

Poetry Series

Tsira Gogeshvili

- poems -

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Tsira Gogeshvili

Acute sensations aroused by the rush towards the mystery of heavens...
Short-spoken reflections and estimations of the sacred wishes sheltered in
the heart of passions...

Images created to enrich and cherish the world of little ones...

These are the leading ideas of the poetess's collected verses...

Most of the poems of the given book were published in the
Periodical press twenty years ago: "Mnatobi" ("The Luminary") ,
"Tiskari" ("The dawn") , "Pirveli Skhivi" ("The First ray") ,
"Satave" ("The Outset") , "Paraleli" ("The Parallel") ...

Stanzas charged with emotional devices provoke the Keen interest of a
reader...

All this was followed by a collection of tales wrapped up in the airy poetic
veil...

And the book has been adored and treasured since then...

Then came a collection of nursery rhymes titled "The ABC Of Birds".

Music was composed to these rhymes... a cognitiveentertraining program has
been worked out for the primary school and the performance turned out a
true success on the stages of some schools...

The were the years of silence... followed by "the Prayer Without A Break" ...
"Beyond The Shines", "To The Worthy Beggar From The Ragged Poetess",
"To Neavens- The First Word" and other verses brought forth by the true
poetical inspiration Some of them were publishd on the pages of "Literary
Georgia" as well...

Then appeared a collection of cognitive rhymes "The Ballad Of Chess"
arousing

The keenest interest of those who had to do With this sphere.Besides, the
book is used as a manual by the hobby groups interested in the game.

The book as well includes some other poetical patterns that haven't been
published up to now...

Thus, the given collection represents: Tsira Gogeshvili's poetical world far
more fully and completely than the previous ones...

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Tsira Gogeshvili (Bajiashvili) _born in 1959, Tbilisi.

Finished Tbilisi secondary school # 65.

Graduated from GPI (The Polytechnical Institute of Georgia;

The department of Chemical Technology and Automation) .

Was a student at the department of Journalism of the faculty of public
Affairs.

Has got into print since 1981.
Has set to music a lot her own poems.
Is married and has two children- Anna and Avtandili.

Beyond The Skies

Beyond The Skies

To Emily Dickinson _
my etemal sister

The horror of the shattered mirror,
The thoughts about the death at night...
and with a clock that doesn ` t strike
Flies the time in shade of light...

I ` ve flown over the bounds of fear,
I ` ve rolled away the rocks of ice,
I know you ` II never come to me...
I ` II wait for you beyond the skies.

And on the path of fractured glimmer
Thoughts of you give me no fright...
And with a clock that doesn ` t strike
Flies the time in shade of light.

Tsira Gogeshvili

I AM A BEETLE, A SMALL BEETLE

I AM A BEETLE, A SMALL BEETLE

I am a beetle, a small beetle,
I seize much, I don't seize little.
I like pears, as all the bugs,
At times, I jump into wine jugs.

Bless my parents, my mom and pop!
I keep myself... keep and support.
I can move like my peepers
My dear tentacles – my "nippers".

We've always been inseparable chums.
I make them sweep up all the crumbs...
I hunt at night... and I can sup
Even when I am full up.

Bless my parents, my mom and pop
I keep myself... keep and support.
I move my tentacles with grace,
I can use them in any space...

Into moustache, I can turn them,
Into whiskers, too, sometimes.
I can make the most of them,
My people look with envious eyes...

But, all at once,
I fell in love...
My soft moustache
Was almost starched...

The lady beetle, my plump lass,
Wore a beautiful black dress.
I kneeled before her,
And gave her presents:
A snow-white ruff,
A splendid necklace.

Like a wizard, I was agile,
She was the apple of my eye.
Bless her parents, her mom and pop,
I had to feed her and support...

I loved her with all my heart,
I took her everywhere I went.
I was crazy, I lost my head...
Now I mourn and I lament...

I move my tentacles with grace,
I can use them in any space.
Into moustache, I can turn them,

Into whiskers, too, sometimes,
I can make the most of them...
My people look with envious eyes.

I remember our mouths water,
I remember my lass utter:
"Let us picnic, taste nice food! "
Her wishes were holy and good.

Thus, we made for the vales,
Resting in the pleasant shades.
I was seized with love and pride
Looking at my charming bride.

Then we ran into a guy,
He stared at us, I know not why!
"I am a grouse, " said the guy
Screwing up his beady eye.

I began to put on airs,
I began to swell and boast...
Moved my tentacles with grace,
I used them in any space...

But the grouse couldn't make out
My noble tricks, and looked with doubt.
Then he pecked at my lass,
At my bride in a black dress...

I myself was saved by chance,
I jumped aside in dread,
I almost fell there perished, dead...
I cursed my parents, my mum and dad...

Now I am forsaken, lonely.
I'm so ashamed, and only
In my dream I move about
My dear tentacles... no doubt!

I regret now, my dear chums,
That I fought with tiny crumbs.
My dear tentacles – my pride,
Couldn't save my charming bride.

I am a beetle, a small beetle,
I seize much, I don't seize little.
I like pears, as all the bugs,
At times, I jump into wine jugs.
I move my tentacles with grace,
I can use them in any space...

