

**GEORGE ANCA**

# **Zricha Vaswani**

**Corespondență și doctorat  
NEW INDIAN DOCTORATE ON EMINESCU**



**SEMĂNĂTORUL  
Editura - online  
Martie 2009**

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### **MIHAI EMINESCU'S POEM: ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY ZRICHA VASWANI**

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## NEW INDIAN DOCTORATE ON EMINESCU

### *Albatros-Biblioteca*

Domnișoara (n-am cunoscut-o) Zricha Vaswani și-a luat nu demult doctoratul la Universitatea “Dr. Bhim Ambedkar” cu teza “Effect of Indian Thought on Mihai Eminescu”. Mi-a trimis, colegial, capitole și traduceri. Entuziasmului inițial i se vor alătura trimiteri, post-festum, la biblio-eminescologie, indo-eminescologie. În fapt, dr. Vaswani și-a trăit ani de adolescență în București și hipnoză i-a fost, în Biblioteca Universitară din Iași, manuscrisul traducerii gramaticii sanscrite al lui Eminescu.

Înapoi pe pământ indian, a deschis, parcă altfel, ochii asupra scripturilor supreme ale vechii-Indii, așternând un du-te-vino între *Odă – Katha Upanishad, Glossa – Sutta Nipata, Rugăciunea unui dac – Rig-Veda, Scrisoarea I – Rig Veda, Luceafărul – Srimad Bhagavad Gita, Kamadeva – Sakuntala*. Ciudat, sau asemănător, doctoranzii români, petrecuți hindus, se vădese mai adânc submerși indianității, poate încă un argument al afinităților româno-indiene. N-am curaj să stilizez aparenta regăsire, la ei, a românismului prin indianism (universitar).

Suntem pe terenul bibliotecii electronice, în recuperare. Am ratat șansa să fi intrat în bibliografia acestui doctorat, deși locul unde sunt cele mai multe din cărțile mele este anume Biblioteca Departamentului de Studii Germane și Romanice al Universității din Delhi. Totuși, Ms. Zricha a aflat de titlul *Indoeminescology* de pe net, via Amazon. Nu e rău nici așa. Regenerăm.

Deodată bibliotecile și universitățile se bucură să primească, aparent în ocol, pe noi punți, creativități proaspăt romantice, libere, îmbogățitoare ale pădurii de simboluri bibliografabile. Printre referenții doctorali, Dr. R. K. Shukla sesizează deschiderea, prin această cercetare, a unei întregi “new vista of orientalism”, iar traducerile din Eminescu au “a felicity and an elegance”.

Până aici, am vorbit ca și cum m-aș fi afalt în albatrosul-biblioteca din Baia-Mare. De aici încolo, mă adresez (tot din Maramureș?) unei posibile audiențe indiene, începând cu virtuala noastră comparatistă.

### *Indoeminescology at Dr.B.R. Ambedkar University*

Very good news comes with Ms. Zricha Vaswani Ph. D. at *Dr. B. R. Ambedkar University* with a thesis on “Effect of Indian Thought on Mihai Eminescu. Half century ago, Amita Bhowe was the first Indian to get a Ph. D with a thesis entitled *Eminescu and India*, at Bucharest University. Since then, many doctorates of young Romanian Indologists dealt with Indian names and titles, from Vedas and Bhartrihari to Gita and Tagore. The start of the running century and millennium auspicated a new Indian approach on India and Eminescu.

I am still before the surprise acknowledged to Ms. Zricha rather cautiously. Here is the exchange of messages.

Dear Professor Dr. George Anca,

Greetings from India!

Professor Dr. Nicolae Dragulanescu has been extremely generous in introducing me to you. I stayed in Romania as a teenager and got interested in Eminescu's love for Sanskrit while visiting the Iasi university museum containing his Sanskrit manuscripts. Back in India, many years later, I chose for my doctoral research the topic: 'Effect of Indian thought on Eminescu' as a natural result of this curiosity. I cannot claim to be much of an expert on Eminescu, for my opportunities and means were severely limited, yet I'd be very grateful if you would consent to look at my research and give me your sincere opinion as to its originality and usefulness in the present scene of

"Indoeminescology". My only means while doing this research were 2-3 books containing Eminescu's poems in Romanian and/or English and a very elementary Romanian-English/ English-Romanian dictionary. If you would consent to give me your valuable time, I'll send you my research immediately.

Yours sincerely,  
Zricha

P.S. Sorry, I meant, my only **Romanian** tools while doing this research were 2-3 books containing Eminescu's poems in Romanian and/or English and a very elementary Romanian-English/ English-Romanian dictionary. I had, of course, access to ancient Indian books! Sorry for the mistake. Zricha

Dear Ms. Vaswani,

I am happy to learn about your work on Eminescu and I will read it with much interest. Kindly, do mail it to me. Nicely you used the term "Indoeminescology" (I published a book with this title). The first (out of the three) note-book of Eminescu's translation of Sanskrit Grammar I printed it some two years back. Just now I am preparing to start (after many tens) the book of my life, something like "from Valmiki to Eminescu".

The messenger, professor Dragulanescu, played with us Meghaduta, or so.

Namaste!

George Anca

Dear Professor Dr. George Anca,

Namskaar! Thank you very much for your kind reply.

I read the term Indoeminescology on [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) after a Google search showed me your book at the site.

I have heard so much about you since my Romania days that it is taking all my courage to do send you my work.

Your book "From Valmiki to Eminescu" would be a treasure for any one even remotely interested in Indology/ philosophy/ Eminescu. I hope to be able to read it some day.

My deepest respects,  
Zricha

P.S. Attached here are files for Oda and Glossa. If I attach too many files in one email there might be a problem in sending the email. So I'll send the rest in parts.

Dear Ms. Vaswani,

I confirm with many thanks the receipt of the chapters: Oda/Katha, Glossa/Sutta-Nipata, Rugăciunea unui dac/Rig-Veda, Scrisoarea I/ Rig-Veda.

I will send you soon some comments and suggestions. The first impression is enthusiastic. Congratulations.

George Anca

Dear Professor Dr. George Anca,

Thank you so much. Attached is another chapter from my thesis that might be of some interest.

Eagerly awaiting your response,  
Zricha

Dear Ms Vaswani,

As I told you, I will read the chapters you - revelatory - sent here, after some days (I have to end an urgent work before). By now, from bird flight, I made a hopeful passion for what an wonderful, providential choice you had (at least from my point of view).

