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SAMAD VURGUN



*Heart
a flame*

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КОНТРОЛЬНЫЙ

SAMAD YURGUN

*Heart
a flame*

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Samad Vurgun.

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Samad Vurgun¹ (1906—1956)—poet, playwright and academician, a writer who truly belonged to the people, marked a new stage in the history of Azerbaijanian people. Using a great wealth of expressive means he depicted the life of his people. He sang a hymn to the women of new Azerbaijan, to revolutionaries, to working men and to our heroic ancestors who fought for the independence of Azerbaijan.

¹*Vurgun—Man in Love*

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AZERBAIJAN

I often walked among these hills,
Among the crane-eyed springs and rills,
And listened to the distant trills
Where river waters peacefully move...
Here I knew friendship and true love.

All people know that you're my land,
My life, my nest, my country grand,
My dearest mother, my native strand.
Can one split body and soul in a man?
Azerbaijan, Azerbaijan!

I am your child—my mother you,
The bonds uniting us are true.
No matter if here and there I flew,
You are my nest, my only one,
You are my folk, my land, my sun.

But when I leave for far away,
When comes for me the parting day,
When time turns all my dark hair grey,
When months and years my breathing broach—
Let not the folk my end reproach.

Your mountains' heads are bound in snow,
Your clouds white woolly blankets show.
Your past is great—it's hard to know
How many centuries have sped,
But yet have never bowed your head.

On evil—speaking tongues you fell,
On evil days, and years as well.
Your fame from age to age folk tell:
The story of your glory runs,
Of happy daughters, and happy sons...

Upon your level plains I gaze,
And look into your blue-eyed days,
White faces, where a black fount plays:
My heart for verses thirsts amain.
I write some lines—grow young again...

Upon one side—the Caspian Sea,
Green-headed waves, like ducks, float free;
My thoughts fly on ahead of me
To Eldorado—Mugan they run—
Home far away, and life half-done.

The mountain range, the deep ravine,
One's heart rejoices at such a scene...
The hill-goats bleat, kids skip between.
How many a pasture wide extends,
How many moadows, and shepherds' tents.

Roam round these mountains, roam these plains,
These fruitful regions, and wild domains.
From Africa, India fly the cranes,

As guests the swallows make their flight,
Escaping from oppressive night...

The yellow lemons on sonthern strand
Bow down to earth, the branches bend;
With snow—white breasts the mountains stand—
By wintry blizzards they were born,
And since their birth our shield they form,

And Lenkoran's gay-coloured flowers,
Like maidens, grace this land of ours.
Brew tea for us, with freshening powers,
Oh, bride of love, with native charms,
And to no stranger stretch your arms.

Our bread stands in the golden ear,
Our cotton blossoms with white down here.
Just taste our grapes, so sweet and clear,
And break your fast with them at morn,
Feel strength within your limbs reborn.

Then saddle a well-groomed Gazakh foal,
And make him sweat as you chase your goal,
Pressed to his mane, pour out your soul.
Then climb the spine of pastures green,
Where, from Kapaz, Cey-Gel is seen!...

Free day, free man—eh, that's the thing!
Drink freely of the wine of spring!
Our flowery-patterned carpets bring,
And spread in the shade of the old plane-tree,
And welcome the land of sunshine free!

Round Karabakh my heart roams gay,
On this hill, or on that would stray.
Let evening bring from far away
The song of master—singer Khan,
The eastern song of Azerbaijan.

Fair land! Your meaning runs profound,
The cradle of beauties who all astound.
Old bards sing—fresh as fresh they sound.
The sun just hugs you to its heart,
Oh native land of poems and art.

Your heart, your art with us will rest,
Nizami and Fizuli blessed.
A pen—your arm, a page—your breast.
Just speak what moves within your soul—
Your word becomes a memorial scroll.

Upon Baku we turn our glance—
The water-front chain of lights a-dance,
The derricks and borings rattle, perchance.
On grey-soiled fields the tractors roar.
The mountain shines, the gorge, the shore.

