

Poetry Series

Bozhidar Pangelov
- poems -

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Bozhidar Pangelov, was born in Sofia, Bulgaria, where he works and lives now. He is an author of four poetry books, written and published in Bulgarian. Some of his poems have been translated and published in Italian, German and American poetry sites.

*** (With Its Death)

With its death
the day gilds
the leaves.

I do not know the names of
the tree
and it doesn't matter for
beauty.

Bozhidar Pangelov

***(An Endless Sorrow)

I am passing by at dusk
in a white shirt.
I am looking sidelong
in the boiled soil
the growth so wild
of yellow flowers.
I do not know
what Evil is
("Flowers of Evil" –
how did you guess which ones they were?
Oh, Baudelaire!) .
I do not know,
what Good is
(in His name
I swear) .
And I am passing on again so distant,
again in a white shirt...

In an endless sorrow.

Bozhidar Pangelov

*****(The Night Is Flexible)**

The night is flexible
the quiet willow
over a lake

traveling

somewhere.

Bozhidar Pangelov

***(To My Children)

At some unnamed night,
and it will be bright,
I'll go away.
The door I will never
close
the flowers will keep
fragrance.
My children will have fallen asleep
the most deeply
covered and caressed
and somebody will cant to them again
a cradle song.
It will be light like in a temple
and clear like a voice
in mountains.
Then I'll leave
forgotten all the words...

A branch in the white snow.

Bozhidar Pangelov

24 May - The Day Of Slavonic Alphabet, Bulgarian Enlightenment And Culture

This is a very special day in Bulgaria, my friends. Here - you can read more on it.

marigolds

marigolds

San Clemente*

and the sun that is
opening
we will lose ourselves
before they find us
in the eternal searching
for ourselves
(and the mind again
steps over us)
did you recognize the happiness
Ahasver**

marigolds

(like an epoch)

San Clemente

and I am bowing

*In one lateral chapel there is a shrine with the tomb of Saint Cyril of the Saints Cyril and Methodius who created the Glagolitic alphabet and Christianized the Slavs.

**Wandering Jew; the name Ahasver is adapted from Ahasuerus the Persian king in Esther, who was not a Jew, and whose very name among medieval Jews was an exemplum of a fool

Bozhidar Pangelov

A Feather Of Fujiyama

Hello friends! This is my first bilingual R @ ANVIL BOOKS released my book of poems as e-book on AMAZON Kindle:

Special thanks to Vessislava Savova (translator) , Mercedes Webb-Pullman (Editor) , Adam Henry Carriere (Editor) , and my daughter Liliya Pangelova (illustrator)

All proceeds from the sale of this collection will go to the Bulgarian Integrated Education Foundation, working to improve the lives of children and youth with special health and educational needs (including mild Down syndrome, autism / autistic spectrum, cerebral palsy, language-speech disorders, and hyperactivity) and their families.}

Thanks for your support everyone! I wish you happiness and good reading

Bozhidar Pangelov

A Letter

I'm writing a letter to you.
It's in a maze. Like me.
Surely you've seen the Perseids.
Above the sea.
It's the same with the words,
which I'm writing or have written.
I don't remember.
And they are always another.
Not those ones which I'd like to say.
Or I've said?
I don't remember.
I've abandoned the thought
like a traveler who is walking
to a harbor.
The ships depart there.
Further and further.
Further ...
May I see you,
how you're walking along the little cobble
street,
which I haven't passed in,
to meet you and to tell you
the love is one.
I don't remember if I said this to you.
In fact, I don't know if it's where
one should pass through to somewhere.
I don't know if you've seen
The Perseids and the sea.
I don't remember.
If I write anything else
but one -
one.
I don't remember.

Bozhidar Pangelov

Aiko, My Aiko

The buffalo is wading deeply
into the mud.
Ripe is the rice.

And white.
There's almost no wind.
Sun in circles.

Rice is the door,
quietly is rustling at ajaring...

Bozhidar Pangelov

Antique Cycle-2

Hear

Bozhidar Pangelov&Vania; Konstantinova/In Memoriam/

Under the Coat of Arms

In Malta, in the ancient walls
is beating the sea so salty.
Somewhere behind,
distant,
hidden
are shining through southern almonds.
There is no moon.
The light is illumining
herself
in the pearl of your eyes.
Harmonious.
Without gunshots
of the squadrons by Lepanto.
The falcons on the coat of arms fall asleep,
never wanted,
in honor
and dignity.

