

## TRANSLATION

**Davit Darbaidze**

*Hugs to Gori*

Translated from Georgian to English by **Mzia Lawrence**

Please, give me your hand, let me trace the grooves of time.  
Please, give me your wrist so that I can sense the breath of stone and lime.  
Oh, Gori, weary and weathered from wind and sword,  
I stand tall at the gates of that ancient accord.  
What happened then, if the wounds still linger,  
Gorijvari stands as the mediator between heaven and earth.  
What will age you, firm-kneed and strong-armed,  
While at Akhalbaghi, the sunset's glow is brilliant.  
Goristsikhe stands as a timeless crown,  
With its ancient domes reaching skyward.

I linger by the unseen bell tower of Okhoni,  
And like Jacob, carve the divine alphabet into stone!  
How different is the morning sun-reviving our past!  
Where Iliko's phantom performs the ancient Georgian tiptoe dance.  
The glowing embers and flames of Gorian vine grapes,  
Resemble a lively bridal party celebrating by the winepress.  
Even death cannot sever my bond with your greatness,  
Just as the Liakhvi flows inseparably into the Mtkvari.  
Extend your hand to infuse my veins with your eternity,  
Your timeless glory coursing through that ancient capillary!

„ჩახუტება გორს“  
დავით დარბაიძე  
მიბოძე ხელი, მინდა წლების დარები ვთვალო,  
მაჯა მომეცი, ვიგრძნო ფეთქვა კირთა და ქვათა,  
გორო, ქარით და ჯვარმახვილა ბრძოლებით მთვრალო,  
ვდგავარ ამაყი, მაგ სიმველის დიდების კართან.  
რა მოხდა მერე, ჭრილობები თუ კვლავ ხშიანობს,  
გყავს გორიჯვარი შუამავლად ცისა და მიწის,  
რა დაგაბერებს, მუხლმაგარო, მკლავმარღვიანო,  
ვიდრე დაისი ახალბადთან ალისფრად იწვის.  
ვიდრე გადგია გორის ციხე გვირგვინად ჟამთა,  
და ქონგურებით წარსულიდან ცასთან ერთდები,  
ვდგავარ ოქონის უხილავი სამრეკლოს ზართან,  
იაკობივით ქვაში ვკვეთავ ანბანს ღმერთების!

სხვა დილის მზე, შენს ქუჩებში წლებს რომ აცოცხლებს,  
თითის წვერებზე აცეკვდება ლანდად ილიკო,  
გორული ვაზის აკინძული ქარვა და ცეცხლი,  
საწნახელთან რომ მაყარივით ანცობს, ქილიკობს...  
შენს სიდიადეს თვით სიკვდილიც ვერ გამყრის ისე,  
მტკვარსა და ლიახვს როგორც ვერავინ გაყრის თავიდან,  
მომეცი ხელი, გადავისხა მაჯიდან სისხლმზე  
მარადისობა, მაგ ბებერი კაპილარიდან!

### Authors Note



**Davit Darbaidze** is an artist from Gori, Georgia, a poet and opera singer. He studied at Tbilisi State University in the Faculties of Architecture and Law before deciding to devote his life to art and music. He later graduated from the Gori Sulxan Tsintsadze Music College and the Tbilisi State Conservatoire. He was a soloist for the Gori ensemble “Shvidkatsa.” For many years, he worked in Ukraine with his musical band and later in Germany, where he performed in various opera theaters across the country. He returned to his hometown of Gori and began working as Deputy Head of the Culture Department of the Gori Municipality. Currently, Mr. Darbaidze is the head of the Gori Municipal Song and Dance Ensemble “Gori” and is also a member of the musical quartet “Status.” He is a member of the Writers’ Union of Georgia and has been awarded the honorary title of Knight of Georgian Poetry. He is presently working on his first collection of poems, which is scheduled for publication this year.



**Mzia Lawrence-Kvirikashvili** is a philologist, poet, and translator of Georgian poetry into English. She graduated with honors from the Faculty of Georgian Philology at Tbilisi State University. Ms. Lawrence has published four collections of English translations in England and the United States and is the author and co-author of 15 books in Georgian. At various times, she has worked at the publishing house of the Central Committee of Georgia where she served as a proofreader for the scientific works of professors and teachers at Sulxan-Saba Orbeliani University, now known as Ilia State University. She also contributed to the scientific division of the same university in the Departments of the History of Georgian Christian Culture and Art History. Since 2001, Ms. Lawrence has resided in Great Britain.