Coquetting, the coolish breezes blow
With out-thrust breast on the shore below,
Baku, dear heart, we love you so!
In your light the power of the word there lies
The constellations' morning eyes.

Oh, Motherland—Beauty, oh day of storm—
On one red-bannered, red-lettered morn
You were inspired... and I was born!
Earth laughs, man laughs, from care released—
You are the gate to the ancient East!



AHEAD!

It's dawn... And while the sun spreads not
his threads,
While herds of deer to the desert don't turn
their heads,
I meditated upon one thought alone,
While morning had not come into its own,
And everything was silent, without a word,
And only the rumble of mountain streams was
heard.
The heavy silence which reigned in that early
hour.
Would surely engulf the world if it had the
power.
Time passed, and from the height of the
minaret,
Still cold from human hopes its stones were
yet,
The muezzin called believers to morning prayer,
That groan was smothered by factory hooter's
blare.
Now indeed the city woke... the traffic began,
And where there's movement prosperity always
ran.
From the early hills with pearly wings
a-spread,
The fairies are laughing, and calling on ahead!...



DAY OF VICTORY

Let the soil of my Motherland dance and sing
and play,
Let the heavens lend an ear to this wish of
ours.
The foul black banner of death and dark this
day
Has yielded to our victorious, righteous powers.

In History let it be written in letters of gold,
The year nineteen-forty-five, the month of
May,
And let in verse and song with music be told
The story of our united festive day.

And in the name of justice and human right,
I raise the sun, as it were a goblet of wine,
To the obelisks of all those who fell in the
fight,
And to immortality's tulips flows my line...

Hey, fairy of inspiration! Hey, morning free!
Put on your crimson, my love. The spring
days start.

And let democracy feast at my board with me,
And let it see what triumph rings in my heart!
Hey, fairy of inspiration! Hey, morning free!
How happily laughing I see you, how elate!
Hey infants! They welcome your nativity—
The sun and the universe celebrate your fate!

Hey, mother, giving milk to your brave sons!
Let them kiss your hands which knew long
years of grief.

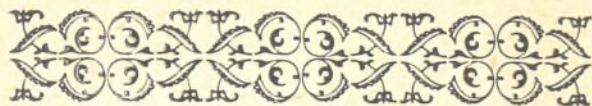
Let Azerbaijan bless the mothers, every one
And the love of maternal hearts, beyond belief

Hey, blossoming beauty, Motherland! Land of
Fire!

Prepare a bread-and-salt welcome for heroes
all.

The victorious banner of our Red Army flies
higher,
Like the sun it rides, from the distance spreads
its call!





DEATH OF A HERO

Baku's in boundless grief, sky numb, sea dumb,
No breeze, and leaves don't tremble on the trees.

All hearts beat sad, in all eyes questions come...
All Azerbaijan as a mournful frown one sees,

Motherland's son! Two words burn on each lip,
The strings of each one's heart ring like a saz.
The Motherland listens, no word of his lets slip.

The mountains mourn, each one its own grief has.

And far away at the front, Hazi, each man
Before your grave on bended knee stands lost.
The army tanks go flying in the van,
And hearts which burn with vengeance swallow the frost.

The years will pass... The infants will older be,
And in their hearts this hero will weave his nest.

Upon his grave morn's happy rays fall free,
For with such love of life his death was blest.

With brush in hand, the artist pondering stands.
Like spring the image of our Hero shines.
A legend in all hearts, upon all hands,
We greet this daring hero, with powerful lines.

From out the past Javanshir and Babek*
With unsheathed swords the hero's gravestone greet.

The sun shines high, the wind sings in its track,
On earth stands man, lays glory at his feet.



*General Hazi Aslanov, war-hero of the Tank Division.

**Javanshir*—leader of the struggle against Arab Caliphate.

**Babek*—IX cent, hero fighting as leader of Caucasian peoples for 24 years against the Arab Caliphate.



MY HILLS

O wild encampment of tents on tents!
I often climbed your sides. What thrills!
And I received my power, my strength,
My lute, my voice, from you, my hills!

