

Атанас Далчев

Избрани фрагменти

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Selected Fragments

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Around a table where all are drunk a person who is sober is, beyond a doubt, a disagreeable witness.

Around a table where all are drunk the sober is, beyond all doubt, an unpleasant witness.

*

Going up the mountain, the road starts winding about, firstly turning in one, then in another direction. Our inconsistency is a confirmation that we are rising.

Climbing the mountain, the road starts meandering, turning once in one, then in the opposite direction. Our ambivalence is the assurance that we are ascending.

*

That many were the cornflowers at that place of the field, that from afar I mistook them for a blue morning haze.

That many were the cornflowers in this part of the field, that from afar my eyes mistook them for a blue morning haze.

*

I could have believed in immortality if it was not for old age. This gradual languish of soul and body does not leave any hope for another life. What continuation can be expected any place else when the end of it all can be seen here?

I would have believed in immortality were it not for old age. All this gradual fading away of the soul and the body does not leave any hope for further life. What continuation elsewhere could one expect when seeing it all end here?

I could have believed in immortality but for old age. This slow decay of mind and body, it doesn't leave one any hope for a new life. How could one expect to go on somewhere else while witnessing everything coming to an end here?

I could have believed in immortality if it was not for old age. This gradual fading away of the soul and the body leaves no hope for another life. What continuation could one expect somewhere else when seeing that everything ends here?

*

One must go and live in the countryside, in the fields, to see the stars. The illuminations of the city bar us from seeing them.

One should go live in the countryside, in the fields, in order to see the stars. The city lights do not allow us to see them.

In order to see the stars, one must go live in the countryside. The city lights bar us from seeing them.

*

I suddenly awaken in the middle of the night. I get up and pace towards the open window. The bleak bluish moonlight lies like snow-drifts on the yard.

I awaken suddenly in the middle of the night. I get up and walk towards the open window. Like snow-drifts, the cold blue moonlight lies on the yard.

I awaken suddenly in the middle of the night. I get up and walk towards the open window. Like snow-drifts, lies the cold blue moonlight on the yard.

*

My thought is an easily frightened birdie. Someone else's presence scares it away.

My thought is a timid little bird. Other people's presence drives it away.

*

Simplicity is much harder to define than complexity.

It is much more difficult to define the simple rather than the complex.

Defining the simple is much more difficult than defining the complex

What is simple is much harder to define than what is complex.

*

The sun is hanging in the haze as red as udder.

In the haze the sun is hanging red as udder.

In the haze the sun hangs red as udder.

*

The dreadful thing is not that you change, but that, regardless of all your experience and misfortunes, you stay exactly the same.

The trouble is not that you change, but that you stay the same, regardless of all experience and misfortunes.

*

Miracles do not exist for other people. A moment after it has happened, it also ceases to exist for the one who had craved and waited for it. A hand held out disappears and the rescued, he who desperately cried a while ago, understands that he is but all alone and the unearthly meddling has wandered away in the endless net of chances turned into a mere stitch of it.

God alone does good in secret.

Miracles do not exist for other people. Just a moment after one has happened, it ceases to exist for the one who had been craving, waiting for it, too. The reached hand conceals itself and the saved one, he who had desperately called a while ago, sees, being all

alone, how the supernatural intervention disappears in the endless web of chances, having transformed itself into a mere stitch of it.

God alone does good in secret.

*

Simplicity and banality are quite alike; they are two sisters, of whom, despite their resemblance, one is lovely and the other - hideous.

Simplicity and platitude are kindred souls - two sisters, of whom, despite all resemblance, one is comely and the other- ugly.

*

People think the autumn turns the tree leaves yellow and it is not until later, after they have pondered on it, that they realize the summer blaze and ardour have made them thus.

One often thinks that the autumn is what paints the leaves yellow, but after contemplation, one realizes it was actually the blaze and fervour that made them thus.

*

No author is satisfied with his translator. It matters not if his work has become worse or better in translation, it would never be the same!

There is no author content with his translator. Regardless of whether his work has become worse or better in translation, it will still never be the same!

No author is ever satisfied with his translator. Regardless of whether his work has become worse or better in translation, it will still never be the same!

*

He who seeks perfection is condemned to create mere fragments.

He who seeks perfection is destined to create just fragments.

*

Summertime. The hay harvest has passed away. The haystacks are like buttons pinned to the meadow's yellow-green garment.

Summertime. The haymaking season has passed. The haystacks stand like buttons on the yellow-green garment of the meadow.

*

They showed me my contradictions and I agreed they were existent, nevertheless I kept them just the same. Why bother hiding them? I would rather be honest than logical.

They showed me my ambivalence and I admitted its existence, nevertheless I let it be. Why bother hiding it? I would rather be straightforward than logical.