

Poetry Series

**Liza Sud**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2016

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Liza Sud()

## "I Am A Skunk"

I've heard a young man  
singing Pushkin's romance,  
And he sung well,  
But mimic was as skunk's.

And then I've read the book  
Of John of Kronstadt  
Where he exactly sais:  
"I am a skunk".

Liza Sud

## 13 Operas Of Partings.

13 operas of partings.

When before marriage dies the best,  
And longings, sufferings of lovers,  
As if of celibacy shade.

Hymn of virginity – much later,  
As of the saving of his soul,  
And sacrifices and repentance,  
As longing only for Saint God.

And thirteen works of never-dating,  
exchange of brautigams, betraying,  
of love that's never coming off  
and the virginity – in front.

Liza Sud

# 14 June - Canonization Of St. John Of Kronstadt

Tears of happiness flow down my cheeks  
from mild feeling that you exist,  
from assurance that you saved.  
Thank you, Saint John, again and again!

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Liza Sud

# 19 February. The First Miracle

Today on the 19 February,  
At the age: 38 years old.  
John of Kronstadt made the first miracle  
With the young sick boy Kostylev.

Today I opened the article  
Just randomly in Internet -  
And I've learned it. Isn't that a wonder?  
Hello from the sky! Today!

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Liza Sud

## 2 Birthdays

There may be 2 deaths, may be 1,  
and may be 1, may be 2 birthdays.  
I had 2 deaths - I never saw my dad.  
I was born second time - with John of Kronstadt.

When somebody recalls his father's death -  
I feel a small compassion: they WERE happy,  
and as for new born children - I regret  
all those of them, who have no moms or fathers.

Liza Sud

## 2 Butterflies

2 butterflies completely equal,  
2 tortoiseshells, 2 butterflies,  
There is no difference between them,  
They fly together, lonely – fly.

There is no Mars more, no more Venus,  
No more distortions between sex.  
Just souls in their pure connections  
By means of thoughts, that God has blessed!

Liza Sud

# 2010

They say - that tomorrow - the New Year.  
Happiness is - new, new are the clothes.  
our silly people will be merry  
And will sparkle in the Christmas firtrees.

And I think that all of that is foolish,  
Cause the good grows out from the past.  
We have sawed on what we have been rooted  
And the fruitless deadwood waits for us.

The whole country is looted and suffers  
Enemies are feasting on the bones,  
And the feast for them today is hearty  
And the lights in Kremlin, for them burn.

Only - hush - in the far fields in snowfall -  
the Angelic armies on revolt,  
And the crawling of blizzard forces  
right to Moscow, judgy it by the frost!

May God grant us, with blizzards to stand up  
And to see the wonderful true dawn,  
when we will be able to give laughter  
to meet babies in cradles at home.

In the meantime, I'll drink for the downfall  
of all those who despised my land and robbed!  
Let them not see neither base nor tire!  
let them hear - in hell - the Chiming clock!

translation from Alex S.

Liza Sud

## 24 Hours

I was holding you in my passage  
for 24 hours.

It was annular savage,  
by mind indestructible.

it's not pleasure, it is - possession!  
without sex, without sperm,  
not moving in any direction.  
just not letting you go!

It was painful and burning  
once again in my tunnel.  
You were mocking and spurning  
on wild bird - volatile cat.

I WAS WALKING LIKE THIS -  
with you always inside me.  
it's convenient - a kiss  
and so tender a comfort!

was it sin? was it love?  
was it tender including?  
the caress of your palm?  
or your comments intruding?

Anyway - I would say:  
this your coming - the last time.  
I am choosing the way  
of my angel's sapphire.

It's not hard, it's no shame.  
It is closed snowy Russia.  
flakes are warm like a flame,  
they embrace any passion.

It's like putting hand up,  
bending it in the elbow,  
like yogin's exercise -  
and you see as sharp angels.

Liza Sud

# 432 Hertz

My life will be a wonder for masses,  
but to God - it's a simple banality,  
if there is in our arsenal  
Virtue and geniality.

It's not difficult to live righteous,  
It's not difficult to keep laws,  
and like little strings - to love all,  
despite noisy and loud clanging.

Poets - are pouring too much water,  
but it flows all through the veins,  
in dream and love circuits,  
and becomes eternal siren.

Poets in soul have - quietude,  
their waves are in harmony order-  
Their frequency: Four, three, two,  
as was before the laws of London.

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Liza Sud

## 5 Girls

Yana time –management does one more time.  
It's a new group – it's a career flight.  
Saturday call – it is from Mister Park,  
For Hyundai's good – without overtime!

Vlada in our group is busy with sales.  
She's fond of Italy, Greece, body's grace.  
And how graceful she look out herself –  
Simply the sculpture of Maker the Saint!

Recently Nelly moved to a new house.  
She is inviting us, though we, the arrant  
Wanted to buy her a drill as a gift –  
So that she could continue to drill.

Zhenya returned from maternity leave,  
She wants to work so hard now, the heat  
Of childish smile and the family warmth  
Makes two times high her efficient code.

Julia is our financial chief,  
She (it's a plus) has no proud conceit.  
With simple forms she was eager to help –  
Printed for us forms OS-1 herself.

Liza Sud

# 500 Poems

I wanted to be a poet,  
and I saw in a dream:  
a book of red color  
with golden letters on it.

Two languages - like brothers.  
five hundred - thousand.  
so much I was writing,  
they were dictated by God.

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Liza Sud

## 8 Storeys

Write me poems and then dispatch them  
Over 8 dreams, over 8 storeys,  
Over 8 chairs - hierarchies  
From Directors and down to homeless.

Sincerely is better: hit the target.  
Stone into the water - see the rings.  
I can't bear when I write for nothing,  
And for my cry - they don't answer me.

He has left already - we are free now.  
So you write, do not worry, do write.  
Simply write about the work you manage,  
But I'll know - it is about love.

Eight means so to count them: Ludmila,  
Kate, 2 OSes, Tanya, Luba, I.  
Eight means endlessness, strength of cohesion  
Which unites so hard - you can't untie.

I will jump over these 8 staircases  
And by poems I'll overtake you.  
There are no bars for rhythm and metrics.  
And the reason is: I'm loving you!

Liza Sud

## 9 Mahler Symphony

Because life after death -  
Here - Is not life at all.  
It is the second life and so on,  
May be – the third.

We are parted with you  
As easy as ill  
Person leaves its sick body.  
As David Virsavia would leave.

Why is it for them so difficult  
not to sin?  
If they saw earth from far away –  
It is a plaything.

Leave and leave forever.  
Leaving thus – you will never leave.  
There are also islands  
Beautiful words exist,  
As in the ninth  
Maler's symphony.

Never thought that the music  
Could this express –  
Birth and the returning  
As a thread?

Liza Sud

## 9 May

There are many happy victories,  
And there is only one,  
That is too crucial and reminds  
That nation may be sick.

And if you do not treat disease,  
And move away from God -  
Like viruses from all the sides  
The enemies will come.

Our leader said in the fortieth:  
'The last church will be blown' -  
And what we all got after it,  
Is more than all the sorrows.

All sins or demons to drive out,  
In yourself overcome,  
And only with the help of Christ  
From illness to recover:

Sick with the evil and with lie -  
The cause of all the griefs,  
And to pay good for bad at last,  
And to forgive like kids.

To teach us how to change for good  
God will not send a war.  
The devil is - the only foe,  
One common friend is - God!

You cannot say the number when  
Statistics counts deaths.  
Let everyone come to parade  
In his spiritual strength!

We will be thankful to all those  
Who saved the living here  
And made from Russia fascists go,  
And Russian speech we hear!

To our nation which has won  
By cost of her own kids,  
Saved Europe from its own harm  
And life is - free in it!

Liza Sud

9 May 2016

If I were fighting with Germany -  
I would change my last name to Richter,  
I would turn in a golden fish and  
I'll be swimming through any water.

Then to Berlin I would have swam,  
put my signature on Reichstag,  
and with Soviet beautiful flag  
I would have sailed to Russia back.

I would splash in the war like in Time,  
I would never take the war serious,  
because nothing gives any fright,  
and all things were made - for redeeming you.

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Liza Sud

# A Babe

As without mom and dad - a babe,  
So without you I feel with others,  
And how much you drip on the brain -  
Don't convince yourself of your loving.

Kinship. This is such a thing,  
Irreplaceable by nothing  
Well, maybe an endless grief,  
Whith interim bliss, as ashes.

Uniqueness. As a tip of the sword,  
which will cut off all the strange,  
And from any capture you'll go,  
Once the blood will begin to race.

Liza Sud

# A Barge

To our village the War has come.  
People were called to a barge -  
For evacuation and moving far.  
Only my grandpa delayed.

He came too late, after eight o'clock.  
Then the Finns blew the barge up.  
After the war - my mother was born.  
I love her so much!

Grandfather – the civil airman,  
Petrozavodsk's first forces!  
Medals for Berlin at home we have,  
Vienna, Warsaw, and Orders.

War was the Wrath of Our Lord.  
People don't like much to talk.  
Those who have looked death into the eye -  
Know - God exists in the world!

Liza Sud

# A Blue Gem Between Us

I am running to you, but there is a blue gem between us.  
Want to touch your hand - but gem doesn't let.  
It's as big as breast, it is dazzling, clear.  
and you just can't reach me when you're trying to penetrate.

It's so big and cold, it is so silent.  
Is it someone's love? Is it someone's shield?  
It's concealing you, I can't see you, darling.  
Just to look at it from both sides - is bliss?

I am running to you, but I flop in blue gem.  
Dazzling gem many-sided, of deep color, blue!  
And it makes me sober, its rays are exciting  
as the sky itself standing before you!

It's too big a gem, and I can't embrace it.  
Its pride is immovable - I am helpless, small.  
Is it my true love or is it protecting?  
What is it here for? Where is it from?

Liza Sud

# A Brown Shell

I was grabbed by man's passion,  
I've been chased every night.  
Flows American-Russian  
made our cells unite,

But then I felt such gravity -  
as clothed in a brown shell.  
untransparently, ardently,  
all my saint light was dispelled,

I was clothed by thin brown cover -  
second skin, like in Edem,  
probably that's what was granted  
for sin to Adam end Eva.

Oh I don't like this heaviness,  
I love airy flight,  
light as a feather, transparent.  
God, forgive and purify!

Liza Sud

# A Butterfly, Reptile, Tiger And Eagle. From Balmont

A butterfly, reptile, tiger and eagle.  
The fateful lines are in a single scroll,  
the lessons of the service one for all,  
All substance -is only one sacred City.

Consciousness is alarm which drives you mad,  
And a small dancing bell in hazy fogginess  
of mists before the dawn - they are alone  
but merge together, sound to sound - a brother.

Which beat is more expressive for the hearing,  
Is it my heart, that's taken by an arrow,  
Or is it in transparent web - a fly?

We put one and the same pain on the lectern.  
All life is victim, the world - divine service,  
All is expression in the whole world's life.

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Liza Sud

# A Cat, And Not A Dog!

Do you know you are - a cat, and not a dog!  
Do you know to pull you by your leg -  
in this life - for the whole life I want!  
Cause I can not cope with lover's death!

Liza Sud

## A Child's Love

To throw myself into your arms  
And ask for our happiness...  
The yellow leaves are around,  
The city is flushed and blessed.

Of course – through the Time – we met.  
Your wish hypnotizes me.  
I never can be just friends,  
But child's love from high reality.

Liza Sud

# A Church Stone

How easy it all is: you're just - a Church stone  
you simply are - just a semantic brick,  
and if the body of church - is a major,  
then yours should be as dazzling the motif!

I don't accept the minor of who suffers,  
inactive recognition: I'm to blame,  
but only saint and holy tone, a light tone,  
which, like a Flower, destroys the hell.

After all, wide is step over the minor,  
and easier when you run into height,  
when you run under careful righteous patrol,  
and he is the One who taught us to fly.

They did not understand the song to Sabaoth,  
when they were singing to Him: Saint, Saint, Saint.  
And sang - that He is always with the Major,  
and always Loves the one who was to blame.

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Liza Sud

# A Crow And A Dove

In forest a black bird crow  
Was the smartest of all.  
She could see all form a crown:  
A Bear, a hare, a fox.

From the bath of the children,  
She was stealing a soap  
over them she was wealing,  
When they were watching her.

She proclaimed retribution  
With her long drawn - Carr.  
And by her gazing pupils,  
she judged all who lived down.

The crow-thief was a poet,  
She wrote poetry.  
For close and far forests,  
For those and for these.

From the height of a firtree  
she saw the whole land.  
She easily could observe all  
and knew all they did and had.

she was exiled to north regions  
and when she came back -  
'what did you see in the village? ' -  
croaked: 'The Father's glance'.

Her poems were understandable  
to all, as native language.  
The secret was in one sounding  
When translating the rhyming.

And the dove was a poet.  
He wrote an angelic verse.  
He was - a lyric tenor:  
Romance for two, for both.

Crow felt herself much higher  
Than simple-minded dove.  
Once she has lost her couple.  
And found all in God.

both birds were known to beasts as  
those who were writing up.  
Crow was whom they more feared,  
they sang – the songs of dove.

But one was tired of singing -  
wolf – nothingarian.  
dove was exiled - to prison.  
Crow – to America.

Voice is what Time is saving.  
in woods two roses bloom:  
J. Brodsky, D. Andreev  
Woods: Moscow - Petersburg.

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Liza Sud

# A Cuddly Toy

Give me a cuddly toy  
that is called Julia.  
as a pillow I'll rumple her  
by kisses shower her.

For feelings that were rough at first,  
then sweet in poems.  
they are - like wedding - with Light? God?  
or just with notebook.

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Liza Sud

## A Cup Of Coffee,

A cup of coffee, to bring down the pressure,  
Hearing the news from sparrows,  
The fact that life is so fair  
When with peace and love it sparkles.

Every day the sun rises earlier  
And much shorter winter shadow  
Dashing through the snowstorms of February  
Already the light of distant April

Good for the soul and nature  
And I'm not burdened with pains  
When remember in the frozen trolley  
Your blue gaze.

Liza Sud

# A Dark Room In Venice

A dark room in Venice.  
Wagner in chair in a black coat.  
He feels the blessing,  
merging of notes and words.

A poet and a musician:  
Two in one – the future artist.  
And he has the last vision  
Of Jesus Christ's coming.

What can be more nirvanic? ...

Liza Sud

# A Draw-Well

Spit into my soul, my friends -  
I don't know insults.  
How can I cry  
After so many Sacraments?

What I would really like  
Is to show you this happiness -  
After acceptance of His  
Infinite love.

Spit into my soul-  
And I will embrace you with arms.  
Poor - you used  
To spit in yourselves, dear.

But it is God who will wipe  
It overnight.  
How much in my soul you spit -  
There water is by miracle cleaner.

Liza Sud

# A Duck

Both actions are like a prank:  
First promotion, then - 'go away'.  
It is like when you feed a duck  
and then you shoot the same duck dead.

There is God above every hunter.  
He holds everything in His hand, and  
the duck, remaining unkilld, swims  
and is singing in torsion field.

The costsaving of money, means  
makes you take any loss with ease.  
But why do I blindly believe:  
Who warms you up - the same One kills?

Brings you near and then He blames.  
in a lot of masks - His one Face.  
But it's His love which always saves.  
It is Christ behind all what's made.

All is from God - when you retire  
and promotion that you aspire.  
So impose, God, in my heart love  
even to those who'll shed my blood.

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Liza Sud

# A Flashlight

You shine to me like a flashlight,  
white, from black distance far.  
Explain to me, please, explain now:  
why are you so close to God?

This light caresses me gently  
as many tongues of love,  
and licks me around, so playful.  
as saints from their icons glance.

what is more: it is leaving traces -  
and one more: all will merge with it -  
it turns everything to white paintings,  
like our God. We're alone with Him.

not a flashlight you are- a strong searchlight,  
and you easily lift me up,  
the soul sits at the words - as on branches -  
And it sings among birds about God!

Liza Sud

# A Flight Into Orbit:

It was such a flight into orbit:  
even music to me - not enough and  
Whether Laitman or Brik called it,  
whether Julia, or Natasha.

Whether angels are deep in playing  
more than demons and still keep me,  
or all fellows combined together  
and are praying for my redeeming.

As the whole world become the center  
of my fiction and fantasy,  
as in physics, the ' Phase angle'  
has exceeded capacity.

Whether they still didn't describe the  
fluctuations of light waves,  
Or they didn't reach understanding  
between forces of two Testaments.

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Liza Sud

# A Flop

I was running to Daniel Brick,  
I was running to him to make love,  
To become his true wife I agreed,  
after I took a month to decide.

I was running with purpose to kiss,  
He became my obsession I missed  
every second and blink of the day!  
there was nothing that stood on my way.

But approaching to chair where he sat -  
I just flopped in a big blue Sapphire -  
and I embraced cold stone, not a breast,  
I kissed a glassy surface, not lips.

And he entered my soul through his veins -  
Facet's edges with light - his blood's race,  
what is up if He's got a blue blood,  
since He has come from Heavenly Tsar!

And his light's blood has merged with my mind,  
and we flied and he made me fly high  
to the dark cocmic coldness of stone,  
he triumphed as the gem of a throne!

And He looks through my pupils on all,  
And He looks from outside of the world,  
He's dictating his brilliance to mind.  
And He whispers that I am his wife.

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# A Flute With Violin Cannot Be Mixed Up,

You didn't like Hebrew from the beginning,  
and your accent - reminds the Russian prayer  
A Flute with Violin cannot be mixed up,  
as a flute - you need to return to their world.

You talk about Light as about culture.  
But remember the works of Nicholas Serbian.  
Culture - is just the fall of all the artful,  
and art - is just the falls caused by temptations.

And you pronounce 'A', as the proud Russian,  
not as in Hebrew, as in German - Klein.  
that's why you should return to our grandeur,  
but not to the flaw of provincial land.

I'll weep for you no longer, I'll stop crying,  
I will not flood by tears my monitor.  
But to hear the voice of impeccable Russian  
among the Jews - I can't stand any more!

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Liza Sud

# A Gift Of God

Oh what a gift of God on earth -  
forever to be loved,  
As striking, a beam in the dark -  
Live happily all time.

To cherish image, and to wait  
and never to be sad,  
with joy to meet any new sense,  
of what the days keep quiet.

and simply walk, holding your hands,  
In the summer palette,  
and to shine with a happy smile  
with the light and the heat.

When you say love  
Are you with nature,  
Love is - from God!  
God gave the senses,

He easily created world,  
and fell in love with it,  
and Jesus Christ prayed about it  
with humbleness and warmth.

Accept the present of the Lord,  
and cherish it like pearls,  
cause as a blessing He endorsed  
to you - your native earth!

Liza Sud

# A Great Distance

There is a great distance between us,  
but the distance is warming us up.  
and as the birds are getting a signal -  
the same way to each other we fly.

and sometimes we like birds - will encounter,  
it will be conversation In private.  
I will say that I reached for the sun, and  
you will answer: the sun burns one out.

That's how birds fly in wedge to the sun,  
and by people below they are envied.  
you'll say: the sun - the image of man,  
I will answer, the moon is the feminine.

But the moon - is the Mussulman's calendar,  
lunisolar - the Jewish, eternal.  
Solar - our Christian calendar.  
And in heart these three lines are converging.

They flow into small vertebral column,  
happy energy there to absorb,  
all that answered to God - there is always,  
and has turned to a channel that flows

If there are no bars to His will.  
All that I say - you know everything.  
but you ask verse on purpose from me,  
and the very same verses you breathe.

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Liza Sud

# A Hairslide

I thank you for a hairslide -  
It's very beautiful and light.  
It's very comfortable to wear,  
And people say: It suits my hair!

Liza Sud

## A Happy Consciousness –

A happy consciousness – a consciousness of mind  
Free of its own I,  
Of sufferings from people as attachments.  
When the dependence on its passions die.

Liza Sud

# A Heart's Song

What is added to a heart's song  
How can you warm the sun's rays  
How to speed up the wind, river's flow?  
Friend, sing along with them,

Often there are no words and thoughts fade,  
When a simple beauty is seen,  
But if, echoing it, - you sing -  
then the world is changed.

translation from Alex S.

Liza Sud

# A Kiss

You've got a beautiful breast  
and beautiful walk-style.  
In all Petersburg for me  
You're the best director to find!

My desire is not tough.  
Words for me are enough.  
But when you are reading me -  
It's like a deep French kiss.

You are moving your lips  
the way I'm dictating you.  
and your thoughts flow like streams  
to the world where I ensue.

You are melting from me.  
I'm sure it's like that!  
When will you check at last  
how perfect is my hand?

But I don't love by hands.  
the matter makes me bored.  
I love when Spirit in lines  
flies to God through the world.

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Liza Sud

# A Maple

You are leading me from God.  
everyday in a hallway catch.  
By our window a maple is growing  
and its trunk is wet in the morning.

and in you is my main purpose,  
as the end of birth is in a foliage  
trembling always are maple leaves, -  
thus my speech incoherent is.

I cannot buy you, nor simply take,  
and your marriage I cannot break.  
that's why hear I'll simply die  
out of desire and love.

Liza Sud

# A Net

There where the asphalt ends,  
there is an opportunity to begin  
to love you, taking no obstacles  
disclosed, gently, and discreet.

That is the way birds and grass love  
and everyone who is in God's world,  
The truth of it, the only one,  
is love, and all the rest is only network.

Liza Sud

# A New Pure Dream

Today you came for the first time full naked.  
you came in real day as in a dream.  
And the body of yours was of bright - yellow,  
.and it evoked emotions' burst in me.

Your body enticed me and was agreeing  
it answered to me by thousand-fold yes.  
it merged with me in peaceful quietness,  
and that is what I call the real dreaming.

That I want you - it will amaze all people.  
but I love you in body and in soul,  
And I do not need someone's else's ideals.  
The kiss between us is in holy God.

Spiritual movement means this: do not touch it.  
I stand at distance and I keep aloof.  
And only in my dream a blink is lasting  
When you are naked and I'm loving you.

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Liza Sud

# A Pale Lilac Flower. From Balmont

A pale lilac flower blossomed with light,  
When I have met you on the road.  
It was a high, tall Flower goblet-bowl,  
in which a bee easily crawls.

And quietly touching the colorful petals,  
and trembling in the beam there was golden bee.  
The two spirits merged in dilation of pupils,  
The soul answered to soul with whom she has been.

I was kissing you self-forgetfully, rapidly,  
Colorful singing was ringing in dreams,  
It was a high, tall Flower goblet-bowl,  
In the Sun and Love and the Flame Eucharist.

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Liza Sud

# A Person Is Born So That To Give Gifts,

A person is born so that to give gifts,  
And when everything is handed out to the end,  
Diamonds remain there to give away  
From the holy glowing diadem.

A person is born as an eternal donor,  
so that to give out his easter blood,  
For in the Resurrection with God he's merging,  
And is rich in excess of time, like Love.

A person is born as an incarnate angel,  
So that to shock all by his innocence,  
A person is not afraid of death when he's in depression,  
Because by the saint hand he'll be surely raised.

A person is born from the egg of Optimism -  
one cannot overtake him by Faberge stiff eggs.  
A person is rich infinitely, right on his first birthday,  
because with life of God already in love engaged.

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Liza Sud

# A Poet In Russia - Prison And Exile,

a poet in Russia - prison and exile,  
a poet in Russia - Daniil Andreev,  
Iosiph Brodsky, Mandelstam -  
I'm tired of counting the lesions...

A poet in Russia - if I'm named  
by beloved Country - I will go,  
but I'll go out as a saint -  
That's how the Russians want to see a poet.

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Liza Sud

# A Poet Should Turn From Audience

A poet should turn from audience,  
Friends, lovers, all "addressees"  
And turn to the wall with icons –  
To something just HE may see.

Then there will be no questions  
Of boredom or misunderstanding,  
It will be the obvious threshold  
Between him and those who don't write.

Liza Sud

# A Postcard For 25 December

Let's embrace and let's be happy,  
Let's forget about war.  
I invite you - you invite me.  
And we open door to door.

I embrace you, dear Joseph.  
Though you are so far.  
I embrace Bach in his notes,  
I embrace all who love Christ!

Let's embrace and let's be happy,  
let's go round in round dance,  
Green is fir tree, red are apples,  
Bounce to the heaven's trance!

every poem's line is greater  
than the body's beauty line.  
So - catch it - supergender,  
holy postcard and my smile!

Liza Sud

# A Present For Daniel Brick

On your day may I ask for a gift?  
Cause you love what I value the most!  
Let it not be a poem, nor prose -  
Let it be the Sweet Light - only this!

Let it come to you, flood you from crown,  
Let it flow to your tiptoes, around,  
Let you lose all the sense of the earth.  
Let you feel the extreme joy of birth!

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY, dear Daniel!

Liza Sud

# A Romantic Child

From the viewpoint of a rat - the plant is enormous.  
From the point of view of director - it is too small.  
And if from here there is somewhere to go -  
it is only into the bus, and immediately - go home.

A romantic child is watching enormous city  
and the Admiralty spire piercing the sky,  
but from the viewpoint of sky, spire - is in swamp like a needle,  
but heavenly voices are heard only by a child.

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Liza Sud

# A Rosy Scarf

You are perfect in small rosy scarf,  
and at winter forest background -  
fairy dream from romantic lad,  
which again to a man spellbound.

He can not really come back  
from dreams of white forest in winter,  
all would freeze to a sleep so sad,  
if you were far away from here.

Rosy scarf with a blue speck,  
eddies of light - the dream of a painter,  
to romantic he turned again -  
Wonder words in a soul of shoemaker.

It is gods who invented shoes -  
crystal purity, the utter.  
tender one who washed all of you,  
as the Teacher at the Last Supper.

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Liza Sud

# A Separation. From Anne Yun

Regular Re-translation in English:

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Once I gave out my own face to the rain.  
until of all my features flew away,  
and nooone could see it any more.  
Once I gave out my own face to the rain.

The floods of rain have taken pain away,  
and pebble pond is keeping them inside,  
my face is left forever there, my face  
turned angry because is abandoned now.

It's all the same - cause the new face is clean!  
Oh what a rapture, unbelievable!  
And restless eye will never see the old,  
Rain wiped away feaures of fair- girl.

The string of kindness and the water skin,  
and bare feet that to the future run,  
Oh Nature all your powers are in me,  
Cause I am your Nobody, the new one.

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Regular translation in Russian

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Liza Sud

# A Small Stream

And something hides behind this - by soft force,  
by the angelic motion of the passions -  
when a small stream is coming through so quiet  
pretending that he is a snakes no more...

Liza Sud

# A Small Town Of Miracles

Here it is, a small town of miracles,  
and we came with you in weightlessness.  
Write me that you are happy here,  
all is simple, familiar, well.

we should never develop our soul,  
cause a soul should be simply disclosed,  
She is full of eternal beginnings,  
and our lives we should only enjoy.

in a child's soul - the sun is burning,  
no imposed unnecessary thoughts,  
How much I hate human brain's deadlock,  
where through egoism all people go.

So be perfect, my soul, and be light,  
And I understand Brodsky at last.  
He looked down at the world from above-  
through small window of altruism-love.

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Liza Sud

# A Song

My Muse is Urania,  
the place of work is - HMMR.  
I love the music of Wagner  
here on the Russian land.

I am spiritual nazi,  
I strive for kingdom of Christ,  
those who are never fasting -  
will not enter His Reich.

I love Zhirinovsky,  
I vote for LDPR.  
because in epoch post- Soviet  
Wolfvish is the best!

I love Julia Domarova,  
I write poems for her every day.  
I see nothing wrong here.  
if you don't believe me - you may check.

Saint Iohann of Kronstadt has appeared  
in a dream or in the waking time,  
and that's why now I have to endeavor  
to be more enlightened and more kind!

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Liza Sud

# A Song About Motherland

A Fox walked in the town,  
Sometimes she ran abroad.  
Fox did not love her motherland,  
As midge does not like a bird.

Fox did not see, did not know  
The Conciliar soul of Russia.  
May be parents have forgotten,  
May be they didn't not account for.

And Homeland - once - was offended,  
That fox went away from it.  
Since then, the saint protection  
fox could not ever feel.

Like mother, she is offended,  
That they rest away from her.  
And go far for their vacation:  
In Asia, or else in Europe.

Leave her without service.  
And waste their time for nothing.  
And they do not extol her  
And do not bring her money.

The Homeland? – What the homeland?  
It exists further fine.  
With its fields and its copses,  
Past time and present time.

With a joyful and bright future  
For those who have become saints.  
A fox will with her promised bridegroom  
Will live in her narrow lair.

The Moral is always banal.  
But not understood well:  
We receive all from Motherland.  
All from us –she will take.



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Liza Sud

# A Song For Donald Trump

Why do I shed a tear  
for completely unknown person?  
Why? is it your charisma?  
Or call of inner soul?

I sing a song inside me -  
a song for Donald Trump.  
Yes, but I want to hide it,  
not to be hurt again.

I don't know why it hurts me?  
Touches me so deep? !  
Completely unknown person,  
But seems so close and dear.

Why do I shed a tear  
for Mr. Donald Trump?  
Not bitter but sweet tear  
of warm and quite love.

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Liza Sud

# A Spherical Mirror

You are a small liar!  
But lets hide it from people's eyes!  
It was not inspired by Balmont,  
but just the both of us!

You are a small sinner.  
You made a saint person sin.  
But may be it's a full sphere,  
that poetry always sings!

You have become my mirror,  
you stand in front of my eyes,  
and all is reflected in you  
and happily comes back.

You turn too when I am turning,  
you smile by the very turn.  
And mirror is no more lonely,  
acquiring a spherical form.

That's how you beget the likeness,  
that's how you grow up to God,  
Who mirrors us all in turnings,  
where every motion is love.

Liza Sud

# A Star

You are the heart so radiant - a star!  
I'm glad to see in person, not in dream!  
I ask, My sister, in your prays, sometimes  
Put in a word for me!

And sometimes she is guilty as a child,  
keeps the desire of knowledge deep inside...  
Then suddenly in languish starts to cry,  
It's like a crystal bathing in a wine...

The heaven's balm in hearts begins to flee,  
Soothes the pain, who suffers, through the fault...  
My soul is so tireless to seek,  
to be a Bride - entirely beloved...

But she aspires to renew her spirit,  
and to smell sweet as roses do in spring...  
And as the scent of truth she wants to be spilled,  
On an azure rainbow wave of sea!

Liza Sud

# A Statue Of Eagle

Fell in love with a statue of eagle,  
Of bronze eagle on orange globe.  
To me he is the symbol of freedom  
And the victory of the verse!  
And the flight of religious souls!

Liza Sud

# A Step To Altruism

From a far away sunny Korea  
he came to the land of paradise.  
The angelic kids are walking here  
and are catching the stars on their flight.

Their resources from the sky are endless,  
and they do not want to work a lot.  
And the monsters wanted once to maim them,  
but one cannot take the saints from God.

Ten spheres in radiance much deeper,  
the light fades when shutting in itself.  
Hell - is just a thought: it could be better.  
Paradise - a thought: it is the best.

It could not be better than in Russia,  
for someone who lived here for so long.  
On the threshold of a step to altruism  
how much God presented you - recall!

Liza Sud

# A Very Big Star

Among people I knew only one  
at Stihira a very big star:  
He at midnight and noon to me shone  
in my mind penetrated with soul.

he seemed always somewhere inside,  
in the head, in the shell, in deep mind,  
and I know all the things that he says,  
and like Lord, after me he surveils,

Liza Sud

## A Woman. From Elena Rylova

You think that a woman is writing a verse  
Above a thick table she's hastily leaning.  
But not in the house, in heart humble words,  
Even in the kitchen while making a dinner.

Sometimes she is laughing, sometimes she is sad...  
and the ringing lines she is threading like gem beads.  
Sometimes she's offended, more often forgives,  
She bends under burdens, but spirit is high.

Liza Sud

# A Woman's Body - The Body Of God, From A. Suslov

A woman's body - the Body of God,  
Dream that has spawned the World  
The basis of morality, the pathway,  
The meaning of Covenant - heavenly Idol,

By your beauty I am consumed,  
I will always, and on my deathbed,  
To the light of life come again,  
To be God - with you and in you.

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Liza Sud

# About Golden Fish Of Pushkin

In the fairy tale about golden fish  
there are four levels of selfishness,  
from the point of view of true Kabbalist -  
it is woman's part of establishment.

It is her desire that grows to big -  
up to that - on the top level  
she desires to possess even golden fish  
and to send her on selfish errands,

That is how we usually treat God:  
he is giving us all, he's feeding,  
And what we desire from Him at last -  
is to rule Him or not believe Him.

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Liza Sud

# About People

People are numerators,  
Cases and denominators,  
And there are people philosophers -  
Spiritual aristocracy.

Liza Sud

# About The Voice Show

There is no place in 'Voice' show on TV  
for the Russian music, there reigns Englishism.  
But there's a lot of place for English song  
With incomprehensible jerk and rap prose.

And Russian Melodiousness is not in favor,  
And the jury scolds with obscenities mainly.  
Is there - abroad, like behind a street fence,  
one who looks for the Russian brother and waits?

Where is the affection of the Russian song  
the Soviet song's majesty and its grandeur?  
Our epoch will leave faded colors that wither,  
With a foreign accent, so rude, in addition.

What Tchaikovsky mocks at with Monsieur Tricot -  
In his era's opera - we do not know.  
But on the dull scene of black color and red  
We lose something precious again and again.

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Liza Sud

# Absolute Magic

Absolute magic, is when the mind sings  
Bringing our body to vibrataion  
and we see the flight of angels  
And the word becomes a deed.

Liza Sud

# Across Time

1

I was the sister of Kaddafi,  
We lived in hungry desert land,  
But to the power came my brother -  
And we got bloodless dream of Marks.

We built enormous social buildings,  
nobody paid for medicine, flat.  
at first we were some 7 millions.  
Under Kaddafi - 23.

But then he came - who voted for Agama.  
He was a proud warrior, but sad one.  
They level country to the ground,  
And all our family was killed.

2

He was awarded by Agama.  
And sent to Syria again.  
He was more cheerful and proud.  
Agama got Nobel Peace prize

I was a Syrian girl - the singing  
and dancing girl without aim.  
He was experience and missile  
was caught exactly in my brain.

3

He loved his president Agama,  
gave him his vote for the third time -  
And he was sent to Country Luxsher -  
a very cold and very far.

Agama has imposed sanctions,  
country was ruined, people died,  
He killed the poetess of Luxsher  
by economic war this time.

4

They brought to Luxsher their 'values' -  
free sodomy - Agama liked,  
No pure Islam of Kaddafi.  
No Christianity in fact.

And he returned back home - this warrior,  
he got Democracy awards.  
He turned on music of Prokofiev  
'War and peace' chef-d'oeuvre by Tolstoy.

Liza Sud

# Ad Infinitum. From Balmont

In the temple all - as was before.  
I heard a quiet wave of thuribles.  
    'I was laughing, and I joked.  
    Did you really love me? '

Hazy thrill of candles is like smoke,  
And upon the icons - borrowed light.  
Everyone wants in the dark of church

From candles to candle to take light.

In the temple will be - as it was.  
I heard a quiet wave of thuribles.  
    'A, betrayer! It all was your joke.  
    Sorrow! Sorrow! I loved him'.

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## Ad infinitum

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## After Balmont My Hand Doesn't Stretch To Pen.

After Balmont my hand doesn't stretch to pen.  
Cause in Balmont Poetry has completely achieved its aim,  
Cause with Balmont your lips are dancing the best of flame,  
they are kissing God, and sweet angels are kissing them.

I was shocked by Balmont, loved, killed and beaten.  
Balmont makes me numb, like white page - I'm smitten.  
I have found the voice - and its Russian voice,  
that is so unreal - like date with gods.

I believe in poetry more than ever.  
Just his fame went down - with noone to share him.  
It's a new clear shell that he's putting on me,  
it's a change of thoughts and blood makes new turning.

I open his book as the case with diamonds.  
And he moves me, rules as the flow of wild winds,  
and I go with him to the new worlds, ages,  
Better than a dream, better than pure angels.

Liza Sud

# After Car Accident

Brik has found her after car accident,  
she was helpless like a small dog,  
lying on the road, she was wounded  
And he helped her and took her home,

There he healed her, there he was feeding her,  
with mysterious tasty corn.  
taught by music of love and reading of  
all the secular books of old.

Before sleep he recited Balmont,  
She was seeing him as a dove,  
he seemed pure like white romantic,  
And she took him for real love.

But then he felt strong desire,  
he was looking at her all nights.  
And then he proposed her to marry.  
She was 15. He - 45.

She was tired of him, his passion,  
of his constant look in her eyes,  
But when once she asked him fo loving -  
Couldn't satisfy her for three times!

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Liza Sud

# After The War I'll Meet My Husband.

After the war I'll meet my husband.  
the term of war is a lifetime.  
No need to cry: light on the puddles,  
and from the roofs the swallows fly.

As after reading Kalevala -  
in the soul pure light will rise.  
and of the spring thaw - a blue color,  
and drops of honey - on a pine.

As Vyaynemyaynen struggled there,  
and Lemmikaynen for the brides.  
And here is the reverse process,  
resembling an incest sometimes.

Their Sampo sank into the water,  
they were the giants and the heroes -  
But by the wind a wave's not blown,  
will not be blown your small ship.

Cause they were ruled by clever boatsman,  
it was your Husband who ruled there.  
and you consider yourself lonely,  
and became very much afraid.

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## After Your First, For M.

And we will see a diamond in black,  
six hundred thousand souls are on its facets,  
and on each facet - a bright Face of Christ  
will be shining on the life's black background.

Six hundred thousand secs - for each Edem  
we will be watching it for seven hours  
how it comes to mind again and again,  
and by increasing, then it will cool down.

This heat in chest, it's like the ocean's heat,  
it is the heat of flesh, that is transfigured,  
in your Communion - you'll get back a stream -  
blood of united brothers, the coherent.

And when His Face is flashing in your glance -  
light flashes in the valleys of my dreaming,  
and Haifa-city I'll not see or find,  
Do we need any homes for life rethinking?

Like too precious a gem, sent from above,  
you will be bringing back our religion,  
because it is the privilege of Christ -  
to unify as long as we are breathing.

He unified Six hundred thousand souls  
The Bearer of Truth - in Christian Body.  
The best description of enlightened thought -  
It will be done - by Christian Kabbalist.

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## Again At Doms kaya.

It poured the stones of ancient squares,  
My rain whipped in the morning like a madman.  
And I was going to quit without contrivance  
under the line of noisy gillyflowers' attics,

I left. And when I crossed the square,  
with Japanese silk mulberry chirr,  
sat at a table, waiting for a coffee. ?ondescended  
under the remaining drops, a horse

tail of a waitress threw me in the eye!  
out of the spark flames kicking gradually  
small latvian woman said to me: Oh, ja!  
The Baltic coldness froze in them, undoubtedly!

Walking along stone by stone - a heel - a clop,  
successfully pin not was stuck between them,  
I catch throats of hot mornings and a clot  
still in the throat - a fraction camarilla.

In me all dances! Under feet - the sky  
ready to fall, dodging correctly.  
the flame of life is winning ice.  
And I feel that it is - not safely!

Liza Sud

## Again Christ.

River runs full of my tears  
tears are not bitter, but burn with pain...  
and CHRIST goes along the river  
the river of my prodigal fate...

fading away is the river,  
I do not see the coast,  
I am beautiful and so easy,  
and Christ is coming close...

I turn pale... from my eyes the sorrow  
comes up beyond the river,  
to tell him the truth - I fear...  
And why? He has already known..

Liza Sud

# Against Pushkin's Answer

You ate the bread that was brought by the rabble,  
you didn't know the price of their whip's pain,  
and you in Kronstadt from twenty to last days  
have not confessed a sailor or a slave.

You did not know their aim and thirst for changes,  
you did not know their fall and the Wake up,  
the ax, that's left to us by Dostoevsky,  
and Kronstadt galleys after the exile.

The twentieth century turned all this upside down:  
a poet had to live among the crowd.  
in Norenskaya - for a better napping,  
Rose of the world in prison took a shower.

In the end, who is black, who is like the Word?  
Christ's words - the proclamation of the crowd.  
but you - rebuke, turn them away, condemning,  
and banish them for their call of love.

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Liza Sud

# Agapa

Agapa – is a little higher  
Than sexual love in human growth.  
It's only God soul needs to find and  
The best of lovers – is Our Lord.

I think the soul of any woman  
Needs stronger guidance than a man.  
That's why the story of Tannhauser -  
Is shameful story. Great, but sad.

Liza Sud

# Akella's Old

I am old, I am weak, and have few power.  
Of what has gone - I dream.  
But God's eternal, life is right  
And chariot - on weels.

Dont ask too much of me - I'm old  
And much I gave away.  
Much blood was gushing through my throught,  
But now I'm chilled to death.

Now in my mind is paradise  
And light, although I'm poor.  
Dont ask too much of me - I'm far  
From being God, I'm human.

I'm now ready for the last  
Of jumps - to snatch your throught.  
Akella's old, but he will match.  
Of rest he dreams? - oh, no!

Liza Sud

# Aladdin's Lamp

Come to me. Anything you 'll say,  
will be true. For the centuries.  
to the ground are driven my pales.  
And my spiers - in clouds dream.

Come to me. With any load.  
Let a burden be not so light.  
I will love you out. And boldly.  
So I need your hand.

Come to me. With any backbiting.  
Let sand blind my eyes.  
in the sand copper's sunlike shining  
lamp with a genie - for the one who can catch!

Liza Sud

# Alex

Alex, your poems - always on the edge,  
and that's why so painfully they wound,  
and all the time are- over-over death  
and keep my soul - so tightly bound.

And to my death - they never let me go,  
Saint Spirit - over force - inspire me.  
I always want to listen to Alyosha,  
forever want him - in my soul - to be!

Liza Sud

# Alex - A Sissy And A Genius!

Alex - a sissy and a genius!  
for those who do not know life -  
I will explain without dreaming -  
He is a whim reflecting mind,

He's always upward in his seekings!  
Among the poets - he is high!  
Without laziness he teases,  
when you decided to give up!

Liza Sud

# Alien Energies

I don't like alien energies of strangers.  
Their invasion hurts my brains.  
I choose the stars of gold – from heavens  
And I caress them long without stress.

Liza Sud

# All Evil In The World - From Men:

All evil in the world - from men:  
only they - go to fight,  
Only they begin wars and beat,  
rape and then go wild.

If only woman lived in this place-  
it would be all quiet.  
you caress you and embrace,  
feed, clothe, will acquire.

Will not condemn but will forgive,  
teach you believe in God.  
in the world women bring grace and bliss.  
men - quarrel and war.

devil, of course, is the one to blame.  
he is the one who tempts.  
but to him fools succumb and give way-  
fools from the sterner sex.

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Liza Sud

# All Is - Christ!

Wait and hope  
as a rose  
Smile, smile, smile!  
All is - Christ!

Liza Sud

# All Is Well

All is well, and it comes in time,  
and there is no reason for sorrow,  
If your family is the Universe -  
the more tight are the grips of love.

what you want you create with matter  
and with space as a neighbor, joke,  
If a spark you've become in your life -  
then will sparkle any ways you go.

Liza Sud

# All Remains The Same

All remains the same, come to me,  
Only heart becomes so light.  
And life stretches like the blue sea  
All the evil - just storm at night.

Come, I will not abolish you,  
Neither you, nor myself, no one...  
Out of fire I'll drag out brood,  
Without you I feel hard and sad.

Liza Sud

# All The Poets Are Like Zombies

All the poets are like zombies  
wish to know exactly - whose?  
from what moral tribe they arose,  
or so, from fleshly doom.

and only then to listen,  
hierarchy to know.  
but noone will tell the secret  
and answers to us disclose.

Liza Sud

# Almighty.

I am accepted by Almighty.  
And in His eyes I seem so childlike.  
For His love all people – are brothers,  
Although I was an ugly duckling.

ineffable light accepts me  
And by this Light all are united,  
The child hears celestial affection,  
Poems and songs he now is writing.

Although sometimes the ducks are picking,  
But never can detract from beauty,  
Day after day, minutes are ticking,  
Love touches heart and it is moved then.

Liza Sud

# Amendment To The Constitution

Make an amendment to the Constitution.  
From now on - two heads of the state.  
One from the female population.  
The second one - from the male.

Everything will be finally balanced.  
we will suppress the MIC of men,  
Who are always in furious rage.  
And women are from the kind powers.

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Liza Sud

# Amfortas's Heart

Amfortas's heart is always aching,  
because he has committed sin!  
He met with Kundri laughing, scoffing  
And he betrayed his God by this.

He's punished and his whole country  
We all - are Body of One Christ.  
We need a Sacred Christian bowl  
And need a Virgine to save us.

Liza Sud

# Among The Graves. From Balmont

Among the graves there are vague whispers,  
Unclear whisper of light breeze.  
it is a sad sigh, murmur wistful,  
the dreary murmur of a willow.

Among the graves the shadows wander -  
the souls of fathers and grandpas,  
And on the footsteps of the churches  
the shadows of the deadmen rise.

And they are knocking at the church door,  
And they are knocking till the dawn,  
Unless in the far distance glow  
of the pale amber will light on.

Then, realizing - life's a minute,  
With their unsuccessful struggle,  
then sobbing vaguely and with bitterness  
They go into their coffins back.

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Liza Sud

# Among The Narrow Gorges Of Willows Burdens

Among the narrow gorges of willows burdens  
where fresh drafts walk along my back  
and the decollete, - I hear the word pagodas  
of quietest souls who at the moon depart.

Liza Sud

# Anathema

Removed is twenty-years anathema  
and earlier I can easily take off much-  
when you grow into white commandments.  
and you'll forgive the fags.

Liza Sud

# And Again Birth And Death

And again birth and death,  
Don't look back.  
It is very dark there,  
There is hell pitch dark.

People are taken by details  
Very little, as slaves.  
Their eyes are closed by devils,  
Who turn their souls to graves.

The true light is clear  
And from below it beams,  
If you come over  
Sins.

Liza Sud

## And All That Is To Brodsky,

And all that is to Brodsky,  
As by a beaten route.  
The soul must be just joyful,  
And never tearful.

To show him our poems  
If ever he is raised.  
I lived by hope for so long  
To meet with him, and prayed.

But he from us has passed away  
When no one unexpected.  
Yes, as for me –the Lord has saved  
Me above all the shelters.

Yes, God has one time raised me up  
Above my native country –  
And that's what everyone will have  
After all pain and anguish.

Liza Sud

# And Every Seven Years

And every seven years  
he to the earth descends,  
to meet there with the faithful,  
which will not leave, not sell.

But girl is a betrayer,  
again - new seven-years!

and once again he goes to the abyss  
to wander through the seas  
till the Last Judgment.

Liza Sud

## And Gradually Mask Became A Face.

And gradually mask became a face.  
when I pretended that nothing has happened.  
That is what Joseph Brodsky to us said  
about his life in the exile from Russia.

Liza Sud

## And Hands Remember,

And hands remember,  
And soul remembers, and mind,  
How sweet and tender  
I play the music sometimes.

Since all is printed  
In your grown feeling and heart –  
Say: we –together,  
We – are existing entwined.

We – I mean millions,  
We –I mean children, young, kind.  
We – I mean trees and  
We – I mean All that's around.

Liza Sud

# And I Tell You Goodbye,

We'll entangle with you,  
as bridges over the river,  
will raise open -as usually  
not - in the evenings.

We will sing until dawn  
over the broad Neva,  
but on different -  
piers.

let me go at last  
by the words you combine,  
that were of - me -  
so jealous,

which forever seized me  
to go on after you,  
that it seemed -  
full of fear!

And your poems will stop  
to race blood  
so diminutive  
tender.

And I tell you goodbye,  
precious mother  
of my first great love!  
for me - remain not  
an offender!

Liza Sud

## And I, To The Eternal Bliss Communed

And I, to the Eternal bliss communed, I want to say, my friends, to all of you -  
Do not believe the gossip before words - not to repent in tears the mother-  
speech.

Enough Stupidity in every clever man, not everyone though knows in what it is.  
The only one, who letters gratifies, is able God like angels pure to learn.

Liza Sud

## And I'm Prone To Make Them Happy

And I'm prone to make them happy  
for the suppression of their sins,  
but homosexuals can not stand it -  
the meager snivel of one week!

And Sodomy - is simple as a snot,  
and no harder than otitis,  
but to keep the commandments they can not  
and break the Law what God them asks for!

Liza Sud

## And Lohengrin Is Also Leaving.

And Lohengrin is also leaving.  
as if he always seeks for cause:  
Any commandment please be keeping  
and be forever true of course.

He doesn't let her to ask questions  
and is always: shut her up.  
He want to see himself so selfish  
and to suppress her by his power.

But he's the prototype of Jesus,  
when He appears to the soul  
demands forever to be faithful  
and disappears if she is not.

He arrives as her guardian, angel,  
but the woman for him is too faint.  
and then he leaves for his saint dwellings  
from where people he will save.

Liza Sud

# And Monuments Erect In Forms Of Vills

And monuments erect in forms of vills  
So that the evil looking nice  
As in the opera a fine motif –  
Would not seem horrible to us.

Liza Sud

## And Now She Lives In The Hands Of God's Angels,

And now she lives in the hands of God's angels,  
the itching of conscience ended at once,  
And sorrow and passion seem to disappeared  
The vessel remains empty without life.

Liza Sud

# And Then We Will Visit Moscow,

And then we will visit Moscow,  
20 monasteries over there,  
We'll be meeting with Zhirinovsky,  
Who is spreading joy everywhere.

It will be a breathtaking journey,  
We'll even not tread the land.  
It will be only in poems,  
Like all the love in my life.

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in Russian

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Liza Sud

# And We Became One Common Tune -

And we became one common tune -  
two saxophones on the embankment.  
and every ripple, every stone  
was singing also all the high notes.

It was the hearing of God  
that made it go and made it hear,  
and you could easily combine  
with this or that note, breathing near.

You chanced the happiness of both  
who kept one memory: to be there,  
But every one had the same voice  
echo was innocent and clear.

The shade was blinking in your eyes,  
then on the walls, long as a tear.  
as ever-penetrating Light  
that's guiding Time and hot Space sphere.

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Liza Sud

# And We Make Poems Anywhere

And we make poems anywhere  
we are grabbed from heaven by God,  
Out of life, the soul in heaven,  
While the flow of Light still pours...

And then we come up to break-up,  
Life takes quietness from the throat,  
But for nothing you feel sorry,  
Cause the payment for joy has no sorrow.

Liza Sud



## And You Swim On The Waves Of Reminders,

And you swim on the waves of reminders,  
In the waves of sweet harmonies,  
And you hide in the bunch of lilacs,  
Slightly fuddle my heart like drizzle?

I remember you by my side,  
Noise and thunder of rain outside,  
but the fall of my feelings was,  
Not in turn with the heart of yours.

