

গিয়ো মিলেভ

Гео Милев

Geo Milev

*সেপ্টেম্বরী*  
*СЕПТЕМБРИ*  
*SEPTEMBRI*

Septembri, a poem by Geo Milev, was published in 1924.

Translated from the original Bulgarian into Bengali, the most famous poem of Geo Milev takes us to the early 20<sup>th</sup> century uprisings and developments in Bulgaria. At the time of its creation, it was a powerful tool in expressing dissent. The style Geo Milev is extremely avant-garde and bold, considering the conformist poetic traditions, existing at that time in Europe. The rhymes carry the revolutionary spirit of the times.

History has seen poets giving their lives for freedom of their peoples or nations, but it has seldom happened that one particular poem became the cause of the death of a poet. Geo Milev wrote the poem September, and it became the cause of his death. He was strangled to death in 1925 and his mortal remains were found only in 1954.

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E-mail: [info@eedi.org.ua](mailto:info@eedi.org.ua) Or [eedi.office@gmail.com](mailto:eedi.office@gmail.com)

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*সেপ্টেম্বরী*  
*СЕПТЕМБРИ*  
*SEPTEMBRI*

Translated from Bulgarian into Bengali  
Mridula Ghosh

কিইভ, ইউক্রেন, ২০১৯  
Kyiv, Ukraine, 2019



“সব পথের গন্তব্যস্থল হল রোম। শুধুমাত্র একটি পথ নিয়ে যায়  
স্বর্গের দিকে। সেই পথটি হল – মুক্তির পথ। “- গিয়ো মিলেভ

“Всички пътища води в Рим. Само един път води в рая.  
Пътят на свободата!” – Гео Милев

“All roads lead to Rome. Only one leads to the heaven. The  
road to freedom!” – Geo Milev

## Footsteps on the Stairs

I hardly remember my father. I was less than five when he ‘vanished without trace’ — that was the first official version of his death in 1925. But, having grown up amidst his family and friends, amidst his extensive multilingual library — Geo Milev’s only real possession — my picture of my vanished father has always been vivid and sharp. His presence in our home was almost tangible. And because a phrase like ‘vanished without trace’ does not mean much to a little girl, for a long time I did not cease to believe that one day he would return. We were living in a rented accommodation, as a rule on the top floor of various, for their time, tall buildings. Whenever I heard footsteps behind me as I climbed the stairs I always stopped and with a pounding heart timidly turned to see whether these were not, at long last, the footsteps of my father.

It was my mother who most often talked to me about him. My grandparents, with whom I spent all my school holidays in Stara Zagora, also spoke a great deal about him. And now, whenever I try to say something about Geo Milev the man, I rely principally on their memories.

My grandmother, who had borne and raised six children, maintained that her first-born son Georgi, because of his concentration and wide range of interests, had from earliest childhood stood out from the others. At first, at the age of only three or four, he had shown an exceptional liking for drawing. His father, who had a bookshop, had to bring him home a pad, pencils, and a paint-box. But the young artist painted not only on his

drawing pad but also on the walls and on the cupboard doors. He soon began to draw whole pictures, as well as little horses and dogs. At primary school he made successful sketches of his teachers and of everyone else who attracted his attention. A little later he showed a passion for drawing caricatures, many of which are preserved to this day.

At the age of five he already knew the alphabet and declared that he wanted to go to school. At that time children entered the first form at the age of seven, and it was impossible for such a young child to be admitted as a pupil. But little Geo was so insistent that his parents were compelled to do something. They found a schoolmistress they knew and asked her to allow the child to attend school for a few days, so he could see for himself that it would not interest him. The teacher agreed. But things did not work out the way his parents had expected. Geo soon became a good pupil and continued to attend till the end of the year. The following autumn he was admitted as a regular second form pupil.

His interest in drawing and the representative arts continued as he grew up. This is confirmed by some ten self-portraits of Geo Milev which have been preserved. Other interests also appeared very early on in his life – the theatre, music, and the study of foreign languages.

All this began in the small provincial town of Stara Zagora, where the modest house of the bookseller Milyo Kasabov, with its large courtyard full of flowers, is now the Geo Milev Museum. The old well is still there and flowers still bloom. But the first thing to attract the

visitor's attention is an enormous oak tree, growing between the well and the entrance, raising its trunk high above the brick wall which surrounds the courtyard, spreading its massive branches into the quiet street and rustling its green leaves almost as far as the houses on the opposite side. That oak tree, a rarity in Stara Zagora, famous as a town of lime trees, has its own history, told to me by my uncle Boris, my father's younger brother.

On Sunday mornings grandfather Milyo often took his two sons for a walk in the park by the railway station. One day the boys found some acorns there. 'Out of this small acorn can grow the biggest and most beautiful tree,' grandfather explained, 'a very healthy tree that can live more than a thousand years.' The boys each put a few acorns in their pockets and decided to plant them in the courtyard of their house. And in fact two small seedlings did grow from them. The boys dug around them and watered them, but Boris's tree soon withered. The oak planted by the elder brother, however grew into a tree. Today, the majestic tree spreads its branches out over the little street which is now called Geo Milev Street, is approximately ninety years old. According to my uncle it was planted in 1900 or 1901.

Maybe it was from these early childhood experiences that the oak tree entered into Geo Milev's awareness as a symbol of majesty and tenacity. It appears in his poem "September" in the following lines:

Blindingly  
over the Balkan peaks,  
with their navels turned

to the sky  
and the eternal sun,  
lightning flashed.  
— Thunder crashed  
straight into the heart of  
the giant hundred-year-old oak.

[বালমলে রোদে সেজে  
ঘরোয়া বলকান পাহাড়ের সারি,  
তার নগ্ন নাভি খোলে,  
আকাশ শূণ্যের আর  
চিরন্তন সূর্য্যের দিকে।  
শান দেয় অশনি,  
— বজ্র হাঁকে  
উচ্চনাদে,  
মর্ম করে ভেদ,  
ঐ বিশাল  
শতবর্ষী  
ওক গাছের।]

The poem “September” also repeatedly refers to the Balkan mountain range which traverses Bulgaria from west to east. There, in a picturesque village on its flank, called Maglizh, my grandfather’s family often spent several weeks during the hottest part of the summer.

Geo, by then a grammar school pupil, loved those holidays. He was moved by the beauty of the mountains. He would spend hours sitting on the high and not easily accessible Black Rock beyond the village, deep in thought, listening to the song of the Balkan mountains.



My grandmother told me that on one occasion, as she was talking to some women in the village square, she turned towards the Black Rock. 'Can you see it?', she asked, 'An eagle sits perched on the rock.' The other women now turned their heads. 'Some eagle! Can't you see?', one of the women exclaimed, 'That's your son Geo!' His mother froze with horror. But the "young eagle" returned after a while, boldly and joyfully. From afar one could hear him singing his favourite song: 'Ah, forests, Balkan forests . . .'

