Poems by Gurgen Askaryan

Translated from Russian by Karo Ispirian

I am leaving this world for you
Choosing a rest for me
Far from vanity, from shame and passion.
The life is a fair,
God is the owner of the world
In which the genius is a target.

* * *

Ask forgiveness of the animals
Whom you killed, hurt and ate,
Ask pardon and help them still you are alive,
and it is not late.
You see, the life is awful
For them and you.
Terrible is the epoch
Never harm other destiny.

* * *

I decided to prolong the agony
To listen the Mozart harmony.

* * *

It is dear to me
what is disgusting for the others.
My diseased sister,
discomfort at home,
slipshod dressing,
and the desperate smell of my cats,
their wisdom and grace
calling exhausted to conceive.

Thy eyes are empty mirrors
Reflecting anyone who approaches you,
Their depth lied so long to me,
Nevertheless, I dream to be sunken in them.

The prescription of love apparently has not passed,
And I am bewitched by the play of reminiscences;
How frequently the face of the fate is combined with you
And how they diverge in my deceptive consciousness.

*   *   *

I don't like flowers, especially in a man's hands,
Their such appearance defames the taste of the owner
I don't like flowers, especially in coffins
They render business coloring to the tragedy.
I don't like when somebody picks flowers
To admire their agony
And to throw next day as a trash
And take a shower to escape the stench

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Mummy, mummy, your phloxes are again bloomed,
Alas, no mother, no those phloxes, no me.