

Monologue of Junior Mher

For the ossuaries locked with damnation
and for the agony
I come to the world -
carrying occurrence of extended centuries.
Mourn me, mountains,
with drought ravage of my inheritors against you;
they see me
with the might of the soil heavy under damnation,
they keep loving me
in the stones of coming sunrise:
because I was the one,
who never sewer in ossuaries name,
never pronounced a word
that has been a poison and an enmity on my tongue.
I salute now the sunrise of the distant country
on seek of my brothers.
A power was needed -
to be locked in stones for the last time,
A power was needed -
for being the last suspicion of the predictors.
I am guarding now
their placable and gloomy voices
like an expensive grave.
Mourn me, horses;
for your homelessness,
because the heaviness of the soil was more yours,
than I could share,
the sundown was yours as well,
when I stretched my hands to my sisters,
and the flower faded in my heart
because the insomnia of the prolonged days.
The sigh of the time had touched with ribbons and with arms,
don't let the horses to ride ownerless;
whence could I have a Sun left by the subverted?

The ones who stay with your secret still
and leave the warm palpitate of heart,
have approached already,
never abandoning
this pain,
this pain,
this pain.

They mustn't leave the horses
in the name of the enormous love or the fortune,
Let be the oblivion,
Let be the oblivion for this unfortunate mothers.
Mourn me,
Mourn me, mothers,
I was a single son.
I collected stones carrying this huge love,
And the darkness took me to make the progenitor
for the starless sky of your sons.
This much accords in the name of martyrs?
Having the price your lives -
I cannot bear this much **lapidating** in the centauries.
Mourn me, lovers,
I have never had better days
in my myth-woven life;
Fallen in love with the waters and with the fortune
someone endues heroes to the world.
Don't let them be divorced
for the laurels seek,
as for a long after
your hearts will remain the gloomy shores
for devouring waves.
Who will keep the fire aloft
for the fabulous swimmer,
as it is late already? -
and my heart is fully occupied by another -
having the view of the waters.
I do believe in my delayed avowal
But can't bless
the only loves of yours.

Mourn me with the insensitive moonlight,
for turning the nights
to secret meeting places,
full of tears,
and full of laughter
among the stones
that get locked with the damnation.
Mourn me, travelers,
for my ever dreaming eyes-
if the horse-kick
really opens a spring for your thirsty lips.
I always longed to ride this road farther then you did
therefore there is
no death for me.

Sit next to waters for a while,
where the tired males
keep editing their gloomy song,
and where the stylish women weep
silently without a reason.
That's pity I did not pass the road
having just a loaf of bread
and a sup of water -
just in the name of beauty
arriving to the end
and ready to cry.
Mourn me,
mourn...
Who may mourn my immortality?
And whose damnation may devastate
this stones - locked?
and if the soil may not bear the life,
let it be the possessor
of the bury.
And with the last moan
I do mourn my life -
with the paternal will
accursed -
out of this pain,
out of this pain,
out of this pain.

Translated by Habet Muradyan