

## Конкурс перекладів “Українська мова очима світу”

### Оригінал

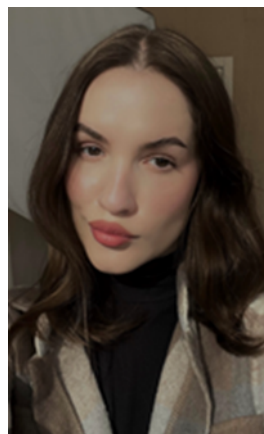
Ольга Манушкіна

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Мертві з тобою говорять від часу до часу.  
Часом їх голосами говорять живі.  
«Випусти» - кажуть. Просять не забувати.  
Сняться.  
Час починати свята, починати гробки.  
Більше не буде того, що уже не збулося.  
Пам'ять тривала, та користі з неї на пси.  
Світло саме у собі заплутано, на осінь  
Верне це літо, іще не почавшись зовсім.  
Що їм казати? Свіча, хліб, вино чи горілка.  
Тим хто кури́в – кілька пачок міцних цигарок.  
Тим, хто безвісний – молитва. І тільки одсвіток  
Радості  
Світу цього.

### Переклад

Переклад Дарини Гнатюк



The dead speak to you  
now and then, through  
time's unyielding  
threads,  
At times, their voices  
borrow the sounds of  
those not yet dead.  
"Release us," they  
whisper, asking not to  
be cast aside,  
They visit in dreams,  
in slumber, they bide.  
It's time for remembrance, for mourning  
anew,  
No more will arrive that was never  
pursued.  
Memory lingers, yet brings no gain,  
The light, ensnared, prepares for  
autumn's refrain,  
This summer turns back, barely begun,  
into rain.  
What to offer them? A candle, bread,  
whiskey, or wine,  
For those who smoked, strong cigarettes  
as a sign.  
For the nameless, a prayer. And only the  
trace,  
Of joy—  
A fleeting embrace from this world's  
face.

### Переклад Надії Завадської

The dead men are talking to you once a  
while.  
Their words are spoken by the alive.  
«The oblivion's end, just let us out».  
I dream.  
High time to recall, burn memorial lights.  
No more things that are yet to come.  
The memory lasts, but there's no use.  
The light is scrambled itself, and for the

fall

The summer returns, before it's even begun.

What should be said? Candles, bread, vodka or wine.

For the smokers, a few packs of strong cigarettes.

For the lost souls, just a prayer. Just a ray.

of joy.

Of this world.

### Переклад Софії Шаясюк



The dead talk to you from time to time,  
Sometimes the living speak with their voices.

"Let us out" - I hear,  
and nobody shall be forgotten,

They come in

dreams.

It's time to begin the celebrations, hold the funerals.

What failed to happen will not take place,  
We keep the memories but it doesn't help.

The light itself is confusing, while autumn

Will keep the summer, though it hasn't started yet.

What to tell them? A candle, bread, wine or vodka.

And packs of strong cigarettes for ones who smoked.

A prayer to those whose name we don't know,

And only the sparkle

Of joy

In this world.

### **Переклад Надії Лейковської**

The dead speak to you from time to time.  
Sometimes the living speak with their  
voices.

Let us go out; they say. They ask to  
remember.

They appear in dreams.

It's time to begin celebrations, to visit the  
graves.

There will be no more of what is  
forgotten.

Memory lingers, but it has no use.

The light, tangled within itself, turns to  
autumn,

This summer will turn, barely having  
begun.

What is there to offer? A candle, bread,  
wine, or liquor.

For those who smoked—a few packs of  
cigar.

For the unknown—a prayer. And only a  
faint tremor

Of joy

Of this world.

### **Переклад Тетяни Козир**

You hear the dead speak to you once in a  
while.

The living may use their voices  
sometimes.

'Let us out'. Asking you to remember.

Coming into the dreams.

It's holiday time, memorial time.

What hasn't come true won't happen at  
all.

Memories last. But they make no sense.

The light gets lost in itself, into autumn

This summer returns without having  
started in full.

So what should they say? A candle,  
bread, wine or  
vodka.

Several packs of strong cigarettes for the  
smokers.

A prayer for those who are unknown. Just

a flicker  
of Gladness  
of this World.

**Ольга Манушкіна**

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Рідні не дзвонять мені на мобільний.  
Тільки в мережі  
Дуже болить, хоч це й не найбільша  
втрата  
Друзів питаєш як ви? Говорять "всрато  
Й чим ти зарадиш? Донатиш, стежиш.  
Скільки квіту по світі розвіє? По  
цілому світу.  
Жодна розвідка не дорахується і не  
збере  
Шаленіє можливо останнє у світі літо.  
Хочеш вірити, вперто віриш, що  
чергове  
Але осінь чи зиму не видно. Не чути,  
не знати  
Світ чекає новин, мов на бочці, та ще  
не завмер  
Рідні дзвонять мені. Скільки можна  
сказати тепер?  
Огортає кімнату  
....здається, що вже

**Переклад Кирила Нікішева**



My family doesn't  
call me offline.  
Only online.  
It stings, though it's  
not that big of a deal.  
You ask your friends  
"How are you?" And  
they say "shitty".  
And what do you  
do? You try to help, you stay in touch.  
The world's last summer is going crazy.  
You want to believe, you want to hope  
that there will be another.  
Another autumn, another winter. And yet,  
they are so far away.  
You can't see signs of either.  
The world is waiting, Waiting for the  
news.  
But it hasn't frozen yet.  
My family is calling me.  
So, what now?

