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International Poet of Merit

I LIKE THESE SILENT DAYS OF SPRING

I like these silent days of spring
With the balmy scent of fragrant flowers,
With dazzling snow-white cloud's towers,
And the whisper of waters murmuring.
I like the delightful, sparkling May,
Taking a sip of mirthful wine,
Looking at the ivy serpentine,
When dreamy thought wander astray...

MY MUSE, UNDYING NIGHTINGALE

My Muse, undying nightingale,
Guide me reliably through the dark,
Sail around the world, my proud bark,
Tell the people blissful fairy tale.
Don't permit me to change the right course,
Gentle Muse, don't burn your silken wings,
We hope to be met with new springs,
To scatter our songs through the Universe!

OH LOVE, WHERE WILL YOU FIND YOUR HAVEN

Oh love, where will you find your haven,
In what heart are you going to dwell?
Will this pure heart ascend to heaven
Or will it burn in fearsome hell?
Oh my beloved, perhaps you guess,
How I did love and love you still,
An unforgettable princess,
Moan of my soul, long and shrill...

OH LOVE, WHERE WILL YOU FIND YOUR HAVEN

Don't be afraid of loneliness.
The time will come when love
Lights up your dark path,
And a withered but will be reborn.
Don't be in doubt everywhere,
The black clouds will disappear
And the sunbeam will say:
Goodbye, sadness!
You feel the heartbeat and dizziness
As you did your youth!
Your feelings are as before,
You found the lost key of happiness!

ENJOY YOUR LIFE TODAY

Enjoy your life today,
Don't care about tomorrow,
Why are you in bitter sorrow?
Say to the stress: go away!
Remember, beauty is divine,
There exists still a gentle grace,
Look at your tear-stained face,
Wake up! And bask in the sunshine!

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Traducción por José Antonio Alonso Navarro (ESPAÑA)

BLACK HOLE

I sense the influence of a black hole
Spreading spacious long wings,
Suddenly the birds stopped to sing,
Dense fog has enveloped my soul.
Myriad pebbles appeared on the way,
I feel how shorter space grows,
It seems, someone wants to erase, who knows,
My steady life and lead astray...

AGUJERO NEGRO

Siento el influjo de un agujero negro
Que extiende sus extensas y enormes alas,
De s`bito las aves han dejado de cantar,
Y una densa neblina ha embozado mi alma.
Miles de gujarros han aparecido en mi camino
Y ciento como el espacio se reduce,
Parece que alguien anhela apartarme, quien sabe,
De una vida estable y hacerme vagar sin rumbo fijo.

HOW DIVINE IS DANCE OF JOY!

How divine is dance of joy!
It seems as a perpetual cascade

Which never stops and never fades,
Have sensual pleasure and enjoy!
Feel the pulsation of thirsty lips,
Your heart beats quickly to and fro,
Oh you are happy with what's in store,
How alluring is the nectar's sips!

¡QUÉ DIVINO ES EL BAILE QUE VIENE DEL GOZO!

¡Qué divino es el baile que viene del gozo!
Se asemeja a una perp[etua cascada
Qué ni cesa ni se marchita nunca,
¡Siente su placer sensual y disfruta!
Siente el pulso de los labios sedientos,
Tu corazón late con rapidez de un lado a otro,
¡Oh, qué feliz eres con lo que tienes!
¡Qué atracción ejercen los sorbos del nectar!

MIND

Oh you, swift virtuous mind,
I could not live without you,
I could not search for a fine hue,
Without you I am deaf and blind.
Without you I cannot find
My correct and successful way,
Without you I go astray,
My meditative subtle mind!

MENTE

¡Oh tú, mente eágil y virtuosa,
Sin ti no podría vivir
Ni buscar ningún hermoso color,
Sin ti estoy sordo y ciego.
Sin ti me es imposible hallar
El camino correcto y el camino hacia el éxito,
Sin ti me pierdo sin remedio,
¡Oh, mente sutil y dada a la meditación!

OH MY BELOVED, YOU'VE BUILT
A TEMPLE OF LOVE

Oh my beloved, you've built a temple of love,
I ascend the steps of a wide staircase
To reach again that peaceful sublime place
Where I listen to the cooing of white dove!
I bow to the altar of my fickle goddess

And look at the bewitching angel's flight,
I wait the night with climmering candlelight
To sing to you from my soul enchanting odes!

OH, AMADA MIA, HAS EDIFICADO UN TEMPLO DE AMOR

Oh, amada mia, has edificado un templo de amor.
Subo los peldaños de una amplia escalera
Para tratar de de alcanzar de nuevo ese lugar sublime
Y lleno de paz,
Donde escucho el arrullo de una blanca paloma.
Me inclino ante el altar de mi inconstante diosa
Y contemplo el vuelo del ángel arrebatador
Mientras espero la venida de la noche a la luz
De una vela resplandeciente,
¡Para cantarte desde mi alma odas llenas de encanto!

MUSE

My Muse is hiding among the trees,
My Muse is rolling along the hills,
My Muse is in the clanking wheels,
My Muse is in the tender breeze.
My Muse is in the nightingale's trill,
My Muse is within a silver bell,
Without my Muse I cannot dwell,
She is my pleasure and my skill.

MUSA

Mi Musa se esconde entre los árboles,
Mi Musa rueda por las colinas,
Mi Musa se halla en las ruedas que resuenan,
Mi Musa se halla en la plácida brisa.
Mi Musa se halla en el trino del ruiseñor,
Mi Musa está dentro de una campana argenta,
Sin mi Musa no puedo vivir,
Pues constituye tanto mi placer como mi arte.

