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"This Frightful World" by Alexander Blok translated by Jason Curlin

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SENIOR THESIS APPROVAL

This Honors thesis entitled

“This Frightful World”

by Alexander Blok

translated by

Jason Curlin

and submitted in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for completion of
the Carl Goodson Honors Program
meets the criteria for acceptance
and has been approved by the undersigned readers.

Dr. Trofimova, thesis director

Dr. Curlin, second reader

Dr. Wink, third reader

Dr. Barbara Pemberton, Honors Program director

April 15, 2013

Authors' Note

I want to begin this by saying that Alexander Blok is a legitimately strange poet, and his poetry is equally strange. He has no objection to switching word order in places where the Russian words no doubt feels uncomfortably violated; Blok relies ridiculously on noun declension to determine meaning putting prepositions in front of direct objects and objects of the preposition wherever he desires. Unfortunately, English does not have such a convenient method for word rearrangement, and in fact moving a single word can make the sentence mean something entirely different. So I have not been true to Blok in this. My word order is contrary to perhaps the wishes of Blok, but this was a necessary sacrifice.

Mostly I do attempt to be true to the original rhyme scheme, but English once again is harder to rhyme than Russian is having limited noun declensions which seem to be Blok favorite rhyming crutch. So I do rhyme, but I rhyme by changing the arrangement of entire stanzas at time so that words of similar sounds can be on opposing lines.

Be warned. Blok readily drifts into the archaic at times, and several times uses words that are no longer used and have other words that have now taken their place. I ignore this in most places, not wishing to use archaic English words in an attempt to replicate the unreplicable.

I also want to say that I had a lot of fun writing this. And want to thank Dr. Trofimova for teaching me everything I know about Russian and introducing me to this great poet.

I would also like to thank Dr. Wink for teaching me how to use the English language in a poetic form and my father, Dr. Curlin, for showing me, through his life and his works, how to use English properly.

Introduction

Alexander Blok was one of the poets of a movement that would come to be known as the “Silver Age of Russian Poetry” and thus an avid Symbolist, in fact the leading Symbolist poet at this time. The poets in this movement, while maintaining in many places the strict rhyme of the earlier so called “Golden Age,” began to deviate from the strict meter of that time. These poets are products of their time, the earlier 20th Century, and were heavily influenced by those they found around them.

“This Frightful World” was begun in 1909, a mere four years after many Russians lost hope not only in the Emperor and the current State but also in the Church. In the years preceding 1905, Russia had participated in the Russo-Japanese War, a war which not only cost many human lives but also shook the Russian people’s confidence in the Tsarist regime. Tens of thousands had died in a seemingly useless war over pieces of land that most people in the motherland would never see or care about their entire lives. And then in 1904, Tsarist Russia underwent an undeniable defeat in the war, with the United States itself coming in to dictate that the Japanese would receive the disputed area of land. So by early 1905, the Russian people were tired of seemingly pointless wars and disillusioned with the Tsar.

So when in early 1905, a group of workers in St. Petersburg were violently dispersed by Tsarist forces because of the betrayal of the once-friendly priest Georgiy Gapon in an event named “Bloody Sunday”, things had finally reached a breaking point. This created nationwide, unprecedented social and political upheavals which were also in many cases incredibly violent. Altogether, these changes led to Nicholas’s grudgingly adoption of the October Manifesto in late 1905 which directly allowed the first Duma (The Russian Parliament) which would meet for the first time in May of 1906.

Nicholas put up with the people's voice against him till he could bear with it no longer. So in June, during the second Duma, the Coup of 1907 occurred, where Nicholas changed the balance of powers within the Duma to give the nobility more voice. Because of this the third and fourth Dumas were dominated by the Octobrists making the Duma far more conservative and far more supportive of Tsarist policies than the first two Dumas had been.

Even with the new conservative Duma in power, the Duma still had no method to enforce or to implement policies, and thus Nicholas II was perfectly willing to ignore any policy changes the Duma called for and often to practice such willingness. The Duma and its supporters grew angrier and angrier over perceived slight.

The straw that broke the camel's back, however, was Russia's entry into World War I. This action not only led to an unpopular war which sent the sons and fathers of the motherland against people that the majority of the Russian populace would never see but also depleted the military power of the tsarist forces which would have a resounding effect in the coming revolution.

This was the world in which Blok, an avid revolutionist in the beginning, lived and wrote. However, Blok himself was the son of a well-off family, his grandfather the head of the University of Moscow. Up to the late half of the first decade of the 20th century, Blok had literally only been writing about his almost religious devotion towards his wife. The tone of Blok's poetry begins to change after 1905; his love is still his main focus, but it is only superficial and is there to stress the more major dialogue of the war and political changes. The poetry collection ends in 1916, the year when Blok is drafted into the military.

Also while reading this, it is important to realize that Blok so idolized his lovely wife that he extremely limited his own sexual relations with her and instead had extramarital relations. He

did this because he wanted to maintain her purity so that she wouldn't fall in his eyes. So in a poem such as "A Song of Hell," his guilt over sleeping with his own wife is actually real. He considered it a sin.

And now, without further ado...

This Frightful World**To My Muse**

These are your secret tunes,
The fatal news of death.
And the curse of sacred covenants,
The Rape of happiness.

