

**PUSHKIN PRIZE 2020  
DEPARTMENT OF SLAVIC LANGUAGES, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY**

**Awarded to Stephen Andrew Bruce for his translation of**

**ALEKSANDR VELTMAN  
Poem I, from Chapter XXVI of *The Wanderer***

So listen now to what I dreamed:  
I flew on horseback, so it seemed,  
With fearsome soldiers all around.  
I trampled, slashed, and cut my foes;  
And charging right between their rows,  
With heads and limbs I strewed the ground.  
But suddenly, in armor bright,  
A daring warrior rose to fight,  
First I dealt him a heavy blow,  
Which he resisted, to my woe:  
For slashing round with sudden fire,  
He severed off my head entire!  
I felt my poor soul flit away,  
And my blood turned cold and gray,  
And over me Death spread his cloak!  
I died... and gasped, and then awoke!  
And like a madman, in a daze,  
I groped and fumbled in the haze,  
I found my head and grabbed it tight,  
Then crossed myself, full of delight,  
For 'twas in dream that death I'd met,  
And my dear head was on me yet!

**Honorable Mention Awarded to Jiashi Yang and Evan James Mortimer  
for translations of poems by Anna Akhmatova and Aleksandr Blok**

**ANNA AKHMATOVA**

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Wild honey smells of freedom,  
Dust - of a sunbeam,  
A maiden mouth- of violet,  
But gold - of nothing.  
Mignonette smells like water,  
And love - like an apple.  
But we have learned, once and for all,  
That blood only reeks of blood...

And in vain, the governor of Rome  
Washed his hands in front of all people,  
Under the ominous cries of the mob;  
And in vain, the queen of Scotland  
Washed the red spray  
Off her narrow palms  
In the suffocating darkness of the palace...

**ALEKSANDR BLOK**

From afar wind brought  
A hint of a spring song,  
Somewhere bright and deep  
A sliver of sky is opened.

In this bottomless azure,  
In the dusk of near spring  
Winter storms wept,  
Starry dreams drifted.

Shyly, darkly and deeply  
My strings wept.  
From afar wind brought  
Your sonorous songs.

*1901*