I REMEMBER

I remember every glorious day
Of my splendid radiant youth
When the color was never grey,
When we told each other the truth!
I remember those shady trees,
I remember my little town,

I still feel that caressing breeze
Embracing me like a nightgown.
Those days remain in my beating heart,
Oh, my youth, my eternal song,
Everything was beautiful, smart,
Every day was attractive and long!

RECUERDO

Recuerdo cada glorioso día
De mi juventud maravillosa y radiante,
Cuando nada era gris,
Cuando nos decíamos siempre la verdad.
Recuerdo esos árboles llenos de sombra,
Recuerdo mi pequeña ciudad,
Y aún siento esa brisa que me acariciaba
Y abrazaba como un camisón.
Aquellos días permanecen grabados en mi
Corazón palpitante,
¡Ay, juventud mía, eterna canción!
¡Cuando todo era bello y elegante!
¡Cuando todos los días eran hermosos y prolongados!

LOVE IS ENDLESS JOURNEY

Love is endless journey
To the faraway stars.
Love will come to you for sure,
It's never too late to love!
Love has no borders.
Love is sacred yet carefree,
Love has a thousand faces,
Love is endless!
Everyone wants to be loved,
Love is somewhere near you,
Love is in our blood,
And we die without love!

EL AMOR ES UN PERIPLO INFINITO

El amor es un periplo infinito
Hacia las lejanas estrellas.
Con toda certeza el amor te llegará,
¡Nunca es tarde para amar!
El amor no conoce fronteras.
El amor es sagrado más despecorado,
El amor posee miles de rostros,
¡El amor es infinito!
Todos desean ser amados,

El amor es halla en un lugar cerca de ti,
El amor está en nuestra sangre,
¡Y sin embargo, nos morimos sin amor!

THERE ARE NOT APPROPRIATE WORDS

There are not appropriate words,
Your lips are dry, my throat is parched,
I cannot touch you whom I loved so much,
Just vanished an eternal chord.

And suddenly a senseless sword
Cut every thread that tied us together,
With one stroke changed the fair weather,
Now is depleted our hard-won hoard!
There are not appropriate words,
All our feelings melted like wax,
How rough is reality's axe,
When nothing strikes a sensitive chord...

NO EXISTEN LAS PARABLAS ADECUADAS

No existen las palabras adecuadas,
Tus labios están secos, mi garganta tiene sed,
No puedo tocar a quien amé tanto una vez,
Tan sólo se desvaneció el acorde del sentimiento.
Y de súbito, una ilógica espada
Cortó cada hilo que nos mantenía unidos,
De un solo golpe cambió el buen tiempo
E hizo vaciar el tesoro que tanto nos costó ganar.
No existen las palabras adecuadas,
Todas nuestras emociones se fundieron como la cera,
¡Qué duro es el hacha de la realidad,
Cuando nada toca un acorde sensible!

MY NIGHTLY THOUGHTS BRING WHIMSICAL DELIGHT

My nightly thoughts brings whimsical delight
When I by stellar shawl do enfold,
Keep in my hands this spacious hectic world
Sitting in the shadow of scattered candlelight.
To be honest, I don't like a burning broad daylight.
And I don't like the glorious landscape.
I am glad to find a miraculous escape
In my beloved impenetrable midnight.

I like my mystery, a slowly rolling moon,
I like an opalescent cold moon beam,
When I am at the mercy of a sweet dream
Stirring black coffee by a silver spoon.
My gentle Muse believes still in my might,
Sometimes she is teasing me, after a while
We are looking at each other with a smile...
I love this sable magic lonely night!

MIS PENSAMIENTOS NOCTURUOS ME PRODUCEU UN CAPRICHOSO DELEITE

Mis pensamientos nocturnos me produceu
Un caprichoso deleite
Cuando me envuelue in chal de estrellas,
Cuando guardo en las manos este enorme
Y ajetreado mundo,
Al permanecer sentado a la sombra
De una vela encendido y dispersa.
A decir verdad, no me agrado la lit del día pues me querra,
Ni tampoco el sublime paisaje.
Me alegro de hallar una salida milagroso.
En mi amada e impenetrable noche.
Me fascina el misterio, con esa luna que rueda lentamente,
Me gusta el fito e irisado rayo de luna
Cuando estoy a merced de un dulce sueño
Que remuene un café solo lon una cuchara de plata.
Aún cree mi gentil Musa en m,i poder,
Aunque a veces se birla de mi,
mas al cabo de un rato nos miramos con una sonrisa en los labios...
¡Cuanto amo esta noche mágicay salitaria como la marta cibelina!

I REMEMBER THAT SUNSET

I remember that sunset.
We sat down nea the sea
And looked at grey waves.
It was the end of our love.
We separated.
We never became
Close to each other again.
You were too terrestrial,
I was violent and unpredictable.
We choosen different paths...

Traducción por Teresinka Pereira (USA)

LEMBRO-ME DESTE CREPÚSCULO

Lembro-me deste crepúsculo
Sentamo-nos perto do mar
E olhamos as nuvens cinzas.
Era o final de nosso amor.
Separamo-nos
Nunca mais voltamos
A encontrar-nos.
Você era muiro terrestre
Eu era violento e imprevisível.
Fomos por diferentes cambinhos...

I REMEMBER YOU OFTEN

I remember you often
When among troubles
I wipe away in my mind
Another faceless day.
I understand more and more
That my treasures are buried
So deep that I don't know,
Did we really meet each other
During those May days
When Crimea was in blossom?
I still carry my dream
Dying every day.

Traducción por Teresinka Pereira (USA)

ME ACUERDO DE TI

Siempre me acuerdo de ti
Cuando en dificultades
Borro de mi mente
Otro día sin cara.
Entiendo cada vez más
Que mis tesoros son enterrados
Tan profundamente que no sé
Si nos conocemos mutuamente
Durante esos días de mayo
Cuando la Crimea florecía
Te llevo todavía en mi sueño
Y voy muriendo un poco cada día.