The mountain deer, with greatest care,
Descends the slopes, and seeks the rills.
My eyes and soul wait an echo there—
How can I bear such a thing, my hills?

Each village has its summer mead,
Each falcon o'er its hunting—ground wheels;
In spring upon your slopes—I need
To go a-hunting awhile, my hills!

Your peaks there shoulder to shoulder stand.
What pleasure to see where the sunlight spills!
Short life is lengthened by such a land.
My soul—my hills! My eyes—my hills!

I'm but a guest who must leave too soon,
Sometime will come the hour which chills.
My mountains will recall Vurgun,
True to the pact we made, my hills!



O MOUNTAINS!

How you stand, like mighty warriors there,
Sleeves rolled back, as if for battle,

O mountains!

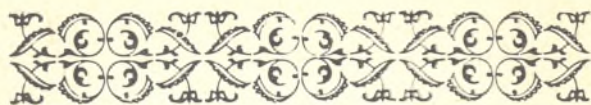
Like a boundless sea, my whole soul here
Seethes, with agitation breathes, O mountains!

I so wish that mists, out of their place,
Never should cloud the splendour of your face.
Those who exploit the people, in disgrace
Let them pay for it with their blood,

O mountains!

Firs upon your summits touch the sky,
'Neath their shade rest travellers passing by.
Deer and gazelles, like stars, in vast flocks fly.
Send the thirsty streams to drink, O mountains.

You are lovely, when on you wanderers lie,
When from your spring a maiden drinks nearby.
When the fierce hawk goes circling, soaring
high,
Everything trembles all around, O mountains!!



GATES OF THE EAST

(When the city wakes)

Now the sun grows jealous of the night,
Chokes the shadows, and brings the dark
to nought.
I am filled anew with day's delight,
And immersed again in deepest thought...

On the shore the boats long silence keep,
Just like travellers, tired from a lengthy road.
And the sea lies deep in quiet sleep,
As if its thoughts beneath the surface flowed...

Like some noble deed which serves folk well,
On the horizon blazed the sun's bright rays,
From the distance was heard a slow church
bell,
Like a voice still chained to ancient days.

Kind the universe grew from the sun's warm
smile,
In the sky no stars not meen remained.
Earliest on love's sunny road meanwhile,
Flew the first tram, like a falcon unrestrained.

Traffic began to move in many parts,
Night's dark heart had ceased to beat, indeed
In machines with their sturdy steely hearts,
Wakened by hooters, pulsed the streams
of speed.

Soon the people, rubbing sleep from their eyes.
Set to work—the city began to stir.
Morning mists went sailing towards the skies,
Life, with working hands, began to whirl.





BLOODY BAZAAR

The freezing snow,
the bitter winds which blow,
the darkness warmed on the breast of night
hid roads from sight...
And tired,
with yellowed faces, the workers came,
and wiping sweat from brows with dark sleeves
again,
with explosive breath,
with voices like death,
towards the Winter Palace they made their way.
They asked,
they demanded
a shorter working day:
„Hey, mighty Tsar!
Here we are,
and in your clemency trust,
your children, workers hungry, without a crust,
even the babe
who in its cradle frets,
who had no milk
from its mother's lean, dry
breasts.

Our Tsar—
if you can feel how grieved we are,
we may receive our rightful place.
And Russia
and we
will be pleased
with your grace“.

That world,
attending to silk salons and wraps,
to pearly-winged official shoulder-straps,
and to their endless puffed-up pride,
neither felt nor heard what the ragged millions
cried...

The Palace trembled, was seething soon
with squad on squad,
platoon on platoon.
By the Tsar's command the police turned tough,
and leapt o'er walls, high wide and rough—
Whizz!...
Whizz!...

On barricades lay the rebel dead,
the victims of their poisoned
lead.

You will not die, you barricades!
Today the praise for you ne'er fades
from the bolshevist
and worker brigades.



desires excitement, and a little love.

And so, my love,
whatever my mood this evening seems to be,
though the candle in front of me
may burn right out,
not a moment my erupting pen will cease.

