



## **Vyacheslav Konoval**

### **Poetry**

**May 2022**

#### **Sense of Justices**

I can't live in peace when people are starving,  
I can't live in peace when in hard work they have scarring.

I am in pain for the fate of people  
who gave their lives to the state.  
I am closing my eyes, nothing is great.

I am in pain, the fate I was bitten,  
because grief is so hitter.

If I could, I would buy justice from God  
If I could, I would buy justice from God,  
I would never make a ballad,  
in the arms of mercy and love,  
I will protect all people,  
as do the same the Churcher's beadle.

## **Salutes of Peace**

On the morning of January the first,  
You will find the remains of burst,  
noisy firecrackers and bright fireworks  
which brought to people's faces smirks.

The sky bathes in bright colors,  
it sparkles and tears without mufflers,  
fireflies enchant the audience and don't coerce  
to stand, as they would like, diverse.

The soul trembles kindly from the explosion,  
behind the blows, there is no eviction,  
from home, from the country, and from life.  
Everyone will be calm, including my mother and miracle wife.

## **Lead Rain**

Pinches the frost,  
the tank is buzzing on the road,  
22 days Ukrainians pay a heavy cost,  
freedom for Ukrainians is in the blood as a genetic code.

Ahead of the battle,  
the defense is held by soldiers,  
I pray that they will drive out enemies like cattle,  
the Ukrainian borders will be taken by the defending holders.

## **Not alone on the battlefield**

In rotten soot and roaden dust,  
the warrior does what he must,  
to protect the state and the family,  
temporarily his thoughts are unhappily.

The enemy trample our land,  
he had not yet heard the sounds of the mortality band,  
which flying in the air,  
but his suffering nobody does not care.

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