

ROSSEN VASILEV

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# SELECTED POEMS

*Translated by Petko T. Hinov*



## *Springtime*

With the Sun in their nut-brown hands,  
springtime days are descending the beach.  
Balmy wind is swinging the drift-nets  
and the green waves of the sea...

In the quiet cove only mornings  
floats a little cloud of grey mist –  
as though a fisherman has lit up  
his pipe, in the midst of the cove.

But it's melting away at the time  
when the winds start flapping their wings  
and – as though a cheery covey –  
the long-oared boats follow their path.

First they fade in the fathomless brightness  
after that they glide in the distance,  
and, along with the nets, spread around  
the new spring over the vastness of green.

## *A Song About the Storm*

Clouds, many clouds, darkness and wind,  
Black Sea is starless, no coast.

Black Sea, an element boundless,  
in the black night is tossing and howling...

Probably somewhere someone is thinking of us,  
Probably somewhere someone is weeping for us,

Probably somewhere, alone in the late night  
timid old women are praying for us...

Clouds, many clouds, darkness and wind,  
Black Sea is starless, no coast.

In Black Sea, in element boundless,  
we're sailing, we're sailing, we're sailing...

\* \* \*

As though a silver old coin  
ascended the sky.  
Slowly the Moon rose. The dark  
wrapped the fields.

It hushed down and slept powerless,  
but its breath remained —  
sweet scent of acacia and linden,  
and luxurious meadow.

How many new human dreams  
they stirred in me!  
I felt, I was vibrantly striving,  
toward distant heights.

Then I felt, having set out at night,  
midst the languorous summer,  
I discover the world once again  
as a son of the fields.

## *Water*

Two children, carrying home a pail full of water.  
Look how slowly they walk... For them, at this time,  
no swelter exists, neither burning and harsh earth —  
they have fixed their eyes on the water...

There, behind them, like a million crystal-clear rays,  
the fountain is spattering its frothy streams...  
But the children, with intent hands and eyes  
are slowly carrying the water...

It is sweet and pellucid. Where has it gone  
the whiff of the old well — of earth and of swamp?...  
In the ring of the pail only shimmers and burns  
as a sun — the water...

\* \* \*

A firefly I carry in my warm hand —  
since childhood it is glimmering in it.  
How can I keep its pure trepidation,  
with which we were discovering this world?

I'll keep it safe whirlwinds and from snow,  
from torrents and from dust I'll guard it well. . .  
I am afraid but of the hate in people,  
I am afraid but of the cruelty in men.

\* \* \*

Into the depths of human hearts  
pray, tell me, can you penetrate?  
The road's unknown... No ray of light,  
and a single starlet shining there...

And you must open everything.  
To find out what's concealed  
behind the eyes of all these people.  
What's pressing heavily their heart.

What is their happiness and trouble?  
Why do they grieve for, now and then...?  
O, how long and complicated  
is this uncharted road!