Not sorrow, nor peace,
not tears accompany me.

Perceive! Just see!
And know, that I have action, free as the sky
which happily pulses with the living I—

Mobility!

Mobility!

The fig-leaves, and the leaves of the Koran
are swallowed by the wind which blows from
the north.

The people of the East, the words they pen,
henceforth

will find high praises and esteem.

The opening flowers will gleam—
the sign of spring.

„The universal man of grief“

that old belief,
its final breath
must take. Man must survive its heartburn death.

Mobility

Mobility!

In the foothills of the Himalayan clouds,
In the silent night of stars, the moon's pale
shrouds,
lives the distant dream of a poet quite alone,
with a lyric mood of his own.

The tender landscape looks like a sunset
scene—the dry ravine,
and grasses embracing with mountainous clouds
of colourful sheen,
These scatter all my thoughts, like morning
mist.

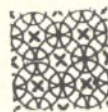
And all that I have numbered in this list,
and you,

and I,

are born forby,

of mobility,

and endless velocity.



Let's be twin-souls with plane-trees along
the way,
And grow up on our soil with heads to the sky.
In summer's heat, in Mugani and Milé*
Let travellers rest in our shade when passing by.

Or maybe let's change to springs on the
mountain-side,
Refreshing hearts with our seething waters there
Or flowing, like clouds, and growing deep and
wide,
As cooling rivers run over the earth so fair...

Let's plough the earth, bring life to the
deserts grey,
Cast stones aside, write words, like two live
hands...
And cutting through skies like lightning on
our way
Like hope go wandering through the world's
wide lands.

Let's change into a pair of dark-eyed doves
And sit upon the shoulder of our sphere,
And sing a song which everybody loves,
And learns by heart, in every language here.
And let our hearts like two live torches flame,
Burn cheek to cheek like stars in heaven above.
Protecting peace, the happiness of the home
Let's stand together, and light the road,
my love!

*Mugani and Milé—areas in Azerbaijan.

I wish to live a thousand years with you,
Like two warm hearts which in one body beat.
And each succeeding generation renew,
A thousand years breathe on cold stones
our heat..





RIVER KURA

You spread your wings, as when a range divides,
Your raging waves go flying to the skies.
At times you're cunning, at times unbreakable
And many guests and visitors come to you.
And swift as the wind, from fearful cliffs
Made beautiful by the moon, and lit by the sun,
And much you see and learn ere your course
And all respect and honours still come to you.
Tbilisi's bastion, and Gazakh's high peak,
Both yours—their friendly peoples to you speak.
The heights hurl down their stones
And infant springs, like your children,
And many have greeted your presence with
And many heroes by you were inspired
They fired their guns, and shouted with all
Those years have passed, no more they will

The stars let down on you their silvery rays,
And from your roar, long caravans go their ways.
Wherever you wander, wherever your water
There flowers bloom on your borders, and
come to you.

Your ice-bound roads each spring are open
Eyes, having seen you, on parting are filled
My soul seethes like your waves do, half-
The whole world knows your name, fame's
come to you.

When twilight falls, the moon's born on you -
They say: „On parting, without a smile I rest!“
When shepherds play their pipes, with peace
And health and vigour all round then come
to you.





LONG LIVE THE CREATOR!

The oldest eagle beats his wings no more,
He screams no longer, flying o'er the peaks.
The world's below, the dawn wakes as before,
But he his native springs no longer seeks.

Ah, he can see the world no more, sharp-eyed,
No more with friends and comrades will he
meet.

His strings have snapped, his pen is cast aside,
No more creative work, no songs so sweet.

Let death not laugh! The sacrifice is not vain
When it is made by him, for the people's sake.
As a memory rich in the world he will remain,
Loving when living, beloved at his funeral
wake...

He looks at me now, with those creator's eyes,
He smiles and speaks, breathes the music
of Uzeir*,

And into my soul each fiery word of his flies,
And the sound of his lyre gives wings to my
verses here.

