

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.

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Թաղուիմ, երանի՛, վարագայ սարին,
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Սիփանը՝ հեռուն, գըլխին՝ աստղաքագ,
 Ցայգն ամբողջ՝ անփուն հըսկումի կենայ,
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