And the force of your beauty compels
Me to share that the rumor is ready
That you have brought down angels,
All seduced by your beauty.

And when you laugh at faith,
Above you, appearing suddenly,
In a dim purplish grey,
I see this circle visibly.

Kind or not, you are not from here
Full of awe, they speak of you,
To them, you're a Muse, a miracle
But to me, you're my torture, my hell.

I do not know why, but at dawn,
In the hour where we are powerless,
I did not die but saw your face
and asked for your solace.

I wanted for us to be enemies
But then I look at what you have given me:
A meadow of flowers, a sky filled with stars.
Aren't they all cursed by your beauty?

And the treacherous northern night,
And the ashamed golden ax,
And the short love of the Romani
These are your terrible caresses ...

And these are fatal joys
 Opposing cherished shrines,
 And her mad heart's desire
 Is as bitter as Wormwood.

December 29th, 1912

Beneath the noise monotonous

Beneath the noise monotonous
 Beneath the city fuss
 I leave the motionless soul
 In the storm, in the void, in the darkness.

I cut the thread of consciousness
 And forget that all around
 Are snow, trams, and buildings,
 While ahead lies light and darkness.

What if I while bewitched
 By this dangling thread,
 I return home dishonored, -
 Will you forgive me?

Will you, knowing my distant goal,
 Be my leading light
 And forgive my stormy soul
 My poetry, gloom, and delirium.

Or better yet, are you able,
 while I'm still unforgiven,
 lead from my native land
 in the darkness of the night.

February 2nd, 1909

In these days, between homes

In these days, between homes,
 We meet only for a moment.
 You sear me with your eyes

And hide in dark dead ends.

My eyes are filled with silent fire.
 No wonder you douse my flame
 And before you, silent lie,
 I tend to them in vain.

Maybe winter nights will place us
 In a mindless and devilish ball
 Where your dagger, your eyes, must
 Destroy my all.

October 6th, 1909

From the Crystal Gloom

From the crystal gloom
 From sleep unbelievable
 Someone's image moves strangely
 (From a restaurant's room
 For a wine bottle).

The songs that gypsies sung
 Flown from a distant hall
 Where distant violins play vaguely
 The winds and virgins
 Into mirrors fall

Look in the gaze, that burning blue
 Delineated space,
 Oh Magdalene! Magdalene!
 The wind from the desert blew
 A swelling blaze.

The blizzard and your narrow glass
 The blizzard is the scorched globe,
 The southern sun.
 But life is only half
 Under these deaf windows

So strange this is becoming
That here and now I met him

Suddenly, impertinently smiling,
He disappeared again...
This is saddening
For somewhere else, I've seen him...
Perhaps, we've had a meeting
Through a mirror's smooth surface

October 1909

A Song of Hell

On the day in the field of the land that was burnt
I had looked for the ways of the shortening of days
and the place where all twilight was violet.

I wasn't there. So In the path underground,
At night, I will go, down slippery slopes,
All hell looks the same through sad, empty eyes.

I was thrown to the ground in a bright, horrid ball,
In a wild dance of masks and disguises
And forgot all the love and the friendship I'd lost

Where are you, Beatrice? Where's my companion?
I'm walking alone, having lost the right path
In underground circles as regularly done.

Mid the horror and gloom I am drowning
Here a stream carrying past friends and women
Back and forth their empty eyes are pleading.

A tender cry for mercy didn't sound like what I said
For it shrank to something pointless and stupid
For all the words that I have, have turned dead

And I who'd once quiet songs sang
Now had an iron ring of pain around my head
And lost all my rights, an outcast became.

So strange this is becoming
That here and now I met him

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All the hopeless aspire to the pit
And I followed suit. But while breaking rocks
Over the Peno's flow the color of snow.

Before me came the endless hall.
Of fragrant roses, cacti chains
Scapes of darkness in mirror was all;

Where the flicker of distant morns
Of fallen, slightly gilded idols
Where I found it hard to breathe.

This hall reminded me of a terrible world
Where I wandered blind as in a tale
And caught my final meal.

There, a thrown and gaping mask
There, an aging man's wife seduced
A brazen light caught them in a vile caress.

But the covered windows redden
With the Morning's cold kiss
And the strange silence is made a violent pink.

And in this blissful moment, peaceful we abide
I sit silent watching with a worrying premonition
In this time that wipes away all our earthly lies.

In the mirror and through the morning mist
I, the youth, approach
Out of the web of darkness

The gleam of red upon his coat shows dark
Pale lips stare from a dead man's face
And on his finger is a mysterious marriage mark,

A shining, amethyst ring;
And I look with excitement
On the features of his aged face

And I ask in an almost inaudible voice:
 "Could you tell me why you languish
 And wander in circles unending? "

While over his features comes confusion,
 His burnt mouth greedily swallowed the air
 And his voice then came from the void:

"Know: my punishment is just deserts
 For while I was in this grievous land
 I lay under passion's heavy yoke

For our city is hardly ever hidden
 For tormented waves play a mad tune,
 And on my brow is imprinted my crime

As a tortured, fallen maiden
 Seeks oblivion within the wine...
 The Hour has come for wrath's revenge:

Here from depths of dream
 My wonderful wife is clasping,
 Blinding, shining in front of me.

