

МАГИЯТА БЕЛОГРАДЧИК: ПЕТ СТИХОТВОРЕНИЯ

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Abstract. Five short poems inspired by the beauty of Belogradchik and kindness of its people are presented in this article. The poet, Ludmila Biliarska, lives in America.

Keywords: Belogradchik, poetry, Ludmila Biliarska

Ludmila Biliarska¹⁾ was born in 1952 in the city of Sofia. Back in 1971 she signs up Bulgarian philology course of study in the “St. Kliment Ohridski” University of Sofia. Her first poetic attempts are from her childhood. Encouraged to participate in literary study circles and youth competitions from which she repeatedly received awards. At the age of 25, she moved with her husband to Benghazi, Libya, where he was sent to work until 1988, when they moved back to Bulgaria. In 1993, by invitation of her husband’s relatives, they leave the country to move to State of Indiana U.S., where they settled down permanently.

She is an author of the poetry books “*Our Song*” (2003), “*Barefoot Wanderer*” (2008) and “*Hermit*” (2008).

The Bulgarian newspapers “*Bulgaria*”, “*Bulgaria Sega*”, “*Zlatnorog*,” printed in Chicago, IL, started publishing her poems since 2006. In 2008, the newspaper “*Bulgaria*” added to its pages a Poetry Section and ever since her poems embellishes the page, which she has arranged.

Her literature works have been published in “*Literary World*”, the web portal “*Rodina*”, the French magazine “*Revue Périodique sur la vie en Bulgarie*” and NEWS Books.

The author participated in the first Bulgarian emigrant Almanac - “*Bulgarian words and colors in the U.S. and around the world.*” She is also a member of the National Writers Association of the U.S. and Worldwide since 2010 (*cf.* Appendix).