You may have heard about Amita Bhowe who - she stated - became world wide known through

Eminescu-India. Her main thesis is that Eminescu is an unique synthesis of European and Indian Spirit. She is now a classic for her comparisons and interpretations, for her dedication of a life term to our poetry avatar. Beyond influences, confluences, coincidences, correspondences, you make a fresh temple spiritual performance by staging, face to face, mantras both poetical and saint, just without all bureaucracy of the huge bibliotheque of Eminescology (now in globalist deconstruction fire) in which the Indoeminescology still waits for a place. I published, first in India, together Gitagovinda (Romanian) - Luceafărul (Sanskrit). From Scrisoarea translated R. V. Joshi (Sanskrit), O.M. Anujan (Malayalam), Mahendra Dave (Gujarati)etc. "Călin, File de poveste" is for me a version of the "Abhijnana Shakuntalam" (I tried even an anthropology of recognition starting from it). The linguistic archeology you evoke seems a Sanskrit-Romanian free euphony, preparatory to comparisons like those between Kalidasa and Eminescu. I will let you know my further views. I would appreciate to receive also your cv. All the best, Namaskar!

George Anca

P.S. In "Sonete din ocult", I exploit the interjection "au" (first stanza of "Rugăciunea unui dac") as anticipation for "aum".

Kamadeva and Mortua Est! This is all there is on Eminescu.

Received also Kamadeva/Abhigyan Shakuntalam.

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Dear Professor Dr. George Anca,

Namaskaar! On re-reading your email I detected an unstated enquiry, thus this missive. It is true that I was aware that Dr. Amita Bose's research focused on Oda, Glosa, Scrisoarea, Rugaciunea Unui Dac, Kamadeva and Luceafarul, and I chose the same poems as a starting point for my research. I understand she has pointed out points of similarity between general Indian philosophy and these poems. Other than this, any similarities between her research and mine, or any one else's, if any, are coincidental. I meant to go through Eminescu's poems in a much more comprehensive manner, but already the thesis was taking alarming proportions, and my means and time were rather limited. As I progressed I included Mortua Est! also, and would have dearly liked to go on, but it was not really possible at the time. I noticed also that besides Abhigyan Shakuntalam, other plays of Kalidasa also have startling similarities to Kamadeva, and the influence on Mortua Est!, if I remember correctly, is much more comprehensive than what I have stated, but due to my desire for an objective, scientific approach, the placing of the Romanian and Sanskrit verses side by side, and the need to include my translations for the benefit of my Indian examiners, and the exasperation of my family members, etcetera I felt it wiser to not insist on working any more on it. I read also an interview of yours (I think it was yours but am not too sure) in a Romanian magazine stating the effect of the Verse of Creation of Rigveda on Eminescu (I do not really know if it was Dr. Amita Bose or you who found this out first), but it was a little after I had finished my research, and it made me wonder if there might not be other findings of mine already known in the world of Eminescology. So your pronouncement would be very welcome and enlightening.

Sincerely yours,  
Zricha

PS - My son's final exams are starting tomorrow, but I am very eager to go through your golden verses.

ENQUIRY? The field is mined indeed. You are bringing surely a novelty: in my eyes. Different looks were my care. Well, I will make an empathetic recommendation for your commission and a welcoming greeting. Who knows? Your dedication could stop the zeal of deconstruction.

Dear Professor Dr. George Anca,

Namaskaar! That my efforts contribute towards a better understanding of Eminescu, the man and the poet, is my dream and would be my biggest reward. Your generous praise is scholarly nirvana. A million thanks!

VERSE-BY-VERSE

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY  
*ZRICHA VASWANI*

*Twined Mantras*

*Odā - Kathaopanishad*

The conclusion to the Chapter 8, - *Odā vs. Kathaopanishad* reads quiet familiar to latent Indoeminescologists: “We may thus safely conclude that the poem ‘Oda’ is more of a poetic extract of Kathopanishad – rather like a puzzle left by Eminescu for posterity to decode, a secret little game of Eminescu which proves, more than anything else, the intensely private nature of the great poetic soul, and that his poems were first and foremost written as a private “sadhika”, a form of meditation intended to give expression and joy to his creative, spiritual being...” Yet it comes at the end of a minute end also troubling, as if delight oriented demonstration, with the pieces of a leela-like stage: The text in Romanian, the complete translation by researcher, verse-by-verse English translations, similarities between the ancient Indian Vedic text and Mihai Eminescu's poem, significance of “my research”.

One may say that here are paralleled two translations by Max Mueller and Zricha Vaswani, respectively. E.g. (very shortly, hopefully not diverting): still a boy vs. forever young; bring water vs. I drank of the bliss of death; fire sacrifice vs. I burn alive; a bridge for sacrifices vs. my own stake; freed from the jaws of death vs. return my own Self.

The lingua franca, including a secret Sanskrit, is the original (re) writing of the Romanian poet, quoted as such, adi-kavi. The two parts (columns) of comparison are but research artifacts and here is quiet apparent the melting of methods within a new meditation on spirit in Romanian poetical and Ancient spiritual form through one sadhika. Both *Odā* and *Kathaopanishad* are lived like by an avatar, turning temple mantras and ineffable verses into post-modern sentences of rediscovery of personal-universal self. We share “the emotional (besides the obvious spiritual) story of the poet”, even as he found the counterpart of the mystical fire sacrifice the “Western” tales of Nessus and Hercule.

Romanian words come under English translation as for a checking of the concordance, the prosody is observed, like in a dhvany correspondence:

I did not believe I would learn to die someday;  
Forever young, wrapped up in my cloak,  
My dreaming eyes lifted to the star of  
Solitude.

*Vreme trece, vreme vine,  
Toate-s vechi si noua toate;  
Ce e rău si ce e bine  
Tu te-ntreaba si socoate;  
Nu spera si nu ai teama,  
Ce e val ca valul trece;  
De te-ndeamna, de te cheama  
Tu ramii la toate rece.*

trece = to pass, to go by

socoate = to consider

indemn = to urge, to instigate

chema = to call, to ask

Time goes by, time comes by,  
All is old and all is new;  
What is bad and what is holy  
Ask yourself and reckon anew;  
Do not hope and have no fears,  
What are waves pass like waves all;  
If it urges you, if it calls,  
You remain aloof from it all.

After the same collage demonstration, we have again an “working” (spiritual?) conclusion: “To really understand “*Glossa*”, then, we should read also “*Sutta-Nipata*” which alone contains the answers to the many mysteries and codes of the philosophical puzzle, the poem “*Glossa*” by the great genius, the student of philosophy, and the lover of Buddhism and ancient Indian texts, Mihai

Eminescu who was born Mihail Eminovici on a winter day in beautiful Moldavia!!” Portions from Sutta-Nipata are quoted in English translation of V. Fausboll.

