

## SELECTIONS FROM “ZANGEZI”

By **Velemir Khlebnikov** (1922)

Translated by Richard Balthazar

### GOD-MAKER

Crests of dry mountains,  
Waters' racing into valley,  
And waterfall beating on cliffs.  
Waves with grey downbeats,  
Greynesses of clouds,  
Nothingnesses of storm clouds  
Over rollingnesses of grass  
And whirlwater of grey stream,  
Waters of great greyness.

I am god-maker on holy day. I go along the shore,  
And there I stand like a haystack as black Mammoth twilight  
Pours like ink into the milk of crevices.

Arisen beating of white waters.  
It threatens the grasses of gods—tramples swarms of swanweed  
So it groans, God! My God!  
Threatens and falls into abyss.  
Singing wind of wild steppe whistles,  
Caressing river of night blues,  
Nightly goodness of spring,  
Summits of grasses where the wind-ship walks,  
In sky a firiver.

Come, young masters! Young lords, come!  
Here died the river of my will, o wind-sweet lords,  
The ruinous torture river  
And swayness of gods. But I, god-maker, am alone.

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### CASTLE MIGHT (abridged)

Listen, listen, to the glad mighdings of might!  
Go forth, mightior, march on mightior!  
Mightist, I mighthe! Mightion, I may!  
Mighthe, my self! Mightly! Mighndly!  
Mightivate, ye eyes! Mighgrate, ye mightities!  
To arms! To arms!

A mighron, mightine choir! Resplendent in mightanies.  
Migholet eyes, mighty thoughts, mighturgical brows!  
Mighthing, mighted, mighron, mightual, mighty, mightive!

Multimightinous mightistic mightities,  
Lo, you've mingled your tresses with mightans,  
Mighons, mightesse, through the mightine mightity.  
Amid mighlps, among mighlts, mighantesses, mighons mightable,  
Meanders a mighling,  
Mighsing the mightity of mighty mighteers' mighven.  
In a crowd of mighlps and mightesse.

Water's in the bill! Wings whirr!  
I must fly not to be late! Thy countenance, mightier!  
Igmighte my mighnd! Mightilate, my arm!  
Mightor, mightist, mightier! Eyes of mighance, mouth of mighth!  
The mighthiness of mightians!

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**THEY** (abridged)

They're a sapphire Gloriasilentium,  
They're an azure eyefall,  
They're a flighgration into never,  
Their wings flap out of beat.  
Fleegitives across the blue sky,  
Nilusive flocks of nihillusions,  
They flood into otherverses.  
Flighnauts flying in selfar space!  
They flee into the uneverse,  
A torrent of winged thisity,  
A deluge of cosmic notity,  
In the sky's farever of attimes.  
Fettered in soothful sorrow,  
They flow in a stream of sur-reason.  
They're a sapphire throne-city,  
They're an azure no-shower,  
They've outspacing faces,  
They're a flightering into blue.  
They've heavening braids,  
They've heavernous mouths!  
Mid constellations they're bare-heeled.  
There the Thou expired.  
Spaceful wings, delyrical mouths!  
Ancoelic wings, nilyrical mouths!  
Their savagely delyrical eyes!  
Their savagely nilyrical maws!