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POEMS

August 21. Embassy building
Close up
Talk with my son
The memory of time
Dark yellow leaf fall
I was late to be born...
If you would tell me the cost of retail sail of man's life,
The facade of old buildings is black
I was hero of jungle in my childhood,
Hey, you, forgotten people!
When I was claiming to write large novels
Metamorphosis.
To W.H Auden
About children and death
On August 24
Dedication to heart beating

translated by K h a q a n i A l i y e v

August 21. Embassy building...

Embassy building... Its facade faces the south. A very long balcony is at the second floor. Columns strained like vessel hold tile roof right side of which is descending. A couple of proletarian stone athletes stood by the column: One of them with inch wide pipe instead of sword as if guards the building. Two more are at fronton surface. Are seen from profile – naked and unarmed. Half-obliterated datas of building, architect, owner etc; attic, pilasters, cornice, patterns- wrinkles of a face knowing the world. Arches below. Four in darkness. Two in light – like eyes waiting for somebody. Below the last line of facade- entrance door at the ground floor.

Half past eight. Breeze blows from the sea. People are standing in a queue for visa. After a little while everybody will enter, but now they are standing one after another. Their time is still to come... It is the same in life: to wait for place and time; your name must be called to pass; entered a note-book; must be given permission. "Please!". "Me?" Now, just a moment". Breeze enters first. Did anybody hear its name? Touches everything like a naughty child, airs the interior and sneaks out quietly. Flutters blood red cloth on metal rod fastened to the balcony and blows away: crescent, five-pointed star on it... That is, the sky has changed its color; that is, the sky knows better paid duties, shed bloods. That is the earth and the sky are face to face.

Close up

The doormat on a wire swings;
a grapevine bows to a rose in a flower garden;
a willow ruffles its hair;
a daffodil bids farewell to an ant;
a piece of meadow in a sandy place says “not” to the butterflies;
a louse takes an ash shower (throws ash on its head)
a dandelion sends messengers in four direction;
a strow rolls on a stump;
train’s sound reaches the station faster than the train;
a cramped love letter bustles between the rails;
the continuation of a poem returns to a mouth-
wind is blowing
and you keep silence unwilling to tell a lie any longer.

Talk with my son

- Who are you?
- Your father.
- But who is Farid’s father?
- He does not have a father.
- Why?
- ...

- What are you doing?
- I am writing a poem.
- What is a poem?
- It is a bit like your mother’s lullaby.
- Does my mother write as well?
- No. She does not.
- But why do you write? Read!
- ...

- Where are going?
- To work.
- What is work?

- Your shoes, bread, money and the like.
- What if you do not go?
- ...
- Dad, who is God?
- He has created your grandmother, grandfather, mother, everybody.
- You, too?
- ...
- Speak about yourself a little.
- What to say, son. I was as tall as you with the same features of face. I was asking very many questions everywhere, in my mother's arms, on my father's knee, at home, in the yard, in the train...
- What is train?
- It is like your wagon, it goes on iron bars. But it is very big and there are many children inside.
- I will give my wagon to Farid.
- ...
- Dad, what are they doing?
- They are gathering stones, my dear
- Why?
- To throw at each other.
- Why?
- They are enemies.
- Why?
- They do not love each other.
- Why?
- ...
- Dad, when returning buy five ice-creams.
- Wait, why five. One for you, one for Farid, one for mother, one for me... What about the fifth?
- Let the fifth be for birds.

The memory of time

The memory of time

is not measured with my and my son's memory,
this is not worthwhile to worry about.

This memory is measured between the first man
and the eldest baby born a minute later,

but it is worse than sorrow-

if me and my son have not realised that we are inside of this memory.

Dark yellow leaf fall
on ploughed black soil
would put up an advertisement in a newspaper
looking for an artist,
if our indifferent looks had not been caught on a headline
it would not have turned into rotten stuff.

If you would tell me the cost of retail sale of man's life,
I would tell you the cost of entire world,
and if you would compare results with the algebra known to you,
such an obvious discordance you get would tell about non-existence of love's unknown quantity.

I was late to be born...
I set the clock an hour forward...
That's it ...

