

Ivan Akhmetev

On top of the collections of the poets I discussed in my first presentation, I participated in compiling several anthologies. One of those, the Internet Anthology of the Unofficial Russian Poetry (NP) can be found in the Virtual Russian Library. And the very last is entitled, "Russian Poetry 1950-2000. An Anthology (the First Approach) in two volumes, which came out in 2010. Compiled by Akhmetev, G. Lukomnikov, V. Orlov, A. Uritskii.

This last anthology is a synthetic one: it comprises the three existing branches of Russian poetry, that is, the official, unofficial and emigrant poetry. It is polystylistic and intended as a representation of the objective picture of the second part of the 20th century poetry.

Four editors voted for or against each poem included in the Anthology. Three or four votes secured a certain poem its place in the Anthology.

The Anthology included 576 authors. Each author's entry is anything from 1-12 pages long.

Currently, we are preparing the second edition of the Anthology.

I will read three poems from the Anthology. I chose three outstanding authors who are not widely known.

The translations are by Andrei Burago.

Александр Гашек (1946–1993)

игра

стояли у окна она сказала
есть детская забытая забава
кто счастливей
играют двое правила простые

найди в толпе беременную женщину
быстро сосчитай раз
и ты счастливец
ну что играем начинай

здесь нет толпы заметил он
она: ах боже мой считай скорей считай
и застыдилась
отступила в тень

я белым камешком отмечу этот день

the game

as they were standing by the window she said
I'll teach you a forgotten children's game
who is lucky
a game for two players rules are simple

spot a pregnant woman in the crowd
quickly say bingo
and you are lucky
well shall we play you start

there's no crowd here he observed
she: oh my God just say it say it now
and then she blushed
stepped back into the shade

a white stone day

Александр Денисенко (р. 1947)

снег снег снег снег снег снег снег снег снег

это кажется метель пурга
все уляжется уйдет в снега
мерзлый тополь отойдет ко сну
в бесконечную свою страну
ешь откусывай хрусти вино
пока вьюги на Москве гостят
это мертвые давным-давно
с неба девушки летят летят

what is seemingly a tempest now
will calm down sink to rest in the snow
chilled throughout, the poplar tree is adrift
to its infinite domain of dreams
take a bite, eat up and crunch, have some wine
while the blizzards are in Moscow staying
these are maidens dead for long, long time
gliding down, gliding down from heaven

Антон Сурнин (р. 1975)

* * *

Зачеркнутому верить.
Зажженное курить.
Небритое – намылить.
Намыленное – брить.

Побритому – одеться.
Одетому – идти.
И нет числа дорогам!
И нет конца пути!

What's crossed out is valid.
What's lit is to be smoked.
The stubble has to be lathered.
It's lathered - shave it off.

Once shaved, put on your clothes.
Once dressed, get on your way.
There's no lack of roads!
The journey has no end!