Childhood and student years in Sofia and Leipzig, a visit to London which left a deep impression on him (reflected in his unfinished long poem 'Hell') soon passed, and the young poet found himself face to face with a grim reality. One rainy day he was sent to the fighting line. 'Throughout the day there is waste land all round,' he wrote in his wartime diary. 'Only the terrible whistle of the shells continually reiterates the terrible thought: "War!".'

Soon he was to experience its full horror. In the spring of 1917 fierce enemy artillery fire cracked his skull. Geo lost his right eye. Only by a miracle did he survive. Yet in spite of his severe wounds he was still fired by a desire to read, to work with all his strength, to ensure that he lived a full and valuable life.

Against his parents' objections, and before he was fully recovered, he married a young actress and intellectual, Mila Keranova, who had recently returned from Paris where she had studied philology at the Sorbonne. And

although they had little money, the young family was soon blessed with two daughters.

Our home, which I remember vividly, was in the very centre of Sofia, by the market hall. Under the windows of the big building, which before the war had been the post office, the trams clanked by. With the acute shortage of accommodation after the war, many families were crowded into that building. And so we lived in one large room on the fourth floor; that room contained everything – bedroom, children’s nursery, study.

My mother has left an accurate account of the circumstances in which her husband worked, feverishly and untiringly for the next five years. ‘He wrote on a small plain table [which is now in the Geo Milev Museum] in his small, modest but interesting study,’ my mother recorded in her memoirs. “One wall of his study was taken up by his large library, and the opposite wall was formed by a screen which divided off the bedroom. On the study side the screen was painted by Geo with cubist figures and in the middle it had a small door with a curtain of dark blue cloth to which I had stitched some golden stars and a crescent moon cut out by Geo. By the table Geo had a small settee with many cushions, painted by him and embroidered by me. I used to sit there and listen to Geo reading to me. He smoked a lot, and would get me to make him strong coffee. Geo was infinitely considerate towards me and the children.”

Clearly there was not a lot of room for us children and we often played with our dolls under the table in the bedroom behind the screen. Friends of my father’s would

say that no matter what time of night they passed our building there was always a light in our window. 'Geo is working,' they said.

In spite of his unbelievable amount of work my father had many friends – mainly writers, artists and painters, who sometimes interrupted his evening's work on his manuscripts and noisily thronged our flat. 'Those meetings', my mother recalled, 'were rapturously bohemian. We always had to scrape together everybody's meagre means in order to prepare a dinner. But they were meetings with rich literary programmes, not planned, of course, but as soon as Geo stood at the centre it was impossible not to recite verse or talk about the theatre, or sing songs in all the languages we knew. Geo was carried away, forgetting that the following morning they would call for the proofs. But these evenings in a circle of friends were his only relaxation.'

At that time the fascist government of Bulgaria proclaimed its ominous 'Defence of the Realm' law. My mother has often told me that as soon as she read the first few sections of the then unfinished poem 'September' she saw herself as a widow and her children as orphans. She did not conceal from her husband this terrible premonition. But he only laughed and tried to reassure her. 'This is a literary work; have no fear! Don't cry, it's useless, no one and nothing can stop me. I must finish and publish this poem.'

Even after the confiscation of No. 7/8 of the periodical *Plamuk*, in which the finished poem was published, and despite several police searches of the house, my father

had no intention of emigrating or even of leaving Sofia, although his friends were advising him to do so. One of my few clear memories from that time is the morning of our unexpected parting. I can still see the dark silhouette of the policeman framed in the door as he summoned my father for ‘a little questioning’. My mother gave him a clean handkerchief and he followed the policeman out without even saying goodbye — surely they were just summoning him for a little questioning and he would soon be back for his morning cup of coffee.

I remember very clearly how, soon afterwards, my mother started searching for him from one precinct to another, from one prison to another, from one town to another. I used to go off to school, and when, returning home, I would hear footsteps behind me on the stairs I used to stop. My heart would pound. I would turn timidly. But my faint hope would again dissolve. No, these were not the footsteps of my father who had been summoned to the police station ‘for a little questioning’.



– written in 1990 by  
Leda Mileva,  
Geo Milev’s daughter  
(5 February 1920 – 5 February  
2013)  
She was a diplomat, writer and  
translator

**Geo Milev** /Georgi Milev Kasabov/ was born on 15 January, 1895 in the village of Radnevo in Bulgaria where his parents were school teachers. The family soon moved to the town of Stara Zagora where his father Milyo Kasabov opened a book-shop and later – a publishing house. Young Geo showed a talent for drawing when he was barely four years old. At the age of five he could read and write. His early intellectual development impressed his parents, family friends and school teachers. Geo Milev got his high school diploma at the age of 16. In the autumn of 1911 he was already a student at the University of Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. A year later, eager to see the world and to get acquainted with Western European culture he went to Germany and pursued his studies at the University of Leipzig. He soon spoke good German and English and translated poetry from these languages. As a student in Germany he even made a translation of Shakespear’s “Hamlet” which has not lost its value to this day.

In his later career, Geo Milev translated from 9 different languages into Bulgarian. But his most important achievements were in his original writings of poetry and essays. They began to appear in different Bulgarian literary magazines, as well as in separate books, published by the poet’s father.

The First World War interrupted the active creative work of Geo Milev. He was called to the ranks and was heavily wounded at the front. Having lost part of his skull and an eye, he had to go once again to Germany, this time to undergo a series of operations. During this year of medical treatment the patient did not spend all of his time in the hospital. He escaped whenever possible and continued to be in touch with writers, artists and theatre directors.

Returning to his home country in 1919 he became the center of modern Bulgarian literature and art. He started a famous literary magazine "Vezni" /Scales/, published several books of his own poetry, staged a play by the Swedish author Strindberg at the National Theatre of Sofia, and wrote critical articles on new books, art exhibitions and theatrical performances.

In September 1923, Bulgaria became the arena of an uprising of peasants and workers, suffering from extreme poverty after the war, and being oppressed by a military regime. Geo Milev started a new magazine – "Plamuk" /Flame/ where he declared his sympathy for the participants in the uprising and openly accused the authorities for the cruel suppression of the uprising. But the most eloquent expression of his feelings and his protest was his famous poem "September", which he published in early 1925. That poem finally, cost him his life.

Geo Milev was brought to court and sentenced to one year of prison and a considerable fine. But before the sentence was carried out, he "disappeared without a trace" together with many other intellectuals and public figures, who had dared to stand for the people.

On May 15, 1925, in the course of government reprisals following the St Nedelya Church assault, Geo Milev was taken to a police station for a "short interrogation" from which he never returned. His fate remained unknown for 30 years. In 1954 during the trial of General Ivan Valkov and a group of former police and military executioners, one of the defendants confessed how victims of the 1925 purge had been executed and where they were buried. Geo Milev had been strangled with wire and then buried in a mass grave

in Ilientsi, near Sofia. His skull was found in the mass grave. His body was identified by the glass eye he was wearing after he lost his right eye in World War I.

