

Ýalňyz

Category: Goşgular, Kitapcy
написано kitapcy | 25 января, 2025
Ýalňyz ÝALŇYZ



Çagalyk ýyllarymdan bäri,
Bolmadym başgalar ýaly,
Görmedim özgeleň görüşi ýaly
Hyjuwmy ýönekeý bahardan aldym
Ýöne ol gussamyň çeşmesi däldi.

Ýüregim birsydyrgyn heñde joşmady
Ähli söýenlermi ýalňyz söýdüm men
Soňra çagalygmyň daň şapagynda,
Çarkandakly çatrygynda durmuşyň
Deňme deň galdym.
Ýagşylygyň hem erbediň çuň çuňlugynda
Meni özüne bendi eden syrly zat
Silde ýa-da çüwdürimde,
Daglaryň kert gaýasynda,
Öçügsi güýz şöhlesinde
Meni giňden gurşan günde
Asmandaky ýylдыrymda
Meň deňimden geçip baryan
Harasatda hem gopgunda
Arşyň tutuş durky ýene
asuda wagty
Gözümiň öňünde
Bulut girdi del şeýtanyň keşbine.

ALONE

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were
I have not seen
As others saw.
I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow.
I could not awaker
My heart to joy at the same tone
And all I loved, I loved alone.
Then in my childhood in the dawn
Of a most stormy life was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still.
From the torrent or the fountair
From the red cliff of the mountain,
From the sun that round me rolled
In its autumn tint of gold,

From the lightning in the sky
As it passed me flying by
From the thunder and the storm
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of I leaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view.

Edgar ALLAN PO Goşgular