Classic Poetry Series

Valery Yaklovich Bryusov

- poems -

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At Home

It's all so familiar and clear,
My eye's accustomed to every turn;
I'm not mistaken- I'm at home;
The wallpaper flowers, the chains of books...

I don't disturb yesterday's ashes -
The fire here has long gone cold.
Like a snake surveying its molted skin,
I gaze upon what I was.

Though many hymns remain unsung
And many blessings unbestowed,
I sense the glint of a different world,
A chance for new perfection!

I am called to unknown mountain peaks
By the chorus of spring,
And these letters from a woman
Lie in a cold, lifeless pile!

Dewdrops shine like eyes in the sun,
As if everything were splashed with silver...
My staff awaits me at the door!
I'm coming! I'm coming alone!

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Creative Work

The shadow of uncreated creatures
Flickers in sleep,
Like palm fronds
On an enamel wall.

Violet hands
On the enamel wall
Drowsily sketch sounds
In the ringing-resonant silence.

And transparent kiosks,
In the ringing-resonant silence,
Grow like spangles
In the azure moonlight.

A naked moon rises
In the azure moonlight...
Sounds hover drowsily,
Sounds caress me.

The secrets of created creatures
Caress me caressingly
And palm shadows gutter
On an enamel wall.

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To A Young Poet

Pale youth with burning gaze,
I give you three commandments now:
Follow the first: don't live by the present,
The future is a poet's only place.

Second, remember: feel for no one,
Love yourself without bounds.
Safeguard the third: worship art,
Art alone, without thought or goal.

Pale youth with embarrassed gaze!
If you follow my three commandments,
I'll die in peace, a defeated warrior,
Knowing I leave a poet behind.

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Twilight

Electric moons glow
On long bent stalks
The telegraph wires hum
In gentle unseen hands;

Circular amber clock faces
Brighten like magic above the crowd,
And a cool calm alights
On the parched slabs of pavement.

Beneath the fluttery, beguiling net
The misty park grows quiet,
And with a smile, evening kisses
The eyes of passing courtesans.

With the soft sounds of a clavier -
The faraway day murmurs...
O twilight! Mercy of the world
Dawn once again upon me!

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