

*MOE SARTSE (My Heart)*

*Through you flows the restless electricity of my blood  
which draws the broken diagram of my life and inspiration.  
You throb flawlessly on the stony hills of my way,  
you give your out-of-breath rhythm to my verses.  
You take the bitterness and the pollutants, drunk by me,  
and like a miracle worker, who changes water into wine,  
you change them into globules of poetry.  
You fight defiantly with rising and falling tides of love,  
and finally you lead me again to the rescuing shores of creativity.  
You stand startled in stillness, before beauty and goodness.  
You are excited by waves of alarm or joy in the world  
and you sound like a conch shell,  
with voices gathered from the human ocean...  
I thank you, living heart. I'll not ask for another  
- in order just to prolong my life...  
Beat, beat away you last predestined stroke,  
and then let us fall asleep to come to rest together  
- my own dear heart.*

*Elisaveta Bagryana*

*translation by Belin Tonchev from  
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