

ARMAN  
(‘Dream’ or ‘Longing’)  
By Mukagali Makataev  
1931-1976

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I miss my native land that I see in my dreams.  
I am sure I will never see her again.  
I grew up in the mountains like a wild animal.  
It's not a matter of being on my sick bed.  
Who guarantees me that I will not die?

Oh, life, how beautiful you are.  
How the deer wander in the meadows.  
I sit on the high hills,  
the soft breath of morning kisses me.

The morning breeze plays at my collar  
I greet the first of the sun.  
Why don't I have a century left?  
Why does that mountain life trouble me?

Why did I leave the small stream?  
I am a butterfly blown by the wind.  
I was free, I was spoiled  
I broke the stones myself.

What sighing and sadness,  
what use is this restlessness?  
Better to fade away in a hospital,  
to stand up and take a bullet at the front.

My God, how I miss my native land.  
Neither dead nor alive  
my soul stumbles toward the fall.  
God, what did I do, what did I do?