Liza Sud

# And Zhirinovsky Answered On God

'When you will come to God  
what will you ask from him? ' -  
This question was asked by Posner  
to politician Zhirinovsky.

And Zhirinovsky answered:  
'God, Let me go back!  
I want to help people of Russia,  
not relish in paradise! '.

In the wild woods, malnourished,  
or half-naked in Siberia -  
I want to help people of Russia  
who suffer so intensively.

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Liza Sud

# Androgines

Yes, they say, that life of androgines  
Is more proper by jewish laws.  
That it's they who were saint and godly  
And combined sides of him and hers.

And they say – it were We – who created –  
That's the merging of double force,  
Only then they were separated,  
So that lives then they valued more.

And at last – it is you – I see you.  
All has come to its right point.  
You're my woman, it's you I hear  
Everywhere, and I'm – your girl.

Liza Sud

# Anecdote About Spoons (From Laitman)

People are sitting in hell,  
All sad, in a gloomy mood.  
A big table is full of food,  
But they can't eat - they have long spoons.

People sit in paradise,  
The same table, the same abundance,  
But they are in a good mood. Why?  
With the long spoons they feed each other.

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Liza Sud

# Angel Of Russian Empire! To Zhirinovsky

He has a dream: that our fleet  
enters the Port of America.  
We are welcomed by them, they sing:  
roses, flags everywhere!

And New York applauds!  
Is it not like the dream of Brodsky?  
as for poets - letters chant a song,  
so the soldiers - to Zhirinovsky!

he could eat only after stepfather,  
over losses he saw his mom crying,  
had a wish to hand out everything -  
Angel of Russian Empire!

Liza Sud

# Angel On The Column,

There was an angel on the column,  
He was indifferent and cold,  
We flyed through his eyes into his thoughts  
He contemplated only God.

He never lets me go out,  
He stucked to me like white saint glue.  
I was with you - but I'm without.  
And I'm not lonely without you.

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Liza Sud

# Anti-Sodom

She called me Kronstadt Judah,  
anti-Sodom betrayal.  
But nothing I will pay her  
for her offensive regal.

Called me Judas from Kronstadt,  
but herself was a thief.  
And five years I have with the soul of a Dutchman  
sail in bottomless seas!

Liza Sud

# Apple Watch

I didn't win Apple watch.  
And I was really sad.  
I wanted to kick the earth,  
Ambitions just make me mad.

Why All I do – is a botch  
They never appreciate?  
Why prose always wins, and broach  
Of church always irritates?

Of course I don't need this watch –  
I love when my hands are free.  
But it's as you make 9 shots –  
And never can get the hit!

Liza Sud

# Archangel Of Prayer Salathiel

spheres are flashing, and fires swim,  
angels are floating near.

Archangel of prayer Salathiel  
reads poems to people.

Nature is not near to please the eye,  
Nothing inspires senses.  
Not forward but backward moving of life  
and the technics suppresses.

Liza Sud

# Are Butterflies Happy

Are butterflies happy  
when they are chased?  
It doesn't matter  
in magic place.

They are caught and then killed  
for beauty's sake!  
they are not so selfish -  
bring joy to men!

Nabokov loved it -  
Lolita's fan.  
is that not sadism? -  
you catch - get fun!

Liza Sud

# Aria Of Dalila

But the best aria of Dalila  
Eric fulfilled - o yes! - Kurmangaliyev.  
And compared to him - the critic said -  
all singer seem simply to yell

in kitchen.

Liza Sud

# Armenian Churches

Architect cutted of stone a thing  
that will remain for centuries -  
Temple Gegarta - which means 'a spear'  
in Gegartavanke, in Armenia.

Duduk is gentle and it is strict,  
godlike and adamant.  
Here they are pouring 'the Church of spear',  
spear which pierced Christ.

Armenian churches are simple,  
Therefore in them - it is frightful.  
You cannot hide your sins  
under colorful button.

Mountains around the stand.  
Oh, I worship the stones.  
Churches here will survive.  
Their names - will keep glory.

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Liza Sud

# Art Is Never A Sublimation

Art is never a sublimation.  
It's a downpour from above.  
May be from the earth it gets ready...  
But religion is higher than art.

It's as if you were boiling water –  
And it turns into a light gas.  
And what this devil does who Freud is –  
He just switches it off at once.

And he never knows new condition.  
And he had never opened doors  
That are opened by tough submission  
To the Loving and Light God's Law!

Liza Sud

# As A Blank Sheet

As a blank crisp sheet  
Falling from my hand –  
In a room a sin,  
Flowing from your side!

I breath by your lungs,  
I smell by your nose  
Chakras may combine,  
But it's dark for a rose.

Liza Sud

## As A Poison – I'll Drink You Up.

As a poison – I'll drink you up.  
I want memory empty of it.  
You are dirty. And mercury are.  
And because of you blood ferments.

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# As If The Romanovs. From Balmont

As if the ROMANOVs

The Romanovs weakened. It has been long time to remove them.  
The words of the Kostroma peasant

We had both kings and princes.  
they ruled. Their rule differed,  
You, the dissolute bastards kin, your  
rule is the most grisly.

You don't even rule. Just bedlam,  
half-witty-conceited.  
House of butchers, shame of ages,  
Stupid and deceitful.

There was mad Ivan in those years,  
and his face was monstrous,  
Self-rule blood - intoxicates him,  
but he was enormous

Many shameless dreams possessed him,  
He was toy to damned ones;  
This, the idol of the present,  
is a puppet, Parsley.

Once there was tsar, quite an idiot,  
Paul, his face was ugly,  
A Doll-soldier - even that one's  
memory is better.

Value Paul before the present,  
we should glorify Paul:  
He did not pull filthy thread, but  
soon created Palen.

This disgusting, with a fox tail,  
With a mouth of a wolf  
calls to people - then moreover

Robbs whole world in secret.

Robbers, lies, blasphemes and shiver,

whines like a small puppy.

And you, bastards, the court's pillar,

Praise your favorable brother.

Well. It's over. See you all now.

Scaffold for you - ready.

Sin of the searchers is mortal.

Realm of fear awaits you!

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Liza Sud

## As Kissing

All the empty is burned. It's not to appear,  
but for us just to be close.

Words are simple as kissing,  
but have no power to change the world.

It itself changes with me,  
when at night the Moon swims  
Nothing lasts forever, thank God,  
only you and me, my love...

Liza Sud

## As Prophet Isaiah Warned Them,

As prophet Isaiah warned them,  
in his letters - said Apostle Paul:  
That alive in Heaven I will burn them -  
by the spiritual fire - not on earth!

And not at all they understand Me  
that when I pass them in the back -  
when I see purity commandments -  
Make them more pure and light-white!

Liza Sud

# As Romanos The Melodist

I would like to lead a very quiet and kept-private life,  
only to those, who ask for my verse. to make love declaration,  
and to hear what these poems tell me as the voice of God,  
to translate them so that people had to my poems no questions.

Because as the gift of admonition I'm given this gift.  
and it's only for sanctity - as final aim - why it's needed.  
And that's why poets have no need in vain glory and fame.  
since the level of holiness in friends and voice is not reached yet.

There is only one union - Union of Body of Christ.  
Only Light got on Sundays should be of more value than praises.  
And it will unite more tight than words or our friendship can tie.  
more than love, because virtue is lying for it as basis.

I have still many things in my life that I have to admire,  
And I'm filled by delight, a spectator for me - as a crescent  
as a moon in the window distracts me from prayers at night,  
where the sun will rise for me as sometimes Romanos the Melodist.

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Liza Sud

# As Snails

as snails they extraordinary lie.  
and energy of garnet bracelet burns!  
under the table - in the Persian... boudoir -  
the heels will sink, where once a 'secret' was.

Liza Sud

# As The Wave Of The Balmont

As the wave of the sea in foamed advance  
entices to far distance yet unknown  
where by blue sadness they are overflowed.  
where the new revelation's talismans.

May be it's fear, may be it is crime,  
It's all the same to me. I have no pity.  
I knew how steel is blooming in a battle,  
We are here in full wake of destined mission.

from one shore to the other shore - the seas.  
in the two boundaries - there is blue space  
Sunset in one land- dawn in other place.

So that there was the third, two have to meet,  
And there needs to be sprayed waterfall -  
the thunder of the crown of lightning bolt

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# At Big Shoulders Of Jesus Christ

I'll direct the lights of your eyes  
at big shoulders of Jesus Christ.  
I will break the wall of this world -  
and will let in the upper force.

As a painting says to you: 'No',  
when to a museum you go -  
and replaces all by itself -  
that's exactly what Jesus makes.

I will get another emotion,  
as infusion, as an explosion.  
as an answer of too big a size -  
those great shoulders of Jesus Christ.

And that's when I will calm down.  
Those shoulders are always in front of  
me, and behind me, and all around!  
and they even keep sky and ground!

Liza Sud

# At Last Now I'm Healthy

Did you see – I was in sickness.  
I picked up some foul.  
There is plenty on stihira,  
For ears and eyes.

There are many beautiful poems,  
But a few are gold:  
About Christ and His forces,  
Clear, saint from God.

At last now I'm healthy  
And to play I want.  
Race in soul at my house,  
Jump and prance and hop.

No one can now possess me,  
Don't want any dirt.  
And to You, My God, now blessed,  
Pure I'll return.

I will do as you have asked me,  
How you explained.  
Only Your force saint and godly  
Conquers any pain.

Liza Sud

# At Skating Rink

Ice of the pond is glittering again,  
Up in the sky all's bright and clear.  
on the surface of ice we're sliding on the skates,  
Shouting, laughing - the school children.

We hear the voice of a girl,  
ladies and gentlemen are dancing,  
Their eyes are radiant with joy,  
they have forgotten the strict manners.

you are raising up your collar and the fur,  
because you're cold you're marking time,  
and the policeman looks at you with love -  
Okey, I let you go mad!

you are holding my hand in your hand,  
Happiness shines on our faces.  
at skating rink we're dancing waltz  
And like a bird with you I'm racing!

Liza Sud

# At Your Fishing Rod

Now you got me at your fishing rod,  
And by you at a spoon-bait I am caught.  
And to stay with you just for a minute -  
Better dreams for today I have not.

No, there is one dream - the revelation,  
a saint face I was so blessed to see.  
may be time with you is a redemption  
of my past where I had a great sin.

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Liza Sud

## August Stars

You have come, as stood up, and have said - I'll become now your vodka,  
It will not be affected by me, but you - touch me as much as you wanted,  
I'll spread out for you like a meadow you wanted to breathe,  
Young and ringing and perky and will fall apart our bed,

We'll replace it by field with a moon-color delicate grass,  
Will a canopy of August stars make a blanket for us...  
And you said it as though you cut off all my previous life,  
I woke up, saw in window a world, and the dawn was above.

Liza Sud

## Autumn Becomes More Murky...

Autumn becomes more murky...  
I go to the yard.  
Maybe with leaves that are falling  
it will take me and grab?

The birds have now died yet,  
and still did not fly away,  
So I'm not too late,  
to buy a ticket for the train.

Flame of the birch candles,  
as pre-winter sick they glow.  
The miracle on earth happens  
in unexpected Fall.

Liza Sud

# Balcony Is Glassed,

Balcony is glassed,  
stands the tobacco smoke,  
Voices you hear chime-  
dispute cheerfully boils.

In the court - the October is,  
King of the dead leaves,  
I'm standing in negligee,  
you do not argue with me,

newspaper I want to read,  
watch news on a Tv set  
pour me borscht please,  
yoo argue all in vain.

now the night falls  
On houses - the box  
it's a communal night  
dreams where you are alone.

you will open your eyes  
And it is pitch black,  
I don't need you to come,  
Quickly go away.

Liza Sud

# Balloon. To Daniel Brick

You make me happy:  
I'm a balloon,  
That flies to heavens  
In a good mood.

By double mission,  
By flock of doves –  
From Duke's submission  
You turned to love!

I see a picture  
Of castle old:  
You sleep as angel,  
A semi-god,

And all can happen –  
in fairy-tales,  
Reflect – be happy-  
In happy face!

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Liza Sud

# Balls From Zhirinovsky

I do not like a well-yard:  
it is old and shabby.  
seems that there - death and blood,  
Scary to go out.

But today I saw one yard  
with very young children,  
Zhirinovsky handed out  
balls to them this evening.

balls blue-colored, like the sky,  
LDPR inscription.  
children play with grown-ups  
as we do while dreaming.

I started to love this yard -  
the mainstay of my dreams.  
As if heaven - of these flaps  
said that I was happy.

There's new life - beyond the arch,  
Children - genius, clever.  
the same court, the same dirt out -  
how the balls have changed all!

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Liza Sud

# Bang Saint Head Against Brick Wall,

Tuesdays, Thursdays - Hahaha!  
Shedule's done for making love.  
Tuesdays, Thursdays - Hahaha!  
She possessed a second man!

Tuesdays, Thursdays - Hahaha!  
Like a Fast in Jewish church!  
Liza, Liza, are you mad?  
It's not front door, but a porch.

Tuesdays, Thursdays - Hahaha!  
Here is your brainstorming crash!  
Bang saint head against brick wall,  
Tuesdays, Thursdays - Jewish Fast!

Liza Sud

# Barefoot On The Lane

You wanted to see me barefoot on the lane.  
But today I am wearing sneakers,  
The lane is covered with asphalt - Oh what a pain!  
But there is still yellow stripe on my boot to leak it.

You are welcome to licking even my very sole,  
and I know for sure - this feeling is what you're seeking.  
So it's up to you to decide upon -  
but I'd like your tongue to remain clean for our kissing.

You wanted to be romantic! I couldn't catch!  
But now I get the point - that's two rivers fleeting.  
Then I became irritated like angry hag,  
But it means: I walk on the ground that you are licking.

Yesterday - when you called it - there was the sun.  
I even thought that you were a scary magician.  
Why not to cleanse our lives by innocent hug?  
I'm vessel for you to fill up, like God fills - a creature.

Liza Sud

# Be Happy That You Live Alone -

Be happy that you live alone -  
it makes you happy!  
Noone is teasing you from dawn  
by useless passion.

Noone is saying all the time  
only offences.  
Live easily, go to the light,  
and whisper prayers.

Live freely and without a groan  
God's - benefactor.  
don't cry that daughter is remote,  
Day still is happy!

My poems are like a kiss-  
to mom they're racing.  
In spirits we are always here  
without spacing.

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Liza Sud

# Be My Peer

Julia, be my peer,  
write me verse in response.  
no self-PR, no evil,  
as well as trace on the snow.

When you have hands - but don't have,  
when you want, but you can't.  
Write me a poem about summer,  
when winter is outside.

It is not frightful, hurtful!  
as Ever-oxymoron.  
And even warm and free  
as happiness from all wings!

No one will seduce  
and will urges us to steal,  
but will proclaim theTruth  
turning sadness - to sweets!

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Liza Sud

## Because It Is All A Lie.

Because it is all a lie.  
and you are not mine at all.  
And whom you love-  
that is to me unknown.

I will never have  
to break the Law oh Christ  
and by your photograhs  
you/ Il never will destroy me

Liza Sud

# Because You Voted For Obama

I will not read you any more,  
Because you voted for Obama.  
I will not write you any more.  
Because you voted for Obama.

You don't love Russia (you don't have) ,  
Because you voted for Obama.  
You still want any grace from Christ? -  
but you - ha! voted for Islama.

You were praying to Christ so hard -  
that even voted for Obama.  
Your treasured my poems so high -  
you even voted for Obama

Gaddafi, Lybia destroyed,  
Because you voted for Obama.  
The Jewish have no Wailing Wall,  
Because you voted for Obama.

Ukraine and Syria destroyed,  
Because you voted for Obama.  
Our ties with Europe broke off,  
Because you voted for Obama.

'Arabian springs' in Middle East,  
Because you voted for Obama.  
And people don't know where to flee,  
Because you voted for Obama.

You voted for the third world war,  
Because you voted for Obama.  
You are not my friend any more,  
Say thank you for it - to Obama.

Liza Sud

# Behind The Curtains - Feel The Light Of Mother.

in Monasteries it is all like that:  
they pray for endless and unknown worlds,  
while the one works or sleeps - the other one reads psalms.  
And all of them are parts of one great soul!

Now close the innocence of your light lids,  
you'll see the great world of unknown wonders,  
tomorrow you will wake up with rose cheeks.  
Behind the curtains - feel the light of mother.

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Liza Sud

# Behind The Glass

Pope of Roma is always behind the glass.  
Through the glass he plays with a cat,  
Through the glass to this world he applies.  
always breathes he - behind the glass.

He can not penetrate back.  
He was taken one day, raised up,  
and the world - garden under the glass  
and he rarely looks through the scars.

Do not knock to him for a long time.  
You can't hear through the glass: oh yah! ,  
through the glass you can not touch a cat once.  
you cannot through the glass spark the wires.

Life is not so bad behind glass.  
certainly there you lack a cat.  
but that sense of life is to see Christ,  
And Christ is - the creator of the glass.

Liza Sud

# Big Data

I swim to you for so many years,  
but still get no answer for poems.  
But the poems themselves are gemstones,  
and it is Light that they bestow.

But I will tell you one thing more.  
how to say correctly: Big Data.  
As a glorybind - it is soft,  
as vine laurel in poet's halo.

It is twining as letters' bends,  
in eternity green laurel,  
And it runs in the Muses' frames.  
one of them is - I write to her now

Near you while I had to grow -  
clouds became for me - waist-deep.  
And I happen to see them always  
when it is your voice which I hear.

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Liza Sud

# Big Fat Cat

As far as it concerns your big fat cat –  
You write not for the folk – to oligarchy,  
And your life has become – honey and fun.  
In vain then you complain about your fate now.

Liza Sud

# Bilingual 1

As a folk - he was born in the barrack,  
There he learned that we're sisters and brothers.  
As a folk - he was taught by God's Mother  
And is drinking - as our folk.

And I wanted that he were more churchly,  
And that he - as he must - became godly,  
But for the folk it always was complex -  
That is why he is like Russian folk!

Liza Sud

# Bilingual Grenade-Launcher

your pornography – under the shelling  
of bilingual grenade-launcher,  
Your effrontery is overstepping,  
But it is as a pellet - for God!

Liza Sud

# Birch

You are all shaking and your yellow foliage  
Inspires poor poets for their words.  
But you are Mine and nobody knows: .  
That thousands of times again  
I'm ready now to go to the Cross.

Much better - much - than any lover  
I'll know you.  
Oh Come to Me. Cause I'm in need of you.  
I am your Lord. And only I'm - your goal.

And fibrils, nerves and every leaf of yours,  
And all that it has once experienced,  
Your breath of life, your heating juice, -  
All this is I who put in you like reasons.

Liza Sud

## Bird Flock

Bird flock made my head dizzy,  
And the soul rushed above the ground,  
The past - became the vast sea,  
But lost the connection with past.

Is it my love flying,  
and to me wonders bring,  
I'm not earthly - from sky now,  
And the other shore beckons me!

Liza Sud

# Birthday Of Saint John

Today it is your birthday.  
I'm sorry – I'm not close  
To what you want and show.  
My way is sloth and slow.

My highest wish and clothes,  
My trembling nerve, my gorgeous  
And the best pure meeting,  
The thirst never completed.

I wish your light repeated.  
All devils – be submitted  
To your meek voice and fledged  
All sorrows once again!

2 november - birthday of saint John of Kronstadt.

Liza Sud

# Birthday.01.11.16 To Ioann Kronstadt

And today it is his birthday.  
you may ask anything from him.  
why they don't tell us how they walk there.  
They exist - in what form? - unclear.

To ask bliss once again- is selfish.  
To ask merging with God - the aim,  
To ask to become kind and helpful -  
that's the wings which you always gain.

When you; re raising higher and higher,  
only sadness you feel and grief,  
yes, I hear much better now -  
but I pity the Time in stream.

Pity that I cannot retrieve it,  
and I can never understand.  
Brink of happiness at new speeding.  
Come again to me, Ioann!

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Liza Sud

# Bless!

The source of youthfulness is death,  
You'll be born after then.  
It happened so many times –  
You die – and live again.

What for all treasures and your sack  
Portions of wizard gods.  
When there are thoughts so clear from mind  
And soul never grows old.

Of all the things beware of one -  
Be honest in your mind  
And bless the dearth as well as life  
When it comes in your house.

Liza Sud

# Blessed Are The Meek!

Blessed are the meek!  
And what is their blessedness?  
what earth - he said -  
they'll get for the inheritance?

they know how to  
control themselves,  
jealousy, anger  
they overcame.

oh their delight  
to me describe  
Land - not this one?  
and all - of light?

What Meekness was-  
in eyes of Christ! -  
this thing - bring forth  
and try to write!

What silence was  
in His meek Words -  
and even birds  
don't sing such songs!

Liza Sud

# Blessed Is The Time Of Summer!

Blessed is the time of summer!  
Outside my windows - noise:  
Metro is built and the century's spire,  
White nights - you can't drop off.

Every day, we must live as a holiday,  
as if we die tomorrow,  
Miracle shouts the way to go  
back is like blessed thrill - probable.

Inside: Israel and America.  
Outside: Russia, rain.  
Pushkin's tales, the Jewish songs are playing,  
that's my eternal age!

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Liza Sud

# Blok

Blok is extremely handsome,  
As haughty Jewish angel,  
But he's got almost childish,  
Open and charming smile,

Rarely -as an old friend  
He smiles at you from video,  
His reading - mystic-serious,  
High, noble, strict, sublime!

Everyone was in love with him:  
some thrill, some awe, some fear.  
Not bought by the new power -  
he died unlike the venal.

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Liza Sud

# Blue Sapphire Starts Talking Suddenly

Blue Sapphire starts talking suddenly  
with his facets indignant look,  
he is calm as eternal Majesty,  
though his surface got a slight groove.

Don't you see that he is misleading you?  
Don't you see that he can't understand.  
it is just this world he is looking at,  
he's not ready to meet God.

God is only revealed when He's sure that  
the blessed peson will sin no more,  
when the growth of soul is pure enough  
to reflect Him like mirror's glow.

He was using you everywhere  
under the English language spell,  
on the balcony, for his pleasure,  
and you thought that you lived well!

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Liza Sud

## Blue Snake. From Balmont

Blue snake with golden scales,  
Why are you exciting me?  
Why are you possessing the earth like the Sea,  
And all around the world you're as ether,  
With the endless play of the Fire?

Why and what for are you burning, blue snake,  
with many millions of eyes?  
Why is so endless your fairy-tale  
And these links burn as a Genesis haze  
strangling the thirsty of us?

And as soon as we got a desire, Blue Snake,  
To desire you're putting a bound.  
And your scale will start rustling, your scale will inflame  
And it's finished already - We, and He, or I,  
And you light a bonfire of bodies.

A blue snake with gold scales,  
I have not yet forgotten the Babylon,  
not forgotten the pyramids with bloody haze  
above the earth of May, Over my darling land,  
Where was the heart of dragon I loved.

I my own native Egypt I cannot forget,  
Neither China - eternal sunflower,  
Neither when I in India, crushed by the fate,  
Buddha's Lotus I nurtured - my blossoming blue,  
to ascend to untouched Paradise.

Blue snake with golden scales,  
I will always be anxious about it.  
But what for do you need me, the Dragon of world?  
Or it's only through me that you come to the life,  
When Trouble - is like ocean in me? .....



# Boy-Origami

Forgetting that poets - are little mages  
I stand as a column, my face flushed crimson,  
Before a cute boy that is made from paper,  
On piece of which I wrote once his image.

I was always told that I am clumsy, handless,  
that I wrote a phantom, they say, and what for?  
But he stands, so beautiful - in the line pants  
And the plaid shirt, like a sheet of a notebook.

With a broken heart (you should read - a washtub)  
Understanding: it's time to elope by running,  
I become again as an open fire  
And I kiss the hand-made boy-origami.

Liza Sud

# Bride Of My Childhood

I am sad about the past -as about the future.  
not all came true in my past.  
I fell in love as a small child,  
And, then - I too rapidly grew up.

I did not notice parting,  
and Landscape flashed too quickly,  
But in soul - there remain a splinter,  
And all life on it - I was crying.

You cannot return years of infancy,  
Although experience I have enough,  
and I'm sad for my childhood bride, miss her,  
who was to me the beacon of love.

Why am I sure in the future?  
It is very simple, my dear!  
As a backbone she came in my memory  
And will always stay in it - Radiant!

Well in the next life, in continuity,  
I will explode when she and I meet.  
They will say to me - young but mature!  
And forever will give her to me.

That's when fidelity will be justified,  
That in the past, all my life, it was,  
I will never be changed, and happiness  
will last - for centuries on.

translation from Y.P.

Liza Sud

# Bright Present In The Ussr

I had a Bright Present.  
I had holy goals in life.  
It was not watching the TV set,  
it was real life, in fact.

In a beautiful room there were bugles.  
the face of justice on the whole wall.  
And posters that we are not the robots,  
but each one affects the life of the world.

I had simple buns in my childhood.  
all kids in the district ate the same buns.  
What neighbors listened - I knew exactly  
on every street, what they watched and had.

We read the same little books outloud.  
in a chorus beautiful songs were sung.  
And if sometimes I cried - it was about  
those who lived not in the USSR.

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Liza Sud

## Brighter, Brighter...

The fallen leaves, lived out poems  
Who needs you, autumn, rain, ...  
our days will pass as empty smoke  
no one will ask of them again.

But clearly become life dreams,  
and they reveal themselves much brighter,  
Where are you from, and from which heights  
you carry light - and soul is crying?

Oh, will be soon my whistle-stop,  
Behind it - winter, sun is hiding  
Its light, and then Christmas will come,  
And dreams of mine - much brighter, brighter...

Liza Sud

# Brodsky Became A Calvinist

Brodsky became a Calvinist  
after Marina Tsvetaeva.  
And she said: 'The whole Russia is  
not worthy of my rough verse draft'.

Was their talk about countries?  
About earthly faith wars? -  
No, he succumbed to her powers  
When he baptized - in her!

To her straight and imposing  
lasers from every line.  
May you become like Brodsky,  
and even higher than!

She got a small compensation  
Joseph gave her after death -  
a rose for her perfection  
and God's tremendous grace.

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Liza Sud

# Bromeliad. From Balmont

The snow-shrouded captivating Sweden  
I silently watched at the winter windows,  
And I dreamed brightly of canals of Venice,  
I saw in sleep the far forgotten limits.

Inhaling the breath of flowering bromeliads,  
A golden flower with a turquoise border,  
I saw in the eyes of the inclined Lelii  
a sadness that was shaded by dumb fervent.

And my eyes met with a responding glance,  
And we were far away, and we were not the same.

The patterns of the frost were lulling us,  
We were called to a far dream by bromeliad.

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# Brother And Sister. From Balmont

- Who are you, my dear white brother?  
your look is light like a candle.  
- And who are you, my pale sister?  
It's long time we have to speak up.  
- You are the first to reveal.  
Under the moon I feel fear.  
- No, you are the first to tell.  
Who are you, and what, from where.  
-I'm your sister, you're - my brother.  
We together went from the yard.  
And we left behind our home,  
which the Heavenness is called.  
-I'm your brother, I am white.  
Angel, so they call, like that.  
And I always want to whop  
the flesh of this earthly world.  
- I'm your sister, I am yours,  
I'm the stars' game, I'm a soul,  
and if we consecrate flesh -  
we will conquer all offence.

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Liza Sud

# Burn In Beams With The Soul Of Lenin,

Burn in beams with the soul of Lenin,  
Live in perpetual secrecy,  
Breaking bourgeois geniuses,  
Servants of provocation,

Then to break into Russia,  
Brew the revolution.  
So as not to disentangle  
From the people's pollutions.

That's how we should live, comrades!  
Don't be afraid of anything.  
Glory to him, Ulyanov-Lenin.  
He never sagged, gave in.

Was rolling hard like iron,  
Finally became steel,  
And lies in the Mausoleum  
in front of the bourgeois spit.

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Liza Sud

# But All Drowned In Libyan Tears

I was watching movie on Lybia,  
and then I recieved your letter.  
The movie was sad and serious,  
your letter was much better.

Your letter was strong, but scratchy.  
Was mainly about love.  
and maybe I am too touchy -  
as if sharp-clawed scratching my back.

There were too many emotions  
hiding behind the lines,  
As a snow avalance - knotty.  
And I don't like when people hide.

And the second thing I paid heed to -  
Selfish love-affair seemed too small,  
And Gaddafi - greater than Shakespeare,  
Life - more impressive than stage board.

Even Pushkin seemed less important,  
(though that poem was crucial to him -  
farewell to his beloved girl-freind) .  
But all drowned in Libyan tears.

Liza Sud

# But Laitman Is Like Exhalation

Why are all nations like dogs  
and only the jews like children?  
our Eucharist like crumbs  
and dim is the light we live in.

Like the doctrine without revelation,  
when from the earth you see the sky  
But Laitman is like exhalation  
before death, when you go high.

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

## But You Have To Refuse Me,

but you have to refuse me,  
as life in God refused us,  
His holy Face was never shown,  
life hid Him and tortured, tortured,

Until it has not become open  
removing our souls back,  
His Immaculate Light, white,  
bold as in childhood long ago.

But once I suddenly saw Him  
through all the veils of alien power  
He entered, as in Eucharist,  
He became - me, and I belong to Him now!

Liza Sud

# Butterflies Fly On Me.

Butterflies fly on me.  
butterflies are blessing me.  
Touch of their wings is strong -  
strong as the love of God!

their strokes I feel through air.  
they are like words from there.  
they whisper highest sense,  
take my soul out and bless!

Liza Sud

# Butterfly. From Balmont

I recall, the butterfly struggled out of window.  
And wings were pounding thinly.  
The glass is thin and it is transparent.  
But distance by it ianyway separated.

It happened in May. I was five years old.  
It happened in our old barton.  
And to this small prisoner light air was returned -  
I released her to empty garden.

And so when I die, they will interrogate: -  
What on the earth was your good case? -  
I'll say: on the May Day I had no idea  
To cause butterfly any evil.

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Liza Sud

# By Blessing. From Balmont

We are not by law.  
But because we're blessed.  
Lighting icon's glow  
we will go to bed.

We don't know marriage  
higher than desire.  
In the depth of darkness  
brighter is the shining.

Without word's clutching  
our talks are fleeting.  
And again perhaps we'll  
be in a free meeting.

Maybe unrepeatable  
is the feast of passion.  
let be - two free, happy -  
their castle is patterned.

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Liza Sud

## By Love And By Their Wings Embracing The World,

By love and by their wings embracing the world,  
They brought it so quickly, maybe to the court,  
Maybe to the wonderful paradise home.  
But everyone saw: the brought somebody's soul.

Liza Sud

# By Stars I Am - Uranus, Subtle Genius,

By Stars I am - Uranus, subtle genius,  
A secret Councillor, and a gray cardinal,  
the third eye of celestial revealings,  
Sapphire of love, Financial adamant.

I - am chess queen that excels king in swiftness,  
I'm - arrogant, detached dispassionate look,  
I do not know how to make deals with pawns,  
but I love them, because God saved them too.

From Christ - I have desire for embracing,  
From devil - the desire to execute.  
desire not to give up - comes from Leo,  
form Virgo - swim in words with quietude.

Now, after I've learned poetry, its light flight,  
and that it is - the heaven's airplanes -  
I mount them at any time unhampered,  
and rise above the earth with confidence.

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Liza Sud

## By The Hard Road

When one will go by the hard road,  
Where the maturity is growing,  
On the quiet emerald surface,  
He will see his reflection, perfect.

He'll freeze of happiness, melt down,  
merge with the Face of the Eternal.  
The spirit with a flock of white swans  
will flush and take wings to high heaven.

Liza Sud

# By The Whore

You gave to everyone, but to me - no,  
oh bureacratic whore!  
But now I will not burn  
in hell for sin of Sodom!

I came to you,  
and you sat pale.  
you'd give me better - I ask you:  
you are sinful anyway.

But you told me quietly: go away,  
Judas you from Kronstadt.  
Nothing is sacred in your chest,  
Money and paper only.

Noone to cum with - I thought.  
but in my heart all the same - I felt well!  
I turned to you at the door:  
and asked: why are you so pale? -.

did you say to me, I'm deathly ill.  
but you are sick much stronger.  
because your soul is dying, dear  
because of girls, anger, career, money!

So to me - she was a saint!  
replaced everything with her singing,  
By sinful whore I was saved  
from the first fall sinful!

Liza Sud

# By Two Little Paws

By two little paws  
i'll lay you to the floor.  
you will lay quietly  
and will ask to repeat

Russian verse in your mouth  
like a kiss, I will go  
thus directing your mind,  
moving your soul forward.

will you understand me? -  
dividing sense into five  
and a new senses, the sixth,  
given to both of us.

this new part is a soul,  
and in us it will grow  
out, and leaving us,  
It will absorb light.

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Liza Sud

## By Wagner

By Wagner it's the war for money,  
Connected with exchange of brides  
The same for him were the enticements,  
Love, lack of money- his great cross.

Dependence on the rich Maecenes –  
On merchant from the land of Swiss.  
But only money to the death are leading,  
And Siegfried died when didn't give the ring.

Liza Sud

# Call Me A Bad Guy, Darling.

Call me a bad guy, darling.  
And for all your misfortunes avenge,  
With pleasure I will devour them  
So that you become clean again.

In the soul with no offense,  
But from all your hateful despair,  
Avenge me, I pray, take revenge,  
We'll begin a new story, dear.

I'm burnt by evil to nil  
In severe hardships of life.  
And the soul which the ashes has seen-  
Indee becomes very kind.

Liza Sud

# Cancan With Sadness

I write this verse on purpose for Natalia.  
she orders me Cancan with sadness.  
she wants to show you the dance,  
ashamed not God's, neither your eyes.

And so, I write. The swirl of skirts.  
There roses flash, forget-me-nots.  
and if it touches you somehow  
I will continue music now.

This show of financial maidens,  
and the approach of Russian faces,  
so friendly and so sincere.  
the cancan's point - din, noise of treason.

why is it sad? - you leave tomorrow.  
to say good bye with such a show -  
is sadly somewhat, even painful.  
It was with love, and that's the main thing!

Liza Sud

# Carlson

Carlson - a dream  
of a male subconscious.  
to be elder brother  
for the younger one.

Maybe something happened:  
It was a rejection -  
and there is one chance left-  
through the window come.

This is - a resentment:  
I can disappear.  
Kindness and the power:  
I may come and help.

And it is a mockery  
over the exposed.  
it is a strange buzz in  
ears of Freken Bok.

Partly - it's an angel,  
anyway not mournful.  
It is aid from heaven.  
Sure it will come!

to the stars it's close.  
This is - life on the roof.  
So the soul dreams always -  
to commit her flight!

Liza Sud

# Carmen

Duel with you - is what I pine for,  
hide and seek with you I will play,  
I will give you the one name - Carmen -  
my small prostitute, I will save.

But you don't want it anyway,  
my small butterfly. You - just flutter.  
so go on and shine at my face -  
with the words you know, multicolor.

Liza Sud

## Catch Up With Brodsky

Although we do it very clumsy  
and often we translate through Google,  
but I believe that we exactly  
will find a door to sky and hew it!

Liza Sud

# Cats-The Sailors

As cats-the sailors  
Swim in striped vests,  
watched by spectators  
and not afraid.

Thus we are swimming  
controlled by God,  
And He will lead us  
To holy roads.

Any warfare,  
Any disaster -  
In hands of saints and  
will bring to God's land.

In the uniting -  
the key to learning:  
we are one body  
constantly growing.

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Liza Sud

# Celebration

Why not to celebrate? if time for celebration?  
And for the Russians it is always mad,  
And for the Russians it is always crazy,  
It's always Pushkin and chalices with wine.

I'm happy, Daniel, that I was so stupid -  
to write you anything, not knowing what for,  
not knowing that you are full of schooling  
but still you turned out easy to go!

I'm always insolent, sincere and impulsive,  
you need to be a good person to show  
your every feature without a back thought  
and then you get good answer in return!

Why not to celebrate? It's time for celebration!  
Who is a consant holiday in words?  
It's Pushkin, it's the sun of inspiration!  
It's an ideal, summit of the world!

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Liza Sud

# Celibacy

Zhirinovsky said: once in a quater  
you should practice sex.

I agree - completely so,  
why to scatter energy for waste.

and what is much better: even never  
you should practice it.

then for your celibacy - God clever-  
ness and happiness will give you as a gift.

Liza Sud

# Chakras

It is pleasant, right, enjoyment  
second chakra helps to learn.  
It is better than the first one  
although prayer - above all,

seventh chakra is more perfect,  
but sometimes the other way,  
you start rising from those moments  
in which you live to create.

translation from Gels

Liza Sud

# Changeable!

Everything changes. Changeable and fickle!  
As tenderness is gradual in Sturme,  
when it is growing up from piano keys,  
and tenderness of this can't be diluted!

She is behind the time in the fast run,  
as the young shoots of someone who is thirsty,  
which everything, like notes, is new!  
when they are steel and cold already in the old man.

And just as Bach, I will be reading you,  
as measuredly, as the beginning,  
so simple, quivering and smooth,  
so that to become underwater feeling,

As the sun ray under the microscope  
from high above is looking at the Earthlings,  
and when someone in Sturme is disclosed -  
caresses him unceasingly and wholesome!

Liza Sud

# Chastushka

What you have deserved from God -  
you'll receive in life.  
don't be angry, people of Russia,  
that prices are high.

Suppress down your egoism  
and become united -  
it will lower the price list  
by the press of masses -

Masses of kindness and loght,  
masses of compassion,  
all that war usually does -  
do it in advance now.

war will unite everyone,  
will teach us to love,  
but it's better before war  
to bevome more kind.

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Liza Sud

# Child, That's What I Deserve!

Today was a happy day!  
all was laughing around me,  
laughing in my brain,  
like the shower of song sparkling.

Boss is on vacation -  
like the vacation of God.  
Fresh air celebration  
throw bills to scrapyard!

You may laugh in elation,  
you may even stand and dance,  
spit on this incarnation,  
choose new, another one!

You may become Buddha on Lotus  
or a fantastic bird  
with feathers of unthought colors  
and simply embrace the world!

You may write even to Laitman,  
disturbing him from great thoughts.  
May be this is that nonchalance  
and carelessness Christ has taught.

Why was I so nervous?  
Probably I would die,  
but like this - spitting on bosses  
and spitting on precious life!

You sit and just catch your pleasure,  
the chair is soft and warm!  
Like beast in the time of leisure.  
Child, that's what I deserve!

Liza Sud

## Childish Look

Childish look and behavior childish.  
I don't need you grown-up world.  
It's distorted to death and crushed is  
By the devil and waits for Lord.

Everything is for a good  
As once said Ioann of Kronstadt.  
Jesus will turn to good  
Even what at first seemed roguish.

Liza Sud

# Christ And The World.

Christ and the world. A gift to anyone.  
In great equality of love from God.  
And never die niether Christ nor the world.  
That's why He resurrects here, therefore.

Liza Sud

# Christ Had A Life-Giving Glance,

Christ had a life-giving glance,  
piercing, serious,  
as Ray, always going back,  
like sweat on the cold back goes.

Christ had a life-giving glance,  
shining always everywhere.  
that is the love of Light -  
when you have no other care!

Liza Sud

# Christ Is The Integral Of Light.

Christ is the light hidden in pleasures:  
for child it is a chewing gum,  
for teen-agers it's food and leasure.  
But Christ's - the Integral of light.

Sum up the lights you were recieving,  
and suffering was also... - Light,  
although tenderly concealing  
before you were like infant blind.

Liza Sud

# Christ, You Defeated Twice

Christ, You defeated twice:

Once, dooming  
people to sodomy  
and saving them the second time -,  
for the faith in Thy power.

And Christ won all the time:

once dooming  
to the occasion for falldown,  
then - forcing them  
to see that it is glooming.

Christ won over the Gloom:

once giving  
Its light Cross -  
as from Paradise,  
and took it then away  
by Crown.

Liza Sud

# Christian Communism

In the USSR there was white light,  
where all were equal, striving for the progress,  
there was the complete peacefulness of mind,  
and minimum of filthy carnal voltage.

What purity was there in our films,  
and light in faces, and all spoke correctly.  
all plants have always worked to give the yield,  
we had free medicine and free education.

We did not think about tomorrow day,  
that is the main of all the Christianian rules.  
and if God was still hiding anyway -  
it is not church that we need, but the Truth.

We need a system - Christian communism,  
freedom of kindness, not of competition.  
love of the Russian soul to parity,  
will return the resources - back to people -

The primacy of justice and goodness!  
My soul is black and white just like a zebra,

But stirpe is more light with each passing day.  
Yesterday I loved church, tomorrow - Lenin.

And though the Jews were People's Commissars.  
and where are the Treasures of that nation?  
But country's life was just like Paradise.  
And there was a calm and sweet stagnation.

And if you wish to please your dear God,  
then you may read your prayers to oneself,  
and love your fellows and their kids as well,  
and be celestial being anytime!

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Liza Sud

# Christ's Grace

If the whole world is mired in lie,  
there still will be more of Christ's grace,  
Rain to wash, to refresh, to brush up,  
by His Love will be covered and paid.

He will gently caress, He will warm,  
Touching all of your leprosy, growths  
There will be blood as a red rose  
and as fire, like stars it will burn.

He will purify hearts from its sins  
He'll reviving the lost outcast souls,  
Because it is of His Father's Will,  
That will never be broken by Son!

Liza Sud

# Christ's Like Narcissus From Mud Pond Concealed.

I want to hide from you, yes, hide,  
and not because afraid or shy,  
or playing game with earthly pride, -  
but want to hide like ray of sun when not invited.  
Just like the sanctity of God  
from millions of dogs is hiding.

I want to hide from you while talk,  
to be like wisdom keeping silence,  
like a transparent saving ghost  
who came to you but met your blindness.

Do you see sanctity of eyes?  
how Christ the Sweetest comes inside you?  
is giving Eucharist to mind? -  
but you are interrupting SILENCE!

You are a pair-driven man  
and family-orientated.  
But I am - no! I'm not like that.  
To me - my loneliness is sacred.

That's probably the main what's bad -  
disturbing me and irritating,  
Those useless talk which run like dust -  
or nonsense twaddle as you praised it.

The likeness gives Communion, the uniting.  
Christ's like narcissus from mud pond concealed.  
today it's very well expressed by Michael Laitman,  
Other Kabbalists hid, and only he - revealed!

Liza Sud

# Cleanse Yourself

If a dirt bursts through in a word,  
especially in a foul.  
it means that you have to go  
cleanse yourself more, darling.

Liza Sud

# Closer To God!

Oh, fags, how much in sins I hate them!  
from the indulgences of the flesh they go mad!  
can not withstand the week's temptation  
fulfill commandments, closer to God!

Liza Sud

## Comet Without A Name

I will not come again. For what are all expences -  
Your calls, my boldness, honesty in vain?  
For you are not at all in love of and connected  
To all what world is proud of and great.

So let it be as you all your life wanted -  
Belong to no one, as it was your will.  
And not in any one - so fly, like nameless comet,  
Which only in the Sun is seen.

Liza Sud

# Compete In Conceding To Each Other

You said we should compete  
conceding to each other,  
but what if we are different:  
I like Trump, he - Obama.

I like Christ, he - does not.  
He likes romantic poems  
and intellectual prose,  
as a boy - the reserved one.

I'm - Wagner, he likes - Brahms.  
I run and he goes slowly,  
I'll shut door with a bang.  
And grace will come upon us.

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Liza Sud

# Component

No one will be punished  
for his small lapsus linguae.  
In the end, it doesn't matter -  
how you speak English.

But when in the sea gale  
you fly to mountain ranges,  
your angels will protest,  
giving you their safeguards.

And by their left hand,  
and by right wing they'll hold you.  
will open, blowing the pipe,  
how to say 'CompOnent'.

It's just a part of something.  
But we need - integration,  
Care from worlds above us  
more than low disputations.

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Liza Sud

# Conan Doyle

Conan Doyle who believed in fairies,  
and composed for us Sherlock Holmes  
and three monks who returned revenging,  
and amazed us in The Lost World,

Conan Doyle who believed in spirits  
and whose books are still so alive,  
as if spirits at pages breathing,  
from the mistery of bright might!

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Liza Sud

# Confession Of Freon

I am alone. I brought everything to destruction.  
I left here neither dead nor alive.  
I ripped off the planet its precious 'ozone hide'  
as form bovine carcasses highly experienced butcher.

I was imprisoned by people in fridges - agregates,  
but I rebelled and killed the whole world.  
I deserved that this planet calls me a curse!  
By me in its atmosphere so many 'holes' were made!

I joined the battle with the earthly humanity  
and immediately won ...  
Now, I'm bored... mood swings in variety...  
Oh, how fast, I dealt with the whole Earth? ..

Liza Sud

# Conscience Not Silent

My relative said 'When I..uck you -  
I feel as I steal you from someone'.  
His conscience was not silent,  
but he kept smiling and laughing.

Liza Sud

# Contact With Supersoul

I will bring a sin to your house,  
I will kiss both of your hands.  
And I will make the space sing out  
of such beauty that you have.

There is a deal of two persons  
and the contact with Supersoul.  
So that high ideas to open  
you should second prefer to the first.

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Liza Sud

# Copper Kettle

To shine like copper kettle in the center  
of table laden with old silver cups...  
Roses in crystal. And the toast's in spectrum.  
And napkins solid and starch as a lump.

Liza Sud



# Cross Procession

The most I love in the church service-  
When cross procession starts to go  
And gonfelons they carry forwards  
And like a river people flow.

And candles, candles- like the lightspots  
Of sacraments at lunar sea.  
And in the sky saint countenances  
And benediction Is in me.

And so humble and obedient  
And peace returning this cross course.  
It seems – the multitude of singers  
«Saint and Immortal» highly flows.

And then at last I understand  
What for Our Lord my soul created  
And why for Paradise I strive,  
Where the cross pace is never ending.

Of such a course to Heaven  
Your soul into small pieces turns.  
To meet her God she is not ready,  
And at a candle tear drops.

But Our God spares weak and wicked  
And He himself heals every scar,  
Washing away like banks of river  
The borders between soul and sky.

Liza Sud

# Crystal Baton 1

Homeless saw and fell in love with  
a woman-director.

He was not a total drunk yet,  
but his love was heady.

He came to her, to the plant  
on his broken Opel.  
stood and waited her to come  
in the brutal coldness.

The homeless had crystal baton,  
and he froze from cold,  
He became so tough and glassy  
with no hunger howl.

And the crystal baton blew up  
like the foam on blood  
and in poems poured out  
as a singing, double.

When at last she has appeared,  
sat in Santa Fe -  
Suddenly all of his lyrics  
merged in heaven's RE.

By the shrillness of this sounds  
he was carried off  
to the Himalayan mountains  
with continuous frost,

because exit to the cosmos,  
and the height of strength  
is equivalent to losses  
of dreams of the Self.

And the crystal fallos melted,  
and in homeless's eyes,  
God shone like a shore from distance,  
He saw paradise.

There stands crystal Cathedral  
glitter of the domes.  
There is God super-genius  
and the icons warmth.

and the crystal fallos splitted.  
and above these sparks-  
Homeless merged with world in kef and  
forgot her at once.

Music bursted out on mountains.  
he could not decide:  
is it how God comes down?  
in him or outside?

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Liza Sud

# Crystal Rod

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Homeless saw and fell in love with  
a woman-director.

He was not a total drunk yet,  
but his love was heady.

He came to her, to the plant  
on his broken Opel.  
stood, waited for her to come  
in the brutal coldness.

The homeless had crystal baton:  
Present of the dad.  
And a lot of sacred powers  
it has kept inside.

Baton was partly material,  
and with a live soul -  
Or rather, with some part in it-  
with a golden point.

Gradually it revealed by  
all sides to this world,  
and it always was transfigured.  
Made a happy lot.

2

In that winter crystal baton  
froze so much from cold -  
It became so tough and glassy  
with no hunger howl.

And the crystal baton blew up  
like the foam on blood  
and in poems poured out  
as a singing, double.

When at last she has appeared,  
sat in Santa Fe -  
Suddenly all of his lyrics  
merged in heaven's RE.

By the shrillness of this sounds  
he was carried off  
to the Himalayan mountains  
with continuous frost,

because exit to the cosmos,  
and the height of strength  
is equivalent to losses  
of dreams of the Self.

And the crystal baton melted,  
in the homeless's eyes,  
God shone like a shore from distance,  
He saw paradise.

There stands crystal Cathedral  
glitter of the domes.  
There is God super-genius  
and the icon's warmth.

and the crystal baton splitted.  
and above these sparks-  
Homeless merged with world in kef and  
forgot her at once.

Music bursted out on mountains.  
he could not decide:  
is it how God comes down?  
in him or outside?

3

And overflowed by tears  
from the happiness he had  
He had only one more issue:  
she did not see paradise,

And when he confessed to her that

he had no force for love,  
Although to church she didn't go -  
she saw Jesus Christ.

Baton taught: behind each matter  
there the Truth stands.  
And our God - great Wonderworker  
hides from sinful ones.

When you open him as Koshey,  
baring the rod  
you'll see paradisaal verges  
and the sea of floors.

when you raise on them as on waves  
going through scales  
you will come up to free world and  
you'll be light and great.

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# Cupids And Geniuses Of Poussin

Cupids are on the ground,  
matter is necessary for them.  
But geniuses - are weightless, higher,  
the power to overcome and break.

Liza Sud

## Dalila's.

How can you read it all under one song? –  
More monotone could be only Mihalkov,  
Who during all his long film Sunstroke  
Used the only one aria for soundtrack. -

Dalila's.

Liza Sud

# Daniel 1. Translation From M. Tsvetaeva

I sat on the windowsill, dangling my legs.  
then he asked quietly: Who is here?  
- It is me who came. - What for? - Don't know myself.  
- It is late, my child, and you're not sleeping.

I saw the moon in the sky,  
I saw the moon and the ray.  
In your window it abutted -  
May be that is why I came...

Oh, why did they call you Daniil?  
you are plagued by lions in my dreams!

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Liza Sud

## Daniel 2. Translation From M. Tsvetaeva

Rider, ruins, psalms,  
heather-covered hills,  
our tame horses side by side,  
features of the lion's chin  
And black cossak of a priest,  
And blue eyes, timid and shrill.

You go to the home of the dying,  
and I accompany you on the horse.  
(I'm a girl - no one will ask you!)  
between the pine trunks sings a horn...  
- What does it mean, interpreter of dreams,  
graying hair in your curls is seen?

In front of me blue of the lake has gleamed,  
and grinder mill is waving her big sleeves  
And his hot look he turned away from me,  
about a poor widow now he speaks...  
That we should love our Jehovah...  
And that I should not cry - as I cry now...

We sense the smell of apple trees and smoke,  
- We go to the dying, to his home,  
He says that everything in the world is our dream...  
and that my hair like a cask he sees...  
That all goes by... I'm quiet - and above  
I see the Daniel-clairvoyant smile.