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Ins Deutsche übertragen von Kurt F. Svatek (AUSTRIA)

OH LOVE, WHERE WILL YOU FIND YOUR HAVEN

Oh love, where will you find your haven,
In what heart are you going to dwell?
Will this pure heart ascend to heaven
Or will it burn in fearsome hell?
Oh my beloved, perhaps you guess,
How I did love and love you still,
An unforgettable princess,
Moan of my soul, long and shrill...

O LIEBE, WO WIRST DU DEINEN HAFEN FINDEN

O Liebe, wo wirst du deinen Hafen finden,
In welchem Herzen wirst du wohnen?
Wird dieses lautere Herz zum Himmel aufsteigen,
Oder wird es in Furcht erregender Hölle verbrennen?
O meine Liebe, vielleicht wärst du,
Wie ich dich liebte und dich immer noch liebe,
Eine unvergessliche Prinzessin,
Seufzer meiner Seele, lang und schrill...

I LIKE THE MEADOW'S SILKEN BREAST

I like the meadow's silken breast,
Where I laid too many times
With balmy dreams, with roamong rhymes...
I was not an uncommon guest
In this delightful resting place
With mossy grass, and velvet greens,
That's what a peaceful pappiness means,
When you are lucky, by God's grace!

ICH MAG DER WIESE SEIDENEN BUSEN

Ich lag wie auf Seide oder Damast
Zu oft schon im zarten Wiesengrün,
Mit sanften Träumen, mit Reimen, die ziehn,
Dabei war ich gar kein besonderer Gast
Auf diesem wunderbaren Stück
Mit moosigem Gras, in samtigen Grün,
So ist's weenn Friede und Heiterkeit blü'n,
Aus Gottes Gnade, so voll von Glück!

TO ASCEND THE THRONE OF POETRY

To ascend the throne of poetry,
To clench in your hands the power of word,
To gain such a generous award,
Can you imagine, it might be?
At times I try to wend my way,
reaching an unattainable height,
To have the mythological king's might,
To stop at last to go astray...
Where is a wizard who will guard,
Who will point to the exalted place,
Where any poet is master, an ace,
Generally known, gifted bard!

DEN THRON DER POESIE BESTEIGEN

Den Thron der Poesie bestigen, mit deinen Händen
Die Kraft des Wortes umklammern,
Einen grosszügigen Preis gewinnen,
Kannst du dir vorstellen, das könnte alles sein?
Zu Zeiten versuchte ich mich aufzumachen,
Eine unerreichbare Höhe zu erreichen,
Die mythologische Königsmacht zu besitzen,
Letztlich aufzuhören, in die Irre zu gehen...
Wo ist ein Hexenmeister, der führen wird,
Der den erhabenen Platz zeigen wird
Wo jeder Poet meister ist und ein As
Und ein allgemein bekannter und begabter Barde!

WE CAN'T GET REALLY WHAT WE NEED

We can't get really what we need
We can't hold up this moment, trust,
The time casts all acts in the past,
It means that we do, we did!
And everything that I just said,
Moves forever in the past,
Disappearing in the vast...
Just as you like, you may regret!

WIR KÖNNEN NICHT KRIEGEN WAS WIRKLICH WIR WOLLEN

Wir können nicht kriegen was wirklich wir wollen,
Nicht fest verankern den Augenblick,
Die Zeit wirft alles ins Gestern zurück,
Was wir tun ist getan und verschollen.
Und alles was gerade ich sprach,
Es geht in die vergangene Zeit,
Verschwindet in Unendlichkeit...
Gleich dir, welch grosses Ungemach!

MY DREAMS ARE FLOATING IN THE OCEAN

My dreams are floating in the ocean
Nonstop, every day and night,
The winds frolic and pursue their flight
Bringing the bliss on new emotions.
I hear the spiritual song,
My each motive, motion and tone
Comes with that music in unison.
Oh, life is charmed, nothing is wrong!

MEINE TRÄUME TREIBEN IM MEER

Meine träme treiben im Meer
Onhe Uterbrechung, Tag und Nacht
Und bringen das Glück neuer Gefühle.
Ich höre das geistige Lied, jedes meiner Motive,
Jede Bewegung und jeder Ton
Stimmwn in diese Musik ein.
O, wie ist das Lebenb bezaubernd, nichts ist verkehrt!

THE SUMMER PASSED AWAY, AND DREARY AUTUMN COMES

The summer passed away, and dreary autumn comes,
The earth is ready to burst into tears,
And every blade is full of fears
Hearing how how cold winds beat the drums.
I am weeping too like a poor blade,
Which resists lying under the snow hidden,
Where it is severely forbidden!
Oh cruel law of life, I am afraid!

DER SOMMER VERGING UND DER EINTÖNIGE HERBST KOMMT

Der Sommer verging und der eintönige Herbst kommt,
Die Erde ist bereit in Tränen auszubrechen,
Und jedes Blatt ist voller Furcht, hörend,
Wie kalt der Wind die Trommel schlägt. Auch ich weine
Wie ein armes Blatt, das sich dagegen wehrt,
Unter dem Schnee versteckt zu liegen,
Wo es streng verboten ist!
O, grausames Gesetz des Lebens, ich habe Angst!

I MADE MY PAPER BOAT

I made my paper boat
And found a little brook,
Now i am ready to float
Looking for the nearest crook,
where this silent brook
Meets another rapid stream...
I'll write an amazing book
About my glorious dream.
When I'll be a handsome boy,
I'll find an ocean ship.
Remembering this paper toy,
I'll make my round-the-world trip!