The qualities of an Ascetic or a Muni and “a striking” similarity between the thoughts and the ideas in *Sutta-Nipata* and *Glossa* are recorded, with a (re)construction:

“The mysteries of Eminescu’s *Glossa* are not authentically unlocked except by the ancient utterances of Gautama Budhha as recorded for posterity in “*Sutta-Nipata*”. For instance, consider the following verse of *Glossa*:

“If they touch, you dodge aside,  
If they blaspheme, shut your mouth;  
What to do but your wisdom hide,  
When you know their actual worth;  
All will say what they want to say,  
They cross whosoever travel;  
So that detached you may stay;  
You remain aloof from it all.”

Nowhere in the verse, nor in the poem elsewhere are we given any clue that would let us know for sure what exactly Eminescu meant by the sudden line

“*They cross whosoever travel*”

Only upon reading “*Sutta-Nipata*” we are able to understand the deep philosophy this line tries to convey. For in “*Sutta-Nipata*” “*crossing the stream*” is mentioned repeatedly and explained with clarity:

‘Alavaka said: “How does one cross the stream (of existence)? How does one cross the sea? How does one conquer pain? How is one purified?’

Bhagavat said: “By faith one crosses the stream, by zeal the sea, by exertion one conquers pain, by understanding one is purified.’

(Sutta-Nipata: I – 10 – 3, 4)

Again,

‘The man who ... after crossing the stream and sea (of existence), who has cut off all ties, is independent, free from passion, him indeed the wise style a muni.’

(Sutta-Nipata: I – 12 – 13)

Thus we are able to understand that “*they cross*” the stream of existence and it is faith by the means of which “*they cross*”. Which is to say that “*they*” overcome the worldly pleasures and are able to cancel their “*Karma*”, thus crossing over to the other side of existence, the state of existence in which the compulsion of being born again and again and consequently of dying repeatedly is absent, higher state of existence which is free from worldly misery --- calm and blissful.

“Whosoever travel” obviously, then, means whosoever has the zeal, whosoever exerts himself, whosoever keeps his faith!”

### ***Rugăciunea unui dac / Nirvana – Rig-Veda***

Eminescu's and Rigvedic times are closed enough but, in order to be precise, *Rugăciunea unui dac* “was published in the year 1879 AD”. We meet then *Rig Veda* and *Rugăciunea unui dac* “side-by-side”, to reach the known Indoeminescological conclusion – same by chance for H. B. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* beginning. Remaining on a neutral - ? - ground of (re)translations we can enjoy even the difference as a similarity.

“While the Vedic seers chose to be amusingly humble, asking questions to which they had just recently provided the answers, in a confounded, puzzled wonderment:

*“Who knows the secret? Who proclaimed it here?”*

Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?

The Gods themselves came later into being,

*Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?”*

(Rig-Veda)

Creating a picture of the typical indulgently hilarious ancient men (rather like “Christmas-Father!”), Eminescu is the solemn preacher once more:

*“He a lone God stood before*

*There were the Gods ”*

### ***Scrisoarea I – Rig-Veda***

Once again, the “deep influence from the Hymn of Creation of Rig-Veda” brings together similarities. The original *Nasadya Sukta*, translated into German, was retranslated into Romanian by Mihai Eminescu, who afterwards rewrote it, as a new original, which, (re)translated into Sanskrit by R. V. Joshi (also Satyavrat Shastri, Usha Choudhuri, Urmila Rani Trikha) is not at all just the ancient hymn. This may have been the inner appeal to Ms. Zricha Vaswani in building a monument of spiritual correspondences over time and space.

Ms. Vaswani has read the word “stihii” in the verse “De atunci răsare lumea, lună, soare și **stihii**” as (from her glossary) “stih = verse, line, pl. poetry” instead of “stihie, pl. stihii = 1 element, 2 specter, ghost, 3 wilderness, and solitude:

“Since then the eternal fog has been undoing itself in slices,

Since then have risen the world, moon, sun and poetry...”

he is merely doing as the Vedic seers said of “ye poets”:

“Pondering this bond between created things

And uncreated.”

Conclusion “Thus, Eminescu’s version of the Rig-Vedic Hymn of Creation in his poem “Scrisoarea-I” is obvious proof of the genuine admiration it invoked in him. The Hymn of Creation of Rig-Veda we thus know to have been deeply imbued in Eminescu’s mind and heart, transforming and nourishing the eager soul and pervading his entire being.”

## ***Luceafărul – Srimad Bhagavad Gita***

*Luceafărul / Lucifer:*

*But perish all men to again  
Be born, once more as men.  
Srimad Bhagavad Gita:*

II-22: Just as a man casts off his worn out clothes and puts on new ones, so also the embodied-self casts off its worn out bodies and enters others which are new

“When comparing the two texts sequence-wise we find that whenever Lord Krishna is talking about “the embodiment Self” or “the In-dweller in the body” which “cannot be cut, nor burned, nor moistened, nor dried up” and which “is ever indestructible”, in Srimad-Bhagavad-Gita, Eminescu is, using the same concepts or characteristics, talking about DIVINE IMMORTALS, AS IDENTITIES SEPARATE AND DIFFERENT FROM HUMANS, THE MORTALS, in the corresponding lines in ‘Luceafarul’ (“we have neither time nor space as barriers, And we do not know mortality”).

The similitude between the two ‘the embodied Self’ and the ‘divine immortals’, has been brilliantly established by Eminescu. This is how Lord Krishna describes ‘the embodied Self’:

“Weapons cleave It not, fire burns It not, water moistens It not, wind dries It not.”

“This Self cannot be cut, nor burned, nor moistened, nor dried up. It is eternal, all-pervading, stable, immovable and ancient.”

“This (Self) is said to be Unmanifest, Unthinkable and Unchangeable.”

“This, the Indweller in the body of everyone is ever indestructible...”

## ***Kamadeva – Abhigyan-Shakuntalam***

Similarities: “sleep” - “love” association; “Kamadeva the Indian deity” - “O divine flower-armed God” / God Kama / God of Love; “coral lips” - “bimba lips”.

“We may hereby conclude that the poem “Kamadeva” was written by Eminescu under deep influence of Kalidas in his play “Abhigyan-Shakuntalam”. In a way, Eminescu was introducing Kamadeva to his countrymen and he was keenly aware of the fact as suggested by his enumerating all the symbols, qualities and peculiarities associated with Kamadeva in his short poem. We may also safely conclude that Eminescu, a pioneer in his love for ancient Indian wisdom in his land, sincerely appreciated Kalidas’ plays, at least the play “Abhigyan-Shakuntalam” to which he paid a beautiful eulogy by moulding the poetic expression of his personal emotions to fit into the framework of a description of the Indian deity, Kamadeva.”

### ***Mortua est! - Buddha-Karita***

“The noble thoughts and sentiments ascribed in Eminescu’s ‘Mortua Est!’ to the poet himself are ascribed to Buddha in ‘Buddha-karita’. Though it is not very clear whether there was a translation of ‘Buddha-karita’ available to Eminescu, even then, since Eminescu himself was a keen scholar of Sanskrit language (as proved by his manuscripts containing his translation of Franz Bopp’s book on Sanskrit – the manuscripts now preserved in the museum of the Iasi University), he could very well have read ‘Buddha-karita’ (originally in Sanskrit) even without such ready help.”