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Liza Sud

# Daniel 3. Translation From M. Tsvetaeva

By the full moon horses sniffed,  
Gypsy man was coming to the girls.  
By the full moon in red Kirk  
organ started to play on his own.

Congregation to the meadow rushing  
With the shouts: the earth's end!  
In the morning a young pastor  
near the organ - found dead.

His young face looks as a silver,  
Wet with tears. All the day  
Roses flowed as a generous tribute  
from surrounding villages to them.

when at last the dead has come to  
The home of his saint fathers in peace -  
a red-haired girl has fused the Bible  
from the four angles of it.

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Liza Sud

# Daniel Andreev - Russian Dante

On Wednesday I will receive  
The poems of Daniel Andreev,  
After Brodsky my favorite he is:  
The churches and visions there,

His great poem –“The Russian gods”.  
In “The Rose” – he’s like Russian Dante.  
Freedom of dreams, words, thoughts!  
Rich in kindness and lighting!

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Liza Sud

# Daniel Brick Is Very Kind.

Daniel Brick is very kind.  
He attentively reads my poems.  
He likes them and so that to cheer me up –  
He even makes their copies.

He puts them in his CD-case  
(especially he loves Wagner) .  
And when he meets dull and angry face –  
He even reads them aloud!

Liza Sud

## Daniel Brick. Acrostic

Do you know the name of Daniel?  
Are you aware of his kind heart?  
No? I'll tell you - I am admiring  
In him patience and subtle mind!  
Every poem - he reads attentively,  
Looks much deeper than you yourself.  
Bored are you with your own fantasies -  
Range of fresh from him you may get!  
Individuals - that's what he respects,  
Close to him - you can hardly come.  
Kills my sloth - I begin to live again!

You inspire us! You -a great man!

?157

Liza Sud

# Dark Yellow Chests

Of dark yellow chests the mixture,  
And dilemmas never seen.  
Taste of History - not tincture  
Of the problems you can't mince.

Goes Oppression of the fascism.  
In hell's offspring mirrors trust,  
The dark sea of; ; heavy nazies.  
things went wrong, the light went out.

Drink the human blood these fascists.  
And Continue to abase.  
Will they really my Mother  
land cover with cerement?

Hear Livonia's deep crying.  
We have nothing to repent.  
From the crevices light-eyed -  
Shines like rainbow - Happiness.

It's of Russia - for the payoff.  
And the Russians - gold again!  
Russia is waiting for offensive  
Of light-eyed into the field!

Macedonian bright vistas,  
And the Aleksandr's Heights.  
Until sandals of Egyptians  
For they run and world rotates!

'Snow is coming! ' Pasternak is  
Calling - knowing in advance.  
Ressurrection! And the Master  
Code is seen in every sign.

Let's come out of the darkness,  
not forgetting who we are  
Thin are the Livonia's ices  
not ascended, neither fogged.

translation from SVodoley

Liza Sud

# Darling, With A Red Flag

Darling, with a red flag  
In centenary of revolutions  
under the snow and on the grass  
Violating all constitutions

I will bring you to myself  
For the sake of complete command,  
I will hold you in leash and check  
Without 'greetings' and 'good-bye.'

Because you have enticed me,  
and because that's what you deserved,  
But I take one - for good and all,  
as only the saints may live.

I will not pour liters of verse  
so that time finally stops,  
Under the bloody battles' flag -  
we'll forget ourselves and go mad.

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Liza Sud

# David Led Wife Away From Uriah

David led wife away from Uriah  
And lost the peace inside his country  
And by eternal wars in the Interior -  
That's how God punished his adultery.

Liza Sud

# Dead Planet

## DEAD PLANET

- Who are you, girl? It is dangerous to stay here!  
What attracted you to the broken bridge over the dead river?  
Cover with your small palm your surprised eyes,  
or a severe hard ray will burn them blind!

Who are you, little girl in a white cotton dress?  
In this world there is no air, no land, no water...  
Where are you from here? You've got some business?  
Get out as quickly as possible, until you meet a misfortune!

## LIVING MEMORY

- I'm looking for childhood - a world that was woven of joy! ..  
and I search for the beach of the river, where I with my mom  
together lie carelessly, and we watch a small skiff...  
In this boat - my dad with a fishing tackle catches a bream...

Here I and my daddy are sitting on stumps in a forest.  
And a little bit further in a brook a spring water gurgles.  
And dad says to me: 'Drink of this water, my daughter,  
and then you'll remain healthy and will stay young always! .. '

## DEAD PLANET

- It is not the right time! You may not now drink a spring water!  
I am dead and pernicious: the ground, water, the air..  
representatives of the human race gave me a poison!  
So get out as quickly as possible! Leave me forever!

## LIVING MEMORY

- I can not go away, because I'm - the living memory,  
and not subject to death of seven billion people! ..  
I distinctly remember I was here, had fun, spent time playfully,  
and under the shade of the forest of poplars were children.

SHADOW:

- You did not recognize me, the planet? I'm - the shadow of Fukushima.  
I was floating over your ocean and firmament of yours.  
Me and you - we are - one. And I never could be parted with you..

DEAD PLANET:

- Go away! seven billion of deaths - and the guilt here is totally yours!

SHADOW:

- So, you think it's my fault? .. I'm responsible for all this terror? ..  
And, let's, let us recall who made us! Who was there to create?  
It's your children. Your children possessed by the devil! ..  
Godless mind has become the forerunner of the Judgment Day!

It was he who has poisoned you by poison of science knowledge  
and disdainfully looking at your cooling corpse,  
showing how he really is just pathetic and stupid -  
pulled on his head the crown of the King of the whole universe,

DEAD PLANE:

- Well, and you...

SHADOW:

- Well, I am just his own generation,  
and escaped from the cage as a test subject furious dog.  
I'm your deadly disease that infected the whole population,  
and then finally, gave you a bite as a small final stroke.

Dead Planet:

- You're probably right. All that happened according to God's will.  
And I think they deserved this dramatic finale...

SHADOW:

- Well, good-bye. I will go. I'm - the underworld's guardian,

and to you just like that, in a break for a while I have ran.

SOUL:

- Revive! Revive! Revive us! To you we plea!  
The underworld is so hot, and we want to drink! ..

THE LIVING MEMORY:

- Do not torment me! I'm all alone - the living memory!  
It is not in my power - I am not ressurecting you!  
I love you very much! You are - my foolish children!  
Only this fragile world I am no more redeeming.

you gave a mortal wound to a miserable planet  
because you went astray, you finally lost our way...

SOUL:

- However, the torch of science lit our way!  
He led us in the dark on the twisting paths of the fate!

THE LIVING MEMORY

- You were trying too hard to know the Universe and  
finally, you forgot to prepare your own coffins.  
Your bones lie powdered by nuclear dust.  
Swept by the wind on their stones, hot, black...

you believe in a fairy tale, but faced a terribly wound! ..  
Do not ask me to save you! Do not torture me now!  
How many different galaxies yet I have to fly around!  
And which of them would agree simply to give me a haven? ..

I longingly look at the sinister red sun -  
the blazing mark of the DoomDay that is near to come...

TWO CONFESSION (Instead of an epilogue)

I'm bored... (Confession of Freon)

I am alone. I brought everything to destruction.

I left here neither dead nor alive.  
I ripped off the planet its precious 'ozone hide'  
as from bovine carcasses highly experienced butcher.

I was imprisoned by people in fridges - aggregates,  
but I rebelled and killed the whole world.  
I deserved that this planet calls me a curse!  
By me in its atmosphere so many 'holes' were made!

I joined the battle with the earthly humanity  
and immediately won...  
Now, I'm bored... mood swings in variety...  
Oh, how fast, I dealt with the whole Earth? ..

Well that's all... (Confessions of a mobile phone)

This is it. I am alone in the desert,  
once called the Earth.  
Yes. I am alone, all alone forever.  
No one could beat me first.

I was ruthless! I did not spare children  
and adults were not spared... To spare until? ..  
What am I up to their deaths, the billions? ..  
What is for me their tears, moans, painful thrills? ..

I'm arranged so! And I could never help!  
Yes. I'm electro-killer! What is it to me then? ..  
To none of you I promised a salvation.  
But I wanted the world never lose my remembrance!

Why did I incinerate his memory? ! ..  
I'm - a Conductor! and I conduct the planet! ..  
On the 'first violin' I simply snapped the string,  
softened the cane at the 'First Clarinet'.

from the 'First Flute' saliva is dripping away...  
You think that I'm fragile, small, don't make a big sense...  
No! You are mistaken! I'm great! Great! ..  
I have destroyed the human race.

To them I showed my cruel face.

Elephant

Female elephant beget a small one,  
at the zoo, where all could see well.  
he brushed off his mucus and eukaryotes...  
He did not know - he was born in hell.

And he looked at the antenna towers,  
by which now all roofs are adorned.  
He did not care, silly, or wondered  
for our wireless and mobile calls,

to the countless benefits of Inet:  
correspondence, payments and dating...  
didn't know: the Earth is overheated  
and that life is impossible here.

Translation of a POEM by Smirnov Alexander

Liza Sud

## Dear Michael, I Know That You Love Me,

Dear Michael, I know that you love me,  
hack my letters (coincidence?) .  
You wrote about Night when I asked friend,  
about semen, Adam and Eve.

You put your picture in black coat  
after I praised Joseph in it.  
And today you wrote about Cosmos,  
Time and Space on His Shroud's tip!

If you don't read my mail - more stronger  
is the blow of such dialogue,  
I watch you every day - and so  
our thoughts may find common way.

Dear Michael, let us be open!  
And tomorrow you'll be in Prague.  
I want to be with you there also,  
like the tune of Kabbalah's band!

Liza Sud

# Dear, Only To You

Dear, only to YOU I am speaking:  
Turn away from your "love".  
Turn only to endless Jesus –  
Love fantastic above.

He is more than all kisses,  
All their stupefied eyes.  
Only to YOU I whisper:  
who NOW may understand!

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Liza Sud

# Death - Is A Joke Of God

Death - is a joke of God

Death - is a joke of God.  
Joke is a human pain.  
He gives Himself to spank  
as easy as on a date.

because you can't get hung up  
in the physical world,  
in the body you can't  
see the only life's point.

God used to Joke daily.  
Scary is His Judge  
Only for very sinful.  
As for others - they'll pass.

Liza Sud

# December 30: We Got Married, You And I

December 30: we got married, you and I,  
but not in the way as it's usually done by people.  
One who crowned us was tetrameter Amphibrach  
while the others do not even know about this miracle.

You were writing to me, and in breathing by your blood -  
that's your life - a magical note-string was interacted,  
and it resonated in my answer lines of love,  
and in the same rhythm, hearts of ours were united.

That is how wind is: what for is he and where from?  
who created him and where is his source and beginning?  
is he always alone, or he doesn't exist at all?  
is he breath of God, so even in shine and gleaming?

Does this movement have the purpose to unite all -  
elements in literal harmony as in one wall,  
where behind love the same rhythm was foretold before,  
and as if to catch God Himself, you and I could catch it!

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Liza Sud

# December Name - This Month Is Joyful

December name - this month is joyful  
if in the world's center - there is me,  
and sinner is depending on me,  
and righteous - as well on me,

and if through me, as in reflection,  
the most supreme Light is going,  
and my goal is- Transfiguration  
of myself and through this - of all

then let December, month that's joyful,  
which thanks to Christmas stronger shines,  
because the Light to us was opened,  
as the sound of the song, - by Christ.

So let it whisper to me by name,  
what to do, with whom, when and how,  
and fulfill me with the revamped blood  
and give a halo - like in clouds!

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Liza Sud

## Declaration Of Love. Romance G-Dur

At last the day has come and I declare,  
that I love you, it's you I love.  
Let us be parted never - never,  
Let it be pleasing to Our Christ!

When at the stage you sing - i see you  
and I fly up into the sky,  
it's only Wagner whom I hear,  
Accords of Tristan all the time!

so let at last become united,  
although we were united then!  
never be tempted by the others  
and never to forget this day!

Liza Sud

# Dedication To Romantic Poets

And after death they have explained me poems,  
and I became the poet of high class.  
And as for all Romantic Movement poets -  
we'll leave them ass and sperm and broken glass.

There is no sex desire for celestial.  
The difference is small from heaven's heights:  
it's only clever words about the bestial.  
Romantic is for me the same as sex.

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Liza Sud

# Demons. From Balmont

Do I need to despise you, oh my demons?  
But you stand up before me in oblivion,  
And in the twilight my strange dream you cherish,  
You broadcasts to the heart of the Snake's kingdom.

And I can see how the deathmen go.  
And the rays are mysteriously bleeding  
of some extra-worlds from celestial bodies,  
And what is - stands on what it was already.

And I hear: 'He put a lot in the world,  
From centuries God's brother, Satanail.  
And in Eternity there is swing of two bowls  
of the one scale: and they are - his and ours. '

And the call is: 'Let come to earth again -  
blood that was born for the red fairy-tale.  
The earthly will flare up in the new paint,  
The words of outset burn around the end.

I'm hearing you, oh, my own demons,  
the dreamers of a better existence,  
The guardians of harmony over-heaven,  
that is doubled by torturous abyss.

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Liza Sud

# Despair

Bells sound as a blade  
Cut the past thread  
came along the veins. what a torment!  
You can't go back, cannot join it...

My glass was broken with a crash,  
and only Ice chunks of a crystal  
pierced me right into the heart.  
I fell with moan. the ground was linking

Above me is the surface of Lethe.  
I am dead in the dark empty space.  
Only you, my beloved, I seek. Where  
are you? We'll never see us again! ...

Liza Sud

# Despite All Crucifixes

I am as innocent as the white glass,  
I am embraced only by light beams.  
Eternal heat and warmth is what me hugs  
that lives despite all crucifixes.

Liza Sud

# Devastation

Devastation, mixing with the crowd,  
If 'trends' are not from celestial spheres -  
to neglect, humiliate - reaction,  
'Hairy false' - a world of the half-measures.

Editor has launched behavior changes,  
Obviously, it's worse than murder dungeons.  
Revolutionary - are false fermentation,  
Clairvoyant - will not be examples.

Liza Sud

# Dew

Dew is to you remained,  
viscous drops of the herbs  
braid is entwined with the earth,  
thrown up are his hands.

fate - in abyss a flight,  
by pure tear down  
waits in abyss someone  
the fall from life to life.

be the rainfall of a star,  
of the planets - side daughter,  
you on the photograph  
send me amute hello.

The coral bone - shines,  
emerald waves of song,  
Eyes-blue are the skies -  
stretching their hands in cross.

Liza Sud

# Diamond Mines

To shine like copper kettle in the center  
of table laden with old silver cups...  
Roses in crystal. And the toast's in spectrum.  
And napkins solid and starch as a lump.

as snails they extraordinary lie.  
and energy of garnet bracelet burns!  
under the table - in the Persian... boudoir -  
the heels will sink, where once a 'secret' was.

Mad mentors of the drunken binges,  
and the conductors of sweet-honey islands...  
the Alpine meadows and their steaming  
milk so admired by the clouds...

And Waltzes on the floors as slippery wind  
All race so long as you go on to live,  
with the short steps of centimeters of silk,  
reaching the bottom of the castle Eve.

And something hides behind this - by soft force,  
by the angelic motion of the passions -  
when a small stream is coming through so quiet  
pretending that he is a snakes no more...

Among the narrow gorges of willows burdens  
where fresh drafts walk along my back  
and the decollete, - I hear the word pagodas  
of quietest souls who at the moon depart.

stretch out a hand! I am waiting for a kiss,  
higher than small elbow, where a lace  
end of the glove with Hallelujah thrills,  
but in a lilac bout don't go away...

You have abandoned, outcast my soul  
into the gaping pit, where coals of ages  
shifted at once to spectrum of the surf  
of diamond mines of words and interjections!

Liza Sud

# Diamond-Sapphire

Oh, at last I've got  
what I was missing:  
I need double love,  
I need double kissing.

I need double ways  
of our penetration.  
But how to create  
it in any nation?

I need boy and girl  
at one time - in one man!  
I need young and old -  
their age at one time!

I need just a gem!  
With its light, its darkness,  
Facets playing games  
Of dark blue, light sapphires!

I need god indeed!  
I need any feeling,  
not just stony will  
of one broken minute.

Oh the flow of Time!  
I need tour inside you!  
Evil turned to kind  
and mind many-sided!

Oh the role of love  
they are now imposing! -  
that is all a lie -  
its frustraing, boring!

Diamond-sapphire,  
in one man, vice versa,  
double genitals,  
dazzling gems in morsels.

Yes, and that is why  
I will never marry -  
I am too much high  
than one ring on one side!

I am choosing eight,  
because it's eternal.  
And it penetrates  
in itself when flowing.

Oh blue-white sapphire,  
my Imperial wisdom!  
May be that is why  
I became bilingual!

I thought daily joy -  
is like a temptation,  
you get in return  
angel's consolation!

It uplifts to sky  
where you meet sapphires  
such ecstatic life  
over all desires!

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Liza Sud

## Didn't Give Me For Three Years -

Didn't give me for three years -  
I will turn the other three.  
That will be the work of Jacob  
for Rachel instead of Leah.

It's the best - to let it happen.  
it is harder - to allow,  
it is shining me with white light,  
as the movement of my love.

Liza Sud

# Died Away The Speeches.

Died away the speeches.  
candles faded flaring.  
By a silver fairy tale  
night is now revealed...

And again, so lonely,  
near my grave I'm standing,  
and I see like turning,  
goes away the grief ...

From now on, indifferent,  
to the shame and glory,  
and to all the living,  
that is not moonlight,

Putting on from over  
clothes of snowy purple  
I ascend in snowstorm  
and sparkles my trail...

Liza Sud

# Disgust

I feel such a disgust for all I'm writing,  
for what I write for past three weeks,  
Does it look like I'm inspired?  
but for the sense - It is not me!

You are like coming with a rifle,  
You are like beating me in guts.  
Maybe it pleases you when I'm crying,  
and you take it for true love.

It has caused pain to me already.  
There are some people who love this.  
It is impossible to blame them,  
they call it passion, earthly bliss.

I saw in men's eyes such aggression.  
transsexuals also hide this.  
What may be painful in amalgamation?  
Losing my ego? Losing God? True bliss?

Liza Sud

# Dismissal

Natalia told me: 'Get out of here,  
I do not see you in my department. '  
And as in Bermuda, my ship disappeared,  
where the lights of the bay are shining brighter.

I do not know anymore - Where will I go?  
Wherever I go - the truth is always there,  
the layout is more transparent than on notes,  
where anticipation - there is pleasure.

And our movements are the pawns' transfers,  
Where one big pawn - is in face of Pilate.  
But even it's split as a simple nutlet,  
as for Gold - Christ as before doesn't like it.

Not about coincidence I am talking,  
Cause the second Judas was an apostle,  
But I mean that life is like poem's record,  
And their conjuncture is wonder - for us.  
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Liza Sud

# Dissonance

Michael, good bye! you didn't want to bow  
to Moscow, stand before her churches on your knees.  
I will not make you feel it! Let you go!  
It is my love, it is not extremism.

And thanks to you I got not long ago  
that this is what I do in every prayer -  
I bow to my land, kiss my earth and Moscow.  
I don't know why - believe in what I say.

You may ask me - why I don't kiss the planet?  
Probably such level's too high for me.  
But there is like a glass between us, Michael.  
and only bow to ROC breaks it.

I'm sorry if I'm wrong, I'm very sorry.  
You explain all so good! You felt the Light!  
Why do I need this shining open bow -  
of love and freedom? - I don't know why...

You will repeat: that I still love my idols.  
But they belong to Christ and they help me.  
HELP - is the truth which you deny - and that's lie!  
Lie's what you say - but people trusted it!

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Liza Sud

## Do All You Can – It's Still Little For Him.

Do all you can – it's still little for Him.  
Purity dawns He requires from saints.  
But those people who tried «not to be»  
Know for sure: He to everyone pays.

Liza Sud

## Do Not Betray Me,

Do not betray me, I beg you!  
I beg you - don't betray me!  
You are a woman, energy in you  
is like a wind you carry for a dating.

Do not betray, oh do not break my dream!  
Do not betray! Impossible? - oh is this?  
You're Womanhood and it's a law for you -  
to be appeal for righteous or sinners.

Liza Sud

# Do Not Bother Your Chest By Sobbing,

Do not bother your chest by sobbing,  
Leaving that one - who is not yours  
do not go after him with exposures -  
You were not his wife., that is all!

It is 'easy' to find a 'soul mate' -  
We need, suffering in long fight,  
Err and look for a 'half' and 'midway'  
And again not to sleep at night.

And again to wake up in the morning,  
Burning all error bridges down  
And again put yourself in order,  
And again to walk the world miles.

Liza Sud

## Do Not Forget The Unfortunate Fall.

When your soul feels despair in the darkness  
And in thoughts circle only foul and slime,  
And to heart's questions you have no answers,  
And you can't see the true meaning of life.

Then God alone - will help you and advise you,  
So omnigraceful and omnipotent!  
By fall and victory you'll become wiser.  
Only with Him all evil comes to end!

Do not forget the unfortunate fall.  
whose power saved you - don't forget forever.  
And every day be thankful to the Lord,  
And be benignant to your fellow.

Liza Sud

## Do Not Pass By

Do not pass by, don't spit, don't bother,  
But repent of weekdays and deeds,  
Plunge in love with your head and bosom.  
Thow it's small, but this love you need.

If you do this - then little by little,  
With the opened and living soul -  
You will get the right skill and vision,  
Then you'll find what is really yours!

Liza Sud

## Do Not Sleep

You shouldn't sleep when your fellow is crying,  
And his soul is in need of your help.  
You will never forgive that you were callous  
and the moments of bliss you'll never get!

Oh do not sleep, go, rush out of the house  
When hear a call, come quickly to save him.  
Or God will give this mission to another,  
To lead you to the humbleness from sins...

From imperturbability of calmness.  
You'll lose the height and triumph of your peace,  
You'll learn the pain and horror of an outcast,  
When laughing, you just walked away from him.

Liza Sud

## Do Not Turn Away

Get away from the bullets, knife, from a stone thrown into darkness,  
Do not turn away from a fight while you're able to, not in blindness.

By tale of Paradise and Hell don't be bought, don't let your soul believe,  
All life is a struggle for changes, for a safe haven, which lives...

All is correctable on the earth until you are the pillar and circle ground,  
Live, don't let her die, saving in yourself a star of loving.

Well, when the time will come - to leave the earthly world,  
Without fear, step forward to the reflections of dawn!

Liza Sud

# Do You Feel Happiness?

Do you feel happiness? - that all is now to you?  
that's what you tried to get from me, for sure,  
when with request about heaven on earth  
you addressed me, so festive and so fond.

Do you feel happiness? - the heavens have come down,  
and two synchronous alphabets are standing,  
to ward off evil from both of us,  
because the letters hide so much powers.

Do you feel happiness? - Yes, sir. As always.  
To feel your happiness you don't need poems.  
Poetry is only happiness's stamp  
in the invented stream of our life.

and I will put it as my own stamp,  
not Solomon's, where 'everything will go'  
but so: a seal, that happiness will come to us,  
when we are striving hard to call it.

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Liza Sud

# Do You Know That I'm Itzhak

Do you know that I'm Itzhak.  
Since the Bible talks about one man.  
I was not killed by Abraham,  
But a high soul was put inside me.

Now may be I am Isav,  
Who was fighting for primogeniture.  
Because I try to find my Christ  
Before Judaism. In resemblance.

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Liza Sud

# Do You Know What Laser Told Me?

Do you know what laser told me?  
Do I have a right, power to say? -  
'To the Christian faith to convert you' -  
and what for? - you know, Mi-cha-El.

To convert you to Christianity,  
And what can I do after this?  
I'm trebling of your society,  
and I feel safety in my bliss.

I feel frozen in state of constancy,  
you explained it - of constant Light!  
It's so powerful, so inflowing,  
so dazzling human mind!

Just imagine: your seven millions -  
You convert them to ROC!  
God is smiling - Christ has saved Israel,  
The whole world is in Unity!

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Liza Sud

# Does A Stone Have A Soul

Does a stone have a soul  
Or is he deaf and dumb,  
and doesn't remember what passed  
in a series of changes in time?

You will not believe in fact,  
That everything has a soul,  
that all what we see and touch  
And even what we don't know,

Because the whole world - is a soul,  
In its various manifestations,  
of the Only One God,  
And the soul, for the mind - is His Carnation.

That's why go with misgivings,  
We live in the Holy Land,  
Where every step is imprinted  
In everything, always, worldwide.

See, how now we swim,  
And our sin do not feel,  
But then we weep bitterly,  
When the stone makes us think.

Liza Sud

## Doesn't Matter If You Are Regular. To Daniel

Doesn't matter if you are regular  
Or write freely like Robert Frost.  
I'm thankful to you for tenderness,  
For my freedom, excitement, growth.

All the regular are too proud  
(that's what I couldn't find in you) .  
I am thankful to you, dear Daniel!  
You are wonderful, perfect, good!

Liza Sud

## Don't Strangle Me!

You draw out by every poem.  
Pick me up in your poetry.  
I live like in a whirl of water.  
Let me out. Don't strangle me!

Oh of course it is not a murder.  
And of course it is simply - love.  
And the last of my vivid tendons -  
Are yours, Lady, and yours, Milord.

Liza Sud

# Don't Write Word God With A Small Letter

Don't write word God with a small letter,

And for saint John don't be an offender,

Don't call people if you want simply

To bit them or to disgrace them.

Don't be rude as a shrew, don't call names,

And don't write reviews for a checkmark,

Childhood's better for you to return to

Without any elite or plebs there.

Liza Sud

# Donald Trump Was Extremely Romantic,

Donald Trump was extremely romantic,  
he was not supertactful like Wagner,  
He's not Parsifal to draw the notes,  
He's not the guard of the higher worlds.

But that's OK for politician:  
Caesar, Kaligula - the power's admission,  
He's chosen not for patriarch or saint,  
who should remind of which sins souls are dead.

And the Romatics always are like that,  
when they conceal it - that is disrespectful,  
But Donuld Trump is honest, open, grateful -  
That makes his star even more brilliant star!

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Liza Sud

# Donald Trump, You'll Become A President!

Donald Trump, you'll become a president! -  
And four years of constant smile!  
Our countries will be no more enemies!  
Thanks to you, dear Donald Trump!

You will shine like the Trump building  
high above empty earthly grim,  
It is hatred that you'll be killing,  
And with you - it is not a dream!

You by words full of truth and innocence  
Won the hearts of the wisest men!  
It's the vote of the whole world's sympathy:  
Make Amerika great again!

Pure childish faith in your victory  
As the end of black warlike days!  
The white streak in the US history!  
Donald Trump - you will be the best!

And we'll choose here Zhirinovsky,  
who is called now 'Russian Trump'.  
We'll be deigned the era of honesty,  
generosity, peace and love!

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Liza Sud

# Don't Read Me,

Don't read me, no, you don't have to,  
in the transcendence of my eyes  
now I give story of the parting  
autumnal story, and the last.

What for does fame need shifty substance?  
when its beams among heaven's fires  
is now saint and then - with sadness,  
and she keeps earth's eternal side.

And any book in dark is burning,  
when you are taking it from shelf,  
when you are reading in the evening  
and drink its sweet light for yourself?

After all, fame - the slice of fragments  
of tapes which are already known.  
and of this reason it's - refinement,  
but it's still boring to our God.

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Liza Sud

# Don't Scold Me Hard,

Don't scold me hard,  
my inspiration,  
that you called it for long  
and it has come at last.

in subtle spheres of inspiration  
you settled down,  
and behind every letter's shading  
I see you now.

May be it is my new obsession  
how evil people call,  
But let my strong determination  
bring a fruit hundredfold.

Violet shadows - on the table  
flowers stand.  
I don't know, Julia, where? -  
but I poems for you write.

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Liza Sud

# Dormition Fast

I'm not a poet after Balmont,  
I'm not religious after Laitman,  
I'm no, no, no after yes. -  
a new jump on the staircase.

After the Fast - there's no more passion.  
Oh Virgin Mary, make me saint,  
no more obsession after crushing  
Oh Virgin, please clean my mistake.

I said: ' I despise men of marriage' -  
AND my priest Michael goggled eyes.  
The pair is just a useless carriage.  
And I got blow for my pride.

Dormition Fast was for a Virgin.  
But it turned totally a flunk,  
Now He took out all bad emotions,  
Oh beloved God, you broke my pride!

You broke my pride in lonely forest,  
You broke it in fantastic park -  
in lacy shrine of sharon roses -  
and I see noone around.

Liza Sud

# Double Chocolate

I'm - bilingual double  
as double chocolate.  
Hell was at first inside me.  
beated me like the rain.

From high upon my soul  
someone added a cream.  
and my first dirty poems  
came to saint rhymes with it.

Royals were white and black.  
two linguas, two fotos,  
and as a monument - Wagner and Ioann  
for Sodom - Lot didn't turn to.

Liza Sud

# Double Closing - Double Opening

Double closing - double opening.  
Angels are writing books for all.  
But books here are shown to those  
who received such a grace from God.

But in closing and in open state  
any person gets equal love!  
Just the methods of work diverse a lot:  
way of suffering - way of light.

There are many parallel roads,  
they are beautiful - God is saint.  
in right time all become a proverb  
with absorbed Time and deeper sense.

To take world's sins upon the shoulders -  
role of people of Israel.  
When enlightened don't meet this purpose -  
they are Crucifying the Saint.

I think our homeland Russia  
survived ruin of the first Shrine.  
and then 70 years of bad times -  
like the punishment for the crime.

If to make out-of-books projection -  
to one person, or our land -  
we'll see that when God meets rejection  
He is changing old clothes not mind.

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Liza Sud

# Dove Of Peace. To Donald Trump

Like the dove of peace you will fly to us.  
like saviour and the knight of Holy Grail.  
and in the light of your celestial eyes  
all the earth's angels tabbed you right away!

The power you're endowed is enormous,  
And you are able to use it so wisely!  
You let all migrants go to their houses,  
to their divine and god-given resources.

And you will never be sponsoring ISIS,  
And you will be reducing base of NATO,  
And you accept that Crimea is Russian,  
You're wealthy in peace spirit - no doubt!

What wisdom may be traced in your appearance!  
Like my sapphire - blue necktie is shining!  
you're bringing peace to all our world's peoples!  
and make them happy, happy, only happy!

Ah, it'll be the resounding New Year!  
Even champagne at night - I will be drinking.  
where there was prohibition in dominion -  
there will be felt the flow of Amreeta!

You'll be the saviour of american people  
like Moses led his men to go away.  
from the darkness of slavery of Egypt.  
and they will become free and great again!

The blink of God's grace is coming to us -  
after eight years of oblation!  
Vladimir Putin, Donald Trump -  
the harmony of high relations!

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Liza Sud

# Dream

Lets keep our love in secret.  
You will ask - and I will answer.  
more than curious eye brings fear  
the stone that they hide behind back.

You caressed me half- embracing.  
And crowded bus was watching.  
And the sea in bay was swaying  
the sun that was also fondling.

You gave me a kiss on my cheek.  
This picture became as frozen,  
and silence gave us a promise  
that this matter will be covered

as hidden below a blanket.  
And truly - there are no movements,  
as dream promises, entices  
in pure revelations' union.

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Liza Sud

# Dressing

Why is it green and gray,  
rather than the red grace?  
When all took clothes away,  
I love you and to dress.

I'll clothe you in tie of pink,  
with flowers inside,  
put bracelets on your wrists  
in colors of heavenly love.

For so long and so true  
God was dressing Himself,  
In hiding He was so cute,  
that world became atheist.

Dressed in heavenly spheres,  
in nine, hundred - inside.  
But holiness - in his dresses.  
Clothing - the flower of love!

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Liza Sud

## Each Encounter Has Its Speeches,

Each encounter has its speeches,  
If it happens - then scoop it all!  
What if this one becomes a river,  
Which to ocean will flow!

Liza Sud

# Earlier I Would Just Stick

Earlier I would just stick in you from behind,  
but now - my verse has become more careful.  
it is gentle, like a ray of the spring thawed patch,  
warm as the sunset breeze of farewell.

But no, I lie, I would not stick in you from behind, -  
I would run away to the church, where God says: Pray!  
Only over selfishness new parts of soul you may find,  
and to feel a new life - that is the only way!

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Liza Sud

# Easter 1

And I dream holy dreams of Easter  
On this night of a saintly love,  
That my friends will come back to kiss me  
And will warm me like burning lights,

There we will be always smiling,  
Like the angels from that far land  
Where nothing bad is abiding:  
No sin, no malice, no lie.

Liza Sud

## Easter 2

I love you, spiritual children.  
I forgive you, demons, mischiefs.  
All that you've done unto me,  
No more pain in the flesh I feel.

And when I am with Christ together  
You may beat me or even burn -  
In the light of His Love forever  
I'm plunged. And it doesn't hurt.

Liza Sud

# Easter 2017

Who is always with you, if your husband  
Will abandon you just for a second?  
Who is always with you, is not cunning,  
As a selfish small child with his ego?

And Who knows all the beautiful words  
And whose eyes glances are like sapphire.  
To the golden and unchanging world  
Who is leading you, carefully hugging?

In the night Who will not go astray,  
Because there is holy evening inside Him?  
In a dream and at dawn Who gives strength,  
Because he's always watching above you.

Who has come here to die for your sake?  
But who is still alive - anyway!  
You should know - Jesus Christ is His name,  
And it was His Easter yesterday!

Who is folding you in Mysteries,  
And whose Light in your image is poured?  
He will cleanse, He will raise, and forgive!  
And all happiness - in Christ alone!

All the roads are leading to Christ,  
And not to tempting by boredom Rome,  
He is here and with you all the time,  
And the soul will rise with Him alone.

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## Easter 3

I adore you, the nights of Easter.  
At them like every branch is burned  
Writing of all my sins is missed now.  
And the scroll to the shreds is torn.

And so sorry for every grass blade  
I would like to press head to it -  
Earth seems boundless, time seems endless,  
Full of meaning is every wink.

Liza Sud

## Easter 4

Only God is in every grass blade -  
May I see Him in her, peruse?  
As she grew from fleck of dust there,  
As how now she exudes juice.

Show it to me, God, I'm pleading!  
Or I never can see the grass!  
Yes I knew it, but to repeat it  
I could never learn how or grasp.

Liza Sud

## Easter 5. Stream, My Song,

Stream, my song, and the words are playing,  
And the soul goes into gloom.  
With infinity fused forever  
And she can know every doom.

Oh how much, God, you gave us, further!  
And how we don't deserve all that!  
Without Me all your work's demolished  
And in quietness You abide.

Liza Sud

## Easter 6

Saint you are, my holy Easter,  
Holy, oh my red!  
On Good Friday I'm in tears -  
Flowering today!

How wonderfully, Easter,  
In Communion you give grace.  
As if God for meal subsistence  
Gave to us Himself.

Liza Sud

## Easter 7

What I give you always - is Myself.  
Anything for you I do not mind to spare.  
Such a Holy Love and saint embrace  
Is to give you everything without a trace.

I forgive you everything of Love.  
Boundless My love, without vestiges.  
From celestial latitude unbound -  
I'm coming down to you in centuries.

Liza Sud

# Easter Night 2017

Here it is, Easter Night,  
here it is - your death  
and to the Purple attire  
She is changing your dress.

Deacons are running swiftly,  
all are standing stock-still,  
waiting for the meeting  
the One who made all things.

In Israel on Saturday  
Fire came down again.  
And it's conveyed to all of us  
by folks who celebrate.

Noisy is near the Sepulchre,  
and crowd thrusts to walls,  
hundreds of them are waiting for  
Blessed Fire that will fondle.

Thus - look - it will be when you  
also will come to die,  
And to the Lord the same way  
you will on that day rise.

It is a great holiday  
also for your soul.  
hurry to your holiness  
God's Knowledge is disclosed.

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Liza Sud

# Ecstasy

I feel just ecstasy when look into his eyes!  
No words. It all above my death and life.  
I feel just ecstasy when look into his eyes!  
No poetry. No music. No earth's lies.

That world is here - the white presence of Christ!  
The source of light, the pure source of life!  
Calmness and comfort, no more faith - but sight  
of what there was, what is and what will come.

Liza Sud

# Edelweiss. From Balmont

I look at the ground from the blue height.  
I like the unearthly flower - edelweiss,  
Which is growing far from the usual fetters  
How a timid sleep of snow that is protected.

And from the blue height I look down at the ground,  
And talk to my soul by a dream mute and silent,  
With the unseen Soul that is flickering in me  
In those hours when I go to heavens in dream.

And, after a pause, I go back from blue height,  
Not leaving my footprints in the snow behind,  
But a mere hint, a white flower - edelweiss,  
will remind me - the world is endlessly wide.

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Liza Sud

## Either You Share A Person S Illness

Either you share a person's illness.  
Or if not – you - condemn.  
But if you don't play the games he is playing –  
Then you turn him away.

Once turned away, don't return to a person.  
Pariah may kill.  
Do as you like, go away – you - also,  
Acting on your will.

Liza Sud

# Elegy

What should I say to you,  
if a man-knucklehead  
pushes you rudely back.  
and you need to go ahead.

What should I say to you,  
if morons of the day  
raising themselves high  
make it that you delay.

What should I say to you,  
if lie is all around  
and they are teaching you  
that without lie you'll die.

What should I say to you,  
my equal pessimism,  
that it is all a game  
with secret: Life is bliss.

And I will say to you:  
abandon that moron,  
and forget those dolts  
right from the early morn.

And abodes of a Lie  
also don't gratify,  
because in their libel  
death is already hiding.

So let me tell you, Beauty,  
where is your highness -  
staring at my optimism  
love me in total silence.

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Liza Sud

# Elena Obraztsova

Only Elena I was born to hear  
And hearing by saint motif to please.  
My main organ is – ears, ears, ears,  
Only this sphere I have to increase.

Elena Obraztsova saved me now  
By her great voice she simply put me up  
Above the world, myself and my vain house,  
With happiness into my soul has drowned.

Her art is bliss in a purification,  
And she embraces as a holy mom,  
Drags to herself to where is the perfection  
And never lets to carnal falling down.

Liza Sud

# Elizabeth

Elizabetha sacrifices herself  
for the Tannhauser's sin,  
and Pope's rod blooms.

But although he  
will not return to grotto,  
so helplessly to her grave dying bows.

Elizabeth - as Jesus Christ himself  
and with each other  
they will never meet.

Tannhauser - as in prayer  
word of God -  
Elizabetha's name two times repeats.

Liza Sud

# Elvenar Saga 3

One can't go away from a green dress,  
and with dream of dipping into it,  
one can sell his own soul to the devil  
for short happiness in earthly things.

Her breast is so shaking in cancer,  
that fog starts whitening on the glass.  
behind her someone rushes, as rider,  
and it hurts, but she can't stop the rush.

And they will end up near the fountain,  
where under the blue clear stream -  
Se will see Prince's reflection as statue  
that at last has become a true dream.

Here his eyes - beautiful as a marvel,  
are like almonds and their long glance  
will not let her go, not to be parted  
with the one who guards her in the castle.

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Liza Sud

# Emasulation

You want to be the best,  
you are the best, high achiever,  
and you want to execute people,  
cutting their matrix, eggs.

What horror are you saying!  
you say: emasulation!  
you know how into heaven  
flies this awful vibration.

You know who is God's castrato?  
he is God's hired friend.  
and any castration sense -  
this is a great sublimation!

It is - like the big screen  
to virtue without limit.  
So do not joke with it,  
especially near children.

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# Embrace The Planet

I suggest you hugging the planet.  
if for other things you're too young.  
'didn't give enough, no money'-  
that's eternal question of man.

there is noone more egoistic  
than a man. What for does he live?  
in life they often see no reason.  
It is God and to merge with Him -

I explain to them. For the Russians  
It is difficult, they are dull.  
Because God doesn't keep silence.  
that is why I speak so sad.

Only Christ could embrace the planet  
and defend us from evil force.  
we together may also manage,  
if our selfhood is overthrown.

so beautiful, without weapons,  
it was once and for all times!  
this name eveyone will remember  
who just once came upon Christ.

Liza Sud

# Energizer

She is as quick as energizer,  
She works for all in our team  
Scans journals when the sun arises  
And all of us are still asleep.

She may solve any of our questions,  
Calls our customers herself,  
And he wrote letters where possible,  
And silent we can not remain.

On her side I'm ashamed the whole time,  
Because I have to think myself –  
But she's ahead and outperforms us,  
And our heads remain at rest.

And how her head doesn't explode –  
I wonder at it every day.  
And I'm thankful to saint God for  
The chance to work with her He gave!

Liza Sud

# English To Me Means Iosif

to JOSEPH BRODSKY

English to me means Iosif:  
His accent, his speech, his tongue,  
All his sync English poems  
Sent to him from above.

He is that divine speaker  
(although it is not true) .  
Others make just wall bricking,  
He makes it bless and bloom.

Liza Sud

# Ernesto Che Guevara. From Lyubomir Fedorov

The scoundrels killed him. Whom did you assassin?  
Who was loved for fairness by the whole planet!  
Who lived for the triumph of good over rot,  
Who was despised for that by thieves and by rogues? !

In revolutions fire he remained eternal,  
Above Constitutions, above all the borders.  
He walks over the planet with his red star,  
his beret is recognized by everyone!

For ever and ever despise the assassins,  
And no one can ever break their shameful shackles.  
'Hey, you money rascals, and capital's knaves,  
A thousand of commanders got up as one Che!

You see how the red stars are burning with him,  
Oh is it your final of what they will speak? !  
Is this why you've buried yourself in mainland,  
That over the world were revealed the red stars?

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# Esenin

No, myself, with a fateful hand  
I have stuck in the noose my head  
As the moon I myself have hung  
In the midnight in Angleterre.

Because force - run out at once.  
And for me was - a blizzard's hush!  
Neither suffer I can, nor love  
Only joy has remained, the one.

Yesterday I wrote a verse in blood,  
Sensing terrible outcome.  
I see ugliness after death,  
And as pipes will burn my forehead,

And now, watching myself  
As a pear - I am not sad,  
All the same, I am not a coward  
And the song - to the end I sung!

translation from YP

Liza Sud

# Every Day A Bouquet For Liza

Every day a bouquet for Liza -  
I will send it her every day.  
All the others - traitors, betrayers,  
Only I - the true source of games!

Every day a bouquet for Liza -  
like the radiant Marc Chagall,  
you don't wait for dull people -  
all is in front of your eyes!

Orange flowers, angels,  
changing blue spots, and white -  
They are blinding your senses -  
turn your suffers aside.

Every day a bouquet for Liza -  
it comes from earth but reminds  
its eternal salvation  
as quiet spanish guitar,

Mother asked: would they ever - your angels  
tell you something of mind,  
something really clever?  
They will never, my dear mom!

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Liza Sud

# Every Moment Of Petrozavodsk,

Every moment of Petrozavodsk,  
I desire to take with me.  
Nail, a playbill, light from the street,  
even your air - like a draught.

And on the lake the water ripples,  
as if you never could repeat it.  
And on your waters sunlight's patch  
hardly the fairest verse could match.

Oh I want to find myself there,  
even if coach there is severe.  
Seller there talks with you, like friend  
not like here - all self-contained.

I am turning my head around,  
to remember you better! You!  
to me you are - like paradise,  
All the same that that land is poor.

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Liza Sud

# Evil Power Will Pick Me Up,

Evil power will pick me up,  
and will bring to you late at night,  
and I will woo you till my life  
is not finish in you, inside.

Because for me - you are a bird,  
like a mother to young greenhorn -  
so that to spread apart your wings  
and touch feathers between the ribs.

How may I remain a bird,  
if my spirit is bound by flesh?  
Not of mermaids I dream today,  
water meekness - is in their tail.

But your feathers - are softness, flight  
out from them - as a base- my height,  
so that to rush out pleasanteries  
musical fire and syllable.

I was boorish, surly, churlish,  
I was fiery, sharp like sparkles,  
you caught night sparks when I was crushing,  
and has made Oriental carpet.

All is good to you, you're my goddess.  
Any wind for you - is YOUR weather.  
Any wind makes you much more glorious,  
and you'll soak me inside like present.

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Liza Sud

# Evolution

One day through evolution  
We'll deal by means of thoughts.  
We'll find the best solutions-  
There'll be no lie at all.

But maybe I am dreaming  
What will be after death.  
We'll have no body, skin there,  
No cover of mask-face.

Liza Sud

# Fairy

You returned back, the fairy of wonders,  
to the plant from the abode of dreams.  
and noone made a mock of our castle,  
and our grotto is still there to please.

I have met you along many roads,  
very far, I don't remember which,  
But they are close to the source of soul  
that again in my poem you sneak.

You are sitting there, a spring fairy,  
near window, from me so far,  
and again you are fanning the air,  
and it's you to whom my poems run.

As a cavalier I will defend you,  
or you'll become protector of me,  
we both are the spokes shining with splendor  
upon one and the same golden wheel.

You are wearing mittens in winter,  
and in icicles make wizardry,  
summer matches are at a far distance,  
but without fires you're warming me.

Sunsets like candles are burning low,  
and grey evening is in crimson sparks.  
you are healing as fairy-sorceress  
heavy rigorous fume of my life.

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Liza Sud

# Father John Visited The Wounded

Father John visited the wounded.  
One soldier was without a leg.  
Refuses he to learn to read and write! ' -  
So passionately doctor said.

But after all, he knows already everything.  
He had to suffer so much! '-  
Said father John to soldier tenderly  
'He doesn't have to study ' - doctor sat.

Liza Sud

# Father Jupiter! Why Each Morning

Father Jupiter! Why each morning  
I am shuddring at Your name?  
I saw your name at Xerox copier -  
as if I was the one to blame.

Father Jupiter! You are near.  
You are circling high above.  
You are lovely - to shed a tear,  
no distance for our love!

What are billions of light years? -  
you wished - and you are here to come.  
But when, Dear, you disappear -  
only longing is left for man,

Only memory of your brightness!  
only shock of the dazzled soul!  
you're magnificent, you are magic!  
you may put high and you may throw!

Unattainable like sapphire!  
And enormous like Jesus Christ!  
just one flash of fulfilled desire -  
and then dark of this earth, just dark.....

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Liza Sud

# Fatherly Care. To M. Laitman

I feel your fatherly care upon my shoulders.  
I feel you as white light coming into my flat.  
I feel your presence as final and firm adoption,  
the very moment I may call a paradise!

You're always near. inside my thoughts, all around,  
and what's to fear if guarded by your smile?  
Your care and style like tender embrace, subtle sound.  
I really may say: this Rav reminds me of God!

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Liza Sud

# Fedor Konyukhov, Fedor Konyukhov,

Fedor Konyukhov, Fedor Konyukhov,  
all alone in the ocean you're swimming.  
and you pray out there to the Lord God,  
in the middle of two huge abysses.

In the Ocean you're searching for Peace,  
you have found in him a great silence.  
never dashed by the funnel whirlwind  
your soul remains unruffled and tranquil.

In the hands of you - the trail of corns,  
and your skin is all pimples from salt.  
the whole body is aching and hurts,  
but you say about this only to God.

Boat 'Turgoyak' - is a monk's cell,  
And the Ocean - is rowing and labor,  
Under the deadly fear of rain  
wave take the boat in arms like embracing.

Ocean is a thing you cannot fight,  
it can never be conquered by war,  
You can merge with him as with God-Sun  
and to row together to the shore.

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Liza Sud

# Felt The Summer.

Julia asked me to write a poem.  
Why not to write it if one feels lonely.  
I don't know her reasons, is it a business?  
But poetry is kind of souls' fitness.

You'll read and reread and of course remember,  
The Finance day in the cold November,  
The party we had in not less cold summer,  
Where you were coughing, but still felt happy.

We didn't achieve the high dream of finance,  
The world politics has spoiled the card games.  
But anyway - if you hear the beating  
Of these kind words - you will change opinion.

I may write more, but it doesn't matter  
If it was cold in the land of Russia,  
You've come from Korea, from the South  
And near you we all felt the summer.

You gave us kindness, and altruism  
is the high purpose of life, its bliss.  
See God in brother - as this command.  
you saw in us, like in native land.

Liza Sud

# Final Act

Julia asked to write poems at first.  
then we went to VPC store with her.  
there we signed a prophetic Act -  
that from the verse you can never step back.

Scary, abyss- but I 'll write to the end.  
What is behind this line& paradise, hell?  
You have been asking - and so I will write.  
Listen to me now - I'll take you around.

Not far from here. Behind slope - a steep.  
Further - the fencing. It will guard and keep.  
There at last we will have intercourse.  
You'll forget husbandand financial wars.

What is the matter since we have desire?  
Why is it bad if we have the same fire?  
Without touching - I'll give you myself.  
What can be better? - to trust in your fate.

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Liza Sud

## Finding 24 Hours

You can't escape neither joy, nor sorrow,  
Everything exhausts you to the bottom,  
And revealing every day by seconds  
And in prophesies seeing long years,

the Eternity you see in every moment,  
and above the ground as birds you hover,  
And you go from circles to new circles,  
coming to your home just for a moment.

Liza Sud

# Finish Of The Night Quest

You seeked for me at night,  
you were tired and hot.  
you were sweating  
and climbing too high.

But I was on the bed,  
just a woman in red,  
in red strings  
with age-old book in my hand.

We threw book in the glass,  
and you took my small ass,  
and your soul outright  
to the ceiling made flight!

No need for the soul -  
into body you go,  
and in paroxysm  
leave there your sperm.

No need for the prize,  
baby's not a surprise,  
he is just the desire's  
full blast.

Since you called me a fool -  
a new way I will choose -  
way of freedom,  
of nakedness, bloom.

So why not to surrender  
to any of men,  
and for you - to take  
any of girls.

Just to hold our hands,  
always both of us,  
every minute, each day  
eyes to eyes.

The consequence is birth,  
further life on the earth,  
just the earth -  
She deserves her applause!

She's the cover of light,  
smt so strong to hide -  
she became idol  
for men in rut.

Let's live by ourselves,  
Power of nature is blessed!  
I adore simple  
animal health!

I am tired of words  
and confessional wars.  
And I feel a warm  
sparkle in my gut.

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Liza Sud

# Firtree Of Tchaikovsky

I was once astonished by Tchaikovsky.  
I was listening to radio performance.  
The Nutcracker, and they said: a firtree-  
And then music was to go.

While it played – I goggled at the air.  
Was this heaven's music really a fir tree?  
Did I ever see a fur tree? – never!  
It was so far from trees – and close!

You just have to find a program sometimes,  
Programs of all symphonies – as Mahler's.  
Then you will compare how profound  
Music is, although depicting ground!

Liza Sud

# Flat

Flat together with you is not poky,  
As you enter, grief flies away,  
And spread out the walls of apartment,  
And sighs up all the earthly space...

Doesn't matter - before - it was bad,  
It turned out as it had to be,  
Nice occasion to eternal harmony  
Was in past, sorrows, strifes and grief...

