

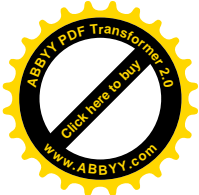


# Шамдай жанган создор

## Words That Shine Like a Candle

Тенти Адышева / Tenti Adysheva A

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## Notes From The Editor

Translating poetry is probably the greatest challenge a translator faces, for the language of poetry is not ordinary language. Rather, it is compressed and full of resonant images and metaphor; and sound patterns, like rhyme, meter, alliteration and assonance are important. The Russian poet Vladimir Mayakovsky once said, "Searching for the best word, you will dig through a thousand tons of words." He was speaking about poets, but the same can be said about the translators of poetry.

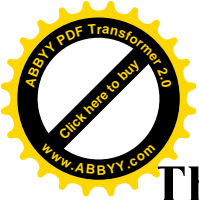
No translation of a poem can totally capture the meaning, the word play, the images, the cadences and the sound patterns of the original. Something has to be sacrificed. In the case of these poems, we had to sacrifice much of the sound and rhyme of the originals. Kyrgyz is a rich language, ancient and beloved, a language that had no written form until relatively recently. Before then, it was the language of nomads, whose poets and story tellers kept the history of the people alive in songs and epics full of cadence and rhymes and vowel harmonies, the tools of a strong oral tradition. In Kyrgyz, word order is not important. For example, verbs can come at the beginning, middle or end of a sentence. That way, phrases or sentences can be easily manipulated to create rhymes or special cadences. In English, word order *is* important, and language that is twisted unnaturally to create rhymes sounds funny—more like a jingle than a poem. Where we could include rhyme and other sound patterns without doing violence to the language, we did. But instead of trying to force rhyme, or find bland interpretations that would better accommodate rhyme, we decided to focus on capturing the flavor and uniqueness of Tenti Adyshova's words and images.

Every language contains its own universe, its own world view and embedded values, some of which are revealed through idiom and expressions. These are particularly challenging for a translator. In some cases, we translated those expressions literally, as in "life lasts but five days," a common expression in the Kyrgyz, but unfamiliar in the west. We kept it because it is evocative but not completely obscure. In other cases, an exact translation would make no sense or sound

extreme. For example, in Kyrgyz, "to eat someone's soul" is to tell a lie. Likewise, the phrase, "when your soul is having a merry party" sounds rather silly in translation, so we chose "when your soul celebrates life's bliss."

The cultural references, too, do not have the same weight and resonance in translation as they do in the original. For example, in "A Place of Honor," when Tenti Adyshova refers to the "days that passed like a rhythmic caravan," the reference harkens back to the actual experience of the nomadic caravans of her people, whereas to someone without this heritage, the reference is simply exotic. When, in "The Snow of Winter," she compares the falling snow to "a generous man" a non-Kyrgyz reader does not know that the Kyrgyz are known for their generous hospitality, and the particular word she uses indicates one who is generous to the point of impoverishing himself. So also the words for describing a summer pasture. In Kyrgyz, there are many words to describe different kinds and qualities and locations of pastures; in English, only a few. This is because the Kyrgyz were traditionally herders, and good pastures were central to their survival.

Despite these limitations, I believe that we have done important work here: for English-speaking people, we have opened a window into another culture, another sensibility. Several Kyrgyz writers, most notably the famous Kyrgyz writer Chingiz Aitmatov, have been translated into English, but to my knowledge, this is the first woman poet. Tenti Adyshova was one of the first brave women poets of Kyrgyzstan. It's time for her voice to be heard in the wider world. *Simone Poirier-Bures Senior Fulbright Scholar 2008 International University of Kyrgyzstan*



## The next version after

**N1**

### Тушумде терт сап ыр кердум

Мелмулдоп тунук булак жардан агат  
Кек чептен томолонуп тамчы тамат  
Эске салып жанагы кез жашымды  
Журекту козгогондо эмне табат

Жалжылдап булак кезу мага карайт  
Шыбырап алда кандай сездү жанжайт  
Бул дагы жоготконун издегендей  
Бурулуп кек шиберди бирден талдайт

Журегун балкып турса кубанычка  
Айлана бары шайыр жылмайгансыйт  
Бул булак чындыгында тоо эркеси  
Кайгылуу кандуу сезге мунайгансыйт



## Saturday, 24th

### I Saw Couplets In My Dream

Spring drops from the hillside shining  
Water drops fall from the green grass  
All these remind me of my tears Why  
do they touch my heart like this?