The intended review to the dissertation of Ms. Zricha Vaswani became mostly a pastiche. Because we have to deal with a very free, kind of mystical construction of comparisons, in which Mihai Eminescu's poems and Indian scriptures are brought side-by-side into a fascinating personal adventure of the author. The abhorred by now Eminescu cult in his motherland turns into an Indian cult, with a chance to be recovered, in competition, for its culture.

A sacrificial work, a puja full of piety and effervescence addresses everybody on the way, like in a new beginning of the religious aesthetic spirit. Courageous or euphoric, like in a trance, the author restarts as if the universe like in solitary temple procession, hearing her native prayers in verses by Eminescu.

Ioan Alexandru, Amita Bhose and I were colleagues of doctorate at Professor Zoe Dumitrescu-Buşulenga. Ioan translated odes of Pindar in his dissertation itself, Amita published separately her book of translations from Eminescu into Bengali, myself didn't translate a line (perhaps also because Baudelaire, my topic, is the most translated foreign poet into Romanian). Ms. Zricha Vaswame translates Eminescu-s “Indian” poems as her own soul and hope.

I don’t know her personally. There are universities with the name of Dr. B.R. Ambedkar in Agra, Hyderabad, Lucknow, Muzaffarpur, and Delhi. The architect of Indian Constitution (while handling it to me, the late president of India Shankar Dayal Sharma also said: The Constitution of the World!) had the message. “Educate, organize, and agitate”.

Doctoral Research on the topic: Effect of Indian Thought on Mihai Eminescu at Dr Bhim Rao

Ambedkar University

2000 - 2003 (3 years)

Excerpts from Examiners' Reports:

1. Dr K G Srivastava - "I recommend..the thesis be admitted..on the basis of its originality writ large on each page."
2. Dr R K Shukla - "The present thesis..is a significant work of comparative literary and philological research and goes far beyond the current notions of academic enquiry. Ostensibly based on the work of a single Romanian poet..the thesis..opens up an entirely new vista of 'orientalism' with no political or theological strings attached to it..

The commentary is reserved for the final part..in which..each of the poems is interpreted in terms of Indian philosophical or aesthetic echoes..

In fact the English translations of the original Romanian poems have a felicity and an elegance.

The thesis throws up a whole lot of insights, which may be worked out by other scholars. Such works act as bridges between two seemingly different cultures and I commend the scholar for her apparently unconventional scholarly venture."

Doctorate, 2003

Interests reading, travelling, ecology & environment conservation, meditation, yoga, ayurveda, astrology, vastu shastra, feng shui, Ikebana, baking, Kathak dance, photography, spending time

with my son, sitar (learned from the legendary baba allauddin khan's disciple, pt shailendra sharma), surfing, meeting people, making friends, learning new skills, walking, cycling, trekking, poetry, haiku, ancient civilizations, philosophy, osho, spirituality, spiritual people, ancient indian texts, rajputana, royalty, children, rains, earth, birds, flowers, mountains, himalayas, sincerity, honesty, birdsong, butterflies, stars, handicrafts, artisans, artists, research...

I got chapters of this new doctorate on Eminescu and India from the ether. The author is just in search of her first job.

Dear Professor Dr. George Anca,

Namaskaar! I apologise for this untimely message. The reason is that I urgently must take up a job to get legal custody of my son, and to fight for our legal rights, and for that it would be wonderful to have your recommendation on my LinkedIn profile. You must be having an idea that most people here have not even heard of Eminescu. Since I have never taken up any job before, my doctoral research will be a major yardstick for anyone to judge my capabilities. Without your recommendation on my CV my PhD degree would be considered useless by most people. It would make a great difference to the kind of job I would get. If you do write a short recommendation now, it would be invaluable for me. Do you think you could risk that based on your present impression? If you do change your opinion later, you can any time ask me to delete it from my profile and I promise to do so in that case. Please, please do reply soon. It is very important for me.

With deep respects,

Zricha

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I am advancing with my comment to your Ph D work (I may be ready today.) By now, I am sending to you what I already wrote.

#### TO WHOMSOEVER MAY IT CONCERN

This is to recommend that Dr. Zricha Vaswani be received in a research / teaching position. Without knowing her personally, my recommendation is based on reading her Ph D dissertation, "The Influence of Indian Thought on Mihai Eminescu's Poetry", a major contribution in the field of Indo/Eminescology. She dedicated a very monument to the spiritual ties between India and Romania.

Dr. George Anca, President, International Academy "Mihai Eminescu. India-Romania"

Dear Professor Dr. George Anca,

Namaskaar! I apologize for the unintentional omission of your mention in my thesis. Thank you so much for your generosity in sending me your recommendation. I request you to kindly forgive my mistakes in translations, they still require a revision as I am keenly aware. Kindly consider 'stihii' as 'the elements' then, if 'poetry' is incorrect.

Do send me a copy of your comment once it is finished.

My deepest respects,

Zricha

PS: My name is spelt Zricha Vaswani..another of the weird aspects of the electronic introductions, I should say... :)

I did send my research to Dr. Mircea Itu many years back, 4-5 years back, but his reaction was limited to a single line or two...I never expected such a warm reaction from you..It is such a strong 'at home' feeling for me, not found with Indians, nor with other Romanians..like Trishanku...

The English translations are generally from 'The Sacred Books of the East' series edited by Max Mueller, keeping in mind Eminescu's familiarity and contemporariness with him. Only very rarely have I included other translations as an addition, chiefly where I found Mueller's translations not doing justice (I am not a scholar of Sanskrit, but the words are similar in Hindi and Sanskrit, and I consulted Sanskrit dictionaries as well when in doubt), keeping in mind Eminescu's knowledge of Sanskrit. My fault for not having written this down in the chapters I sent to you. My apologies.

THE COMPLETE TRANSLATION OF EMINESCU'S POEM 'ODA' INTO ENGLISH BY THE RESEARCHER

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## ODE

I did not believe I would learn to die someday;  
Forever young, wrapped up in my cloak,  
My dreaming eyes lifted to the star of  
Solitude.

When of a sudden you rose on my path,  
Suffering you, sweet distress . . .  
Until the bottom I drank of the bliss of deaths  
Unendurable.

Pitifully I burn alive miserably like Nessus,  
Or like Hercules poisoned by his cloak;  
To quench my fire it is not possible with all  
The waters of the seas.

By my own dream, consumed I wail,  
On my own stake, I melt in flames.  
Can I return once more bright from it like  
The Phoenix Bird?

