## Magnification Forty



#### Also by Tsvetanka Elenkova, from Shearsman Books

The Seventh Gesture Crookedness

(As Editor)

At the End of the World: Contemporary Poetry from Bulgaria



# **Magnification Forty**



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#### **Contents**

#### **SAMPLES**

Biscuit / 13

Bread / 14 Chocolate, dark / 15 Damask Rose, thorn / 16 Dust / 17 Earth / 18 Feather / 20 Grass, withered Hair / 22 Hair, from a Persian cat Jewel Orchid flower 26 Paper / 28 **P**encil / 29 Rice / 30 Skin / 31 Snow / 32 Spiderwort, leaf / 33 Spinach / 34 Tea / 35 Tomato, seed / 36 Wax and Crossandra / 37

#### WATERFALLS

#### Western Balkan Mountains

Bela Voda / 42

Boy / 45

Chiprovtsi / 46

Dobravitsa / 49

Haidushki / 50

#### Central Balkan Mountains

Glozhene / 55

Kademliya / 56

Krushuna / 59

Sopot / 60

Suchurum \$\&\lambda\sigma\$

Vrana Vođa V 🗞

Vitosba Mountain

Royana 70

Phodope Mountains Bachkovo / 75

Devil's Throat / 76

Samodivsko / 79

#### Rila Mountains

Goritsa / 83

Skakavitsa / 84

Skalovitets / 87

Greece

Litochoro / 91

#### **DIRECTIONS**

Rome: Directions / 95

Skopelos: Contemplations / 98

London-Tate: Equinox According to Turner  $\,/\,\,102$ 

Lodève-Montpellier: Viala, Soulages, Bissière / 103

Berlin: Reconciliation / 104

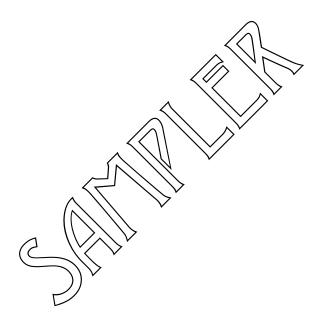
Notes on the poems / 108





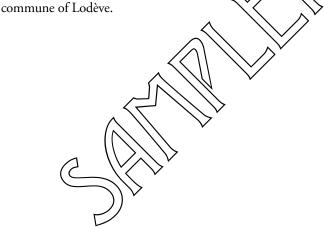
Every thing that is above another is concealed from what is beneath it.

The Ascetical Homilies of Saint Isaac the Syrian, Homily 26 (Boston, MA: Holy Transfiguration Monastery, 2011)



This book is divided into three parts.

In the first, 'Samples', the poet examines objects through a microscope at a magnification of forty and describes what she sees. In the second, 'Waterfalls', she takes language outside and examines waterfalls in her native Bulgaria and in Greece. And in the third, Directions', she describes different places in Europe she has visited from Rome to London to Berlin, passing through the island of Skopelos and the



## **SAMPLES**





#### **BISCUIT**

In the crumbs can be seen sugar cacao bread and other things because it is a kaleidoscope It can be seen how the continents have separated from a single whole how mammals (bear, dog, etc.) descend from the seahorse how a shadow is a man's darker angel and how going between two steps is also flying Most of all how you want to dive from the into the white circle of the sea that hasn't been burnt up You skate or pull'a sledge at the South I o

#### **BREAD**

#### White

candy floss lung driven snow you thrust your finger into until it goes blue not from pain from purity pollen stuck to your finger from a butterfly's wings sponge with lather from homemade soap the inside of a stone the mask of a bee-keeper and in each hole spit to knead bread like the one our grandmothers in the world below **Brown** a shade thicker a shade darker the way a snow-eating wind lifts

dust from the road

#### CHOCOLATE, dark

It is so black so hard you only see the details when you take a bite because only uneven things capturing the light with their corners cliffs and ledges like an ice-cream scoop permit themselves the luxury of reflecting it Then you notice the structure which is not frightening at all the structure of a flower inside a tree of bite marks You piece together the pieces and understand how little darkness really is Like paper stuck to a window like a layer of cocoa powde clinging to the side of a glass jar

#### DAMASK ROSE, thorn

sawdust where it joins the plant double-sided adhesive tape it is impossible to get off wrinkled skin along its length with spots on the hands the end is no sharper than a sharpened pencil but still draws blood mica on the flat side on houses with mosaics seen from top to bottom an erection all of this in quick succession old age and passion are what protect the flower from da

### DUST

Have you ever thought how for dust every surface is deep?



#### **EARTH**

I felt it alive between my fingers cotton ball on a vein pulsating throat But when I looked at it under the microscope those tiniest grains it had a face. and a cross in the line between the eyes and the nose All the brittle matter which at first glance is homogeneous coffee or salt (I even put it in a paper salt cellar) is actually made up of lumps and stones each with its own features and forms come about there wh the whole falls apart crumbles separates into lots of hearts the small and the big are interline in something like a molecular structure or DNA Every time I tried to sprinkle a little more of the sample they looked like perak like kneaded dough or crumbly biscuits At this magnification there were no animals to be seen only reefs but I'm sure it was teeming I wanted to examine the earth on a white piece of paper to see whether I could discover letters but instead of that a triangle from the contours of two pine needles just like nibs Then I said to myself

ah that means it's not only the word not only the word but also a writing tool a sword in the hands of Archangel Michael and those glints here and there in the moonlight to show them the way



#### **FEATHER**

A birch in the sun with a transparent trunk and black roots that write in the soil an angel's pen Silver-plated barbs like branches after the first snowfall they do not crunch under our feet because they are on the window Goose bumps but when it grows dark luminous bones two tones grey and pink whiter than grey So many lips eyelids that stick and unstick themselve envelopes with the Guinness for the longest kiss