1.
The facade of old buildings is black
The interior is tumble-down, back is ugly.
Lone man is the closest measure to the lack
Lonliness is the closest pattern to the plurality...

2.

The facade of old buildings is black
The interior is tumble-down, back is ugly.
Lone man is the closest measure to the absence.
Lonliness is the closest pattern to the majority.

(In original version rhyme structure is ABBA)

Kohna binalaryn fasady gara
Arxasy eybajar, ichi sokookdoo.
Tek adam yokhlugha en yaxin olchoo
En yakhin ulgoodoor teklik yokhlugha...

To my brother Azer...

I was hero of jungle in my childhood,
I was playing with tigers,
Long later I understood,
people are more dangerous...

Hey, you, forgotten people!
Where are you hurrying to?
I have just begun remembering you...

When I was claiming to write large novels
without wasting myself on little poems,
a little birdie perched on my window,
not fitting either in poem,
or in novel-
-then flew away.

Metamorphosis.

A child throws a stone like his father
A stone hits the target like a stone
The child is crying like himself
A wounded sparrow falls onto the ground like a stone.

Ushag dash toollayir atasy kimi
Dashsa ozoo kimi deyir hedefe
Ushag ozoo kimi goz yashi tokoor
Yere dash tek deyir yarali sercheh

To W.H Auden

You pass by everyday
An old mill
Smiling like a traveller
And say
"How beautiful!"

An old building, a dirty exterior.
Among skyscrapers
Explains to you
You, itself
and this meadow

Some time will not exist
but at present
that white nic
two-humped proud camel again
is alone in the desert

It saw off
an Arab and a lady long ago
He is familiar
with the mirage
of the desert long ago

Kohna deyirmanin sen
Her goon otoob yanından
Seyyah kimi gooloorsan
“Ne gozeldi” deyirsən

Chirkli ooz, kohna bina
Goydalanlar ichinden
Sene anladyr ki, sen,
O ozoo və bu chemen

Ne vakhtsa olmayajak
helelik o agh maya
Jut hurgujlu gururla
Yene tekdi sehrada

Erebi və khanimi
Yola salibdi chokhdan,
Sehralarin ilghymy
Ona tanyshdy chokhdan...

On August 24

1.
It is the sun, it is a bottle, it is a bath towel, it is a stump,
it is a stool, it is a footprint, it is a sandy place, it is foam,
it is a coast, it is a wave, it is an alga, it is the sea,
it is blue, it is the sun, it is blue, it is the sun,
it is blue, it is blue, it is cold, it is blue,
it is blue, it is the sea, it is a wave, it is the coast,
it is foam, it is the sandy place, it is the alga, it is the stool,
it is the stump, it is the bath towel, it is the bottle, it the sun...

2.
This sun, this bottle, this bath towel, this stump,
this stool, this footprint, this sandy place, this foam,
this coast, this wave, this alga, this sea,

this blue, this sun, this blue, this sun,
this blue, this blue, this cold, this blue,
this blue, this sea, this wave, this coast,
this foam, this sandy place, this alga, this stool,
this stump, this bath towel, this bottle, this sun...

Bu goonesh, bu shoosheh, bu gatfeh, bu kotook,
bu ketil, bu lepir, bu goomsal, bu kopook,
bu sahil, bu dalgha, bu yosoon, bu deniz,
bu mavi, bu goonesh, bu mavi, bu goonesh,
bu mavi, bu mavi, bu soyoog, bu mavi,
bu mavi, bu deniz, bu dalgha, bu sahil,
bu kopook, bu goomsal, bu yosoon, bu ketil,
bu kotook, bu gatfeh, bu shoosheh, bu goonesh...

About children and death

Have you ever seen children
I do not mean when playing at war,
when without any reason,
they come and stand in front of you
and say look, I am dying?

They lie down, close their eyes,
After a little while, they open their eyes
and stand up smiling...

Dedication to heart beating

Certainly, certainly, certainly one day;
One day, one nice day, one nicest day;
Awaiting, awaiting, awaiting, there;
In future, in future, in future, dear ;
The day will come, will surely come;
The day will stop, will stop your pain;
And your lips will do smiling again;
No wonder, though ended life once and for all
One day, one day was the n-i-c-e-s-t o-f a-l-l.