**Переклад Кебець Дар'ї**



My family does not  
call me on my phone.  
Only on the Internet.  
It hurts a lot, even if it  
is not the biggest loss  
When you ask your  
friends how you are?  
They say "shit".  
And what do you do to  
help? Donate, support.  
How many flowers will you spread  
around the world? All over the world.  
No single spy can count them and collect  
them.  
The world's last summer is probably in  
full swing.

## УРОК МОВИ Ігор Астапенко

як сьогодні тобі пояснити усі ці  
складні слова  
коли все що ти бачив це тільки  
обличчя світу  
коли мова неначе вода така ворухка й  
жива  
коли з неї ростуть дерева звірі вогонь  
молода трава  
навіть ти своїм іменем стукаєш в серце  
літер  
ось дивись: є слово любов тут в  
уподібнюється до у  
це останній звук почуття після нього  
велика прірва  
ми також уподібнені до зірок що бог  
назбирав до рук  
а слова живуть живе буде жити живи  
живу -  
це усе що потрібно знати до того як  
зірку вирвуть  
є також слово радість тут звуків менше  
ніж букв  
як і в слові господь у нім щось зникло  
без сліду  
але є слово дзвін тут усе навпаки і той  
хто його почув  
себто дзвін (а не слово) живий ще а  
мертвого вже несуть  
слово смерть як і радість на звуки  
скупе як рот у сухого діда  
ще важливо: коли будеш писати слово  
на жаль  
залиши в нім місце для смутку тому

You want to believe, you stubbornly  
believe that it will be the last.  
But you can't see fall or winter. Neither  
hear nor know  
The world is waiting for news as if on a  
barrel, but it hasn't stopped yet  
My family is calling me. How much can I  
say now?  
It covers the room  
.... It seems like it's over

## A LANGUAGE LESSON Переклад Аліни Лисенко



how to  
explain all  
these difficult  
words to you  
today  
when all you  
saw was the  
face of the  
world  
when the  
language is  
like water, so

vibrant and alive in a way  
when it grows trees, beasts, young grass  
and the flame  
even you knock on the heart of letters  
where written your name  
take a look: the word «liubov»\* where  
the letter 'v' assimilates to 'u'  
that's the last sound of feeling, after -  
abyss great.  
we are also like the stars that God has  
gathered in his hands  
and the words live, will live, are alive,  
live on, I live  
that's all you need to know before it  
ripped out, the star which he give  
and also word «radist»\*\*, which has  
fewer sounds than letters  
as in the word «Hospod»\*\*\*, something  
disappeared without a trace in it  
the word «dzvin»\*\*\*\* is here, and it's the  
other way around, who heard it, doesn't  
matter

два слова окремо  
ну а мо' там ще вміститься відчай або  
печаль  
завтра теж не забудь свій зошит і під  
вечір знов прилітай  
якщо будем живі то вивчимо ще одну  
неймовірну тему

namely «dzvin» (not the word) has not  
yet died, while the deceased are already  
being taken  
the word «smert»\*\*\*\*\*, like «radist»,  
sounds as stingy as a dry old man's mouth  
when you write «na zhal»\*\*\*\*\*,  
another crucial point is  
let it have mourning, so use two words  
apart  
there might be some space for despair or  
grief  
remember to bring your notepad  
tomorrow as well, and return in the  
evening  
if we survive, we will discover yet  
another amazing topic, but not now

\*«liubov» – love – the Ukrainian sound  
[в] often shifts to a bilabial [ʏ] — a semi-  
vowel sound similar to a short [u].

\*\* «radist» – joy In Ukrainian in the  
word «radist» there are 7 letters but 6  
sounds

\*\*\* «Hospod» – Lord

\*\*\*\* «dzvin» – toll

\*\*\*\*\* «smert» – death

\*\*\*\*\* «na zhal» – un-fortunately

## Language Lesson

Переклад Семенюк Діани



how to explain  
these tricky  
words to you  
today  
when the only  
thing you've  
seen is the  
world's face  
when the  
language is  
very similar to

water on its runway

when it grows trees, animals, fire and  
young herbs

even your name in heart is stayed with  
grace  
listen: there's a word love that often goes  
with you  
you'll find after the last sound of feeling  
a big gap  
we are so similar to the stars which are  
gathered in God's hands  
and the words are living lively will live  
you live I live  
that's all you need to know before the star  
is ripped  
and there's word gladness which is said  
shorter than spelled  
like "lord" word, something has  
disappeared without a trace  
but a word ding which is opposite and  
you'll hear it in this case  
so ding (not a word) is alive, but the dead  
man is carried away  
word "death", like gladness, is as stingy  
with sounds as a dry old man's mouth  
another important thing: while writing the  
word ill-fated  
leave a place for sadness in it, so two  
words should be separated  
may' the space can be filled with despair  
n grief  
take you notebook tomorrow and come  
here at night  
if we'll be still alive so learn another  
incredible theme

