

Guzal BEGIM

I awoke to the breath of crocus
a food of song struck me right between the eyes
you bright--green riot Spring
The birds set to squabbling over my voice at dawn
as I read a book aloud to the silence
trees swaying to the ancient song
When the swallow's wing touched my brow
I was cast out of one spring into another
Reborn in the veins of new leaves
The fragrance of dew seized me by the hand
its music scattered in all directions
the color of violets sat meditating in my soul
No single empty space remains empty
grant me the lily's imagination, spring
let the morning breeze keep vigil in heart

Translated from the Uzbeki by Rachel Harrell

Or

Or a sparrow
or a season similar to the sound of the sparrow
or the rush of a drop
or the reflection of a woman in the rain
or flying words

Or water
or a wound in the water
or feelings drowned in the water
or thoughts of a sea about a sea
or a fingerprint in ash

Or the morning breeze
or the light laughter of the breeze
or a band sewing a quilt
or warm ideas under the quilt
or the cerebral cortex of anguish

Or the sun
or an abstract smile at the sun
or the heavy sound of my door
or those running alongside a drop
or a gesture in the air
or

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With much too meek dreams
I am thinking about you today
and my thoughts are disturbed
Having passed through the memory of water
I gently shook hands with the season
standing under the tree

I advanced in the mark of your eyes
and walked in yesterday's imagination
a flower in my hair is growing heavy

*

I want to live like you
Caressing heads of flowers
Touching a stone I want to dissolve it

I want to live like you
I want to speak silently
Within the pupil of my eyes

*

Do not bother me, cherry blossom
Time, do not fall behind
At last I want to live like this

Do not bother me, cherry blossom
Having tied up my heart in a cradle
Luck will dive into my eyes

Do not bother me, cherry blossom
if a ring falls in love
with the fruit of a berry

Do not disturb me, cherry blossom
when airing my dress
I touch the sun

Do not bother me, cherry blossom
do not shackle the arms of the stream
turning my eyes to the sky
I want to live like this

*

Your Voice Is Happiness

that visited my heart
the farther away the closer it is
in my thoughts
it sways in my ear
and appears in my eyes
my smile gazes at the mirror
your voice
puts a through line to distant twilight
the voice
that wanted to thaw the wires
and became my fate.

*

Come Read my Heart

in a foreign language
from right to left
from left to right
give a flower to my shiver
fall to your knees before my moans
break silence with a color
bring more flowers
to the quiet
you don't recognize

*

I See Flowers in My Dream

they approach my hands
and wake up my fingers
beautiful moments feel ashamed
to be bending in my sight

*

I Comprehend the Sky

in the node of beams
dire days glisten
at the center of my soul
the sun sits cross-legged
the winds insist

*

I Sat In Front Of Happiness Yesterday

today I sat on its left side
it will invite me to its right side tomorrow
the door of the tree will open with a creak
those who breath dew
grasp my soul
happiness is exhausted
thoroughly exhausted
it stares at it stares at the blossoms of noise

Translated from the Uzbeki by Aazam Abidov