ICH HABE MEIN PAPIERBOOT GEMACHT

Ich habe mein Papierboot gemacht,
Und fand einen kleinen Bach,

Nun bin ich bereit es schwimmen zu lassen,
Auf die nächste Biegung wartend,
Wo dieser ruhige Bach in einen anderen,
Schnellen Bach mündet...
Ich werde ein erstaunliches Buch schreiben
Über meinen glorreichen Traum.
When ich ein ansehnlicher Junge sein werde,
Werde ich einen Ozeandampfer finden.
In Erinnerung an mein Paperboot,
Werde ich eine Weltreise machen.

TRUE LOVE HITS YOU LIKE A FIERY ARROW

True love hits you like a fiery arrow,
It doesn't matter, are you unkind or smart.
You feel an unknown force which harrows
And tears apart your heart!

WAHRE LIEBE TRIFFT DICH WIE EIN GLÜENDER PFEIL

Wahre Liebe trifft dich wie ein glüender Pfeil,
Es macht nichts, ob du unfreundlich bist oder klug,
Du fühlst eine unbekannte Kraft, die dich
Auf der Seite deines Herzens peinigt und zerreisst.

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Traduzione di Franco Coppola (Australia)

CIELO BLU

Il vento fresco spazzò via le nuvole grigie,
Il cielo blu sorride allegramente,
E noi camminiamo con te
In un campo fiorito
I tuoi occhi diventano turchini.
Siamo felici e cantiamo una lieta canzone
Che fugge via e muore pian piano

Lassù, tra le nuvole.
Sia ringraziato Iddio, il maltempo
È passato, e siamo pronti per volare ancora!

BLUE SKY

The fresh wind broke up grey clouds,
The blue sky smiles with joy,
And we are walking with you
Through a blooming field,
And your eyes become turquoise.
We are happy singing our joyful song
Which sped away and died down
Somewhere among clouds.
Thank God, the inclement weather
Is over, and we are ready to fly again!

HAI CAMBIATO LA MIA VITA

Hai cambiato la mia vita,
Di questo ne ho conferma definitiva.
Non ricordo più della mia vita
Prima di averti incontrato.
Ti adoro, sento librarmi in volo
Ogni giorno più in alto
Per aprire il cancello del paradiso.
Sono felice, faccio miracoli, ti amo
E muoio dalla felicità!

YOU'VE CHANGED MY LIFE

You've changed my life,
I know that definitely.
I don't remember more of my life
before I met you.
I worship you, I feel everyday
That I soar in the sky
Opening the gates of paradise.
I'm happy, I work miracles, I love you
And I am dying from happiness!

NUDA

Quando sei nuda,
Non posso togliere via lo sguardo!
Sei come chicchi di grano maturo
E spargi odore di fiori campesti.
Trascinandoti dietro secoli,
Sei calda com'è il sole a mezzodi!
Tu sei l'unico scopo della vita,
Sei vigorosa sangue che ti bolle.
Chi può competere con te,
Mia Madonna Russa!

NUDE

When you are nude,
I cannot turn my eyes away!
You are like ripe grains of wheat
Spreading the scent of field flowers.
Centuries crawl behind you,
And you are hot like the noon sun!
You are the whole point of life,
You are vigorous and full-blooded.
Who can compete with you,
My Russian Madonna!

NAIADE

Oh, ninfa, figlia
Affascinante delle acque,
Mia bella Naiade,
Dammi il tuo dolce amore,
Canta la tua canzone d'amore,
Chiamami, Naiade, e tuo sarò
M'infiammi, come polvere da sparo!
Lascia che tocchi il tuo sontuoso petto,
Pressami con affetto
Contro il tuo corpo abbronzato,
fammi provar piacere, Naiade,
Mentre sono ancora in vita.

NAIAD

Oh nymph, the daughter

Of captivating waters,
My attractive Naiad,
Give me your sweet love,
Sing your amorous song.
Call me, Naiad, I am yours,
I'll ignite like gunpowder!
Let me touch your ample breasts,
Let me cuddle up
To your bronze body,
Give me pleasure, Naiad,
While I am still alive.

TU SEI LA MIA CONCHIGLIA DI MADREPERLA

Tu sei la mia conchiglia di madreperla,
Bellissima creazione del profondo del mare!
Quando ti pongo vicina all'orecchio,
Sento n dolce, ma monotono canto.
Ascoltando la triste tua canzone,
Sento che tu, vivi un'altra volta,
Per narrarmi le tue storie, del mare
E per descrivermi, del corallo i colori.
E so che in dono mi porterai
Una collana di perle luminose,
Come non vidi mai in vita mia!

YOU ARE MY MOTHER-OF-PEARL SEA-SHELL

You are my mother-of-pearle sea-shell,
The beautiful creation of the sea's depths!
When I place you near my ear,
I hear a sweet monotonous song.
Hearing your sad song,
I know that you will alive again,
Telling me sea-stories and describing
How colorful the corals are.
I know that you will bring me
A luminous pearl necklace
Which I never saw before in my life!

EARTH AND HEAVEN

I look at the reddish straw of your hair...
You are beautiful girl, such a terrestrial creature,
I feel the warmth of the sun, the scent of spring air,
You've captures too much from generous nature!
I am gazing into the depths of your attractive eyes,
I never get tired looking at the goddess,
My heart is ready to burn in your fire,
You are unforgettable, you are gorgeous!
I kiss ecstatically your ripe cherries,
I drink the sweet wine of your excellent body.
You are undoubtedly a mysterious fairy,
The revived Galatea of eternal melody!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGH

I fell in love at my fist sigh,
When I saw you on a summer day.
I still don't know how and why,
But I am grateful for that way.
I was the victim of the lust,
I craved to kiss your coral lips.
I tried to melt the ice of distrust,
I was ready to sail our merry ship!
When you whispered silently yes,
I was the happiest man in the world,
The fire of feelings, breast to breast,
Burned me instantly, I wasn't old!
I've heard in heaven, oh my Lord,
How soul's spirit passed through me.
I kissed you violently, I felt secrets stored,
Oh my night violet, the Deity!
We sank in a powerful tide of dreams,
So close to each other, face to face,
Our souls swam up again through gleams
Of feelings current with sweet embrace.
I will remember you, my dove
Gliding in a turquoise sky.
A fervent heart will follow you, my beloved,
I fell in love at my first sigh!