His daughter was the writer and diplomat Leda Mileva. The year 2020 marks the 125th birth anniversary of Geo Milev and is celebrated all over Bulgaria and marked in many countries where his work is known.

New books and documentary films have appeared dedicated to Geo Milev's legacy – his poetry, his translations and essays, his contribution to the modernization of Bulgarian culture and to the example of his life. The poem "September" has been translated into 28 languages – practically into all of the European languages, but also into Chinese and Japanese. It was published in its English version in the UNESCO Collection of Representative Works of World Literature – European series. Two CD's have been produced recently. The first of them contains the poem "September" read in six languages – Bulgarian, English, German, French, Spanish and Russian, and the second – selected essays by Geo Milev. Hristo Karastoyanov's novel released in 2014 *The same night (waits)* is for all of us depicts the state sponsored murder of Geo Milev. This Bengali translation of this most famous poem "September" presents Geo Milev to Bengali speakers for the first time. Below is Geo Milev's self-portrait, painted in 1918.



# সেপ্টেম্বরী

গিয়ো মিলেভ

১

মৃত জরায়ু ছিঁড়ে তামসীর  
জাগে শতযুগের বিদ্রোহ বিদ্রোহীর;  
এ আক্রোশ রক্তিম –  
মহামহিমা।

কালো কুয়াশার কোলে লুকায়।

হতে দূর দ্রোণী  
ভোরের আলো তখনো ফোটেনি,  
হতে যত পর্বত বলকানী,  
হতে নিষ্ফলা মরুভূমি,  
হতে ক্ষুধায় আতুর ক্ষেত,  
হতে কুঁড়েঘর,  
হতে পল্লী,  
পট্টন,  
উঠান,



মাটির কুটার,  
কর্মশালা, গুদাম, স্টেশন,  
শস্যগোলা,  
খামার,  
তাঁত কল,  
ঘানি চাকি,  
কারখানা,  
কুঁদ কল —

দিয়ে অলি গলি  
উঁচু ঐ  
গিরিচূড়া, খাত, চড়াই-উতরাই,  
শৈলশিরায়,  
নিশানা ঐ,  
অথবা পাহাড়ের খাঁজের কুলুঙ্গীর কানাগলি,  
অথবা হেমন্তে ডোবা বন হলুদ সোনালি,  
অথবা পাথর নুড়ি,  
স্বচ্ছ বারি,  
কাদাজলের সারি,

মাঠে দিয়ে পাড়ি,  
ফলের খেত,  
আঙ্গুর খেত,  
মেঘ পালনের চরা,  
গৃহের বেড়া,  
ফসল নাড়া পোড়া,  
কাঁটার ঝাড়  
বা পাঁকাল জলা —

বিধবস্ত,  
কর্দমাস্ত,  
ক্ষুধার্ত,  
বিষাদগ্রস্ত,  
অবিরাম শ্রমে ক্ষত,  
শীত গ্রীষ্মের ঘাতে আহত,  
রুম্ফ কদাকার,  
বিকল কলেবর,  
কেশ জটাধর,  
ঝুলকালি-ভর,

নগ্নপদচর,  
ক্ষতবিক্ষত,  
অমার্জিত,  
অকর্ষিত,  
উন্মাদিত,  
উন্মাদিত,  
— কোন গোলাপ নেই,  
নেই গান,  
নেই সুর নেই বাদন,  
নেই বাঁশি, ডম্বরু, অর্গ্যান,  
নেই শিঙ্গা, ভেরী, তুরী:  
কাঁধে নিয়ে ছিন্ন গাঁটরি,  
হাতের মুঠোয় — নেই ঝকমকে তরবারি,  
আছে শুধু লাঠি,  
কৃষকের সহায় খুঁটি,  
সহায় মুগুর,  
সহায় অঙ্কুশ,  
সহায় শাবল,  
সহায় কাটারী,

সহায় গাঁইতি,  
সহায় কাঁটা,  
সহায় কুঠার,  
সহায় কান্তে,  
আর সূর্যমুখী ফুলের রাশি,  
— প্রবীণ নবীন মিলে —  
ধেয়ে আসে চার দিক থেকে,  
— যেন এক পাল পশু হারিয়ে দিঠি,  
হারিয়ে বলগা নিয়ন্ত্রণ,  
গণনাতীত  
ক্রুদ্ধ বৃষপাল —  
গর্জে রোষে  
আর্তনাদে,  
(নেপথ্যে পটে আঁকা কালো পাথুরী আকাশ)  
হয় অগ্রসর,  
কোন নির্দেশ বিনা,  
অদম্য অবাধ,  
ভয়ানক,  
মহান —

এ হল জনগণ!

২

রাত্রি মিলায় পাহাড়ী চূড়ায়

সোনার ঝিলিকে।

সূর্য্যমুখীরা মুখ তুলে চায়

সূর্য্যের দিকে!

সুপ্ত ভোরের

ভাঙে ঘুম,

বন্দুকের শব্দে দুমদুম:

দূর ঐ

ঢাল হতে

— ঘাতের পর প্রত্যাঘাত —

গুলির কশাঘাত,

মত্ত পাগল,

ওড়ে সীসা গুলিগোলা।

শিখরে শিখরে,

হাতির গ্রাসের মত

গর্জে কামান...

দুরূদুরু ভয়ে কাঁপে হৃদয়।  
সূর্য্যমুখীরা নতশির ধূলায়।

৩

দশমত জনমত -  
তাই ভব স্বরা।  
হাজারো ছুরির  
আঘাতে আজ  
মানুষের —  
গেছে তেজ,  
গেছে লাজ,  
রিক্ত সে ভিখারীর চেয়ে,  
বঞ্চিত,  
নেই শৌর্য,  
নেই বীর্য —  
তবুও জেগেছে  
ভেঙে ভয়াল আঁধার  
এ জীবনের,  
— আপন শোণিতকণায় লিখে

আমি মুক্ত আজ!

প্রথম পর্ব:

সেপ্টেম্বরী।

— দশমত জনমত —

— তাই ভব স্বর —

হে ঈশ্বর!

দাও শক্তি এ পবিত্র কাজে

শ্রমে জীর্ণ কালো হাত হোক দৃঢ় —

বীরত্বের আগুনে জ্বলুক

বজ্রনাদী চিত্তের হুংকার।

মানুষ হবে ক্রীতদাস, এ নয় তোমার এষণ —

আপন কবরে শপথ করি জীবন-পণ —

আবার জাগবে মানুষ,

হবে মুক্ত এ পৃথিবীতে,

হয়ে মৃত্যুর মুখোমুখি —

এ সংকল্পে বুক বাঁধি!

অদূরেই আছে জানি

অমরা কানন,

সত্যের জগত  
যেখানে —  
শাস্বত বসন্ত আর স্বপ্নিল আবাস...  
আছে বিশ্বাস! বোধ! আছে আশ্বাস!  
সঙ্গে আছে ঈশ!

