

Haçanda ylhamyma duşamda

Category: Goşgular, Kitapcy

написано kitapcy | 25 январа, 2025

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Ony nazarladym
Äýnegmi aýryp
Hat ýazylýan stoljygyň başynda.
Olar bolsa aýdym aýdýar henizem
Çekirtge deý çyrlaşyp,
Soňra bolsa dymdylar.

Onuň sesi ýaňlananda
Gün şöhlesi başyn egdi
Men özümi arşda duýdum
Hem bilýärdim
Degen ýerni penjä alýardy olar.

Ol aýtdy:

«Men seniň daş – töwerege
Şahsy garaýşyňdyryn.
Meni özüň bilen
Ýaşatdygyňça
Bu barlyga bolan barça nazaryň
Seň nesliň gutulşy bolar»
Şeýdibem men ony
Elime aldym.

Terjimä eden Meňli AŞYROWA.

• WHEN I MET MY MUSE

I glanced at her and took my glasses
off-they were still singing.
They buzzed
like a locust on the coffee table and then
ceased.
Her voice belled forth, and the
sunlight bent.
I felt the ceiling arch, and
knew that nails up there took a new grip
on whatever they touched.
«I am your own
way of looking at things,» she said.
«When you allow me to live with you, every
glance at the world around you will be
a sort of salvation.»
And I took her hand.

William STAFFORD. Goşgular