

Trans. by` Anahit Ter - Gazaryan

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I' m not writing,  
I' m settling you down  
in my memory  
In my sight,  
The morn body is cold though,  
As the shabby wall of the harmony  
In the veins of dying breath...

My mind is like a flower bed,  
Where – in the coquettish eyes of words  
The window of light  
Piks up the dew from  
Percepts of roses  
And engrosses my morn...

I' m not writing,  
I' m settling you down  
In my sight,  
In my memory stores  
I draw Gardens of Eden in blue  
Gardens with open and closed doors...

My mind –  
Desires morn,  
The morn is so cold, though...

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The day is in the own, slow glide,  
And my sight is in the glide –  
A narrow path,  
A small garden,  
The Sun' s hair which is  
turning grey  
And... "Dlle yamman...!"

An apple – tree and three apples –  
Leading on the lyre of ungifted winter,  
All three are good for this world's appetite...  
But after the garden –  
Horizontal infinite  
And how much you'd like –  
Apple – vinegar...

\* the words are from a folk song, it's beginning of chorus the sing is typical for Western Armenia.

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The Moon was knitting the own fishnet,  
Tomorrow  
In order to put The sunless eye of awareness  
On the alter of loneliness  
In my myth less city:  
Tomorrow  
I shouldn't forget:  
to hand back the keys of  
triangular Paradise,  
a shortage of light,  
As butterflies don't like  
a shortage of light,  
As pearles aren't formed  
in the shell now  
from the dreams of illusory voluptuary,  
and the poets  
are alike  
the colorful masonry of  
my myth less city...

The eye  
Will go deep down in my thoughts,  
And I,  
May be,  
Will greet  
the dampness of the soil,  
that swings a seed to lull...

Let the Moon knit the fishnet,  
tomorrow  
to feel the wet flapping of water  
in the own vein...

It'll come  
When executioner's soapy hands

aren't bloodthirsty  
they bare the neck of your dream  
To carry it through Calvary,  
So!  
The world is still sleeping,  
as that poem does  
it is carrying us to the beginning...  
So!  
Another poem is also sleeping.  
That fact will ease the breaking run of time,  
In non-belivers' cathedral...

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Wait for me  
I'll come  
Leave the ordeal for me  
And the soil,  
The Mother soil!  
with the restless womb,  
with the patient fullness of the waist.  
It will touch the breast full of voluptuousness  
The breast of those woman  
who for love is an entertainment...  
I'll come  
At this season  
I'll say - Hello!  
And the flower of pomegranate  
Will repeat it  
And I'll try again to shelter patiently,  
in invisible blue venus of my eyes,  
the blood corpuscles of the planet-  
called the Earth...

I'll come  
Let thousands of unknown oceans roar,  
because of the pain of obedience  
And the heart –  
pacified from the distant noise of the farewell,  
Let him stay the same –  
in the cold prayers of  
all the dreams of the existence...

I'll come  
Leave me –  
The bald froze of the winter,  
and the purity of snow –

in the red cane filed...

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Man,  
Your share part of the way  
is full of damp words,  
it will be discovered  
in the Universe  
as the last song of the soft  
beginning for sacrifice  
and alienate...

Man,  
Where is to  
Your step,  
Your living.  
Your love,  
Your thought,  
Your heroism?  
Which particular angle of thinking  
I should watch from the  
scent of the Moon's loneliness?  
How can I touch  
the stretched presence of absence?

Man,  
Let me wake up again  
In the sandy non – existence  
of the ancient consideration,  
and let an orator owl  
charm me again  
with the song of the night's beginning...

Man,  
When will the sand of the life  
stop moving  
in the salty waters if delights?  
When was it?  
The paradise apple was shared –  
with the exact geometry of  
sin and nothing...

Man,  
Let your hands  
Eliminate even the loneliness of the deserts  
But anyhow, in the morning,

When the Sun rises, catch God's fingers  
In the deepness of the mirror  
Not to destroy  
The ceiling of your share illusion...