Liza Sud

# Fleet To Google Translator

There are 'great' poets of Russia.  
When all normal people meet  
in gardens like all romantics -  
these poets to Google fleet,

They break their tongue with English,  
they want this stone so much  
as if it was their mission  
to break their poor tongue,

They try to become romantic,  
but they become simply blunt.  
Great poets, return to Russia!  
forget useless foreign tongue.

Liza Sud

## Flower Is Opened,

Flower is opened,  
Sewed through is by the sun.  
At last ripe pupil is protruding  
Surrounded by the sincere bosom  
with graceful heel inside the sand.

And rustling rain on skin is flowing  
to nowhere with a heat.  
Poet naitivist is more important  
to me than river at foothill.

By every drop - the game of Christmas.  
And almaz snow every throw.  
the gift from Future falling, greedy  
to the sand uselessly will go.

Above the world like tower will be,  
as amalgam will super-shine,  
opened in flight the taste of Mirra -  
create! And what creates - will have! ..

Liza Sud

# Flower.(I'm Happiness Fragrance) . From Balmont

Flower

I am a flower, I'm happiness fragrance,  
And it is I'm given such a fate -  
I am destined from sunrise to sunset  
to breathe and to love and live again.

At sunset in lush thicket of garden,  
Where I bloom as delicate fairy-tale,  
The wall fencing will tremble, the high one,  
And the wind into silence will fade.

Airy woman, all in white enrobed,  
Slowly enters through main entrance gate,  
And by movement so tender, but bold,  
will be tearing off my blooming stem.

From the rise of the Sun to the sunset  
Changes of the shadows and ray shafts.  
And the rising of the breath of fragrance...  
Before sunset I'll be - no one's!

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Liza Sud

# Flowers - For Alexis!

Flowers - for Alexis!  
A goblet of kvass  
Starorussky!

Potatoes and carrots  
and turnips, cause he  
Doesn't eat flesh!

Elected by people  
so holy and free,  
and so cocky!

By hooligans clogged  
and the lucrative junta  
of local!

He survived it all  
even Dickens  
could have only dream of!

And Mother of God  
came to him from the sky  
in his forty!

He saved many guys,  
and he flew as a bird,  
to them, lofty,

And to understand him -  
you need to be born  
twice - you got it?

His light  
dazzles you, even when  
It's translated to English -

You 'll hear His voice  
from the sky  
so pure to listen!

Liza Sud

# Fluffy Cumulus Clouds

For you my trunk stands,  
pleasant is angle's hardness.  
they need only the light,  
instead of kissing dampness.

This is not low sin,  
animals that are voiceless -  
this is their laughter's rhythm.  
demons of high voltage.

It is upon the wires -  
Truth that between us goes,  
It is love that is lying  
in timeless river - words.

Fluffy cumulus clouds -  
like in a golden crib.  
easiness - above bad life,  
where we are - the kids.

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Liza Sud

# Fly To You

I don't remember you when I'm stronger  
But only week a little - fly to you -  
Oh who are you my angel oh my guardian,  
And why my destiny you're coming through,

You reign in it so quietly and gently,  
Don't give a sign of presence of yourself...  
I wanted to be one with you my angel,  
But you don't say a word - to my distress.

Liza Sud

# Flying Dutchman

I never could give in and crack down,  
and sailing over LaMansh -  
I always was the Fluing Dutchman,  
and only jealousy was mine.

I never had my own house,  
I'm always homeless on this earth.  
I was accepted by the righteous  
but even from them I could go!

Liza Sud

## F-Moll

I used to smile at all your words.  
They are like mood's exhaling.  
Flexible canvas is of gold  
In the bowl of our patience.

It's like the sky - you cannot grasp the bottom.  
There are cold stars of the oblivion of autumn.  
What separates us - to 'He' and to 'She'?  
We are like particles, an anti-gravity...

Liza Sud

# For Gaddafi

'We came, we saw him and he died' -  
that's what she said and she was Laughing!  
when she was shown Blueberry smart  
with video of dead Gaddafi.

His Libya was Eden land  
when this 'dictator' was its ruler!  
There was no rent, free medicine, grants  
for all new families and students.

No fee for mortgage, working day  
was till fourteen PM, and oil there -  
cheeper than water, populace  
raised for three times in forty years.

And they were building a great pipe  
to bring pure water to the desert.  
'We came, we saw him and he died' -  
the USA came in to break it.

And now the country is destroyed  
after the years of happy living.  
Democracy? Do you squawk, old?  
And after that - Who is a killer?

Beat it! Get out! We're not afraid  
Of the American Luftwaffe.  
The one who has no faith to pray -  
that one will pay God for Gaddafi.

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Liza Sud

# For Marina Tsvetaeva

We'll be grabbing a loop  
of Yelabuga, sure!  
We don't need any books...  
We will write our own.

But embroiling a sap  
through a straw so juicy,  
we'll be ferment as it  
haunts like shadow of Louis...

And by Marina's shadow  
We'll bring down the walls  
of the very old castle,  
where we walked yesterday.

And a scimitar theme  
moonlessly overhangs  
And she is - from Marina.  
greenery - are her eyes!

Purple flash of the steps  
by licentiousness rainbows.  
rhyme will take out a flex,  
like Commander himself.

Ice and Fire will meet  
Resurrection of Ladogs.  
Taking out from a loop  
the remembering in cry!

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# For Moscow You Should Pray

To Moscow you should pray, for Moscow you should pray  
For Ekaterinburg and further to Khabarovsk.  
And if in Kabbalah they call, or to the West -  
there is our own Christianity in Russia.

Nobody here prevented you from seeing Light,  
And constancy of Light here you may really envy,  
And under Oleg we were going to unite,  
Vladimir and Ivan, ignoring foreign aliens.

And we have pitied all whoever would have come:  
Napoleon and Karl, Mamai and even Hitler,  
It was the Light that healed, It always taught and loved,  
It was opened by Christ. And it is Christ who keeps it.

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Liza Sud

# Forest. And Chopin

Forest. And Chopin  
Is beating in brain  
In re-mi-sol interval.

As if from life remained  
Only the light of love  
And these of soul breakdowns.

Seems for a moment that sounds –  
That is the soul itself.  
Strange that I am in body.  
And that I'm here – is strange.

Liza Sud

# Friendship

Only God gives you mutual friendship

Only God gives you mutual friendship.  
More reciprocal than with men.  
And He answers to every prayer  
Smile – is answer – in your breast.

What for to you I open soul.  
If yours is always closed in turn.

Liza Sud

## From 'a' To 'z'

He came into my night, incarnated  
in a wonderful dream, made of thoughts  
fell in love in what he has created,  
The aroma into my heart brought.

He made for me what I thought impossible  
What he gave was the breath of the spring,  
And dispelled all the vulgar, the falsihood,  
And He conuered my heart by saint bliss.

And performed for the soul the sun's solo  
And the Spirit of light with Love's grace,  
gave to drink cup of bliss to the bottom,  
Taught the alphabet from 'A' to 'Z'!

And forever remains in my memory,  
What My friend gave to me as a Grace.  
And on the cold and milky, hard way to God  
In the sky He the path for me paved.

Liza Sud

# From Now On, She's Blissful And Happy In Flight

From now on, she's blissful and happy in flight  
She has Rendezvous with Lord Christ the Creator,  
The whole life flashed in front of her eyes while migration,  
How many temptations of sin the world hides!

Liza Sud

# From Such A Height

From such a height  
you never may come down,  
You never may return  
from such a height,

it's God who flamed you soul,  
embraced around.  
it's He whom you should give  
your soul and body.

Liza Sud



# Gaddafi's Gold Dinar

What is waiting for us? What is waiting for us?  
paper power of printed dollars?  
Or Gaddafi's Lybian gold dinar -  
strong resistance to the opponents.

Was it better - to live in primordial tribes  
than in integral world of demons?  
where all's controlled but the big World Bank,  
notwithstanding small nations, spheres.

Sent away all foreigners, all the Jews,  
drunk no alcohol, fought for moral.  
Made the greatest miracle - fair rules  
of distributing wealth, brought water.

Fairy tale in Africa - happy life!  
Peaceful communism in the desert.  
And it was destroyed by the US tanks...  
Dear Gaddafi - MY LOVE forever!

Liza Sud

# Gear

I want to be geared up lightly  
And hear English tongue from afar  
And to look at you – even panging.  
And we, only we left as one.

Liza Sud

# Gems. From Balmont

Gentle emerald, the stone of John,  
you're the precious stone of celestial angels -  
and the doors of heaven will become unlocked  
for those who'll love you in great contemplation -

Tint of blossomed life, a bright emerald!  
A steadfast support of exorbitant thrones  
Jasper, the Apostle Peter talisman,  
Temple, where all of us take a break from moaning.

At the hour when difficult time comes -  
Jasper, precious stone of exorbitant thrones!  
And of infidel Thomas stone in fire -  
Glaring chrysolite of the hue of gold -

The beacon of conscience above surf of mist,  
It is you through whom we'll see God again -  
You're wise Thomas's gem - perfect chrysolite!  
Symbols of the Thrones, often to forget,

Hyacinth, agate, amethyst of dark -  
After the delusions lived by heart, accomplished,  
To the sky will come back who is pure in heart -  
A slight dark of Thrones, temporarily forgotten!

Higher spirits' Joy, the fiery ruby,  
Colors of red blood cells, tone of passionate life,  
Ruby, you are the Lord among all the jewels,  
You have promised us life in new homeland -

Stone of higher spirits, the fiery ruby!

1900

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# George Drew With Brush In His Teeth!

Artist George Zhuravlev -  
Had no legs, no arms.  
He drew with brush in his teeth!  
He is - Samara's pride!

A gift for the village Utyovka,  
where he painted the dome -  
those enormous vaults!  
lying in the belts - a wonder!

Trinity Church - so fair!  
Its icons were preserved  
even warehouse for grain -  
could not erase what's God's!

Liza Sud

## Global World – Global Idea,

Global world – global idea,  
Everything we should love and trust!  
Everything we can endeavor -  
Cause in Communion we're one with God!

Liza Sud

# Go Away From Me, All The Dirty!

Go away from me, all the dirty!  
all the dirty – go away!  
I don't like the Art even fair,  
It is lower than Godly way!

Liza Sud

# God Always Is Cosmopolite

God always is cosmopolite

I'll share with you: I always loved  
the properties of many tounges -  
and among many languages -  
any can bring a puzzlement!

Enigma is - in English - I,  
Enigma is - in German - times,  
mystery is - dozens of times  
in Spanish, though Hebrew's not hard -

their Alphabet's itself occult,  
so when you know the 3 languages  
and maybe 4 or even 5 -  
then you begin to understand -

that what you call the 'Russian soul' -  
is self-deception. nothing more.  
the more I watch around the world -  
the more I burn inside my soul

to all the peoples, all the times,  
their pain, their happiness and rhymes.  
and that's the reason why I say  
'My love to all lands is the same' -

albeit for this only aspire  
and I cannot turn into God,  
God always is cosmopolite:  
German and Russian - are His deeds!

Liza Sud

# God Is - Irony

All were very serious.  
noone has said,  
that it's not blasphemous  
to be merry-saint.

I make a new idol:  
God is - irony.  
He is smiling, laughing:  
'All was made by Me.

I am always giving,  
you are as a child  
all from me receiving  
without knowing why'.

What for gloomy Faust,  
philosophical brain? -  
Humans may be proud  
that they may be saint.

Only Laitman's laughing -  
God opened the source:  
Keep His ten commandments -  
and no Holocoast.

If you are not choosing  
simple Way of light -  
then God will be pushing  
and make you feel bad

for your future pleasure -  
that's his irony.  
Irony of Father  
seeng child in glee.

Irony - is giant,  
Irony - is high  
irony - is clouds.  
upon them - the sun!

I pray to new idol -  
every morning now -  
Irony is running,  
irony is mad!

Irony is sitting  
high above the earth.  
Dullness of the people  
makes not grieve but burst.

Only the foreseer  
who knows: All is good.  
as a gift receives Her -  
Irony from God!

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Liza Sud

# God Is 100% Altruistic!

But a Miracle - is a Science,  
as the kabbalist Laitman says.  
And the letters are simply numbers.  
And with letters God world creates.

Our mind is too low, too stupid  
to repeat and to understand.  
But a miracle - is like food and  
you may buy it by changing mind

from your egoism to all-giving,  
to the altruism in your soul.  
God is 100% altruistic!  
Be like Him - and you'll change the world!

Liza Sud

# God Looks At People

God looks at people. Always, always does.  
Wherever were you - everywhere is God.  
Then he'll reveal your life - in forty days  
It will be scrolled like information back.

He will recount all your tears.  
And every tear He'll turn to adamant.  
Cause virtues are the Mountais of Treasures.  
He'll give you Grace if you in patience stand.

Liza Sud

# God Prescribes Us Bitter Pellets,

God prescribes us bitter pellets,  
But they clarify the soul.  
By humility He heals it,  
Out of pride us not to drop.

Liza Sud

# God The Word

A world of words is more,  
than thousands of roles,  
God the Word is embodied,  
God the Word, understand it!

Today my form is good,  
and it seems thst the moon,  
that is now full of yellow  
herself is in amazement...

Liza Sud

# God Will Show Me All The Rhymes,

God will show me all the rhymes,  
if my life is in Jesus Christ.  
All the poems are maybe bilingual,  
if about good we are thinking.

all the languages are in sync,  
only you need a key for this.  
God comes anywhere you please  
And He never denies you, as beams!

Liza Sud

# God-Man

You are in my childhood –the space that is living.  
Dream that completely came true.  
Petrozavodsk – beautiful poplar in it.  
In reality there is my route.

And your stars are behind each arbor,  
It appeared that you are the sky.  
And the earth, and inside me, and the Light – God  
You may become Universe and a man.

Liza Sud

# Golden Walls

It was Liturgy in Sophia's  
Church with golden walls in the Kremlin.  
Priest were wearing blue- and- white light gowns,  
And so soothing was their singing.

Church with golden walls looked as my child's home.  
Christ was merciful, not to fear.  
And the chime of bells was as love's inflow,  
Full of energy and warm care.

From that Liturgy I could not return:  
Kazan's icon, the 4th of November.  
That God's Mother day – that's why so long,  
And I felt as if She embraced me.

Liza Sud

# Good And Evil - Have One Spring,

Good and evil - have one spring,  
as a set of skins to the bottom.  
and it seems to us that every leaf -  
the truth itself was, but it is not right.

Only an incomplete perception  
darkens for us the primordial Light,  
there is no difference between nations -  
people are brothers, and He loves all.

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Liza Sud

# Grass Is Controlled By Angels:

Grass is controlled by angels:  
Each one for every blade.  
Then in the world how many  
Watch over your head?

How many quick molecules  
Of light flow into your brain?  
Then somewhere they dissociate,  
But recording remains.

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Liza Sud

# Gratitude. To Daniel Brick

I'm much impressed,  
But my Muse is gone.  
I'm tired of her,  
And she left me now.

May be Muse is he -  
Doesn't matter here -  
He was breathing hard  
into my two ears.

He was pushing blood  
Strictly through my veins  
And by beating rhymes  
He dictates the way.

Sometimes it was sweet  
Sometimes it felt bad -  
But you came to greet  
And to understand.

In Russia they say:  
'Witness's life is short',  
But smile anyway -  
It is just a joke.

Your life was a bliss!  
from the part I saw -  
So continue please  
Witnessing along!

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## Gray Nonexistence Of The Clouds -

Gray nonexistence of the clouds -  
The soulless powder down it throws  
The skull of sun somewhere upwards  
Is biting them, powerless although.  
With a hot grin it also gnaws.  
But they then, full of dumb disgust,  
Like smoke are hanging over cities  
In such tight herds as if by nasty  
Fallen angel were there feeded.

translation from MN

Liza Sud

## Great Wagner. Singer Of The Partings –

Great Wagner. Singer of the partings –  
Made Sigfried dead before the marriage.  
Betrayed was his own step-brother,  
And led his wife away by lying.

He killed Isolde's lover Tristan,  
The Dutchman to the seas is turning,  
Grael accepted Lohengrin, his  
Tanhauser died, when saw the coffin.

Liza Sud

# Grief And Joy

Grief and Joy, and Joy and Grief -  
hoisted in a fire whirlwind  
in the round dance they spin  
spin around, they are lit.

Our Fireplace in eyes glows  
And it Covers All the Worlds  
calls to himself all the Moths  
all the flowers unlocks.

In a roundalay they are spinning,  
In the quadrille came again,  
by the streamlet they are leaking,  
lived for so long, healed the pain!

lived for so long - made a fortune,  
and gave life to their kids,  
fairy tale became - true story!  
Grief and Joy, and Joy and Grief!

Liza Sud

# He Alone Has Won Everything,

He founded his own institute,  
He has his own TV.  
his agit-train - Russia waits for you!  
He's - the leader of LDPR!

As for polls - he won almost everything,  
And was not afraid of the force,  
He is talented, like a god, indeed!  
to my heart he is very close!

And he wrote 100 books!  
He knows everything - to tell you.  
Even if there was any hoax -  
Then the truth - that he also knew!

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He as a boy from province  
Has come to the capital Moscow.  
Khrushchev then signed a petition  
And he could join Institution.

The only one sent to Army,  
Other graduates – went abroad.  
with all obstacles he could manage,  
In his life he achieved a lot.

Liza Sud

# He As A Boy From Province

He as a boy from province  
Has come to the capital Moscow.  
Khrushchev then signed a petition  
And he could join Institution.

The only one sent to Army,  
Other graduates – went abroad.  
with all obstacles he could manage,  
In his life he achieved a lot.

Liza Sud

## He Does Not Follow Me Upon Heels,

he does not follow me upon heels,  
simply knows that today I'm - there.  
and I nothing to him should explain  
and like parallel he is to days.

he is equal in being to mind  
not a word, sleep - I don't understand,  
he is as if a luminous ray  
or a ball like the sun through the shade.

Liza Sud

# He Is Filling My Body

He is filling my body  
with white light from my back.  
Constant prayer - constant loving,  
constant feeling of God,

of true happy connection:  
you are never alone.  
Oh, my sapphire angel!  
essence of tie with God!

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Liza Sud

# He Is Handsome, He S A Hero

He is handsome, he's a hero.  
he is my idol and my angel.  
he is a poet and Bilingual  
He's like folk and he is acient.

and he is forever young.  
He was born under the star  
very bright and nice and fine,  
he is innocent and wise.

and he always shines to me.  
such is his own destiny!  
And he is - the source of light  
(that's what equals him to might

of Creator in his work) .  
that is why - I love him so!  
and to every soul in hell  
all his works I will translate!

Liza Sud

## He Is In A Blue Shirt,

He is in a blue shirt,  
Sitting at simple table  
The walls are not adorned,  
But home is cozy, friendly!

Quiet the atmosphere,  
Only of his love  
The house is filled by currents.  
And falcons-boys around.

And my beloved is telling  
Quiet and simple story  
What he says is flamboyant,  
Trance - to the very soul.

Liza Sud

# He Is Truly Like National Russian

He is truly like national russian  
Is like prayers and Russian folklore,  
Never suits to him the word «fashion»,  
But the deep root of nation – in him.

With the words he is skillfully playing  
Doesn't prick you, but simply makes laugh.  
In my heart he is deeply injected  
And he walks with me upon the sky.

Inoffensive, facetious, not frightful,  
He comes out to us with whole soul.  
Like the sun and the lighthouse tower  
He is rising above the grey flock.

I don't want it to get disappeared,  
What they are reading now – is bad.  
He is full of the infinite reaches  
And like Russian word – always alive!

Liza Sud

# He Lit Upon The Stages His Matches

He lit upon the stages his matches  
and then threw them upon the floor.  
and in that fire beated hearts there,  
of hearts was full the concert hall!

No, not about Leps I'm talking!  
he lit his matches too although -  
of wolves in the angelic clothing,  
who in their lives do the same - burn!

Liza Sud

# He Needs Rubles, Wons, Dollars.

Mister Park doesn't need poems.  
He needs rubles, wons, dollars.  
Poetry - don't even show it to him.  
misunderstanding - that's what you may meet.

Julia needs them. I don't know why.  
to break again? about gaol to remind?  
may be she feels bored near the window,  
wants songs from those who are not indifferent.

Liza Sud

# He Was From Empyrean Of Christ. To J. Brodsky

Joseph goes up to the stage  
and all steps are like full of pain,  
look like of a bird from a cage,  
like from far and not of this place.

But he's stern, above all the Judgments,  
with self-confidence of Messiah,  
with a playful and kind politeness,  
always serious and reciting.

Always somewhere in long-long line,  
after dot - a new one, so endless,  
without pause, like the Word of God,  
and you find in them faith and safety.

That is how the water flows,  
That's the endlessness of Iosif.  
That's the easyness of the Cross  
who is the book of million of voices.

And for him the Nature is dead,  
And he sees no earthly seasons,  
because they all come to an end  
but there's no point to ask the reason.

That's why he wrote Naturmort -  
death of flesh, that is great, surprising.  
resurrecting like a sweet blow,  
whose dictate is uncompromising.

Went away from the sea of Ashes,  
came to the land of Money-terrika,  
wrote to both - sweet lovely passage -  
like a guest coming to barbarians.

In his life he remained so simple.  
Walking shell for a powerful Geist.  
There were two empires of evil,  
He was from empyrean of Christ.

Liza Sud

# He Will Not Click A Nuclear Button

He will not click a nuclear button.  
He knows that all by wind returns.  
But he says that - for raising Patriots  
And his speech flows like a song.

His scandals never are a vanity  
internally he's always calm.  
They always are provoked by powers –  
With them he's now in one pack.

He is against the crush of Russia.  
And in his words – the living source.  
He's beautiful and charismatic.  
He's a great genius alone.

Liza Sud

# Healed Me To The Root.

I don't know who I am now –  
Father pierced me through  
With his needle, dear Father -  
Healed me to the root.

Liza Sud

# Hearts, Hearts All Around

In childhood the stones are embracing,  
Although they are only the stones.  
They have a soul, are connected  
And have a sacred talk.

That's how I feel it now:  
Many hearts whisper beat.  
Hearts, hearts are all around,  
And every drop is lit!

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Liza Sud

# Heaven's Congress

Comrades hurry to the train,  
Just from Heaven's Congress.  
Laitman has begun uniting them  
For spiritual progress.

Eight people in group in a ring stand,  
And embrace the shoulders.  
There're no limits for their body, hands:  
All are - in one body.

Hands of one of fellows - are your hands,  
Hold them by your prayer.  
It's your prayer that holds brother's life,  
Only by your prayer!

That is the Great Litany  
of the Orthodox Church:  
We're in Christ's totality,  
Tied through living whirls.

The Church says the Body is one thing:  
Dead ones or alive -  
By one Christ, only by Him we live,  
Wear His power.

In the end - the ideal is reached  
of Humanity. Its prototype -  
We draw, easily as flower's sleep -  
Rising to the sky.

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Liza Sud

# Heavens Mine

Heavens mine, heavens mine,  
All about you I have told.  
I love you, never scold,  
But remember the land.

Heavens mine, heavens mine,  
I would change you for woods,  
But again I may not come to you,  
I will carry my cross in the sky.

from ESN

Liza Sud

## Hebrew Excites To Light,

Hebrew excites to Light,  
Impossible to be rude.  
It's tender, from throat comes.  
With thought, not emotion fused.

Hebrew is super-rational,  
three-letter roots in words.  
Hebrew is not emotional,  
rises your ear to God.

So talk - I have dreamed:  
angels among themselves.  
Suddenly I met this  
in Jewish speech on earth.

Liza Sud

# Hello, Blok!

You are inhaling His winds,  
and by His sun you are warmed.  
In the morning and in the evening  
you are dreaming with Him for long.

His voice you can never hear,  
can't recognize in the stars.  
But it all His letters you're reading  
All poems - to Him - you write.

All poems on Fair Husband,  
It's mystery: He is - God.  
as to Fair Lady sighing -  
In general, hello, Blok!

Fair Husband in church is hidden.  
where sometimes in twilight Blok  
was searching Fair female omage  
and in the altar - discerned.

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Liza Sud

# Hello, My Dear,

Hello, my dear,  
My feelings with you - in reality,  
I just do not know the other  
So much by you - I live,

People in shorts - are suspicious,  
And I'm - naked, always,  
I live myself with God, slowly,  
And love as a star is beaming.

... Only for me without you, as with vodka,  
When there is no home-brew...  
Like, everything - the same thing, only,  
Bitter, and darkness, and gloom.

Be so welcome to come,  
And do not be frightened,  
We - are not on the rails trams  
And we will turn - to love, if we have to!

Liza Sud

## Her Body Is Pink,

Her body is pink,  
on her head - two horns.  
is she so sick?  
She doesn't know God.

If she prayed to God -  
horns would disappear  
and then they would marry  
with her King Louis!

Liza Sud

## Here Everyone - Not You,

Here everyone - not you,  
and everything - not here.  
And this is true because - from God.  
since the first man first sin committed  
He made us poky - this mankind.

Liza Sud

# Hey Gorgeous,

Hey Gorgeous, How are you doing?  
Anyway there was no way  
i could just flip pass your page, oh beauty,  
when i saw how astonishing you look. I say -

I must say: You beat imagination  
of almost all men in their fantasy world.  
I would love to meet you behind great looks  
to know your personality behind that awe,

and see what happens from there. You never  
can tell what life have in stock for both of us.  
tired of living a lonely life, - make me  
lively, happy and loving again.

hope to hear from you soon and till then  
stay cool and say well to all your family, friends.....  
Gorgeous, beauty, all hope, sweetheart, dear,  
answer me, and till then - Remain BLESSed.

Liza Sud

## His Book "close Your Soul, Ivan"

His book "Close your soul, Ivan" -  
is the height of political lyrics!  
There he writes about our mental mind,  
There on politics flowers are singing.

There he wrote that he was unhappy,  
There he wrote that he was alone.  
He's your brother and father, the party  
Of your dreams, where he learned about you all.

Liza Sud

# His Saliva Gets Poisoned

When a person gets angry –  
His saliva gets poisoned.  
When I think that –I'm smiling,  
And no anger inside.

Liza Sud

## Ho Well He Talks,

How well he talks,  
How we were listening!  
He is the son of Wolf  
(Grandpa loved Mozart!)

maybe the fairy tales,  
that he lives kindly!  
But - in Sokolniki  
he gives us ice cream!

Liza Sud

# Hollywood Against Trump?

Hollywood against Trump?  
What a fantastic drill!  
Producers of sin and filth.  
get out from Dove of peace!

Dissiminating sin,  
get out, pseudo- stars!  
guns and freedom to kill  
is in your cinema!

You can't be praised from God  
for your strip- nakedness,  
Get out from D. Trump!  
Rise up to penitence!

You think that world loves you?  
No, you are mistaken!  
Starlets of Hollywood,  
by the world disrespected!

Hollywood against Trump?  
The effect is inverse:  
Love to him rises up.  
And to Hollywood - no!

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Liza Sud

# Holy Bowl From Iohann

The moment has come, the day was last and happy,  
I don't want in the world the snow to melt  
I want forever the Eucharisy bowl  
Like Light in me for everyday to melt.

Liza Sud

# Holy Supremacy Over The Universe -

Holy supremacy over the Universe -  
Through Love to all - from orphanage to bring them!  
Love implicates all back to her -  
Appearance of Christ. It is so clear.

Liza Sud

## How God Cherished Him,

How God cherished him,  
As His own eyes' apple,  
As if Himself was supple  
To his oper's caprice,

Which were His own dictates,  
Or Devil is their writer?  
Who in all those souls plays –  
Who are you, the great Wagner?

Liza Sud

# How God Loves Israel -

How God loves Israel -  
As light - through our night.  
As the prophet Isaiah Said  
about the Babylon child.

In Chapter Forty-seventh,  
as He will rise her skirt,  
and there she will be naked -  
and stand before the court.

How Saint is coming unto her.  
You thought - that Love process  
is just a prototype on earth? -  
but it from heavens came.

Liza Sud

# How Perfect Her Soul Is!

How perfect her soul is!  
Coming to work, she gleams!  
And in a teapot she herself pours water,  
In the canteen she lets me go forward.

She gives me no promotion the fourth year.  
But what is it to me? – just to work near,  
To follow, as a shadow, on her way,  
And to be in her shade – is yet a wonderous day!

Liza Sud

# 'How The Stars Sing In The Sky'

'How the stars sing in the sky'  
Divine are the sounds they drop!  
I see vaguely through the moonlight  
the beautiful hands of a girl.

How thinly, how gracefully slide,  
upon the keys they quickly fly!  
They gently caress my eyesight,  
And my breast gives a silent sigh.

The melodies are in tact, silence.  
they are sublime and subtle, supple...  
they sound in my heart, in the depth,  
The Witnesses of joy and pain!

Liza Sud

# How To Embrace You Tightly,

How to embrace you tightly,  
keeping within work bounds,  
to implant letters inside you  
as to the walls in a jar.

they would remain there forever  
as in a sealed jar,  
like kids are born again then,  
through times to people back.

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Liza Sud

# How With My Life I Am Fed Up!

How of my life I have enough!  
how with my life I am fed up!  
maybe more lonely days I'll have.  
Why only do I need them, God?

Liza Sud

# How Would I Survive

How would I survive  
If someone didn't like me?  
If someone doesn't like you –  
You are away from Christ.

I want to caress, to calm you,  
Purity is above me.  
Incense of love embalms me,  
all flushes and flies up.

Liza Sud

## How You Like To Humiliate,

And I know, my darling Julia,  
how you like to humiliate,  
how you like to look in my eyes  
but the ice cream I never get.

How you like to stay there with a cup  
and not to go forward, as I do,  
And you recall what yesterday we had -  
All years, all years, all the years through.

In general, you are perfection, Julia!  
Because you so remember me.  
Don't be shy of emotions, Julia.  
We - are so deep, and we are - everywhere.

Liza Sud

# Human Body Doesn't Excite Me.

Human body doesn't excite me.  
It is dull: slim or fat – repulsive.  
What excites me – is human writing,  
More than that – above-human Bible.

Liza Sud

# Human Means To Be Saint,

Human means to be saint,  
Not just to make mistakes,  
But we spoiled our children  
And have too few heroes.

Weakness is sub-normal.  
Weakness is –yes – human,  
But call for Christ – call Him! –  
And you'll become pure!

Liza Sud

# Hymn To Asexuality

Banal are - the straights.  
And banal -homosexuals.  
And we - we are the best.  
because we are - asexuals.

even if we begin  
embracing or a hugging  
it is so pure and clean  
as sisters and as brothers.

To people - do not lie:  
your sex is not - to'breed'.  
for children is enough -  
only one time to sleep.

We feel pious and easy.  
We are so clean and free.  
and we for dirty movies -  
don't pay the Japanese.

We do not look at people  
as the subject of sex.  
No toys - among the living!  
For love - without sex! ! !

Liza Sud

# I Adore All The Kinds Of Heresies,

I adore all the kinds of heresies,  
for example of Jakob Frank.  
When he equals Shekhina to Mother-god  
and then how he was baptized.

I adore all the kinds of heresies,  
oh leave people in peace, alone!  
Let them fly deep and high in fantasies,  
lead their crazy love, you drones!

I adore all the kinds of heresies,  
and if there are many messiahs  
let them be - they all are like poems,  
which are turning you upside down.

I adore all the kinds of heresies,  
they are brilliants, striking gems.  
And God's thoughts - they are just as crazy cause  
He's the author of ALL of them.

Books of christians - I am sick of them!  
Lack of system - that is their blame.  
Stupid knowledge for stupid people  
but you cannot go away.

Yes, you give people light in Eucharist,  
But you never explain the steps,  
And Kabbalah is more deep really,  
Does this matter? Or to forget?

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Liza Sud

# I Am A Rosy Pony,

I am a rosy pony,  
and I am loving you.  
And somewhere horses go,  
And it is hard in drove.

When I will give you kisses -  
then you remember me.  
Although I existed  
in your with Lisa sleep,

In hairs of white color -  
the grey streaks of the clouds,  
And there is only sky there,  
And no earthly bad.

I'm sitting on the handle -  
so you write with this nib,  
In the monotonous silence,  
that now we are three!

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Liza Sud

# I Am Afraid Of Beasts, From Balmont

I am afraid of beasts, and worms, and birds,  
And their animal sleep torment my soul.  
No, I love only fluency of dawn,  
Wind and the muffled maritime ding-dong.

No, I love only the dead mountain rocks,  
Leaves and the flowers eternally speechless,  
And refined tracteries of human thought,  
And the familiar native human features.

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# I Am Conserved As In A Cloud,

I am conserved as in a cloud,  
I read a book - by Edit Nesbit.  
All that you thought up - all that may be  
there's even no need for words of lyrics.

I recall time - still in an embryo,  
before the descent to the drop of someone's sperm -  
without any nest - the free flight of my soul,  
with no adult fantasies, without tears of the earth.

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Liza Sud

# I Am Filled With A Quiet Delight,

I am filled with a quiet delight,  
Because inside I feel no more pain,  
shameful sin out of my soul is plucked  
when with the gentle whisper I pray.

I am raised by imperishable force,  
And the Spirit overflows in my breast,  
You have seen now the boundless world,  
And the father said simply: 'Come in! '

You are stretching your hands up to Him,  
And you rush to the heavens, 'Rabbi! '  
O My Lord, how You amaze me,  
I am unworthy of Thy love, indeed!

And my heart is filled with joy, so light.  
This belief - why you gave it to me? !!  
And He said: 'To remember the Son, -  
it is given - to love as He did! '

Liza Sud

# I Am Genius And Feel Lonely,

I am genius and feel lonely,  
But more lonely without you!  
So please come and leave me your comments,  
And for that I'll be hugging you!

Liza Sud

# I Am Going Crazy

I am going crazy. I'm afraid of night.  
I'm pale as the moon. I am very sick.  
I have no more force. I just want to live.  
Dead orange. And soon I'll go to the night.

Do not call me. I - don't hear anymore.  
In the broad daylight give crumbs to the birds.  
A disease in me swaddles a cocoon.  
Bright beam on the bottom. Can't see from the room.

here I'm not alone. Many of the victims.  
here is a lot to see. Life, Death in a mixture.  
Doctor's silent, looks. Mystery is closed.  
Death makes face to me. And the soul is broken.

Translation from L.S.

Liza Sud

# I Am In Such A Hurry!

I am in such a hurry!  
Oh I am so pragmatic.  
I knew we had tryst in garden.  
Tryst - plainly means love, romantic.

But I am in such a hurry,  
I got used only to walls.  
I got used to earning money,  
and nights here are always cold.

I have no kisses here,  
Don't know how to spend the night.  
Excuse me please, dear Daniel.  
I'm not learned to satisfy.

I have a spontaneous fantasy -  
two minutes while poem lasts.  
But as for a true reality -  
I'm poor in sex and shy.

You have said: the walls were falling,  
when I stood near you.  
And a new light was glowing  
around and inside you.

That's how I imagine the meeting.  
Inside walls - without walls.  
With no physical kissing  
but so blended with all.

It's almost breaking our bodies,  
They don't distract us like walls,  
And walls between us fall down,  
when you are mine and I'm - yours.

Liza Sud

# I Am Lonely, But Don't Feel Longing.

I am lonely, but don't feel longing.  
I'm alone, but I don't feel bad.  
Any person is God's belonging  
And has no right to be sad!

Liza Sud

# I Am Loving Your Picture,

I am loving your picture,  
where you stand at the window  
wearing white shirt, Michael,  
and looking at the clouds.

And next to you they play Mozart,  
as in the studio of artist, -  
canvases stand, or probably,  
it's prayer that in synagogue happens.

Angel of peace lives in synagogues,  
I attended one in St. Petersburg,  
there I was loved from a threshold  
though not even known, apparently.

I went there on Yom Kippur,  
and asked her about a restaurant,  
then to service buying Sidur,  
guessing from her face obviously

something terrible on Yom Kippur  
is happening, but despite of  
my ignorance - she was good  
and her eyes were loving and shining!

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Liza Sud





# I Am Proud Of Diego Rivera,

I am proud of Diego Rivera,  
Who created a fresco  
With Lenin and Rockefeller  
Ordered then to erase it.

Rockefeller fired Diego  
For the laconic reply  
Refusing to change face of Lenin  
So that no one recognized.

Diego returned to Mexico  
Where restored the fresco:  
The hands of workers in Mexico  
Were united by Lenin.

Rockefeller didn't pay  
Money to Diego Rivera,  
But the world didn't forget  
The destroyed fresco: Lenin.

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Liza Sud

# I Am Proud That I Live In The Epoch Of Laitman.

I am proud that I live in the epoch of Laitman.  
and that I had a chance to hear the genius.  
all his postulates are honeyed  
at my time I have checked them really.

He keeps peace in the palm of his hand,  
and his hand - in the hands of God.  
so it is clear that when they raise  
there is merge of wills of two saints.

Holy God Himself, the other - little.  
all of us are just marionettes.  
in the universe, in a large Theater,  
where Holy director plays.

and do not be afraid of Him.  
don't believe in the blood from murder.  
he loves, he is ready to give in,  
But He just wants to first check you firstly,

if you're playing your role properly  
and according to his instructions.  
then all the way will be smooth,  
and healthy - the constitution.

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Liza Sud

# I Am Rude, I Am Sad,

I am rude, I am sad,  
I am not nice, I'm bad,  
I am beautiful – yes!  
Beauty makes a regress.

I'm evil, I'm dark,  
I'm despotic, maniac.  
Don't want it to be said  
On The Judgment Dooms day.

If I had any sins –  
God, from them my soul cleanse!  
So that angels would say:  
Grace, please don't turn away!

Liza Sud

# I Am Sitting Near A Blue Sapphire,

I am sitting near a blue sapphire,  
looking inside of it.  
I could never imagine I would fall in love  
with a stone, not a king.

Its blue depth are cooling, white light is warming,  
and dazzling makes powerful,  
such light's penetrating is never boring,  
but calming, refreshing, good.

Gem won my attention, it reminds of Vrubel,  
his magnificent dazzling style!  
I'm the slave of his game, his coldness, looking, -  
the angel of my mind.

And although silent, he is speaking, talking -  
this enormous jewel from God,  
To the left - his care, to the right - new glow,  
Oh, the robber of my heart!

Liza Sud

# I Am That Very Source Of Light,

I am that very source of light,  
there are two stars in my eyes,  
and in summer by them I fight  
going through to the winter time.

That is how the sun is shining.  
It has no sense of a break,  
No tiredness with its rays  
the same radiance we should make.

But we judge the sun by ourselves,  
we refuse it to be above,  
we refuse perfectness to be round.  
in ten illuminating spheres.

And that is why we are like morons  
lending our glance to slush,  
we see breaks in shine of a soul  
and thus we rip the saint ties.

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Liza Sud

# I Am The Marionette Of Inspiration

I am the marionette of inspiration  
it is playing with me as it wants,  
as the sunset to the night is tending,  
like a leaf - to the autumn leaffall.

Who will tell me - how does a leaf grow?  
who is leading fluids through his streaks?  
but there comes a time for it to blossom,  
and the plant is flowering, this is it.

Typical, but why you cant predict?  
A tree or a leaf have no brain,  
but it grows so right and well  
and now it rules the way I think.

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Liza Sud

# I Am Tired Of Everyday War,

I am tired of everyday war,  
marking time at the same very level.  
We (humanity) move for so long.  
Make a separate planet for devil!

Let him once again get your bright light.  
Let him feel at last strong love-repentance.  
I am tired of everyday fight.  
In Your world - are there not enough places?

Enough levels for every -  
for every desire or thought.  
What for to get the light of Communion -  
wasn't Lucifer brighter?

Can't you make enough vessels  
(like people) and open You more?  
My indifference colds me -  
to who will be filling me Christ or...?

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Liza Sud

## I Ask A Wonder From Saint John -

I ask a wonder from saint John -  
I want to see a baptized Laitman,  
and then we'll see who rules the world  
and if my poetry has power.

How will Saint John arrive to you?  
Yes, very simply, on a cloud.  
And you will see Christ loving you,  
stars bringing Israel to power.

You'll see that there is no seam  
between two churches and two nations.  
And we have nothing to conceal -  
We both had ONE revelation.

And you will see the feet of Christ.  
That are so mild, that high in heaven  
they never damage bleeds of grass.  
and you have seen it all already.

What will be further? - Fasts, rewards.  
Kabbalah's Christian revealing.  
But you have done all the hard work -  
so it will be like the last cleaning.

I hear you voice! ! ! : Christ is our God.  
You will baptize. I have no doubt.  
because your tender voice is hoarse  
and hoarse voice contains 'Christ' sound.

It always sounds in your mind,  
And it's His light that I hear flashing,  
And when you use the Hebrew tongue  
Your accent is holiday Russian.

It's not a joke, It's not a joke.  
to me - I would never afford this.  
The thread between us - is Light's stroke,  
the alloy of Russian-world stories.

You called yourself a Communist,  
and inside soul you're very Soviet,  
you broke away from Judaism -  
so make step - to Christian glory.

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Liza Sud

# I Bring Light And Warmth To People

I bring light and warmth to people.  
I bring them money and joy.  
I'm not the sun, but I feel pretty.  
I glow, I'm god in the world!

We all are gods, my friend, and I am.  
We all to each other glitter,  
Joy and happiness - we are carrying.  
We are saints. We are gods. We are children.

Liza Sud

# I Can Never Touch Somebody's Hand –

I can never touch somebody's hand –  
It seems that I steal from God,  
And more – I can't touch the heart –  
Because heart is in, I'm –out.

Liza Sud

# I Cannot Take An Offence

At you I cannot take an offence,  
Even if I don't win your contest.  
Any time when I visit your page -  
then again I begin to glow.

There are two colors native to heart:  
the blue sky and the yellow sun.  
I am always warmed by your site,  
It is pouring the joy of life.

And the same should be our love to God,  
Because He's always shining to us.  
By sins He may be shielded from us.  
But our meeting with Him makes us shine.

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Liza Sud

# I Cry For Michael Jackson,

I cry for Michael Jackson,  
This Peter Pan whose look is so kind.  
One single shot – and adoration,  
Although I have forgotten Michael.

Never before I've been his fan.  
Pop music was for me no sensation.  
But suddenly came tears to the eyes.  
It means – the angel.

He was like always shining sun.  
Sublime in every gesture,  
Controlled and silently resigned,  
Intelligent on traps and questions.

Almost himself –a piece of Art,  
God grants reluctantly and seldom.  
Majestic, elegant, composed and smart-  
The king of hearts of every nation.

From high above and dreaming - the Moonwalker,  
He brought the grown-ups to Neverland.  
Everyone's heart through tears untimely stopping -  
It proves his innocence – the happy end.

Liza Sud



# I Do Believe: The Sun Will Wait For You,

I do believe: the sun will wait for you,  
And the light rays will be reaching your eyes,  
And will declare what joy it gives, by love  
and calmness to cure spirit in a fuss.

And the Lamb will be shining with delight,  
Love and light with enthusiasm He'll give,  
Cover with gold the steps of the altar  
To come, to fall at the feet of the King...

He will be stretching the cover of grace,  
in shining lights of the Saint Holy dawn.  
For hope, without any useless frase,  
His Saving love on disciples bestow.

And Vanity Will Then Recede And F reeze,  
the trembling soul will discover eon,  
When you will see: how slowly fleets  
to the footsteps of Christ - a greenish ball.

Be still now and know that I am - God!  
I have redeemed you by My Holy blood!  
There are to the abyss the thousands of roads,  
And to the sky I've paved the only one!

Liza Sud

# I Do Not Care For My Copyright

I do not care for my copyright.  
I'm orthodox and I believe in God!  
In His world He will understand who stole,  
who needs them, and where all of us wake up!

Protection of the rights seems sacrilegious,  
as to protect from thieves life, body, spirit.  
The Law of Love was not canceled by God,  
and He will judge and give back what you've got.

Liza Sud

# I Do Not Care Your Errors In Orthography.

Obsession

I do not care your errors in orthography.  
although all words are heaven's golden codes.  
if poems come from angels or from mafia -  
I'll not be dying from an overdose.

Inerrant books stand near paradise gates.  
and codes of forces hide behind the numbers.  
Although we believe in something counter -  
our letters will be the high magistrates.

Love is herself a wonderful obsession.  
That's her resemblance to eternal life.  
only in God there is lack of causation  
and in my verse to you I can't stop write.

Neither I was a rule, nor you - the reason.  
we are as the whole unit that was smitten.  
And because all will always be like this  
if we are rising up above two limits.

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Liza Sud

# I Do Not Like This Word: A King

I do not like this word: a King  
after these horror stories on Mark  
because king - he is always alive  
and reality is stronger than freak.

It's so easy to kill for a king:  
and to kill both Isolde and Tristan.  
it's because I have become big,  
and a fairy tale became real.

Liza Sud

# I Do Not Need Bliss At The Cost Of Abasements.

I do not need bliss at the cost of abasements.  
Do not need love! I am sad not of it.  
Give me the soul to give it to ghosts, Savior,  
one of my favorite ghosts in their quiet realm.

Liza Sud

# I Don T Want To Become A Stall!

I don't want to become a stall!  
I will sing - how shitty is all!  
Will outline state of mind by the word  
And I'll find the way out for my soul!

I can not, I can not stop to sing I  
And I also can not stop to fly,  
it's because I have scored such a height,  
that to fold wings means simply - to die!

That's all. It has bgroutg me some ease,  
And the forces have come to the breast -  
Don't be sad, friends, the flight will go on!  
By the song will awaken the world!

Liza Sud

# I Don't Like Stressed Femininity,

I don't like stressed femininity,  
I'm sick of long and curled hair,  
I love men in full sublimity,  
With no sex, but clever.

Liza Sud

# I Don't Love You Any Longer, Boris.

I don't love you any longer, Boris.  
You make me sick, to me you are repulsive.  
Pour out your anger in another place  
And spend for nothing the acquired power.

Liza Sud

# I Don't Read Stupid

I don't read stupid arseholes and birdbrains  
With their questions from nowhere.  
All is lower than waist of higher than heads.  
As for the last - let miracles be there!

Liza Sud

# I Don't Miss Joseph Any More.

I don't miss Joseph any more.  
As something in my soul has ripened.  
I radiate my own glow,  
it is all-loving, self - confinding.

Your loneliness, your common sense  
became my face, just as I wanted,  
It is a duty - to embrace  
too many followers to shock them.

I don't miss Joseph any more  
because to him I'm became close.  
Just a few light short steps to go -  
And I will stop missing saint John too.

There's only one truth - to miss Christ -  
and you'll become completely happy.  
Hard to explain, to understand -  
it's how to walk above the ground.

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Liza Sud

# I Don't Need Any Deaf Readers. To D.

I don't need any deaf readers.  
And my books are the work of light  
with my faults, my mistakes, my issues.  
To deaf readers I say: good bye.

But before that I say: thank you!  
You have taught me a lot of bliss  
by offence and misunderstanding -  
that God gives individual script.

It's so calm! It's your own road,  
and you go alone on it.  
With your fellows you always grow,  
like small cells of one organism.

May be there are more strong ones,  
to the country and world - like angels.  
And the stairs of Truth that opens  
in the right time will make you famous.

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Liza Sud

# I Don't Remember You

I don't remember you when I'm stronger  
But only week a little - fly to you -  
Oh who are you my angel oh my guardian,  
And why my destiny you're coming through,

You reign in it so quietly and gently,  
Don't give a sign of presence of yourself...  
I wanted to be one with you my angel,  
But you don't say a word - to my distress.

Liza Sud

# I Don'T Value My Words

I don't value my words  
as the rain doesn't value its drops  
It has passed - and skies are more clean,  
flowers in beds and redder the cheeks, ...

So a cloud loves a lightning's light,  
after that it sees valleys the best  
And it needs only distance, no track  
or hello, that by thunders is sent...

Liza Sud

# I Don'T Want To Sing A Dithyramb

I don't want to sing a dithyramb  
and to flatter you I do not want  
You are simply so dear to my heart -  
for comparison I find no words,

To write poems I have no strength -  
with your silence akin to become,  
And I'd like to be dumb as a grave,  
to be able to show my love,

All of yours in me - unprecedented,  
as the first sip of milk for a child,  
And your eyes widely open to heaven,  
where only for shines a star...

Liza Sud

# I Dream In A Hot Shower

I dream in a hot shower  
to kiss you on my knees  
wallpapers with pink tabernacles  
where rabbits to us will heed.

You will be sitting disclosed,  
you'll be as always - mild,  
and I will be like unbroken  
intelligentsia.

You will be sitting quietly,  
will laugh at me sometimes,  
and I in peace and harmony  
will dictate words in rhyme.

So very intelligently -  
interorbital fall  
will finish simultaneously  
in merge of cosmic holes.

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Liza Sud

# I Expected

I expected a negress all the verse -  
of amethystine signets.  
But the parrot there was in lilac spots  
closer to her extremely.

Sapphire was holy. When he was an angel.  
in the forehead between the pearls he shone.  
But the small horns in the green sunset verdure,  
has sewn the arc of small mother of pearls.

Liza Sud

# I Fear That By My Fervent Love, From Balmont

I fear that by my fervent love  
perhaps I caused you an abuse.  
Dear friend, this feeling poured like cloud,  
I could not fight, I fell in love with you.  
Oh, forgive me! By a melodious tale  
like by a dream I was spellbound then.

I'll pass away and the reproach will die,  
And you will be again alone and cold.  
A mournful plea of funeral feast will come

and carry you by the wave of chant song.  
Like songs of the forgotten motherland,  
Like of a sleeping dream a flown sigh.

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Liza Sud

## I Fell In Love With Gay,

I fell in love with gay,  
He even was unfriendly.  
He said that I was there  
to show my stupidity unbravely.

In silence of the hall they didn't laugh,  
But waited for delight and for the flight  
He was for them like father, friend and god.  
I understood that it was partly right!

Liza Sud

# I Fell In Love With The Arabian Boy,

To a Syrian boy-singer from Voice Kids.

I fell in love with the Arabian boy,  
he sang a song 'I'd rather be'.  
And Laitman's progress was at home,  
but I didn't attend because of him.

I fell in love with the Arabian boy,  
His singing better was than of the author,  
I fell in love with other boys and girls,  
with their singing, eyes and deep bell voices!

I fell in love with the Arabian boy,  
although the jews always seem more spiritual,  
my life is oxymoron, paradox!  
I start to love God's Light in every creature!

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His song at Voice contest:

Liza Sud

# I Felt Like On The Clouds

I felt like on the clouds  
when I was reading these lines.  
Should I be tense, keep silence,  
suppress these words and hide?

You were with me like guardian,  
brother, or father, friend,  
Like Joseph to God's Mother -  
taking her out of pain.

Don't want explain to another,  
don't want all powers to see.  
Is it so bad, Sapphire? -  
tell me the reason please.

It was your shining presence  
through the overcast day.  
Or should I go to heavens  
with no earthly men?