Vania Konstantinova

Behind the Gates

Behind the gates
of Mdina I hide you,
far of any nemesis,
of foam and stretched sails.
Behind the towers of the castle.
In the most inner yard.
Under the spurts of the cascade,
more precious than silver.
Here they see only
the eyes of the peacocks,
whisked their tails

for cooling.
Keepers of the secret
with their tongues wrested.
And when your brush sculptures
the bracelet around my ankle,
reflected in Venetian mirror
like a trap –
I forget who you are and the sin
with head chopped off,
I forget about the death ...

Bozhidar Pangelov

At Dusk

At dusk
the leaves are bending.

They are fading away.
The light they are closing.

Under the ground
I won't be.

Bozhidar Pangelov

Christmas

The night is short like a breath
and long like a cry -
a woman who hard is giving birth of
a day.

A flame, glimmered above water:
one and only,
invisible,
sacred.

Immovable star.

Nothing born in Spirit
passes away.

Neither does it repeat.

The circle is broken -
after the life, a life is coming.

O, mother - give a birth!

A God's voice over the dark:
'He was born...'

Bozhidar Pangelov

Demon (M. Vrubel)

The hour.

The hour of violet.

Who's there above the violet
twilight flying?

It's gnawing its flesh
and hits its shadow in the rocks.

It's you, isn't it?

The last child of sorrow.

The lost breath of God.

The fear of the strong
of himself?

It's burning - the silver
of desperate Vrubel.

Bozhidar Pangelov

Dolphin Manifesto

now not anymore
the Island that isn't
a loneliness but
Choice without being
There we were sitting and
The Sea was coming and
We (me and you) - a gorgeous staple,
Hooked,
were creating and
we saw him (after years and years) how
he was entering
like a rainbow huge
unattainable and
slow
brown - like a beam
(to hold for it)
nonpoetry - the other one is breakable
when the meaning they wave -
a hand of an insane man before a mirror
nongame - the game is dead
after Joyce and like a child is screaming
for the sandy tower after an adult
(a cynical stone) carelessly and with no reason
forded through
the dolphin is a life vital
and his existence aside of the genesis
and whole in the sea and whole
is reflected
nonliterature - the literature is dead
implicated into shape and ad of
the language but
where is here the Rapture
of the dolphin - glamour
oh forgive me I am entering
a someone else's territory
I am not a ventriloquist too
I do not practice knowledge
there's nothing new here each
new is unnamed

a vital place without a place
in a movement moveable
smooth like blue
fused in a deep bare
white

Bozhidar Pangelov

Epitaph

the rain is getting
shorter
an hour more
a second
breath
and someone somewhere
is speaking
like a fire
speaking
exactly
lightly
clearly
similar to a vale
in which you get down
and yet you are high
or a soil
which you do not decay into
when the rain stops
may I manage
something to put down
before scattering
with the fireflies

Bozhidar Pangelov

Exodus

And if ever you don't see
Exodus,
dig in the soil like a fruit
worm
and lift the stone of yourself
heavier,
to find a word
harder than Maya.*

And if you ever demand for more,
dig the sky.

* Maya or Maya (Sanskrit मया mayaa[>]) , a term found in Pali and Sanskrit literature, has multiple meanings and can be translated to mean something of an 'illusion'

Bozhidar Pangelov

Fall Omen

Twinkling,
when even the day
is shrinking,
and the sun declines
in the fold of the mountains,
belches out quietly
the fall flame from
the cornfield,
where the raven
is only
the fingers of a plough.

