She's putting the doll to sleep.
Suddenly, just like a dog
the doll begins to wail.

She is goggling toward Mommy — getting uglier.
Mommy is afraid so much, she
wets her pants with fear.

In the corner, wet, she whines — nothing understanding.
She is told — now, shut up, kid,
for your Mom is dying!

Quiet now, child, don't you cry — we'll buy you a bunny!
Mommy is not even three.
Mommy has ceased to cry.

She will have a bunny soon — look how glad she is!
Mommy has nobody, whom
to whisper “Mommy” to.

Happiness

Happiness, you say? — the clerk remarked.
It receives no visitors today.

Happiness, you say? — the merchant told me.
It is needed only for the windows,
to attract the customers to me.

Happiness, you say? — the junkman uttered.
There is one, it's just the kind for you,
though it's somewhat rusty, I admit.

Happiness, you say? — said the detective.
The Happiness was only just detained
and at the moment it is testifying.

Inside

Inside the dastard's eyes
is lurking something warm and mossy
which winces after being touched.

Inside there's also something wet
— and if you reach to it,
it swells like as a snail's tentacle.

Inside the dastard's eyes
lurk other dastards' thousand eyes.

Sycophant

Beware of the sycophant's dreams,
He dreams of a world without masters
ruled by influential slaves.

My Father

My Dad, who hardly walks already,
my Dad, this dear old crank,
from early dawn to dark
plants apple saplings in the garden.

He stumbles on a spray of nettles,
bends down his hoary head and —
I feel ashamed to mention this —
he speaks to them as if they live.

To figure him out I'm quite unable,
to ask him I am too afraid —
I dallied by the apple tree,
I tore a leaf and blood gushed out.

And look, my eyes are soaked in blood
and I am all a hoarse howling...
On tiptoe standing, my Dad is
caressing timidly my hair.

Dark

The dark of ignorance is so black
that when you close your eyes,
all things brighten.

To be continued