

PEREGRINATIONS
A Collection of Poems

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Moon Rays

On the sandy beaches, under the Moon rays,
You and me are laughing embraced by the winds.
We are interweaving our legs in the warm waves
Wallowing in passion, we do not sleep till dawn awakes.

We count stars under the Moon rays
Under the Moon rays we do not sleep till dawn awakes

A caress and a touch sparkles in our eyes,
We are cold and bare, but inside burn fires.
And so passes trembling and paling this life
Don't know when we waited for the first roosters' lullabies.

We count stars under the Moon rays
Under the Moon rays we do not sleep till dawn awakes

The lonely herring gull is circling above me
The lonely seagull is flying towards him
And happy and relaxed she lies with me
My lovely lady with sand on her skin.

How us both on the beach under the Moon rays
Passed the summer of our youth's days.

March, 2009

Trancience

On the snow falling down
Under the warm foothills
We made the forest yawn
with games and melodies.
We dig up the leaves
With tangled meadows
We poured down the soil
With spring rainbows.

It was the summer when
We saw through the beauty
Of the glittering expanse.

September, 2010

Poplar

Sat under the branches,
Our bodies stretched,
We took a liking to each other,
We love the world's greatness

It is warm and easeful
Full of miracles
And the ants, and the bees,
Bright green leaves.

The summer was cloudless
And started with spring,
A meadow somewhere
Stopped the night with a grin.

There tenderly
In the time
Towards the blue skies,
One poplar in the fall
Conceived the spring rise.

September, 2009

City Alarm

Autumn fogs veiled the city,
The Sun peeps behind a cloudy levee.
The birds become quiet are abashedly faint,
And cats and mice avoid the rain.

What will this sticky fog tell us,
What will it share with the frowning city.
Whether it will whisper incessantly about wet shadow
Or will it arrange a bunch of evil thoughts to follow.

I do not believe in the malice of the sticky space,
I do not think that it will bring distrust but peace.
It comes from the forest in the sloping foothills
Of the Old mountain which remembers sunny days.

September, 2010

Snowy Sadness

The sad look in your heart weighs.
The smile faded in the darkness flames.
The red cheeks are waiting for tears.
The season flies away, the snow disappears.

A crystal caress deathly is trembling
Mysteriously jets in me are vibrating
There in the mountain of warm rays,
The winter is over, the snow fades.

It was so nice with drifts, and haze,
Snow on rags, but also three
Weeks of sunshine and glittering days.

The snow white feathered in my soul
a warm nest of a fresh goal.

March, 2009

Somewhere Where

Autumn leaves, blown by the breezes,
Involuntarily or knowingly, I'm the theater's witness.
I look at it fiercely, I lean on my elbow,
My life is a song and the notes - a marrow.

Of course I'm running, I'm going to peak,
Where fists in the backside await for me.

The leaning memories are waving hands,
My sunsets, and skies and nights fly away.
Past instants are building up banks,
I dig in the sand and lay to get trenched.

Of course I am running, so how I fell from the peak.
At the bottom another quarrel is waiting for me.

And then up again to the top.
Autumn leaves, I'm dying like you.

November, 2006

Draft

The sleepy past launches threads,
Timidly become cool, sitting in the chair.
Past mysterious nights and days
Pull deludedly dreams of nowadays.

Unclear was summer with no memory and calling,
Silent was the plateau - full of loving.
Gone freshness, funny hatred,
Whoever wants will almost be gifted

Ah, those memories, how they pull alas,
Today's wandering to abysses with spines.

August, 2009

Perfection 2

Squatting, broken down, tired,
I am already perfect.
Swallowing, smacked, lurked,
In the corner there's a jerk.

I love, but I'm leaking,
In the bed helpless I'm picking,
Dead flesh's last drop
The memory and the swamp yawp.

Somehow, familiar
I am already perfect.
Somehow, unchanged,
I sneezed, I cried, I was conquered.

My memory small and ageless
Sleeps in the head undressed.

July, 2009

Sweaty Instants

Glances conquered their heads
Lonely wandering on the beaches.
Arguments and swollen wrinkles
Poured the pavements with ditties.

One hungry gull lost
Served on ragging days
Innumerable wealth without cost
Covered with dirty mysterious fates.

Shouldered rough memories
From noon they stay until dawn,
Expecting pain and infliction
To bring back their loving arms.

September, 2009

Squares

Embraced in the twilight
We leave the daylight.
We do not believe in morn
And we sink down alone.

We mourn our dreams,
And hold our heads in our hands.
We dare not to jump,
Stoned by the yens

It's cold in our souls,
Lost in the town.
Among blocks and streets
Invisible sign.

We mourn our dreams,
Blurred in the greed.
And don't dare to be human
In the society of meat.

Our chained glances,
Swollen by the dust,
Are wandering helpless
In the concrete vast.

May, 2010