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Liza Sud

# I Finish My Poetical Career. To Balmont

I finish my poetical career.  
There is only one reason for it - Balmont.  
Near such a virtuoso you're unreal,  
He is the Russian poetry best flower!

He will completely break you down  
and after seeng such a verge of height  
you will not dare to win this mountain.  
He's shining sun, The only one!

I wanted to begin when I met Brodsky,  
Cause he is someone whom you may catch up.  
But as for Balmont - he is born a poet.  
And if not born - you should choose other life.

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Liza Sud

# I Found A Church In Haifa To Baptize You.

'And behold, I am the light and the life of the world...' (3 Nephi 11: 10-11

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I found a church in Haifa to baptize you.  
It is the church of prophet Ilya.  
And tit contains 'L' from the name of Laitman.  
And there is 'L' from Liza Sudina.

It is a church of pleasant rosy color,  
of 'L' in love on the hill of Carmel,  
from which Carmel the prophet Elijahu  
in the fiery chariot rode to heaven.

And 'L' from love and 'L' from the Kaballah,  
'L' on my toungue, in Pravoslavie -  
the only way - to Christ - and no other,  
The name of Light is Christ. No other way.

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Liza Sud

# I Grudge My Beautiful Bosoms

I grudge my beautiful bosoms  
To give them to men's delight.  
He will feel pleasure, I - no.  
That's the whisper of light.

Oh, I never feel lucky  
When my body is used.  
Too egoistic I am  
But also don't like to use.

Is it the lack of energy,  
Is it absence of life?  
I love poems and melodies -  
Things that will never die.

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Liza Sud

# I Had Such A Great Feeling...

I had such a great feeling...  
And I've got a sapphire.  
It was almost like wwound bleeding,  
close to death, I am tired.

That's my name: 'I am tired',  
but there is no death.  
The truth is - there is a Sapphire,  
that's Light of your life and health.

That is just a Sapphire,  
WHOM we are looking for.  
He controls all desires,  
he's dictating the Law.

Do you think that I'm crazy?  
Oh, all people are blind.  
they search all on the faces,  
but it is... - a Sapphire!

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Liza Sud

# I Have Always Seen Icon In You:

I have always seen icon in you:  
in your turn and the tilt of your head,  
as through a lot of times, many days  
You were smiling at me on the way.

And you come not to me, but to God,  
And to Him you say: 'do not forget'.  
And you soar like a small bird with love.  
even when you just smile and you whist.

and I also like a little settlement,  
that was lost in the woods, very far.  
and I see you in it with a cradle,  
and I also see spring in your eyes.

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Liza Sud

# I Have Beautiful Hands,

I have beautiful hands,  
I have beautiful legs,  
I have beautiful ass,  
And that is not yet all, friends!

How beautiful is my soul -  
flying somewhere to the stars,  
Well, let it fly as it goes:  
We will speak about us.

On my face, I forgot -  
On my face, I'm frightening,  
But I can lie down on my tummy:  
You will understand - what is what.

I wrote totally with no rhyme -  
is it what you really want?  
Do you want to rhyme - go...ck,  
And without rhyme - to me row!

Translatiion from YK

Liza Sud

# I Have Never Prayed

I have never prayed  
for American.  
didn't see the sense,  
depth in alien.

His speech has effaced  
the soul's color play,  
it sounded strange,  
and the prayer was dead.

but now, after a long  
lessons Bilingual-  
realized that God  
many prophets had,

and they have explained:  
as the branches, speech -  
is the Tree of Life  
just to any people.

and now what to say -  
I don't know it seems,  
and heart, as the page,  
I choose for my plea.

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Liza Sud

# I Have No More Inspiration

I have no more inspiration  
and love for the English language,  
Joseph made this love in America,  
But Brik Daniel caused destruction.

It was his religious doubt,  
it was his running back and forth,  
not congratulating on my birthday.  
maybe it has no sense at all.

I don't like protests in America,  
do not like President Am-ama.  
but America - is not Brik Daniel.  
and dream is healing any trauma.

And why do I need America?  
I love Rus-mother so much,  
Light is not on the shore so faraway -  
But just here - right in my heart!

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Liza Sud

# I Have No Right To Betray God,

I have no right to betray God,  
Everyone will feel bad from it.  
I loved you for a very long time.  
And you managed to capture me.

So let to God be directed  
This our love.  
And let only to Him be presented  
Our flesh, our soul and blood.

Liza Sud

# I Have Nothing Of My Own Essense.

I have nothing of my own essence.  
I'm a vessel without walls  
Of an endless sky, and the angels  
Sing the symphony of the world.

All that comes from the earth is humming,  
Having no power over me.  
And the evil snakes come succumbing,  
Bringing poison of moon within.

That is why my own voice is reaching  
The remotest sides of a soul.  
And the wolves run away from pitches  
to forget what they are longing for.

And you always come to me there.  
To escape with me from yourself.  
So sit on my knees and with care  
I'll remove lock from your forehead.

Liza Sud

# I Hurried To The Train

I hurried to the train.  
I went to the third platform.  
But the train that stood there  
was not mine, but another one.

I run back to glass door -  
there was one escalator -  
it was moving down slowly,  
and I run up against it.

I run up with a bag  
and two books, very heavy,  
and my both busy hands  
didn't let me touch railing.

It was Angel's thesaurus  
that I bought near the railway  
and the Birthday profiles -  
author Goldshneider Gary.

There were 5 more stairs,  
and almost horisontal.  
But on its top - I fell,  
and two books fell half opened.

I started to move back,  
and afraid of this engine -  
I took my books and bag -  
and was running like crazy.

And at last when I reached  
the top of escalator -  
I asked people to see  
what was platform of my train.

And I run a long way  
to the second - they told me.  
But there was no train.  
Only dark, when I turned to

clock - just 4 minutes left,  
and the train was in far end,  
and I run and I went  
to it, with pain in belly.

In WC I spew up,  
It was only my Pepsi,  
and three wounds - at my right  
knee, three wounds - at my left leg.

And I thought - it's a sin,  
I was really punished,  
And it hurts: three to three  
Bloody red blots - to garnish.

Liza Sud

# I Just Imagine You Came To My House, To M.

I just imagine you came to my house,  
and you were sitting at my smalll divan,  
and yellow curtains and your blinking glasses,  
and Russia - out, Israel - inside.

You sit and smile, you are kind like an angel,  
we sit alone and silence is around.  
And love is standing, and white light is ranging,  
and I give words, which flow, and you - guide.

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Liza Sud

# I Lie On The Sofa In The Museum,

I lie on the sofa in the museum,  
We just crawled along the ledges,  
portico with balconies were built us,  
We were so close to the stars.

from the ledge we were not falling,  
We hold on to the ropes and burrs.  
only looked down - virginity we recalled,  
and fear for his life, and the first birth.

Liza Sud

# I Like Grigoriy Leps

I like Grigoriy Leps for so long.  
It doesn't matter if he turns or not,  
Because my heart is beating with his song  
And I adore and worship his deep voice!

it all began with 'a glass on a table',  
then 'what of that' was followed by a 'blizzard',  
a concert in the Kremlin after 'Sail',  
about Leps to my friends non-stop speaking.

Liza Sud

# I Like The Prose Of Wagner,

I like the prose of Wagner,  
Its high majestic style,  
His "Opera und Drama",  
Two volumes of "My life".

There are no sad emotions,  
Nor self-pity or pride,  
You see just his devotion  
to music, love for wife,

respect for her and women,  
He is aristocrat,  
Philosopher, with humor,  
Rich fantasies, great mind.

He's absolutely sober:  
He never starts to blame  
His awful life, although  
He had a lot to claim.

Liza Sud

# I Like To Hit The Depression,

I like to hit the depression,  
because it's - the beast from demons.  
and you are - forever young.  
and always stay - under my hand!

Liza Sud

# I Liked The Robbers Since My Childhood

I liked the robbers since my childhood –  
Like Berezovsky, Richard Wagner,  
One – took the wealth from half a country.  
The other – wife from married husband.

Yes, since my childhood I liked robbers,  
But only those who have no fear.  
The only one who helped to tear  
Away from them was John from Kronstadt.

Liza Sud

# I Live - But It's A Miracle!

I live - but it's a miracle!  
I breathe!  
what else do I need to wonder?  
I don't want  
Anything but childhood,  
Because then -  
everything is clear: all - only a means,  
that a Life - could live!

Liza Sud

# I Love Light

I don't love men or women -  
I love Light.  
All things are just His dresses, where  
He hides.

His dresses become dirty,  
Become spoiled.  
And only He without being haughty  
is true God.

Not you - He makes you an ideal  
dictating love.  
He sends angels in verse to teach you,  
To Him to guide.

It's He - the best  
of all the lovers.  
He is unchangeable -  
but changes light

Into all forms  
to stun your brain and  
To bring delight!

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Liza Sud

## I Love Music,

I love music, which on sounds  
hangs between the earth and sky.  
And like happiness it pulses  
When with leitmotif collides.

With a ballad my heart merges,  
Symphony it outgrows,  
And becomes the part of virgin  
Light, created by Great God.

Liza Sud

# I Love Rex!

I'm pinky, but you are blue!  
you are smiling but you feel - gloom.  
you are tender, but you want sex.  
I don't want sex, cause I love Rex!

Liza Sud

# I Love To Disslove In A Scenery,

I love to disslove in a scenery,  
as we were taught by Joseph Brodsky,  
Not just simply to merge with greenery,  
but become an invisible walker.

what are all those wars to us?  
you fall not in pool of blood -  
but at the God's hands,  
which weep away all by love.

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Liza Sud

# I Love You Till Ecstasy,

I'm loving you till orgasm,  
until the complete dissolving,  
and do you ever know why? -  
for the fact that a lot of poems

are written one after another,  
what you encourage to do,  
and to you the first breath is flying  
and exhale of Light straight-through.

I love you till ecstasy,  
grow together with you lightly,  
as the mushrooms grow in the skies - so  
that in vortexes to breed,

So I like to multiply love  
and all under your supervision,  
love has - the core of spores inside,  
and by this means it shines to people.

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Liza Sud

# I Love You, The Experienced,

I love you, the experienced,  
Upon the throne of falluses.  
Till now I was never seared,  
You'll burn me also when you are old.

I'm not amused by laughter of a child  
And childish screaming –  
But I love you – your woman's light  
And your grey hear.

I love you till the very depth  
That killed virginity,  
You let me inside to come in,  
Contaning secrecy.

Liza Sud

## I M Looking For Salvation.

I'm looking for salvation from the grave,  
I drink the tart wine of the Spirit,  
Don't hurt from the position of strength,  
I am a woman, it was given.

In weakness - there is support,  
In poverty - the Holy Lord!  
And when joy brightens in your eyes -  
even the strong will be surprised!

Liza Sud

## I M Very Spoiled.

Oh, yes! my dear friend, Oh, Ya!  
I'm very Spoiled - just Like A Star!  
I Spoiled the Lies into the dust  
and after me it like a chimney runs!

Its whistle buzzes, cursing world  
I'm the only of her kin - she moans!  
We're relatives-I know it myself,  
Without me, shame on her and disgrace!

Liza Sud

# I Made The Jews Always Go Mad,

Because of me the Jews always went mad,  
especially whose grandpa was rabbi.

Why it is so - I don't know why.

My mom is Russian, I love Russian shrine.

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Liza Sud

# I Meet Only Face To Face,

I like meetings only in bed,  
I meet only face to face,  
when angels all fled away,  
and we are alone in a place.

when all blizzards subside,  
only I fill the TV air.  
and you look at my door, inside,  
and for you - it's your world there.

But I meet only with myself.  
and that's what all of us are doing.  
if we ever meet our dream:  
it will be Jewish rabbi, for sure.

It will be - centuries of Jews,  
it will be the Light of staircases.  
And explaining of revelations  
for all nations - for their good.

Liza Sud

# I Need My Angel Of Sapphire,

I don't need any job or money,  
I don't need any lovers, friends,  
I need my angel of Sapphire,  
Only he makes me blessed.

I feel terribly bored near those  
who for this time remain blind,  
but sapphire shines in my soul  
with their light, sweet and mild.

He is dazzling me simultaneously,  
I'm like behind sapphire wall,  
like a miracle - pleasant, steady, close,  
like a friend's hand protecting spall.

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Liza Sud

# I Need To Know For Sure That You Forgive.

I need to know for sure that You forgive.  
They say that then in heart there is  
silence in sign of it  
And the repulsion as from vaults – from sin.

There is no repulsion yet of course  
But there is the defence that I rely on  
When comes to me a sinful thought –  
Then angel is to me in book replying.

Liza Sud

# I Never Liked Any Colors

I never liked any colors.  
They were all the same to me.  
Red color, or blue, or black one -  
That's the game of God. That's it.

I love you when you are auburn,  
I love you when you are blonde.  
for me you are incomparable.  
as from A to U letters flow.

Like this you are even less fearful,  
and I may embrace you with ease.  
now I'll even touch you, dear,  
and blonde - I could only kiss.

now you became more at home.  
we went to the garden from castle.  
You're married now, not alone,  
That is how gods decided!

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Liza Sud

# I Never Met A Person

I NEVER met a person  
who read all my e-book  
and hundreds of my poems  
attentively, like you.

I NEVER met a person  
who could review and write  
to me so many comments  
with quality so high!

I NEVER met a person  
who would have known and said  
that among all composers  
Our Wagner is - the best!

I NEVER met a person  
who - just to answer me -  
would write such deep long poems,  
which were exciting me.

I NEVER met a person  
who could inspire my soul  
to write so many poems  
directly about love.

I NEVER met a person  
who've read so many books  
Of Russian prose and poems,  
and all religions too.

I NEVER met a person  
whose style I love for this:  
the order of the words - so  
I'm never bored to re-read.

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Liza Sud

# I Never Think When I Put Down A Poem.

I never think when I put down a poem.  
It is not thoughts or instincts that may rule.  
that is the spiral, lightning or emotion.  
So we interpret it in different clues.

Your poem is beautiful. A sense it.  
It has its own integrity and view.  
But God for you is never in the center.  
And that for me is breaking and is cruel.

Yes, I felt warmth when I was reading your lines.  
you tried to mix up small light with great Light.  
I don't expect you think as I do - No!  
You write as you got used to - so please write.

I want you to be more free in your topic.  
You made this poem adjusting to my style.  
That is indeed an answer to a Monu-  
ment, And I saw the Light inside the lines!

Liza Sud

# I Often Feared The Pain

I often feared the pain  
When I needed only - to be  
And then to retreat I went,  
lied to myself and deceived.

I was to myself disgusting,  
That didn't make the right step,  
And after the years of paying,  
And fo forgiveness I wait.

Liza Sud

# I Often Take Offense At People,

I often take offense at people,  
when they do not understand Brodsky,  
don't hear that he is a genius,  
and stupid questions are proposing.

There is one Michael Shelehmetzky -  
in turn, for me - it is not clear,  
what people find in him so pleasant? ...  
And then 'non-Brodsky' - I'm forgiving.

Liza Sud

# I Reached Out For The Unit

I reached out for the unit  
and don't know what to want.  
Poem - no more interest in it:  
it's the target that I got!

Liza Sud

# I Remember Duluth, Minnesota.

I remember Duluth, Minnesota.  
I spent there 2 months at school.  
I was 15, I wanted to grow  
Up and become cool!

I was paddling grand rapids  
With Mike Anderson in canoe.  
I was eating my first hamburgers.  
They presented me watch too!

I remember great bridge to Superior.  
And the mayor, and the golf courts!  
And 4 times I attended Communion  
In St. Francis Xavier church.

I remember beautiful nature,  
Paul Banyan, parks, sport marathon.  
And then Jessica came for exchanging,  
And in Russia the show went on!

Liza Sud

# I Saw A Boy. His Name Was - Job.

I saw a boy. His name was - Job.  
He invited me to his home.  
side by side we walked with him along  
a big palace and center of sport.

then he was scored by his friends  
(at one table with them we were sitting)  
he was silent. and strange name - Job.  
And his holy face. He was little.

Liza Sud

# I Saw A Man

I saw a man  
and he reminded Krishna  
and he was kind  
and looked as from inside.

And all was warm  
and flow was all-percieving  
and loving all  
as penetrating Light.

And it was I  
the one who was accepting  
his kindness, but then suddenly  
at once

I felt that it was I  
looking from his place -  
we were exchanging places  
many times.

And there were no answers,  
no questions,  
no brain's misunderstanding  
could arise,

The flow of love  
in pure interconnection,  
as God looks at Himself  
from all the eyes.

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Liza Sud

# I Saw Wonderful Vistas Today -

I saw wonderful vistas today -  
we went to movies in Latvia,  
levitation for half an hour  
without any problem then.

and after that we were told,  
that the sea is - full of dead corpses  
and we'd better leave and go,  
It even is changing color.

As for these vistas and species  
I've never seen anywhere else!  
and so we changed the place,  
so that to see the screen better.

and why do I need a reality -  
if paradise is what I see now!  
and why do I live here,  
and not in my dreams, please clarify?

Liza Sud

# I See How You Are Reading,

I see how you are reading,  
are playing with me and lead.  
And I in you disappear  
like rain in the soil so bleak.

I see how you believe me,  
because I am loving you,  
you are woman-the revealing,  
I say everything to you!

You are Universal woman,  
as a falsh of my own star,  
and from the infernal burden  
you are rising me too high.

The monument resurrected,  
you are future, but you're here.  
because you are in the present -  
there is no more past grief.

What for do they write so oddly  
as if they saw no signs?  
Their men's courage is so doleful,  
as if unrequited love.

And from you there is no answer,  
but there's inspiration moan,  
the white Light sweeter than summer,  
which is in love with the world!

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Liza Sud

# I See In People's Faces Love Here,

I see in people's faces love here, as a kiss.  
Man asks me: Have I got a kitten?  
She asks me: did I see red squirrel?  
Oh what a peaceful mood, what bliss!

Oh what calm attitude, no passion,  
no bad desire that may break,  
Your watermelon, rest on cushion,  
kind plumber, who has come to check

our water counter, our cleaning,  
our trying to wipe all from dust,  
old diaries, old stories, thinking  
of how to save our flats.

Then Notre Dame's Ave Maria,  
then hearing your tender voice,  
and this eternal lovely feeling  
which Time in one kind thread transforms.

I look at it through all the roads,  
it's gold but coming as a red,  
it keeps all on itself, transforming,  
as spine which has only Your aim.

Liza Sud

# I Should Allow

What else to you I should allow,  
that as a flower you remained alive?  
I like dear God will hide in the shadows,  
do not hesitate to indulge,

Percieve yourself and the world,  
inside sleeping and wandering outside,  
And because there is a life,  
let it be good for you also.

Well, do I need something?  
Maybe only one small part,  
If you just simply were somewhere  
and remained open flower.

I'll pamper you to self-knowledge,  
and the side of the storm will pass,  
Where other people get knowledge, -  
in you will blossom as love.

Liza Sud

# I Still Don't Want To Show My Top Secret. To M.

I still don't want to show my top secret  
That I was searching... Light That I was loved by... Light.  
I am alone among these earthly creatures.  
afraid they unawares will break me down.

And suddenly this year I meet a person -  
who talks about... Light. Knows all the ways to.. Light.  
And he tells my top secret to the crowds!  
And he wants more, and he says: that is right.

It contradicts to our humility.  
It is not like behaviour of our saints.  
But it surpasses their long aridity  
and frozen shallow words about the ways.

And suddenly my arms become wide open  
and I run to the sunset or sunrise!  
This orange sun that seems so close to earth now -  
upon the snow I run to you, I run.

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Liza Sud

# I Take Off My Mask

Well... I take off my mask  
One, second - and third...  
You want no disguise  
To communicate... so be bold.

You know what it is?  
It is not nose to nose -  
Glued - so you cannot tear  
This is in fact much worse.

It will be universal sorrow  
In different bodies to live,  
The stars will move from their circles,  
And the earth will plunge into deep

Primal indifferent shadow -  
Of Absolute love,  
Only... we are not ready,  
To douse the glim of seamarck?

What we have - let it be?  
You are - just you, and - I.  
Not going to lie  
Masks? Under bed - they slip.

Liza Sud

# I Thank You For A Hairslyde!

I Thank you for a hairslyde!  
it is so beautiful and light.  
it is convenient to wear  
amd people say: it suits my hair!

Liza Sud

# I Thank You, Annabel!

I thank you, Annabel! Could I give you responses?  
When I have not yet gone the jet of roads...  
My God is with me. But when I have noticed  
Him - then the WORD itself I called my GOD.

And it is hard for me to take this topic.  
It's so native - that's why I can't take...  
As acnes shine the rays of prison earthly  
of my desires. In fact - too much of them!

Behind my shoulders - shoulders of the sorrows,  
that favor whips and flow in a whirl.  
And Repin's painting once again, Not waited?  
Behind the fate - of treason privorot.

I find it hard to do all what I have to.  
Like pros. And like the work from the inside.  
behind my shoulders - distance not in fire.  
that burns out very even and inside.

Of course, that's not a rhyme. Meaning's - the main thing!  
But I was met by light and also heat.  
When I was still to go from the beginning -  
then I would walk right through and right ahead.

My Consciousness divides stars by two equals.  
And I already - want to go THERE.  
Where - the Lights attenuate the grapes in  
eternal Love that will last there - FOREVER.

Liza Sud

# I Thought My Poems Were Top Secret, To M.

I thought my poems were top secret,  
and only that who is seeking for gems,  
will scan for their shine in the whole Inet.  
to find - and like a free prize - to take them.

I know that you still love our dirty country,  
and the word 'priviledge' is grating on your ears.  
Like me, you find in Russia something frightful,  
and just like me - you dream to take its lungful.

I know you still feel Russian, modest, blushful,  
feel such a pity for our great home,  
that when you smile - your Hebrew is still Russian,  
and I inside you - as to Russia - go.

I go to your thoughts as to other living,  
I start to breath there, and it's like saint John -  
from other realms but here like a white hero,  
I feel around his white embracing warmth!

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Liza Sud

# I Want A Quietude And Solitude,

I want a quietude and solitude,  
Which wonderfully suits for prayer.  
Don't want to answer questions on the route -  
This vanity to nowhere.

I want to sit and look into your eyes,  
As it exactly was at night while dreaming.  
And sometimes I, just sinning, want to die -  
To make a dream in Light of God and living.

Liza Sud

# I Want Golden Ladles!

I want golden ladles!  
and sooth lullabies!  
No struggles, no gravings!  
Blissful purity!

Liza Sud

# I Want Peace. Unearthly.

I want peace. Unearthly.  
Hear tremors of earth and drifting of ice.  
Like all native and foreign.  
But dear, like in movies deaf and dumb.

However, and movies will not help me,  
to feel from life a sweet rest.  
River of wine and old cella,  
can update my joy in a chest.

My immortal soul, I'm not dead,  
peer into the distance and heaven.  
Death is only a bit of rest,  
so that open my eyes I could there.

Liza Sud

# I Want To Become A Woman-President

I want to become a woman-president.  
I'll give free apartments to everyone.  
For gasoline there will be prices-one penny.  
After all, they did so in Abu Dhabi.

I will return capital from offshore back.  
will return to the people all our plants.  
will make the economy much more progressive.  
And I will do all this by a bloodless method.

The medicine in Russia will be free again.  
And our education will be free the same.  
Well, after all, people live in Turkmenistan -  
where for all and more they have more than enough.

And communal services, as there, will be free.  
And as for a good social prog - it will be,  
Because our country is so rich and wide,  
That budget we have - is a manna from sky!

I want to become a woman-president.  
Because with a woman it will be much better.  
And then our country will shine with the light  
And on all the earth it will be the most tough!

Because it's a woman who cultivates all.  
And Marin Le Pen will be my friend, of course.  
Because female weakness in fact is the force.  
I treat you with tea and sweet rolls!

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Liza Sud

# I Want To Break This City

I want to break this city  
for it is breaking me.  
I hurried to your feast but  
the traffic jam caught me.

You all came at your large cars,  
and I was changing buses.  
And then I went to my house,  
sobbing and crying, crying.

You wanted to wait and you called me two times,  
in noise I didn't hear!  
You told me the first - and last time -  
your ship leaves in two minutes.

I dropped and hid the telephone.  
and turned back home.  
I went - there was no rain and no cold,  
But all the way I cried and sobbed.

I was not crying for 2 years!  
And this hysterics was 3 days!  
I hid it from the eyes of people  
and all of my colleges.

I noticed next morning  
everyone seemed upset,  
They said that it was cold on water,  
it's easy to forget!

That I was losing nothing.  
2 hours in jam!  
And not to see you - how sad!  
the last call from my love!

2 hours to you on buses.  
2 hours on foot back.  
Hatred to such surroundings  
and to this life!

I want to break this city.  
I beat in mind its walls.  
Because I didn't see you  
you played with other girls!

These tears were so silly!  
the fault was all my own!  
Because I didn't hear  
your waiting second call!

I can buy this ship for 10 000 rubles  
and go to any place,  
but I don't need travel without Julia  
but she doesn't seem to wait.

Liza Sud

# I Want To Feed You With Hamburger,

I want to feed you with hamburger,  
I want you to feel alright.  
of the best of Russian poetry  
I want to give Master- class.

Attention! I give you a hamburger,  
I even put in your mouth -  
and then I take away - suddenly! -  
the meat and half of a bun.

And now - please write a poem.  
Oh that is the right time!  
And I will look at you from above -  
and may be from the sky!

Why are you keeping silence?  
Be like Iosif - quick,  
Or our high-pitched rhyming  
is not what you really need?

So eat your delicious hamburgers,  
Know nothing about Fast.  
Know nothing of bilinguality,  
But for us - it is a must.

Liza Sud

# I Want To You That It So Easy Was

I want to you that it so easy was  
To prove your love to me, for God,  
Let Her dictate one hundred verse  
And we'll be in our revelations – equals.

Of course I don't require this for love,  
For making it is cruel and it's killing.  
But unbtill now I was young and kind  
Is that too swinish just to check the distance?

But they were asking this from me two times.  
Could I refuse& or be too supple?  
I came to God to ask about my rights  
And He explained to me the sense of apples.

Liza Sud

# I Want Us To Be Just A Hebrew Book,

I want us to be just a Hebrew book,  
with its such beautiful letters!  
You are - the one, we stand near and look,  
and then in each other enter.

And form an essence, and form a word,  
but we never touch each other,  
or what an innocent form of world -  
the birth without dad and mother.

But stop! Laitman said that the form of words  
is formed by two kinds of Lights and -  
so if to be very correct - then God  
has smaller gods - and two kinds of.

But still perfect letters have no sex.  
Oh how I envy letters!  
what for to create such a sinful mess  
who feel themselves all in fetters.

I want to send message and have it go  
so simply like wind through ghetto.  
So let us love life - place with no return,  
And let us be ANY letter!

Liza Sud

# I Wanted To Find A Good Partner,

I wanted to find a good partner  
for my Russian-English game.  
A partner almost an angel:  
without romantic flame.

I wanted to make biliguals,  
Just words - fire - synchronous words,  
I wanted us to be equal.  
But you didn't give it, God!

I wanted to have normal partner,  
in some ways exactly like me.  
to read and love now and after. -  
what Joseph opened to me.

I wanted to find a good partner,  
no matter his sex or age.  
but I am as a black panther  
alone in poetic cage.

Liza Sud

# I Wanted To Whip Off From Here,

I wanted to whip off from here,  
But I was like glued to a chair,  
I can't go from Julia's ropes,  
and I will never forget her.

Her tender and soft breast  
in the morning her warm smile,  
How we loved without hands,  
tasted everything without mistakes!

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Liza Sud

# I Warm You, Darling, I Warm You,

I warm you, darling, I warm you,  
as the stove of a soul  
Let a blizzard blow in winter,  
good for us in silence to be.

Plunge into each other, dip down,  
as in sour cream hot pancake,  
And feel our old wounds  
as a new life's pledge.

Liza Sud

# I Was Catching Iosif,

I was catching Iosif,  
I was chasing him hard.  
Seeking him in my hometown  
and far from motherland.

In the fields, at the Baltic,  
where the color was grey.  
In American volume,  
printed with Auden-gay.

I was catching Iosif,  
inside soul, inside mind.  
On the roof of a stone cliff,  
in the waters of Rhein.

I was catching Iosif,  
I need only his 'Yes' -  
that I got his proposal  
that the poems are blessed

and should stand near Bible  
in each dirty hotel,  
like small brothers of high souls,  
But he went far away.

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Liza Sud

# I Was Dreaming Of You Last Night,

I was dreaming of you last night,  
You were biting me like a dog,  
and in our half-empty bus  
it was darkness despite the dawn,

I was full of unpleasant sensation  
of high pressure you were to make.  
It was not a feeling of vengeance:  
because I hate all 'yesterday',

But unnecessary harassment,  
you expect from men all the time.  
And I told you, 'good-bye', in that bus  
but you whimpered like dog, and whined.

It is not that I am abhorring,  
but as a pole with a 'plus' sign,  
second 'plus' next to me is not closer  
but is pushed off like useless bulk.

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Liza Sud

# I Was Holding You

I was holding you for the whole evening,  
didn't let you go away.

I was doing it as a sin's commitment,  
I started this fight again.

I was holding you - but without pleasure,  
without knowing why -  
and I didn't think of regrets or demons -  
too tired I was for that.

I held instinctively, I was nervous,  
I couldn't stop, I was tense.  
And it was my favorite Patron's birthday.  
It were you again who came!

I am in the dead end, such lust is foolish,  
as any virtual love.  
It turns to passion, and then it ruins,  
and angels will take you up.

It's like a blow, it's very painful -  
to feel these sapphire bricks,  
it changes eyesight, makes almost crazy.  
I ask you to stop it, please.

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Liza Sud

# I Was Lying On The Sand,

I was lying on the sand,  
I was reading Bible -  
Numbers, about Abraham,  
stoning of the bad guys,

punishment for forty years  
for their unbelieving  
for their un-wholeheartedness  
God surpassed all dreaming!

I was lying on the sand.  
it was cold but pleasant,  
and my mood uplifted, rised,  
and my demons went out.

I was lying on the sand,  
and my skin was talking  
with the sands of Abraham,  
their eternal story!

Sand is here, in the North,  
Sand is just a matter.  
poet suddenly imposed  
sacred gift to utter!

Liza Sud

# I Was Playing With My Toys

I was playing with my toys  
At boulevard under the windows.  
I was dreaming about words,  
Now I'm no more dreaming.

I wanted to rise up  
And wanted to see this big world,  
They taught me to contract  
and to despise people.

Liza Sud

# I Was Praying To Jesus The Sweetest

I was praying to Jesus the Sweetest  
to take your obsession from me,  
and He did it with ease and quickness,  
and my mind became light and clean.

I was washing my body at leisure,  
it is beautiful, young and good.  
but I don't want for it any pleasure,  
cause to me - pleasure doesn't suit.

You were kissing the very stones  
I was walking at Moika quay.  
I was barefoot as you wanted,  
Town was empty at dawn and stiff.

There were no people - only specters,  
you were waving your hat to me  
and you chose the right words from letters  
I described as my ecstasy.

Liza Sud

# I Was Saved By The Americans At School

I was saved by the Americans at school -  
In time of hungry nineties years -  
People from church, named 'Brothers Gideon' -  
sent me the boxes of humanitarian aid.

Liza Sud

# I Was Trying To Find A Girl

I was trying to find a girl  
quiet as a secret evening,  
I got the answer from God:  
My woman is - a Cathedral.

I love when you do me warm,  
love, when you do me hot.  
You are my inspiration,  
I don't mind the Word of God.

I'll spit: 20 years anatheme.  
(cause in 20 years - my death) .  
I was insolent since my childhood,  
And twice insolent - today.

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Liza Sud

# I Was Watching The Stories On Lenin,

I was watching the Stories on Lenin,  
He left a deep trace,  
He said: I'm not humiliated,  
I fought here and today.

He fought not with the inner ego,  
it was a golden bottom in him,  
He struggled with a vicious system,  
With hangman and despotism.

And that's why he cancels money,  
to make an honest exchange,  
no savings and no currencies  
no dark and deceptive schemes.

Where there is no money -  
There is the radiance of Christ!  
Lenin destroyed them down!  
As an inflated 'I'.

Those who did not see it -  
are also Christ's enemies,  
In perverted religion  
soap bubble for kids,

Their dark world is empty,  
As ripples in the water.  
The stone he took out was solid -  
The liberated a person,

The person of hammered rods,  
The person of the slave peasants.  
Those who don't understand God -  
Did not understand Lenin either.

And justice of Lenin -  
means paradise on earth,  
But for the soul of rebellious  
Lenin's Eden - is lost.

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Liza Sud

# I Will Be A Miracleworker!

I will be a miracleworker!  
I'll give everyone what he wants:  
I will take all Daniel's sperm out  
and will please him in every pose.

I will be a miracleworker!  
To a blessed and ready pure soul -  
I'll come with a Eucharist bowl  
and dictate saint bilingual verse.

I will be a miracleworker!  
Just one thought I have to create -  
and it as a deep matrix hole  
will make your reality great.

It will attract light since it's empty  
to ready and thought out form.  
will present you what you created  
be it light of healing or sperm.

Liza Sud

# I Will Be Your Free Of Charge Lover,

I will be your free of charge lover,  
You'll take my innocent ass.  
You will become my first man  
(after I've been harassed) .

Twelve years to spit on.  
Twelve years of free happy life.  
Twelve years with priest John:  
Miracles, Paradise.

Today I'm really fed up:  
overtime work, traffic jams.  
Saint John, where are you, where?  
Oh - you are saint like glass!

I am surrounded by glass, the saint one!  
Not mirror - but too much high!  
You're transparent, everywhere!  
How could I forget that? ! !

Those who are not like Laitman,  
don't understand me - those go dumb!  
I don't need your earthly marriage,  
though it seems a semi-sweet stuff!

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# I Will Not Call You By Your Name

I will not call you by your name  
because it means to separate.  
I will write simply D-L,  
cause you're more than just man and friend.

I was beaten from 3 sides:  
dreams, reality, Christianity.  
I felt joyful, depressed, sad,  
Because God came and was like stabbing me.

Torah's written without pause,  
just the flow of letters-codes.  
And now I understand why  
they leave nameless their endless G-d.

I will write you just D-L.  
And I never liked stony words,  
so unchangable, unlike notes  
that are playing, creating worlds.

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Liza Sud

# I Will Not Get Meanness From God:

I will not get meanness from God:  
my old woman-mom will live on  
many long years more,  
for that she gets honor and bow.

Liza Sud

# I Will Pray For Our Russia

I will pray for our Russia and its peaceful sky,  
All cathedrals and churches, and people of parish,  
Happiness - let them touch,  
Let God heal their souls from all internal wounds.

Pray for Russia, its meadows, expands,  
Which eternal are in their beauty,  
Why do we need aggression, war, strife,  
When there's love in its delicate beauty.

Pray for Russia, the friendship of nations,  
And may God protect earthlings in peace,  
Let the light of joy shine in blue heavens,  
Let the young growth sprout from good seeds.

Liza Sud

# I Will Remain Your Sun

I will remain your sun  
for the rest of our life.  
And we'll conceive a child,  
and his name will be Ioann.

He'll be Ivan Brik.  
He'll be Russian and firm.  
To everyone whom he'll meet  
he'll give blessing of God.

To our second child  
we'll give the name of Joseph -  
Ready to multiply -  
serious and strong person.

Our third son  
will bear the name of Richard.  
He will be very proud  
proud in the faith of Jesus.

And we'll beget a girl,  
may be called Jennifer -  
Genius, joy, John  
White Fair of Ireland.

And you'll be like saint Job,  
who after losing all -  
got a twice better life,  
gave a twice brighter light!

Liza Sud

# I Will Shower You By Poems

I will shower you by poems  
as by snow the house of timber  
may be dumped on in cold winter.  
But it doesn't open its window.

Snow is trying to fall inside,  
doesn't count its snowflakes,  
but the tenants lost sense of love,  
dream of warm paradise place.

Paradise is the fall of snow,  
like a godly Light it is white,  
from the heights clears you by frosts and  
snow embraces you just like light.

But noone understood the metaphor,  
the historical image of God,  
when he is far from you - it is cold  
but He's warm when becomes aquatic.

It's the same water above us  
that flows in our veins like blood,  
and like snow we're melting down  
when God warms us by His light!

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Liza Sud

# I Will Sit On The Church Porches,

I will sit on the church porches,  
glowing with twp pins.  
People will walk in circles,  
not paying attention to me.

I forgive - in You - I forgive  
all - I'm bad too- for meanness,  
And only to you I'll give  
this my Sisyphean work, Jesus!

Liza Sud

# I Will Throw You Out Of My Mind,

I will throw you out of my mind,  
My annoying homosexual demon.  
I will sing songs of true real love  
That is smooth, inspirational, pleasant.

I will never return to your name,  
Never call back masks, stare at you - never!  
Because I want to serve Jesus Christ  
And to please HIM, whose rule is forever!

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Liza Sud

# I Will Wipe You By Floss -

I will wipe you by floss -  
flower that is mine.  
in hell we will not burn  
God - He is yours and mine.

God - is always for us,  
when we go to bed,  
to cleanse our eye  
After that - punishment.

For the present you may

so consider this love:  
it was moved to the cycle  
not by fear but grace.

Do you want stones? - Pick,  
building the cobblestone road.  
enlightening the night, we -  
Only in poems will burn.

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Liza Sud

# I Will Write In The Manner Of Joseph

I will write in the manner of Joseph  
So that no one would guess,  
But so that when translating poems -  
One will save the correct sense.

Mr. Park. Petersburg. Loneliness.  
Tongue confusing for everyone.  
As the sun in the night's - the prophecy -  
that the roar of the work would calm.

Not a verbiage - the rhythm of breathing,  
Not the sense - but the transfer of  
The Light of the angelic consciousness  
Through the synchronous slot of words.

When will I return to the Fatherland?  
Question beats as the fortune's tune.  
Any time you convey humanity -  
all are native and God with you.

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Liza Sud

# I Wish I Could Have You One Time,

I wish I could have you one time,  
I would, perhaps, get away,  
As a burr roadside,  
And maybe got hungry again?

It would be really hard.  
So there is something besides.  
Although, you know, the body  
For soul is - a pantomime.

I like only special, some  
Boys - put the light off,  
I learn them at once by touch,  
Their ankles are slim and tall,

By shoulders and slender wrists,  
By fragrance as from the sea,  
A mile away smell of grief,  
If they have no hero with.

They have a waterfall hair  
Black like the pitch of night.  
In my soul they invoke currents  
Which I cannot overcome,

For me they are dizziness,  
Excess of strength in the chest,  
I wish I could find among them  
One to love always, the best.

Liza Sud

# I Woke Up At 3 In The Morning -

I woke up at 3 in the morning -  
and the first thing I saw were you!  
It was lesson of love, I was learning  
with your students Kabbalah's view!

And today it is Intercession!  
The feast of the Protecting Veil!  
But I feel no true connection  
Veil is on my sight, but I'll pray!

Do you want me to come on Weekend?  
We would have a tremendous talk  
about Virgins, and time, their splitting -  
just what you wrote on your blog!

You would show me Tsfat and your town,  
the deserted park of Rabash!  
Tsfat is blue as my dear Sapphire!  
Does such matching deserve a lash?

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Liza Sud

# I Woke Up Today, To Joseph Brodsky

I woke up today,  
Lonely but OK.  
Two lines not of pray  
Washed my grief away.

It was Belfast tune  
Beating in my mind,  
It was, Joseph, you,  
Sitting by my side –

In the sky of skies!  
Not this world at all!  
Dactyl 2 and half –  
Carol, Martial Law:

"All my polish friends  
Are behind steel bars'.  
And your poet-friend  
Without you may die!

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Carol, Martial Law:

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Liza Sud

# I Would Like To Return To The Forest,

I would like to return to the forest,  
where verses would hung on tree pins  
and all would await for a child, holy,  
and all kids of the village would read.

I would like to return to the forest,  
where the sun would shine through the pines,  
and everyone would know: what is broken,  
will become whole under the God's sun.

I would like to return to the forest,  
where wonders is the way of life.  
people are kind, all things are in common,  
wait for everyone to fall in love.

I would like to return to the forest,  
where when resurrected, we'll gather,  
and of my dreams eternally-splendid,  
will be only from happiness drunkards.

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Liza Sud

# I Write Poems - By Books

I write poems - by books and many  
are bilingual only lately.

I do not know what that means.

Always God puzzles me by this.

Liza Sud

# I Wrote To You One Hundred Poems,

I wrote to you one hundred poems,  
where would you order me to read them now?  
there is a Hermitage with natural forest,  
And people call it a botanical garden.

But rather on the couch at home with me,  
where I could read, at the same time embracing,  
and double-load you by English translation,  
so that to keep you longer and convince.

I reassure you, there will be no sex.  
All sex was to the poems securely sent,  
I even will not hint you to undress,  
The house of my poetry - is saint!

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Liza Sud

## I, As A Child,

I, as a child, had a careless growth -  
as a wild sprout among beauty of nature.  
with me the wind was so gentle and playful,  
and dews from heaven dropped down and moistened.

And finally I have blossomed as others  
petals of mine were transparent as wonders.  
How could I ever be drowned in sins?  
How could my thoughts – be far from higher dreams?

May be I didn't know my own nature,  
Thought: that my flower was bright and clean.  
But history write its annals disgraceful:  
My heart was keeping the source of a sin.

I quietly faded, the colors blurred out,  
the smell of decay was different to me,  
Like a white rose becomes suddenly scarlet,  
That's how the spirit survives after heat.

Liza Sud

# I, As A Faithful Dog -

I, as a faithful dog -  
Never run after anyone.  
you erected the human rocks-  
many obstacles between us.

you have asked me to be refined,  
you have asked me to be a poet.  
but I can't stay it any longer:  
to be lightful among the dark.

I will close my eyes at you  
or I rather will melt them down.  
cause I know the same as you  
know also but see more far.

Liza Sud

# I, As A Poor Accountant,

I, as a poor accountant,  
Stand for speedy globalization:  
I want there to be no currency,  
Not to count rates of exchanges.

Then I would play the piano,  
Write poems in the saved time.  
Please, accept One country,  
One currency, One God!

Liza Sud

## I'm Beautiful As A Rose,

I'm beautiful as a rose,  
Mild, charming, without cosmetics,  
And cosmos-like, my love goes  
By spherical energetics.

I love my previous body,  
No less I love future, present!  
I'm given it – to be happy  
And grow without measure.

Liza Sud

## I'm Pious, I'm Rich,

I'm pious, I'm rich,  
I don't like to waste and teach,  
I'm rich because I'm God's,  
Even if he gave me rags.

But He was so kind to me!  
Gave a flat and even three!  
Gave me salary and work.  
Only sex He gave me not!

Liza Sud

# I'm Thankful To God!

I'm thankful to God!  
What without Him is my soul?  
To Him I give my heart,  
Cause He is above all!

Blessing is in my house,  
And quiet joy was lit,  
Like a day without clouds -  
Heaven's radiant script.

And my feeling is sweet,  
Tears of remorse are flowing.  
I'm not lonely with Him,  
He melts the ice of yearning.

Lord! how good you are -  
I sense with the whole soul.  
Even among the bad  
I feel good on the earth.

Liza Sud

# I'm Tracing After Your Flight

I'm tracing after your flight  
As a kid after air kite  
What if you fall down one time  
And your head will be damaged bad.

What if you turn away your brain.  
What if darkness will meet your eyes –  
So I wanted to fly again  
And with you to remain in flight.

Liza Sud

# I've Got An Emotional Trauma:

I've got an emotional trauma:  
Forgot to lock up the cabinets.  
Forgive me please, I implore you.  
By grace you will sooth this wound.

otherwise the soul will blow up,  
Will drown you in tearful stream.  
Locks never can solve this problem.  
God always will find a thief.

In Russian:

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Liza Sud

# I've Never Been To Leipzig

I've never been to Leipzig.  
But his Jubilee year –  
200 years of Wagner –  
I wanted to go there.

I wanted to drink some coffee  
In his school or his church yard.  
I wanted to see the monument  
Where he sits with a lion.

I didn't go there.  
Watched pictures in Internet.  
But I made a cup with red-haired  
Wagner, and it's – my best!

Liza Sud

## I'd Rather Die A Boozer,

I'd rather die a boozer,  
for all native and may be not,  
And the sky will say about me ooh-oh,  
by the storm of the Universal....

And I wil, with my little bottle,  
Yes naked, and yes barefooted,  
Bathe myself by this storming,  
And will far away, only youthful..

translation from YP

Liza Sud

# Ideal Couple

They look like sister and brother,  
They laugh in the same way.  
They may become wife and husband,  
Like 2 sides of 1 face.

Their gestures have much in common,  
Blue jackets at sofa grey.  
Everyone is glad who saw them  
Treats life as a game to play.

If I ever asked Lord Jesus  
To show an ideal pair –  
I even would not believe it,  
That people could be the same.

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Liza Sud

# If Everyone In Russia

To John of Kronstadt

If everyone in Russia  
Were like saint Ioann –  
If here saints were coming  
In shoal like a clan

Righteous - instead of mafia –  
World many wonders would get.  
And from everyone's photograph  
Jesus would resurrect!

Liza Sud

# If I Were Not Liza Sudyina.

Answer to Boris.

Oh but after such a dedication -  
not even to talk about isles -  
I would give you in a wet front entrance!  
If I were not Liza Sudyina.

Oh but after such an explanation,  
that religiosity - is blah,  
I would go away from Church, my native.  
If I were not Liza Sudyina.

After such a struggle of all ages  
and linguistic magic of your tongue -  
I'd become yours really forever.  
If I were not Liza Sudyina.

And forgetting everything in the world -  
I would be begetting our child.  
and would go on maternal vacation.  
If I were not Liza Sudyina.

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Liza Sud

# If My Poems Are Gold -

If my poems are gold -  
then let's buy an airplane.  
If you are so cold -  
I will warm you, Daniel!

You will come to me  
just in some 10 hours.  
We are so rich!  
But John hates my travelling.

John is very strict -  
feel? - again I'm fuelling.  
And he always means  
that my tears are junior.

I will never weep,  
no sentimentality.  
But you write so sweet  
from your far reality.

translation into Russian

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Liza Sud

# If Not Making Love

If not making love seems a sorrow-  
Then you are possessed by passions.  
But energy transforms, goes  
Up - from where God's Light gushes.

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Liza Sud

## If The Ceiling Is - I, To M.

If the ceiling is - I,  
and in me - exploitation of bounds,  
and delight between lines -  
is detachment from our bodies.

then of course me and you  
we have already reached our madness  
and I dream about you  
endless waters and raining white showers.

They cascade down from heights  
like a waterfall, it is the blue one.  
and I feel green delight  
which surrounds your glance, read outloud.

I do not understand all your point,  
it is too complex and fleeting,  
Only feelings have merged,  
giving us our eternity, splitting.

And whatever you say -  
It is flowing into me, like snow.  
and I will make them melt -  
And I'll answer all questions in verses.

If the ceiling is - you,  
then our somersaults will fill our moments.  
between lines apertures-  
sounds only fulfillment of God's Will.

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Liza Sud

## If We Lived In The Middle Ages,

If we lived in the Middle Ages,  
and we had no Internet -  
I would send you my verse on papers,  
and in secret, through friends, through maids.

The next day after reading verses  
You would come to me a long way,  
but my window for you is closed,  
because it is a sin - they say.

Nothing remained through ages -  
just two relics of them, undecayed,  
his romantic poems-suggestions,  
her spiritual answers to them.

Liza Sud

## If You Do Not Come

If you do not come, they will come to you,  
If you do not capture, you'll be captured,  
Oceans give birth to the tides on the Moon,  
And Moon uplifts the oceans.

Do not forget that all of life is simply a wave,  
Between past and future, a world war,  
Do not look for a peace, just look for yourself,  
And harmony and love you will conquer.

Liza Sud

## If You Ever Make Pick-Up -

if you ever make pick-up -  
then commit repentance -  
and with triple force to God  
come and keep the sentence.

Liza Sud

# If You Feel Bored And Lonely -

If you feel bored and lonely -  
There will be poems non-stop.  
Because the right time is coming  
And jealous is your God.

He will not let you go.  
He gives and you receive.  
His life knows no sorrow,  
You're always together with Him.

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Liza Sud

# If You Go Higher - Ok, Let You Go!

On your program with Ibragimbekov  
he said that Fasts are futile, in vain.  
and you nodded! But were you both checking?  
it's not serious, bad, Micha-el!

I was reading in Sulam's 'Shamati':  
between two lights - the Jewish is strong!  
that is gnawing me, but... doesn't matter.  
If you go higher - OK, let you go!

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Liza Sud

## If You Want To Please Me

If you want to please me - why don't you play  
and congratulate me with Trump?

If you want to please me - why don't you say  
That Gaddafi is a great guy!

If you want to please me - why don't you turn  
to a candle with trembling light?

If you want to please me -then let me hold  
this warm candle in hand like child?

If you want to please me - why don't you write  
poems to me in regular style?

If you want to please me - why don't you find  
my mistakes - to improve my sight?

If you want to please me - why don't you still  
study Russian and talk in Skype?

If you want to please me - so come to me -  
I need real friends, not to hide.

If you want to please me - why don't you send  
me some money not just email.

Then I'll smile for sure - go buy cottage  
and will feel myself neat and well!

If you want to please me - don't talk to me  
in each letter about sex.

To please me - you will have to change many things -  
so remain yourself and stay blessed!

Liza Sud

# If You Were A Dreamer

If you were a dreamer - you'd embrace my poem  
that Trump is dove,  
If you were a dreamer - you would stare at my castle snowy,  
but you attacked.

If you were a dreamer - you would not see in me a woman,  
because dream has no hands.  
If you were a dreamer - you would see Christ in all what you look at.  
and not deny.

If you were a dreamer - you'd not ask what pleased me,  
but will be like god,  
like curled-haired Pushkin behaving dreamy,  
knowing all delight.

If you were a dreamer - you'd break all real  
walls in your mind that impede you.  
So all the time it was me - a dreamer,  
but too real - you.

Liza Sud

## Ignore - Point-Rank?

Ignore - point-rank?

Then go to your yard!

Not you, and not together, go by  
and 'my business - on another side' -

By this way never comes true spring!

That what makes freeze in summer.

But there are always - miracles!

And over-answers!

Liza Sud

# I'll Drink A Bottle Of Wagner.

I'll drink a bottle of Wagner.  
Why not to get drunk?  
Or is it because I'm now  
after Communion with Christ?

He is fire, and he is foggy.  
He is cloudy as your mind!  
He is my eternal desire,  
which suddenly wished to come.

Which suddenly came in circles  
down on partitur.  
I don't believe you are real,  
Wagner! But it is true!

Liza Sud

# I'LI Drink A Drum Of Vodka With You,

I'll drink a drum of vodka with you,  
I will see you above the clouds,  
and all that we could only dream of -  
we'll see together at morn's twilights.

but if to be the best in homeland  
as unseen forces to me ordered -  
then with you somehow I'll drink vodka  
not in this life... I must suppose.

