

English translation of selected poems of Sonia Balassanian from
“There Might Have Been an Insane Heart”
Published in New York, 1982

*There might have been
 An insane heart,
By the crude beauty of stones...
It might have uttered an echo that
 At the hour of mass
 Has slapped all the walls
 And all their eyes have cried
 A million eyes...*

*There might have been
 A crazy heart,
At the root of every tree...
There might have been a sky of fire*

* * *

*Half black, half white
Earth,
A handful of earth,
 It is all the same.
Filled with the emptiness,
To the towering jaws of rocks
 The road is nailed.
But the burnt memories' wings
A reckless soul is crucified.
An old roof
Ten children
Half black, half white
 It is all the same...*

* * *

*Penance... penance...
 Penance a thousand times
I have become a pagan of mind
Repenting unto you
 Mirth...
In the murky cradle of the mist
 I rock myself
The sun slowly is melting inside me
Licking my face,
 my body,
 my hands.
Let me stay un-named
 in my cradle
All the sadness in skies,
Are licking my face,
 my body,
 my hands.
All the sadness in skies...
 Penance... penance...*

* * *



*They force me laugh.
I have embraced the corpse of sun
 with my four eyes
 and boney mouth.
To shout?
 To laugh?
 To scream?
I nail the frames to the windows
 They gaze at me wide open...
In the shivering fist of the wind
 There is a commotion.
Commotion...
 Commotion...
 Commotion...
In the room an image
 walks slowly
 with earthen eyes.
The corpse is warm...*

* * *

*But I
Have hung from the sky
 Grotesque corpses of pain
And have buried in the white heart
The orphaned body of lamentation...*

*I have hung around my heart
A tattered evening
And on fingers of my arms
 A flickering song of lips...
On the branches of the sun
 Still swing
Yet un-haggard shrouds...*

* * *

*We are not harassed off the Earth as yet...
Our eyes are not blind insanes...
Our bottomless depth
In the ravines of the mountains has not been disrupted...
We are still humans*

*The world has become
 a sprinkler of gazes*

*Let me speak
 of martyrs,
 the wise,
 and the children
 of memories born in grief...*

*First 3 poems have been translated from Armenian by Arpiar Petrossian.
The remaining 3 have been translated by Edward Balassanian
Assisted by Arné Balassanian and Arpiar Petrossian*