THE FIRST KISS

There is a fresh fragrance of the first kiss,
It is powerful flame that lights up your heart
With unspeakable feelings, a miraculous bliss,
How pleasant is really the Cupid's dart!
The gorgeous gaze of your beloved is shy,
Inviting lips are tremulous and wet.
Silver moonlight from the glimmering sky
Is weaving a glamorous attractive net.
The first kiss creates a magic vibration,
And carries the lovers into a sweet dream.
It opens for the soul a new sensation,
That only love may forever redeem.
It's the confluence of two fragrant blossoms
Toward the creation of new living being.
There is no more solitude. Bosom to bosom
A heavenly kingdom the first kiss will bring!

MY BELOVED, HOW I LOVE YOU!

The cat is purring on an armchair,
The dog is sleeping near the fireplace,
Wood is crackling in the air,
Let me kiss your pensive face.
The pendulum is counting hours,
Bright stars languish in the sky,
Give me bliss of fragrant flowers,
Lay next to me and don't be shy.
I'll hide you in my calm harbor,
Keep forever of my heart's key.
After midnight come to an arbor,
Let's sit down under under the tree.
I'll bring a gold ring with an amber,
Drink divine drops of night dew.
Dive in embrace of sweet slumber,
My beloved, how I love you!

COMELY DAUGHTER OF CRIMEA

Maybe the light and fire were your mother,
Perhaps you've rose from the marine foam.

Nobody knows, but you are quite another,
Crimea will be your eternal home.
Your roots are here, it must be understood.
Here is everything yours: the mountains blue serene,
A crimson poppy, a scent of bitter wormwood,
The fatigued Black sea, and sunset scene...
There exist another continents,
But you will stay forever here,
In my unforgettable happiness' land,
You are comely daughter of blooming Crimea!

SILVER WEDDING

Time runs, the thread of life still spins.
I comprehend a solemnity of the moment.
By every corpuscule, without any comment,
I grasp this impulse, I know what it does mean.
We spent our days of wedlock like human beings,
It's time to drink wine from a silver horn.
My love, how fragile and sacred you were born,
Oh God, grant heavens will be blue serene!

YOUR EYES

Your eyes look like a expanse haze,
Your eyes look like fresh ripe grapes.
I'm ready all my life to gaze,
I'm ready all my life to wait.
When your eyes will lose last trace of sadness,
When your eyes will call: come and take,
When the love in your eyes will awake,
You'll be mine forever, in grace and gladness!

BE MY MAN!

Do you like the noiseless slipping
Of an alluring chemise in silk?
I'm a woman of that ilk
Who gives love instead of weeping.
Look at the violet amethyst
Decorating my dazzling ring.

Come to me, and I will bring
You to luxurious feast.
Get up, kiss my sensual lips,
Touch my lovely almond skin.
Be my knight, strong and serene
Manning hard the running ship!
Win, my hero, a Golden Prize,
Take devoted loving heart.
Be my man, beloved and smart,
Kind, compassionate and wise!

BEAUTY

Do you like to watch the ballet "Swan Lake"?
Are you sad holding the faded roses?
Are you amazed looking at the wriggling snake?
How unusual are feelings that beauty arouses!
Beauty is phantom, a gem of your soul,
A domain for your heart, unforgettable sunshine,
A Roman amphora, a splendid bowl
Filled with essence of old Italian wine.
Beauty is something exotic, unseen,
A magic connection of bliss and chord,
An exquisite play on a heavenly scene,
The perfect and crowning handwork of Lord!

BACKYARD SWING

Goodbye, cold winter, welcome, spring!
Sparrows are chirping, heaven is bright.
I hear the piercing scratch of a backyard swing,
I watch the first swallow's impetuous flight.
How strange the music of these various noises,
When a baby cries, and a happy puppy barks,
Somewhere are quacking a clamorous ducks,
Crows are croaking...There are meowing voices...
But suddenly the sky is becoming dark.
There is bright lightning, and the heavy fall of rain,
The mighty symphony of a thunderstorm's strain!
I am like Noah during the Flood in his Ark...
At last the downpour is finished. A rainbow's arc
Brings our souls into a delightful spring.

Birds twitter..Diamond droplets spark...
There is again the scratch of backyard swing!

IT'S NOVEMBER AGAIN...

It's November again...
The trees are ready to sleep under the snow.
There is wind, chilly rain,
All in nature gets slower and slower...
I look at the tops of birch trees,
They think about lost summer,
How short was the tender breeze,
How long will be a chilly newcomer.
I'm wandering pensively alone at random,
Where once we ambled along familiar paths.
Destiny divide us, this is requiem...
Farewell, lucky days, you'll never come back, alas!

SILENCE...

Silence... I'm afraid to frighten away this silence.
The forest wakes up and looks around in surprise.
After a killing frost and snowstorm's violence
Early spring days come with a clear sunrise.
It's fresh in my memory, dreams of a long night,
Cold, shivering trees under endless snowfalls.
But spring breaks the chains of winter's might,
It's thawing slowly, the icy snowballs...
Spring is coming, and all life is full of glee,
Nature is waiting for a necessary quota.
But only lifeless is black oak tree,
He looks gloomily at his reflection in the water.
He grows side by side with beloved rowan berry,
The beautiful tree with bright red hair.
Last summer he whispered: marry me, marry,
You will never forget that love affair!
They were delighted. But life is so fragile,
The rowan berry was broken by terrible gust.
And suddenly vanished the happiness isle,
A slight hope to live went into the dust...