But the evening bells of brittle glass,
 The fog of drunken moments met,
 These moments which she despised me,

But while i was the apple of her eye,
 I understood the joy of being first
 and I let out passion's first cry.

The moment was finished after just a thought
 And after the evening hazy and the deep deaf darkness
 Like strange meteors they rose up high.

And now there's blood in this amethyst ring
 And I've drunk within those fragrant arms,
 And it tasted all thick like tar.

But don't believe these odd stories
 That seem to be strange dreams...
 From the depths of the misty nights and cliffs

And then to me the death knell came
 Burning unneeded times
 Whistling over us approached these flames!

And the close together chains
 Swept us deep beneath the world!
 Bound forever in our deaf dreams.

They give me back her scent and that painful feast
 When on that night like monster old
 I leaned upon her satin shoulder

But I can not call my life terrible
 I'm barely cold and sick at dawn
 Radiance does poorly in hell.

From hall to hall, I go to finish my covenant
 The Driving Yearning passion without beginning
 I'm doomed in the distant bedroom's darkness,
 Where she is sleeping and breathing.
 I bend over her lovingly, sadly,

Sinking my ring into her pale, white shoulder"

October 31st, 1909

In the harbor, in late autumn

In the harbor, in late autumn
 where on the ground the snow is swept
 The heavy ships depart
 for their places far away

In the sky above the water
 A meaningful crane is seen
 And a lonely lantern swings
 On the snowy shore

Where a shipless sailor staggers.
 "I've lost it all and all
 "I have consumed and
 can no more continue" he utters

In a deserted beach haven
 First light reveals what snow has brought...
 In the purest, most delicate shroud
 Do you sleep sweetly, sailor?

November 14th, 1909

On the Islands

Again came the columns of snow
 Over the Elagin bridge with two lamp stands
 And the sound of a woman in love,
 of a horse's snort, of the crunch of sand.

Two shadows are merged in a kiss
 Flying in a Russian sled.
 While not caring what others see,
 I am new with her, a captive.

Yes, there is a sad delight
 That love will be just like snow.
 I need you to really swear
 That you will be forever faithful.

No, I'm not the first caress
 And in my rigorous definition
 In my humility, I do not play
 Which is required by the kingdom.

No, with the persistence of a geometer
 I include every time without words
 Bridges, a chapel, the sharpness of wind
 All the deserted lowly islands.

I honor the rite. It is easy to fill.
 A bearskin is flying too
 Hugging that slender waist
 Racing in the darkness and snow

And remember these narrow shoes
 Falling in love in frosted fur ...
 After all, my chest will not
 Be pierced with love a second time

After, with a candle as a careful alarm
 The mother won't wait at the door...
 After this the poor husband shudders,
 He will not become jealous for her...

On whom does the passing night shine
 And who is truly shown?
 All of this only draws out the ball
 In the light, in the darkness of change.

November 22nd, 1909

And then comes the end of peace

And then comes the end of peace,
 With all the plaintive notes
 Your presence, gone now, teases me
 And guards me in this desert.

Life is empty, pointless, and bottomless.
 Since the time when I sang while in love
 I have only thought like this
 As anyone who has flown knows.

February 11th, 1910

Grey twilight lay

Grey twilight lay
 On this pale city in Spring.
 A car sang away
 With a whining horn.

Peering through a pale window,
 Clinging tightly to the glass...
 Peering. You have changed over time,
 Irrevocably.

February 11th, 1910

The spicy spirit of March was in the lunar Disk

The spicy spirit of March was in the lunar disk,
 Under the melting snow crunched the shifting sand.
 And my city melted away in the falling storm of snow
 Somebody sobbed in love, at someone else's feet.

You have clung to things superstitious,
 And I thought - through the sounds of horses,
 Of Hungarian dances in celestial mobs,
 Of bells, of cries that are teasing me.

A mad wind rushes upon the river
 That wishes to burn my soul.
 It throws the veil of the woman
 And plays the verses of old...

And then you, distant alien,
 Said with lightning in your eyes:
 The soul, the last path joining,
 On past dreams madly cries.

March 6th, 1910, Chapel Krestovsky

In the Restaurant

I shall never forget (it matters not,

Whether it was or wasn't this evening)
 The Fire of Dawn spreads across
 The pale sky, yellow dawn beginning.

By the window, I sat in this crowded place.
 Somewhere a song of love was sung
 So I sent a black rose in a tall glass
 Like the sky which is golden.

You pass me a glance which I meet
 With shame, but with haughty eyes, I bow.
 And You say to the suitor abruptly
 "So is this love now?"

And then in response, strings sang
 Ecstatically chanting the bonds...
 But you with youthful disdain
 Gave my hand an imperceptible shake...

Your movement's like a frightened bird
 You are my dreaming light...
 Your perfumed breath, your lashes slumbered
 An anxious whisper of silk.

Through the mirror, at me you glance
 And, throwing, you scream, "Catch! .."
 And the jewelry rattled, gypsies danced,
 And she screamed the dawn of love.

April 19th, 1910

Demon

Please draw me closer and closer
 For I haven't lived, just wandered with strangers...
 I see something new in my dream
 In your kiss of delirium!

In the torture of your frenzied
 Tosca's Spring
 Its burns me with distant rays

And pulls the oboe's song.

