MADAGH & ORPHANS OF ARMENIA (POEMS)

Posted on April 23, 2009 by Keghart

Category: Opinions

Juan Yelanguezian, Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dr. Juan R. S. Yelanguezian K. P. is an Argentinian-Armenian composer, musicologist, author and plastic artist. In addition he has translated Dora Sakayan's ***Esmirna 1922: Entre Fuego, El Sable Y El Agua*** *(El Diario Del Dr. Hatcherian), Montreal 2001. He is a third generation descendant of traditional families from Cilicia (Tarsos, Adana & Marash) and Thrace (Xanthi), His mother was born in Athens, and his father in Beirut. He has travelled extensively, educated in Argentina and Armenia. His works are much appreciated, and he has earned several awards both in his birthplace and elsewhere.*

Keghart.com is pleased to present two of his poems (In Spanish and translated into English) from the Madagh cycle of his collection of poems ***Arian, Antología Poética****, Buenos Aires, 1994.*

For expanded biographical notes please contact Keghart.com or write directly to the author darson7@yahoo.com.ar

Juan Yelanguezian, Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dr. Juan R. S. Yelanguezian K. P. is an Argentinian-Armenian composer, musicologist, author and plastic artist. In addition he has translated Dora Sakayan's ***Esmirna 1922: Entre Fuego, El Sable Y El Agua*** *(El Diario Del Dr. Hatcherian), Montreal 2001. He is a third generation descendant of traditional families from Cilicia (Tarsos, Adana & Marash) and Thrace (Xanthi), His mother was born in Athens, and his father in Beirut. He has travelled extensively, educated in Argentina and Armenia. His works are much appreciated, and he has earned several awards both in his birthplace and elsewhere.*

Keghart.com is pleased to present two of his poems (In Spanish and translated into English) from the Madagh cycle of his collection of poems ***Arian, Antología Poética****, Buenos Aires, 1994.*

For expanded biographical notes please contact Keghart.com or write directly to the author darson7@yahoo.com.ar

Madagh
O Dar en sacrificio (Poema)

Inmóvil como una estatua clásica eterna su rostro de mármol,
de armoniosos rasgos, su cuerpo diminuto y sus finas manos.
En el epitafio del silencio de la vigilia, escucho su voz
que con su corazón son los únicos vestigios de su vida.
Un canto asoma a sus labios que han cantado tanto,
un cantejondo que llega de las vísceras, casi
Inexistentes
y el melisma de su voz atmosférica llena el espacio,
creando la arquitectura de su templo de sonido.

Mientras su pueblo muere luchando por la vida,
su inercia es la vida misma que lucha con su arte,
su única arma que jamás se venció,
aunque su sueño eterno penetra más y más
en las penumbras del Hades,
y la bruma esconda los delicados trazos
de su rostro único.

Y su pueblo sigue luchando
por obtener su libertad
como la libertad de su alma
en la Eternidad.

La libertad inmortal de su Patria
lo rebelan.

Y emite desde su lecho de cuerpo inerte
un susurrido gracias a mis oídos,
que acongoja mi espíritu que creyó ser valiente
y asoma la paz de su sueño que quiere ser eterno.

Como el sueño eterno de la vida de los hombres
que luchan por su dignidad,
aunque ardan en llamas o los consuma
el frío, el hambre y la sed.
Me acuesto junto a su cuerpo estático,
apoyo mi cabeza sobre su hombro
y le cuento mis sueños
que alguna vez fueron suyos,
le cuento del dolor que viví viendo caer a los jóvenes,
viejos jóvenes de ese anciano pueblo.
Le cuento de las montañas de su antiguo país,
le cuento de sus frutos, de sus aguas,
de los cielos alcanzados y apretados por el sol
de nuestras manos tan cercanas,
de los cuadros que hubiera pintado
y las canciones que le habría entregado;
musito las nanas con que él me acunaba
y le entrego mis ojos para que vea su país libre,
aún con la sangre que hoy derraman sus hermanos.