GLORY

To set out in pursuit of fickle glory
Is a common purpose of conceited people.
These restless runners are getting hoary,
But their goal has vanished like a morning ripple.
Perhaps one will reach the desirable throne
Decorated by precious stones and gold.
Euphoria has passed, he is forgotten, alone...
The yellow devil is heartless and cold!

THE LAST DAY OF WINTER

There are no more winter's chains,
The old ice slowly melts,
There are no more shackling belts,
There is drizzling of the first rain.
And a cheerful brooks drain
Through the heavy settled snow.
How pleasant to hear droplet's refrain
From thawing icicles in a row.
I like this turbid flow
Of violent spring's reign,
When a weakened winter wanes,
And proudly caws the crow!

I CANNOT IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT

I cannot imagine for a moment
That all I wrote will disappear.
No offspring will ever comment
On what I'm looking and what I hear
Will never touch a life-giving stone
With a heart beating's indication...
I cannot imagine to be alone
Like a cemetery's dry carnation.
I cannot imagine, I never met you...
There is grey ash instead of fire,
The rainy times that will subdue
Any advance, the last desire...
I kiss your marble quivering shoulder,
I'm so delighted, I'm so fused,

Oh Galatea, my devoted Muse!
And let eternity close this folder...

THROUGH SHIFTING SANDS OF REMEMBRANCE

Through shifting sands of remembrance
I sneaked back to my childhood.
I found a familiar path...What a dissonance!
But my cuckoo no more cuckooed.
My copse is withered, my brook is dry,
My ravine is overgrown with weeds...
This picture only makes me cry:
Where is my childhood indeed?

RUSSIAN ARCHIVES AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

I walk up to the tall tower
Of Russian Archives at Stanford University.
I feel its magnetic power,
I am full of immense curiosity.
I am putting away for good
All the books and poems I wrote.
It's an extraordinary mood
With tears and dry throat.
Who knows, maybe an offspring
Will open my yellowed book
And find how bewitching is then spring,
How babbling is silent brook...
Unhappily, there is another way,
That nobody in the world
Will care about my humble stay,
Will never exclaim: behold!

BARBARA

When once Russian editor
Printed your smiling face,
Nobody knew how many solicitors
Would ask for your help, Your Grace!
It's hard to imagine how many souls
Need your generous Love.

Unbelievable how noble are your goals
To comfort them like a cooing dove.
It is not usual or easy
To find a key to every heart.
People are very busy,
And each one cannot be smart.
You know where the well of health is
With crystal water for friends.
Give us your trusting hands!

CALIFORNIA

We are driving day after day
Along the ocean, among dry hills,
Changing cities, crossing freeways,
Turning tirelessly our wheels.
We forgot about tourist guide—
Golden Gate Bridge, Disneyland.
I discover a primordial, wild,
Unpredictable desert land.
Oh, my dream, realized El Dorado,
Everything in your life you require.
But there are earthquakes, floods, tornado,
Even a dangerous brush fire...
San Diego, Santa Barbara, Santa Maria,
Sacramento, San Francisco, Santa Cruz...
How different you are, California,
You can be violent or you can soothe.

PALM SPRINGS

There lies an oasis in the low desert,
The unforgettable paradise, Palm Springs.
An endless song about a lovely flirt
Of violent winds with Aeolian harp's strings.
Invisible hot currents of passionate air
Furiously tear palm trees with a hiss.
You're giddy with happiness and plunged in despair,
You are sinking inside a glowing heaven's abyss.
Twelve bold eagles slowly glide in a row
High in a vivid turquoise sky.
In a lilac haze sleeps a pensive plateau
Listening to an eternal desert's sigh.

Sun, wind, mansions, golf courses,
Shops, tourists, restaurants, crush,
Swimming pools, casinos, cantering horses...
That's Palm Springs, welcome and flush.
We are sitting in "Banducci", an old Italian restaurant,
You came back to your youth, remembering with tears...
Palm Springs, Unforgettable, extravagant.
To your health! Be happy! Cheers!

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International Poet of Merit

MY LYRE

Who does still needs us,
The grains of sand?
Only you, to whom I trust,
My Lyre, without end.
With you I wander
All my life,
Only you work wonders,
With you I'm still alive.
With you I'm ready
To meet new dawn,
With you, my First Lady,
I am not alone.
Sunset is here,
It brings dark night...
Thank you, my Lyre,
Enchanting, bright!

MY REDEMPTION IS RELIABLE RHYME

Sweet flowers of lovely spring,
How short is your fragrant day.
I try to gasp time's wing,

But it is slipping forever away.
Who am I, eternity dust,
Tiny morsel of God's clay?
I don't know the answer, alas!
But I cannot bring back this May!
How I hate the prison of time,
I don't want to have right to die...
My redemption is reliable rhyme
Which helps me to survive and to fly!

THE PEACEFUL DAY

Nothing is so nice and splendid as Spring.
White snowdrop's birth, the first swallow's wing,
The echoing forest is gorgeous and green,
A scene filled with silence, so peaceful, serene,
But sparrows are chirping: spring, early spring...
The water of brook runs quiet downstream,
Be happy, my love, unforgettable dream!

MIAMI BEACH

I remember spring's early morning,
Breath of the ocean and humid sand.
The clouds are ruptured, foamy waves are moaning,
Is that the Beginning, the Present, the End?
Monotonous song is humming,
It hits my ear like a knife,
Perhaps it sounded here there was no Miami,
In complete indifference to our death and life...