I bring the light and sound
 To the smoky, purple mountains,
 I go with tired eyes and weary lips
 And broken arms like whips.

And over these the sunset spilling
 The mountain shadows like bluish wings,
 With you, with the dream of Tamara
 I'm forever here without power...

And I dream of being back in the village,
 On the immortal mountain slopes,
 But sadly the veil is falling
 On this speckled, unneeded sky...

It is spread in a dance and cries,
 The dust winds, the oboe moans...
 Let the bridegroom ride but not get off!
 Flying straight over the Chechen plane.

April 19, 1910

It is hard to walk among people

There's a burned man

-Fet

It is hard to walk among people
 And pretend not to be dead
 And all of the game's tragic passion
 Is told but not yet lived

And, looking at my nightmare
 In order to find in a whirlwind of feelings
 The pale glow of the art
 And to learn the fire of life!

May 10th, 1910

I carelessly while away life

I carelessly while away life,
 Today are my sober celebrations for
 My insane and unhearing life
 And tomorrow is the crying and singing.

But if eath is,
 And is approaching me?
 Won't His enormous hand
 Cover my mirror completely?

But then from the mirror, a gleam of light
 A horror from which I close my eyes
 And I turn to the place of night,
 From which no one shall ever return...

September 17, 1910

The Hours, the days, and years go past

The hours, the days, and years go past
 So I wish to shake off this dream
 To see the face of the nature of people
 And dispel the twilight of time...

With a wave, someone mocks the light
 (Someone's shadow, a silhouette
 Is all that can be seen on this winter night.
 My face is quickly hid).

Here's a sword that is no longer needed
 Whose hand has turned me awry? -
 The small number of pearls is remembered
 On a night drenched in moonlight.

The patient with a plaintive cold,
 And the waving surface of the snow...
 From under the lash, the horror comes,
 A truly awful horror.

A word? There was none? Why is that?
 I'm neither sleep nor waking. Far, far away
 Came a ring that faded and left
 And separated away from the earth...

And then died. A lip sings.
 Hours go passed, and the year...
 (Through the long dark wire
 A telephone call passed)

And then a voice I know
 Says, clearly, from afar,
 Those two words: Ecce homo!
 The Sword fell. The Hand shook...

It's gently tied with silk
 (So blood did not leave these black veins)
 I was happy and obedient
 To serve.

But the time has come to remember
 I thought "I'm not a servant.
 A colored sash does fall
 But stained with Blood and Snow!"

October 4th, 1910

Humiliation

In the black boughs of naked trees
 Through a window, a winter sunset streams
 (Contented moments grow always less
 when we permit any man's death).

Faded sofas of red damask,
 Dusty curtains need a brush...
 In this room, there are the clinkings of glass,
 An officer, a pen, a student, and a merchant...

No human hand had touched
 These naked journal pictures

But then it was corrupted
By a vile villain's touches.

Listen! The soft carpet rings
With spurs, laughter, and doors muffled...
Is this house - the house
Where the fates of people decided?

Will I be pleased with our meeting
When your face has become so white?
Why on your shoulders are you bearing
The weight of the cold sunset?

Her painful lips are seen by me
But still she is my idol
(This is what love really means)
One mad, refracted run...

In the winter, the great, yellow sunset raced
To sink magnificently to its bed...
Moving closely to breathe while embraced,
But you whistle again and again ...

It's not gay - your sepulchral whistle...
Here again! - the murmur of spurs...
Like a snake, heavy, well-fed, and dusty
The plume of your seat on the carpet...

You dare to be so fearless!
I'm not your husband or friend!
But yesterday you did it, you pierced
The heart of my angel with your heels!

December 6th, 1911

Aviator

A glider rises up in the sky.
Shaking its two light blades,
As if monster of the sea,
Had slipped into the air stream.

Its screws are singing like strings...
 Look, the unwavering pilot
 Blinded by the rising sun
 Seeks a twisting flight...

Far above at height unattainable
 The gleaming copper...
 There, faint and invisible,
 The propeller continues to sing...

Then, in vain he looks for God's Eye:
 Of heaven, you'll not find a trace:
 With binoculars if you look up high,
 Only air, clear as water...

And here, in the heat, wavering,
 Smoke comes over the mist,
 Hangars, people, all the earthly things
 Are pinned to the ground...

But again a golden haze
 Like an ethereal chord...
 He was close, a time for applause,
 To the wretched world record!

All is under its spiralling descent
 And suddenly it happens, ridiculous, ugly
 Steeper the twisted blade falls,
 Breaking the monotony.

The beast with screws without cries
 Plummets in a frightening angle...
 Searching with dimmed eyes
 For support in the air ... To rise!

Too late: a crumpled wing
 Arcs on the grassy plain...
 In the woven wire machine
 Lies a hand with a dead arm ...

Why, brave man, were you there,
 Was your goal to impress
 With your first and last flight
 The violet eyes of a lioness?

Or with selfish delight
 Was your mouth filled with destruction,
 When you hungered to madly alite
 And so you stopped turning the wheel?

Or was your mind so filled with despair
 By the form of future wars:
 You rose in the night in the air
 Carrying fire from a rainfilled earth?

January 1912

About My Mother

Having had fun at the chaotic feast,
 I returned home after
 And wandered around the apartment,
 Comfortable within my corner.