Spring's eyes look at me smiling  
Whispering and helping me choose the best  
words  
Searching through the green grass blade by  
blade  
As if it also lost something dear, like me

When my heart is full of joy  
Nature seems to smile at me.  
She grieves when she hears sad words  
Spring is the real coquette of the nature



N2



### Баладай

Бирде келум-

кейкелунку кешулет,

Эрдин соруп, уктап жаткан баладай.

Ачык кунде-

ал аземдуу керунет.

Апасына кулуп турган баладай.

Кээде келум-

ак эркечтеп кебурет.

Онкочуктап ойноп жаткан баладай.

Каз, ердекке

колун сермей шоктонуп,

Эркелейсин, эки жагын карабай,

Биз карыйбыз,

мезгил менен жарышып.

Сен турасын ошол бойдон карыбай.

Тартып сенде

татынакай сулуулук

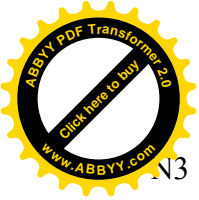
Суктанасын кез кумарын тарабай

### Like A Baby

Like a small child licking its lips  
Sometimes my lake drowns On a  
shining day, warm and sunny It's like  
a baby smiling to its mother.

Sometimes my lake froths with waves  
Like a frisky, tumbling baby Playing  
pranks on ducks and geese Carefree  
and endearing everyone.

We are becoming older day by day  
Yet you stay young, charming and gay  
We can't help but admire your beauty  
Adoring you, oh, my dear lake.

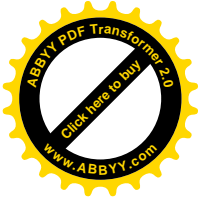


## Кулку бергин

Менин суйген курдаштарым, белекке,  
Алтын бербе, кумуш бербе белекке.  
Кундей жарык илебине жылытаар.  
Кулку бергин журегунден белекке,  
Кенулумдун азган-тозгон жерлерин,  
Жамаачылап жаратамын керекке.

Кулку бергин бакты болуп сезилип  
Куйпул болуп капа турсун чегинип,  
Эркелесин эргип журек кубанып  
Эчен сонун музыкалар чертилип.  
Дары жасап, данакерлеп аламын Кара  
жандын калган жерин мертинип.

Кулку болсо, ал досумдун белеги  
Байлыгымдан бардыгынан кереги.  
Учкан куштай канат кагып закымдап,  
етуп барат емур чиркин береги. Кабак  
туйуп карашпастан, курдаштар,  
Кулумсуреп колубузду берели.

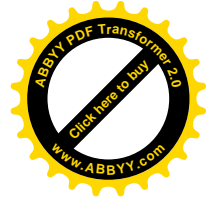


## Favor Me With A Smile

Oh, my beloved friends and dear ones  
Don't give me gold and silver as a gift  
Give me instead a smile from your heart.  
Like a sun that warms with its heat, I'll  
mend my worn out soul With it and use  
it for my needs.

Gift me with your pleasant smile Let  
sadness be hidden from my sight Let  
hearts enjoy being kind. Listening to the  
music of your laughter, I will make  
medicine from your gift To cure my  
injured heart.

A friend's smile is the best gift for me  
The only wealth that I need Life goes by  
like a flying bird -Instead of making  
faces at each other Let us meet each  
other smiling.



N4

### Табар белеем?

Кандай укмуш!  
Тийип турган кунум жок,  
Кандай шумдук!  
Кармап турган гулум жок.

Кандай айла!  
Жалын болуп ичим чок,  
Айткылачы!  
Кайда кетти алганым?  
Кайда барып,  
Кантип издеп табамын?  
Жел болуп желе согуп  
Жер менен кекту арытсам,  
Канат жайып калкылдап  
Карасам жарым алыстан,  
Табар белеем  
Балык болуп келдегу  
Оркечтенген толкун куусам,  
Талбай сузуп зымырап  
Дениздин суусун бусам.  
Табаар белем ?  
Таяк алып колума,  
Ашуу ашып, суу кечип,  
Эртели-кеч тынбастан  
Эчен жылы жер кезип ,  
Табар белем?

Тентек кыял телмирип,  
Бекерге мени алдайсын.  
Кайрылгыс кеткен адамды  
Какшасан кайрып албайсын?

### Then Could I Find Him

How horrible it is!  
I lost my shining sun  
How terrible it is!  
I lost the flower in my hand.  
No way out!  
My soul is burning with fire  
Tell me please  
Where is my best half?  
How, when and where  
Could I find him?  
Let me turn into a wind and make a net  
Looking far and near  
In heaven and on earth  
Then could I find him?  
Let me turn into a bird and fly high  
Looking far and near  
Searching for him everywhere  
Then could I find him?  
If I were a fish  
Running after stormy waves  
With power to stop the river  
Even feeling bone tired  
Then could I find him?  
Turning into a dervish with my stick  
Wandering along rivers and over mountains  
Looking for you all my life  
Then could I find you?