--

original:

1045; 1089; 1077; 1085; 1085; 1072; 1087; 1086;
1083; 1080; 1095; 1073; 1072;

1042; 1084; 1080; 1075; ,
1082; 1086; 1075; 1072; 1090; 1086; 1080; 1076;
1077; 1085; 1103; 1090;
1089; 1077; 1089; 1074; 1080; 1074; 1072; ,
1080; 1089; 1083; 1098; 1085; 1094; 1077; 1090;
1086; 1079; 1072; 1084; 1080; 1088; 1072;
1074; 1089; 1075; 1098; 1074; 1082; 1072; 1090;
1072; 1085; 1072; 1087; 1083; 1072; 1085; 1080;
1085; 1072; 1090; 1072; ,
1080; 1079; 1088; 1080; 1075; 1074; 1072; 1090;
1080; 1093; 1086;
1077; 1089; 1077; 1085; 1085; 1080; 1103; 1090;
1087; 1083; 1072; 1084; 1098; 1082; 1086; 1090;
1085; 1080; 1074; 1103; 1090; 1072; ,
1082; 1098; 1076; 1077; 1090; 1086; 1075; 1072;
1088; 1074; 1072; 1085; 1098; 1090;
1077; 1089; 1072; 1084; 1086;
1087; 1088; 1098; 1089; 1090; 1080; 1090; 1077;
1085; 1072; 1086; 1088; 1072; 1085; .

*Translator bulgarian-english: Vessislava Savova

Bozhidar Pangelov

Flags

Leave these ships with the big
white sails that hardly are wobbling.
Leave this cry of the gulls full of
alarming
longing – let the lungs swallow the wind
coming.
Leave the eyes, let them travel beyond
the horizons –
falling leaves.
And find that angle of the time – of
love
“Here and there does not
matter”*
and that grief which hollows out the air
becomes the jump,
becomes wing beat,
the water deep in the tank,
the entire while of moving unmovable.
Flags!

Bozhidar Pangelov

Here Is

Here

the rain.

Here

The palms.

Here

a bit

of rain.

Everything's

moving,

here.

We are

walking

folded.

Who is

fondling

your face.

Bozhidar Pangelov

I'M Calling You By Name

In a while,
in a second
and rain is pouring down.
One expectation like an Alpine horn
and you hardly,
hardly
are alive.
With your little hollows you're listening
to the Labyrinth.
And I have no knowledge.
And I have no map.
But the long movement of moss on the skin
of obelisks.
The calm waters are unleashing into me
and the chestnuts are putting white candles on
(and the autumn is a palm) .
Wings, raising
upwards and
upwards...

I'm calling you by name.

Bozhidar Pangelov

In The Slender Net Of Stars

I'm sinking.

At that night the grass
is embracing me velvety.
And it seems to me unreal
that I'm an island sprung
in milky ways.

Yes.

That night I'm spilling
with the tide.

And the joys of directions
into the worlds are fusing
in a kernel.

I'm breathing uniformly and deeply
under the arch of your arm
and a cradle

Bozhidar Pangelov

Iu

Little IU,
Little IU...
Drop, drop,
drop, drop.
Drops...

Body -
shaking leaves

Ю

м а л к а Ю ,
м а л к а Ю ...
ц о п - ц о п
ц о п - ц о п
к а п ч и ц и ...

т я л о -
л и с т т р е п
е р е щ

Bozhidar Pangelov

Jammapada

as a child
I take a look

this world
a luminous bubble
swept by winds
fades

the morning of rains

Bozhidar Pangelov

Land/????/?????

land

what shall I tell them

it hurts me
for the ones
and for the others
(for you
and for you
for all of you)
who have land
who have no land
who look for land
red
red
red

what shall I tell them

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Bozhidar Pangelov

Last*

The tongue slips
over the grayish-blue
edge
of a Catalonian knife.
Salt.
Tambours bang.
Me or him.
The dark dance starts.
A step
... a jump.
The night -
an award for death.
A red dress -
survival.
Curse eternal -
Carmen.
Corrida - ever.
The knife stabs in the back
and the crowd cries
'More! '
Breath, breath - the edge
squeals...

*'Ultimo! (Spanish)

Bozhidar Pangelov

Missolonghi

In English, the Greek Kalinihita (?????????) means Good Night

I won't be by you,
Kalinihita,
the lines of your palm.
I'm too heavy, my girl,
and you - a light one.
Let you pass smoothly
through all the doors
on the shoulders of everybody
let you step.
Like a sound of a love
romance
to pass by.
I'm heavy, heavy, my girl
and my shadow is white.
And you can see
chromatic
and to croon you can
only to the wind.
Where shall I stay
without disturbing.
Your dream.

