

Eisteddfod Poems

The Circus by Anna Osipova

The circus is gone and the clowns are sad,
The colorful flags are lying in dust,
The flowers are trampled and roses are dead,
And no merry tunes in the gusts.
The circus is gone and the square is empty,
And no dancing kids in the street,
The yardman sweeps confetti gently
And picks dirty garlands from trees.
The circus is gone and the holiday's over,
The workdays start spinning again,
And life seems so dull and so sober...
But circus will come back one day.

Y Dychweliad gan T. H. Parry-Williams

Ni all terfysgoedd daear byth gyffroi
Distawrwydd nef, ni sigla lleisiau'r llawr
Rymuster y tangnefedd sydd yn toi
Diddim diarcholl yr ehangder mawr;
Ac ni all holl drybestod dyn a byd
Darfu'r tawelwch nac amharu dim
Ar dreigl a thro'r pellterau sydd o hyd
Yn gwneuthur gosteg â'u chwynellu chwim.

Ac am nad ydyw'n byw ar hyd y daith
O gri ein geni hyd ein holaf gŵyn
Yn ddim ond crych dros dro neu gysgod craith
Ar lyfnder esmwyth y mudando mwyn,
Ni wnawn, wrth ffoi am byth o'n ffwdan ffôl,
Ond llithro i'r llonyddwch mawr yn ôl.

Translation: The Return

Earth's turbulence cannot disturb the quietness of heaven; earth's voices cannot rock the power that peace which lies over the unscarred nothingness of the great expanse; Nor can man's commotion or the world's disturb the repose or, in any way, impair the moving and rotation of the beyond which all the while impose a silence with their busy whirling. And since our living through a life from our birth cry to our dying moan is nothing but a ripple for a time, the shadow of a scar upon the soft smoothness of the gentle muteness, in passing forever from our foolish bother we slip into that vast stillness back again.