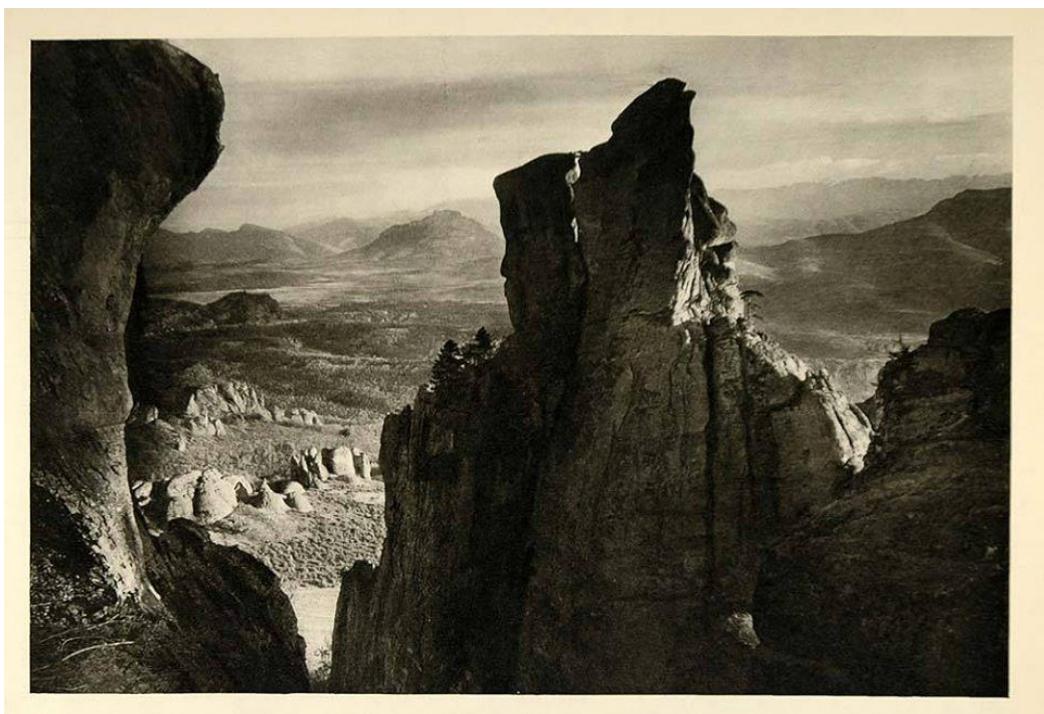


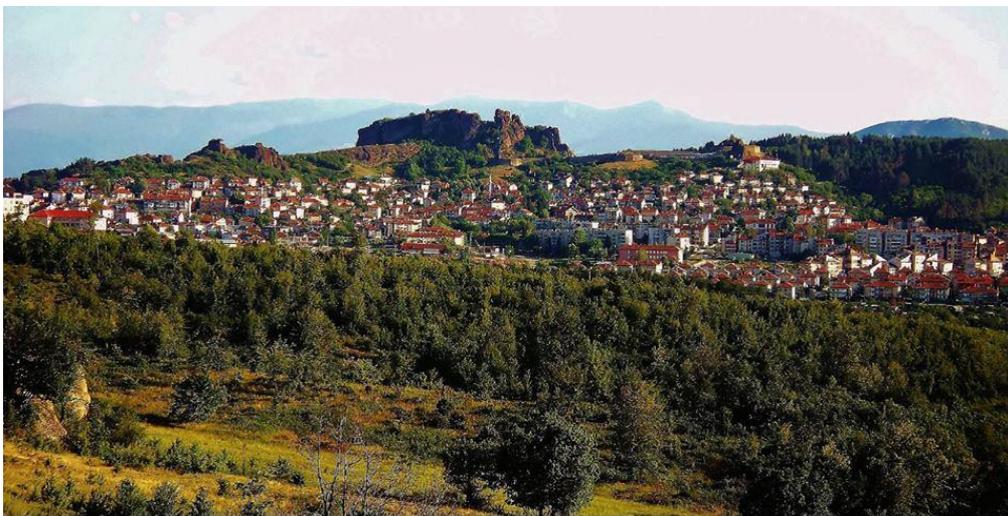
Людмила Билярска

Посоката им – гордо очертание

Погледайте ги, как са устремени!
Във порива си вихрят и вълни –
въздушни, светли, радостно поели
със тях, след тях. В високото дори.
Не им е нужно ничие признание.
Те светят. Водят. И бележат път,
с посока вечност – гордо очертание.

Кой казва, че смирено чакат ред?





Белоградчик

Когато го съзряхме отвисоко,
бе кротко свит с червените си покриви.
И бродехме из него без посоки.
И търсехме да срещнем скъпи спомени...

А времето изглежда беше спряло.
И всичко – точно същото...
Хотелът и Калето, и Балкана.
И улиците с къщите.

Наситени на спомени вървахме
и го попивахме със погледи.
При залеза, обратен път поехме,
над ярките му покриви.

Тогава ги видяхме поразени,
отново пак предишните...
Нетленният си вечен път поели
начело с “Ученичката”...

Изглеждаха мистично-вкаменени,
под заревата есенни.
Помахаме за сбогом възхитени
ний тленните и преходни.



Магията Белоградчик

Неповторим градеж на вечността.
Една втъкана във света хармония.
Вълшебен почерк. Прелестна следа
в земя побрана в шепите на Бога.

Не сте безмълвни каменни слънца,
изписвате най-светлите послания -
по хребети на утринна заря
и в златните подножия на залеза.

Под нежния лазур – магичен знак:
незнаен код, вграден в гранит и слюда.

В земя голяма, колкото юмрук -
изваяно от камък седмо чудо.





Белоградчик през септември

А вятърът
се спусна леко
от каменните рамене
на вечността.
Понесе с плаща си
цветя,
пера от птици,
шепота на нощи
и мирис на небе.
Преметна го
над съннения град
и леко се издигна

пак нагоре,
танцувайки по
скалните била.
Прошепна си
по нещо със орлите.

*

Във ниското
градът просветна
с червените си покриви.
Гората щедро ръсна
първите си листи в жълто.
Септември е.





Неповторим и вечен

Сред аромат на ябълков цъфтеж
и тихи нощи с топъл цвят на кестен,
градът е свит в мистичния градеж
и точно като него – бял и вечен.

Но малко тъжен е Белоградчик.
Пооредя. Потеглиха с багажи.
През къща или две – ни смях, ни вик.
Градът скърби – е точно да се каже.

Замряха неизписани платна.
В палитрата боите се разсъхват.
Във някой миг се вейне и брада –
вгълбен творец рисунката довършва.

