

English translation of selected poems of Sonia Balassanian from
“To Present Dreams of Emotion to the Noisy Rain”
Published in New York, 1991

To wring, to tear apart old memories
To leave home consciously,
To walk until dawn,
And with all one's being
 to permeate life's desires...
To present emotions filled with dreams
 to the noisy rain...
To open the first page,
To sow grains of wheat
 and await the blessings of earth.

To be fed with milk,
To become small, to become a child
To mix the smoke of the roof with the blue of the sky,
To watch the herd graze
To open the first page,
To listen the downpour of rain
 on the grains of wheat
 and turn the blessings of earth.

To thicken on the river bank
And huddles in the urn of emotions...

* * *

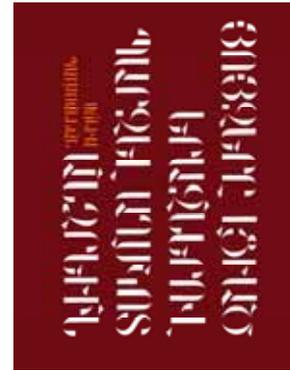
Swings the fist.
Pierces the air.
Feet sink in earth.
Ties spurring light of eyes
To missiles hanging from the planets,
Sits under the shade of stars,
Soaks his hands in the stardust,
Places his heart on the tip of the spear
And hurls it at the sun.

Hurls it at the sun
and darts towards infinity.

An earthen-lipped child
Learns to chew
 the first slice of the wheat-bread.

* * *

The Earth turns calmly
 around itself.
The Seconds expire.
Time doesn't stop to rest.
 It runs breathlessly...
The Earth turns slowly
My face is burning from fire
My body melts
Time runs breathlessly
Seconds giggle and escape
 like crazy children.
My face is aflame



The night does not come to visit
The night is chaotic and pale...
Time is running fast.

* * *

A beast is being slaughtered in the altar,
Birds have turned on their heads.
I have worn a black tunic.
The sky is born not to die,
We die.
My eye are fixed on the sky,
I am digging a pit
 where I and a beast
 will be buried.
I am wearing black.
On the planets live red insects
 chained together
The sound of the pagoda rushes around me.
I and a beast
 are being slaughtered.

* * *

I smite at the trunk of the tree.
It is quiet. It does not move.
I smite and smite.
It howls with the ferocious roar of a stalwart beast
Deep, coarse,
Deep, coarse.
Growls deeply...

Someone is cutting a tree
Deep, coarse, coarse.
I shout.
Tell me tree,
The post of my house's wall,
The green laughter of my garden,
Will you laugh in me? With me?

I am axing the foundation of the house.
 The foundation of my house.
Tell me, house. Are you my house?

Someone has hit the wall of my house with an ax.
Has cut the tree of my garden.
 Has stolen my fruit.
Tell me tree, the post of my house,
Will you be with me?