

East European Festival



POETRY IN EASTERN EUROPE

Recited by students of the Department of
Slavic Languages and Literatures and the
Less-Commonly-Taught Languages Center

Order of Poetry Readings

Bosnian/Croatian/Montenegrin/Serbian

“Strepnja” - “Apprehension”, by Desanka Maksimović
Recited by Cody McSherry

Greek

“Ἰθάκη” - “Ithaca”, by C.P. Cavafy, translated by Peter Bien
Recited by Alexandra Koffler, Benjamin Pauley, and Peter Vassil

Hungarian

“Anyám tyúkja” - “My Mother’s Hen”, by Sándor Petőfi
Recited by Dani Peelan and Melinda Szabo

Russian

“Муза” - “Muse” by Alexaner Pushkin
Recited by Bex Dial

Slovak

“Jesenná Iáska” - “Autumn Love”, by Miroslav Válek
Recited by Abby Kraus and Ben Sommer

Turkish

“Davet” - “The Invitation”, by Nazim Hikmet Ran
Recited by Dannial Cardillo

Ukrainian

“Contra spem spero!” - “Contra spem spero!” by Lesya Ukrainka
Recited by Anthony Murowany and Talis Jacob

Strepnja

Ne, nemoj mi prići! Hoću izdaleka
Da volim i želim oka tvoja dva.
Jer sreća je lepa samo dok se čeka,
Dok od sebe samo nagoveštaj da.

Ne, nemoj mi prići! Ima više draži
Ova slatka strepnja, čekanje i stra`.
Sve je mnogo lepše donde dok se traži
O čemu se samo tek po slutnji zna.

Ne, nemoj mi prići! Našto to, i čemu?
Iz daleka samo sve k`o zvezda sja;
Iz daleka samo divimo se svemu.
Ne, neka mi ne priđu oka tvoja dva.

Desanka Maksimović

Apprehension

No, don't come near me! I want to love
and long for the two eyes of yours from
afar.

Because happiness is good only when it's
due, While it gives just a glimpse.

No, don't come near me! There's more
allure to this sweet longing, waiting and
fear.

Everything is much nicer while it's
sought While it's just a hint.

No, don't come near me! Why would you
and for what? Only from afar everything
shines like a star;

Only from afar we admire all.

No, may not the two eyes of yours come
near me.

Desanka Maksimović

Ιθάκη

Σα βγεις στον πηγαϊμό για την Ιθάκη,
να εύχεται νάναι μακρύς ο δρόμος,
γεμάτος περιπέτειες, γεμάτος γνώσεις.
Τους Λαιστρυγόνες και τους Κύκλωπας,
τον θυμωμένο Ποσειδώνα μη φοβάσαι,
τέτοια στον δρόμο σου ποτέ σου δεν θα βρεις,
αν μιν' η σκέψις σου υψηλή, αν εκλεκτή
συγκίνησις το πνεύμα και το σώμα σου αγγίζει.
Τους Λαιστρυγόνες και τους Κύκλωπας,
τον άγριο Ποσειδώνα δεν θα συναντήσεις,
αν δεν τους κουβανείς μες στην ψυχή σου,
αν η ψυχή σου δεν τους στήνει εμπρός σου.

Να εύχεται νάναι μακρύς ο δρόμος.
Πολλά τα καλοκαιρινά πρωϊά να είναι
που με τι ευχαρίστησι, με τι χαρά
θα μπαίνεις σε λιμένας πρωτοειδωμένους,
να σταματήσεις σ' εμπορεία Φοινικικά,
και τες καλέςπραγμάτειες ν' αποκτήσεις,
σεντέφια και κοράλλια, κεχριμπάρια κ'
έβενους,
και ηδονικά μυρωδικά κάθε λογής,
όσο μπορείς πιο άφθονα ηδονικά μυρωδικά,
σε πόλεις Αιγυπτιακές πολλές να πας,
να μάθεις και να μάθεις απ' τους
σπουδασμένους.

Πάντα στον νου σου νάχεις την Ιθάκη.
Το φθάσιμον εκεί ειν' ο προορισμός σου.
Αλλά μη βιάζεις το ταξίδι διόλου.
Καλλίτερα χρόνια πολλά να διαρκέσει
και γέρος πια ν' αράξεις στο νησί,
πλούσιος με όσα κέρδιες στο δρόμο,
μη προσδοκώντας πλούτη να σε δώσει η Ιθάκη.

Η Ιθάκη σ'έδωσε τ' ωραίο ταξίδι.
Χωρίς αυτήν δεν θάβγαινες στον δρόμο.
Άλλα δεν έχει να σε δώσει πια.

Κι αν πτωχική την βρεις, η Ιθάκη δε σε γέλασε.
Έτσι σοφός που έγινες, με τόση πείρα,
ήδη θα το κατάλαβες οι Ιθάκες τι σημαίνουν.

Ithaca

When you set your course for Ithaca,
pray the route be long,
filled with adventures, filled with learning.
Do not fear the Cyclops,
Laistrygonians, or angry Poseidon.
Such you will never find along your way
if your thoughts stay high, if choice emotions
touch your body and your spirit.
You will never meet the Cyclops,
Laistrygonians or angry Poseidon
unless you carry them inside your soul,
unless your soul props them up before you.