Bozhidar Pangelov

My Pigeons

My pigeons.
these, who live
in the birdhouse,
(for
pets)
are not at all "my" pigeons.
I am not there during the day.
And I cannot recognize myself.
At night they talk to each other.
I understand that this is so,
when in the room with my pigeons
I am met by a big blue eye.

They shyly grow quiet.

Please,
Do not be concerned.
They get along just fine.

Bozhidar Pangelov

No Matter

Long are the streets
and go somewhere
not like your
fingers
tenderly
in my hand

and no matter it rains
no matter it does.

Bozhidar Pangelov

Omnia Mea Mecum Porto*

Bias, one of the Seven, take up neither (when the Persians arrived) an arm
such glorious like the Seven for Thebes,
nor a book full of wisdom of now.

No.

There is a talk he said, "Omnia mea mecum porto",
as every beggar says and left (in
hidden)

the burning and in ruins turned town.

There is a talk he bought (I wonder what with) the lasses,
who (maybe) the Spartans had taken for their slaves. And he sent them back as
daughters.

I even don't want to think. Omnia mea mecum porto.

The future is theirs with their fathers in
disgrace.

Yes.

He had died before the court passed sentence
(so just) on the chest of the child.

And he says, "For all good thank the
gods".

*All that's mine I carry with me – Latin

Bozhidar Pangelov

Our Love Isn'T At Ease

Our love isn't at ease,
just like the wind in white acacias
and like a bead on child's hand,
it's not at ease.
In it they miss - wonderlands,
delights, flame and solace.
And none of us will call it my own
before it passes us on slightly.
And it will stay somewhere - far away,
unapproachable, uneasy.
And yellow leaves will whisper in snows.

Our love isn't at ease.
It isn't at ease.

Bozhidar Pangelov

Presences

Some affirm

tropics are sad
as well as railway stations.

Believe.

∴ he choice is for
all those who passed by

And for a Communion

(with
a rose)

Bozhidar Pangelov

Rozhen

on a dry tree hung
does the monastery hang

and a road is curving
like a snake
with its tail up
do you hear that cry
of the rocks
the silence screams
overcome
by all the words
by the roar of crickets
by the blood in the veins

I've never understood nothing

stuck the palms
and three fingers
above the soil

Bozhidar Pangelov

Salamis*

Deep in the sea,
where the sun
doesn't reach
and the galleys
of Salamis sleep,
the fish-moons
pass
on tip-toe.

In yellow
the time is shining,
forged
to the oars
of once passed
foam
in flags
dreamers of eternity.

But it happens to me
(at an unsaid hour)
in the moon garden
of the sea
to meet the chained ones.

* Salamis - an island in Aegean Sea by which in October, 480 BC the Greek Navy defeats the Persian one and turns the course of action of the Second Greco-Persian War in favor of Greece.

Bozhidar Pangelov

Silence

and on that day of sun
the leaves of the chestnut
like arms are shielding
from
sunlight's glow
and I see through the dream
like through mirrors
the garden with boats
cranes
and
tones
far steps of the sea
and beauty
that is killing me

Bozhidar Pangelov

Sufficient

I do not expect you.
Sunken hours.
And the streets are rocking like slow guards.
I do not expect you.
The thought is sufficient. And long one ...
For a Sunday.

A dream
are dreaming
the birch's
twigs.

Bozhidar Pangelov

That Is Another Night

That
is another night.
Of the fingers,
of the silent stars that
are dying out.
One
by one.
Of the primordial waters,
when
the words are uttered.
That is another night,
where we know each other
and we are.
Different.
The fingers.

One hand
that
someone is holding out to us.

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Girl With An Umbrella Of Roses

the girl
with an umbrella of roses
stops so suddenly
at the nook

the sea and the infinity

she waits
for the morning wind
(to fly off)

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Girl With The Cherries

The girl
who used to open
the markets
and lock the day.
The girl with the cherries
is flying away...
And they soared
like rainbows.
The traders' faces
stretched.
The passers by
sank their hearts.
And somebody
smiled,
gathered the pastels
and went on.

