

ABOU'L ALA MAHARI

SURA THE SIXTH

In the blazing heat of the mid-day sun, Thyme and Narcissus spread their fragrance,
 And the caravan tired and sweaty, covered, lost in dust did slowly advance.
 "Fly on caravan, and rend you the storm, enter deep into the sandy clime,"
 Thus was speaking now in his angry heart Abou-Mahari, the poet sublime,
 "Let the desert wind blow against my face, and let it efface my track on the sand,
 Let no man breathe the air I breathe now, no man discover the place where I land.
 I already see the fierce tawny lions, from yellow sand-piles they see me, they watch,
 They look in my eyes; I see from their mane the wind does sparks of lightning detach.
 Them do I call now, "Come I'll not escape, come on and eat me, my heart you devour,
 I shall not return to human beings, I shall not open before them my door.
 What are men? — O, they are devils with masks, they have fangs and claws which
 they hide and shut,
 And their tongues are poisonous daggers; hoofs also have they, and do chew their gut,
 And who, who are men? — Packs of foxes are they, traitors, apostates, terribly selfish,
 Blood-lickers are they, infant-tearing beasts, hangmen, hangmen that only your fall wish,
 In poverty fawning and in misery traitors are they, also timorous,
 In wealth immodest, spiteful, haughty, also revengeful, boastful, imperious.
 The good ones always are sacrificed here, and the bad ones do oppress and torment
 The few who are good in this world of ours; so in the life's field darnel does augment
 I do curse you now, you men far away, your evil and good and your religions
 That do only forge, hammer iron chains, and for slavery do prepare dungeons.
 Malicious world, here the powerful gold makes the thief noble and the fool and knave
 Wise, intelligent; the ugly one, charming; the harlot, virgin; the timorous, brave.
 O, world of mankind, you blood bath-house where the weak is guilty and the strong
 is right;
 Where whatever ugly thing is done by men, money always has been the guiding might:
 And only for gain, man has always been a servant of gain with his paw of crime,
 Filthy abortion of satan is he, whom others take as God's picture sublime,
 One by one counting my caravan's steps, on my unending, infinite pathway,
 And these countless steps added together equal not man's fault of one single day.
 I do declare now to the East and West, to countries in north, to countries in south,
 — Whose opposing winds, all together now are list'ning to the words of my mouth.
 Take you and announce my inflaming words, that the world may bear, from the west
 to east,
 That filthier than man, atrocious than he is the man again and not the wild beast
 So long as the stars do wink their eyes and their unquenched light to the desert send,
 So long as the piles of the burning sand of the desert do hiss like a serpent,
 Run away car'van from that brothel's lewd and licentious and filthy banquets,
 From the public-place of its oppressions and from its filthy salesman's markets,
 And you run away from community, from revenge of men, their justice and right.
 Away from women, from love, from friends, breathless run away from man's shadow's
 sight,
 Go on caravan, do grind and crush human justice and right under your hard toes
 And with clouds of dust of your path cover all evil and good, sovereignty, laws.

Let the fiery winds rustle over me, and let me be torn by tiger and lion,
 You, my caravan, do not turn back, to th'end of my days you go on and on".
 Stretching like arrows the arch of their necks, now the camels of Abou-Mahari
 Leaving behind them innumerable caravan of dust, did onward hurry.
 They did dart onward in the scorched fields to the far distance, towards the unknown,
 And on their pathway raised clouds of dust covering the fields, the cities and town.
 As if terrified, Abou-Mahari, without stopping, was running away,
 And rule and order, wife, community were pursuing him and blocking his way.
 But the caravan, with jingling of bells, without looking back, in hasty motion
 Passed the pyramids of the great cities and the noisy roar for bread and passion.
 It ran rapidly — passing the villages that for centuries did not at all move
 In their ignorance — and sunk in far climes in search of the gold star and its earnest love.
 The stubborn car'van thus all days and nights, the contorted pathway did swallow and lap,
 And with troubled soul, Abou-Mahari did angrily think, his brows wrinkled up.
 And the caravans of his mad thoughts now, like fierce falcons caught in the stormy wind,
 Soared in dispersion, in confusion soared, desirous a bright station to find.
 Abou-Mahari without tears did weep and infinite was the grief in his soul,
 As the pathway that stretched before him, like a serpent that has no end at all.
 He looked not behind at the way he passed, he grieved not for what he did abandon,
 He did not salute, nor took the salute of the car'vans that met him and passed on.

AVEDIK ISAHAKIAN

Trans. M. MANOUKIAN

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Թաղուիմ, երանի՛, վարագայ սարին,
 Առջևս փրոտի ֆաղաք վանայ,
 Արևն առտուան նըստի իմ ֆարին,
 Վարի պատկերին նայի, զարմանայ:

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 Ցայգն ամբողջ՝ անփուն հըսկումի կենայ,
 Վարագայ սարէն՝ լուսինն նորածագ՝
 Համապատկերին նայի, զարմանայ:

Մ. ՄԱՆՈՒԿԻԱՆ