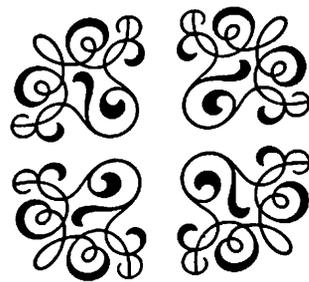


Poems by Marina Glazov

translated by Elizabeth Jones

Marina Glazov grew up in Moscow where she had an academic career in Vietnamese studies. She left Russia in 1972 and has lived in Halifax since 1976. Her poems have appeared in leading emigré journals and a play, Easter Roses, (co-authored with David Jones) was produced live by C.B.C. Radio Drama in November, 1978.



Мы пили чай и слушали пластинки.
И там в чаю несчастные чайники
пытались всплыть и не пойти на дно.
С одной особенно была я заодно!

А дух давно носился над водою!
Чайники бились, жажда спаслись.
Я дула к краю, будто бы прибоем
чайнику к берегу - на счастье - прибить!

Мне параллельный случай вспоминался.
Хотелось быть не в жизни, а в кино.
А чай неслышно в небо воспарялся,
мечтая осушить чайникам дно.

1973

We were drinking tea and listening to records
and there in the tea were floundering tea-leaves
wanting to surface, not be sucked to the bottom--
I was in the same boat as one of them.

Long ago the spirit moved upon the waters,
tea leaves struggled, trying to save themselves--
my breath makes waves that float them to the shore
my tea-leaf arrives safely at the porcelain coast.

I remember a similar story--it's better such things
shouldn't happen in life, only in movies--
the tea steams, silently aspires to the sky
hoping to leave the cup dry for my tea-leaf.

Вцепляюсь в эти дни.

В минуты эти.

Пугаюсь, вдруг они
без дырок сети.

Картинки снов перевозжу
водицей с ваткой.
И красочками подвожу,
где неполадки.

Сажу на тучке и гляжу.
Машу я ножкой.

Ох! Надо было бы бежать
вон той дорожкой!

А эта дурочка идет
Ой! Ой! По краю!
О как ее, о как ее
я понимаю!

Глаза мне солнышко слепит.
Необратимо.

И тучка-самолет парит
кругом и мимо!

I'm clutching at these days
these minutes
I'm afraid they will
suddenly become nets without holes.

I'm pressing on transfers of my dreams
with hot water and cotton wool
painting in the places
where the colours haven't come through.

I'm perched on the edge of a little cloud
looking down and swinging my foot--
Oh dear, I was wrong! That's
the road I should have taken!

And that poor girl oh! oh!
she's near the edge
but, oh heavens! how well
I understand her

the sun blinds my eyes
it's too late to change things now
and this cloud-aeroplane
circles and circles but never lands.