TUMBLEWEED

Tumbleweed, prickly ball,
Why are you tumbling, why?
Are you looking for the wall
Under the wind-swept sky?
Are you looking for the rest
After a long run?
Are you ready to build the nest
Under the scorching sun?
But wind still blows and blows

Endlessly, day after day,
Where prickly ball goes
Tumbling away...

APPEAL TO A POET

Don't worry about wreath of laurel,
Save forever your crown of thorns.
Life is beautiful, splendid coral
Full of invisible hidden moans.
Are you ready to find the forces
To jump in the future and to burn the heart?
Don't forget that poets are working horses
Drawing a brilliant chariot of art!

LIFE

Everything that nature has built,
Blue sky and dark night,
Black fallow spring field,
First swallow's rapid flight,
A ripe bunch of grapes,
A crimson delightful sunrise,
Tell me, who all that creates,
How did it all arise?
Longing love's liqueur,
Broken heart's grief,
Why does it all occur,
Have a soul anew, believe?
Our life is a dense jungle
Covered by a mystical veil,
Full of promises and juggles,
Enormously excitable ale!

APRIL IS A NICE TIME TO DIE

April is a nice time to die,
When early spring is coming,
When the first bee is humming,
And a lark is trilling in the sky.
A pleasant month, fragrant and calm,

Weaving meadow's wonderful carpet,
Life reborn a gorgeous market,
Violets, daisies and pansies' realm.
Month of holy Passover and Easter
When every flower falls in love,
Eternal song of a cooing dove,
An eternal earth fiesta!
April is a nice time to die
Somewhere close to a desert border,
Where life meets with death to order
God's law of nature not answering, why.

WAKE UP, MY LOVE, SPRING KNOCKS AT THE DOOR

Wake up, my love, spring knocks at the door,
Nature has suddenly changed.
Days became longer evermore,
Life is reviewed and arranged.
Every blade of grass sings by alto
In the spring's musical accord.
It's deserves of the Golden Award
When it makes the way trough the asphalt.
Wake up, my love, it is spring again.
Look, your beautiful freckles
Are weaving an elegant necklace,
gathering together sunny droplets of rain.
Get up, and kiss me as before,
Let's drink beloved Zinfandel wine.
I'm happy, spring knocks at the door,
My gladness, you are divine!

OH, LET MY SOUL THINGS THE MYSTIC SONG!

Oh, let my soul sings the mystic song!
Look every day at yellow pages of time,
And watch how solemnly your song will climb,
How melodious is your song and strong!
I know for sure that it will live long
Bringing to people gladness, mirth and joy,
My wondrous soul, be happy and enjoy
When blithe song will be raised to the throne!

I FEEL THE WARMTH OF TENDER LAND

I feel the warmth of tender land,
Lying down on the velvet grass,
Gazing at the river's glass,
I'm happy, I'm in Wonderland!
Looking into smiling heaven,
I am a part of the passing clouds,
I am ready to cry aloud,
I've found my sheltered haven!

HOW CAREFREE ARE EARLY SEVENTEENTH!

How carefree are early seventeenth,
That time when everyone may sing,
Everybody is queen and king,
The roses are pink, and grass is green!
My unforgettable seventeenth
In plain shirt, in shabby jeans...
The sparkling and alluring springs,
Life looks like glossy magazines!
Old age arrives, creating a scene,
Too much concern, too many arrears,
A dim of dreary twilight appears...
Where are you now, my seventeenth?

THE NATURE OF POET

The poet is an artist, painting in his pleasure.
He doesn't need brushes or mute canvas,
He uses different instrument, alas,
The proper words commensurate with measure.
Epithets and metaphors are his treasure.
He paints upon an invisible canvas of mind,
His art may see by even the blind,
Obtaining a myriad of genuine pleasure!
And mixing joy with the severest pain,
Igniting your sensitive heart's fire,
He moves your wondrous imagination higher,

Inviting you into his illustrious reign!

THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF YOUR FANTASY

How amusing is the kaleidoscope of your fantasy,
How graceful painting, if anyone may see,
How landless is your imagination's sea,
How voluptuous is the flight of fancy!
Everything gives pleasure and gets a breath,
You create your own sunset and sunrise,
You live in your painted paradise...
Otherwise you will be bored to death!

PERHAPS YOU'LL HEAR MY FORGOTTEN SONG

Perhaps you'll hear my forgotten song,
Maybe you'll shed also a silent tear...
Who knows when my name will disappear,
Fate is cruel, who will raise to the throne?
I don't know exactly, how long
My song will live and touch your ear,
Let God bless that magnificent year,
When you still hear my echoing song...

MY POOR FLOWER, I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND

My poor flower, I still don't understand,
How do you live amid asphalt and stones,
Your life is full of perpetual moans,
Your sprouts are among the tar and sand.
My poor flower, how can you stand,
Covered by the clouds of exhaust gas,
How do you live overstressed,
Thinking about mystical Wonderland!

LOVE IS AN ENDLESS STREAM

Love is an endless stream,

Love is eerie like a ghost,
You may be guest or host,
Love is like an amazing dream!
Sometimes it burns, at times it gleams,
You cannot catch her with a net.
Alas! Nobody knows yet,
What real love exactly means...

IF I COULD PUT MY FEELINGS INTO WORDS

If I could put my feelings into words,
If I could realize my dream,
If I could create my own Gulf Stream,
If I could strike a sensitive chord,
Then I would like to tell you,
That you are my biggest treasure,
I love you in the fullest measure,
I am all yours without residue!