Pray the route be long --
that on many a summer morning
(with what delight, what joy!)
you enter harbors you've never glimpsed before;
that you call at Phoenician bazaars
to obtain the splendid items
of amber and ebony, coral and mother-of-pearl,
and luscious perfumes of every kind:
as lavishly as you can, luscious perfumes;
that you may go to many Egyptian towns
to learn and learn from the instructed.

Always keep Ithaca in mind.
Arrival there is your destined end,
but do not hasten the journey in the least.
Better it continue many years
and you anchor at the island an old man,
rich with all you gained along the way,
not expecting Ithaca to grant you riches.

Ithaca granted you the lovely voyage.
Without her you would never have departed on your course.
She has nothing else to grant you any more.

And if you find her squalid, Ithaca did not cheat you.
So wise have you become, so experienced,
you already will have realized what they mean: these Ithacas.

by C.P. Cavafy
tr. Peter Bien

Anyám tyúkja

Anyám tyúkja Ej mi a kő! tyúkanyó, kend
A szobában lakik itt bent?
Lám, csak jó az isten, jót ád,
Hogy fölvitte a kend dolgát!

Itt szaladgál föl és alá,
Még a ládára is fölszáll,
Eszébe jut, kotkodákol,
S nem verik ki a szobából.

Dehogyan verik, dehogyan verik!
Mint a galambot etetik,
Válogat a kendermagban,
A kiskirály sem él jobban.

Ezért aztán, tyúkanyó, hát
Jól megbecsülje kend magát,
Iparkodjék, ne legyen ám
Tojás szűkében az anyám. –

Morzsa kutyánk, hegyezd füled,
Hadd beszéljek mostan veled,
Régi cseléd vagy a háznál,
Mindig emberül szolgáltál,

Ezután is jó légy, Morzsa,
Kedvet ne kapj a tyúkhusra,
Élj a tyúkkal barátságba'...
Anyám egyetlen jószága.

Petőfi Sándor

My Mother's Hen

Hey, what the heck, mother hen,
You live in our room, since when?
You have it good from the Lord,
I must say that you are spoiled!

Run around or take a rest,
You even fly on the chest.
When you feel like, you just cackle
'Cause you're sure you win the battle

You know you are welcome indoor,
You're fed like a dove, even more,
You sure get the best of grains,
You like like a queen who reigns.

I hope you appreciate,
Dear mother hen, your good fate
And you always do your best
To give my mother lots of eggs.

Listen, our good dog, Morsel,
Be sure that you hear me well,
You are our old domestic,
You served us with every old trick,

So keep behaving as it's due,
Chicken meat is not for you.
Mother hen is your good friend,
Keep it this way 'till the end.

by Sándor Petőfi

Муза

В младенчестве моем она меня любила
И семиствольную цевницу мне вручила.
Она внимала мне с улыбкой — и слегка,
По звонким скважинам пустого тростника,
Уже наигрывал я слабыми перстами
И гимны важные, внушенные богами,
И песни мирные фригийских пастухов.
С утра до вечера в немой тени дубов
Прилежно я внимал урокам девы тайной,
И, радуя меня наградой случайной,
Откинув локоны от милого чела,
Сама из рук моих свирель она брала.
Тростник был оживлен божественным
дыханьем
И сердце наполнял святым очарованьем.

Alexander Pushkin

Muse

In my youth's years, she loved me, I am sure.
The flute of seven pipes she gave in my tenure
And harked to me with smile -- without speed,
Along the ringing holes of the reed,
I got to play with my non-artful fingers
The peaceful songs of Phrygian village singers,
And the important hymns, that gods to mortals bade.
From morn till night in oaks' silent shade
I diligently harked to the mysterious virgin;
Rewarding me, by chance, for any good decision,
And taking locks aside of the enchanting face,
She sometimes took from me the flute, such commonplace.
The reed became alive in consecrated breathing
And filled the heart with holiness unceasing.

Alexander Pushkin

Jesenná láska

Láska je strašne bohatá, láska, tá všetko sľúbi,
no ten čo ľúbil, sklamal sa a ten, čo sklamal, ľúbi.
Prach dlhých smutných letných dní na staré lístie
padá,
poznala príliš neskoro ako ho mala rada.

Tak každoročne v jeseni svetlá sa tratia z duše
a človek, koník túlavý od srdca k srdcu kluše.
Pre každé chce zomierať, žiť nechce pre nijaké
chcel by mať jedno pre seba, je mu jedno aké.
Možno, že iba obrázok, možno tónu iba.

No pred cieľom sa zastaví. Komu zas srdce chýba?
Zo všetkých mojich obrázkov mámivý ošial stúpa.
Bola to láska? Sklamanie? Aj láska bola hlúpa,
že chcela všetko naraz mať a všetko naraz stráca.

Koľko ráz v noci májovej hľadeli do mesiaca.
No máj im málo šťastia dal a krátke bolo leto,
len jeseň, tá vie o všetkom a jeseň nepovie to.
Šla zima dolu údolím a niesla odkaz máju.
Túžieval, čakal, dočkal sa. Odišla. Nepozná ju.