৪  
সেপ্টেম্বর! সেপ্টেম্বর!  
রক্তে স্নাত মাস!  
এ মাস বিপ্লবের  
এ মাস অভিযানের!  
প্রথমে মুগলিজ্,  
পরে পুরানো  
ও নয়া জাগোরা,  
চির্পান,  
লম,  
ফার্দিনান্দ,  
বেকোভিত্সা,  
সারামবেই,



মেদকোভেত্‌স,  
(সঙ্গে ঋত্বিক আন্দ্রেই)  
— জাগে নগরের পর নগর, গ্রামের পর গ্রাম।

৫  
এ গণ অভ্যুদয়,  
— হাতুড়ি  
ধরা হাত,  
মেখে ভস্ম কালি পুড়েছে আগুনের হলকায়,  
— মাঠের মাঝে কাস্তে ধরা হাত,  
হিম জমির পরশে বেহুঁস  
এরা কঠিন শ্রমের মানুষ,  
নীরবে সব সয় —  
(এরা নয় মহীষী,  
মেধাবী,  
প্রতিবাদী,  
বাগ্মী,  
প্রচারক,  
ব্যবসায়ী,

বায়ুচরী,  
আচারবাগীশ,  
অক্ষরজীবী,  
সেনানায়ক,  
দোকান আড়তের  
মালিক,  
বাজনদার কিংবা  
ইহুদীবিরোধী কালোরক্ষী।)  
এরা হল  
কৃষক,  
শ্রমিক,  
ছোটলোক,  
বঞ্চিত,  
অশিক্ষিত,  
অমার্জিত,  
ষণ্ডাপাণ্ডা,  
বুনো বরাহের মত,  
— পাল পাল পশু —  
হাজার হাজার,

লাখ লাখ,  
মানুষ।  
হাজার হাজার বিশ্বাস,  
— বিশ্বাস জন জাগরণে।  
হাজার হাজার আশ্বাস,  
— আশ্বাস আগামী সুদিনে।  
হাজার হাজার অশান্ত হৃদয়,  
— প্রতিটিতে জ্বলে আলো।  
হাজার হাজার হাত শ্রমে কালো।  
— দিগন্তের রক্তবলয় কিনারে,  
তুলে ধরে কত,  
রক্তিম  
পতাকা যত,  
ওড়ে  
উঁচুতে,  
ছড়ায় সূদূরে,  
বিদ্রোহ অনলে দগ্ধ জ্বলন্ত দেশে,  
ক্ষুর সন্তান যার —  
হাজার হাজার —

লাখ লাখ —

মানুষ।

৬

ঝলমলে রোদে সেজে  
ঘরোয়া বলকান পাহাড়ের সারি,  
তার নগ্ন নাভি খোলে,  
আকাশ শূণ্যের আর  
চিরন্তন সূর্যের দিকে।  
শান দেয় অশনি,  
— বজ্র হাঁকে  
উচ্চনাদে,  
মর্ম করে ভেদ,  
ঐ বিশাল  
শতবর্ষী  
ওক গাছের।  
পাহাড়ে পাহাড়ে  
ছড়ায় নিমেষে,  
প্রতিধ্বনির ঢেউ,

চূড়ায় চূড়ায়,  
খাদে খাঁজে,  
উপত্যকায়,  
পাথরের বিজন কোলে  
— গরম বিছানায় —  
কুণ্ডলী পাকিয়ে ঘুমায়  
নাগ-নাগিনীরা,  
তাদের  
বসত গুহায়।  
ডাইনীর গাছের ফাঁকা গুঁড়ির ডেরায়,  
— ধ্বনি প্রতিধ্বনি অদূর সুদূর  
মিলে মিশে একাকার।  
প্রতিধ্বনি আর মর্মর,  
প্রপাতের,  
বৃষ্টিপাতের,  
স্রোতপাতের —  
উন্মত্ত ধারায়,  
আছড়ে পড়ে,  
যায় রসাতলে।

৭

দুর্দিন দুর্যোগ নামল এবার!

৮

প্রথম সারিতে ছিল যারা  
রক্তের স্রোতে ভাসল তারা।  
অগ্নিগোলার বাঁধে আছড়ে পড়ে  
জেগে ওঠা বিদ্রোহের বন্যা তরঙ্গ।  
বিচ্ছিন্ন পতাকাগুলি,  
ছিন্ন ফালি ফালি।  
পর্বতে গম্ভীর গর্জন  
উঁচু উঁচু শৃঙ্গে ঐ।  
দূর থেকে কাছে  
দেখা যায় কালো রেখা।  
ক্রমশ বেড়ে ওঠা  
সারি সারি জন বল,  
প্রশিক্ষিত বেতনভুক সেনাদল,  
আর রক্তচক্ষু পুলিশ।  
ওরা সকলেই জানে

“জন্মভূমিতে নেমেছে বিপদ!”

ভালো কথা কলরব —

— তবে জন্মভূমি কি? —

বন্দুকের গুলির ভাষাই তাদের

এ প্রশ্নের একমাত্র জবাব।

প্রথম সারিতে ছিল যারা

রক্তের স্রোতে ভাসল তারা।

দূরের পাহাড়,

পেরিয়ে আসে আবার,

নিনাদ কামান দাগার।

ভূমি কাঁপে

সব নগর,

সব গ্রাম,

রক্তের প্রবাহ

— প্রাণহীন শত দেহ —

ভরায় যত

ঢাল খাড়াই,

কুহর গহ্বর,

মোছে পথের নিশানা...

খাপ খোলা তলোয়ার হাতে  
ছোট্টে সিপাই,  
পরাজিত কৃষকের পিছে,  
— সংহার রোষে  
করে নিধন,  
সন্ত্রাস ছড়িয়ে চারদিকে।  
প্রাণ নিতে দেয় হানা গৃহে,  
যেখানে নিচু ছাদে শান্তির ছায়া,  
এক কোপে করে শিরচ্ছেদ,  
মাটিতে লুটায় দেহ।  
শোণিত ভরা ছুরির ঝলকায়  
ত্রাসে হতবাক জননী,  
সন্তান পত্নী পরিবার...