I WOULD LIKE TO STAY WITH YOU

I would like to stay with you,
Being your endless rolling wave,
My beloved, I'm ready to waive
From old life and melt into you.
I would like to stay with you,
To protect you day and night,
Being your silent candlelight,
To light up everything anew.
I would like to stay with you,
To embrace you like a dream,
To spread like a whispering stream,
Tom please you like the morning dew.
I would like to stay with you,
To spend the rest of my life without fear,
I don't want to disappear,
I don't want to tell you adieu!

THERE ARE NOT APPROPRIATE WORDS

There are not appropriate words,
Your lips are dry, my throat is parched,
I cannot touch whom I loved so much,
Just vanished an emotional chord.
And suddenly a senseless sword
Cut every thread that tied us together,
With one stroke changed the weather,
Now is depleted our hard-won hoard!
There are not any appropriate words,
All our feelings melted like wax,
How rough is reality's axe,
When nothing strikes a sensitive chord...

HOW DIVINE IS DANCE OF JOY!

How divine is dance of joy!
It looks like a perpetual cascade
Which never stops and never fades,
Have sensual pleasure and enjoy!
Feel the pulsation of thirsty lips,
Your heart beats quickly to and fro,
You are so happy with what's in store,
How alluring is love nectar's sips!

I WOULD LIKE TO BE THE WIND

I would like to be the wind who seeks
Space in the unlimited bright sky,
Who likes nothing else, but to fly
Eternally for hours, days and weeks,
Who doesn't care about love and hate,
Who has neither friend nor foe,
Who only wanders to and fro,
Who cannot be trapped by any gate,
Who whispers around the birch tree,
Who grows still along the hill,
Who is gliding ghost with free will,
I would like to be the wind in eternal glee...

THE RED LIGHT OF NON TRANSMITTED

MESSAGES

How many messages I tried to send to you,
And every message looked like a fresh green leaf,
I would like to tell about my joy and grief,
I used tender words with a special color hue.
Look at the rainbow of the beautiful dew
And understand how hard I wrought,
Evaluate how much I wrote,
How successful I tried to comfort you!
I did not send any message of mood.
All my green leaves became yellow.
They lay indifferently in a row,
I shed my tears before a tree I hewed.
You cannot imagine how I love you.
My non transmitted messages day and night
Emit in panic an intensive red light,
I know, it is silly, but I cannot send them anew.

WAIT!

Who may evaluate
The expanse of your poetical sea,
Who is able to calculate
How far are extended the roots of your tree?
Who ought to manipulate
Your feeling, your sense?
You are great poet, wait,
The admirers will burn incense!

REJECT AN OLD TRUTH "FROM DUST TO DUST"

Reject an old truth "from dust to dust".
We are not dust, we are human beings,
We adore myriad of different things,
We are not covered by ancient crust,
We are exactly unique living beings, trust!
We are something else, not slippery sand,
We are valuable part of magic Wonderland,
Provided with sense and ready to burst
Into tears,

We live without fears,
We speak and hear,
We are living beings, we are not dust!

I'VE GAZED INTO THE MIRROR OF MY SOUL

I've gazed into the mirror of my soul,
I've tried to find there something new,
Some unusual color's hue,
But I found an ancient wall.
There was nothing to review,
I did not find anything sublime,
Why to spend in vain my time?
Game is over! Goodbye! Adieu!

I WISH I WERE...

I wish I were immortal wings,
To bring to you balmy smiling springs.
I wish I were a playful breeze,
To kiss you gently, to give you ease.
I wish I were your lurid stream,
To be your lover, your rosy dream.
I wish I were your summer song,
I'd wait your answer, but how long?
I wish I were your daylight,
But give me a chance for magic night!

I REMEMBER

I remember every glorious day
Of my splendid radiant youth,
When the color was never grey,
When we told to each other the truth!
I remember those shady trees,
I remember my little town,
I feel still that caressing breeze
Embracing me like a nightgown.
Those days remain in my heart,
Oh, my youth, my eternal song,

Everything was beautiful, smart,
Every day was attractive and long!

THE TASTE OF A BITTER LIFE

I am rolling along an endless way,
Trying to find my own place in this life,
Feeling the sharp edge of bloody knife,
Searching the welcome bay.
I am sick from the violence and decay,
I suffer from a web of lies,
I don't want my early demise,
I don't want to go astray.
I prefer a self-made law,
Where I have my eternal rest,
Where I find the quiet nest,
Near of ebb and flow...

THE OCEAN DEPTHS OF MY IMMORTAL SOUL

The ocean depths of my immortal soul,
Who understands something known by God.
My secret soul, you are sometimes so odd,
You have no rest, every moment you stroll!
When my meek body is weary and weak,
When bitter sadness overfill my bowl,
You comfort me, my comprehensive soul,
You are enthralling, ardent, and unique!

I CANNOT PROMISE TO BRING YOU SUNNY DAY

I cannot promise to bring you sunny day,
I cannot promise to bring eternal spring,
I cannot promise to bring an expensive ring,
If you don't care, please choose another way.
Be sure only, I cannot betray,
I'll be devoted to you all the time,
If you like such tranquil moderate clime,
Then stay with me and don't go away!

I AM A FLUTTERING BIRD SOARING
IN THE SKY

I am fluttering bird soaring in the sky,
Bringing to you, an unknown soul,
The emerald ring and a priceless bowl
Filled with my love which is lasting and shy.
Tell me the truth, I don't know, why
I send to you my yearning song,
I never was an idol of an insatiable throng,
And I never haven reach an Olympic High.
I don't want to seduce you or to lie,
I came to you to share honestly my creed,
But I don't know, do you need
To hear my song. You only sigh.
You are busy, as everyone is,
We have no more time to hear each other,
You don't want to be my admirable brother...
How quickly you grow, incomprehension's abyss!