Ще дойде ден със глъчка и кипеж!
Усмивчиците детски го подсказват.
Сред аромат на ябълков цъфтеж –
неповторим е в каменната пазва!



APPENDIX

A reflection by G.N. Nikolov²⁾

Can we speak of "male" and "female" poetry in the twenty-first century? Is there such a distinction in the character of the people, defining the color of the intellect? Does the biological index of the personality dominate on the white piece of paper? No ... Engine for each work is the author's view of the allotted to him piece of life, where he can faithfully embellish with poetic inspiration his talent to the civil pyramid and justify his message to the public. And to be his confessor from his own personal position with hope for understanding and reciprocity or anathematized by listlessness, blocking the path to the minds of future generations. Let time decide! The lyrics of Ludmila Bilyarska suggest poetic longevity, they are human, social, broader, purified in front of fascinating femininity among the dynamics of the daily routine. The anthem of love is echoing over everything written by her. The only feeling follows the cosmopolitan individual from birth to his/her last breath.

The poetry of Bilyarska is a radiant rainbow of real characters, because it is rooted in daily routine liberated from the shackles of the familiar and repetitive. Rooted in the multiplication of the dying day; encoded in the dawn of the new day, and the gentle touch of the woman - lyrical hero who turns home, family, traditions, and human aspirations in the ritual Code on bits. Everything is sacred. Served at the stage of a busy world, aspiring, not clear where and often forgotten native eaves and sweet voices over a cradle, the faded faces of men, who gave a young flock wings to fly, before they find shelter under the eaves of rotten crosses somewhere in oblivion. They do not call us – they wait for us. And we shall go to them. Like yellow leaves whirled from the wind of running time. But until then, live must be experienced truly, unfeigned and beautiful, seeking, and sacrificing, selflessly without remnant. This is the message conveyed by Ludmila in conversation with readers. Life is knowledge. We are sipping it, in the sight of our own destiny.

Is there a common human destiny? Yes. It is the total of individuals, multiplied by the number of eternity. In live, man is blind sighted, staring at his own fate - a rough carpet of experience and errors, moment of given and asked forgiveness for enemies, our close ones and in a moment of difficult reflection – to ourselves. Why love purifies and malice doesn't? Goodness radiates warmth, trust and listlessness towards the nearby reminisce cold wasteland. The lyrics of Biliarska are reflection of a woman's right to build a balance in her little world, without which on the planet Earth, the chaos would be lord. And her aura of holiness is the beacon that we desperately seek in the sticky darkness of nihilistic apathy.

Woven from soft sounds of cymbals, the work of Ludmila Biliarska, often invites sadness in his temple and we are implicated. Several truths cannot escape from the thinking, analytical nature of the author: the approaching autumn and the reckoning of the years; the reached out hand between hopes of youth and the achievements... after; the person with whom you shared the bread, the wine and often - cup of hemlock, who deep inside himself hid subconscious yearning to fly away, although the nest is where his spirit and his heart was bond. And there is where, he will leave last mortal breath. Family is a fortress of morality, harmony and understanding. Repel against the filth of atavistic crudity and alienation. Universe in the universe, a heart divided between loving creatures.

Intimate lyricism of Biliarska is often lined with true social observations. It couldn't and it shouldn't be otherwise. True, the author shares her own feelings, regarding realities of the time in which she lives. She cannot remain indifferent while people are suffering and pound into the invisible wall of hopeless fate.

Over time the work of Ludmila Biliarska – enriched and complemented, bestowed with wisdom and true insights. Combined with the brim-

ming of the author's national identity, rooted to her birthplace with spirit; drowned in the open minded, not-politicized thinking society.

We find poetry hidden behind city blinds, woven from natural beauty and fragrant flower garden after drenching rain. I do not hide that I read with interest her every poem. I see in her lyrics, that bright talent can live peacefully with modern day. I see in the gray dust of fleeting days, the female - priestess taken place, assigned to her from the very moment of conception. From place that she will not retreat, because by right we all belong to her - breathing, wandering, loving, crying, grieving people ... people hopefully opening eyes the break of dawn.

БЕЛЕЖКИ

1. Всички илюстрации в тази статия (и изключение на първата – снимка от 1935 г.) са взети от отворени интернет източници (photo-forum, flickr и panoramio).

2. An excerpt from Nikolov's review in *Literaturen sviat [Literary World]*.

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