৯

সেনাদল চলেছে এগিয়ে।  
গোলা গুলির শব্দে ভীম তালে,  
অতীব সাহসী যে,  
আজ সে আতঙ্কে



হতাশে,  
অস্ত্রহীন হাত তোলে আকাশে।  
আছে ভয় নেই জয়,  
এমন চিহ্ন তার মুখে —  
তাকায় সব-বেদনা-পেরিয়ে-যাওয়া চোখে।  
“চাচা, যে যার  
আপন প্রাণ বাঁচা!”  
সব পথ দিয়ে চলে  
দলে দলে সেনা।  
— পদাতিক,  
অশ্বারোহী,  
কামানদাগী যায় চেনা।  
এগোয় সংঘাতে,  
দুন্দুভির ঘাতে।  
ওড়ে ত্রাস  
— উঁচুতে  
ঐ দিগন্তে,  
ছিন্ন লাল পতাকা পেরিয়ে —  
আগুনের হঙ্কার চাবুকের ঘায়ে।

এ বিশাল  
রগক্ষেত্রে উত্তাল  
একা,  
ক্ষিপ্ত, ক্রোধাদীপ্ত,  
নির্ভীক  
ঋত্বিক  
আন্দ্রেই,  
হতে ঐ কামান ঐতিহাসিক  
চালায়  
গোলার পর গোলা...  
শেষে গর্জে উঠে —  
শয়তান যাক জাহান্নমে!  
কোন মহান  
উন্মাদনায়  
কামানের মুখ  
দেয় ঘুরিয়ে।  
অস্তিম গোলা  
চালায়  
অধীরে

— সেই ভব গৃহ মন্দিরে  
যেখানে করেছে কত পূজা কত স্তোত্রপাঠ  
তার পর হার মানে আত্মসমর্পণে।  
কে এই বিদ্রোহী ঋত্বিক, এখনি তোল  
ফাঁসিকাঠে!  
কবর দিয়ে কি লাভ, পচুক দেহ তার মাঠে!  
টেলিগ্রাফের স্তম্ভের সামনে করেছে হাজিরা  
পাশে তার জল্লাদ,  
আর সেনাপতি,  
রজ্জুতে ফাঁস  
আছে প্রস্তুত।  
বিষণ্ন বলকান পাহাড়ের খাঁজে  
জাগে কালো দ্রকুটি।  
গম্ভীর অম্বর —  
সেও নিরুত্তর।  
দাঁড়িয়ে ঋজুকায় ঋত্বিক,  
অচল সুদীর্ঘ যেন হাঁট,  
পূর্ণ অবয়ব  
শান্ত যেন পাথর গ্র্যানাইট —

নেই সন্তাপ,  
নেই পিছুটান,  
— খ্রীষ্টের ক্রুশ ঝোলে বুকে তার  
অপলক দৃষ্টি ধায় বলকান পার  
দূরে  
আগামী দিনের পরে...  
— বেহায়া কাপুরুষ তোরা চোখ কর নত  
অন্তিম এ মৃত্যুর মুহূর্তে মানুষের,  
ওহে নির্বোধ জল্পাদের দল!  
কি এসে যায়  
শুধু মৃত্যু একটায়?  
তথাস্তু! আমেন!  
গলা ঝেড়ে করে শুচি,  
ফেলে নিষ্ঠীবন।  
নিমেষে  
নিজেই পরে ফাঁস,  
হেলিয়ে মাথা  
না দেখে আকাশ  
— শূণ্যে দোলায় দেহ —

জিহ্বা কাটে  
দাঁতের সারির গিলোটিনো।  
অকুতোভয়,  
মহিমাময়,  
অপরাজেয়!

১০

হেমন্ত  
পেরোল  
উন্মত্ত  
ঘূর্ণিবেগে হাহাকারে রাতে।  
ঝড়ের মেঘ জমে থিকথিক,  
কালো বলকানের উপর,  
— আঁধার আলোর খেলা চিকমিক  
অশুভ সংকেত ডেকে ওড়ে কাক —  
রক্তাক্ত ঘামের ফোঁটায়  
কুঁজো পিঠ ভরে পৃথিবীর।  
ভয়ে কাঁপে থরথর  
প্রতি কুটির ঘর।

হত্যালীলায় বর্বর!  
সরবে সবলে  
ছিন্ন করে আকাশতলা।

১১

তার পর এল  
চরম দুর্যোগ —  
ভয়ে ডরে  
সতর্কের ঘন্টা বাজে,  
— হানে আঘাত ঝনঝন...  
রাত্রি মাটিতে হয়ে নত —  
অন্ধকারে ঢাকে  
চারদিক।  
মরণ ঐ  
— রক্তপায়ী বুভুক্ষী ডাকিনী,  
কালো কুয়াশার ফাঁকে যে লুকিয়ে,  
সেও শিহরায়,  
আঁধার ভেঙে  
এগিয়ে এসে,

শুকনো হাড় কঙ্কাল

— লম্বা হাতে —

চেপে ধরে

পিষে নিংড়ায়

একটা একটা করে হৃদয়।

যত নামহীন প্রাণদানের এ রাত!

— জানা অজানা বলিদান কত —

গাঁয়ের সবুজ ঘাস রক্তে লাল তত।

ছিন্নকণ্ঠ শ্বাসরোধ, মৃত্যু গোঙায় তবু।

বন্ধ আবর্তে অশুভ সংকেত জানায়।

বন্দীতে ভরা কারাগার।

দরবার

ব্যারাক, চত্বর

ফাটে নির্দেশের হুংকারে।

খিল দেওয়া দ্বারে,

অঙ্কুরের দ্রুত করাঘাত।

রিভলভার হাতে দুহিতের গুলিবিদ্ধ দেহ

দালানে লোটারায়।

পিতা ঝোলে ফাঁসে।

লাঞ্জিতা ধর্ষিতা দুহিতা।  
ছোট্ট গ্রামবাসী গৃহহারা  
পিছে সেনা — ধায় ত্বরা  
সঁপে দিতে তাদের মরণের মুখে —  
গুলিতেই হবে প্রাণহারা —  
এল আদেশ — দাঁড়াও!  
“চালাও আগুন” —  
কামান বলে ওঠে —  
কু  
কুঞ্জ  
ক্লান্!  
“মারো!”  
— দুম্!  
দশ দেহ  
তীর থেকে  
গড়িয়ে পড়ে  
মারিত্‌সার নিস্প্রাণ ঘোলা জলো।  
গাঢ় লাল শ্রোতাবেগে যেন অশ্রুপাতে  
ভাসায় সন্তানদের নিয়ে নিজ কোলো।



রণ সঙ্গীত আসে দূর হতে  
জনহীন পথে,  
ওঠে রব  
“মারিৎসা করে কলরব...”  
রক্তে ভেসে...  
হেঁটে আসা মাঠে,  
কাঁটার কঠিন পথে,  
উঁচু ঘাস আগাছার ঝোপে,  
গড়ায় রক্তাক্ত কত ছিন্ন মাথা,  
ক্ষতবিক্ষত মুখে শত ছুরির আঘাত।  
ফাঁসিকাঠ তুচ্ছ করা রক্তজমা কালো হাত  
(ধ্বংসের কুয়াশায় উপছায়ার মত)।  
হাড়ের উপর কুঠারের অভিযান  
যেন এর নেই শেষ।  
জ্বলে গ্রামের পর গ্রাম,  
যেদিকে দুচোখ যায় এ নিমেষ।  
ঝরে রক্তের মুষলধারা।  
জ্বলে প্রলয়ের চিতানল  
কলুষিত তার শিখা

