



БЕЛАРУСКАЯ ЛІТАРАТУРА ў АНГЛІЙСКІХ ПЕРАКЛАДАХ

ALES BACHYLA

* * *

You beg me read...

But what? You do not say.

You know – I am unable to refuse,
And that from you there's nought I hide away,
To lie one word, one half, I do not choose.

To read some other's verses, not my own,
Where all is different, all quite strange what's more,
Means turning my whole spirit upside down –
A thing which I have never done before.

So I keep quiet.

When you have great desires

To explore my soul, as they explore far lands,
I'm here before you –

look into my eyes –

And like a poem, read me as I stand.

1966

Translated by W. May