Perish! O tormenting eyes, from my way,  
Come again to my bosom, sad indifference;  
So that I may die in peace, to me  
Return my own Self!

**MIHAI EMINESCU'S POEM:**

# **GLOSSA**

VERSE-BY-VERSE

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

**ZRICH VASWANI**

*Vreme trece, vreme vine,  
Toate-s vechi si noua toate;  
Ce e rău si ce e bine  
Tu te-ntreaba si socoate;  
Nu spera si nu ai teama,  
Ce e val ca valul trece;  
De te-ndeamna, de te cheama  
Tu ramii la toate rece.*

trece = to pass, to go by

socoate = to consider

indemn = to urge, to instigate

chema = to call, to ask

Time goes by, time comes by,  
All is old and all is new;  
What is bad and what is holy  
Ask yourself and reckon anew;  
Do not hope and have no fears,  
What are waves pass like waves all;  
If it urges you, if it calls,  
You remain aloof from it all.

Multe trec pe dinainte.  
In auz ne suna multe.  
Cine tine toate minte  
Si ar sta să le asculte?  
Tu aseasa-te deoparte.  
Regasindu-te pe tine,  
Când cu zgomote desarte  
*Vreme trece, vreme vine.*

minte = mind, reason, wisdom, memory

deoparte = aside

regasi = to find again

desert = useless

Before us pass by many men,  
We hear many sounds each day,  
Who does all in his mind retain  
Or to hear them would stay?  
You seat yourself aside then,  
To return to your own self you try,  
With noises useless when  
Time goes by, time comes by.

Nici incline a ei limba  
Recea cumpan-a gindirii  
Inspre clipa ce se schimba  
Pentru masca fericirii,  
Ce din moartea ei se naste  
Si o clipa tine poate;  
Pentru cine o cunoaste  
*Toate-s vechi si noua toate.*

cumpana = balance

inspre = towards

masca = mask

tine = to hold, to keep, to stop

Nor does tilt their language  
The cold balance of their thoughts  
Towards the moment they change  
For the mask of their happiness,  
That from its own death is born  
And is held for moments few;  
For him to whom it is known  
All is old and all is new.

Privitor ca la teatru  
Tu în lume sã te-nchipui;  
Joace unul si pe patru  
Totusi tu ghici-vei chipu-i,  
Si de plânge, de se cearta,  
Tu în colt petreci în tine  
Si-ntelegi din a lor arta  
*Ce e rău si ce e bine.*

privitor = onlooker

inchipui = to imagine, to fancy

ghici = to guess, to read (a riddle), to predict

Onlooker like in theatre  
Imagine yourself in this place:  
One plays even the part of four,  
Nevertheless you read their face,  
Even if they beg or quarrel,  
You in corner by yourself be  
And know from their skill  
What is bad and what is holy.

Viitorul si trecutul  
Sunt a filei doua fete,  
Vede-n capat inceputul  
Cine stie sã le-nvete;  
Tot ce-a fost ori o sã fie  
In present le-avem pe toate,  
Dar de-a lor zadarnicie  
*Tu intreaba si socoate.*

fila = leaf (of a book)

fata = face

capat = end, extremity, close, beginning, start

zadarnicie = futility

The future and the past  
Are of a page each a side,  
He sees in the end the start  
Who can read what they hide;  
All that has been or will be  
In present we can everything view,  
So about their futility  
Ask yourself and reckon anew.

Căci acelorasi mijloace  
Se supun cite exista.  
Si de mii de ani incoace  
Lumea-i vesela si trista;  
Alte masti, aceeasi piesa,  
Alte guri, aceeasi gama,  
Amagit atât de-adese  
*Nu spera si nu ai teama.*

mijloace = means

supune = to subdue (smb.)

incoace = here

piesa = piece, *thea.* play

For by the same means  
They win however many they be,  
And here since millions of years  
The people grieve and are happy,  
Other masks, same play again,  
Other mouths, same music adheres,  
Though deceived so very often  
Do not hope and have no fears.

Nu spera când vezi miseii  
La izbinda facind punte,  
Te-or intrece natarai,  
De ai fi cu stea în frunte;  
Teama n-ai, cata-vor iarasi  
Intre dinsii să se plece,  
Nu te prinde lor tovaras;  
*Ce e val, ca valul trece.*

misei	=	rascals, knaves
izbinda	=	victory
punte	=	(foot) bridge, <i>nav.</i> deck
natarai	=	blockheads

Hope not when you see rascals  
Building a bridge on winning,  
Neither compete with fools,  
So as to be the star in leading;  
They'll seek again, be not afraid,  
Among themselves to go, knaves all,  
You seize not their comrade:  
What are waves pass like waves all.

Cu un cântec de sirena  
Lumea-ntinde lucii mreje  
Ca să schimbe actorii-n scena.  
Te momeste în virteje;  
Tu pe-alături te strecoara,  
Nu baga nici chiar de seama,  
Din cararea ta afara  
*De te-ndeamna, de te cheama.*

sirena	=	siren, mermaid (in legends)
momii	=	to lure, to entice
virtej	=	fit of dizziness
carare	=	path

With a mermaid's musical tones,  
People spread their nets glossy;  
To change on stage their players,  
They entice you making you dizzy;  
You steal nearby quietly away,  
Interfere not in their talks,  
Though knowing on your distant way  
If it urges you, if it calls.

De te-ating, să feri în laturi,  
De hulesc, să taci din gura;  
Ce mai vrei cu-a tale sfaturi,  
Daca stii a lor masura;  
Zica toti ce vor să zica.  
Treaca-n lume cine-o trece;  
Ca să nu-ndragești nimica,  
*Tu ramii la toate rece.*

atinge = to touch, to reach (a place)

feri = to dodge

huli = to blaspheme

indragi = to become fond of, *also* to take to (smb.)

If they touch, you dodge aside,  
If they blaspheme, shut your mouth;  
What to do but your wisdom hide,  
When you know their actual worth;  
All will say what they want to say,  
They cross whosoever travel;  
So that detached you may stay;  
You remain aloof from it all.

*Tu ramii la toate rece,  
De te-ndeamna, de te cheama;  
Ce e val, ca valul trece,  
Nu spera si nu ai teama;  
Tu intreabe si socoate  
Ce e rău si ce e bine;  
Toate-s vechi si noua toate;  
Vreme trece, vreme vine.*

indemn = to urge, to instigate

chema = to call, to ask

socoate = to consider

trece = to pass, to go by

You remain aloof from it all,  
If it urges you, if it calls:  
What are waves pass like waves all,  
Do not hope and have no fears;  
Ask yourself and reckon anew  
What is bad and what is holy;  
All is old and all is new;  
Time goes by, time comes by.