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Green Snake

A splendid vase –
the setting sun rotates
in redness of the skies.
Oh! Of happiness I dream!
My tiny planet I'll treasure up
(for ages just a flower of earth
a rose used to be) .
I am setting off ...
The green snake's love
is sincere only –
to the end!

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Imam Runs Only To The Mosque

Will you break off with me,
my beloved,
morsel for morsel laddu*?
My dream doesn't come to me,
my bed is divided,
my heart – dry,
fire is rankling me.
You'll regret,
my beloved,
if you taste it –
outside it's sweet
inside – bitter.
Twice more,
my beloved,
your tear will run fast
if you pass me by scornfully.
In my chest
I wear a diamond of snake,
a lion-hair on my wrist,
a wealth of Brahman
in my head.
Will someone take them, gifted
someone else but my death?

Ah, my beloved,
marry me.

*a round syrup sweet made of gram flour

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Light Toy-Railway

The light toy-railway is traveling,
with the kids who aren't anymore.

To Paris, to Brussels is traveling,
to the Black Africa too.

The light toy-railway is grieving,
for the fawn's steps under Christmas tree,
for the luster in the eyes and
ah, for the toys.

For the Blue Bird, for the white photos,
for the hand that is putting the little star.
For the dream that's coming true.

The light toy-railway is traveling.
Traveling.

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Man Who Is Silent

The man who walks on
Calzada De Los Muertos, speaks
only in Spanish.
"... in the remains of yesterday
rain a bit of Moon is shining.
Ice too much ice. And the time is
somehow split up into tomorrow and
into tomorrow. And the love, oh,
love is..."
The man goes on.
Yes.

Yonder, on the alley of birds,
a couple is speaking into gold.

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Things

Art must mount a full-scale attack on language itself,
by means of language and its surrogates, on behalf of the standard of silence.
Susan Sontag.

I talk too much.

The Things are:

a flower

a grain of sand

a spark.

And all together.

Translator bulgarian-english: : Milena Veleva

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Voice Of One Crying

"The voice of One crying in the desert speaks:

Marko,1.3:

Isaiah,40: 3;

And here The One is coming...

A child in this winter
or in some other one
in the pound is drawing.
The water accepts everything,
forgets, washes up.
A name and a voice.
The voice leaves hunger.
Feeds up – the name.
The water everything forgets.

Carve me out of fire!

Bozhidar Pangelov

The Wind

it's a time of hunger
and of plague
and of starling
the grasshoppers ate up the wheat
the water has another color
can't be drunk
the children go to someone else's doors
knock
but they do not answer them
and speak there
behind one crooked tree
something they speak
hiss the wind
that one at least knew
that he was tested
they were staying and speaking to him
even he was seeing
people
sticking needles
under the nails
but you have arms
both left one
and right one
and wrists
and fingers
and a hole

ignite your skin
the wind is from bellow

Bozhidar Pangelov

This Love

wants nothing.
It just happens
like a ray of the tree-tops
or of a temporal bone a palm.
This love
is not a centenary tree keeping
secrets -
open and clear is shining
the grass on the hill.
It stays quiet under the stormy wind
it bears under the fire of the sun,
in hollows of the nights long
tells fairytales.
The world changes. - It does not faint.
It grows up higher than it
and shorter than the stone.
In the church a thunder falls,
but She is praying...
She is Her temple
and the temple is Her.

And Everything!

Bozhidar Pangelov

Time Is An Idea

Time is an idea of the over-ripe mind
The sky bent dries the earth
Did you achieve anything more than

Pain

Wreath for the eyes

Rumble

Ghostly reflection left of
"Us"

Bozhidar Pangelov

Toll!

I remain a guard of sorrow,
of angels who are thrilling there
and of the water of the fat soil.
Insane guard
of a burning temple
at the time of plague and cholera.
Feast!
Feast of the senses and of the fist
in a velvet glove.
Endless death.
And I become a bell.
Toll!

Bozhidar Pangelov

Walking On The Radiance

I'm twisting
like
a shaft of silver reeds
for the sunrise on the waves
for the sunset on the waves
and as Ra's boat
I'm crossing you

at the other side
after the deceased
scattered

Bozhidar Pangelov

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Bozhidar Pangelov