Láska je strašne bohatá, láska, tá všetko sľúbi,
no ten čo ľúbil, sklamal sa a ten, čo sklamal, ľúbi.
Prach dlhých smutných letných dní na staré lístie
padá,
poznala príliš neskoro ako ho mala rada.

Válek, Miroslav

Autumn Love

Oh, love is frightfully rich she would promise all in one
breath,
though let down is, who wanted a bit and who let down, now
loves.

The dust of long sad summer days lies upon the sodden
earth,
too late she realised how much she had loved him, she still
does.

Every autumn the light is fading sparing for us no thoughts,
and a man, a roaming horse, from heart to heart trots,
he's prepared to die for everyone, though to live for none,
he'd like to own one just for himself, doesn't matter which
one.

Just a heart. A mere picture, or perhaps only a mere shade.

Though at the finish line he stops: Who misses the heart
again?

From all my cherished pictures a stupefying frenzy flits;
was it a real thing? A let-down? Even love is out of wits,
she wanted to have all at once but all at once she loses.

So much they were gazing at May moon – one of lovers'
muses,
but May gave them a very little time and summer was short.
Only autumn, she knows everything but she will say that not.
Winter went down the dale with the message, knocked on the
May's door:
he fancied her, waited, loved her, she's gone, he knows her no
more.

Oh, love is frightfully rich she will promise all by one breath,
though let down is, who wanted a bit and who let down, now
loves.

The dust of long sad summer days lies upon the sodden
earth,
too late she realised how much she has loved him, she still
does.

Miroslav Válek

Davet

Dörtnala gelip Uzak Asya'dan
Akdeniz'e bir kısrak başı gibi uzanan
bu memleket, bizim.

Bilekler kan içinde, dişler kenetli, ayaklar çıplak
ve ipek bir halıya benzeyen toprak,
bu cehennem, bu cennet bizim.

Kapansın el kapıları, bir daha açılmasın,
yok edin insanın insana kulluğunu,
bu dâvet bizim....

Yaşamak bir ağaç gibi tek ve hür
ve bir orman gibi kardeşesine,
bu hasret bizim...

Nazim Hikmet Ran

The Invitation

Galloping from Far Asia
Stretching out to the Mediterranean like a mare's head
This country is ours.

Wrists covered in blood, teeth clenched, feet bare
And the earth which looks like a silk carpet,
This hell, this heaven is ours.

Let the gates of others close, never to be opened again,
Destroy human's servitude to human,
This invitation is ours....

To live solitary and free like a tree
and brotherly like a forest,
This longing is ours...

Nazim Hikmet Ran

Contra spem spero!

Без надії сподіваюсь! (Лат.)

Гетьте, думи, ви хмари осінні!
То ж тепера весна золота!
Чи то так у жалю, в голосінні
Проминуть молодії літа?

Ні, я хочу крізь сльози сміятись,
Серед лиха співати пісні,
Без надії таки сподіватись,
Жити хочу! Геть, думи сумні!

Я на вбогім сумнім перелозі
Буду сіять барвисті квітки,
Буду сіять квітки на морозі,
Буду лить на них сльози гіркі.

І від сліз тих гарячих розтане
Та кора льодовая, міцна,
Може, квіти зйдуть — і настане
Ще й для мене весела весна.

Я на гору круту крем'яную
Буду камінь важкий підіймать
І, несучи вагу ту страшную,
Буду пісню веселу співать.

В довгу, темную нічку невидну
Не стулю ні на хвильку очей —
Все шукатиму зірку провідну,
Ясну владарку темних ночей.

Так! я буду крізь сльози сміятись,
Серед лиха співати пісні,
Без надії таки сподіватись,
Буду жити! Геть, думи сумні!

леся українка

Contra spem spero!

Without hope, hope! (Latin)

Thoughts away, you heavy clouds of autumn!
For now springtime comes, a gleam with gold!
Shall thus in grief and wailing for ill-fortune
All the tale of my young years be told?

No, I want to smile through tears and weeping,
Sing my songs where evil holds its sway,
Hopeless, a steadfast hope forever keeping,
I want to live! You thoughts of grief, away!

On poor sad fallow land unused to tilling
I'll sow blossoms, brilliant in hue,
I'll sow blossoms where the frost lies, chilling,
I'll pour bitter tears on them as due.

And those burning tears shall melt, dissolving
All that mighty crust of ice away.
Maybe blossoms will come up, unfolding
Singing springtime too for me, some day.

Up the flinty steep and craggy mountain
A weighty ponderous boulder I shall raise,
And bearing this dread burden, a resounding
Song I'll sing, a song of joyous praise.

In the long dark ever-viewless night-time
Not one instant shall I close my eyes,
I'll seek ever for the star to guide me,
She that reigns bright mistress of dark skies.

Yes, I'll smile, indeed, through tears and weeping
Sing my songs where evil holds its sway,
Hopeless, a steadfast hope forever keeping, I shall live!
You thoughts of grief, away!

Leysa Ukrainka