All of me is merged in one
 In this single spot
 Over the window, the wind sings
 Chanting funerals...

Merged all of me in just one spot
 And just one person singular;
 And the wind sings in the night window
 Chants carotid funeral...

Only my seducer is still awake
 And he sweetly whispers,
 "Forget about these vulgar times
 And on the sacred songs ponder"

January 6, 1912

The Dances of Death

1

How hard it is to be
 For the dead to pretend with the living
 How hard to creep in society
 When all our bones are clinking

The Living all sleep. But the dead man wakes
 And comes from his grave to the court...
 Blacker than malice and whiter than night
 His feathers triumphantly creek.

The dead man works all day on work
 And then the day ends. And now -
 Whispers to him, patting his back,
 A sexual anecdote...

It is already evening. Rain splashes mud
 On Passers-byers, houses, and other nonsense ...
 To others, a dead man is ugliness
 The drive in the taxi is grinding.

In a crowded room with columns
 The dead hasten. On it is a sleek coat,
 Oh foolish mistress and foolish wife
 Give him a supportive smile

He was tired of bureaucratic boredom
 But the clatter of bones was muted music.
 He firmly shakes his friend's hands
 Hoping to feel alive

Only the eyes of the columns see him
 With his girlfriend, who, like him, is dead.
 They say their godless speeches
 And you hear every word

"Tired friend, to me this room is strange"
 "Tired friend, this is a cold tomb."
 "It's midnight." "Yes, but you didn't invite
 Me to waltz for she is in love with you"

And there, really looking for a passionate eye,
 It is with excited blood...
 And then in one girlishly, beautiful face,
 The Mindless ecstasy of love...

It whispers meaningless speech,
 Fascinating her with living words
 And It looks on her rosy shoulders
 And then it leans its head over...

The poison of unworldly anger
 Wasting it with unearthly rage makes her
 Think he is smart and he is in love with me.

It hears since it isn't from around here,
 A strange call: the clang of the bones of the bone.

February 19th, 1912

2

The night, the street, the lamp, the drugstore,
 Senseless and dim
 If you live another quarter of a century,
 All will be well and end.

Die and you'll you start again
 And repeat everything from the beginning
 At Night, icy ripples in the channel
 A Drugstore, A street, a lamp.

October 10th, 1912

3

An Empty street. A window light.
A Jewish pharmacist moans in sleep.

In front of the cupboard labeled *Venena*,
Creaky knees are bent,

A skeleton is wrapped by his cloak,
Looking for something with a grinning black mouth...

It is found... But by accident, something is rung,
He turns his skull... the Pharmacist grunts from sleep

He shifts and moves in sleep
While the guest leaves with the coveted bottle,

It is thrust under the cloak of two outcast women
On the street, under the semi-white light

October 1912

4

An old, old dream comes: out of the darkness
The running light come, but then where do they go?
There is just black water,
And oblivion forever.

A shadow glides around the corner
But by then another has crawled.
His cloak thrown open, his chest is white,
His buttonhole filled with scarlet.

The shadow of the second, ironclad and slender,
Is that the crown of the bride?
It has a helmet and feathers. But faceless.
Motionless as the dead.

The knock rattles the gate
 But the click of unlocking is muffled
 And, passing the threshold comes
 The libertine and the whore...

The icy wind howls,
 Empty, quiet and dark.
 Through the window.
 Nothing has changed.

The black water leads
 Out to oblivion forever.
 So where is the third ghost?
 Are you flitting from shadow to shadow?

February 7th, 1914

5

The newly rich are viciously happy
 While the poor are humiliated again.
 In their stone-roof communities
 The month looks very pale,

Send the silence
 And strength emphasize
 Decorate the stone
 And black the awnings ...

All of this would be nothing,
 If there was no king,
 To enforce the laws.

Just do not look for a palace,
 Or a good-natured face,
 Or a golden crown.

For in the distant deserts
 In light of foreign suns
 He appears.

A handkerchief is twisted around his neck
 And under his leaking visor
 He is Smiling.

February 7th, 1914

Worlds fly. Empty years go by

Worlds fly. Empty Years go by.
 The Universe's guise has the darkest eyes
 And you, my soul, are tired and dull
 With happiness whole once more.

What is happiness? The evening chilliness
 In the darkening woods, in the garden?
 Or the vicious delight of wine?
 Or passion, gold, and the death of the soul?

What is happiness? Brief moments
 Of Nothing, a rest from caring
 And then waking up again
 To the life, that unknown and heart-rending flight

I sighed, danger is watching...
 But in this greatest moment, run away!
 Run anywhere and in any way:
 Flying or buzzing or rushing up!

And, clinging to the sharp edge of the slide
 And listening to the ringing buzzing,
 We won't change our minds constantly
 In front of reasons, space, and time...

When will it stop? This invading sound...
 Don't all forces eventually end,
 How terrible it is! How wild!,
 Give me your hand my friend and forget.

July 2, 1912

A Night Without Edgar Allan Poe

Or A Night spent without the one who cried that Bright Name: Lenora,
Edgar Allan Poe

It was an autumn evening. With the sound of rain on glass
I was resolving all the same, a nagging question,
When in my office, a huge and misty man
Entered with a shaggy dog.