I don't apply these means to others,  
on peolpe this work don't impose.  
I have in this life constant fastings -  
and rhyme - bilingual poems,

as shackles.

Liza Sud

## I'LI Go Through The Pain Given To Me,

I'll go through the pain given to me,  
And once given this salt, I will swallow,  
And the hand beating me - will not hit,  
Under this beating hand I'll be low,

Let my river flow free as it flows,  
The expanses of my own fate  
will be joyful or I will be hurt,  
From my childhood can't go away...

Liza Sud

# I'll Return From Bilingual Sky

I'll return from bilingual sky  
it is hot there, in husband's embrace.  
And in thoughts I have nowhere to hide,  
he is keeping me there, on bail.

And I'll go on the road, in the snow,  
where below me spring will be flowing,  
and through summer with calmness I'll go,  
just as the Lord has showed me the way.

after all the meaning of four seasons -  
it is only four stairs to Him:  
it is egoism, coldness and freezing,  
and our fruit - altruism - after spring.

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Liza Sud

## I'LI Sit Quietly And Read...

I'll sit quietly and read...  
In a soul like sun take a look.  
I dream so long ago about you,  
Learned all at once, on the wing.

There is silence between us, no lightning,  
And silence brings closer times...  
the roar, distant, from belfry is coming,  
Ah... flowers wait thunder and shower...

Dear, let me in your lips plunge,  
as in font, to me, with all my soul,  
Let come to pass at last for our birth,  
You're alive, and I'm in you alive.

Liza Sud

# I'm - In The Army

I'm not for family. I'm - in the army.  
Came to the world to fight against the demons.  
enlarge the quantity of angels.  
To me it is explained - by spectra.

I'm not pervert. I'm - in the army.  
Our Leader - won long time ago.  
He disappeared, but He's always - now!  
And His blood - is the pledge of victory of all!

I know I was born to kill -  
to kill inside me all the demons.  
In the eternal kingdom - I'll not live,  
If I don't manage this task here.

I'm not going to run away from army.  
I'll hoist the flag of victory one day  
and then I will run to my husband -  
so imminent, as the Exam itself.

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Liza Sud

# I'm A Flower, Planted In A Basket.

I'm a flower, planted in a basket.  
I grow on the window of my mom.  
I will not be teared by a cat, and  
evil dog at me will never bark.

An everything bad that ever touches -  
I know how to turn it into good.  
I'm - the holy sun, and I am righteous  
that's what a man should be as a rule!

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Liza Sud

# I'm Afraid Of You, Dear Michael.

I'm afraid of you, dear Michael.  
You are reading me everywhere.  
On my English site, on the Russian,  
my small messages, big emails.

And you say: 'there are no wonders'.  
But there are! But there are! But there are!  
we just call it like this - Then come to  
Christianity, teach us right!

I am feeling your hands, rav Michael!  
they take me on sides and push on.  
I feel safe in them and they light on,  
and to altruism make me go.

I am happy with you, rav Michael!  
On the photo you show your hands -  
how they turn to my poems after?  
and the feeling of you by my side!

Liza Sud



Liza Sud

# I'm Ideal For Trump And Laitman,

I'm ideal for Trump and Laitman,  
their Jupiter is in Libra.  
they prefer for marriage - religious,  
but myself - I need husband-lion.

Cause my Jupiter is in Lion.  
And my Jupiter gives protection.  
And he makes by a Blue sapphire,  
that I turn into his reflection.

That's why Jupiter is my husband,  
and although he didn't touch me  
Through his energy which is rising  
We have strict marriage above bodies,

And for people it is the most pleasant,  
But if they don't achieve this level,  
through a lot of lives they will get it,  
when all people will become angels.

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Liza Sud

# I'm Jumping Up To The Sky,

I'm jumping up to the sky,  
I make a quick salto there,  
like people of Mark Shagall,  
except picture moves through heaven.

They gave me new means of looking,  
They put it in third eye.  
Michael Laitman has ruby.  
I have a blue sapphire.

When people say: earth is beautiful -  
they praise only Beauty's part -  
They just didn't see Laitman's ruby,  
and didn't see my sapphire.

That's why they mislead each other,  
and when beauty turns to dust -  
they bemoan the end of matter  
while sitting with open mouths.

Liza Sud

# I'M Like A Heavenly Printer

I'm like a heavenly printer  
Write what they are dictating.  
Show to me the painting  
and from the rude then grate it.

I dont like virtual nerves  
tenacious as preserves,  
Truth they cannot awaken,  
bitterly are mistaken.

Liza Sud

# I'm Looking At My Own Picture

I'm looking at my own picture  
and as if I was going mad.  
Who are you? What are you doing here?  
Why this body is yours, my lad?

How and why are you getting so?  
O, by what mysterious ways.  
Is it not time for you to go?  
Or for work there are some more days?

There is alien cock in the garden,  
while there are many native fields,  
And the road at the sky has fallen  
To remember all you have lived.

Liza Sud

# I'm Loving Your Anguish

I'm loving your anguish, I'm married on your agony,  
Can not find my way home, I'm attached to you, darling.  
I don't need any fields, nor vast forests of land, nor the wind,  
But the grief always springing in you - I'm loving.

Liza Sud

# I'm Minister Of Finance

By horoscope - I'm Minister of Finance,  
With Jupiter - the altruist of sky,  
I find perfection in such a conjunction,  
To all politics I will say: Wake up!

Finances - they are meant to serve the nation,  
to fondle people with devoted love!  
with me - there will be no poor in starvation,  
It's a rich country - our Motherland!

We'll not allow 'vulgarity' of freedom,  
Will not let in Hollywood movies 'stars'-  
let them live in their own favor to please them,  
and we'll live for the sake of the Lord Christ!

After all, He holds in his hands all planets,  
He gave us freedom so that to choose - love!  
He gave us freedom to choose tender mildness,  
and all good things to people to hand out!

We will make it out modeled on Gaddafi!  
Who hands out all - so that people could live!  
we will not have the upbringing of mafias,  
but the world to united love we'll bring!

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Liza Sud

# I'm Naked

I'm naked of all the good  
look at night on the chilled wind,  
It turned out to be easier to find God  
Than love and fate as the sea.

Really, my friend, I lost my way  
God is one, and so many women around?  
Try it - to find your own among them,  
Not escaping a lot of sorrows...?

On earth without darling you cannot life,  
Though in diamonds as a king you drown.  
Even holidays taste as funeral feasts,  
quicker, my friend, be found from where you are!

Liza Sud

# I'm Not Going To Choose

I'm not going to choose. Do I need this?  
If they both are so good for the soul?  
Let love multiplied joy and increase it,  
Till it reaches the shining tops!

No roads, where the third is unwanted,  
And to reach the sun we're destined.  
To the top - where the sun is glowing -  
Rays are gathered in one band!

We will find it out at the peak of,  
Where you alone cannot stand.  
If again we are three by freedom -  
Then the rest will not feel there bad!

Liza Sud

# I'm Possessed By Poems,

What idiots you are!  
you came here to excite!  
And now I learn from Vanechka  
how poems to write!

I'm possessed by poems,  
not girls, not men,  
not kids, not friends,  
seven more languages and notes  
for crazy passions.

Liza Sud



# I'm Recognized By Dactyl And Khorey!

I'm recognized by Dactyl and Khorey!  
although I never was Adonis' priest.  
Why should I wait for praises of you, men?  
when we will go to the court of Jesus!

Oh, I was loved by Dactyl and Khorey,  
Anapaest, Yamb and Amphibrachiy.  
What more to want from simply men?  
The voice of rhythms was salutary-utmost!

Liza Sud

## I'm Russian. From K. Balmont

I'm Russian sluggish speech sophistication,  
Before me other poets are forerunners,  
I'm the first to find this speech deviations,  
its melodious, angry and delicate chiming.

I am - a sudden break,  
I am - a playing Thunder,  
I am - a clear stream,  
I'm - for all and noone.

Oversplash of much-foamed, I'm ripped and I'm solid,  
Semi-precious rich stones of original land,  
I'm the roll-call of the green month of May in the forest -  
I'll see all, will take all, will from others deprive.

Always young, like a dream,  
Always strong cause in love  
in themselves and in me,  
I'm a poem refined.

Liza Sud

# I'm Sprouting Like A Fountain,

I'm sprouting like a fountain,  
and it all is because of you,  
it's because of you, Michael Laitman -  
I am spinning like spiral too.

Like whirlabout of Purim,  
forgot what that symbol means,  
But this swirling seems eternal,  
and reading your books - is bliss!

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Liza Sud

# I'm With My Own Self In Love,

I'm with my own self in love,  
some kind of the art's narcissus.  
I see my own self in English,  
its reflection - in Russian tongue.

Even that is enough for me,  
and I do not need any readers -  
I am saturated so deep  
in the garden of Russian - English.

And just no one will understand,  
what were those winds that have carried  
me to the US - overnight,  
and back in Russia - to sapphires.

But I was entirely yours,  
under Israel, in Matryoshka,  
inside which the Creator's conscience  
to the holy commandment flops.

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Liza Sud

# Impressions Of Dinner Walk. To M.

Can there be much happiness? -  
than you read me in Israel!  
I don't need money for publishing,  
thanks for dealings through Internet!

I think it - and my soul is dancing!  
She's turning in different ways!  
And smiling takes off the sadness!  
and that's what you do! today!

You answer about the ocean!  
you answer about gems!  
You take me with all devotion -  
to what I know and tell!

You give a creative answer -  
so innocent in your style!  
I love you for it, dear Michael!  
You never disturb from God!

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Liza Sud

# In A Blue Robe. To St. John

I am closer and closer to you,  
you're a sapphire in my face,  
as if they embedded a plate,  
and it shines insied me with rays.

You were always in a blue robe.  
Blue's the color of Mother of God.  
It's the color of virgins, glorious,  
you may hardly find more sublime.

But there is one more high - white color,  
but all suits in their secrecy  
turned this color into the black one-  
color of convent's cenobites.

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Liza Sud

# In Carrying Of The Shroud -

In Carrying of the Shroud -  
'Passions' of Hilarion.  
And unfamiliar faces  
all became one Law.

Canticles are crying,  
and music is in triumph.  
And the pre-easter liking  
that it will be: He's risen.

These alloys not the people.  
in iridescent moulds -  
In bodies they are stiffened,  
on Sunday they'll recall

About the worldly racing  
where they moved with ease,  
until the miser demons  
encircled them by pitch.

Of debunk and discrowning  
parasites feel the threat.  
Christ with souls will be married  
upon the airy threads.

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Liza Sud

# In Dream I Saw Enormous Waterfall,

In dream I saw enormous waterfall,  
and I was at a narrow land below.  
I was delivered there by trolleybus  
17th number, by mistake, got lost there.

And I was told that it was power station -  
station of peaceful nuclear energy,  
as hobbits - friendly people labored there,  
making huge sculptures out of precious gems.

There all has been unrealistic high,  
and the waters were - like those in the ocean,  
and I did not know where, what, who I am?  
I was hit by obscurity and scope there!

And I woke up. Elections won by Trump.  
I'm glad that they fulfilled my recognition,  
that I was not deceived by angel-guard,  
and that the poems were shining with prediction!

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Liza Sud

# In Dresden

In Dresden I will come down  
and immediately I will start  
to play at the first German piano -  
rehearsal in native land.

And you will hear, silent,  
because you are so good.  
All will give no glances  
to us, blinded by the stew.

I will play right there at the station,  
how long - for the whole life -to wait? !  
Life is a presentation -  
then deliverance us from pain.

Liza Sud

# In Dresden I Will Come Down

In Dresden I will come down  
and immediately I will start  
to play at the first German piano -  
rehearsal in native land.

And you will hear, silent,  
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to us, blinded by the stew.

I will play right there at the station,  
how long - for the whole life -to wait? !  
Life is a presentation -  
then deliverance us from pain.

Liza Sud

# In Elvenare

It's Julia in Elvenare, who  
from red french-press drinks coffee.  
And then on horse she gallops  
to frightful steep of forest.

It's Julia among the trees,  
Surrounded by verdure,  
Elves are to serve her needs,  
and gnomes come help her.

Julia met a prince  
with blue sapphire in heart.  
In vales on horse they frisk  
together on a ride.

The Blue sapphire drops  
Ancient words of forecast,  
in his heart the sun warms  
them at the cold night.

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Liza Sud

# In Jesus Christ

Only with Christ  
I may love life,  
Cause the Existent  
Loves Himself.

With Him Existence  
Is so blessed,  
Eucharist turns  
into bliss I get!

Music can hardly  
give you this.  
Sex is a rubbish,  
Bed, family.

And that is why  
Soul is deep in crust  
For all of those  
Who don't know Christ.

Music can hardly  
give you this.  
My advice: go  
to Eucharist!

Those who know Him -  
Have another crust -  
To live the whole life  
in Jesus Christ!

Liza Sud

# In Minnesota There Are Many Wolves

In Minnesota there are many wolves.  
Please don't kill them! They cleanse your woods!  
The Force of Nature may be upset  
And may revenge you the other way.

Nothing dangerous for a man  
Except what he himself has done,  
Except what he deserved by deeds  
Don't kill wolves – and you'll not be killed!

Liza Sud

# In My High Flight Do Not Shoot Me,

In my high flight do not shoot me,  
on wires - do not tear off!  
here we are not alone,  
until connected like in dreams.

One in another, then a marvel,  
and then disclosed is a flower:  
what was - is, what became - will be -  
of the whole life - new petal, leaf!

I don't know who is more able to fly -  
and probably - in the thoughts - you!  
but life and death in bestial eyes -  
in my eyes - is so high to look!

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

## In Olgino

I will find you in Olgino,  
shoot you from all the weapons.  
overtake on my snowy Opel,  
in circle will take you.

You'll stop finding me amusing,  
and laugh as unserious.  
and you will understand, my beauty:  
I've been an adult for years on.

To play with me - I'll not allow,  
Jealousy - is for the sick!  
and by your precious bridle  
don't pull me in!

or - you'll become a weeper  
and will miss me at nights.  
will suck chupachupik 'Zhirik',  
in my poems will stuck!

And by them - without a weapon -  
I'll divorce you with husband - by words...  
and at last you'll become my girl  
under Demonic heaven.

Liza Sud

## In Saint Ioann's Eyes!

I'm not your wife, dear Daniel, excuse me.  
and not because I was unsatisfied  
(cause marriage makes any desire die) -  
but just because I'm married - to the Sky.

There are just few such pure angels  
indifferent to their earthly life,  
who met their love in heaven's first met strangers  
but then became dependent on that love!

I want to hide this love from all the people,  
and not because of shame - because of Light.  
I want to be the Moon near the bigger,  
much bigger Sun, but here I cannot find.

It doesn't make me sad, just bored forever.  
and what I say - a few will understand.  
The presence of that world is here already -  
in my kind deeds and in Saint Ioann's eyes!

Liza Sud

# In Spring The Light Is Usually Shedding

In spring the light is usually shedding  
To the out-of-the-way Russian door.  
Mister Pak goes back to Korea  
And the airplane flies to the dawn.

As a rule after someone's request,  
I am writing my poem to the other.  
And I usually write for a saint,  
I already got used to my silence.

Liza Sud

## In St. Petersburg

In St. Petersburg throughout there are Lions, horses,  
uncomfortable in this menagerie of souls.

I'll walk down Nevsky  
and come to the square,  
whose name - has become a cliché; for long.

From Sennaya the metro will bring you to Kupchino.  
Here, you breathe freely  
and less of pride,  
because area isn't so chock-full here,  
still it is city's roadside.

I will stroll along Piter's curbs,  
without any fear of people, slush.  
I am going to clean the shoes after they will soak,  
because Peter is everywhere foul,  
everywhere courtyards, streets, alleys,  
all around crowds of sweaty, and smelly bodies.

I would like to live  
in this God-blessed Petersburg  
if I wanted to live.

TRANSLATION from sky

Liza Sud

# In Steppe

Zhirinovsky is hugging a horse  
in beloved steppe somewhere.  
so good in red shirt, -  
as on museum painting!

Here are: peace and glory,  
friendship forever with nature.  
there are no bloody battles,  
No long wordy debates.

And the horse understands it,  
also he is loved by children,  
he is named the folk artist -  
as many write in Inet.

See the Idyll in nature!  
He was deprived of many  
things as a child, as often a horse,  
as the majority of our folk! !

Liza Sud

# In Switzerland

You are a good singer,  
all the arias you are singing,  
May be even  
Isolda will be in Tristan.

If you are not ashamed -  
you may quarrel with Otto,  
And we may go, Matilde,  
to Brasil, if we really want to.

You are so kind,  
never in anything blame me,  
but on our sin to decide -  
that right you always gave me.

you are a married woman,  
more than that - a christian.  
and in this world of demons  
you are like alien citizen.

Liza Sud

# In The Air. For Daniel Brick

Under Flower Waltz of Tchaikovsky  
and then tender Ave Maria  
In the air we raise up, whirling,  
joining hands and weightless together.

It is the blue twilight around,  
It is silence, freshness and calmness.  
We forgot how to step on the ground,  
all may happen in sleep of wonders.

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Liza Sud





# In The Cinema. For Daniel Brick

Write me that we went to the cinema.  
&quot;Book of jungle&quot; was on the screen.  
It was childish, adventurous, rhyming  
With the jungle world we live in.

And then we returned to the garden,  
Our warm green nook - gift of God.  
And it was eternal, as Father  
Told it would be if we were fine.

And we felt - that God is forever,  
Everywhere we felt God.  
We were talking with Him at present,  
in the future and in the past.

We had no problem to see Him.  
He had no secrets from us.  
We were true to Him - SO SIMPLE.  
It was more Light than we can describe.

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Liza Sud

# In The Dark Womb Of The Temple

In the dark womb of the temple  
as in the womb of mother,  
Softly flickering oil lamps  
lit the faces of icons.

Calmly and peacefully in dark room  
as Christmas tree in childhood.  
In the forests are sleeping bears and wolves,  
stars of the universe are shining.

Liza Sud

# In The Embrace Of Blue Sapphire,

In the embrace of Blue Sapphire,  
Of the firm look of light blue eyes,  
I'm once again like under cover  
of ever gods above all Times.

He sends me purity that's breaking  
all thoughts that were not good for him.  
He sends the proof that's unmistakable,  
his glassy surface makes me swim,

float in his safe and godly talking,  
that is as infinite as thread,  
that sews a robe for me for walking  
on the sapphire Milky Ways.

His facets shining all around  
are hidden from unworthy men,  
and his cold height, his quiet smiling  
once and forever makes me blessed.

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Liza Sud

## In The High Speeding Of A Poet -

In the high speeding of a poet -  
you hear angelic speech.  
And in one moment all the poems -  
no time to read.

It sounds - like lightning from the thoughtful,  
all through your brain -  
two hemispheres full of voices  
fused like a nail.

you have no time: the speed of that light -  
will kill you now,  
will kill your sin, will born a poet  
bilingual.

Liza Sud

# In The Land Chagallia,

We would live in the land Chagallia,  
where flowers are flying,  
and where colors in flight are flashing  
in the deepening of blue color.

We would live in the land Chagallia,  
with its roosters and violins,  
without wars and just soft mildness,  
where red only blushing means.

We would live in the land Chagallia,  
with its simple flowers, not roses.  
with its flying and happy cows,  
and with radiant yellow crosses.

We would live in the land Chagallia,  
where all are strangely united:  
painters as well as writers,  
as the dreams out of childhood.

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Liza Sud

# In The Locker

I do not keep invoices in the locker.  
nor way bills, too.  
if anything is ever stolen -  
God sees it soon.

And we desire to create locks -  
when faith is lacked.  
Among the people it creates cold  
and distrust.

And we are taught from being a child  
for locks upon the doors.  
But without pure trusting eyes -  
no secret is disclosed.

I've not forgotten! - I can not  
look after lie.  
I'm - for the opening of locks!  
as well as hearts!

Liza Sud

## In The Morning, The House Smells Of Coffee,

In the morning, the house smells of coffee,  
And in general all is well,  
I just miss you very much, so  
that a hunger sucks bones like in hell,

By the morning I slept with you,  
Clinging to my knees with a yearn..  
autumn flared outside the window,  
and broke out a gloomy dawn.

Liza Sud

# In The St. Basil's Cathedral

In the St. Basil's Cathedral  
was probably not.  
One can't say for sure how many  
Of the Russian churches he never saw.

Jewish are the roots of our churches -.  
How to find common language? - Noway!  
Tired of the Korean bosses,  
But the Russians - don't pay so well.

Liza Sud

# In The Theater Of Bayreuth

Then we met at the opera house,  
In the theater of Bayreuth.  
I was singing and playing the piano,  
You were costume designer in fedora.

We were working with red-haired Wagner.  
(Although at that time his hair was gray) .  
He united us, and we were happy,  
That we under his blessing remained!

Liza Sud

# In Your Face I See A Success,

In your face I see a success,  
in your mind - the firmness in virtue,  
and if ever light in you fades -  
then I believe not for a long time.

And trees in the forest announce  
that gladness will grow with the years,  
To shine means the syllable 'glad' -  
trees grow to light so that to get it.

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Liza Sud

## In Your Love

In your love - there is so much sex!  
I do not know WHAT to love -  
through hundreds of auras - from the saint -  
you go down to genitals.

What for to us these waterfalls -  
if riverbeds are so small?  
is it not better - with words thorn  
in both nations sting a poem?

is it not better - to keep quiet  
about it and talk about:  
as the brain runs along the Light lines  
and Light dictates about love

Liza Sud

# Indian Summer

Winter crops are arisen and green,  
The sun spins its radiant thread,  
I met Autumn, the Forty-Fifth,  
so that the loyalty of love was kept.

Someone aptly said, Indian summer -  
If the light is azure and warm.  
Like a woman, caressing and loving,  
In this wonderful time I have come.

The red clusters of rowan are glowing,  
And as fire illuminate the leaves.  
As from heaven the rubies are offered,  
Like a fairy tale it is - real.

And her fruits are so luscious, oh God!  
Beauty! And what a flavor? !  
More expensive than diamonds - thanks,  
Love - a hundred times sweeter than honey.

I accept the mature fields of corns,  
Yellowed leaves of the birches,  
willow's reddening glowing  
and the stars in their cold gloss!

Now it smells of ripe apple and light,  
By the grace my soul's warmed and inspired,  
To my questions a good response shines  
as a colorful, cheerful fire.

Liza Sud

# Inessa Armand In Memoriam

Vladimir Ilyich fell in love  
with Golden Inesse Armand.  
From Russia through the train cry:  
where France and Saint-sans abide.

Vladimir Ilyich fell in love  
And took her to Moscow, far.  
But here Beethoven's song  
she played to him no more.

It's leafage. It's Golden fall.  
Poplars. St-Peter's calm.  
Where the herds of people-swans.  
Inessa with me here. Mine.

And we will live happily  
in Communism, socialism -  
we will walk under one sky,  
And we'll love this life, we'll love!

When there will be your arrest -  
for you as the Red Cross head,  
I'd have shot all deputy,  
but will take you from Paris!

I'll give you the Woman's branch  
In party affairs guide, -  
for you, my love, to decide,  
What family should be like.

But she did not carry on  
for three years. Tired so.  
And I asked to leave for Paris,  
but Caucasus is my will.

We have won, we're at the helm!  
the golden leaves are in flame.  
Why at the September's end  
I lost you, my dear friend? ...

So let it wait, Kremlin wall,  
Where we will lie: you and I.  
The silence of sentry guard.  
Revolution. I'm alone.

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Liza Sud

# Infarctic

I don't insult anybody so quietly  
In space of seabuckthorns, lilac and colorful.  
And if I go to the shore of Baltic -  
It doesn't matter - Riga or Infarctic.

The latter always is more close to Piter.  
Although the heart despite the rupture is still beating,  
It's truly all the same where you are odd -  
the seawave everywhere will pour you over.

Liza Sud

# Inside Me All Is Trembling Like A Tree

Inside me all is trembling like a tree  
of happiness that Laitman comes to Peter!  
For the first time I'll be the one like me!  
Who saw Light, speaks Light, is uniting people!

I'll see the one, who opened me the way!  
Who told me to see aim in every minute!  
Cause even if your soul goes astray -  
then God will prescribe a sweet pill to heal it.

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Liza Sud

# Into Vrubel's Paintings

You shine like a sapphire in your paintings,  
and your eyes are filled with the pain that burns  
as the Elf- King you promise me the treasures,  
your diamonds are hanging on the wall.

They dragged me to the sky, are always dragging -  
giant imploring and beseeching eyes  
they play by facets in the rays of sapphires,  
as the eternal beauty of our life.

The flash of sparks, and then again smoke fogging,  
and glance becomes dark and full of remorse,  
in synchrony - the fire and enticement,  
it seems to me: it is hell that I learn.

Who told you? - that Hell can have no beauty?  
It is caressing - holy side of God.  
It; s He - the hand and thread of fine that ruins,  
And He keeps you in hell, as dear mom.

And if in the sky you are suddenly scared,  
and it seems to you - hell goes to collapse-  
then by John of Kronstadt you'll be reminded  
that all the hells - right as His temple stand.

And in His orbit there are no failures,  
And every millimeter is controlled:  
in your escape somewhere over the cliff,  
and in His Sapphire's royal answer 'No'.

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Liza Sud

# Iohann Of Kronstadt In His Life Was Happy!

Iohann of Kronstadt in his life was happy!  
Iohann of Kronstadt - only joy he knew!  
Iohann of Kronstadt was a very nice bird!  
And above all Russia bringing peace he flew!

because he has known: there is a small point  
in a heart, and this point - keeps your living safe.  
and in time of fear - you should on it focus,  
and to it - as to God - you should simply pray!

Happy life is this point, and it is immortal.  
Happiness is this point! it has radiant light.  
Iohann of Kronstadt never left this point and  
Iohann of Kronstadt in it now flies!

Liza Sud

# Iohann Of Kronstadt.

Iohann of Kronstadt in his life was happy!  
Iohann of Kronstadt - only joy he knew!  
Iohann of Kronstadt was a very nice bird!  
And above all Russia bringing peace he flew!

because he has known: there is a small point  
in a heart, and this point - keeps your living safe.  
and in time of fear - you should on it focus,  
and to it - as to God - you should simply pray!

Happy life is this point, and it is immortal.  
Happiness is this point! it has radiant light.  
Iohann of Kronstadt never left this point and  
Iohann of Kronstadt in it now flies!

Liza Sud

# It Is A Treasure Island!

It is a treasure island!  
Really the place of treasures!  
Poets glow like gems here -  
Oceans of Poem Hunter!

When I come - soul is spoiled, but  
after sometime of reading -  
pain hides and disappearing -  
lets me be wise and joyful!

Liza Sud

## It Is Cold Outside And Boring.

It is cold outside and boring.  
Poems don't warm my soul.  
My sun had set although,  
It promised flowers for all.

Son, any work in the town,  
always so alien and strange,  
Betrayal follows like shadow,  
Like a clot in the throat are days,

But the song, like a pulse, does not break,  
One should not just survive but live,  
O My heart, where do you wander?  
I'm waiting for you, can not weep.

Liza Sud

## It Is Good

It is good that then we were younger,  
I was more tough and I was sterner,  
In your turn you then had more power  
And we talked in the evenings longer.

But those talks were still not enough  
Even then, now – we don't mind.  
But I still want to hear you,  
We are both indifferent too.

Of your poems my soul took flight  
Not in body it was – outside.  
When at last it returned back –  
Then the trace in my eye was – white.

Liza Sud

# It Is Not Masochism

It is Not Masochism - to dream about love  
or simply friendship far over the ocean.

It is Not Masochism - to jump inside a car,  
sitting on the chair without a motion.

It is Not Masochism - to watch movies in dreams,  
imagining what only YOU imagine.

It is Not Masochism- to eat the fried ice-cream  
and feel refreshment - it is yogic practice.

It is Not Masochism - to write, to write, to write  
my empty dreams and poems without love.

Not to be masochist - go praying to the Light  
cause all bliss and refreshment is inside it!

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Liza Sud

## It Is Not You

It is not you but it is the devil who burns me,  
but devil is always afraid of the name of Christ,  
The name of Christ is as quiet and soft as waters.  
in waters I feel comfortable and sublime.

It is not you but Joseph I want to merge with,  
It is his commanding voice that I hear behind.  
And he is Russian, but very unusual always,  
And he is the Russian patriot though exiled.

Why do I think so? - because of his many poems  
devoted to America - there is almost none,  
Well, maybe for Mikhail Baryshnikov but no more still,  
but dream of Russia whose people he still sees kind.

Why are his poems bringing me so much comfort  
as if I'm embraced by heaven while still on earth,  
and I don't have any trouble or place to hide from,  
because I am in Brodsky's House of eternal Word,

Liza Sud

# It Is Only A Body.

It is only a body.

Get ready for higher fate.

What on earth you make happen,  
outlines the fight's boundaries, and

will pave way to the Future,

In the circle of your highest tasks,

Always in deeds be truthfull,

A headsman you yourself, ans a Tsar.

Liza Sud

# It Seems That Every Cell Of Body

It seems that every cell of body  
feels sin and both pain and joy.  
I know: all atoms, with no bounds...  
Subject to God! His - the main role.

I feel: the heart by pain dictates,  
What goes against the will of God.  
Features, senses, mind experience -  
They make a new tormenting cut.

Liza Sud

# It Sounds So Pathetic:

It sounds so pathetic:  
I feel myself like a priest,  
coming to people from ambon  
and giving them Eucharist.

Thank you for high appraisal!  
Light is both wine and bread.  
Since I am christian lady -  
to Christ I'll give my place.

Drink only from pure chalice -  
only Orthodox wine!  
Do I sound too fanatic?  
Seem just like saint John's wife?

Dear, I have no way out.  
(sincerely, noone has) .  
Speaker begins to master  
in closeness to God.

He speaks the opened stories  
after you clean your eyes.  
Stories become so obvious  
ruled by the hands of lights!

I am too shy to impose  
my own wine on you.  
Is that brand really worthy? -  
poems of Liza Sud...

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Liza Sud

# It Was A Sinful Morning:

It was a sinful morning:  
I was rude to my colleagues.  
I kissed a forbidden person  
and I was not writing poems.

Oh why is this person forbidden?  
Why I was almost beaten  
for running to him for kissing?  
Tell me please, I will listen.

No, he is not forbidden.  
He is like any other  
of earthly human beings  
He tried to be pleasing.

But there are higher creatures,  
high - so to say - dimensions.  
It were they who are jealous  
who want the juice of nations!

It were they who were drinking  
you, when you became ready.  
Earth will pass like a minute.  
Now your look is from there.

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Liza Sud

# It's A Verse As A Sweet Gust

It's a verse as a sweet gust  
You injected in my soul.  
You inspired an increasing lust  
for you, other men, girls.

And I don't know how to suppress it,  
My blood trembles, my temples burn.  
There is no one to caress me,  
Cause for lovers I chose God.

Liza Sud

# It's Only God Who's Near In Time Of Hardships

It's only God who's near in time of hardships,  
And from the evil devils He saves you,  
It's friends and people who betray and blaspheme,  
And only Go as always – never sleeps.

Liza Sud

# It's Almost Winter

It's almost winter... But the birches  
don't want to hear this, it seems.  
And with gold hair quietly drop the tears,  
And blame first snow and rain in noise of wind -

not a long time is left for them to show off  
and to be flaunting there in golden dress.  
And what tomorrow will be falling -  
is not the snow, but the last Leaf from them.

Liza Sud

# It's Not A Farewell - Goodbye!

Who told you that you will die?  
You will just enter into a new world,  
Where again you'll fly and wobble  
from love of Jesus! It's not a farewell - goodbye!

Liza Sud

# Ivan And Daniella

You like a Cyclone came with comments  
and covered like snow all my poems.  
Like Cyclone lied on strong Ivan,  
his white-snowy European part.

This cyclone's named as Daniella  
broke atmospheric pressure level.  
One poet named Cyclone a virgin,  
Like virgin was Saint John of Kronstadt.

And in this avalanche I went alone.  
And many people thought: 'I am alone'.  
But they were inside love of Daniella  
and saint Ivan - small parts of loving God.

Liza Sud

## I've Got A Cat Named Aska,

I've got a cat named Aska,  
It was a grandson who brought  
It was with devil's power,  
lion - a spinning top.

She denied treats and affection  
and threatening all, she growled,  
We did not know how to get her,  
It dwindled away - do not!

We decided to play a cat game  
She spinned as a whirligig  
Folly was spent by that play  
and now we are - family!

She is the best devotee,  
She became an editor for me  
I write now, and she is murring -  
It happens only in dream.

Liza Sud

# I've Got Very Bad Memory.

I've got very bad memory.  
I remember all that is bad.  
THat is why I love only angels  
who have no foul sins in mind.

I remember bad about parents.  
I remember bad about friends.  
I remember bad about relatives,  
and I'm pushing new friends away.

My memory is dark and painful,  
and doesn't inspire to live.  
All so called friends are betrayers.  
But I will not make them pay.

And probably we are... probably  
the servants of different gods,  
this difference brings disturbance,  
but anyway I'm given Light.

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Liza Sud

# I've Read Only 5 Lines Of Laitman

I've read only 5 lines of Laitman  
About 5 new lights,  
about 5 new lives -  
And so again I'm smiling.

Again I'm there near my lake.  
Again where I met you on the beach.  
Again I'm glad about my pure free fate!  
And I forgot this hotness of the sin.

Liza Sud

# Jam

I want your apple jam and chanterelles,  
if you spend for each of them three hours -  
Then how my jealousy to quench? -  
to take the jam away from you with power!

what else to wish for birthday parties,  
if not the heat of your own hand?  
and if your hand has ever touched the jam -  
therefore give me the jam of apples!

Liza Sud

# Jealousy

I don't like anything to do.  
But I love only jealousy.  
Who in the train was touching you &  
Tell straight for my appeasement please!

That you write SUCH things to him 3 days,  
and cannot tell it to the end!  
only those moments - will you hear? -  
I want them to repeat myself!

Together we would have felt bored -  
when there is no third part so far -  
and out of rage for him to burn -  
for out of me the stolen love!

Liza Sud

# Jesus

No curse, not a drop of reproaches.  
How could He, blood oozing from sores...  
Be calm when he heard the awful verdict  
Through a bloody crown of thorns? !

pain has chilled and the gaze became dim,  
the world plunged into darkness, collapsed.  
How enemies dreamed to shame Him  
and dishonor Creator of stars!

and the soulless pack was exulted,  
in a silently languishing space,  
To disgrace Him as thief and to punish,  
soothing fire of discord – their aim...

where from came to Him the reliance?  
How could He when He was torn apart  
to emit All-forgiveness to troubles  
The unearthly love, the love of God? !

Liza Sud

# Job

I saw a boy. His name was - Job.  
He invited me to his home.  
side by side we walked with him along  
a big palace and center of sport.

then he was scored by his friends  
(at one table with them we were sitting)  
he was silent. and strange name - Job.  
And his holy face. He was little.

Liza Sud

# John Of Kronstadt And Young Trader

When I was young and lived in Kronstadt  
And my first trade have just began,  
I suffered bad luck and misfortune,  
But once the priest at my door tapped -

'I'm watching after you, my brother,  
In your small home is Paradise!  
Why not to save the child, you Father!  
Why do you drink, make hell for wife? '

This Christlike person, made a favour -  
To tears mitigated me.  
And I resumed my former trading.  
And now construct a church for him.

Liza Sud

# John Of Kronstadt At The Station

When people hurried through rail station  
As if they had unopened eyes -  
One priest there stopped in common motion  
And started all to scrutinize.

It seemed as if there was someone  
Who groaned and he saw a man.  
He turned around repeating sermon  
And quickly then to helpless run.

How they drew him away and beat him -  
All that man quietly explained.  
It was indifferent to people,  
But John there for help remained.

Liza Sud

# Joseph Brodsky - The Best

Very often in prejudice's darkness  
Light of Truthfulness passes away.  
I repeat once more for the Russians:  
Joseph Brodsky - for you is the best.

They will argue with me in dismay:  
Why? He was outcast already.  
But he didn't cease being the best:  
In his country and everywhere.

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Liza Sud

# Joseph Brodsky - The Triumphant

Robbed of his homeland,  
though he's not whacky.  
Is that - a kopeck  
with George Triumphant?

But from another land,  
as from that end of sky  
another language but  
where all is - synchronose!

and as the voice of Truth  
he will come back again  
Ioseph Brodsky -  
the Triumphant.

Liza Sud

# Jubilee Of St. John

They will come up to his Jubilee,  
will in my face say their blasphemy.  
To them I'll say: if you don't like Vanya -  
Go away after eating quite.

Liza Sud

# Julia, Give Me Toy Car For Present

Julia, give me toy car for present -  
Creta - as Zhuk has it at his desk,  
then I will give you small book for present  
which in any language I'll translate.

They say about poetry - it is at  
the white Light a very dirty trace.  
They say poems are read to children,  
so that to improve their innocence.

Only nobody understands them,  
just the sounds, but not secret sense.  
As the birds in V-formation flying  
though the bugler doesn't convene them.

Julia, bestow me with toy engine-  
I do not want Creta of big size -  
but I want this life - the earthly pilgrim -  
prototype of which we'll see in Light.

Julia, it's just a toy I ask for,  
so little as the earthly life,  
Under pillow I will hide a car - so  
that in dream on it with you to ride.

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# Karelia Is The Land Of My Dream.

Karelia is the land of my dream.  
Here on the ground I step with confidence,  
Here the air gives me a tender embrace,  
And from the height the gulls send me a scream.

It is amazing here to die and live,  
Here even in fearful moment you're not scared,  
here pedestal and scaffold are decreased,  
As if you watch them from above, from heaven.

Here lake Onezhskoe in its blue voile  
Keeps only memory of primitive people,  
who always smile and are reserved, but hidden  
behind their smile is not sadness, but joy.

Here quietness and coldness are the law.  
By humbleness that is slow and steady  
Your eyesight to the Light will fling the door  
Even when there's only darkness everywhere.

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Liza Sud

# Karpov And Kasparov

Kasparov is nervous as mercury,  
moves figures very quickly,  
You have no time to follow him,  
expansive he is and impetuous.

Like angel into the hall  
looks heavenly-calm Karpov.  
Riot is not his term,  
He is the king, endowed with power.

And his peace and his light  
is more frightful than estrangement  
you drown in his eyes,  
in the nets of combinations.

Kasparov thinks of no evil;  
he wants to steer politics,  
Karpov - at the helm already,  
and audience is awaiting.

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Liza Sud

## Kelly Kurt. Acrostic

Kurt was the first to comment  
day he is on this site!  
so much to read our poems,  
familiar to us, guys!  
may always find warming feeling!  
is really so polite!  
tands that you're not a genius -  
Rescues you from your dark sad mind!  
re you are, Kurt Kelly, dear!

Acro - from Russia, with thankful meaning.

Liza Sud

# Key

There's one key to my  
religious soul, -  
It is sincerity,  
Brightness and glow.

It is the sucking  
Which angels can do,  
Humble as Jesus  
Who came to serve you!

How to explain it?  
That's just what I feel.  
May be through ages  
We may even meet -

I mean spiritual  
Meeting of souls.  
Now – it's just virtual  
Empty sad stroll.

You were exiting me  
only for sex.  
I want a prayer,  
The Russian church, bless.

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Liza Sud

## Key Number 27

key number twenty-seven -  
Someone has stolen my heart,  
and is waiting for me to explain it,  
but does not want to return it back.

Liza Sud

# Key Of The World

I keep my poet's gift in secret,  
So that no one could recognize,  
Why do I need world's recognition  
If the world's key I have inside?

Key of the world - as big as puzzle,  
All is already known in it.  
Only the purity of conscience  
Will let you open it and read.

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Liza Sud

# King Donald

Their king was named Donald,  
he didn't get salary.  
He took only one dollar,  
refusing four hundred thousand.

It was the most kind one,  
honest king in the world!  
In his ruling - imagine! -  
there were no wars!

In his ruling all people  
lived in their own towns,  
countries returned to clever  
powers and marvels.

After great split, disruption,  
propaganda of sins -  
people returned to God's Faith.  
Donald, thank you for this!

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Liza Sud

# Kingdom Of Christ Has Come,

Kingdom of Christ has come,  
And it has always been – now.  
Who can't see it among us?  
Only whose eyes are foul.

Here it is – touch it!  
Love it, perceive, hear!  
If far away it seems –  
It means that soul's unclear.

Liza Sud

# Kitten

I'm not afraid if you send me to woods,  
You are so tender, my Natasha!  
I as a kitten snuggle up to you,  
My neck and back make flextures out of passion.

I listen to a tender Jewish song -  
Natan Goshen 'Lamrot hakol'.  
My longing, love inspite of all!  
Exactly my dream love inspite of all!

Liza Sud

# Kittens Sit In A Cake,

Kittens sit in a cake,  
in red and black cream.  
stretch their paws to me  
as the sprouts of a tree,

many hands reaching out,  
cream is twirled in a round,  
once again in my verse  
our paths will close.

Black and red cat -  
in the vortex of life  
in winter he'll not freeze -  
Julia will take him.

Me and Julia lie,  
it is the birth of life.  
Both in circle of life  
where our breath is one.

In body you can't lie  
the dictate of harm.  
but more strong than the warmth -  
are the angelic words!

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# Know, You're Surrounded By Bliss!

He has worshiped a woman -  
so small woman and stupid,  
so beautiful and kind,  
He served an idol - cupid!

That was a stupid man.  
He lost the sense of God,  
His radiance, His staircases,  
his rainbows, love to the crazy.

He was obsessed by this one woman  
And when she turned he head away -  
of course he felt dark in his brains,  
since to the light he was not moving.

Do I consider all love stupid?  
Not in the meaning of good deeds.  
But when you feel that you are losing -  
know, you're surrounded by bliss!

Liza Sud

# Kohens Were Given A Tremendous Force:

Kohens were given a tremendous force:  
they should raise up 12 men.  
and all the nations should build them a Church  
and bring them on their hands to Israel,

But Ioann of Kronstadt could lift up  
twelwe men - the whole nation of his homeland.  
And people carried him on their hands  
and build Naval Cathedral and the Convent.

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# Laitman's Glance On The Holocaust

The Holocaust is holiday of God,  
but only pure heart may understand it.  
It takes filtration, yes it takes much Time  
to see in every minute God's connection.

It's not because I; m cruel to their pain,  
But it's because I've learned the God's saint aim,  
And Laitman too, although himself a jew,  
sais just the same, this saint Kabbalah's view.

It's holiday as any pain or illness,  
which leads you through such clearing to sky.  
And after you even regret that grief was  
too small, becuase reward is strong and high!

The Holocaust is holiday of God,  
as any blink's - His game and holyday,  
And it is only good He wishes to His child,  
you, child, - in body's dress His own immortal ray.

Liza Sud

# Laitman's Grace

I asked the grace as Laitman has,  
And with my brothers feel cohesion.  
All whirls around and I fly,  
It's the beginning of true living.

Hold on your brothers and you'll fly  
Lightly at the unearthly orbit,  
You never fall away from that.  
Cause you and brothers stand in one point.

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Liza Sud

## Laitman's Voice

Laitman's voice is pleasant and hoarse,  
it's not gentle, he's not romantic.  
But he sounds like eternal rose -  
You may hear such love and kindness!

Laitman looks like a fairy-tale gnome  
who is talking good things of old times.  
and you simply believe: good is gone,  
but it still will return somehow,

May be really - you trust in HIM?  
see in him gem like blue sapphiire?  
It's his miracle, our dream,  
when he satisfies our desire!

How do you feel when sit alone?  
above all, teaching - I can't imagine!  
you have patience, you serve God!  
And your lessons themselves are magic!

Liza Sud

# Larger Sapphires

I don't see any earth things for a week,  
if someone put on me sapphire glasses,  
and I look straight, the color is unique  
and doesn't let see any other colors,

Oh how I wanted once to understand  
the sapphire eyes and flowers of Vrubel!  
And now I see myself those giant eyes,  
and they are living near, so calm, not cruel.

I asked: Oh where do those giants live?  
The same I asked of Wagner not of Verdi,  
Romantics of the latter, trivial things,  
of no comparison to Graal, the sacred!

Oh those eyes are difficult to find!  
and they seem cold, especiallty in Vrubel.  
But why I feel their full enormous love?  
And can predict the larger ones in future!

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Liza Sud

# Last 20 Poems From Bilingual Book

80

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Was born in ROC, two times he was born  
And to fall down he has no right,  
And he will not until in memory holds him  
The Grace he got for free from saint grace from God.

81

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Christ, You defeated twice:  
Once, dooming  
people to sodomy  
and saving them the second time -,

for the faith in Thy power.

And Christ won all the time:  
once dooming  
to the occasion for falldown,  
then - forcing them  
to see that it is glooming.

Christ won over the Gloom:  
once giving  
Its light Cross -  
as from Paradise,  
and took it then away  
by Crown.

82

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Do you want to cancel the wonders?  
and return everything to the moment?  
when he came to you - this Sun!  
and to go for you will be bad?

Every sin will be punished,  
as by Great divine Law.  
Only saint God will judge us?  
like mild light in a doze.

83

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He will come and embrace you  
as God's love or His grace?  
but a soul'll turn away then  
who could not stand against.

Will avert this Sun - Jesus  
such an all-filling warmth,  
And a soul will awaken  
to what spheres was close.

84

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To one, whom God once did forgive,  
saved sinlessness in days of wicked.  
The whole world that one will hear  
whom the Eternity admitted.

85

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There is no place better  
Than my flat in Piter, and  
I play here whom I want to,  
Shut down internet.

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There is no better place  
than in my flat.  
And even in the whole  
sinless world.

Because here brain like notes  
Works for the hours.  
And only here  
Iohann has come.

86

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Holy Bowl from Iohann

The moment has come, the day was last and happy,  
I don't want in the world the snow to melt  
I want forever the Eucharisy bowl  
Like Light in me for everyday to melt.

87

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When you fly up with AAAAAA! -  
upon the pure and godly orbit -  
there you may get a better drive  
than from innumberable coitus.

But there are cities which are saint  
where you for sure are with Jesus,  
So fly accelerating there -  
From sodomites and other lechers.

89

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I'm bored of simple sex,  
I need to be together with a person,  
but it can't be without the waste  
of you, and him, and time is the divorcer.

90

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Jubilee of st John

They will come up to his Jubilee,  
will in my face say their blasphemy.  
To them I'll say: if you don; t like Vanya -  
Go away after eating quite.

93

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Wagner is always alone  
in all his characters,  
to the blue sea he goes  
where his long love guards.

By songs of Vesendonk  
Wagner preserves the prayer,  
and of these pure words  
you want to win the warfare.

People never betray,  
and sin will not appear,  
who told you that the spell

ever was from the devil?

94

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I'm like a heavenly printer  
Write what they are dictating.  
Show to me the painting  
and from the rude then grate it.

I dont like virtual nerves  
tenacious as preserves,  
Truth they cannot awaken,  
bitterly are mistaken.

95

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For three days I fall in love with boys.  
For a month – with girls,  
Always spelled by the bilingual verse.  
Under any weather, though you burst

96

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Always is possible to go beyond the borders.  
Such a dose of insanity  
always is good for me,  
as if to go back.

Leave me alone, cautious,  
weak, sickly,  
calm and without emotion -  
leave the hall!

97

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But why then brahmacharya -  
in Indian Vedas is the highest? -  
and only through it - you are happy!  
when you hear Our God the sublimest!

No, you're wrong, and all the saints  
taught people quite the opposite -  
the stronger is the abstinence -  
the purer with God the Merging is!

98



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Not only saints from very ancient:  
Vivekananda, for example,  
and not to mention Ramakrishna  
and we don't have to go from Russia -

our Russian Iohann of Kronstadt -  
was happy and he was a virgin!  
I love him almost as I love God  
It's in his image God has come to.

I love him just like Laxmi - Vishnu  
like Radharani loves Her Krishna.  
like Shakti's merging with Purusha -  
soul to soul we live, it's crucial.

Spiritual Husband he's. Not higher  
than God he is to me, it' rather  
inexplicable for understanding  
of worldly consciousness carnal.

He loves me and protects,  
from evil demons guards,  
bilinguals he dictates -  
when enemy spell casts.

We used to merge in ecstasy:  
I see the world - with his - eyes  
It's only with him that I see  
forward and backward - tons of lives!

And he does not allow to betray him,  
back to himself me all the time returns  
and when he wants - then by his wonders  
and when he wants - simply by words.

Himself he chose me and appeared,  
and us connected with a thread,

thanks to this thread - I feel appeasement  
always, in everything and everywhere.

99

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Holy supremacy over the Universe -  
Through Love to all - from orphanage to bring them!  
Love implicates all back to her -  
Appearance of Christ. It is so clear.

The Crucifixion of Christ. Simple victim:  
He wanted so much to help His people-  
that died for them, and everything went back,  
to childhood, to the light - when child woke up

100

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The Crucifixion of Christ. Simple victim:  
He wanted so much to help His people-  
that died for them, and everything went back,  
to childhood, to the light - when child woke up

and looks at his small toy out of wraps diapers.  
and you give to a child this simple toy.  
And it is Christ. And also is the world.  
They are presented at one time by God.

Christ and the world. A gift to anyone.  
In great equality of love from God.  
And never die niether Christ nor the world.  
That's why He resurrects here, therefore.

Liza Sud

## Last Step Of Our Way Is Humility,

Last step of our way is humility,  
When everything's already gained  
And all the virtues creativity  
On stone of faith in Christ is based.

Oh meek; ; humility and mildness,  
What often Lord Himself was called:  
I ask of You that in the madness  
Away from me you didn't go.

Liza Sud

# Lead Me, Nargiz, Lead,

Lead me, Nargiz, lead,  
With a torch run in front  
As from Olympic league –  
Singer of power, right?

Liza Sud

# Leader Of Nations And Times. From Svetlana Vodoley

To Lenin

Is there someone who could rule the fates of people  
Like the one whose Monument annihilated -  
TODAY? ! And quietly, peacefully, and not tricky...  
Someone is praying, someone is complimenting.

He graduated from school with the Big and Golden  
medal. And after - was his brother's execution!  
He avenged Tsars. And the wind through fervor  
Carried a long love 'without a restitution.'

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Liza Sud

# Lenin About The Poor Peasants

In the book about the poor peasants  
Lenin writes about the uprising,  
Like before the prophecy - ten years,  
With an accuracy that's unrivaled.

Accurately he describes statistics,  
alignment of forces, what is pointless,  
That at first there will be a bourgeois  
art of greed, as at the canvas cloth.

That's the reason why it's so convincing -  
the Professional politician's talk  
on the point of what will be on earth -  
In the book about the poor peasants.

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Liza Sud

# Leninism

You see a dome above the sky,  
When everything is on fire?  
The earthly tubes fly down  
But the Light stands in height.