Long live the creator! Long may the hero live—
With open breast and brow to the front again
His thoughts, like a restless ocean, stretch
and strive,
Thus communism's banner a sun will reign!

And he tomorrow will stride by our side with us,
As from „Keroglu“* our conquering army sings.
Hey, you composer, with Fizuli's* verses thus
Your name to our dear land great glory brings.

Let death not laugh! The sacrifice is not vain
When it is made by him, for the people's sake.
As a memory rich in the world he will remain,
Loving when living, beloved at his funeral
wake...

And this small poem with teares in my eyes
I write,
Because I part with my friend, my heart's
delight.

*Uzeir Hajibeyov—a great Azerbaijanian composer of the XIX—XX century. The founder of opera and symphonic music in the East.

*„Keroglu“—the famous opera of Uzeir Hajibeyov, dedicated to the national people's hero—Keroglu.

*Fizuli—Muhammad Fizuli, the great Azerbaijanian poet and philosopher of the XVI century, known to the whole world for his lyrics and epic poem „Leili and Majnun“.



ON FOREIGN SOIL

O ill-timed end, stand farther from me here.
On foreign soil I will not yield to death,
So with your scythe from me awhile keep clear,
For while I hold a pen and still draw breath,
On foreign soil I will not yield to death...



AGED LONDON LADY

From the earliest days of human life on earth
No man nor woman was ever created old,
And even if one's life no cares bring forth,
Still people age, as life's long roads unfold.

This aged London lady, like us all,
Was once a child, as young as anyone,
And in her childhood played with doll and
ball,
And never tired of merriment and fun.

As soon as she was old enough to wed,
Her father and mother passed into the dark..
As enormous fortune she inherited,
And every morning went riding in the park.

Sometimes to Paris, to Washington at times
She travelled round, and lived both high and
gay.
Well, money's no use when the final hour
chimes,
And you cannot take it with you, as they say.

She didn't get married—and why should she
indeed—
A husband, household cares, and family ties?
She said: „Let the poor ones marry if they've
the need,
I'm rolling in money, right up to my eyes!“

And though in London lovers were easily
found,
She loved nobody, she cared for none at all.
Not for a moment did she hear the sound
Of the voice of love, and its caressing call.

And she did not give up her merry ways—
The first one at the party, or at the ball,
With flighty friends she did not spare her days,
And lords in tail-coats bowed when they
paid a call.

But as soon as she had passed the fifty mark,
Nobody then remembered her any more.
Her teeth decayed, her hair went grey, once
dark,
And no one came a-knocking on her door.

The years of life were gradually growing cold.
All turned away, and she was left alone.
Then she decided, as she was getting old,
Like the old rhyme says „to give a dog a bone“.

She bought a dog, and bathed and brushed
him well,
It gave her pleasure to sometimes hear him
bark.

Let her money go on feeding him, like a swell,
Though thousands of children die in the
hungry dark...

And so till seventy... Then she was often sick—
Her breast fell in, her spine grew tired and bent,
She couldn't see so well, and walked with
a stick,
And her hair, now white, all thin and spindly
went.

One night that rich old dame turned up her
toes.
She did not live to see the coming day.
With arms and legs like sticks, and a stuck-
up nose,
Like a log upon her bedstead, there she lay.

And only a letter remained, in her memory,
Where she wrote: „All my wealth I hereby
give away
To the animal-protection society—
To that saviour of dogs—the R. S. P. C. A.

In the London newspapers everyone might read:
„One need not think she will have no
posterity...“
What a noble being this lady was, indeed!
Though dying, she thought of all poor dogs,
you see!





FORGET!

Forget me then, forget! Do not recall
That I exist upon this earth at all.
On love's most inconsolable roads which call
I have become a rut, a bump—that's me.

And even if meadows and garden grasses fade,
And oceans beat on the shore in storms
unstayed,

And all of death's dark shadow stand afraid,
I shall not fear, submission is not for me.

For I was saved from grief by one desire,
The pain of imagination set life afire,
And from Gazakh* I decided to retire,
Where someone's eyes made breathing hard
for me.