On a chair by the fire, my guest sat wearily,
With the dog at his feet. On the carpet
The guest said politely: "Is this still not enough
To prove your destiny must be accepted"

"But I'm without my youth, and now I'm old ..." -
So I said ... but he interrupted
"And so this is all: Lenore shall not return
And now all I know has been told. "

What a strange life. It was a delight, a storm, a hell,
And here, in the evening, alone with a stranger,
Under this business-like look,
Life seemed a lot better...

The gentleman left. But the dog with me stretched.
And over the hour we stared at each other,
Till he put his leg on my knee
As if to say: It's time for bed.

November 2nd, 1912

There is a game: to enter carefully

There is a game: To enter carefully,
In order for the attention of people to lull;
To find the eyes of your prey;
And to watch her silently.

No matter how rude and insensitive
 A man who watches for him
 He will feel a closer look
 The corners of his lips trembling.

And the other as if understanding,
 His arms and his shoulders shuddering,
 Turn and there is nothing;
 Meanwhile, my anxiety is growing.

That terrible sight unseen,
 That it is impossible to catch;
 You hear all the words, but you can't understand
 Whose eyes follow you around.

Neither greed, love, nor revenge;
 This game is a game for children:
 And all the people in the congregation
 Are undercover detectives.

Sometimes you and he don't understand,
 Why it sometimes happens
 With him you will walk in society,
 And return to us a different man

There is good and evil eye
 Only good if no one does anything:
 Too much of both is in each of us
 Our playing strength unknown...

A thousand years of misery
 Cannot measure the breadth of the heart:
 We will hear the flight of the planets
 Thundering through the silence ...

And yet, life is a great unknown,
 We do not know all of our powers
 And, like children playing with fire,
 We scorch ourselves and others ...

December 18th, 1913

My anxiety grows over night

My anxiety grows overnight,
 One that is quiet, cold, and dark.
 Look at the moon of white
 Through the frosted window

Something is happening in the world.
 In the morning I am afraid to open
 The news. Someone is wanting to be famous,
 Someone is hopelessly wandering.
 Or even someone is changing his mind?

Sleepless guests on a squeaky floor,
 But I do not think I care.
 I met a new friend in a Tavern
 A monotonous, melodious violin!
 I will drink wine again!

I still do not have the strength,
 Dragged to the very end
 With a false and sober smile
 I'm followed by the fear of the grave
 The Anxiety of death.

December 30th, 1913

His weak, tired arms cross his chest

His weak, tired arms cross his chest
 And for eternity, she gazed in his eyes,
 But the torments subsided. This process
 Continues over night.

So look at the sun's position as it sets
 Open my book where all comes true
 Since I listened to my heart, I'm a prophet
 You're not a queen, though I prayed to you.

I won't be king: I don't share your dream of power.
 You do not want the land: I will not be a slave.

A raw embrace without dragging out the matter
 And here's a new burden: a near open grave...

But I am a man. And I acknowledge the part
 That hasn't made me humble, this anxiety.
 The house of jealousy, my anxious, hungry heart,
 Repeats incessantly: what you should do, do quickly.

February 21st, 1914

Life is my friend

1

The day is filled with small works
 And cares minor and petty.
 They march past my tired eyes
 Unneeded words pass by.

I'm worried, but in my humility:
 I won't burn out and let it be
 At the bottom of your soul, black and bleak,
 Is sadness and disbelief.

In the evening, the train pushes away
 All your worries of the day.
 When the frost darkness watches
 And the midnight sings,

I am glad you do not sleep, but I had a terrible moment!
 When amid all other thoughts
 On the futility of life, and my comfortable despair
 You appeared.

My quiet longing is suppressed:
 To a simple gasp or sigh,
 A curse as the long night stretched,
 Where the devil sat on my chest!

You leap and depart to the streets of the deaf
 But no one there will help

You jump up and run to the streets of the deaf,
 But there is no one to help:
 You turn around but all are empty like shells.
 The night escorts you along
 The wind blows slow and moans
 So that you are pale by morning.
 My guardian, won't you walk by the fire
 So you don't fall asleep while driving

And finally fatigue washes over you,
 And you begin to fall asleep...
 Conscience and life are really so fragile
 Don't you think it is funny?

February 11th, 1914

2

I am powerless,
 For I don't know how to save a life,
 Or free the spirit in the grave,
 Confined in heavy sleep.

Of this frozen vault I'm sick
 And of this flattened disk
 I curse at everything in nature
 And the intolerable yellow sun.

And so I'll leave with
 You, poor friend, taking
 You from unwanted anguish
 And your involuntary suffering.

What has passed happened
 Because you are all the same:
 You gave your heart to the truth,
 But then immediately told a lie.

December 30th, 1913

3

Everything happens according to the scriptures:
 He cools the ardor of the young,
 And the end of charm
 Gradually comes.
 I was in a fever, not sensing the children,
 While delighting in the torture of hell
 I began to enumerate
 But the pounding of my head ...

There was a long, plaintive aching,
 As the body grew quietly cold,
 Awake in thirty years.
 Vainglorious with no heart.

The heart is a painted corpse.
 And when the end had come,
 He found it very banal
 The sad death of the soul.

December 30th, 1913

4

When by chance on Sunday
 He lost his only soul; not detecting
 The secession, for witnesses
 He wasn't looking.