করে লেহন  
পাদদেশ,  
ঈশ্বরের ঐ সিংহাসনা।  
ঝলসায় তাজা মাংস।  
অতীব আতঙ্কে  
স্বর্গ নড়ে ওঠে  
শুনে,  
— বিধাতার প্রতি এ খল স্তুতি —  
হঠাৎ সব শেষ।  
থামল ঝঙ্কা ঝড়,  
উত্তাল  
অন্তিম —  
নামল  
সারা দেশে,  
শান্তি স্বস্তি  
নীরবতা।  
হল শেষ তবে আত্মাহুতি  
বিধাতার তরে এ দারুণ আরতি।

১২

কল্পনা, তুমি গাইছ আজ এ্যাখিলিসের স্তুতি  
এ্যাখিলিস বলবান যে অতি।  
যোদ্ধা সে নিপুণ বিরাট।  
বহুকাল ধরে সেনাপতি,  
ছিল যবে অ্যাগামেম্নন সম্রাট।  
এ্যাখিলিস বীরবর।  
স্তরের পর স্তর  
ক্রুশ, পদক, ফিতের সম্মান...  
স্মারক স্তম্ভে,  
শান্তির দম্ভে,  
দেশের কোন নবারম্ভে...  
আজ এই ক্ষণ,  
আর নেই প্রয়োজন,  
দেশী ভিনদেশী বীরজন।  
জ্বলেছে ট্রয়, শহর মিশেছে ধূলায়।  
প্রিয়াম ও হেকাবা প্রাণ হারিয়েছে হায়।  
জয় এ্যাখিলিসের জয়...  
— হেকাবার বিনাশে কি আসে যায়? —

তার পাষণ্ড হৃদয়,  
বধির কর্ণদ্বয়,  
না শোনে জননীর বুকভাঙা রোদন,  
আছড়ে পড়ে নামহীন কোন,  
রক্তে সিক্ত কবরের পর,  
অগুপ্তি কবর,  
নেই সংখ্যা ওর।

— হেকাবার বিনাশে কি আসে যায়? —

এ্যাথিলিস বীরবর।

এ্যাথিলিস মহারথী।

ঈশ্বরের রোশের কশাঘাতে,

অভিশাপে অদূর ভবিষ্যতে,

ধ্বংস হল এ্যাথিলিস একদিন,

পতন তার কী যে মানহীন,

পেল ঘাতকতার উচিত পরিশোধ।

আইফিগেনিয়াকে করে নিধন

— হত হলেন অ্যাগামেম্নন —

অ্যাগামেম্ননকে করে নিধন

— ক্লিতায়েমেনেস্ট্রার হল যে পতন —

ক্লিতায়েমেনেপ্রাকে করে বধ  
— অরেস্টেস-এলেকত্রা গেল মৃত্যুপথ —  
ছিল একাকিনী  
কাসান্দ্রা নন্দিনী,  
— যুগ যুগ ধরে  
আসন্ন প্রতিশোধের —  
যেই করে ভবিষ্যদ্বাণী,  
হয়েছে তা সত্য তখনি।  
দেবদেবীরা খেয়ালী খেলায়  
করে অবসর বিনোদন।  
তাদের ক্রোধ লীলায়  
সব মৃত্যু পরিহাস,  
সব কান্না কৌতুক।  
মৃত্যু, হত্যা আর রক্ত!  
কতদিন, কতকাল?  
হে সর্বশক্তিমান জিউস্,  
জুপিটার,  
আহুরামআজদা,  
ইন্দ্র,

তোত,  
রা,  
জিহোভা,  
সাৰাওত,  
তোমরা দাও উত্তর!  
ধোঁয়ামাখা আগুনের  
কোল থেকে,  
কৰুণ কান্নাৰ  
স্বৰে কান ভেদ কৰে,  
অসংখ্য শহীদ শৰীৰেৰ উপৰ  
সাজায় জ্বলন্ত কাঠ স্তরে স্তরে।  
— কে কৰেছে ধৰ্মচ্যুত  
বিশ্বাস হনন আমাদেৰ —  
দাও সদুত্তর!  
থাক নিৰুত্তর?  
নেই জানা তোমাদেৰ?  
আমাদেৰ আছে জানা!  
দেখো তবে  
একলাফে স্বৰ্গে গিয়ে

আমরা সকলে বলি  
জাহান্নমে যাও দেখি বিধি!  
— বোমায় বিদীর্ণ করে  
জয় করি আমরা হৃদয়  
জাহান্নমে যাও দেখি বিধি!  
সিংহাসন চ্যুত তুমি,  
তোমার ঠিকানা  
তারাহীন অন্ধকূপ,  
অতল গহ্বর,  
লৌহ রসাতল।  
জাহান্নমে যাও দেখি বিধি!  
অসীম অনন্ত আকাশে,  
রজ্জুবদ্ধ করি সেতু  
ভাঙি খান খান,  
স্বপ্নের স্বর্গ।  
আশার আলেয়া দুর্গ  
হয় নমিত দলিত,  
শোকাহত,  
রক্তাক্ত

এই পৃথিবীতে।  
যা আছে শাস্ত্রে, দর্শনে, কবির কথনে  
সত্য হবে সব!  
— বিধি নেই! নেই প্রভু!  
সেপ্টেম্বর মে মাস হবে।  
হবে যে তখন  
মানব জীবনের অন্য মূল্যায়ন  
— উন্নত! উন্নীত! উন্নয়ন!  
হবে এ জগতে স্বর্গ তবে –  
দৃঢ় মন দৃঢ় হয় এই ভেবে!

[মূল বুলগেরীয় ভাষা থেকে অনুবাদ  
– মৃদুলা ঘোষ]



In 1954, the remains of the great Bulgarian poet Geo Milev were uncovered in a mass grave at the outskirts of Sofia, nearly thirty years after he had been secretly executed by government agents. The poet was recognized only by the blue glass eye in the right socket of his cracked skull—a glass eye which replaced the real one he had lost fighting during the First World War for the very country that would execute him for publishing the politically non-affiliated, and therefore inconvenient, periodical *Plamuk*. It's probably very natural to raise the question 'Who killed Geo Milev?' It's a loaded question, raising many more with regards to the volatile nature of Bulgarian and European early 20th-century history, politics, and culture. But before attempting to answer 'Who killed Geo Milev?' we should ask: Who is Geo Milev?

In early 1920s Bulgaria, the international literary promise of the young visionary poet Geo Milev—German-educated, avant-garde writer, multi-lingual translator, and magazine publisher—is unbounded. He is contrarian, brilliant and erudite. But when he loses part of his skull and right eye fighting for Bulgaria in the First World War, something in him changes—he begins working almost obsessively in a race against time to expand the horizons of the Bulgarian literary landscape. During the remainder of his short life, the writer becomes one of the fiercest apologists of modernism and expressionism in Bulgaria, authoring potent poetry and sweeping political commentary, and translating into Bulgarian no less than Lord Byron, Shakespeare, Goethe, John Keats, and de Musset, to name some. In turn, he is despised by the conformist literary circles, the pseudo intellectuals and, naturally, the government. In his most famous poem *September*, published in his magazine *Plamuk* (*Flame*) in 1924, he wrote on the brutal suppression of the Bulgarian uprising of September 1923 against the military coup d'état of June 1923. On May 15, 1925, in the course of government reprisals following the St. Nedelya Church assault, Geo Milev was taken to a police station for a "short interrogation" from which he never returned.

