

## 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

\*

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*