FRAGMENTS OF  
**MIHAI EMINESCU'S POEM**

**SCRISOAREA – I**

*ENGLISH*  
*TRANSLATION BY*  
**ZRICH**  
**VASWANI**

*Pe cînd luna stralucește peste-a tomurilor  
bracurî,  
într-o clipă-l poartă gîndul îndărăt cu  
mii de veacurî,  
La-nceput pe cînd fiintă nu era nici  
nefiintă,  
Pe cînd totul era lipsă de viață și voință,  
Cînd nu s-ascundea nimica, desi tot era  
ascuns...  
Cînd pătruns de sine însuși odihnea cel  
nepătruns.*

Srtaluci = to shine, to sparkle

tomuri = volumes

nepatruns = impenetrable

**While the moon shines over the volumes  
of books,  
In a moment his mind goes back  
millions of centuries,  
In the beginning, when there was not  
being, nor non – being,  
When all was life and will lacking,  
When nothing was hidden, although all  
hidden stood...  
When penetrated by itself the  
impenetrable rested.**

*Fu prăpastie? Genune? Fu noian întins de apă?*

*N-a fost lume pricepută și nici minte s-o priceapă,*

*Căci era un întuneric ca o mare fără-o rază,*

*Dar nici de văzut nu fuse și nici ochiu care să o vază.*

*Umbra celor nefăcute nu-ncepuse-a se desface,*

*Și în sine împăcarea stăpînea eterna pace!...*

prapastie = precipice

genune = abyss

noian = multitude

**Was there a precipice? Abyss? Was there a multitude of water outstretched?**

**There had not been an intelligent world and neither the mind to understand it,**

**Because there was a darkness like an ocean without light,**

**But there was nothing to be seen and neither the eyes to see it.**

**The shadow of those uncreated had not yet begun to itself unveil,**

**And reconciled in itself ruled peace eternal!...**

*Dar deodată-un punct se mișcă... cel întâi  
și singur. Iată-l*

*Cum din chaos face mamă, iară el devine  
Tatăl...*

*Punctu-acesta de mișcare, mult mai slab  
ca boaba spumii,*

*È stăpînul fără margini peste marginile  
lumii...*

*De-atunci negura eternă se desface în  
fășii,*

*De atunci răsare lumea, lună, soare și  
stihii...*

deodată = suddenly, at once, at a time

deveni = to become, to grow, to get, to turn

boaba = grain

negura = fog

stih = verse, line, *pl.* poetry

**But suddenly a point stirred...the first  
and lone. Look at it**

**How from chaos is made mother, again it becomes  
father...**

**This point stirring, much thinner than the  
grain of foam,**

**It is the master limitless over the world's  
limits...**

**Since then the eternal fog has been  
undoing itself in slices,**

**Since then have risen the world, moon,  
sun and poetry...**

*De atunci și pînă astăzi colonii de lumi  
 pierdute  
 Vin din sure văi de chaos pe cărări  
 necunoscute  
 Și în roiuri luminoase izvorînd din  
 infinit,  
 Sunt atrase în viață de un dor  
 nemărginit.  
 Iar în lumea asta mare, noi copii ai lumii  
 mici,  
 Facem pe pămîntul nostru musuroaie de  
 furnici;*

lume	=	world, people
roiuri	=	also fig. swarms
izvori	=	to spring (from), to result (from)
nemarginit	=	infinite
musuroaie	=	(ant) hills
vai	=	valleys

**Since then and until today colonies of  
 galaxies lost  
 Come from gray valleys of chaos towards  
 destinations unknown  
 And in swarms luminous sprung from  
 infinite,  
 Are attracted in life by an infinite  
 yearning.  
 But in this large world, we the small  
 children of the world,  
 Make on earth our own anthills;**

*Microscopice popoare, regi, osteni si  
 invatati  
 Ne succedem generatiu si ne credem  
 minunati;  
 Musti de-o zi pe-o lume mica de se masura  
 cu cotul,  
 in acea nemarginire ne-nvirtim uitind cu  
 totul  
 Cum ca lume asta-ntreaga e o clipa  
 suspendata,  
 Cand aratu-i si-nainte intunerice se  
 arata.*

popoare	=	peoples, nations
muste	=	zool. flies
invirti	=	to whirl around, to spin
indaratul	=	behind

**Microscopic peoples, kings, warriors and  
 scholars  
 We succeed in generations and consider to  
 be wonders;  
 Flies of a day on a small world that may  
 in the cubit be measured,  
 In this infinity totally unmindful we whirl  
 around.  
 That this whole world is a moment  
 suspended,  
 Which reveals darkness before it and  
 behind.**

*Precum pulberea se joacă în imperiul unei  
raze,  
Mii de fire violoncel cu raza încetează,  
Astfel, într-a vecinicii noapte pururea  
adâncă,  
Avem clipea, avem raza, care tot mai tine  
încă...  
Cum s-o stinge, totul piere, ca o umbră-n  
întuneric,  
Căci e vis al nefiintii universul cel  
himeric...*

pulbere	=	dust
fire	=	threads
violoncel	=	<i>musical</i> violins, fiddles
umbra	=	shade, shadow, dark

**As the dust plays in the empire of a beam,  
Millions of threads of the violin that with  
the ray disappear,  
Thus, in the neighbourhood of the night  
forever profound,  
We have the moment, we have the ray,  
which nevertheless as yet hold...  
As it goes out, all perishes, like a shadow  
in darkness,  
Since it is the dream, most chimeric, of  
the non – existent universe...**

*In prezent cugetătorul nu-si opreste a să  
minte,  
Cú-ntr-o clipă gându-l duce mii de veacuri  
înaînte;  
Soarele, ce azi e mîndru, el al vede trist și  
ros  
Cum se-nchide că o rană printre nori  
întunecosi,  
Cum planetii totî îngheată și s-azvirli cu  
totî în spat  
Ei, din frînele luminii și ai soarelui  
scăpatî;*

cugetator	=	thinker
rana	=	also fig. wound
azvirli	=	to fling/ to hurl/ to throw (oneself)
frine	=	brakes, fig. obstacles
scapa	=	to escape

**In the present the thinker does not his  
mind cease,  
But in a moment his thought goes ahead  
millions of centuries;  
The Sun, that today is proud, he sees sad  
and red  
How amongst dark clouds it darkens like  
a wound,  
How the planets all freeze and the rebels  
hurl themselves in space  
They, from the obstacles of the lights and  
of the sun escape;**

*Iar catapetasma lumii în adînc s-au  
înnegrît,  
Ca si frunzele de toamnă toate stelele-au  
pîerît;  
Tîmpul mort si-ntînde trupul si devine  
vecînicie,  
Căci nimic nu se întîmplă în întînderea  
pustie,  
Si în noaptea nefiintii totul cade, totul  
tace,  
Căci în sine împăcată reîncep eternă  
pace...*

frunze	=	botanical leaves
trup	=	body
intindere	=	stretch, sweep (of)
pustii	=	to lay waste