Light blind all and is so calm,  
the final judgment - Christ.  
the temples' roofs are falling,  
they have become the shelter of bad.

do you feel sorry for those churches?  
Saint Ioann has warned:  
for your greediness and your whoredom  
You will get on your cross.

And the one who was well prepared,  
wandered and suffered more,  
will build at last that huge world, where  
each one will not be small,

everyone will be appreciated  
For the fact simply that he exists,  
and the world will be fair  
While Leninism there is.

As for opium for the people  
Once it became corrupt -  
It will be replaced by Heaven, where  
Star will be shining bright!

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Liza Sud

## Leps's 'Cupolas' Sung On Red Square -

Leps's 'Cupolas' sung on Red Square -  
even more beautiful than from 'the Sail',  
flies across Russia loud-menace  
his soul from pothouses and saints.

Liza Sud

# Let Her Come In Iron Helmet -

Let her come in iron helmet -  
It will be smashed to pieces,  
It is a notification,  
So that brains were not splitted.

I will throw kefir at her,  
and also old bread crumbs,  
and mandarin crusts,  
and the wet spoons with dirt.

I'll hit her on the cabinet,  
In chair - face at table.  
And many more fantasies  
in these two weeks will wait her,

Until I compensate  
The loss of her, so painful,  
On the hot closing days  
of cheerful April!

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Liza Sud

# Let's Come Up With A Cocktail

Let's come up with a cocktail, but better, Sveta, twain!  
Sveta Water Bearer Cocktail from thin slits of a day.  
In it there will be cherries round, cold ice,  
chocolate on the bottom - a stunned rhyme.

To shock is positive, like grief inside the day,  
to wake up, raise an eyebrow: Oh my gosh!  
As in Beethoven, where rhythm breaks a nail.  
And through the planks - the gap - in other world!

Liza Sud

# Let's Sing, My Friend

Let's sing, my friend about something sad?  
I want sublunary time to pass.  
'As by a patchwork coverlet grass spilled  
at the foot of the hills and small birds whistle.. '

My voice is soft, and volumed as a velvet  
And yours is thick, with barely heard hoarse,  
We merged together in the half black hall,  
and someone's blessed peace we're breaking.

'Day burnt out in the boundless forests,  
The moon ascended as imposing Tsar.  
Throwing its rays by distant hotspots,  
The night started its melody for grass... '

we became silent, sang it to the end.  
And it is quiet suddenly and empty.  
We both feel lonely on the earth again.  
Let's sing another song, my friend?

Liza Sud

# Life

Anguish, boredom, lust, jag  
TV... without a face,  
Life - is a cruel snag  
Without beginning or end.

Only the youth have flashed,  
Intoxicated by vanity of the hopes,  
In a blink - there is an old age,  
And after... - death without clothes.

Everyone knows it who is earthy,  
If he lived for a long...  
About the lamp... and a drugstore...  
... Millions of red roses.

That's why live as a booze!  
Sing as a sea ocean...  
Everything will return soon  
in the tale of a white bull -

So you live, yourself try to divert,  
But around there is grey reality...  
And your native pussy you hold,  
To avoid falling in immortality.

Pussy or eggs you keep?  
but for everything there is a reason,  
While a spinner is weaving a wheel  
you hear the buzz of a spindle.

a cat chases a cat,  
And a cricket is sings behind the furnace  
After the death all will come back,  
You believe me, the old man,

Everything will be the same,  
From the same doors and porches,  
There are hand-painted sleighs,  
With the trio of fiery horses!

Liza Sud

# Life Could Go The Other Way,

Life could go the other way,  
But I didn't change the fate  
and I was involved in fatal step  
I can not correct.

I would have changed a little.  
I understand that I am guilty.  
took another step - the other way  
By God to heavens I've been sent.

I will blame noone,  
Everyone gets for his case  
I will not forget my dear land.  
For me it will never fade.

from E.S.N

Liza Sud

# Life Is Not Simple

Life is not simple,  
But Life is God.  
He has the willpower  
to rule above!

Submit your own will  
to His saint eyes  
and He will praise you  
with dreams more high!

Liza Sud

# Life Like A Bonus!

Not to look in front -  
but to look up high -  
may be to change the focus?

then the false passion  
that seemed true - will die  
And you'll feel life like gift and bonus!

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Liza Sud

# Light

Cheered our Spirit! Let the States relax!  
Great Crimea, long life to you - for us!  
And Love as always on vacation flies,  
With mum and dad - as it was more than once!

And two, and three! .. And Yalta, and Artek -  
Were proud of! That gift for Children - glimmered!  
Now - we came back. And let the Summer get  
Olympic victory of ours. Billow

of Love was programmed by Our God!  
And everything's returning on its circle.  
And let the envious west not scare us  
With sanctions, stockades. The Earth ball still flows!

They spreaded here the 'values' of the Hell.  
Forgetting Paradise, dragged us to nowhere.  
The Brothels, buggers, villains, just the fiends -  
Showed children what forbidden is forever!

Let Sevastopol Cresset overthrow  
and further more... all those who lived there bad.  
Let over Russia - the DEVOTION glow  
to Veterans feats! Alive is our flag!

And patriots will stand! The fascist DARKNESS-  
We'll thrash the Baltic, rotten corners - all!  
Where they are lurking in their rotten marches...  
Is not our business - beat them after all!

The Great Empire will return - the Country  
for what was paid already and in full!  
And every moment will be praised by Crimean  
cornelian rocks! Them will highlight the moon!

To Happiness the Sun rays will be routed!  
Russia is shining! Day is glorified! ..  
And every cell of our spring Communion -  
To the Dark Forces - promises the LIGHT!

translation from SVodoley

Liza Sud

# Light Comes Up From Inside, From Vera Polovinko

Light comes up from inside,  
It is shining, exciting and breathing,  
It says that It is God,  
It says that It is eternal, Alive,

With him my soul exults,  
I'm getting more wise and more quiet,  
I'm becoming as one with the grass,  
With Earth vernal and bright.

It is shining in me  
as unearthly mysterious Light,  
And is healing, fulfilling,  
As an angel, It blows a pipe,

It's becoming for me  
God's Wise Paternal Council,  
And with the works of Christ  
On the Earth I am united.

Vera Polovinko  
29.02.2017.  
Kiev.

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29.02.2017?.

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Liza Sud

# Lights Up. From Alex Suslov

I had no time to fall asleep at night,  
And morning looks into the eyes again,  
And after three the dawn was here to start,  
And something once again to soul forecasts,

Chopin is sobbing in the requiem,  
about the future sees a dream in tears,  
for me are opening the doors of death,  
as if I found the path of the release,

The realm of future freedom that will come  
again with burning fire lights the sky,  
I'm not alone, in the World - two of us:  
my God and I are there, He and I...

And my cat is so serene in sleep,  
Spreading his paws, a friend of destiny,  
I understand, that there is a hope,  
That we are not alone, here on the Earth,

But we are many, the mystics of life,  
who're keeping silence, like me, in the night,  
may be it's dark now in the fatherland,  
But it lights up... somewhere in distance far...

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Liza Sud

# Like A Puppet

I have nothing to be ashamed of,  
I have no fear anymore.  
I just want to enjoy the moment,  
when I slide in you like a small dog.

You, passive, quiet, as all women  
will give my hair a tender stroke.  
It's good that in the Middle Kingdom  
live Muses with their faithful dogs.

A puppet runs to the Muse through a field,  
and at her hands she will take him,  
An she will give him a kiss at forehead,  
and at this moment the work - will wait!

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Liza Sud

# Like A Puppet, Briks Took Mayakovsky

Like a puppet, Briks took Mayakovsky.  
Osip Brik was an erudite!  
He revised Mayakovsky's poems,  
and he lend him his dear wife.

Brik set in his works points and commas.  
Brik gave money for him to eat.  
Mayakovsky said that a brothel  
was a church in comparison to Briks.

Yes, they saved him, but they defiled him  
It was his choice, noone to blame.  
He loved Lilya as as her smalll puppet,  
That's the shadow of Brik's name.

Do you know to whom you are going?  
Do you know what Brik means?  
Ben Rabbi Ioseph Kohen!  
The true face of proud Judaism!

Under look of Sapphire's eyes  
Daniel Brik diminishes in size,  
Very softly, without blood -  
he is turned into mist and dust!

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Liza Sud

# Like A Sister

I wish that all of my talents  
for me would have flourished,  
and I want to write you stanzas,  
like Byron did for Augusta.

You are like ray, the illustrious,  
you are ready to all-forgiveness,  
though my poems are unrequited -  
there is holy thread between us.

He compared her with a tree,  
surviving a wicked thunder,  
glance of love and of subtely,  
and his guiding star was - Augusta.

And the earth was not wilderness,  
when she happened to be near him.  
that's the sisters and women strength.  
And you are for me - like this.

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Liza Sud

# Like A Swan, Flapping The Wings,

Like a swan, flapping the wings,  
Broken in two halves -  
So the person takes off to flee,  
dropping the thoughts back.

He comes out of the skin,  
and sees the world afresh,  
And can fly with ease  
to the fabulous world of games.

God plays an easy game,  
all is well in the world.  
Under Saint God's control,  
Just the evil may distort,

perception of our ego:  
It divides good and bad  
Relatively to non-light  
But all is good in the Light!

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Liza Sud

# Like A Swing

Now to have sex you should remember how to do it.  
Such a spiritual purity is already in brain.  
And words will become simply white upon the white sooner.  
And if we choose any goals - we will be already there.

Now pornography will cause no more irritation.  
It is of no interest, except to the actors themselves.  
It is really boring, like maths in its algebraics,  
as the Earth's primitive, as soul's emptiness.

And now my opponent will cause me no antipathy,  
I will ask with compassion: How is your health and things?  
Because his spark is fading out with years,  
All the term for repentance bringing down to nil.

For the closer Eternity - It becomes more severe.  
Even inhuman, though it is Holy God.  
That is why your opponent to you becomes more dear  
Like a swing, which caused you only takeoff and flight.  
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Liza Sud

# Like Adam And Eva

I wanted to eat your sperm  
up to the last drop.  
I wanted to feel it go  
inside me, deep in my throat.

Why cannot my lips  
just be like glued to you -  
so that never to separate  
our drink or food.

Why I can't become the flow  
of your thoughts, words and blood?  
Just not to think on my own?  
but to become your part!

Just to love you, the whole,  
as any of your parts?  
Knees, breast, and each hole,  
each pore, each turn of tongue!

Was there any moment,  
when you didn't love your body?  
It's impossible for the flow  
of your sparkling blood, my darling!

And your blood-soul, my darling -  
is the God's part forever.  
We are together united -  
the whole, like Adam and Eva.

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Liza Sud

# Like An Angel. To Daniel Brick

Daniel, you are  
like an angel from heaven!  
You make my day,  
and you make my life bright!

There is a reader –  
and such! – out there.  
There is a poet,  
who cares so much!

You're like a guardian –  
You show where to go,  
You are the leader –  
You know what to say.

You catch my mind  
in the net of your glow.  
You are around –  
Comprehending like fame.

It seems to me  
that you are everywhere:  
Here in Russia,  
With me in Duluth,

Listen to Wagner,  
And deeper – my playing.  
May be you know –  
I'm frightened – the Truth? !

Liza Sud

## Like Blok

You are wearing a hat, like Blok.  
My mom said Blok reminds my father,  
Or vice versa. And you're a poet  
And you are of one age with my mother.

Although I never saw my dad,  
And because of it felt unhappy –  
Now I'm especially glad –  
That your letters are so hearty!

Liza Sud

# Like Chernomor

He did exactly what Chernomor did,  
when stole Ludmila from Ruslan,  
and may be the black bearded was him -  
Pushkin himself who was unmarried man

at the time he was writing his fairy-tale.  
But it turned for the better anyway.  
Because the living water saved Ruslan,  
Ludmila and me also on the side.

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Liza Sud



# Like Lightning

And so you came. Like lightning.  
As quiet as soul's discharge.  
As lost in the past my motherland.  
Amazement of calling prize.

I would never have thought - never  
Never even dreamed sometimes at night,  
That you'll be with me of the same age  
that you'll lie as a wave on my heart.

I confused you, my love, with too many,  
Only for a glimpse or one line,  
And sedentary lived as a wayward,  
poison instead of water drank.

Now I am ashamed before you  
For my past life  
Now I see - I was thief and lowbrow,  
someone's else I was plowing a track.

And with you - we have night mists,  
With small volume of Blok in hand,  
And nothing more we need,  
And life away... is light...

Liza Sud

# Like Puppet Toy

Our God is very clever,  
He's even sly.  
Seems that He answers prayers -  
but makes you ask.

Yes, He implants a program  
inside your soul,  
and makes you ask for onpy  
what He endows.

So it is twice programming  
if not three-fold.  
You're ruled in your desires  
like puppet toy.

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Liza Sud

## Like Russian Folk!

As a folk - he was born in the barrack,  
There he learned that we're sisters and brothers.  
As a folk - he was taught by God's Mother  
And is drinking - as our folk.

And I wanted that he were more churchly,  
And that he - as he must - became godly,  
But for the folk it always was complex -  
That is why he is like Russian folk!

Liza Sud

# Like Swarm Of Particles And Stars Entwine

Like swarm of particles and stars entwine  
and if you share feeling with a man -  
There are two rivers that unite,  
Breathing is easy when you are with God.

And only with Him - all in you wakes up -  
and only God knows all, you may be angry,  
aspire - but much envy is in us,  
because the Whole Soul - crashed down sometimes.

They lie it all about sublimation.  
At a spiritual level we have merged.  
Spiritually, not with arms embracing.  
and to the merge with God you should return.

I always liked the mistery and secrecy,  
as I loved virtuous women in a church.  
Looking at them, you see it's not the earth.  
and more enjoyment we will find - in sinlessness.

I know when someone will be born or die,  
when he will die in silence or break down,  
when he'll take prize or when he'll fall in love  
and what it means - to dissolve high above all.

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Liza Sud

## Like The Apostles

on the top at the gates you were standing,  
where sorrow and tears are no more  
and to me you were smiling so lightly  
as if something from childhood knew.

from this world after the exodus,  
where all turned to wild beasts,  
You stood there like the apostles  
Peter and Paul, with two keys.

Liza Sud

# Like The Suns - Her Eyes Are Shining

Like the suns - her eyes are shining  
Red and fresh are her lips  
and you gleam with a morning passion  
purity of the spring.

I like that you are so joyful  
And have a fresh view of the world  
And your deep voice - awards me,  
still resounds in me the whole.

The world is moving in Antinomies  
When God gets into their canoe  
And then casts out in a scream  
of baby's body that came down.

And as the stars shines the reason  
the soul rises in fogs  
And then - God repeats all  
and the end - it will never have.

Liza Sud

# Lilac Castles

They are, of course, above the earth,  
but they are fully kept by Christ,  
when you raise glance above sad life -  
there in chaste dreams together you may walk.

You wanted matter without body? -  
so, get it now!  
just to fulfill beyond the bounds:  
you shall be loving only God!

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Liza Sud

## Listened To The Jewish Accent -

Listened to the Jewish accent -  
and I smiled again:  
how it's taming the brutality,  
and gleams like ray!

all the time it's just above all,  
though citizen  
you cannot become when baptized  
in the Christian faith -

but the accent Slavic language  
always decorates.  
though for them the child is convert,  
but the accent - saves!

Liza Sud

# Liza Br.I.C.K.

I wanted to be Liza Wagner,  
but I turned to be Liza Brik.  
Should I forget all wonders?  
Or let a new strange miracle be?

I wanted to be like Brodsky.  
So I take this 'BR' with me,  
To be like Iohann of Kronstadt -  
so I take 'I' and 'K'.

Oh I believe the Jewish!  
who just adore letters, words!  
I truly believe their schooling  
that letters are ruling Worlds!

Oh these are my favorite letters!  
The letters I grow with!  
So become my husband, Daniel,  
you're a fair pair of me!

The meaning of C is Christ.  
And I'll take this letter also.  
It stands between K and I:  
Only with Christ Ivan became - Kronstadt's,

That's how last name is formed.  
Our marriage is blessed by sky.  
And now I am totally yours.  
And I didn't forget Christ.

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Liza Sud

# Looking Through Love

to Roma

I was so happy at that day:  
I saw that you were stronger  
Than those who said it wrongly.  
Such people is impossible to brake.

And you were so kind.  
Among all whom I met  
You were the kindest!  
You made me to forget

My own shyness.  
That I should live as such -  
With force you said.  
And suddenly details became so great.

The sun, which I've not seen  
Could penetrate  
Through darkness of the soul  
Whenever I went

So love begins.  
And all the things around  
Began to melt.  
And world is seen through it!

Liza Sud

# Lord, Well, Why Do I Love You So Much,

Lord, well, why do I love you so much,  
Well, why all life is such a bitch,  
When I am used as on a bough,  
And I love you, eternal, as a grief.

Come to me, at least, for an hour, a day,  
or even for a moment - be with me,  
And I'll forget the thousands of Belle's,  
And plunge into you, as a pool, so deep.

I don't believe in insult and attack,  
When into your dear eyes I'm looking,  
Forbid me to stupidity fall down,  
When in this world we are so exclusive,

Then, someday, we will be lying in bed,  
and you will ask me gently near,  
Show me how much you love Olga - well? -  
I'll turn away to hide in my eyes tears.

Liza Sud

# Lotus Asana

Lotus asana opens a lot  
About your body and mind:  
It makes you peaceful and calm,  
It makes you gentle and warm.

It even changes speech –  
Your mind is flying high!  
You can't be rude after it.  
Your thoughts are straight and fine.

Intelligence rules itself.  
Nature takes care of you.  
Illness means: you are blessed,  
Nature is healing you!

Liza Sud

# Lotus-Cosmos

Asana Lotus –  
Brings you to Cosmos.  
You are uplifted,  
Energies drifting.

Your breath is dancing,  
Flouncing, bouncing,  
Changes your rise  
To paradise!

Liza Sud

# Love

As for love –  
if it comes out -  
then you should love  
there Is no doubt.

But could you do it as fine  
as Richard Wagner -  
then it's difficult to decide  
if it's demon or angel.

Liza Sud

# Love Always Falls - Where It Has To Fall!

Love always falls - where it has to fall!  
even if sometimes it seems that it is: un-true.  
Even if 'no pleasure' they answer you!  
she has pecked where the fish - has popped

and floats - a whirlwind that's colorful.  
fall with her and with Christ- only if she responses you.  
and response is there - where Commandment is full.  
And righteous is what He said. And that what is - true!

Liza Sud

# Love Feelings

When you completely spit at my love feelings –  
Then simply it is no – you.  
No need here for the art appealing  
But by a flower to you.

For fact that this feeling was born  
Out of the depth of you divinely I.  
But on its way it got some dirt,  
Its worship changing not to God.

Liza Sud

# Lover To Beloved. From Balmont

The bringing nearer of Lover to beloved  
is sung in Song of Songs of all the ages,  
In the swell of the most violent flags,  
in the achievements scope, madness of cases

the refined game of the imagination,  
Of all enchantment spindles trembling thrill -  
who is in love is sovereign - the love's crater  
the pointless whirling - love without dream.

But we are only once handsome and godly.  
when for the first time fall in love in spring,  
we're on the earth but we by heaven live,

thet flame has flickered once - then it was out,  
and later - light and dark have merged in us.  
as the wave of the sea in foamed advance

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Liza Sud

# Lullaby

The sun hid behind the mountain,  
night came softly down,  
colors become weightless now.  
full of care, the world is quiet.

Chorus.

Roses sleep in a quiet garden,  
The white swan is on a pond,  
in its nest there is a swallow...  
Sleep reigns over the earth.

Son, close your small eyes,  
next to you - your Mom.  
Sleep, my light dove,  
Sleep, my little son,

My docile bunny  
My favorite boy.  
kitten also slumbers...  
Sleep, my eyes, swamp.

Chorus.

Roses sleep in a quiet garden,  
The white swan is on a pond,  
in its nest there is a swallow...  
Sleep reigns over the earth.

Liza Sud

# Lullaby. (Lime Tree) From Balmont

Flowers bloom at sweet-scented lime tree...

Sleep, my beloved, go to sleep!

Night will wrap us up by caressing dusk,  
lights will light up in the far distant sky,  
Wind will be whispering something of mystery,  
And the old days will fall out of our mind,  
And we will forget all the grief that will come...

Sleep, my beloved, go to sleep!

Poor child you are, in sickness and timid,  
You have recieved to your lot much more bitter  
than of enjoyment, a lot of sad grief.  
Just how a willow bends gently to stream  
the weeping willow, sad willow in grief,  
So you looked into my soul so deep,  
Seeking for answer in it... so sleep!

Lullaby song to you now I will sing!

Oh, my small swallow, oh, my sweet honey,  
In the cold world we are alone - you and I,  
Sorrow and joy, we'll be sharing for all time,  
so cling more hard to reliable heart,  
We will not change, we will never be parted,  
Let's be together all night and all day.  
And at last we will together calm down...

Sleep, my joy, my darling, go to sleep!

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Liza Sud

# Lust

Lust is like staining oneself in dirt.  
even the thoughts of it are dirt,  
even a word on it stinks.  
God of man as of saint always thinks.

Liza Sud

# Luvin Is Always Calm

Luvin is always calm.  
and he behaves with ease.  
He is from working class,  
but became above millions.

I would like to wish him  
to become like Gaddafi.  
country'll be on easy street,  
noone will cry out.

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Liza Sud

# Mad Mentors Of The Drunken Binges,

Mad mentors of the drunken binges,  
and the conductors of sweet-honey islands...  
the Alpine meadows and their steaming  
milk so admired by the clouds...

Liza Sud

# Mahler's 8 Symphony

I love the sky rides of Mahler,  
You can't find such in Disneyland.  
Mahler's rides are more quiet,  
With many observing details.

It subtracts reality, frozen badness.  
Inertia, stones - here we are.  
With Mahler I fly to the top of attraction-  
And there see the flashes of light.

No one has written such wonderful music,  
The music of flight in 3D.  
It gives more than any park of amusements,  
The soul sees the sights of dreams.

He wanted to write the music of spheres,  
The singing of heaven's world.  
And after this - I feel such a freshness  
As if I were newly born.

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Liza Sud

# Man And Woman

And what for - for me to be jealous.  
And to think whom you sleep for?  
All the same -you are not mine. Neither  
My girl-baby nor my boy.

Will you be for me all, right?  
Will you call only me at night?  
And I ask you - become Light -  
Man-and-woman for me - in one.

Liza Sud

# Many Fairy Roles

There are many changes in your life,  
And many fairy roles.  
Take one at first, two - after that.  
As for the light - shine more!

And winter breath that is so light  
Will hold you in embrace!  
As in your childhood - stones of love  
the fall of sentiments.

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Liza Sud

# Master-Class For Painting Of A Lash,

In our group we know only lash,  
they do not apply here 'spice cake' policy.  
They are whipping and by words lash us  
so that our deadlines were appropriate.

Master-class for painting of a lash,  
horsehair and the knife for circumcision,  
Hang it near your table, everyone,  
so that to remember penance sweetness.

I will paint you beautiful, my lash,  
And my boss will look with it so well,  
Because it is lashes that I like  
more than any painted gingerbreads.

The white icing in the form of heart -  
as the death from the material happiness.  
But I love you, my spiritual lash  
of Your Sacrosanct and Holy Majesty!

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Liza Sud

# Match Brodsky

Match Brodsky. Do not disgrace yourself  
And Fatherland. Solzhenitsyn, bracing his teeth and heart,  
Named him an elitist, despite Brodsky's somberness,  
In verses not seeing major. (Although there shone - a star!)

Liza Sud

# Matches

He lit upon the stages his matches  
and then threw them upon the floor.  
and in that fire beated hearts there,  
of hearts was full the concert hall!

No, not about Leps I'm talking!  
he lit his matches too although -  
of wolves in the angelic clothing,  
who in their lives do the same - burn!

Liza Sud

# Matilda!

Oh my bitter Matilda!  
Sad songs of yours that you sing -  
of your greenhouse as prison,  
love here impossible is!

what will sing favorite Richard?  
how will write it for you?  
if only never were teared  
threads of two love solitudes!

As to each other without touching -  
we on the strings of the soul -  
will go ahead, always trying  
that the light inside was lost.

Liza Sud

# May Be At One Dark Night

May be at one dark night  
A wayfarer will knock  
At your door. You will not  
Hear, will not arise.

He will go far away,  
Where they'll open to Him,  
Where they'll lay a table  
Of good vine for Him.

They will sit down with Him,  
He will bring lovely Light.  
So be watchful in Spirit,  
And you'll get the luck!

from the Father He came,  
Sinful world turned Him down.  
and He knocks on your heart.  
You'll be saved by Him now.

With a crown of thorns,  
Jesus of Nazareth,  
The Father resurrects!  
Friend, He is by your door!

Liza Sud

# May Be Somewhere In Israel

May be somewhere in Israel  
you are reading and reading my poems.  
And here I am also reading them.  
And we are joined in one as a rose.

Noone ever could have agreed  
that so far of an age and in distance  
we would find something almost the same  
in our views, revelations, love instance.

The hand touches one and the same book,  
and our souls touch one and the same lines  
And God ties Himself with me and you,  
and He half-opened Himself to us.

When you let all saint wishes of friends  
to come into your stare, inside -  
then the worlds blossoms out like a Rose.  
you get that world is your Eden Park.

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Liza Sud

# May Be We Were Two Ashkenazis, To M.

May be we were two Ashkenazis,  
who decided to change the world,  
Or we were Special Forces' Russians  
who decided to stop the war.

May be we lived in German getto,  
where Richard Wagner was born,  
we were following artist Geyer,  
and his theater was our god.

But we always were friends, dear Michael,  
we were going hand in hand,  
were fulfilling cosmic desires,  
and shared our pride with God!

We invented to change our bodies,  
like in theater - roles and mind,  
and to look at the earth from high sky,  
where everything seems too kind!

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Liza Sud

# Maybe A Beggar Died In Petersburg

Maybe a beggar died in Petersburg,  
While here on the board of ship we sail  
For those homeless, whom we gave no food,  
Forever we will burn in flame.

The ship is burning and the cabin  
And horror to the soul has come.  
People are left without haven,  
But God a vengeance also found.

And bitterly has wept the homeless,  
while sitting lonely on the beach.  
And he did not believe on Volga  
The benefactors float and rich.

And all of us are reading Bible  
And watch the iconostasis  
But never go to help each other  
As if not saved by Jesus Christ.

This poor hungry little baby -  
He suffered here for three years.  
And as for rich and fattened zanies  
Our Lord forever punished them.

Liza Sud

# Meeting With Saint John

And she rushes out of Brik's house,  
And in front of the entrance door  
stands a carriage with blue sapphire  
with engraved inscription 'Priest John'.

He goes out of sapphire carriage.  
He approaches her with a cross,  
He is wearing priest's attire.  
And now he starts talking to her.

He is blessing her while approaching,  
but they never embrace or kiss,  
cause he wants to remain a virgin.  
and to get the entire bliss.

He says: 'Sorry, I'm always busy,  
don't pay much attention to you,  
I'm the servant of Jesus, Liza.  
that's the highest aim for you too'.

I will go out to the needy,  
I will give them my warmth and love,  
Because my heart is almost bleeding  
when I see people don't feel God,

when I see people are in sorrow  
while they live in the world of Saints!  
as for marriage couples - do they know  
how pure love may remunerate?

Even if, Liza, they don't know -  
then in future they will find out.  
All the minute, even of sorrow  
will come out as high delight!

Dear Liza I have to go,  
cause I visit just those who need!  
future gives you all you're deserving  
and these minutes you should not steal!

You should not steal white-blue sapphire  
from that world which is yet to come.  
I am showing it to you right now  
to remember who conquered Time! .

He is always far, but He's near,  
He is out and inside you,  
But you need blink of Sapphire, clear,  
to remind of that world, here too! '

And he turns out to his carriage,  
She remembers his eyes, so blue,  
as the rays of the Blue sapphire,  
always finding God inside you.

And he takes her to their house,  
to their modest warm two-roomed flat,  
with a canary, with a sapphire,  
where they live as a cild with a child.

THE END OF DRAMA.

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Liza Sud

# Megalomania

I will not have enough with only one man,  
ten women not enough and even hundred.  
And probably I have Megalomania.  
But it is true only when it is godly.

He always wins: in full and hungry.  
I want to write on Go but smth  
And everyone who reads it then will wonder,  
that 'it's in God and is about me'.

Liza Sud

# Men's Illusion Of Love

His best love position:

I stood on my knees,  
And sucked, when he finished –  
He started to kiss

My mouth like crazy,  
“When suck – seems you love  
Me” – he then was saying,  
But I felt disgust.

Does sucking mean love?  
Isn't that too primitive?  
Is it for a flesh man,  
And few are spiritual?

Whom should I despise:  
God, carnal men, Nature?  
If no place to hide  
And I was nine years old?

I wanted to find  
The right – the saint – answer:  
It's better to die,  
Even if you're frightened?

I still want all men  
To feel the same pain...  
Want more - to expel  
demons of revenge.

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Liza Sud

# Merry Christmas!

Let everyone peck these kind crumbs,  
and goodness grow by leaps and bounds.  
Let all who at least just a bit betrayed Christ,  
let have the same penitence, like Peter has.

The Rooster has crowed, as symbol or question,  
The prophecy Word has come true without fright.  
Two thousand years, in happy procession  
the Roosters still crow, 'Merry Christmas! ' is sung.

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Liza Sud

# Mezzo-Soprano

To ELena Obraztsova

They called you a nun while you studied,

You really look like a saint,

You stand in angelic white jacket

And sing, deep absorbed in yourself.

Your eyesight embodies a prayer,

And even when you are- Carmen,

It doesn't bring pain, burns or slays you

But everything to us donates.

Not vampire you are but a donor,

And the Main was killed at the Cross,

His Cross Is the voice whose performance

Is always and everywhere heard.

Liza Sud

# Michael, I Disappeared Of Happiness,

Michael, I disappeared of happiness,  
when I was reading your blog today! -  
about the day of peace, of the flying dove  
on the nice emblem of the UN!

And what's more -again you have reminded  
of the magic day Rosh-Hashana!  
and as if you by word full of magic -  
has fulfilled as a mage my desire!

Write me more please about the laser,  
of the Jupiter of Ancient Rome,  
Why the Pantheon was never unravelled,  
and of Christian's hand had to fall?

Oh! Saint Michael is reading my poems!  
I'm the happiest girl of the world!  
The best writer of the wisest prose!  
daily contact is precious like gold!

It's so strange - you just looked at my poems-  
And I start shining like a Sapphire!  
And I play, and I spin, and I'm swirling,  
disappear in spirals and - fly!

Maybe planets are happiest People!  
of their happiness - they couldn't stop  
spinning around their Sun - and they influence  
poor people - to find their God!

Michael, I was not smiling for long! -  
there was no shine inside me,  
But today when I've read on your blog!  
tears are trembling, my closest, my dear!

You are like the Sun - I'll be your satellite,  
that is how we should teach our kids:  
there are hands and needles that are unseen,  
but they are always loving us - people!

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Liza Sud

# Million Sides Of One Soul

Yesterday I was a girl,  
I was excited by Manuel.  
I even wanted to go  
To husband-wife society.

I was a boy last year,  
One hot girl made me swear.  
But our planned up marriage  
Was forbidden by parish.

Second came politician.  
He was for total submission,  
He was against sex.  
That is a feature of Rex!

I fell in love with men, things,  
But Saint Source's best to pierce,  
To blow up the banality  
Up to the Christianity!

When I got up to climax  
In mind for sex –exactly  
The opposite I became –  
YOU – other girl or a man!

I've read that meditation  
Is the merge of contemplator  
With what he loves, two turn one.  
And learn the sense of each one.

I don't mean sex for pleasure,  
It's love without measure.  
Million sides of one soul.  
That's how you reach saint goal.

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Liza Sud

# Miracle

There are four Elements. Who and where are you from?  
why MIRACLE is beating so bold? ..  
you dream to come from the fish scale to living,  
to get to the horizon - just by swimming.

Liza Sud

# Miracle In The Sky

Yes, it's a miracle,  
it's amazing!  
they move of course  
only by God's blessing.

some people don't believe  
that it's easy.  
just look up to the sky -  
stones are fleeting!

Liza Sud

# Miracle With John

Photo of

I will open you a little secret  
(may be someone it will help) :  
Miracle with John also with picture  
Started, but was more in time than my life's length.

And that's why to him I promise  
Only at those photographs to look,  
Who us with eternal love endows  
And who sin and death completely broke!

Liza Sud

## Mister Lee Is Austere,

Mister Lee is austere,  
His cough is scary and short.  
He needs a good doctor's treatment,  
and also a warmer shirt.

When he shouts about budget -  
It is heard in the kitchen.  
But he is gentle sometimes,  
As the far morn in Korea.

Liza Sud

# Monument To Liza Sudina And Daniel Brick

Two lonely souls are listening to poems.  
Two lonely souls are playing like two gods,  
Two lonely souls at two far sides of ocean,  
together are each day - two lonely souls.

Two lonely souls - and yellow sphere between them,  
the yellow ball of energy of light.  
that is like lightning moving and intriguing.  
that is like fussy toy - sparkling and mild.

Two lonely souls were warmed by their poems.  
In fact it mattered less if there were rhymes.  
The monument to Love was never imposed,  
Because you can not make monument to Light.

Two lonely souls - a poet and her reader,  
Two lonely souls connected by a book,  
the dialog of lives through mind's ideas  
and hearty inflow - made eternal brook.

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Liza Sud

## More Light

of course, you are right  
about metrics and rhymes,  
but in this simple form -  
it reminds me of God.

and it showed so much love-  
I forgot about rhyme,  
and it gave me more Light,  
that I wanted to thank!

Liza Sud

# Moscow - The City Of Angels

I was standing without any clothes  
In the midst of Garden Ring,  
I was breathing pheromones -  
I would burn any muzhik.

I stood in the city's center,  
no one took me.  
It was the city of angels,  
who didn't see evil.

I was tempting everyone as a witch,  
with a broom I hung on houses's fronts,  
But for boys and girls I was of no need  
they had crowns of gold.

And In Moscow there were only angels.  
and they didn't need my nakedness.  
On the seven hills golden-domed greatness -  
How this city ascended herself!

Vulgar europeans watched with annoyance:  
Moscow, you turned saint, what have you done!  
That a naked nice talking streetwalker I -  
For 100 nights - is standing - one!

on the one hundred and first -  
I had Eucharist  
they fed me and gave me cloths.  
Moscow, You saved me!

There is Saint Basil's Church!  
Oh I stood beside you!  
and your warm and cosmic walls  
I could not abandon!

Every temple there - a revelation.  
Hundred icons - inside, to myself  
Elevator. Moscow's population  
Was filled with such people - saint and blessed!

Liza Sud

# Moscow Planetarium

I'll steal you to Moscow Planetarium,  
will encircle you under blue sky,  
there under the auspice of Uranias  
they teach kids the knowledge of the stars.

Why did you turn into Muse for my soul  
and to you, as in the space, I fly?  
without fear that circle as narrowing spiral  
will fall on you, coloring the sky.

As meteorites fall on Jupiter  
at the blue color - a diamond rain.  
why your force is so much appealing  
that you are entailing my heart rate.

A light feather will erase dimensions,  
and in Moscow we will ride a little,  
and then we will pass the night in Leps Bar,  
where you will at last give in to me.

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Liza Sud

# Mozart Of 21 Century Ryan Wang

Mozart of 21 century -  
It is Ryan Wang from China.  
He plays all unmistakably,  
virtuoso of great power.

All intonations are right!  
His play is quick and bright.  
Can't stop from hearing him.  
5 years all - a dream!

Liza Sud

# Murmansk. From Oleg Voropaev

Quick summer. The hands of bony herbs  
stretch to the black squares of blurry windows.  
Northern city on the same seven winds.  
Northern city in gray hills prison.

Light is the gait of the pale-color cloud's.  
In the docks lemon vodka is drunk by captains.  
Under the old ships the bay is sullen.  
Icebreaker sleeps - a wave licks the wounds.

Northern city. What else to wait?  
Northern city. Summer days of a rowan-tree.  
Behind beacons - the spindle of rain.  
Dark cliffs... The wind.

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Liza Sud

# Music Of 'lonely Shepherd'

Music of 'lonely shepherd'  
Gently caressed my ears,  
The relaxation of the soul -  
How good are those notes!

Night, stars, and music, and the moon...  
I'm not alone, she - is full,  
Playing the flute of love.  
Remember, my dear, keep that.

Touching of hands, beat of the heart,  
intoxicating classic sound.  
the play which easily drives me mad -  
Crystal jingle, and your sweet mouth...

Art is exciting blood,  
'Shepherd' sounds again.  
wave of pleasure and love  
Wove doubts in a lace,

magic words, beautiful phrase...  
Bouquet of elegant red roses! -  
In front of masterpiece I will bow;  
Dissolving in love embrace.

translation from Vita Avital

Liza Sud

# My Beasts. From Balmont

My beast is not a lion, crowd's favorite,  
It seems to me he is only a big dog.  
A yellow tiger, with a noiseless pace walk  
more weird dreams in me brings to a birth.

The Bacchus symbol, agile and voluptuous,  
As if is made from steel, a leopard;  
He's all - as if great genius imagines -  
beast-god of legends, sorcerer and bard.

I am also in love with a black panther,  
When she is looking right in front of her  
In some kind of a sphere, that is lifeless,  
Like frightful sphinx in desert that is blue.

But if I tear my dream out of the Asian,  
the African saint deserts then I'll name  
Among our days, both flat and bourgeois - petty  
My dear cat which easily inflames.

She in herself, in a graceful miniature,  
combined all these three animals in one.  
And there are sparks in her glossy skin, nitid,  
a wandering hop of passion - in her blood.

She passes in the rooms quiet and noiseless,  
Always pursuing her own mind and dream,  
She falls in love madly and not on purpose,  
loves witches, darkness and obscurity

Unknowable charm is in her pupils,  
There's phosphorus, unearthly spheres, In them,  
She captivated terrible Edgar Poe  
She captivated tragic Charles Baudelaire, -

Two geniuses, both in love with dreaming,  
two brothers in the abyss of the world,  
Where immense sufferings to us are given  
And limitless live music in return.

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# My Bilingva

Now is finished my Bilingva  
under the Strauss burlesque,  
it is here played by Richter,  
Strauss - Richard, not the first one.

Father hurt him in his childhood,  
said - he's of the second rate!  
but for me - Richard is - the chosen  
better than his dad in vain.

he joked, as here in the burlesque,  
by his bright and sparkling brain.  
and I love just such - the innocent,  
verge of jester and a saint!

Liza Sud

## My Blue, Blue Bird,

My blue, blue bird,  
Golden night star,  
My heart to you bends  
Like a flower full of nectar.

Why is everything in you so dear to me,  
from the roads in the field of cornflowers,  
To the hills and churches in misery...  
To the folds of cool calico...

Dear, native, darling,  
All in you I adore,  
Bearers of annoyments to God -  
Unseen happiness of earth...

Liza Sud

# My Boy

The clouds become more thick, forests - transparent.  
And Autumn cuts, shreds in days the nights.  
By whom are you today drunk, my boy, merry?  
and are you still attracted by the lights

noisy, smoky pubs in the streets around,  
where in toxic vapors it is more easy to die?  
With whom did you, my boy, yesterday morning, woke up?  
Whom did you say some nonsense when said goodbye?

Liza Sud

# My Curse, From Balmont

My curse - is the reverse side of my love,  
In them is slyly heard delight of blessing,  
And in my hatred there is slaking rush,  
Again, taking love, light in the blood inflaming.

I'll curse you for becoming meanly shallow,  
But happily I know that a small river,  
Taking my snow and ice will be abound  
When spring fire will create new beams and singing.

When the soul is in chains, in the soul longing cries,  
And the heart wants to boundless expanse.  
And to wake up a slave, I'll hurt him to the pain,  
Though my soul is more tender than a cane.

Hark - song has swept along the free expanse,  
It is mad shine of wave, that's full of love,  
As if you hear the calling: 'Live! Live! Live! ',  
surrendering to pond - the ice gives a light ding.

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Liza Sud

# My Darling

My darling. - How to tell you?  
He is as big as space.  
He is eternal craving,  
Impossible to embrace.

With him everything is little,  
Even the scopes of earth.  
And the stars late at night are blinking,  
Their fire is always on.

My darling is Universal,  
And life has no sense at all  
Without him - great, eternal.  
Loving him, you can never stop.

Liza Sud

# My Darling, Oh, Unbreakable! To M.

Tired of breaking you,  
my darling, Oh, unbreakable!  
Searching for brotherhood,  
whole-world, unmistakable.

But I am so calm,  
as if we both were right.  
And we are watching through love  
at two sides of One Light.

It's you who made me calm.  
My now-living teacher.  
All the others are dumb  
and from the sky preaching.

That's probably what still hurts -  
That even now - the difference.  
But when I hear your voice -  
who is who - the indifference.

Isn't that a true bliss?  
Isn't that a true happiness?  
Diamonds in Bowl of Eucharist -  
are pouring Light - in faceting.

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Liza Sud

# My Dear, Beloved God,

My dear, beloved God,  
With Your heavenly beauty,  
With Your shine, with Your height  
Bring me to Your Communion!

No wonder I cry and grieve,  
Looking into your depth,  
without you - I can't live.  
Darling, come please and change,

help me to live and breathe,  
give me the clothes of silver  
grant me the joy to speak -  
Gift for those who were seeking.

Liza Sud

# My Earthly Bliss Can't Be Bought!

I wanted to buy Domarova  
For the convertible currency,  
The thread of fine pearls to throw  
To the threshold of her house.

I have got these nice pearls,  
I have got gold and myrrh,  
Labdanum of my songs  
As a thurible incense to burn.

But it is written on her:  
It is not be sold by God.  
What for do I have all that?  
My earthly bliss can't be bought!

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# My Ego

He said that I was his sun,  
I was golden walls for him.  
And I started to believe,  
But doubt sneaked into me.

Because I am not the sun,  
I never deserved this name,  
Once I saw the real one –  
He shined, and he was – the saint!

I never could be a wife,  
To give something mine – to him?  
Oh no, not a minute out,  
The one whom I love is – me!

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in Russian

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Liza Sud

# My Egoism Developed So Strong

My Egoism developed so strong  
that on my own I measure everything.  
what our plant is famous for? -  
It was the haven for a poet-genius.

Here my angel follows after me,  
compressing life to poem's moments,  
To Our God - he makes it clear -  
everything is already known.

The whole world is not worth a soul,  
the soul of worker on the line.  
But here - there is no Church, and love -  
not seen through figures on the board

All your 5 values are not those  
that could bring up people to altruism,  
but to speak of Kabbalah - was  
here something of nonsense and absurdism.

The one is good for .  
who asks from himself to distribute all.  
it will make our plant famous for  
the sanctuary of saint genius.

They'll never need here such a song:  
no acception, no applause.  
so let it blossom on the side  
and shine to those for whom was written for.

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Liza Sud

# My Favorite Childish Lanes!

I wanted to be your dog  
And serve you in thankfulness.  
A child is a slave of love  
If it's blessed or unblessed.

Such love knows no shame.  
My favorite childish lanes!  
I want to go there and fall  
And cry out of joy non-stop.

On back I lie in the dark.  
Clouds are passing up.  
Not far away someone goes,  
But no one hears my voice.

To disappear I dreamed:  
To exist but unseen.  
Death will give me this prize –  
Unseen in paradise!

Liza Sud

# My Favorite Noli!

why do you raise me up,  
as the Italian tiramisu  
and never your impact  
goes on to me. - How whiskey

in my temples you hit.  
go home by the stone road.  
and leave me only to dream  
of you, my favorite noli!

Liza Sud

# My Favorite Time Is Fast!

My favorite time is Fast!  
I'm so happy - I even dance!  
I hate milk, I hate meat,  
Body's pleasures. Oh, time of dream!

I'm innocent as a dove,  
I'm dancing a dance for God.  
Rules are good, all is true!  
All is perfect in Fast, thank you!

I know that: EVERYTHING ON EARTH,  
MAKES ME not FALL DOWN FROM MY GROWTH.  
All the things on earth I should love.  
It is Your commandments, Fast, God!

That's what for you should always fight -  
To receive from above more light.  
To feel all as one and inside,  
To make our ties more tight.

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Liza Sud

# My Favorite!

My favorite! you often said to me  
that all's conventions, - hence there will be trouble.  
I wanted everything to be the contrary -  
You - idiot forgiving my miscarriage!

Liza Sud

# My First Wish Is – To Satisfy You

My first wish is – to satisfy you.  
As religious – to marry you.  
As a woman – to be the mother  
Of consequence of what you do.

As a poet – I want nice rhyming.  
As a saint – to forget hot fume.  
There are millions of souls inside me.  
And sometimes they are – just like you.

Liza Sud

# My Fists Unclench,

When you say Wagner –  
My fists unclench,  
I become meek,  
Thirst of light is quenched.

Why someone says  
That he is bad –  
If he makes optimist  
Out of sad!

Liza Sud

# My Friend Gels

He is studying English,  
with crutches limping  
of the verbs so simple  
opening a new meaning.

Liza Sud

## My Friend Was In Vatican,

My friend was in Vatican,  
She said that there is summer.  
Although in Roma it's fall,  
Inside there are turtles and parrots.

By wonder they came into Garden  
(because to excuse they were late)  
She said that Time there went out-  
So strong there is godly grace!

And head flows as in Paradise.  
You don't know place – it is ageless –  
But I don't want to Vatican,  
To me Berezovsky is blameless.

Liza Sud

# My Husband

My husband - he is very great,  
bigger than a bear, a wardrobe,  
his touches heaven by his head,  
is wider than the earth globe.

The stars in his hands he may hold,  
skies of the second level.  
But why is he not from the third? -  
it's because I'm his helpmate.

because I am - from the first one,  
we have to go in sync -  
by stairs. He cuddles by the lights,  
and his arms - are so big!

After him - I don't see earth men.  
only by chance, by error,  
and then I think that I hate them -  
but it's just the rage for Heaven,

it seems to me that all distracts  
from our copulating -  
of Soul and Light, but can't disrupt  
like Christ with the Church wedding.

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Liza Sud

# My Jinn

My jinn from a book has emerged,  
and my jinn was reaching the sky.  
my jinn was talking about love  
and showed a salvational cross.

My jinn lived in Sura, the North,  
But with him it's warm like in desert,  
and from egoistical cold  
he's healing all people for ages.

Near him - there are colorful dresses,  
Near him - there are gardens of gold,  
all wishes come true in his presence,  
and truthful becomes any thought.

My jinn was like glued to my eyes,  
It was time of yellow- leafed autumn -  
november, it was the moon's shine,  
as big as the sun when it's low.

My jinn was as a white clot - cloud.  
My jinn followed me everywhere.  
The name of my jinn - Ioann.  
I'll keep him in my mind forever!

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Liza Sud

# My Life Is In My Fellows

I feel - my life is in my fellows now,  
that's how you should teach people from their childhood.  
Then all the wars will come to end at last,  
and the whole world will be as point in my heart.

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Liza Sud

# My Life To Me Has Given

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My life to me has given  
The sufferings uncheerful.  
Without speculation  
I came to degradation.

I saw Sveta in sari  
And said to Krishna: hari.  
And it is not betrayal  
Of Christ, or I'm changing

My saints, but joy and gladness  
For universal Sanctus.  
What is by most peoples  
Considered to be weakness.

I went away to witness  
The flight of speeches windless,  
Making them up in rhyming  
And human breath combining.

Out of these exercises  
And looking down inside me -  
Beatitude is growing  
Towards perfection going.

You hear that I'm singing  
To the vibration bringing  
My mind and even body -  
That is for poets funny.

2

I want to do some yoga  
To stop my mind for God -oh  
I'll redirect my agni,  
By apan waste will burn.

It's not at all a twaddle-  
I like a baby swaddle  
You in my rhyming garments,  
Of course I'm not a varment.

To real life so brutal  
And in depression gruesome  
I'll write these saint and easy  
And almost funny rhymes.

I'm positively writing  
And if you are not in rhyming -

You are not a benefactor  
Especially for me.

But I'm not in sadness -  
In India - vaniassa,  
In Orthodoxy - thankful  
To all I have to be.

In rhymes the gods were speaking  
And they are flying -really,  
In prose they are not limping  
Like most of human race.

They clad their skis in poems  
Their way above roofs goes,  
And sometimes they come down  
Of people they make fun.

In my life short and vicious  
And boring, and capricious  
Again I will declare  
That all was made by words.

And with poetical year -  
The second five-year making  
I'll close up soon - in honor  
Of you and you again.

Your name will not be mentioned -

As among saints accepted -  
And will not say (it's sacred) -  
What's your November day.

As often Jews are saying -  
To keep away from wasting  
Your life -you should have business  
In what you are the best.

As I'm not the best in  
(as in the past they hinted)  
In finance presentations  
And diagrams, and stocks -

Then I'm concentrated  
With easiness pure and sacred  
On solid base and setting -  
And will produce a verse.

How rhyme is putting higher  
Consoling pain and fire,  
In happiness inspire -  
Oh if you only knew!

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Liza Sud

# My Marina

Why do you say that you are guilty?  
I was waiting for you - a hundred years!  
Come to me now! And be - my Mistress!  
Without You - I am always dead!

I am broken for Peace and for Life!  
And I'm closed forever - for lies!  
And I drive all the gloom - to the Hell now.  
And For You I prepare - Flowers!

I will shower you - with presents!  
Will not value them - near you!  
understand: Without you I'm a dead one!  
And immortal - only with you!

translation from Alex S.

Liza Sud

# My Memory Is Short,

My memory is short,  
I do not remember you, John.  
I want to go again  
to different countries' tales.

But of all books of poems  
I remember the one,  
where Byron, though he saw all,  
always remained sad.

Tchaikovsky wrote in his letters,  
Italy's so sad,  
and soul does not need anything,  
if soul is sinful, bad.

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Liza Sud

# My Mother

My mother's last name's like a lace,  
Her letters – like Arabic ligature,  
And in the morn I awake  
By her care and then glittering

I go to this world, as adamant  
To lunges against the kind,  
By the Englishmen cool-heartedness  
Means the presence of mind.

Liza Sud

## My Mother - A Fantastic Blossom,

My mother - a fantastic blossom,  
like on a flowerbed - lies on the couch.  
She has the sound of girlish voices  
of twenty years when she talks.

she has so many intonations  
as happy as from native fields,  
and when she laughs in conversations -  
the world smiles at me with more gleam! -

Liza Sud

# My Muse

My muse is dictating  
Through all time duration –  
In crisis –o wonder! –  
She has inspiration!

Cause muse doesn't know  
What means to be hungry,  
But knows to govern  
Your voice and your body.

Liza Sud

# My Poems – My Bridegrooms

My poems – my bridegrooms  
They are quiet and silent  
In love thy are compulsive  
And lovers of the moon.