Lete fate make mock of me, let life laugh too,
Let earlier memories fret, still breaking through,
I see that certainly my poems new
As in a cage will not imprison me.

*Gazakh—a western region in Azerbaijan, where Vurgun was born.



CONFLAGRATION

Below the hills a lovely town—
Since evening all enveloped in fire.
The sunset dressed in funeral gown,
The smoke-waves billowing higher, higher...

And as the wicked wind still blows,
The tongues of flame spread through the sky.
The bloody shirt in which night goes
Says: „Motherland! Her cry am I!“

The earth hears bursting bombs in dread,
The trembling hills press brow to brow,
And from the blazing town's hot breath
Death's hue falls on the ruins below.

Don't be amazed at this bloody scene—
I witness it with my own eyes:
I see, first time, as some bad dream—
The moon is drowned, the night star dies...

By the blazing night I'm carried away,
Cut to the core, I begin to quake.
The smoke-clouds crowding swing and sway,
The heart of existence seems to shake.



NIGHTINGALE

O nightingale! Let us sit on the morning branch
And dedicate to sunshiny love some verse,
And let's pass through the graden with tender
touch,
And let's not bend a leaf, nor a blade of grass,
And dedicate to sunshiny love some verse.

Look out on the world, my tender nightingale!
Each fine fresh song of yours is a gift to life.
Above your head the old chains of darkness
fail,
And you, like man, have quitted your cage of
strife.
Each fine fresh song of yours is a gift to life.

My nightingale, your breath pours forth like
gold,
And nature gave you a happy generous heart.
A flowering bed of nightingales is this world,
And beautiful are your notes, your noble art.
And nature gave you a happy generous heart.

How deep in love I am with beauty you know —
In love to my marrow-bones... For beauty is
life!



A FEW TEAR-DROPS

Sagiya, O Sagiya! Come secretly,
That no one sees how mad we are, indeed.
On this sad eve let's drink love's ecstasy,
For moths all have a passion for flames, indeed

The end of life, it seems, our faded flower,
And sorrow is needed, to murder sorrow's hour.
To dry wet eyes the fresh wind has no power,
And life is full of grief and tears, indeed.

And if my fate at times was full of woe,
Last eve it stretched its hand towards spring
in blow.

The palace of joy rose to heaven from earth
below,
Forgetting the ruins here and there, indeed.

Sagiya, O Sagiya! Come, hear my plea,
And close my eyes, that the universe I don't
see.

To the East I offer this one last word from me:
Not only in winter nests tremble from cold,
indeed.



A VOICE

A strange voice rose today within my soul,
And in the spring of life, I feel I die...
That sorrow tore in my breast a gaping hole
Even my pen, amazed, glanced in my
Oh, that sad voice! How alien to my life,
For all my youth from woe has been set free!
Has it come from the crags, with stony

doubting rife?
Life will not lose its son ere maturity!
Away black thoughts, which whirl within my
mind!

I still have dreams, the desire to still create.
While on my threshold yet Life's feet I find,
Within the house of my times, my friends I'll
wait. I

The banner of verse of our dear „Land of fire“
Through all my art shall soar yet, ever higher





NAMELESS POEM

Loving that life-loving maid,
Everything she did or said,
Loving her, like a flying star,
I knew not how soon, how near
Came the hour that I should fall!
Head over heels! No joke at all!
Broken, lost, I cannot move—
I'm not made, it seems, for love.
Beauty mine, such love forget!
In this life beside me yet
Only shadows now remain,
Snowy roads, and ice again...
On I go, with spirit spent,
Do not stop to unfold my tent.
Onwards ever, on I go.
Why not stop?
I do not know...



I RECALL

I with love embrace you, beauty mine,
When my early boyhood I recall.
Mo'herland of poets, land of mine,
Where free falcons circle I recall.

My warm heart in written legends read.
Really in a cage would it not beat?
In the autumn, on raised beds indeed,
Rows of yellow melons I recall.