### **Переклад Валько Максима**

How to explain you all these complicated  
words  
when all that you've seen is only the face  
of the world  
when language like water conceal so  
much movement and life  
when inside, it lets trees, animals, fire  
and sprouting grass thrive  
even you, with your name, knock on the  
heart of the letters  
just look: a word "love" lost the 'e' to  
phonetic matters  
leaving the other sounds, borning the

feeling of a big gap, be  
so as the stars gathered by God in his  
hands are unique, and so are we  
and the words to live, lives, living, will  
live -  
that's all you need to know before a star is  
taken out with a heave  
there's also the word "pleasure," where  
sounds are few in display,  
like "truth," where something unseen has  
quietly slipped away  
but there is a word "bell", which has a  
different structure and the one who heard  
it,  
the bell (not the word) is still alive, but  
the dead have already got their verdict  
the word "death", like "pleasure", is as  
stingy with sounds as a silent story  
another important thing: when you write  
the word "sorry"  
emphasize the sadness, putting a  
punctuation mark  
and maybe you can even fit despair or  
sorrow as an unspoken remark  
don't forget your notes tomorrow, too,  
and come back for another chatter  
If we live, we'll certainly learn another  
incredible matter

**УНІКАЛЬНА МОВА**  
**Ігор Астапенко**

Лід закохався в кригу. зал закохався в  
залу –  
нам це розповіли, а ми вже вам  
розказали.  
і ви це комусь повідайте – хлопцеві  
або хлопцю,  
парубку або лєгеню – байдуже навіть,  
хто це.  
нам все рівно. однаково. хоче, це буде  
кобіта.  
дівчина чи невіста. нам – аби  
сповістити:

**UNIQUE LANGUAGE**  
**Переклад Євгенія Мальченко**

The ice fell in love with the iccap.  
The hall fell in love with the atrium.  
We all were informed, and we tell you.  
And you narrate it further to someone  
like you –  
A Guy, a Groom, or a man  
A Sidekick, a Fellow a Pal –  
No Big Deal. Doesn't matter  
As to please. It can be Young lady.  
A Girl or a Miss.  
We just want to tell you:  
The Alphabet, the Script and ABC live



що азбука і абетка живуть утрюх з  
алфавітом –  
у них тридцять три кровинки або  
тридцять троє діток.  
уся дітлашня розумна. кмітлива.  
мудра. толкова.  
путня. кебѣтна. мислива. і головата, до  
слова.  
а є дитинча унікальне. рідкісне.  
виняткове.  
у нього аж дві голови. ось подивіться,  
панове:  
їсти, наїсти, поїсти, з'їсти, над'їсти,  
від'їсти,  
проїсти або переїсти. доїсти альбо  
недоїсти.  
і що тобі краще робити – піди і спитай  
у «ї» ти.  
бо вибір великий. широкий. багатий і  
розмаїтий.  
бери оберти чи вибери, що тобі до  
вподоби.  
або до смаку. до серця. до густу.  
подумай добре.  
порадся із другом, братчиком або  
побратимом, братом  
або хай порадить приятель, якого ти  
звеш камрадом.  
у всіх у вас є ж бо мова. доладна.  
вродлива з лица вся.  
язик якийсь незугарний до неї був  
залицявся.  
а ми йому буквою «г» розрізали  
гарбуза –  
і він десь пішов далеко. за гори. і ріки  
за.

together by the sea,  
They have twenty-six offspring or  
twenty-six children.  
All the kids are smart, clever, wise, and  
efficient,  
Intelligent, thinking, brainy and  
proficient.  
And there is a Unique, Rare, Exceptional  
Cub.  
It has two sticks just above.  
Look, man how you can be wit:  
You-Yum, Yank, Yarn, Yearn, Yoke, and  
Yeat,  
Not sure if we can make the list finish.  
But you can ask the 'Y' what to do with  
the dish.  
Our choice is Great, Wide, Rich and  
Varied.  
Take your pick it's up to you,  
As you like. As you prefer. As it pleases  
you.  
Ask a Friend, a Partner, a Brother or  
Soulmate  
Or let your Buddy, whom you call your  
Comrade -  
Advise you.  
We all have a language,  
A good one, a beautiful one, not average.  
A certain ugly tongue was trying to find  
some Lacks  
But for such we can use letter "P" as an  
Axe.  
So it went far away Terrified, Horrified,  
Petrified.