Y nos entregamos el amor que nos profesamos en silencio
como un sueño sutil perdido en el misterio de los misterios.
Me quedo dormido sobre su pecho consumido
y diviso su perfil de un solo trazo de cilicio antiguo,
guerrero tracio, atleta de Olimpia, rapsoda de Tarón.

Mi padre descansa su sueño preparando el Viaje
que dulcemente lo conducirá al Infinito de estrellas,
en un firmamento de candilejas y sonidos celestiales,
acompañándome siempre como a la distancia
de cada separación y cada retorno.

Mientras su patria sufre, pero se dignifica,
en un viaje paralelo mi padre alcanzará las estrellas
y su Patria será el nuevo Paraíso Terrenal.

Entona “Deseo ver a mi Kilikiá…”
y se acerca al terruño, a su cuna de puertas abiertas,
las puertas que para siempre se abrirán de su amada
Armenia.

Buenos Aires, 16 de mayo de 1993

Madagh
Or to give in sacrifice (Poem)

Still as an eternal classical statue his marble face,
of harmonious features, his diminute body and his slender hands
In the epitaph of the silence of the vigil, I hear his voice
that together with his heart are the only vestiges of his life.
A song rises to his lips that have sung so often,
a deep song that comes from viscera, almost
inexistent now
and the balm of his atmospheric voice fills the space,
building the architecture of its temple of sound.

Whilst his people have been dying fighting for their life,
his inertia is life itself battling with his art,
the only weapon of his that could never fail,
even though his eternal sleep may encroach more and more
upon the shadows of Hades,
and the mist hide the delicate features
of his unique face.

And his people continue to fight
to obtain their liberty
as does his soul for its liberty
in Eternity.

The immortal liberty of his Land
causes him to rebel.

And he emits from his inert body's bed
a whispered thank you to my ears,
which wrenches my soul which I thought brave
and brings nearer the peace of his sleep which longs to be eternal.

Like the eternal sleep of the life of men
who battle for their dignity,
whether they burn in the heat of flames or are consumed
by cold, hunger and thirst.

I lie down next to his still body,
lean my head on his shoulder
and tell him my dreams
which once were his,
I tell him of the pain I went through watching the young people fall,
youths of old of that ancient people.
I tell him of the mountains of the country he came from,
tell him of its fruits, of its waters,
of the skies reached and embraced by the sun
of our hands now so near to each other,
of the pictures he would have painted
and the songs he would have given us;
I murmur the lullabies he used to rock me with
and I give him my eyes for him to see his country free,
even with the blood spilled today by brothers.

And we give each other the love that we have held for each other in silence
like a subtle dream lost in the mystery of mysteries.
I fall asleep on his consumed breast
and his profile in one trait of an ancient Cilician comes to me,
Tracian warrior, athlete from Olympia, rhapsody weaver of Taron.

My father rests his dream in preparation for the Voyage
that will gently bear him to the Infinity of the stars,

in a firmament of lamps and celestial sounds,
staying with me always as from the distance
of each separation and each return.

Whilst his land suffers, but becomes dignified,
in a parallel voyage my father will reach the stars
and his Homeland will be the new Earthly Paradise.

He hums "I yearn to see my Kilikia…"
and he nears his birthplace, his cradle of open doors,
the doors that will always open of his beloved
Armenia.

Buenos Aires, May 16th, 1993

Huérfanos de Armenia
Poema

I
Huérfanos de Adaná, huérfanos de los desiertos…
¿Acaso hoy ciudadanos que no conocen su nacionalidad?
¿u hombres que viven condenados al desarraigo?

Huérfanos de las montañas, música de los ancestros,
privilegio del mundo que arrastra las efímeras marcas.
¿Acaso un genocidio puede acabar con el alma
Armenia
En la crueldad de los hechos,
hechos transformados en leyenda por temor
al sufrimiento?

Huérfanos de tus vientos, tus piedras y tu cielo.
Nos ahogamos en la bruma azulínea de los recuerdos.