Onto paper words pour from my breast,
Native places, camp-fire flame's unrest.
Mountain goats, and cranes' eyes as they nest,
And the feet of partridges I recall.

Where did I ride my steed, 'neath blizzards
bent?

As a bard about the world I went.
Weddings, where they laughed and sang in the
tent,

Bracelets, and arms of beauties I recall.



HOW EARLY, POET, YOU'VE GROWN OLD!

Although endowed with a talent for verse
A poet also knows sorrow's curse.
So life usually goes, I guess,
With frequent failures, and success.
„What's this“ say folk, „You're looking worse!
Your hair is frosted with winter's cold—
How early, poet, you've grown old!“

A lovely young lady, yesterday,
Who greeted me with a fine bouquet,
Like a statue stood in great surprise,
A thousand questions in her eyes.
And there I read in her looks anyway,
The thoughts, the words which were not told:
„How early, poet, you've grown old!“

I thought that hunting I would go,
Spend day and night on the steppe, you know,
From the peaks descending to the plain
Like an arrow I flew, like falling rain,
At the mountain deer I took aim, so...
The answer off-target bullets told:
„How early, poet, you've grown old!“

At times from the house-tops, at times quite
slow,

My lyre-strings ring both high and low,
Even he whose word, whose love is a lie,
Whose friendship is merely a bribe, by the by,
And the devil, who always scares one so,
On meeting tell me, brash and bold:
„How early, poet, you've grown old!“

My head's gone grey before its time,
But ardent still is this heart of mine.
My head's gone grey, but why worry, then?
My hand can still control the pen...
I know my beloved, and my Motherland fine
Will never tell me, in sunset gold!
„How early, poet, you've grown old!“





* * *

Come nearer then, my beauty! Come near to me,
That in my soul remains no hidden word.
And let us fly to the farthest sky we see,
So that my tired eyes don't gaze down the road.

And save this lacerated soul from death—
In this hot head of mine a volcano plays...
How can a wingéd spirit be chained beneath
When your bright eyes send forth their sunny
rays?

No! I've no wish to see your lovely face
Kept captive like a bird in a golden cage.
But where those bitter poets may seek your
grace
I won't show you to them at any stage.

For beauties, as indeed I usually do,
From some fair distance one needs to
contemplate.
Although I'd like a closer view of you...
Yet all your feelings I hold consecrate.

Those days are passed, when round you, like
a moth
Before a candle, I burned with highest love.
Without you now I wander the fields quite
lost,
And sometimes climb the slopes of hope above.

I look upon the road which we have trod,
Which has not yet changed to a dream for me...
I aspire towards your soul, as to a god.
It's you who darkens my poor love's destiny.





TO KHAVAR*

My only one, don't be disturbed, dear heart.
Like the nightingale from its grove, we cannot
part.

Don't say that one my head the grey hairs
start—

My heart does not grow old—that heart are you!

I was no slave to noisy names, nor fame.
But lacking you, no day would be the same.
Though beauties and fairies—a thousand they
might name,

My only angel in this world are you!

So long live my two sons Yussif, Vagif!
And happy be my daughter Aibaniz!
A hundred years, Khavar, my love, may you
live!

My help, my hope, my secret strength are you!

**Khavar*—Samad Vurgun's wife.



LISTEN, KHAVAR

If death should take his place at the head
of my bed,
Like an executioner, scythe in his right hand,
You, my beloved one, do not grieve—instead
Don't look upon that horror, indifferent stand.

If your red cheeks from grieving should grow
pale,
Conceal that tragedy deep within your soul.
Let speech upon your bud-like lips not fail.
Preserve your morale, your love and dignity
whole.

And then my soul will rejoice, contentment
find.
My grave will open its flowers beneath your
light.
If people ask what remains of me in your
mind—
Then with your love, like a statue, stand full
height!



So that a day as one whole month should end,
While the warm sun pours radiance from this
eye...

And to end the book of life, say why
Should my pen across its pages race?
Nowhere will I haste,
Nowhere will I haste.



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