And anyway, there wasn't enough:
 In the yard, the voice of a puppy,
 At the gate, the old woman stood,
 And the janitor asked for tea.

As he slowly walked out,
 He turned up his collar, when,
 Staring sympathetically from the roof,
 Were the enormous eyes of the cat.

You think his is witness?
 Then he will answer you
 With the same idleness
 As his virtue!

December 30th, 1912

5

I stuck close to the poor fool,
 Comes on the heels of a familiar voice.
 "Where is your money?" "Tear down the tavern."
 "Where is your heart?" "Throw it in the maelstrom."

"Why do you want this?"
 "So that you'll be, like me, frank,
 Like me, in humiliation, show humility,
 And nothing more, my friend. "

You climb into somebody else's heart
 Coming and going from parties
 Do you think that in vain
 The two of us look... "

So now, for truth, are you seeking?
 Okay, look, no one is near
 And in my pocket is nothing
 And in my heart, only tears.

December 30th, 1913

6

The day passed as usual,
 Quietly mad.
 Everyone was talking
 About the disease.
 A friend talked about service,
 Another talked about Christ
 And a fourth about current times.
 Two poet (fans of Pushkin)
 Sent books
 With plenty of comments.

A girl student sent
 A manuscript with flowery epigraphs
 (From Nadson and the Symbolists).
 After is the ringing of the phone,
 A messenger filed an envelope
 Scented with foreign spirits.
 The rose was put on the table -
 For it was written in the note,
 That they had to place it on the table ...
 After, a fellow writer,
 With his eyes sunk in his beard,
 Talked about the laments of the southern Croats
 And spoke to me a long time.
 He was a critic, trashing Futurism
 Blaming Symbolism,
 Concluding with Realism.
 The cinema in the evening
 Has nobles kissing under a tree
 With ladies of lower rank,
 Who were trying to raise themselves ...
 Everything was in excellent order.

He was fast asleep in the evening
 And woke up in another country.
 With neither cold mornings
 Nor the words of a friend
 Neither the rose,
 Nor the Futurist Manifesto,
 Neither Pushkin's poetry
 Nor barking dog,
 Nor the rumble of a cart -
 Nothing, nothing
 From the world I knew ...

And what can you make right
 If you destroy the order
 Of this dear and earthly world
 In dreams, we will plunge,
 And the dreams of other dreams...
 Will not always have such

Excellent order ...

I wake up sometimes
 Excited, anxious
 With vague recollections,
 Of a foreboding secret ...
 Violently clogging my brain
 with blinding thoughts...
 And I tame their rage,
 Because I'm frightened of something even worse,
 Do you think that a new
 Day will pass like this:
 Quietly mad?

May 24th, 1914

7

The Devil speaks:

You sin, yet you care
 About your innocence,
 And beauty still conjures
 Your sinful poems.

For comfort, for fun
 Drink sparkling wine
 While your wine is still to your liking,
 While it is still not too painful.

Shine a steadfast eye.
 Don't cast us from its sparkle
 After sin, guilt, and a passionate night
 We whisper the word "amen."

All of you are the same, you seduce
 To pass the crazy hour
 And later in a frenzy of repentance,
 Conspired to curse us.

So you will fall - but the crowd
 Are all like angels, clean,
 You catch it, so there
 On that stone do not stumble...

December 10th, 1915

8

Death speaks:

When one is mastered by anxiety
 And becomes mad with anguish,
 He forgets how to praise God
 And only sings songs of the sinners.

Obsessed and flustered
 He sees vague swarms of
 Past visions and strange images
 Which persecute him.

So he was exhausted
 From the cold glow of early youth
 In which the vanity of holy memories
 Before him rises slowly.

He does not believe in anything,
 And wants to cheat himself,
 And he to my blissful door
 Finds his sluggish way.

Quietly, with his Praise to God
 Which he didn't voice, only groaned.
 I opened. And now he doesn't
 Torment himself much anymore.

December 10th, 1915

Black Blood**1**

With a turn you came to me,
Your chest and hand are seen by me.

My mother forbids you to approach
Me who is tempted to offend you

No, I should not have dropped my eyes,
Your breathing, pursues me like a storm ...

My eye lit on your cheek,
A thrill runs through my trembling hand ...

Your circle of desire has expanded
You, without looking, look at me!

Old ashes are covered by this rapid fire
Of you not looking while rolling your eyes!

No! Don't be afflicted by the black blood
Not even for a date, not even for love!

January 2nd, 1914

2

I look at you. Every demon in me
Crouching, looking.
Every demon following
Moreover, a silence is thundering ...
And a greedy chest is heaving ...
Do these demons fill you with fear?
No! turn away, and do not dare, do not dare to
Look in this terrible abyss!

March 22nd, 1914

3

Even your name is contemptible,
 But when you're screwing up your eyes,
 I hear the howls of the flowing stream,
 Coming from the desert storm.

The silent eye, golden and brown,
 Thin fingers searching for your throat ...
 Come on. Crawl. I'll strike -
 Then, like a cat, you bare your teeth ...

January 30th, 1914

4

I did not want you, but I fell
 In your strange arms. So to lengthen the meal
 I neither untwisted my hands,
 Nor opened my mouth - not in the dark of night!