Tsira Gogeshvili

ONCE UPON A TIME

ONCE UPON A TIME
THERE LIVED A PUNY DONKEY

One puny donkey started to hiccup.
He hiccupped and hiccupped,
Was tired and burned up...
It was so bad... it drove him mad.

"What makes you bray and yell? "
Shouted from the branch the squirrel.
The donkey hiccupped... it was so bad...
It almost drove the poor thing mad.

"I'm sleepy, let me sleep a wink,
I can't walk, I can't think! "
Cried the bushy-tailed thing,
And threw down a nut at him.

But the donkey couldn't stop,
He hiccupped and hiccupped...
Was bored and burned up.
It was so bad... it drove him mad.

The bee, too, started to whine,
Opened the door of his hive.
The donkey couldn't utter a word,
He was tortured and he was worn.

Then the bee gave him honey,
Very tasty and very sunny,
But, unfortunately, the sweet food
Did the poor thing no good.

Along a wet spray
Crawled a glossy snail,
Had been crawling since dawn.
Her aerials were her horns...

But her aerials
Couldn't help her
To realize
What had happened.

On her mobile
She started to dial:
"What makes you cry,
My dear guy? "

The donkey said nothing,
He hiccupped, the poor thing.
He was burned up... it was so bad...
It almost drove the poor thing mad.

Craved for hunting the hound,
And angrily looked round.
The puny donkey with his bray
Scared away all the prey.

The hound couldn't bear this,
He gritted his teeth:
"I'll take a twig,
And make him jig! "

The puny donkey was amazed,
With his own hiccup, he was dazed.
He was burned up, it was so bad...
It almost drove the poor thing mad.

But as fate had willed,
He was saved and freed;
The donkey was rescued,
He was retrieved:

Shower saved the thirsty thing.
What relief! What relief!
He stopped hiccupping at once
Over was his utter grief...

Tsira Gogeshvili

THE BALLAD OF CHESS

THE BALLAD OF CHESS

It is a game
Of strategy and skill,
Fight all the kinsmen,
As "king" rivals "king..."

A game on the sixty-four
Black-and white equal squares
Is called chess, and nothing else...
Such a name the game bears...

Two very fast castles,
Two rooks – with knights...
The king and the naughty queen...
Roads covered with ice...

The woman is an amateur hunter,
An amateur gamekeeper she is,
Blessed by a number of moves,
A smart and tactician queen...

No one utters in those troops
An indecent word, a word that is vain.
Eight faithful musketeers uphold
Their honor with all might and main...

The knight storms and rages,
The tamer of wild steeds.
That cavalryman
Is devoted to his king.

You admire the warder and the "henchmen",
The battle becomes thrilling! No woe,
If you are confronted on that board
By a worthy and courageous foe!

All at once, the black steed
Hoofs the board of the battle,
And the slow king makes friends
With the rook – with the castle...
The greatest move on the squares
Is "castling, " such name it bears...

The pawns are under fire,
Grief seizes them all! Woe!
The king is in check...
Threatened by the foe!

Time is spent away in thinking,
The sound is absorbed in the note...
The king stamps his foot and mumbles:

“Dear me! Time trouble! Time Trouble! ”

The queen has torn her dress,
The rook is destroyed.
The queen curses the chessmen,
She is enraged and annoyed...

The meeting was not held at the court:
No discussion, no exchange, no debate...
Thus, the king, the military leader,
Has to suffer the checkmate.

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To Heavens_The First Word

To Heavens_The First Word

Eternal roving
Of the chime
In a poet's heart_

-The only
Token
Of this race...

The words pour
Drop by dropp
From their souls

And like a swan
Sing Shakespeare's
Tragic plays.

With tumult of muses
For winged words
He waits

And trembling
Stick rhymes
At his soul ' s gates.

The poet is dead,
The word
Darts off his lips,

Flies to the Heaven _
To the First Word,
That on the right of Father sits.

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To The Worthy Beggar

To The Worthy Beggar
From The Ragged Poetess

The cripple waiting for the alms,
So cruelly ruined by lot...
So wounded is his knightly heart,
The heart of the bravest shot.

He is a majestic beggar,
I am ashamed of such beings.
The Saviour taught us to render
To the Caesar the Caesar's things.

He stretches out his meager palm
Awaiting for the share:
The richman for the Caesar's things,
The poorman_for the fare.

The cripple waiting for the alms,
So cruelly runed by lot...
So wounded is his knightly heart,
The heart of the bravest shot.

Tsira Gogeshvili

WHEN I MISS YOU

WHEN I MISS YOU

When I miss you
I'm dried up,
In the sky melt
My magic dreams.

Magnolias
Make me dizzy,
Like the valley's
Delightful nymphs.

Expectation...
On the vital branch
Rest tiny buds –
My vague dreams.

On the glossy cheeks
Run down and stream
Drops of tears –
My last pearls.

When I miss you
I'm dried up,
The seven feelings
Melt in the winds.

Don't approach me
If you don't love me.
Believe me, dear,
You won't stir strings.

Mistrust and doubt
Drained tear pools,
Doubt dug out
My strength and roots.

That silver sound,
Tranquil and timid,
Is a baritone
Coveted and wished.

I help this heart
To respond, to work.
Believe, this heart is
A sharp tuning fork.

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