Huérfanos de tu diálogo nos despertamos al sol
y cantamos los himnos al nuevo día.
Misterio sutil no poseerte.
Vacío que nos arrastra en un espacio místico,
la ausencia de nuestros muertos.
En la oscuridad ya no oímos sus pasos,
ni sus voces nos llaman, ni sus ojos se encienden.
Nuestros huérfanos ancianos conservan en silencio

el horror de sus ruegos,
otros los llevaron en secreto hacia el confín de las tinieblas.
Nosotros nos sumergimos en el encuentro sensible de vernos mutilados
desgarro paradojal, sacrificio de miles,
ancestral vino de nuestro madagh incierto.
Lento sacrificio de un pueblo huérfano de su mutilado suelo,
mutilado espíritu, mutilado eco.

Huérfanos de Sis, de Mush, de Van,
huérfanos de Sasún, de Kars, de Erzerum.
Oigan las voces, griten vuestro ruego
como el peregrino se acerca al encuentro.

(Me adhiero a la penumbra del silencio de la vieja casa
que mi abuelo leventara con sus propias manos,
manos mutiladas, huérfanos de Tarso.
Me agobia el musitar cansado del silencio.
Silencio que murmura gritos de otro tiempo,
y acaso me despliego hacia la algidez y lo abrazo
porque pudo crear con su semilla un mundo nuevo
detrás del infierno).

II
Huérfanos de los misterios de nuestros padres
de ver crecer lejanamente el hogar patrio.
Huérfanos de incertidumbres y vital encuentro.
(Amor; ni hecho, ni palabra).
Huérfanos de amor, cotidaneidad de desarraigo terrenal,
¿acaso ha sido un sacrificio natural
el que llevó a nuestro pueblo a prodigar un futuro vital
entregando sus vidas en el exilio?

Huérfanos de Marras, ¿acaso la brisa tañe aún las cuerdas
de tu violín, y tus melodías no se ahogan en el letánico misterio?
(Tendrán que atarme y ensordecerme, al mástil más

alto
de mi vida, para no oír y acercarme al sortilegio de
tus cantos).

Huérfanos de Der el Zor, me persiguen esas voces
como encuentros compartidos del dolor
y se acercan como cuentos
de una historia que no deseamos vivir.
Y se acercan como filos de sables destrozando cuerpos,
sólo sonidos de sables como un juego arrítmico de
masacre,
que perfila murmullos metálicos en la inmensidad
atmosférica
del sórdidamente bello paisaje.

¡Huérfanos! no detonaron los estruendos
sino la muerte ahogada en el silencio,
como se pudre un órgano en un cuerpo
y en apariencia se sigue viviendo.

Huérfanos de destierros,
familias desintegradas perdidas en el infortunio,
niños que no conocieron el destino de sus hermanos,
mujeres que no se entregaron y se casaron con la
muerte,
ojos de Masís que no saben que son armenios.

Huérfanos.
Misterio insondable de la vida
que exige un sacrificio tal para que un pueblo viva.

(El campesino al que se le atravesó los Evangelios
que llevaba junto al corazón
y cayó en el surco que él mismo cavó.
La daga reluciente que filoso
asesinó a la madre del amigo.
La casa en llamas, las huídas nocturnas,
el incendio del puerto de Esmirna
y solamente la nada del silencio
sobre los crepusculares cuerpos
y sólo el silencio).

Huérfanos aún despertamos y oramos
en nuestra íntima oración,
entonamos himnos agradeciendo la luz del alba
y nos desayunamos con el trabajo y el credo.
Entrelazamos nuestras sangres
para que nazca el esperado hijo
y le entregamos nuestro púdico afecto,
nuestros mitos, nuestros ruegos.
Y no sólo nuestras letras,
también nuestras nanas acunando viejos sueños.

Nuestra alegría es antigua como nuestros versos.
Nuestro dolor es antiguo como nuestros cantos.
Invocamos el fulgor de nuestro espacio abierto.

Huérfanos, Sí, de nuestro suelo
¿Acaso músicos misteriosos del exilio?
¿Acaso portadores de nuestro espíritu de cereal
que germina en el universo?
¿Acaso una espiga de esperanzas no nos sostiene
sabiendo que las aves llegan si anunciarse?