# Септември

1

Нощта ражда из мъртва утроба  
вековната злоба на роба:  
своя пурпурен гняв -  
величав.

Дълбоко сред мрак и мъгла.

Из тъмни долини  
- преди да се съмне  
из всички балкани  
из дебри пустинни  
из гладни поля  
из кални паланки  
села  
градове  
дворове  
из хижи, колиби  
из фабрики, складове, гари  
хамбари  
чифлици  
воденици  
работилници  
юзини  
заводи:

по пътища и по завои  
високо  
по сипеи, урви, чукари, бърда  
през слог  
и рид  
през глухи усои  
през есенни жълти гори  
през камънаци  
вода  
мътни вади  
ливади  
нивя  
лозя  
овчарски пладнища  
глогини  
изгорели стърнища  
трънаци  
блата:

изпокъсани  
кални  
гладни  
навъсени  
измършавели от труд  
загрубели от жега и студ  
уродливи

сакати  
космати  
черни  
боси  
изподрани  
прости  
диви  
гневни  
бесни  
- без рози  
и песни  
без музика и барабани  
без кларинети, тимпани, латерни,  
флигорни, тромбони, тръби:  
на гърба с парцаливи торби  
в ръцете - не с бляскави шпаги,  
а с прости тояги,  
шопи със сопи  
с пръсти  
с копрали  
с търнокопи  
с вили  
с брадви  
с топори  
с коси  
и слънчогледи  
- стари и млади -  
се спуснаха всички отвред  
- като отприщено стадо  
от слепи животни,  
безброй  
яростни бикове -  
с викове  
с вой  
(зад тях - на нощта вкаменения свод)  
полетяха напред  
без ред  
неудържими  
страхотни  
велики:  
НАРОД!

2  
Нощта се разсипва във блясъци  
по върховете.  
*Слънчогледите*  
*погледнаха слънцето!*  
Зората от сън се  
пробуди  
сред гръм от картечници:  
От далечните  
склонове  
- удар след удар -

заплющяха  
луди  
куршуми - олово.  
Топове  
като зинали слонове  
зареваха...  
Трепет и страх.  
*Слънчогледите паднаха в прах.*

3  
Глас народен:  
Глас божи  
С хиляди ножа  
прободен  
народ -  
затъпен  
унижен  
по-нищ и от просяк,  
останал  
без мозък  
без нерви -  
въстана  
из мрака тревожен  
на своя живот  
- и писа със своите кърви:  
**СВОБОДЕН!**

*Глава първа:*  
Септември.  
- Глас народен -  
- Глас божи -  
О боже!  
подкрепяй свещеното дело  
на грубите черни ръце:  
влей смелост  
в нашето гърмящо сърце:  
Не искаш ти никого роб -  
и ето - кълнеме се в нашия гроб -  
ще възкресим ний човека  
свободен в света.  
Пред нас е смъртта -  
о нека!  
но отвъд:  
там цъфти Ханаан  
от Правдата обетован  
нам -  
вечна пролет на живия блян...  
Вярваме! Знаем! Желаете го!  
С нами бог!

4  
Септември! Септември!  
О месец на кръв!  
на подем

и погром!  
Мъглиж беше пръв  
Стара и  
Нова Загора  
Чирпан  
Лом  
Фердинанд  
Берковица  
Сарамбей  
Медковец  
(с поп Андрей)  
- градове и села.

5  
Народа въстана  
- с чук  
в ръката,  
обсипан със сажди, искри и сгурия,  
- със сърп сред полята,  
просмукан от влага и студ:  
хора на черния труд  
с безглаголно търпение -  
(не гении  
таланти  
протестанти  
оратори  
агитатори  
фабриканти  
въздухоплаватели  
педанти  
писатели  
генерали  
съдържатели  
на локали  
музиканти  
и черносотници)

А  
селяци  
работници  
груби простаци  
безимотни  
неграмотни  
профани  
хулигани  
глигани  
- скот като скот:  
хиляди  
маса  
народ;  
хиляди вери  
- вяра в народний възход,  
хиляди воли  
- воля за светъл живот,  
хиляди диви сърца

- и огън във всяко сърце,  
хиляди черни ръце  
- в червения кръг на простора  
издигнали с устрем нагоре  
червени  
знамена  
развени  
високо  
широко  
над цялата в трепет и смут разлюляна страна  
на бурята яростен плод:  
Хиляди -  
маса -  
народ.

6  
Блесна  
над родни Балкани,  
издигнали пъп  
срещу небето  
и вечното слънце  
светкавица  
- гръм  
хрясна  
право в сърцето  
на гигантския  
столетен  
дъб.  
Хълм подир хълм  
ек бързолетен  
отпрати далек  
през чуки  
грамади  
към стръмни долини  
в каменни дупки  
- пламтящо легло -  
дето спят на витло  
пепелянки и смолци,  
в пещери  
на змеици и змейове,  
в глухи хралупи на вещици  
- и екота сля се  
с далечно ехо:  
екот и ропот  
на водопади  
потоци  
порои -  
бесни  
рукнали в бездната  
с гръм.

7  
Започва трагедията! -

8

Първите  
паднаха в кърви.  
Метежният устрем  
бе посрещнат с куршуми.  
Знамената изтръпнаха  
пронизани.  
Планината гърми...  
Там горе  
далечни и близки хълми  
потъмняха обнизани  
с хора  
- плъпнаха  
черни редици:  
редовни платени войници  
и разлютена милиция.  
Всички те знаят:  
"Отечеството  
е в опасност!"  
    Прекрасно:  
    но - що е отечество? -  
И яростно лаят  
картечници...  
Първите  
паднаха в кърви.  
Зад далечните  
върхове  
забумтя артилерия.  
Затрепераха  
градове  
и села.  
Мъртви тела  
- окървавени трупове -  
застлаха  
склонове  
валози  
пътища...  
С извадени саби  
кавалерийски отряди подгониха  
разбитите селяни  
- доубивани, стреляни  
с шрапнели, фугаси  
- бягащи в ужас на всички страни,  
догонвани в къщите  
и съсичани там  
с кървави саби  
под нисък сайвант  
сред писък  
на изплашени баби,  
деца и жени...