Oh my naughty, wild dreams  
You are deceiving me. Even  
though I sob and weep The  
dead cannot be found.



N5



### Акыркы суйуу

Суйуу акыркы кышкы кундей мемиреп,  
Сур булутгун арасынан тегулет. Бул  
кундери кубандырган журекту Эртечки  
кун мени мене кемулет. Суйуу келет  
кош аргымак чанадай, Сурдендуруп  
туура тосуп жолумду. Мен мунайып  
эмнегедир тартынам Жайдар сунбай  
жаш кезектей колумду. Суйуу келди  
борошолуу кар болуп, Ойлор менен  
оролуша зар болуп, Зор суйуусун  
батыра албай журбейун Балким ага  
кекурегум тар болуп....

### My Last Love

My last love is like a quiet, wintry day  
That appeared among grey clouds  
Happy hours that touches my heart  
Will be buried with me tomorrow.

My love is like two horses with one carriage  
Feeling myself pulled two ways I feel shy,  
not free like before Refraining to give my  
hand to you.

Love has come like a blizzard  
Thoughts arrive that I waited for I  
fear embracing your great love My  
chest might be too small for it.



N6

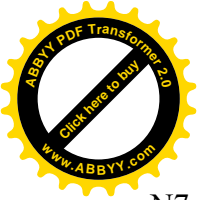
### Акын деген

Акын болбо,  
Ар нерсеге азап чегип, жүрегунду оорутуп,  
Ой кетеруп, оор кетеруп кыр арканды  
жоорутуп.  
Акын деген,  
Адам экен ар нерсеге апырандап кубанган.  
Жаман экен, жарты сезден жараланып  
кубарган.  
Акын деген,  
Кызык экен бар ааламды ойлогон.  
Ойлой берип, бойлой берип эч бир чегин  
койбогон.  
Акын деген,  
Ойлуу немен ар адамга жанашкан,  
Кубаныч да кайгысын да белушем деп  
талашкан.  
Акын деген,  
Назик немен ак тилекке курешкен,  
Адилетсиз, кара ниет-кара кучке тирешкен.  
Албагыла,  
Алангазар акындардын мунезун,  
Алсан алгын ак пейилдуу жүрегун.  
Баарынан да,  
Баарынарга берсе экен акындардын  
жакшынакай тилегин.

### The Poet Is

Don't be a poet  
Like one  
Who suffers from everything  
Whose heart aches,  
Who carries a spiritual load  
From lifting heavy thoughts.  
The poet is a person  
Who takes happiness from small things  
Who feels sorrow and injury from nothing.  
The poet is a strange person  
Who thinks about the whole world  
All the time  
Without limit.  
The poet is a person  
Who is intimate with everyone  
Who is eager to share happiness  
As well as grief.  
The poet's soul is gentle  
Full of white hope  
Who fights against injustice  
And strives for the welfare of all.  
Don't be intense like poets  
But share their kind hearts.  
Most important is to share  
Their beautiful hope and care.





N7



## Менин ырым

Менин ырым- кез жаш менен терелген,  
Чачыраган кун нуруна беленген.  
Бакыт-гаалай чулгоо болуп оролуп,  
Олпок болуп бешигине тешелген.

Менин ырым- ысык жашка киринген,  
Ырыскыга табылганын кийинген, Кек  
жалбырак, кечетгелген бак-дарак  
Керкун ачып кечесуне тигилген.

Менин ырым кайгылуу кун терелуп,  
Бактылуу кун боюн керип жетилген.  
Ачуу, татгуу байгесине коюлуп, Балдар  
чуркап ыр тушоосу кесилген.

Ыйда туулган- ыйлап турат кезинде,  
Таалай тапкан кундер чыкпай эсинде,  
Менин ырым ый кулкуге аралаш,  
Ырдап турат эртен менен кечинде

## My Song

My song was born out of my tears But it  
bathed in the shining rays of the sun  
Happiness wrapped it in white flowers  
And placed it in a soft cradle.

My song bathed in my hot tears But  
dressed in its fated happiness It was  
planted in a street of beauty Full of  
young leaves and green trees.

My song was born on a stormy day  
But grew up in happy times.  
Knowing both the sweet and bitter  
It was sent into the world with blessings.

