A Biblical Motif

Boris Khrstov

Vladimir Phillipov

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A BIBLICAL MOTIF

I live in the corner of the world where man,
with his head bent down over a plate,
is chewing fiercely... his Adam's apple
marking the passage of time.

Is this what I dreamt of when as a boy
I flourished a stick of spring onions amidst
whirls of dust, rolled the sun like an egg...
and went to sleep by it in the hole of darkness.

Why did merciless God choose me
to be witness when the local thief
kissed the teacher's wife... their sweating
bodies steaming in the sultry summer day?

When I crept out of my weed-covered childhood,
and my chin reached the boot of Goliath,
I realised that stupidity, hanging over me
with its ladle would keep me dry all my life.

Then I decided to join the poets
to cool down my burning head among them...
But black sheep always live apart from the flock,
for they don’t want to be milked by their master.

I saw them climbing towards the ridge of the mountain,
picking up stones for David’s sling. David himself
was lying like a god in the river, hiding
his devil’s tail from the eyes of all men.

translated by Vladimir Phillipov