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Akkushtap Baktigereyeva

Tell Me, Is It the Same with You?

Tell me, is it the same with you, is
everyone equal before the Lord,
as they tell us in books or do you also have
clever liars, fools in worn-out chains?

Is there a matchmaker and military man standing there
admiring the heavenly luxury?
Do they ask now to show at the paradise gates
letters of recommendations stamped and sealed?

And can you tell me if you always have spring there,
flower upon flower as it is on the steppe?
Have all been forgiven their faults
or do you need bribes up there for this?

With you, do children abandon their mothers?
There are too many spots on our Sun.
The only people who are satisfied are those who steal –
... By the way, do you have to pay for a drink in paradise?

Paradise before you – hell behind.
Your white horse does not mourn in fear.
Like here, lazy Kazakhs are expecting
heavenly rewards from the angels there.

... When the body is buried deep in the earth,
the spirit dwells in the truth of the last.
Tell me, do people still denounce each other –
does gossip continue to thrive?

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anthologies.

Find out more on the project at <https://kazakhstan.cambridge.org/>



Akkushtap Baktigereyeva

And Again about Love

Love, I have come back to you again –
be my theme, repeating once more.
There is no life without love, there is no happiness.
I have nothing more to say.

If you want to endure the hardships of life,
you need a song, you need human contact.
You only have one shot at this one and only life,
life must be loved passionately.

If you truly love, then your eyes gleam differently.
A strong stream begins a new course.
To find happiness and respect on Earth,
first you need to love people.

We must love the white dawn, the radiance of the Sun.
We must be able to love the flower's image.
We must read legends of olden times,
about girls who died, deprived of their chosen loves.

Shouldn't a girl be a wife for a husband, a mother for a child?
We didn't realise there is no joy without girls,
but they don't write stories about those who
married by calculation – they leave us no legends.

I composed poems about love before that.
Today I return in its defence.
If you are too weak-willed to love a spouse,
I doubt that you can love people ...



Marfuga Aitkhozhina

When Birds Arrive

When seasonal birds are soaring,
the heart breaks out from its nest.
My dear mother used to tell me
that when the migrant birds return
our lives are one year shorter.

When birds flap their wings
or ruffle their feathers,
it never fails to stir your heart.
Whenever birds fly, whenever they leave,
it always has a meaning
for the poet in love with verses and life.

Each year I wait for spring to arrive,
my eyes alert to its signs
as if I were waiting for one I love.
Then out of the blue, my birds arrive.
They have travelled over countless peaks,
endowing the sky with splendour.

As if they were touched
by the nightingale's song,
beads of tears drop from the leaves.
When I see the uplands
embracing each other,
so patient and splendid,
it banishes sleep.

Gazing up at the mountains,
I found it hard to shut my eyes,
dozing as fitfully as a bird.

Oh, birds!

Soaring!

Gliding!



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Marfuga Aitkhozhina

You revealed your secrets to me.
Gathering around the shores of the lake
the birds will start their feast.

Be safe and secure, wherever you go.
And though I love the ways you fly,
I'm jealous too.

I love and long each year for spring –
glorious spring and the feast of *Nauryz*¹ –
as out of the blue
the birds arrive,
flying from the far.

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