



THE
GRIFFIS ART CENTER

INTERNATIONAL ARTIST-in-RESIDENCE PROGRAM – MAISON des ARTISTES
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT USA

Valentin KRUSTEV

2005 International Writer-in-Residence
Bulgarian-American Creative Society
Sofia, Bulgaria
(1949 – 2016)

excerpt from

POEMS

Sofia/New London, CT 2005

The Kream Cafe

That night,
wandering about New London, CT,
I dropped in at this cafe in State St.
It was already empty, save for a lady in knee-cut pants,
who seemed to need telling someone
about the serpentine routes of the reed.

Carolyn would hold her guitar
and her voice for a while,
trying to render care to the lady bespoken.
Meanwhile, the half-moon outside
did its night walk in the endless expanse
of the New London skies, reflecting the ocean.

Finally, the lady took her leave, seemingly relieved
by Carolyn's psycho-soothing séance

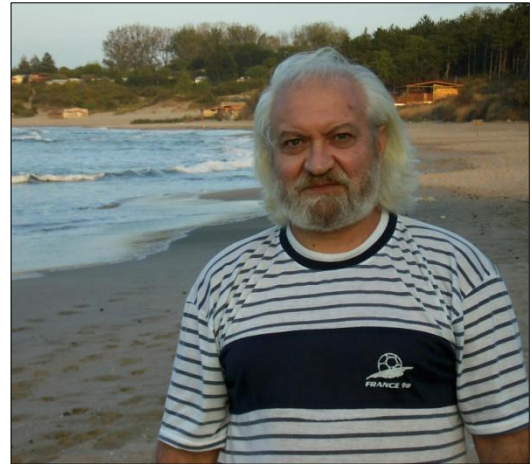
So, I took humbly my chance,
trying to make out what she was singing about,
though the only thing I did manage to grasp,
was the crystal-blue sense of the sounds.
Then the tender night saw me off home -
half moonlit, half heart-shadowed,
past the Greek Church St. Sophia
and bronze cast John Winthrop,
who saluted me with a bird
taking off from the dome of his hat,
then - left, up Granite St. to Sapphire House -
now lighthearted and rejoiced
in that well-arranged and comforting chaos.

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Valentin KRUSTEV (1949 – 2016)

2005 Griffis Art Center's
International
Writer-in-Residence
from Sofia, Bulgaria



Valentin Krustev - b. 1949. Law graduate from the Sofia University "Kliment Ohridski", Bulgaria. Poet and translator. His first book of poems *"Between the Sky and the Earth"*, published by the *"Orpheus" Publishing House*, came out in 2005.

He translates verse and prose from and into English and poems from the Russian.

Baby Entering Words

To William Meredith

I enter slowly, woo the consonants.
The vowels are vexed at my approach.
But I go on, determined and debauched,
Until they start to melt like lustful nuns.

Then I retreat, retrieving Os and As,
And Us, and Es, and Is, and Y s, before
I reunite them with the ardent score,
To give my tongue the clarity of bells.