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I have bowed over a well
Wishing to drink one of its stars,
And on the wistful surface of the well
A feather cradles.
Whose dream - sail is it?
Who is the bird of this feather -
That so lavishly
Has left it in a foreign well?

I take out the feather from the well -
I have not seen such an empty feather yet.
And where is its flight?
Perhaps the flight has sunk in the well,
Sunk and dived to the bottom...
Or perhaps has not sunk -
Merely has moved in there,
Because each well has a sky in its bottom.
Even if not in the bottom,
On the surface may have, undoubtedly.

I rise from the well.
Not a star is missing.
Understand -
Never anything is being missed from the wells.
They never give anything away,
But, uh, they take!
They take all flights of those,
Who do believe and bent over them.

The highest spot of village is the crest of our poplar.
My grandfather has set his poplar:
when my father was not born yet,
and there was a war:
He has told my granny,
"Take a good care of the tree,"
and my granny shed tears
on the crest of the poplar;
and the poplar rose up.
The crest of our poplar became
the highest peak of the village.
My granny kept telling:
how the emptiness in my father's eyes
were filled with poplar's fatherhood
when my grandfather had passed away,
and poplar became virile day after day
and day after day the highest peak of our village
went up and up.
Neither my grandfather nor my father are alive now,
and even there is no war.
I lay under the poplar shadow,
my scythe is falling a little away,
and my son tries to climb
on the highest spot of the village and my memory.

My dog took no food for three weeks
and during those three weeks
my neighbor harvested happily.
The apples, like the Sun, were one by one
wrapped in papers
and aligned in boxes.
My neighbor's cellar was groaning,
but my dog took no food for three weeks.
My dog for three weeks took no food;
during that time
a friend of mine managed to marry his daughter,
my brother had purchased a luxurious car,
the son of my neighbor had demobilized from army,
my other neighbor
got so drunk at the party:
that started to cry:
but my dog took no food for three weeks...
My dog took no food for three weeks:
And during those three weeks
Presidential elections approached:
TV countenanced for the
acting president:
Opposition tried to tear the mask of the president...
A number of new and a number of traditional
parties
seized firmly their masks:
A number of new and a number of traditional
congressmen
were cursing the ones who kept seizing...
but my dog took no food for three weeks...

No food for three weeks;
wandering on thresholds
between the sadness and the
death:
got strongly emaciated:
got tired of all,
Ribs like pitchfork fingers
have pierced under his skin -
causing a pain
in my heart...

Stars drawn on her night-gown,
And smile was a full moon:
Watching at me from the memory of night.
Came calmly,
Gently streamed towards the River:
That took its waters like my leaving time,
Leaving the banks -
Like a casing for my stable sadness.
She choose one of largest stones
Of my sadness.
Sited on the stone.
Untied the Night-hair.
Mixed them with the black of the waters.
Took off the night-gown and casted to the sky:
Stars scattered pitchfork in the sky.
She gave her smile to the waters of my time.
Or did she really give?
I was looking for her hopelessly at dawn:
The Sky was empty:
And whitish waters
Pulled and bent
The incomplete smile of the pale moon -
Unable to take it with them.