

OFFENCE

You are offended by your relatives,
You have left your people:
You think they have dried up your soul,
You think they are your most perfidious enemies,
You think they always beat you stealthily.
Yes, when it is hard for you,
When it is cold for you,
And when you are starving,
There is nobody there.
But when you have made your way in life, each dog is a relative to you.
It's them, the relatives, who have invented customs and traditions,
beliefs and religions,
They wrapped a man from every side by chains
That he doesn't dare to stand out from the people,
That he is as all the people, that he is a cattle, too...
And they, the relatives, call themselves the people,
And they require that all should obey them.
In the name of the people they eulogize and abuse,
In the name of the people they elevate and overthrow ,
In the name of the people they lift on a throne and exile a king...

CAMELCADE

Into my sight comes a desert, on which the camelcade moves.
The camels, strung out on a line
And with unsteady steps, walk slowly on the scorching sand.
Near to each of them,
Hardly tearing his legs from ground, a cameleer goes.
All of them, parched with thirst and wound turban,
Under them only eyes twinkled,
Swayed in time to each other.
All traders led by the head of the camelcade,
Tired by long travel and besotted by intoxicant drunk
Taken for slaking, slumber.
The sun, as a burning hot metal disk, has hung above heads of the travellers
and lavishes rays on ground.
The desert scorches.

And the plants in this part are like this changeability:
They even have no roots,
They are always ready to move off from their places and
to be rushed off by the will of the wind.
How many nations tried to take root here, seeking immortalization,
But the vortex of events again and again drove them away
from the desert of life.
Nations came and nations went...
Only yesterday we felt victorious,
Only yesterday we sacked local inhabitants
considered ourselves the masters of life.
Only yesterday we rushed along the flourishing oases turning them to deserts,
And today we have already come back by the same places.
If we remembered that paths lead not only forward,
But by them it is necessary to return,
Wouldn't we have carpeted our own way,
Wouldn't we have turned the desert into a flower-bed and our enemies into
friends whom we have to ask for a drink.
But the memory of a man is short:
Today he is not able to see farther than his nose
and tomorrow he cries for remote bends of his own ways
where he had stumbled.
And so I strayed burning hot sands for a long time,
I was looking for the path back home.
I roamed the uninhabited wilderness that I left after myself;
I wandered on the sultry dunes driven by wind further and further
into the depth of endless vast space,
Without water, without hope and without the firm belief
that I can reach my home town.
Many days I strolled pensively in the desert, thirsty,
Fearing to lose my way in this intricate endless labyrinth.
Ahead nothing was visible except a scorching pale sun above my head.
I was hardly able to drag my legs along tearing my feet from the sand
And leaning on a sword
turned from murder weapon to the staff of a wanderer...

SIMOOM

Simoom... A hot desert wind. It blows up in a squall,
And a whirlwind carries away all, that turns up on its way.
It, as a tornado, lifts a pillar of sand.
It, as a storm, suddenly, clouds all the sky by lustreless shroud,
And sun grows dim, shining as a reddish disk among brown haze.
The worst of it is the silence in the desert,
When for many feet around you there is not a soul to be seen:
Nothing is stirring, nothing is uttering a sound

To find somehow your bearings in an environment.
And you go in unknown obscurity;
Nothing shows you which way you are going.
Where is the south? Where is the north?
Whence you have left and where you go? What waits for you ahead
and whether something waits for you in this infinite space at all?
Who needs you and whether somebody needs you in this silent uncertainty?
Whether to go forward, whether to come back – nothing foretells of any hope.
Whether you will tear the ground by nails
Or you will lie motionless, gazing on infinite blue height –
Nothing will change in this sublunar world.
And then you will cognize eternity ...
I was walking in the desert and thought.
I thought much and continuously.
I thought how all suddenly has turned out in this way
that I find myself in the desert.

I thought how all is fairly arranged in this world:
Yesterday you banished the native father in this hot hell,
Today you have found yourself in the middle of shiny cold dunes.
Whether in this the validity of the Most High?
What you will give, that you will get back,
What you will do, that you will eat your fill,
What you will grant, by that the people will thank you certainly.
We are only creations of our own acts:
We make kindness, we receive good deeds,
We make evil, which on the rebound will reach ourselves without fail.
How much you have given, so much you have taken;
How much you have created, so much you reap.
Each of your steps is measured, each of your foods is already in the boiler:
Nothing will decrease, but nothing more you will take already.
You have the right all your due to eat at once,
But also you have the right to prolong your pleasure.
You have the right to run as a racer by this life, leaving a sparkling trace,
But also you have the right as the turtle to drag yourself along
prolonging your days.

You have the right to fly up high into the air, illuminating by your light all
that is below, on the ground,
But you also have the right to cut your wings to smoulder slowly
burning down as a dim fire.

You have the right to sing loudly, for all to hear your swan-song,
But you also have the right to wheeze out last damnations to mankind
a dissatisfaction with life.

We weigh exactly as much as how much we give back.
We are the creators of our immortality and our own decay...
So I thought, stared in despair and grief at infinite, boundless distance.
All in this world is fair: and the night comes in time,
And the morning comes without delay;
And the sun shines in the hot summer,
And severe cold brings the frosty winter;
And songs that have been composed sing, and weeping at grief, lament;

And both of us have found ourselves in the same desert.
And both of us should leave in eternity ...
We shall go, my son...
I did not wait for you very long,
And you were not tormented in this hard hot sun too long...
We must be thankful for small mercies!
Let us go, sonny!
The father has embraced his son,
And both of them have disappeared in a dusty cloud:
Simoom devoured them and whirled away both in immense infinity.

PHOENIX

And then the bird Phoenix blazed and it has illuminated all the world.
And the flame burned as a fiery flower.
And the gold glow enveloped all the universe...
And the bird flickered its blazing wings, shouting and groaning in a pain.
And it burnt down to the ground, leaving behind only ashes.
But a faint small light kept the warmth of the burning hearth...
And the fire did not smoulder, but burned.
And the flame flashed again as a gold flower.
So the bird Phoenix revived from its own ashes.
And the ashes were carried by a strong wind on time ...
And time rushed it to infinite distance.
And the sunset burnt down, leaving only a whitish haze of a fog.
And the bird Phoenix died each time on fire ...
And again its strength was ebbing and ebbing,
And it burned down to the ground.
And it laid motionless for the time being.
But songs were sung to it, and hymns were composed to it.
Because it was an unusual bird...
And each time the people recollected it, when life became unbearable,
And then the bird Phoenix again stood up from ashes.
And again it flared as a gold flower.
And by the people songs were sung to it, and hymns composed about it.
Because it was a bird absolutely unusual ...
And the people sobbed when they had no happiness.
And having the happiness, they did not appreciate it.
And then the bird Phoenix showed them the transience of life,
burning itself ...
And again people waited for the bird Phoenix, praying to its ashes.
And it revived from the ashes, as hundreds and thousands of years ago.
And again the people lost memory, leaving to themselves
only a myth about a bird Phoenix...
Both fire burned, and the candle too.
A moth, shivering from fear, came closer to the flame.
Transient time now approached happiness, now removed it again.

And the people composed a hymn about the unusual bird Phoenix ...
The happy people sang songs in chorus,
And wretches only wheezed in last convulsions of life.
Decay left only ashes after them,
And they tried to immortalize themselves in songs.
But the songs were composed only about strong and clever people.
And the fools lived out their days by a decaying light...
And again the bird Phoenix burnt itself.
And again it left after itself only ashes.
But the people knew, that it again would revive from its own ashes ...