9

Войските настъпваха.  
Под грозния звук на шрапнелите

изтръпнаха  
и най-смелите:  
в отчаяние  
към небето издигнати голи ръце.  
Ужас без слава  
замръзна на всяко лице -  
очи без страдание.  
"Всеки  
да си спасява  
живота!"  
По всички пътеки  
ето спущат се рота след рота  
- пехота  
кавалерия  
артилерия.  
Бият атака  
барабаните.  
Паника  
- високо  
над изподраните  
червени знамена -  
бич от пурпурни пламъци вей.  
Там  
посред общия смут  
сам,  
като луд  
епически смелия  
поп  
Андрей  
с легендарния топ  
стреля  
снаряд след снаряд...  
В последния миг:  
"Смърт на Сатаната!"  
извика  
побеснял и велик -  
и обърна назад  
своя топ:  
последната  
граната  
изпрати  
право там  
- в божия храм  
дето бе пял литургия, ектении...  
И се предаде.  
"Да се обеси червения поп!  
Без кръст - без гроб!"  
До телеграфния стълб бе изправен.  
До него палача.  
Капитана.  
Въжето  
бе готово.  
Балкана  
тъмнееше мрачен.



Небето -

сурово.

Попа стоеше огромен,  
изправен в целий си ръст,  
цял

спокоен като гранит -

без жал

без спомен

- на гърдите Христовия кръст

и с поглед в балканите впит -

далеко

сякаш в грядущето...

- Страхливо вий поглед отпущате

пред близката смърт на човека,

палачи!

Що значи

смъртта на един?

Амин!

Захрачи

и плю.

Бързо нахлу

сам на врата си въжето

и

без да погледне небето

- увисна -

език

между зъбите стиснал:

велик

сюблимен

непостижим!

10

Есента

полетя

диво разкъсана

в писъци, вихър и нош.

Буря изви се

над тъмни балкани

- мрак и блясък

и гракаци гарвани ято -

Кървава пот

изби по гърба на земята.

В ужас и трепет снижи се

всяка хижа и дом.

*Погром!*

Трясък

продъни небесния свод.

11

Тогава настана

най-ужасното:

Бясно захласната

заудря в душите тревожна камбана

- удря, бие, звъни...

Ношта падна тъй ниско -  
глухо и страшно заключена  
от всички страни.  
Смъртта  
- кървава вещица сгушена  
във всичките ъгли на мрака  
изписка,  
и ето посяга  
далеч и навред из ношта:  
със своите сухи ръце  
- дълги, безкрайни -  
улавя и стиска  
зад всяка стена  
по едно ужасено сърце.  
О, нош на безименни тайни!  
- и тайни, и явни:  
Мегдани отново с кармин окървавени.  
Смъртни писъци в прерязано гърло задавени.  
На вериги зловещия звек.  
Затворите пълни с хора.  
В двора  
на казарми, затвори  
от командвани залпове ек.  
Вратите залостени.  
Чукат отвън тъмни гости.  
Сина със револвер в ръката  
мъртъв на прага прострян.  
Бащата обесен.  
Обезчестена сестрата.  
От селата задигнати селяни  
след тях - войници:  
мрачен конвой.  
За да бъдат разстреляни:  
Команда: стой!  
"Огън" -  
изтракаха пушки:  
Ку  
Клъкс  
Клян -  
"бий!"  
- залп.  
Десет трупа  
от брега  
плюснаха тежко  
в мъртвите мътни води на Марица.  
Окървавена повлече  
ги скръбната родна река.  
Военна музика нейде далече  
през обезлюдени улици  
гърмеше  
"Шуми Марица..."  
Окървавена...  
В изпотъпкани ниви  
трънливи

между бодил и високи треви  
се валят червени глави  
с накълцано обезобразено лице.  
Бесилки разпериха черни ръце  
(привидения в мъртва мъгла).  
Непрестанно се носи страхотния марш на топора  
ударил о кокал. Горящи села  
озаряват далеч кръгозора.  
Потекоха кървави вади.  
Пламнали клади  
лизнаха със светотатствен език  
светото подножие  
на божия  
престол.  
Замириса на живо месо.  
Ужасени отвис небесата  
нададоха вик  
блажените жители на светлия рай  
- на бога свирепо Осанна -  
Край.  
Урагана престана,  
халата  
спря най-подир:  
мир  
и тишина  
настана  
по цялата  
страна.  
Кървав на боговете курбан.

12

Музо, възпей оня пагубен гняв на Ахила...  
Ахил беше грубата сила.  
Военния демон.  
Ахил беше стар генерал  
на Н. Ц. В. цар Агамемнон.  
Ахил бе герой.  
С безброй  
кръстове, ордени, ленти...  
Пиедестал  
на реда и тишината  
в страната...  
Но днес ний  
не вярваме вече в герои  
- ни чужди, ни свои.  
Троя бе опожарена и срината.  
Приам и Хекуба загинаха.  
Ахил тържествува...  
- Какво е за него Хекуба? -  
Душата му дива и груба  
не чува  
плача на свещената майка, разкъсана  
над безименни гробища с кърви оръсени  
израснали в миг

- толкоз много -  
безброй.  
- Какво е за него Хекуба? -  
Ахил бе герой.  
Ахил бе верик.  
Бич божий изпратен от бога.  
Но Ахил ще загине под гняв и проклетия.  
- И загина  
падна в позорно падение:  
на убиеца вярна отплата.  
Агамемнон уби Ифигирия  
- и загина:  
Клитемнестра уби Агамемнона  
- и загина:  
Орест със Електра уби Клитемнестра  
- и загина...  
Едничка остава  
- стои и пребъдва  
през вековете -  
Касандра-пророчица:  
тя вещае възмездие  
- и всичко се сбъдва.  
Безсменна прищявка, игра и забава  
на боговете.  
Вековечен разцвет на божествена стръв.  
Всяка смърт е за тях развлечение,  
всеки вопъл - шегга.  
Смърт, убийство и кръв!  
Докога, докога?  
Вседържителю Зевс  
Юпитере  
Ахурамазда  
Индра  
Тот  
Ра  
Йехова  
Саваот:  
- *отговаряй!*  
Кръз дима на пожарите  
се издига и бие ушите ти  
вика на убитите,  
рева  
на мъченици безброй  
върху клади горящи дърва:  
- *Кой*  
*излъга нашата вяра?* -  
Отговаряй!  
Ти мълчиш?  
Не знаеш?  
- Ний знаем!  
Ето виж:  
с един скок  
ний скачаме право в небето:  
ДОЛУ БОГ!

- хвърляме бомба в сърцето ти,  
превземаме с щурм небето:  
ДОЛУ БОГ!  
и от твоя престол  
те запращаме мъртъв надолу  
вдън вселенските бездни  
беззвездни,  
железни -  
ДОЛУ БОГ!  
По небесните мостове  
високи без край  
с въжета и лостове  
ще снемем блажения рай  
долу  
върху печалния  
в кърви обляния  
земен шар.  
Всичко писано от философи, поети -  
ще се сбъдне!  
- Без бог! без господар!  
Септември ще бъде май.  
Човешкия живот  
ще бъде един безконечен възход  
- нагоре! нагоре!  
*Земята ще бъде рай -*  
ще бъде!