I do not want to go blind from this lightning storm,
 Nor hear the violins wail (frantic sounds!)
 Nor experience the unspeakable boredom of the tide
 Just to be buried in the ashes of your burning head!

As the first man with this divine fire,
 I only want to return to the blue paradise
 With you by destroying the poison and killing lies...

But you call me with your venomous glance
 Predicting a different paradise! - I concede, though knowing
 What is in your paradise, a bottomless, stagnant hell.

February 1912

5

Again at myself... I am ashamed, angry, and happy.
 Is there a night, or a day in the window?
 Through a month as a clown, over most of the roofs
 My face contorts horribly ...

Away with you sun, Away with remorse!
 Who dares to help me?
 In my ravaged brain bursts only night
 Only the night!

In one, empty breast, one penetrating view
 Sees only drunk and greedy eyes ...
 It will be like this forever, there will never
 Be a time when you shout: Yes!

January 29th, 1914

6

Fright seized me, drawing me
 Into the maelstrom ...
 And who will know
 Who was here?

And, the terrified murmur incoherently ...
 And, hiding their face,
 Their timid hands tighten and twist
 With a melodious ring ...

And ... the first ray of the morning
 Through yellow curtains is ringing ...
 God and the devil lie on the body of the sleeping
 In various light patternings..

January 2nd, 1914

7

A night for a century gives a languid thrill
 In passionate delirium,
 The mouth of the blissfully bizarre babble.
 And In the window is the weak, old light

Your unrealistic confidence,
 No, not a word
 For it has lost all value,

The pale day will soon begin to dawn ...

Then - in the view of tired eyes

You are a lie!

Then my mouth squirms scarlet

With your mysterious lookalike!

December 27th, 1913

8

I won at last!

I lured her to my palace!

Three candles in the infinite distance.

We lie in heavy carpets and dust.

And in the dark, three candles are lit

The dark velvet opens its arms,

Our storm tangles your braid, Your dull eyes,

Have changed to faded diamonds

And scorch my mouth with blood

Another pain of love ...

And the failure of the deaf windows

Vaguely rustles many banners

The ringing of the pipe and the horses trot,

Is like the swinging of a heavy coffin.

Oh my favorite, we are not one!

This shames me so extinguish the lights! ..

Chasing away the strange fear

My blood rustles in my ears.

Close howls the funeral pipes,

The troubled sigh of cold lips:

My beauty, my shame, my scourge..
I throw my cry to the night

We extinguish the candle, our eyes, our words ...
You're dead, finally, dead!

I know, I drank your blood ...
I put you in a coffin and sung -

But on every hazy night in gentle spring
Will sing your blood in me!

October 1909

9

Over the best of the creation of God,
I tasted the power of contempt.
So it struck it with a stick.

Hurriedly she dressed and is going
Now she has Left. I glance anxiously
Through my gray-blue window.

But there is nothing. In the blue-gray window
But the pouring rainy night,
And then, in the darkness,
Burns a glowing light.

In distant, wet valleys
Is a close, approaching happiness!
Once I stand and heed
What the violin sings to me.

It sings the songs of wild
The fact that I am free!
The fact that I have a better life
When, for vulgar lust, I traded love!

March 13th, 1910

Demon

Come, follow me, my submissive
 And faithful slave.
 I'm on a lightened mountain ridge
 Flying, confident with you.

I will bring you across the abyss,
 Mocking you with her bottomlessness.
 Your terror is actually useless
 Only further inspiration for me.

I protect you from the rain
 Of ethereal dust and from the whirling winds
 Using the strength of my muscles and the shadow of my wings
 And by letting you not drop.

And in the mountains, within the glitter of white,
 Is an immaculate meadow
 With a divinely beautiful form
 Where I tear myself from you

Do you know how little
 That Human lie,
 That sad earthly pity
 Which you call wild passion?

When the evening becomes quite,
 And, bewitching me,
 You desire to fly higher
 To the desert's sky fire
 Fine, I'll take you there
 I'm going to take you there
 To the land which seems a star,
 From where Earth seems a star.

And, dumb with surprise,
 You see new worlds
 With Incredible vision,
 But all's just a start for my game ...

Trembling with fear and powerlessness,
 Then you did not eat, Let
 Us spread our wings quietly
 I smile at you and fly.

And with a divine smile
 I am destroyed in flight,
 You will fly like a fragile stone,
 In a shining void ...

June 9th, 1910

The Voice from the Chorus

How often do we cry - you and I -
 Over our miserable lives!
 Oh, if you only knew any friends,
 Through the cold and darkness in the coming days!

Now you're with a cute helper harvesting,
 Play with her, joking,
 And you're crying, seeing lies
 Or in your hand your favorite knife
 What a baby, a baby!

Do not measure my lies and deceit
 When death is far away.
 All will be blacker in that terrible light
 And crazier in the whirlwind of the planets
 Another century, this century!

And the last century, the most terrible of all,
 We'll see you and me.
 And all heaven will hide our heinous sin
 On all lips will cease laughing
 From the anguish of nothingness ...

For Spring, baby, you're going to wait -
 But Spring deceives.
 You wait for the sun in the sky to call -
 But the sun will not rise.

And cry when you start to cry,
Like a sinking stone ...
We'll be happy with their lives,
Meek grass!
Oh, if you knew
The cold and dark days to come.