**And the altar of the world until its bottom  
has blackened,  
Even like the leaves of autumn all the  
stars have perished;  
The time lifeless also stretches its body  
and eternal becomes,  
Since nothing happens in the vast sweep  
of emptiness,  
And in the non – existent night all falls  
down, grows silent all,  
Since in itself reconciled resumes peace  
eternal...**

*Incepînd cu talpa însăşi a multîmii  
omenestî  
Sî suînd în susul scării pîn' la fruntile  
crăiestî,  
De a vietii LOR enigmă ai vedem pe totî  
muncitî,  
Făr-a stî să spunem care ar fi mai  
nenorocitî...  
UNUL e în totî, tot astfel precum UNA e în  
toate,  
De asupra tuturoră se ridică cine poate,*

multime = multitude, crowd

scara = stairs, ladder

crai = obsolete emperor

nenorociti = wretched, miserable, unhappy, sad

**Beginning at the sole itself of the  
multitudes of people  
And climbing up at the top of the stairs  
until the foreheads regal,  
All endeavouring by the enigma of their  
lives we see,  
Though we are unable to say who might be more  
unhappy...  
He, the one, is in all, just like in  
everything is She, the one,  
Over the rest of them himself raises he  
who can,**

*Pe când alții stînd în umbră și cu inima  
smerită  
Nestiutii se pierd în taină ca și spuma  
nezărită --  
Ce-o să-î pese soarte-î oarbe ce vor EI său  
ce gîndesc?...  
Ca și vîntu-n valuri trece peste traiul  
omenesc.*

smerit	=	humble
nestiutor	=	ignorant
in taina	=	secretly
trai	=	living, life
omenesc	=	human

**While others stay in shade and with the  
humble heart  
Unknowing are lost secretly just like the  
unobserved froth –  
What care has fate what they want or  
think?...  
Even as the wind in the waves it goes over  
the human life.**

*Intre ziduri, printre arbori ce se scutură  
de floare,  
Cum revarsă luna plină liniștita ei  
splendoare!  
Si în noaptea amintirii mii de doruri ea  
ne scoate;  
Amortită li-i durerea, le simțim ca-n vis  
pe toate,  
Căci în propria-ne lume ea deschide  
poarta-ntrării  
Si ridică mii de umbre după stîlul  
lumînării...*

ziduri	=	walls
arbori	=	trees
scutura	=	to shed one's leaves (of trees)
revarsa	=	to overflow
luminari	=	candles

**Within walls, amongst trees which shed  
their flowers,  
How the splendour of the moon filled with  
calm overflows!  
And from the memories' night draws from  
us millions of yearnings;  
Benumbed by their grief, they all seem to  
us like dreams,  
Because in our personal world the  
entrance-door it opens  
And after the extinguished candles raises  
shadows millions...**

Mii pustiuuri scinteiază sub lumina ta  
fecioară,  
Si cîti codri-ascund în umbră strălucire  
de izvoară!  
Peste cîte mii de valuri stăpînirea ta  
străbate,  
Cînd plutesti pe miscătoarea mărilor  
singurătate,  
Si pe toti ce-n astă lume sunt supusi  
puterii sortii  
Deopotrivă-î stăpîneste raza ta si geniul  
mortii!

pustiu = desert, *fig.* solitude

scinteia = to sparkle

fecioara = virgin, maid

codri = forests

**Under your virgin light millions of deserts  
sparkle,  
And in the shadow of brilliance how many  
forests their springs conceal.  
Over how many millions of waves extends  
your empery,  
When you float on the movement of the  
seas solitary,  
And over all who in this world are  
subjects of destiny's power  
By your ray and by the genius of the dead  
are alike ruled over!**

VERSE-BY-VERSE

**ENGLISH TRANSLATION**

**OF A FRAGMENT OF**

**MIHAI EMINESCU'S POEM**

**LUCEAFARUL**

BY THE RESEARCHER

Porni luceafarul. Cresteau  
In cer a lui aripe,  
Si cai de mii de ani treceau  
In tot atitea clipe.

<i>porni</i>	= to start (up), to set going; to start, to set out.
<i>luceafar</i>	= star
<i>creste</i>	= to grow (up), to rise, to wax (of the moon).
<i>aripa</i>	= wing.
<i>trece</i> over	= to cross (a river, the street etc.), to pass, to go by, to be

*Lucifer set out. He rose  
In the sky on his wings  
And crossed the journey of millions of  
years  
All in those few moments.*

Un cer de stele dedesubt,  
Deasupra-i cer de stele -  
Parea un fulger nentrerupt  
Ratacitor prin ele.

<i>dedesubt</i>	= below
<i>deasupra</i>	= above
<i>fulger</i>	= lightning; <i>fig.</i> flash
<i>ratacitor</i>	= wandering

*A sky of stars below  
Above him a sky of stars --  
He seemed a flash of lightning  
(unbroken)  
Wandering amidst them.*

Si din a chaosului vai,  
Jur imprejur de sine,  
Vedea, ca-n ziua cea dintii,  
Cum izvorau lumina;

downstream	<i>vale (vai)</i>	= valley; <i>la</i> ~ down the valley; downwards, downhill;
	<i>jur</i>	= <i>de</i> ~ - <i>imprejur</i> , <i>in</i> ~ = round about
	<i>imprejur</i>	= around
	<i>sine</i>	= himself
	<i>intii</i>	= (the) first, one; at first, in the beginning
	<i>izvori</i>	= ( <i>din</i> ) to spring (from); <i>fig.</i> to result (from)

*And from the chaos beneath him,  
Around him everywhere,  
He saw, as in the very first day,  
How sprang the lights;*

Cum izvorind il inconjor  
Ca niste mari, de-a-notul...  
El zboara, gând purtat de dor,  
Pin' piere totul, totul;

<i>izvori</i>	to spring (from)
<i>inconjura</i>	= to surround; to go round
<i>mare (mari)</i>	= sea
<i>zbura</i>	= to fly; to soar; <i>fig.</i> to dash
<i>purta</i>	= to carry; to wear
<i>dor</i>	= longing, yearning; grief

*As springing they surround him  
Like some seas, of the musical notes...  
He soars, mind heavy with longing  
Till perishes all, absolutely all;*

Cãci unde-ajunge nu-i hotar,  
Nici ochi spre a cunoaste,  
Si vremea-ncearca în zadar  
Din goluri a se naste.