Born in tearful times, it sometimes cries  
But it always remembers happy days.  
Mixing grief with laughter It sings every  
morning and every night.



N8

## Ким коргон

Кубанган адамдын журугун  
Чак тушто кун козу  
Чачырап нур тегуп тургандай,  
Жел епке кел усту  
Желигип жээгине ургандай? !  
Ким керген  
Ачылган адамдын конулун  
Айкындай ай бетин  
Булутгар этегин тургондой  
Жароокер жаш сулуу  
Жадырап жарына кулгондой  
Кордун беле,  
Адамдын журугу суйгонун-  
Бой бербей махабат  
Балбылдап башкача куйгонун  
Эриген монгудой  
Эништеп сел болуп киргенин  
Ким керген  
Ыйлаган адамдын журугун  
Жоготкон ботосун  
Ингендей болкулдап боздошун  
Тунере нешерлеп  
Тегулген жамгырга окшошун  
Ким керген  
Мен кергем ушунун баарысын  
Кылчактай артына  
Адамдын ажалга барышын  
Бирок мен кербедум,  
Олгондун артынан ажалсыз  
Озу олуп калганын



## Who Bore Witness To

A heart that is happy go lucky  
In the middle of the day  
Like the sun spreading out its rays,  
  
Like waves splashing on the bank of the lake.  
Who bore witness to  
A person in a joyful mood  
When clouds open their curtains like veils  
Revealing the moon's beauty  
Like a young, charming lady  
Laughing sweetly to her best half.  
Have you ever seen  
A person falling in love  
With unbridled feelings  
Burning in the fire of love  
Like a melting glacier  
Turning into a flood.  
Who bore witness to  
The heart of one weeping  
Like a camel roaring with pain  
For its lost baby  
Sobbing bitterly  
Like a heavy rain.  
Who bore witness to this?  
It was me, who saw these things!  
A person facing death  
Looks back at those who live  
But no one dies before their time.



## N9 Алай

Менгуден мончок тагынып,  
Булуттан жоолук салынып,  
Алайдын тоосу чалкаят Ак  
ичигин жамынып.

Бетеген келдей толкуган  
Бейиштин теру белемсиц.  
Кез чаптырса жетпеген Кек  
мейкин талаа экенсиц.

Кенектеп тегет жамгырыщ  
Кел болуп кетээр бекенсин.  
Кек кашка суулар кебуруп,  
Аскадан тушет тегулуп.  
Кузгудей болуп жалтырайт  
Тубунде таштар керунуп.

Эзелден элим жайлаган,  
Коктунда мальщ жайнаган,  
Кен Алай жердин соорусу

Кете албай сага айланам.

## Alay

Glowing glaciers adorn your neck  
White clouds form your kerchief  
Alay mountains, you stretch wide and high  
A white coat proudly draping your shoulders.

Your grass waves like a windy lake  
Making a paradise of that place Your  
green fields are endless Stretching  
wide and deep.

When it rains hard and strong  
You became a waving sea.  
Pure water tumbling from the tops  
Falls and bubbles on the rocks  
Which brighten like a mirror  
Your stones shimmer as if under glass

Since ancient times my people lived there  
Filling your valleys with cattle Alay is the  
most beautiful paradise I linger there, then  
hanker to return.



N10

### Аялдардын бактысы

Кун чачырап кулун ачып жаштыгы,  
Суйуу келип суусун берсе-бактысы.  
Жагалданып аял туру кулпурат. Жары  
болсо азаматтын жакшысы.

Балкып дене бал жуурканга айланып,  
Бала тапса бул аялдын бактысы. Ак  
бешиги ай нурунда терметип, Ал  
баланын, ал тынчтыктын сакчысы.

Ар адамдын эмгегине жараша, Аз да  
болот, кеп да болот бактысы, Эмне  
келбейт аялдардын колунан,  
Эмгегинен келсе баар тапкысы. Адам  
баркын- аялдарын кордогон Ал  
кундердун ашкан эле запкысы. Аял  
аты ардак менен аталып Азыр  
кымбат, анык ушул бактысы.

### The Happiness of Women

When youth flourishes like the sun  
And love quenches its thirst, that is happiness  
When her husband is the best one  
A woman feels like a lady, that is happiness

When her body softens like a blanket  
Giving birth, that is happiness.  
When she sings a lullaby on moonlit nights  
Protecting the child and peace, that is  
happiness.

Depending on fate and her response  
Happiness might be large or small.  
Woman creates everything, She can  
achieve whatever she wants.

Once women were scorned,  
Tormented throughout history Now  
the word "woman" is honored, Held  
dear, that is happiness.



That is the end –yes!!!