Del ciclo V "Madagh", del libro "Arian, Atología Poética" de Juan R. S. Yelanguezian. Publicado en Buenos Aires en 1994. I.S.B.N.: Nº 950-43-5577-3

Buenos Aires, 9 de marzo de 1985

Orphans of Armenia
Epical Rhapsody

I
Orphans of Adaná, orphans of the deserts…
Today mayhap citizens that know not their nationality?
or men that live condemned to rootlessness?

Orphans of the mountains, music of ancestors,
privilege of a world that trails ephemeral signs.
Mayhap a genocide can obliterate the Armenian soul
in the cruelty of the facts
facts turned legend for fear of suffering?

Orphans of your winds, your stones and your sky.

We drown in the bluelined haze of memories.

Orphaned of your dialogue we wake to the sun
and sing the hymns to the new day.

Subtle mystery not to own you.
Void that drags us in a mystic space,
the absence of our dead.
In the darkness we no longer hear their steps,
neither do their voices call us, nor their eyes light up.
Our orphaned elders keep silent
the horror of their pleas,
others carried them in secret to the ends of
the darkness
We submerge ourselves in the sensitive encounter of
seeing ourselves mutilated
paradoxic ripping, sacrifice of thousands,
ancestral wine of our uncertain madagh.
Slow sacrifice of a people orphaned from their mutilated
soil,
mutilated spirit, mutilated echo.

Orphans from Sis, Mush, Van,
orphans from Sasún, Kars, Erzerum.
Hear the voices, shout your plea
as the pilgrim nears the meeting.

(I adhere to the gloom of the silence of the old house
that my grandfather built with his own hands,
mutilated hands, orphaned at Tarso.
I am oppressed by the murmur of screams from another time
mayhap I will lean toward the climax and embrace it
because it managed to create with its seed a new world
behind the hell).

II
Orphaned from the mysteries of our parents
from watching the faraway growth of the ancestral home.
Orphans of uncertainties and vital encounter.
(Love; neither made, nor spoken).

Orphans of love, daily earthly
rootlessness,
has it perhaps been a natural sacrifice
that has led our people to lavish a living future
by donating their lives in exile?

Orphans of Marash, does the breeze still play
the strings
of your violin, and do not your melodies drown
in a litany of mystery?
(I would have to be tied and made deaf, to the
tallest mast
of my life, for me not to hear and draw near to the sortilege
of your songs).

Orphans of Der el Zor, those voices pursue me
as shared encounters of pain
and draw near as tales
of a history we had no wish to live.
And they draw near like the sharp edge of sables slashing
bodies,
just the swish of sables like an arrhythmic game of
massacre,
that shape metallic murmurs in the atmospheric immensity
of the sordidly beautiful landscape.

Orphans! the blasts have not detonated
but death smothered in the silence,
as an organ of the body rots
and in appearance one continues to live.

Orphaned by banishments,
disintegrated families lost in misfortune,
children that never knew the destiny of their siblings,
women who never gave themselves up and married
death,
eyes from Masís that are not aware they are Armenian.

Orphans.
Unfathomable mystery of a life
that demands such a sacrifice in order that a people live.

(The peasant whose heart was pierced through the Gospels
he clutched to his breast
and who fell into the furrow he dug himself.
The glinting dagger that sharp
murdered the mother of a friend.
The home in flames, the nightly fleeing,
the port of Smyrna set afire
and only the void of the silence
over the twilight bodies
sole silence).

Orphans we still wake up and pray
in our intimate prayer,
we intone hymns thanking for the light of dawn
and we breakfast on work and creed.
We interlace our blood
so that the longed for son will be born
and we give him our subdued affection,
our myths, our prayers.
And not only our letters,
also our lullabies rocking old dreams.

Our joy is as ancient as our verses.
Our pain is as ancient as our songs.
We invoke the brightness of our open spaces.

Orphans, yes, from our soil
Mayhap mysterious musicians of exile?
Mayhap carriers of our spirit of cereal
that germinates in the universe?
Does not a sheaf of hope sustain us
in the knowledge that the birds
arrive without announcing themselves?

Buenos Aires, 1985