<i>ajunge</i>	= to arrive
<i>hotar</i>	= boundary, frontier
<i>cunoaste</i>	= to know, to be acquainted (with); to recognize
<i>vreme</i>	= time
<i>incerca</i>	= to try, to make an attempt
<i>in zadar</i>	= in vain
<i>gol (~uri)</i>	= gap, void; <i>fig.</i> emptiness; blank

*Since where he arrives there is no  
boundary,  
Neither can eyes begin to recognize,  
And the time tries uselessly  
To be born from the voids.*

Nu e nimic si totusi e  
O sete care-l soarbe,  
E un adânc asemene  
Uitarii celei oarbe.

*sete* = also fig. (de) thirst (for)

*sorbi* = to drink

*adinc* = depth; bottom

*asemana* = (cu) to resemble, to look like

*uitari* = oblivions

*orb* = blind man

*There is nought and yet there is  
A yearning that consumes him,  
It is a depth which is like  
The oblivions of the blind.*

- "De greul negrei vecinicii,  
Parinte, mă dezleaga  
Si laudat pe veci sã fii  
Pe-a lumii scara-ntreaga;

	<i>greu</i>	= difficulty; ~l (+Gen.) the most difficult part (of)
	<i>negru</i>	= black; mourning; <i>fig.</i> gloomy (of thoughts)
	<i>vecie</i>	= eternity
forgive	<i>dezleaga</i>	= to untie, to undo (a knot); to solve (a problem); <i>fig.</i> to
	<i>lauda</i>	= to praise, to speak highly of
	<i>intreg</i>	= whole; complete

*From the most difficult, gloomy eternity,  
Relieve me, sire,  
And be praised eternally  
In the universe entire.*

O, cere-mi, Doamne, orice pret,  
Dar da-mi o alta soarte,  
Cãci tu izvor esti de vieti  
Si datator de moarte;

*soarta* = fate, destiny

*izvor* = *fig.* source

*viata (pl. vieti)* = life

*da* = to give; to grant; to yield. to produce

*O, ask me, God, any price,  
But give me another destiny,  
As you are the source of lives  
And you who grants deaths;*

Reia-mi al nemuririi nimb  
Si focul din privire,  
Si pentru toate da-mi în schimb  
O ora de iubire...

*nemurire* = immortality

*nimb* = halo

*privire* = look; eye(s)

*Take back the halo of immortality  
And from the eyes the fire,  
And for all this in return give me  
Of love a single hour...*

Din chaos, Doamne,-am aparut  
Si m-as intoarce-n chaos...  
Si din repaos m-am nãscut.  
Mi-e sete de repaos."

*aparea* = to appear, to come into sight; to come into being; to come out of

*as* = should, would

*intoarce* = to return

*repaus* = rest

*From chaos, God, I came into sight  
And in chaos I would return...  
I was born also from rest,  
For rest do I yearn."*

"Hyperion, ce din genuni  
Rasai c-o-ntreaga lume,  
Nu cere semne si minuni  
Care n-au chip si nume

*genuni* = also fig. abysses

*rasari* = to rise

*semn (~e)* = sign; fig. mark; signal

*minune* = miracle, wonder

*chip* = face; appearance; image; fig. manner, way; means

*„Hyperion, who from abysses  
Rose like a whole world,  
Do not ask for signs and miracles  
Unseen and unnamed;*

Tu vrei un om să te socoti,  
Cu ei să te asemeni?  
Dar piara oamenii cu toti,  
S-ar naste iarasi oameni.

*socoti* = to consider oneself

*asemana* = (*cu*) to compare, to liken (to)

*perii* = to perish

*You want that you should be a man,  
With them to yourself liken?  
But perish all men to again  
Be born, once more as men.*

Ei doar au stele cu noroc  
Si prigoniri de soarte,  
Noi nu avem nici timp, nici loc,  
Si nu cunoastem moarte.

*doar* = only, just; perhaps, maybe

*prigoane* = persecutions

*soarta* = fate, destiny

*They only with luck have stars  
And are persecuted by destiny,  
We have neither time nor space as  
barriers,  
And we do not know mortality.*

Din sinul vecinicultui ieri  
Traieste azi ce moare,  
Un soare de s-ar stinge-n cer  
S-aprinde iarasi soare;

*trai* = to live; to be alive; to stay

*muri* = to die

*stinge* = to go out; to pass away; *fig.* to die out

*aprinde* = to light (up); to set fire to

*iarasi* = again

*From the bosom of eternity's yesterday  
Lives today that which dies,  
A sun that dies out in the sky  
Again a sun enlightens;*

Parind pe veci a rasari,  
Din urma moartea-l paste,  
Cãci toti se nasc spre a muri  
Si mor spre a se naste.

*parea* = to seem, to appear; to look

*pe veci* = for ever

*urma* = trace; footprint; scent; sign

*paste* = to graze

*Seeming for ever to rise in the  
sky  
Following being grazed by death,  
Because all takes birth so as to die  
And dies so as to take birth.*

Iar tu, Hyperion, ramii  
Oriunde ai apune...  
Cere-mi cuvintul meu dentii -  
Sã-ti dau intelepciune?

*oriunde* = anywhere; wherever

*apune* = to set (of the sun)

*intii* = (the) first

*intelepciune* = wisdom

*But you, Hyperion, stay  
Wherever you have set...  
Ask the first word I did say ---  
Shall I tell you the secret?*

Vrei să dau glas acelei guri,  
Ca după-a ei cântare  
Să se ia munții cu păduri  
Și insulele-n mare?

*guri* = mouths

*cîntare* = song

*munți* = mountains

*păduri* = woods, forests

*insule* = islands; isles

*You want me to give voice to those  
mouths,  
As in accordance with their song  
Can seize the mountains with the woods  
And the islands in the sea?*

Vrei poate-n fapta sã arati  
Dreptate si tarie?  
Ti-as da pamintul în bucati  
Sã-l faci imparatie.

*fapta* = action, deed

*dreptate* = justice, right

*tarie* = strength, force

*imparatie* = empire

*You want perhaps to show in  
actions  
Justice and might?  
I'd give you the earth in portions  
It'll be your empire bright.*

Iti dau catarg lângã catarg,  
Ostiri spre a strabate  
Pamintu-n lung si marea-n larg,  
Dar moartea nu se poate...

*catarg* = mast

*ostire* = *mil. obs.* army

*strabate* = to wander through; to pierce

*lung* = long

*larg* = wide,broad

*I can give you mast near mast, any  
king's pride,  
Armies to wander through  
The earth in length and the sea wide,  
But death I cannot give you...*

Si pentru cine vrei să mori?  
Intoarce-te, te-ndreapta  
Spre-acel pământ ratacitor  
Si vezi ce te asteapta."

*intoarce* = to turn; to return, to come back

*indreapta* = to straighten; to correct; (*spre*) to guide (to)

*ratacitor* = wandering

*And for whom do you wish to  
die?*

*Return back, it shall enlighten you  
Towards the earth that wandering does  
lie*

*And see what awaits you.''*

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