Classic Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Bored And Sad

It's boring and sad, and there's no one around In times of my spirit's travail... Desires!...What use is our vain and eternal desire?.. While years pass on by - all the best years!

To love...but love whom?.. a short love is vexing, And permanent love's just a myth. Perhaps look within? - The past's left no trace: All trivial, joys and distress...

What good are the passions? For sooner or later Their sweet sickness ends when reason speaks up; And life, if surveyed with cold-blooded regard,-Is stupid and empty - a joke...

I Go Out On The Road Alone

Alone I set out on the road; The flinty path is sparkling in the mist; The night is still. The desert harks to God, And star with star converses.

The vault is overwhelmed with solemn wonder The earth in cobalt aura sleeps. . . Why do I feel so pained and troubled? What do I harbor: hope, regrets?

I see no hope in years to come, Have no regrets for things gone by. All that I seek is peace and freedom! To lose myself and sleep!

But not the frozen slumber of the grave... I'd like eternal sleep to leave
My life force dozing in my breast
Gently with my breath to rise and fall;

By night and day, my hearing would be soothed By voices sweet, singing to me of love. And over me, forever green, A dark oak tree would bend and rustle.

In High Noon's Heat

In high noon's heat in a Caucasian valley I lay quite still, a bullet in my breast; The smoke still rose from my deep wound, As drop by drop my blood flowed out.

I lay alone upon the valley's sand; The mountain ledges closed in all around, Sun burned their yellow peaks It burned me, too-but deep as death I slept.

I dreamt I saw the shining lights Of evening feasting in my homeland. Young maids with flowers in their hair Spoke gaily of me 'mongst themselves.

But one maid sat apart in thought And did not enter gaily in, Her youthful soul was caught it seemed, Lord God knows how, in some sad dream:

She dreamt about a valley in the Caucasus; She knew the corpse that lay upon the ground; His breast was blackened by a smoking wound, His cooling blood was flowing in a stream.

Sail

A lonely sail is flashing white Amdist the blue mist of the sea!... What does it seek in foreign lands? What did it leave behind at home?..

Waves heave, wind whistles, The mast, it bends and creaks... Alas, it seeks not happiness Nor happiness does it escape!

Below, a current azure bright, Above, a golden ray of sun... Rebellious, it seeks out a storm As if in storms it could find peace!

The Angel

At midnight an angel was crossing the sky, And quietly he sang; The moon and the stars and the concourse of clouds Paid heed to his heavenly song.

He sang of the bliss of the innocent souls In heavenly gardens above; Of almighty God he sang out, and his praise Was pure and sincere.

He bore in his arms a young soul To our valley of sorrow and tears; The young soul remembered the heavenly song So vivid and yet without words.

And long did it struggle on earth, With wondrous desire imbued; But none of the tedious songs of our earth Could rival celestial song.

The Leaf

A little oak leaf tore off from its branch Was driven o'er the steppe by a cruel gale; Dried up and withered from the cold, the heat and sorrow It finally alit by the Black Sea shore.

A young plane tree stands by the Black Sea shore; A whispering wind strokes her green boughs; On her green boughs sway heavenly birds Singing the praises and fame of the queen of the sea.

The traveler lit at the soaring tree's roots; Anguished he pled for a moment's shelter, And these were his words: "I am but a poor oak leaf, Matured before my time in a grim homeland.

For ages I've wandered without a goal, all alone Without shade I withered, without repose, faded. Would you welcome this stranger among your emerald leaves, I know many stories of wonder and wisdom."

"But why do I need you?" the young tree replies, "You are dusty and yellow - ill-suited to my wholesome young sons.
You've seen many things - but what use do I have for your tales?
The heavenly birds have long wearied my ears.

O traveler! Be on your way. You are a stranger to me! Beloved by the sun, I bloom and shine for him; My boughs are spread in the heavenly fields, The cool sea refreshes and washes my roots."

The Poet's Dead

The Poet's dead! - a slave to honor -He fell, by rumor slandered, Lead in his breast and thirsting for revenge, Hanging his proud head!... The Poet's soul could not endure Petty insult's disgrace. Against society he rose, Alone, as always...and was slain! Slain!...What use is weeping now, The futile chorus of empty praise Excuses mumbled full of pathos? Fate has pronounced its sentence! Was it not you who spitefully Rebuffed his free, courageous gift And for your own amusement fanned The nearly dying flame? Well now, enjoy yourselves...he couldn't Endure the final torture: Ouenched is the marvelous light of genius, Withered is the triumphal wreath.

Cold-bloodedly his murderer
Took aim...there was no chance of flight:
His empty heart beat evenly,
The pistol steady in his hand.
No wonder...from far away
The will of fate sent him to us
Like hundreds of his fellow vagrants
In search of luck and rank;
With impudence he mocked and scorned
The tongue and mores of this strange land;
He could not spare our glory,
Nor in that bloody moment know
"gainst what he'd raised his hand!...

He's slain - and taken by the grave Like that unknown, but happy bard, Victim of jealousy wild, Of whom he sang with wondrous power, Struck down, like him, by an unyielding hand.

Why did he quit the blissful peace of simple fellowship
To enter this society, so envious and stifling
To hearts of free and fiery passion?
Why did he give his hand to worthless slanderers,
How could he have believed their hollow words
And kindness, he, who'd ever understood his fellow man?...

And they removed his wreath, and set upon his head A crown of thorns entwined in laurel:

The hidden spines were cruel
And pierced his noble brow;

Poisoned were his final moments
By sly insinuations of mockers ignorant,
And thus he died - for vengeance vainly thirsting
Secretly vexed by false hopes deceived.

The wondrous singing's ceased,
T'will never sound again.
His refuge, gloomy and small,
His lips forever sealed.

And you, the offspring arrogant Of fathers known for malice, Crushing with slavish heels the ruins Of clans aggrieved by fortune's game! You, greedy hordes around the throne, Killers of Freedom, Genius and Glory! You hide beneath the canopy of law Fall silent - truth and justice before you... But justice also comes from God, corruption's friends! The judge most terrible awaits you: He's hardened to the clink of gold, He knows your future thoughts and deeds. Then will you turn in vain to lies: They will no longer help. And your black blood won't wash away The poet's sacred blood!