



БЕЛАРУСКАЯ ЛІТАРАТУРА ў АНГЛІЙСКІХ ПЕРАКЛАДАХ

MIKOLA AURAMCHYK

Belarusian Pine

In every drift it smells of Byelorussia ,
With ancient forest's resin-weeping pine...
Beneath the earth each gallery, heading, fissure,
Appears to be a forest in the mine.

Above the low sharp coal-face there the ceiling
Is firmly held by pit-props, line on line,
And overhead, sometimes, you have the feeling
They start to creak like boughs upon the pine.

Upon them presses that preponderous cover,
The seams you've undercut and pinned below,
The strata of millennia hang over,
Five hundred solid metres thick, or so.

'Neath such a weight the pit-prop does not shudder,
Upon its shoulders resin pearls like sweat,
But still the pine-log stands both straight and stubborn,
And strives to break through to the sunshine yet.

With stem persistence coal you go on hacking,
The sparks go flying from your picks at play...
Your native pine beneath such pressure standing
Will never her brave countrymen betray.

1947

Translated by W. May