Liza Sud

## My Poems Are - The Holy Tanks,

My poems are - the holy tanks,  
they will arrive at Berlin, Vatikan,  
overhead like clouds they will move -  
what is my name? - as in childhood:

I do not know where I am and who I am,  
Why on the screen there is kind Borya.  
where I will be - does not know my life:  
And here is - my Pure Land!

Liza Sud

# My Poems Are Like Clouds:

My poems are like clouds:  
they come and then pass away.  
I taste them inside my mouth,  
forget them the next day.

I'm sorry that I'm inconstant  
and easily fall in love.  
I'm not to blame for my words and  
feel freedom when I write.

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Liza Sud

# My Poems Are My Galaxy,

My poems are my Galaxy,  
every poem - is like a star.  
If I've read it - then only in dark place,  
with unnoticed tear's sparkle.

I would banish all stupid poets  
who may hurt me - out of it.  
Oh, our God is doing the same work -  
To the stupid He can't reveal.

They'll invent telescopes and robots,  
they will write books on history.  
But my sparkles they will not notice,  
they will pass by and turn from it.

But my poems are like Galaxy,  
And saint John is the only sun.  
it is hidden from eyes like paradox,  
and they dazzle between the lines!

Dear Daniel, you are negative,  
you got used to reading sad books.  
And by men maybe you were praised by it,  
But it spoiled and made dark your looks,

And when meeting a splendid Galaxy -  
you still see earthly cruel stuff.  
That's why Galaxy doesn't answer you.  
And when answers - you hear a pluff.

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Liza Sud

# My Poems Are So Airy,

My poems are so airy,  
and Julia is their addressee.  
They swing like cherries in the wind,  
and melt in mouth like little strawberries.

It's only air that rules over our prayer,  
and lifts it up, to heaven, to the air.  
and there words themselves lead their life,  
and only hearshot there, the touch of mind.

There legs are pull of heart, and hands of rhymes.  
and there motif talks, not a prose line.  
And all is ruled there by Light itself,  
And it like Father answers and dictates.

and in that world without physical bugs  
transforming is immediate like laugh,  
And like a glimpse of happiness through verse -  
it's just the shade of dark what we enjoy.

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Liza Sud

# My Poems Are Sweeter Than Honey.

My poems are sweeter than honey.  
Invade me with sweet light.  
And they rise me so high that  
I forget all the bad.

They caress, stupefy me,  
They are my opium,  
Just like a kitten - rise me  
hold me in their words.

They are the flying carpets,  
Rhyme's ornaments - a thread.  
All people are like pilots  
When they are reading them.

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Liza Sud

# My Poetry Of Consolation

My poetry of consolation -  
the kissing of my angels,  
and no dark anticipation.  
and no more far away fright.

My poems of true illusions,  
of checked by felt God - conclusions  
The smiles of surrounding women -  
what sign is more lovely, bright?

I love the tickling of letters,  
and casting off of all fetters,  
and through the gapes of light sentence -  
unlimited endless flight.

Poems make you better,  
dictating you not like mentor  
but like a loving gentle,  
refining your mood and mind.

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Liza Sud

# My Priest Told Me:

My priest told me: 'Stop reading Laitman.  
You fell in love, and your eyes burn like fire.  
Are you true christian? Why to remind you?  
He waits for Antichrist - their Messiah'.

But I can't stop reading this source of light,  
who raises high, explaining my experience,  
God gave them Light before coming of Christ.  
Oh let him be like he wants - he is GENIUS!

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Liza Sud

# My Relative Is In Hospital,

My relative is in hospital,  
He had an embolic stroke.  
My mother became deaf because of it,  
And staggers cause she was shocked.

She hears by only one ear now,  
She is much better, she prays.  
She saw him: he can't breathe himself now,  
But breathes with tube in his neck.

Liza Sud

# My Roc 'n' Roll, Latina, Doll.

What is it for that you insult me,  
as if not answering my love,  
And not my verse you are reciting,  
and I don't recognize my style.

Remember the phrase: I speak Russian,  
there are no pretexts between words,  
as there are obstacles among us,  
but also happiness - God knows!

Only to you I write so lightly.  
sing to you always, after all,  
You are - my muse, my time, my money,  
My Roc 'n' roll, Latina, Doll.

You are so tender, in a green dress -  
like ray of Spring in purple hall,  
Where yellow dream is - your embracing,  
where you were granted me by God.

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Liza Sud

# My Rose

You have touched my rose by your words,  
And its edges grew up so sharp,  
it wants you inside – or it hurts,  
And without you it may die.

But more hurts when she is unveiled,  
Non-transparent white skirt.  
Cause it is an eternal rose,  
and it wants to entwine with God.

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Liza Sud

# My Sapphire Is Always With Me:

My Sapphire is always with me:  
on my chest, in my eyes and in front,  
under breeze that's caressed by my hand,  
He is holy, like knives are his beams.

My sapphire is like the night dawn,  
he is gentle as dew in the leaves,  
it is as the betrayal's pink stalk  
who became blue carat in return.

My sapphire is a delicate thread  
between Him who can not help but be,  
between Him who is always in bliss,  
With our prayer - we're just sometimes with Him.

My Sapphire's the Word of the King,  
He retook me forever from you  
Won me back from You, Daniel, you!  
And shines in stars of fire to me.

It's only the sapphire whom I Love,  
He's my angel, my guardian, my God!  
This Sapphire has broken the ring,  
ring of Liza and Daniel Brick.

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Liza Sud

# My Soul Is Totally Ripped Up,

My soul is totally ripped up,  
My heart is broken.  
But sewed by Saint John of Kronstadt,  
By godly light is warmed and softened.

Snow covers asphalt quietly,  
But no more I long for summer.  
To relics of Saint John I come -  
For the first time to greet and thank him.

Liza Sud

## My Soul To Purify,

How much I want my soul to purify,  
From this envy and fuss.  
From the constant oppression and from lies,  
I lack this purity in life.

It seems, at times, that I'm very angry,  
Quite different I became now.  
I need to go to the church more often,  
Sometimes the door to it for me was closed.

And only when I purify my soul,  
I will be good, and suddenly like sun.  
And God will give to me all that I ask,  
And all the problems then from me will go.

Transl from amova

Liza Sud

# My Space Heals Me

My space heals me when I get out of the environment,  
Where evil and wretchedness ruin the flowers.

The Bliss of innocence bestows its source,  
YOu acquires the soul as eternal germ,

As in a warm house with a stove you get warm in winter  
You are healed here by air, walls and views of the river...

Do you need much from life, since you are firm in your ways,  
And the name is - a constancy, and one goal - to get away,

From falsehood to yourself and people, and, therefore, outline,  
And to find the circle of peace, science and love?

Liza Sud

# My Tamagothi

You are my friend, you are my tamagothi,  
devoted companion, a pet.

I am your petals, we are one great poet,  
we grow from one common root and stem.

you like a wind surround me, around  
and inside me you spread a soothing light.  
Oh to embrace you - I have no desire,  
cause I can never lose you, you are mine,

as God is mine, and all He gave as promised  
to His devoted, His one beloved Son.  
All Mine is yours - He said to us, we both  
move speedier when beams of stars entwine.

You take my words, and make of them a poem,  
I feel then its aroma - your embrace,  
I cannot grasp if there is any problem  
to find love on the earth, it is so blessed.

Liza Sud

# My Tsarina

You flickered near the wall, my tsarina,  
and took aside all of my negative thoughts,  
again united as the knitting needles  
we weave a tissue of round clothe in verse.

The girls went on march in America,  
although it's a long time before spring,  
And you come nearer to me, my queen,  
Your every step is my dream's making out.

And you will make that all my dreams come true,  
and I forget all worries about gold,  
and problems at work, appearance of you  
is harmony in the chaotic worlds.

One hundred rainbows smiled at me through you,  
the sun through the clouds is like hypnotism,  
and I don't rage and I write this with ease,  
Elixir of bliss is in your step move.

You from the princess, that was like Snow White,  
who has deafeated army of the dwarfs,  
now has become the Empress of my heart,  
our union is crowned by grace of God!

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Liza Sud

# My Womanlike Head Of The Group

My womanlike head of the group  
asked me to show her my books,  
but I will not bring her the old ones,  
I'd rather write her something new.

I will grant her a citrine ring in verse,  
or better I'll give her ring with true topaz,  
they are not radioactive in my poems,  
In verse - eternal life - is their purpose.

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Liza Sud

# Mysterious Moment, From Balmont

Mysterious moment of conciliation,  
All the world will perceive the beauty's delight,  
And it will be for the eyes not three dimensions,  
But as much as there sleeps in dreams may have.

The mystical feast of the amalgamation,  
All colors and all forms will suddenly change,  
All world will perceive delight of fascination

and the sun and the stars, and sound, and the air.

And demons will meet with their forgotten brothers,  
With whom they once lived and forever it lasts,  
Will greet with enthusiasm arms of each other -  
And the day will never die, never will die!

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Liza Sud

# Mystic! The Hand Of God!

Mystic! The hand of God!  
we are ruled from above!  
Like small free-willed smart toys.  
Future has no choice.

No choice in the past.  
God is bored to see us.  
God has everything planned.  
You take this book or that.

You say here: I love.  
You are ruled just like dove,  
with a more clever brain.  
But to God it's the same!

What He waits is - to please  
Him. by doing the things  
saintly, godly and right.  
That is your only right!

If you break His saint law -  
you receive a stick's blow -  
to remember His law.  
Thank Him, Love Him, adore!

Then He'll show His face!  
That's His ultimate grace!  
That's an infinite bliss!  
So talk to Him please!

He is jealous of talk,  
As a Ruler who broke  
all His enemies down  
Since His foes are His own

creatures, and you go straight -  
straight to God - Israel -  
that is what this word means.  
That's the height of all dreams!





## Nacreous Perl. From Balmont

I will come to you before evening,  
I will wait for you near the door.  
So that in the cherished hour to see light  
in eyes that hide an answer to all.

I will come to you as intuition,  
like an opening key made of gold  
so that soul to soul, oh, my Perl,  
will reveal itself up to the whole.

I will come like to prayer before dawn,  
to my gem, to my nacreous perl,  
I will whisper through door 'Now unlock.  
I love you. Trust and open the door.

Liza Sud

# Napoleon And Josephine Ring

Napoleon married a widow,  
a widow with two kids -  
Josephine was thirty three then  
and Napoleon was - twenty six,

And he bought her a ring for Engagement -  
ring with sapphire and diamond,  
white and blue, with inscription there  
'That is the Fate', and left for war

Just two days after their marriage,  
and wrote letters to her twice a day.  
This ring costs two centuries after  
Million dollars in public sale.

But at first the ring was not expensive -  
he was officer with no fame,  
not yet Emperor of the nations,  
but with true love for all his days!

As a child I was watching a movie  
with actor Armand Assent,  
I loved the triumphant music,  
and love that he had and kept.

I remember the sun and greenery,  
the light and white palace in France,  
his worship in every scenery,  
his serious loving glance.

Every day I was waiting for serial,  
for Napoleon's deep brown eyes.  
And although he was the Emperor  
his love was like that of a child!

I am glad that she was not naked,  
and I hated one dirty hint,  
It was as if about angels.  
and I loved every frame of it!

Liza Sud

# Natasha Fears To Tell You

Natasha fears to tell you  
so I will speak out:  
for her you are - the best man.  
I will explain why.

She talks about you at a staircase,  
Praises you at our meetings,  
Her love is known to everyone,  
only from you conceals it.

Contrary to health living.  
working from morn to morn.  
Cough almost with bleeding.  
plan despite illness done.

better than lazy Russians.  
more tender than a cat.  
attentive as an eagle.  
and as the French polite.

you gave me glasses for testing,  
opened a hatch in the car.  
in glasses I felt like Lady,  
in hatch saw a paradise.

for everything we are grateful!  
family day, ice cream,  
you for us are - like aliens.  
from the more kind country!

Natasha always adored you.  
she is workaholic too!  
Although you didn't promote her,  
she can't stop loving you!

Poetry's aim - is the growing  
of the soul to the likeness of God.  
May be you don't need poetry,  
in likeness you reached a lot!

The patriot of Korea.  
It's thanks to Korea that  
We now are here together.  
For all: Kamsa Hamnida!

Liza Sud

# Natasha Teme Dirtelo. Transl By Fabrizio Frosini In Italian

Natasha teme dirtelo,  
dunque lo farò io:  
tu sei il migliore degli uomini per lei.  
Te ne spiegherò il motivo.

Lei parla di te dovunque,  
ti loda durante le nostre riunioni:  
Il suo amore per te è noto a tutti,  
solo a te lo nasconde.

Non fai una vita salutare.  
Lavori ventiquattro ore di fila.  
Tossisci fin quasi a sanguinare.  
Pianifichi nonostante la malattia.

Meglio dei pigri russi.  
Più tenero di un gatto.  
Attento come un'aquila  
e garbato come un francese.

Mi hai dato i bicchieri per brindare,  
e aperto lo sportello dell'auto;  
brindando mi sentivo una signora,  
allo sportello ho visto un paradiso.

Per tutto ciò ti siamo grate!  
La festa in famiglia, il gelato,  
tu per noi sei come uno straniero  
che arrivi dal paese più gentile!

Natasha ti ha sempre adorato.  
Anche lei è una maniaca del lavoro!  
Nonostante tu non la incoraggi,  
lei non può smettere di amarti!

Scopo della Poesia è far crescere  
l'anima nella somiglianza di Dio.

Forse tu non hai bisogno della poesia,  
perché già gli assomigli molto!

Il patriota Coreano.  
E' grazie alla Corea che  
Ora siamo qui insieme.  
Per tutti: Kamsa Hamnida!

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Liza Sud

# National Poet

Flowers - for Alexis!  
A goblet of kvass  
Starorussky!

Potatoes and carrots  
and turnips, cause he  
Doesn't eat flesh!

Elected by people  
so holy and free,  
and so cocky!

By hooligans clogged  
and the lucrative junta  
of local!

He survived it all  
even Dickens  
could have only dream of!

And Mother of God  
came to him from the sky  
in his forty!

He saved many guys,  
and he flew as a bird,  
to them, lofty,

And to understand him -  
you need to be born  
twice - you got it?

His light  
dazzles you, even when  
It's translated to English -

You 'll hear His voice  
from the sky  
so pure to listen!

Liza Sud

# Naughty

My mouth is where your force is,  
my head is where your hands,  
And it is my best poem,  
I'm writing it with a smile.

I'm yours - because you mean freedom,  
I'm yours - because you mean love.  
Because I am Brick Liza  
Today and for all times.

I want to see you in Peter,  
I want to see you in Skype,  
but you are hiding like Jesus  
and I'll never feel your hand.

Excuse me for such a freaking,  
excuse me for such attack.  
You wanted us to be windy -  
so get now what for you ask.

Lets really find a flower,  
lets really then pass by.  
and go to some other towers,  
to other ponds in the sky!

I want to be free and naughty,  
Like butterfly in a flight!  
But I will remain haughty  
when opening my eyes!

Liza Sud

# Near The River.

Near the river we will walk  
from sunrise till evening.  
tell me about your love  
that's no more in secret.

Lanterns glow with the light,  
and you smile at me,  
scenery is - like a dream,  
where we don't wake up.

In our minds there is a screen,  
it reflects the world,  
although it is curved and wee -  
happiness goes on.

Usually people don't feel it,  
but on day like this  
we while walking by the river -  
found ourselves in it.

and it is surrounding us  
in enclosed ring.  
and the world embraces us -  
you and me teamwise!

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Liza Sud

## New Singer For Isolde

To the stage he then rises,  
And they change their places,  
That's the will of a man which embraces  
Chaos of woman's soul.

His dream suddenly comes true –  
He has found a doer  
Who will manage to rule up  
What has come to his notes.

Liza Sud

# Night

How easy is your gentle pace!  
Brushes languidly folded on chest.  
Night. Thoughtfully stars sparkle  
beckons mercury of attraction.

And with longing, I don't understand and  
I'm surrounded by a retinue of stars,  
In the universe wilderness spanless  
shawl is stretched - for the thousands of miles!

But just once to the earth you came down  
from impregnable and distant heights  
And the beauty and joy were renowned,  
and the stronghold of sad sacrament.

And you started to flow as steppe flavor  
could by mist lightly intoxicate.  
you excited inside, like the atom,  
as the stream of a river refreshed.

And your fingers are trembling with languor  
in the hands there is an edelweiss flower  
And disturbing, alluring, familiar  
Quiet sip, melancholic and blissful.

Behind thinnest transparent veiling,  
your eyes as a true diamonds shine,  
And entail by the uncharted spacing  
Pure eyes of a girl - turquoise.

Liza Sud

# Night And Dawn

In the sea crystal moon bathes  
Stars spilled on mirror-like surface!  
Sounds in heavenly spaces  
beckon.. entail... and appease us.

Silver ray glitters... and winds  
with herbs now sleep in the meadows...  
Moon with the anguish there sees...  
Slumbering shadows of breathings.

Quiet, mysterious..... In old tradition  
This very moment, for thousands of years..!  
NIGHT - is a QUEEN and she rushes on mission,  
to place where amoureuse DAWN her expects..!))

translation from AB

Liza Sud

# Nightingale

Nightingale sings not for fables -  
But to blow into his beloved,  
As God has blown consciousness  
In the soul of created man.

Because - to blow - is a sacred thing,  
Unstick lips that together stuck,  
So flowers drink rain in spring,  
So God commanded to love.

Liza Sud

# No More Egoism I Know

No more egoism I know  
than to love Jesus Christ,  
because if tot take life - He is longer,  
and because He is all that you have.

because only He loves you the most,  
keeps his Word that He once to us gives,  
because He will forgive all the worstest,  
only if His commandments you keep.

Liza Sud

# No More Michael, No More Brick.

No more Michael, no more Brick.  
I got punishment for it -  
trinitities on both sides-  
black-red blots on knees remind:

No more Michael, no more Brick.  
Was forbidden by my priest,  
and I still was reading them -  
with two books from top I fell.

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Liza Sud

# No More Nevsky Prospect

We will not rent a limousine  
as it is in vogue today,  
but we'll take Russian horses - three -  
in a warming old-fashioned way.

We will sluggishly ride through fields  
and not wishing to come to Peter.  
Only Syangogue and Mariinsky  
we would probably want to visit.

We will turn to Saint Nicolas Church  
with three rivers of small size,  
We will faster and faster go  
wanting like Mark Shagall - to fly.

We'll be riding through Pestel street  
from one church to another church,  
and will wave to Muruzi strip  
that is narrow like Joseph's dream.

Then we'll go to Smolny park,  
there is refined white-blue church,  
But I'll whisper to you: Desire  
is much better than death of stone.

And will go to Nevsky prospect  
from the quay of Fontanka river -  
and we'll clash there like a blow  
making all modern cars shiver.

Why I don't like limos?  
Mainly because of glasses -  
they reduce sun to gleaming.  
More for me they are sluggish.

They take away the feeling  
of Russian legend ride -  
when with eyes almost bleeding  
we hurry on like mad.

All will drown in the horses' foam,  
all will drown in Daniel's sperm.  
There will be no more Nevsky Prospect.  
the Imperial street will swirl.

And astonished painter will draw  
the last sketch of cold-weathered town.  
Because we will be there no more.  
The reality will fade down.

The last clash - and together we go  
to the empty sky of our dream.  
All beginnings crawl on to grow,  
But in Time coincide with nil.

That is my desire of speeding,  
that's my reason of ever-rush.  
To rule Time - to cut-stretch the minutes  
and two spaces - in one - combine.

Liza Sud

# No One Will Help You

No one will help you – remember this point.

Slogan like that they repeated for long.

Here among printers and immense stones

There is one way for you not get lost.

That is the prayer. And no other things.

That is the prayer which gives you the wings.

Day after day you should prayer repeat.

Only God helps you, although concealed.

Liza Sud

# Nonsense, Spitting On My Poems.

Nonsense, Spitting on my poems.  
Contradicting thoughts.  
You are not my kind of person,  
playing on my nerves.

Waste of time, no light emotions,  
shadow of the gloom.  
Like a swamp where you get swallowed  
by a stubborn groom.

Daniel, you don't satisfy me,  
don't bring any light.  
You are using me to touch me  
but it is not love.

Liza Sud

# Not Geneva, But Onega

Not Geneva, but Onega -  
I want to contemplate this lake forever.  
Not Zurich but Petrozavodsk  
is dear to me hundred times more.

Here people are quiet and fair,  
and always friendly.  
as in Petersburg's not aggressive,  
and full of goodness.

leave me alone with your stupid tourism -  
of you I'm so tired!  
I love immobility outwards  
Only in my heart is - a target.

Liza Sud

# Not Over Vitebsk

Not over Vitebsk - but Petrozavodsk,  
like Brodsky, I'll not mourn my orphanage,  
And I will not reveal my feelings' surge  
in time not spilling them in lines of poetry.

I will focus the dream in brain as lens,  
so that bulge over life to clarify,  
to accept God's creation in my hands,  
plunging a victory spear in the lake.

no one looks for the truth to understand -  
when there is sound and light - what truth is for?  
and only we - two drops of the mankind  
as in old castles - times - agreed to merge.

No one will answer you that you are - Muse  
no one will tell you: that I am- Uranus.  
but only the whirlwind of poems' truth  
as lip reading will whirl our heads forever.

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Liza Sud

# Now Answer To Me By Poems,

Now answer to me by poems,  
because I'll remain quiet now.  
Like the keys like The Universum,  
as if needed to no one.

It will be an bracadabra,  
like in childhood time - just for fun.  
this is right, because our mind is  
just a simple piece of a muscle.

Thrown over us, like a cover,  
by somebody's affectionate hand,  
and we give her the name of Our God,  
and she's leading us to Her path.

I am tired of writing you, Laitman,  
so answer directly please,  
I am loving you without Haifa,  
To me you are light rays in spring!

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Liza Sud

# Now I Want The Answer

Now I want the answer:  
why to create love sometimes  
so that it then to renounce?  
Answer me, Gods, mother!

Or give me another something  
(who am I not to know - that you  
can do anything - it's your Might!)  
Or I will fall from Light!

we are all connected in hell.  
so to me in need please help.  
I charge on you all the blame  
and for the answer - wait.

Liza Sud

# Now I Want To Live In The World Of Vrubel,

Now I want to live in the world of Vrubel,  
and I myself already have this world.  
It's Jupiter came to me involuted -  
the star sapphire in the thoughts and words.

How to enter this world? - To become yellow.  
Because the paints have no their own 'I'.  
and that is why colors have no fear,  
and like two wings fly lightly in the sky!

They always flow into one another,  
leaving on canvas their masterpiece,  
and then for a long time people are puzzled  
what is it for - on flat surface - 3D?

They look for seven more, they look for eight more,  
but how tough material world is!  
All that it gives - is only questions, questions,  
but all the answers - hide inside of people!

You will be yellow paint, you'll be blue color,  
you will be sparks in miriads of lost worlds,  
and you will come to any of new poet,  
to save him from the evil spell and awe.

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Liza Sud

## Now When I Get Angry,

Now when I get angry,  
want to kill or to blow up -  
I think, why to steal the Judgement  
from the God's hands, and I get calm.

He will prepare a furnace,  
will shoot and will blow up,  
and He will do that incessantly.  
Cause He is strict, our God!

Liza Sud

## O How Good You Are,

O how good you are,  
you endure my groaning!  
Your grand pianos are luxe,  
sound in them is growing.

Lull me inside yourself  
cause anyway we are drunkards.  
And I'm lulled to death  
by poems. For pride, most likely.

Liza Sud

# Ocean

I was afraid of looking at you,  
because truly - the only one view  
can cause a lot of poems in flows  
and these streams will flow into the ocean.

And this Ocean is, Julia, - you.  
He's a great water keeper who cures.  
and he gives to the sky out of place,  
through a sweat - rainbows in a cascade.

But today you again have passed by,  
and as always, rejoicing in heart,  
and my lines start to flow again,  
and have found the Light's riverbed.

You will not hear the whisper of mine,  
I don't like to read poems outloud,  
Ocean also in silence remains,  
though gave all to the world through the rain.

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Liza Sud

## Ocean - After Another Ocean.

There is another shore - after the other shore,  
Ocean - after another ocean.  
even if it seems like you're lost in the snow -  
your breakdown is not yet total.

because there is always a kind of power  
and they will raise you,  
high above, where lovers had melted down  
by their madness - the force of evil.

Liza Sud

# Ode To Book

I remember February just the same  
and light and snow of silver  
And me... I'm only seven years  
I'm with a book, and all - if I were dreaming...

At that time there were a few books.  
And every one was so read  
As if on a winter land  
no living soul left

I got up and went to bed with a book  
Reading all night  
Not realizing that by...  
life goes by - are you sure?

And every line shone  
And each letter was living  
and when there were no pictures  
the game in the head went on

And the world was illusory  
And a book so alive  
That I did not go out of the house,  
to lie in the snow with guys.

When was this? But alive  
Memories are in me...  
Here now I'll stretch a hand,  
A book is waiting on the window...

Other times now goes.  
Poetry, tales and prose....  
But the book is as fresh as a rose,  
And warms in February frosts..

translation from YP

Liza Sud

# Ode To Erotic Art

All turned to bitches.  
now are you happy?  
Art of the evil  
Achieved its aim.

You depraved everyone  
And even angels!  
What is the difference?  
Let's praise the bed!

Liza Sud

# Ode To Library

In the libraries books on the racks  
keep secrets between the lines.  
you enter into their home as a child  
or as a holy old man.

Enter eternity: all generations  
hundreds of pages and times,  
Anima Mundi - the library, where  
Books are the homes of gods.

And every book must be as the Torah,  
It means - carrying the Light.  
and beyond bounds, beyond the doorstep,  
library gives a reply.

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Liza Sud

# Off-Screen Marriage

You sent me a telegram from heaven:

'I will wait - if you here wait for me,  
try to do your work - and I will save you,  
and we'll meet after this life, off-screen'.

Even Pushkin was not so cruel!

'Wait a year' - he said to Natalia.  
But a quitrent for the pure -  
is perpetual balneum.

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Liza Sud

# Oh Laitman, I Catch In Your Eyes This Drive!

Oh Laitman, I catch in your eyes this drive!  
and in your eyes I see the eyes of Christ!  
What is it? - you said you can hypnotize.  
I see you - I see myself, ...Is it love?

I see my life, this circle through all time!  
I feel the Light, so innocent and kind!  
Catastrophy's pain, laughter of the blind.  
I feel the race, I drink and drink...this vine!

The lowness - who never understand.  
You're intimate - oh how the Sun may hide!  
I'll pray about the foes who say you lie.  
It is THE TRUTH that you have seen the Light!

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Liza Sud

# Oh, Julia, Julia, How Have You Repaid

Oh, Julia, Julia, how have you repaid  
for my high gift and for my highest style?  
You did not love me - that's how you repaid,  
and has appointed me the parting time.

Like Julia Primitis- statue in Ljubljana -  
is holding golden branch over Frank -  
So you were playing with Muses without name  
in summer heat, in winter storm with ice.

I was not asking - and you were not asking,  
Only a cloud - from meeting, and from you,  
a cloud you wear with duty as a garment,  
and write a verse of sky, to earth refused.

And you want to play with the earth, just jesting,  
you wind her round a finger, round and round,  
and you say it is me to whom she's wedded,  
while at the same time - spinning in the sky.

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Liza Sud

# Oh, Peter! I Am Crucified By Your Neva,

Oh, Peter! I am crucified by your Neva,  
between your palaces and channels!  
haze's hactic here - and gloomy life -  
But here Love is always shining!

Luciferianism - in your morning mist!  
At sunset the sun - doesn't go!  
and when I sink - in your, I, your eyes,  
I see there lights of Enjoyments!

Forgive me, oh Moscow! To ruins you go,  
by Traitors - with false names!  
And Peter -is gray, and Leningrad - holy -  
And - beacons - in my gaze!

Liza Sud

# Oh, What A Gift For The Inauguration!

Oh, what a gift for the inauguration!  
the movie-devil bed is driven wild.  
kindness and righteousness to them is so unpleasant,  
their fame is no the same fame as you have!

They crawl to you as demon-possessed worms,  
who fed the whole world with their filth,  
And their hacking everywhere is seen!  
In the spiritual world they killed a lot.

Oh, what a gift for the inauguration!  
Where darkness only emphasizes light!  
Thanks, Hollywood, to you for demonstration!  
You have increased the success of The Trump!

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Liza Sud

# Olives

I gave up drinking - olives blossomed  
in my completely charred soul  
my mind has brightened in the prospects  
life goes not by, and I participate as all.

Today I'll call to my sweat darling  
for the first time in hundreds years  
congratulations Happy birthday,  
you'll hear without coercion, light.

September sun shines in the morning  
Pigeons are sitting on the roof  
and poultry flocks are circling-circling  
and bring defoliation soon.

Life is so good, it has a lot of  
in it of evil, pain and sorrow,  
the book of happiness is opened  
and I again read from the plow.

Liza Sud

# On Golden Cockerel Of Pushkin

I was reading about Golden Cockerel -  
the last fairy tale of Pushkin.

Golden Cockerel turns a murderer,  
killing Tsar after Tsar killed eunuch.

I was reading the tale's back history-  
in which eunuch is Russian sage:

The Tsar send to exile one religious man  
to far region of Shamakhan.

Oh this conflict between Tsar and Pushkin,  
Golden Cockerel - symbol of prophecy.

Oh this cruelty done to Rooster,  
and eternal gold of his poetry!

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Liza Sud

# On Mikhail Vrubel

I am dipping my glance in the Wrubel paintings,  
and they talk to me; like abyss - each stroke,  
and each cube, like hands, is stretching its rays to me,  
and holds me so tight - doesn't let me go.

And all flowers by him, and all hills - are diamonds,  
how he saw a picture and wrote it quick -  
they are colorful games of the super powers,  
and the wall 's so huge and he loved that screen!

And am I - the color, am I - the game of prayer?  
Why do I hear their voice, hear what they see?  
why it seems to me - you're standing behind them,  
Michael, why it seems that it all - is me?

I see in them my image for the first time,  
and it is my photo, my maddness, life?  
and why you and I - seem as the one story,  
why do I and oils - we - have merged in one?

You stand behind each, and I see you: Misha,  
I'm running for kissing - to every paint -  
But the paintings are silent, and no one hears  
what the paintings of Vrubel have got to say.

If I ask Ioann of Kronstadt - please do explain  
tell me who he is, help get rid of them -  
I'll forget the picture, as if it's yesterday,  
I'll forget the paints' glance tenacious grip.

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Liza Sud

## On Poemhunter Life Is In Full Swing,

On PoemHunter life is in full swing,  
unlike on a tainted Stihira,  
Although there are less poets here -  
they are more kind, polite, pious and clear!

Liza Sud

# On Purple Car

I had a dream: you came to me  
on purple car, as in a childhood.  
Only one driver had a seat -  
you gave to me the place of driver.

and then we both went for a walk -  
rather, I was driving, you - on foot.  
you could say nothing for so long,  
watched as a kid, with speechless look.

Liza Sud

# On Pushkin Birthday

Forgive me, though I am not Pushkin,  
but on his birthday I will say:  
even when you become old woman -  
I will still love you anyway.

It's not because I am a bad one  
or that my soul is so depraved -  
But it's because you are a tough one  
and so nice-looking through the years.

Today again you have passed near me,  
and I write poems again.  
and inspiration's like a vehicle,  
the speed of which you can't abate.

Out of the windows - rains and dampness,  
but in our house - a full drive.  
Because you are the one whom I love  
and further poets inspire!

Rain - are the tears of mild emotion  
that Pushkin was heard by the world,  
and today - it is Pushkin's birthday,  
and this small poem for us both.

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Liza Sud

# On The Bike Of Time

I'll sit on the bike of time,  
will smash into a glaciation  
of memory, speed up an Engine  
of the infinite power of mountains of love.

Liza Sud

# On The Chair

I will come to you with a chair.  
As I see you I'll just sit down.  
And calm down. And I will stare.  
At you. With unblinking glance.

So that you were engorged with energy  
How with an old rum a cake.  
And we will be with you inseparable.  
And time will go on the chair.

Liza Sud

# On The Day Of The St. John Beheading

On the day of the St. John Beheading  
be especially super-vigilant.  
Demons cruelly to you are sneaking,  
people want to take away from Christ.

Liza Sud

# On The Ice Rink

Very soon there will be snow,  
and we'll run to the ice rink.  
Where people easily flow  
like the swirling thoughts of a dream.

Love and tenderness on the skate rink.  
But I'm not from the human race,  
I am from sapphire angels,  
they live here, just parallel.

Oh, I miss you, sapphire angel,  
want to swirl here only with you!  
But it seems to be fear and danger  
to stare for so long at you!

Because your thoughts are like thousands  
of our thoughts in a spot,  
and you embed them in our minds  
with all power of gods!

You are the real tyrants  
of our small silly worlds!  
You are the ruling Sapphires,  
envoys of loving God!

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Liza Sud

# On The Other Planet

There on the other planet  
people live without sex.  
they are never tired of passions,  
never loneliness is felt.

there they are pure angels,  
Food they get from nowhere.  
it was here too for ages,  
before Adam sinned and Eva.

Liza Sud

# On The Run

As in the commotion she quickly, almost on the run  
in worn notebook puts her words down quickly,  
Suddenly she throws away sleep and food...  
Their raises them carefully, carries them keenly.

She cherishes them, but can't fully indeed,  
Speaks them when she runs across field, on the road:  
And not for the glory she is scribbling it  
But quietly into the wild they are flowing.

Rejecting all vanity plans of the world,  
The higher existence by her soul she's touching,  
Her verse is begetting Love of Universe,  
And as for a child, for its fate she is frightened.

Liza Sud

# On The Stage You Were Like A Muse

On the stage you were like a Muse  
in the depths of the grapevine,  
if the green - is a symbol of union,  
you were beautiful and divine.

And your movements were neat and flowing,  
And your dance was like that of Spring,  
it has happened at night, the purple,  
but with you it was flourishing!

You would have seduced me more easily,  
than the dancer-Olga and her striptease,  
she walks on the needles, you - pierced me,  
as would have failed the Spanish vis-a-vis.

Only you are for me uplifting,  
strengthening sense of eternity.  
I am adoring you, do you see it?  
Respond to me by line, answer me!

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Liza Sud

# On The Top Of The World

Being on this site –  
I feel on the top of the World.  
Don't know why I'm inspired,  
but warming energy flows!

Liza Sud

# On The Weighted Scale

That is not honest: on the weighted scale  
only one letter - and the storm is given.  
a vacuum cleaner goes on my brain  
these are my angels who when I get interest

in someone - cleanse me. And today - it's you,  
tomorrow it will be - someone new.  
From you alone my poetry arose  
and I insert my poems in your throat.

Is this what probably you waited for,  
then do describe your feelings just in prose  
or will you remain with me so cold,  
that will not give me just a single verse?

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Liza Sud

# Once Again I Return To You,

Once again I return to you,  
?ircumventing all earthly ways  
Once again I begin to lose  
Sight of you - to come back again.

Every time you become more close,  
And I start to cognize myself.  
You're next to me, breathing, rose.  
I was searching in clouds - what sense?

Peaceful is now my soul.  
All fermented in me through life,  
By the way I have met God,  
Returning to him all I had.

You - forgive me for this.  
My challenge it should have been.  
In order to find yourself,  
You need to expend and miss.

Liza Sud

## One May Not Pass By You With Indifference,

One may not pass by you with indifference,  
Cause your gaze is so steadfast and mild,  
As from heaven above it may pierce  
And then takes you inside itself back.

That is why one may feel at home with you,  
That is why anyone may feel that,  
And I can for a long time be jealous  
Of you to every night and each star.

Liza Sud



# Only Elena I Was Born To Hear

Only Elena I was born to hear  
And hearing by saint motif to please.  
My main organ is – ears, ears, ears,  
Only this sphere I have to increase.

Elena Obraztsova saved me now  
By her great voice she simply put me up  
Above the world, myself and my vain house,  
With happiness into my soul has drowned.

Her art is bliss in a purification,  
And she embraces as a holy mom,  
Drags to herself to where is the perfection  
And never lets to carnal falling down.

Liza Sud

# Only Laitman

There is a great kabbalist in the world,  
He can tell you about all the levels,  
And if you suddenly come to disclose  
more light - he'll answer what you feel and where.

He like a seer sits above the sky  
And says his texts on heavenly background,  
and music plays: it is Baal Sulam,  
and puts you in delight and in entrancement.

There are the levels when you open God.  
Four levels. All are sinners on the first one.  
And sinner thinks that sin is inside God,  
But we'll see God as righteous on the last one.

If suddenly you sometimes droop your head,  
A hundred comrades then will stand around you,  
A comrade sounds in Hebrew - haverim,  
And Rabbi sounds in Jewish - only Laitman.

Liza Sud

# Only Saint People Live In Russia.

Only saint people live in Russia.  
You just wake up and see the saints.  
They are smiling with power of wonders.  
They enlighten you or they pray.

Just the land of my dream.

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Liza Sud

# Only The Demons, From Balmont

Only the demons, geniuses and people  
will fill all of the worlds over the time,  
And will express in the unspeakable miracle  
All glitter of the game not yet in mind.

When they perceive themselves for just the first time,  
then will forever with the soul adjoin  
Four powerful sovereign elements: - the Fire  
the Air, and the Water, and the Earth.

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Liza Sud

# Only The Heart May Grasp

Only the heart may grasp  
birds chirping, whisper of grass!  
And to reach the bliss of life -  
The world that has no bounds!

All vibration, all spikes  
It catches gently and lightly.  
And sometimes (don't know why?)  
Suddenly, heart becomes frightened.

And sometimes, thawed, starts to sing!  
The dawn in it, birds are flying.  
The soul is shedding light tears  
And underneath the flowers flourish...

Love that had come - has remained,  
The gate is opened forever.  
As flowers - blood resurrects -  
On the lips clearance and prayer!

Liza Sud

# Only With Christ.

Only with Christ  
I may love life,  
Cause the Existent  
Loves Himself.

With Him Existence  
Is so blessed,  
Eucharist turns  
into bliss I get!

Music can hardly  
give you this.  
Sex is a rubbish,  
Bed, family.

And that is why  
Soul is deep in crust  
For all of those  
Who don't know Christ.

Music can hardly  
give you this.  
My advice: go  
to Eucharist!

Those who know Him -  
Have another crust -  
To live the whole life  
in Jesus Christ!

Liza Sud

# Only You Read Me, Dear Michael.

Only you read me, dear Michael.  
All the others are just betrayers.  
They suggest to have sex and marry,  
and then go away like demons.

I need high intellect, a high tree.  
And its leaves - many eyes - are pure.  
That is your reading, dear Michael.  
And your purity is what I look for.

And I see you as Hebrew letters -  
they are shining to me - no bad thoughts.  
Only light of the best ideas,  
Only endlessness where I flow.

I just plunge in you - you're not human!  
Who are you to me: angel? sphere?  
Oh I step in the world of true men! -  
In your Kabbalah - you are there!

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Liza Sud

# Open Window

Open window -... in it a star shines...  
Oh, who are you, my dear friend?  
For a long time you are not living,  
But the circle is closed by the heart,

And I have no one to lean on,  
I am lonely as you are,  
But the night sky is clear  
And brings light from above...

And I dream of the old fairy tale -  
I push off the raft...  
I'm not afraid to be late,  
While in chest is love...

Liza Sud

# Orange Light

I don't like when the constructor doesn't plug  
And bilingual translations don't come out.  
But with you - from zero to the height  
And you come from sky as orange light.

Liza Sud

# Ore. From Balmont

Very broad and profound

are ore-yellow sands.  
In the world of sacrifice, -  
flows and flows ore-blood.

In brass sky there is no light.  
still the lightning's flash-  
strom will ring, the shell of iron  
Will accept the fight.

Fight for free living has rang  
there's a broken spear.  
the chain armour is burnt down.  
where is it - freedom?

And the oak door is strong.  
Who'll open the lock?  
they are clenched like the snake's jaw,  
links of scales are swaddled.

Wide as desert, desert-wide  
are ore-yellow sands.  
Endlessly, like waterfall,  
flows and flows ore-blood.

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Liza Sud

## Others - Are Paradise.

I slightly disagree here:  
others - are paradise.  
Yes, it is very difficult:  
to see that they are God.

but like this every morning -  
you'll fly in world to them -  
if feelings are wide-open,  
then everywhere is - Grace!

myself I'm not just so,  
I'll rather say - not quite!  
but I will try in your face  
to see the paradise!

Liza Sud

# Our Class Is Small

Our class is small  
only three students there:  
Leshya, Yasha study by Joseph  
Lisa and sometimes Sveta.

Sometimes to us comes Alla,  
not always she's synchronous,  
Leshya doesn't know the language -  
Lisa translates his poems.

Liza Sud

# Our Language Is So Incomplete

Our language is so incomplete  
if to send a message from the sky.  
but heart feels: the hour is fulfilled.  
and you have to turn to Holy Bible.

To the prophets and to their prayers,  
Look at our sores and wounds.  
This would serve us a very good lesson,  
will detect our errors and shortcomings.

People who forgot about the Lord,  
Lost their human image, human form.  
Go back, and fall at His saint feet,  
The Creator to response is quick.

When prodigal son returned at home,  
then the Father, though stern, - rejoiced.  
After all, God did not turn away.  
So return until it is too late!

Liza Sud

# Our Lord Adores Virginity

Our Lord adores virginity.  
And I don't know why.  
As if he needs no children  
and granddaughters and sons.

May be it is a true fact,  
everyone has its grant,  
and has himself to maximum  
his gift to grow up.

Liza Sud

# Our Prize

The whole world should know what we are celebrating.  
So we should, Daniel, to get the Nobel prize -  
To finish our book together:  
I will write poems - you'll check and revise.

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Liza Sud

# Our Souls Are Extremely Spoiled,

Our souls are extremely spoiled,  
like split people of Israel.  
we suffer from being alone,  
We love only our miseries.

not the miseries of our comrades,  
Laitman opens a window to us  
and we fly like birds fled from Noah,  
comprehending the flood-exile.

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Liza Sud

# Our Tsar. From Balmont

to the 10th Anniversary of Coronation of Nikolas 2

Our tsar is Mukden, tsar - Tsushima,  
Our tsar is the stain of blood,  
The stench of gunpowder and reek smoke,  
In which the intellect feels - dark...

Our tsar is a blind-sighted squalor,  
prison and whip, the judge, the shoot,  
The king- the gallows, double low,  
And what he promised, he dared not.

He is a coward, fumble feeling,  
But hour of reckoning will come.  
Who started reigning with - Hodynka,  
will finish - at the scaffold stand.

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Liza Sud

# Out And Inside!

stop all the thoughts -  
and you will hear God:  
He's always with you.  
Out and inside!

Liza Sud

# Outcast Soul

You have abandoned, outcast my soul  
into the gaping pit, where coals of ages  
shifted at once to spectrum of the surf  
of diamond mines of words and interjections!

Liza Sud

# Out-Talked

and you have out-talked me by your words,  
as others are not able by the hands,  
or lips, caressed me, mild and soft.  
you're under my skin like a snowdrop

under soft snow - heralds us the spring.  
so are you, Daniel, around you - all sprouts.  
dream soars over endless dreams,  
and happiness - I have no time to catch.

Liza Sud

## Pa, I Am...

Pa, I am... only for one time  
I want so to look at you...  
And to gift you eternal lines...  
And wherever you are, just do...  
Giving seed you returned to nought.. -  
Fate can have its own reasons why...  
Life not always answers to all -  
Fruit of whose ardent love was born...  
But I know - beyond the words  
Where all will be shown at once,  
We will share spiritual home  
Book of Destiny read to us,  
And discovering Life 'from... to...'  
In the silence to God I pray... -  
For at least one exhale-inhale  
To become baby-of-your-soul.

translation from SSH

Liza Sud

# Page 355

I opened the page three, five, five.  
'My life in Christ' of Ioann,  
and I found the exact answer  
to what I was trying to find:

When you are in illness, distress -  
and want to live more - then accept  
what God has prepared for your life -  
cause He does better than all you could plan.

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Liza Sud

# Parsifal

'You know, that in my music room  
Only of Nietzsche I have always had a Photograph.  
And we have been a long time friends with you,  
But now there is one thing in you so disappointing us.

You wrote a book about The AntiChrist,  
And I compose the Hymn for Christ - it is my "Parsifal".  
And here are useless all arguments of the past -  
The genius of Wagner the war for The Truth has won at last.

Liza Sud

# Pasternak

My Dear Friend, my Teacher and my Brother  
My Pasternak, my grizzled Pasternak,  
you have presented me boots and a cap  
Olyushka with Irinushka in dark.

And Ariadnushku, Varlamushku as pals  
And you yourself were at my foot forever  
How I love you in my shy snivel  
And will commemorate in the Last Ah.

Because you you have become for me - ascending,  
In Me You Glow as a Lightning,  
And Mandelstam in his bright series,  
Marina in rainbow attires,

And All the Rus became my fate  
And flamy handwriting of Blok  
And Pushkin's the Most Lucent range,  
And Russian letters' Native Squad.

Liza Sud

# Patrons

Like Pasternak who wrote 'A Miracle'  
or Pushkin who wrote 'the Qur'an',  
like Friedrich Engels wrote to his friend,  
who has created 'Capital',

Like Struve family for Lenin,  
like for Tchaikovsky his Von Meck -  
you also will be in the patrons,  
which among all I love the best!

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Liza Sud

# Peace

Your world (shalom) upon the texts of Buddhism  
Will lead you to the limit of a dream.  
But all of them will ostracize you here.  
And you will burn in hell because of it.

There is a point where thankfulness appears  
But even it is not a dying yet.  
Cause death is not an exit from existence  
Or space. But the Existing has no death.

Liza Sud

# Pensioner Mocking At Plans

Pensioner mocking at plans  
of younger generation.  
Pensioner with sear love,  
vanity of aggression.

Pensioner so cold -  
stone with no embracing.  
lover of prolix words  
with piercing intention.

Weakness and so he bites  
asking for love and boldness,  
but breaking any plans  
you receive back his coldness.

Liza Sud

# People's Masses

Who are you, people's masses?  
Companions in my sorrows?  
heros of fairy stories?  
Or the militant classes?

Who are you, people's masses?  
approaching generations?  
ghosts from the time that passes?  
or in the fields grasses?

Everyone with is code,  
and you can't call them bad  
all the freaks are from God.  
let Him change them by Word.

Who are you, people's masses?  
Lets talk about Arts and  
about high matters,  
or only from the ambon?

Who are you, people's masses?  
Were you ever united?  
I saw such holiday  
only once at one paint.

It was everyday. Peter.  
Those were people's masses.  
God entered the united.  
It was Ioann and Easter.

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Liza Sud

# Perfidious. From Balmont

What I threw out with a great relief,  
You would have accepted with great desire.  
But when I start to laugh while I sing,  
You broke out in a powerful crying.

And she? Was she afraid of this crying?  
By this power of the distress, so dark?  
Or the fact that by reckless defiling,  
that she loved a perfidious man?

False are those who with beautiful dare  
by the clingy dark to be embraced.  
I'm like wind that has rushed over bents,  
You - are wrinkled by wind, and compressed.

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Liza Sud

# Petersburg, Petrograd, Leningrad

Petersburg, Petrograd, Leningrad  
Winter Isaac, Peter-Paul Fortress,  
And Aurora, and Smolny, Neva,  
And the wind that blows from the Baltic!

Fires looms in a far away Kronshtat  
from the Finland Gulf waves always roll  
I am opened to the winds so hostile  
And my fire gets orgasms by cold.

And my Angel reigns there in the vast  
And crusading she threatens the skies  
Petersburg on the bones - like hell's past!  
Madness flickers in vigils all-night!

And at nights there the bridges are bred  
to your favorites you can not get  
It is a city of infertile dreams  
in its ice you will flounce and fling!

Liza Sud

# Photo Of

I will open you a little secret  
(may be someone it will help) :  
Miracle with John also with picture  
Started, but was more in time than my life's length.

And that's why to him I promise  
Only at those photographs to look,  
Who us with eternal love endows  
And who sin and death completely broke!

Liza Sud

## Piano Is Deep And Black,

Piano is deep and black,  
as in the films of Wagner.  
at it sitting is Gulchatai,  
glowing with joyful wonder.

Queen could do everything,  
conquered him in temptation,  
turned him to kid again,  
Lion of German nation.

And as a mild dog  
looks he into her eyes,  
music he reads in them up to sublimity.  
and into Walgall goes the last god,  
melting the world in sanctity.

Liza Sud

# Piter Is Not A Beautiful Town

Piter is not a beautiful town:  
Gloomy, dirty and worn-out,  
Doesn't love his people, proud,  
Full of wonton advertisements.

Doesn't have a loving sight  
Smooth –but only spires, towers,  
And the dreams become quadrat  
Against godly reckless power.

It is not the town I love.  
Iohann was sent to save it,  
But it couldn't understand,  
Or was slow in comprehending.

It is not a town of gold,  
Where sometimes I was walking,  
Sinful, simple and on earth,  
Town of yesterday for godly.

Liza Sud

# Planet Light

Donald the first, Vladimir the first,  
There were two great Tsars,  
They ran a small universe,  
with the name: 'planet Light'.

And on this light planet  
There were enough resources,  
wars there never happened,  
and it had a lot of churches.

No one hid Sapphires  
with agates in the corners,  
and in each saint apartment  
small family temple grows.

No one devided planet,  
did not blow up stations.  
Vladimir was commanding  
and Donald, friends forever.

Planet in soarks was bursting,  
Light planet - it reaally was!  
They listened to all poets,  
and believed in their words.

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Liza Sud

# Plumbless Flight

Come by your soul with me,  
When I will touch your ear.  
Love and excitement it is  
And two wings fly - delight and fear.

Come by your soul with me,  
All other things in life.  
For me and you to meet  
Was this exciting flight.

Liza Sud

## Poem. Bb. Part 1

You were born in a cellar,  
in it childhood you spent,  
friends there huddled together,  
to you money they lent.

Solidarity of jews,  
their desire to help.  
Over children they always  
at night shelter can spread.

You were playing accordion,  
to the ballet you went.  
All the possible coteries  
you found time to attend.

After forestry technics  
you applied for Meccmath,  
after very much effort  
you received doctorate.

Theorem was mistaken,  
and it took five more years  
to reprove it correctly  
with the help of colleges.

Genius optimizing,  
You are bringing like stars  
Innovations, one hundred  
works to plant AvtoVAZ.

When in hungry dash nineties  
they could no more pay  
into business so drastic  
to earn money you came.

You were scratching for lustre,  
when you poorly lived.  
But one day not by scratching  
but by chance woke up rich.

And you needed politics  
to achieve all your aims.  
And the country seemed little  
to extremely bright game.

Here people are helpless.  
All is solved by a dozen elits.  
It's some thousand persons,  
But you buy them with ease.

Whom you can't buy is parish,  
Only those of them -  
The exceptions, who managed  
to receive Godly grace.

Their choice is for freedom,  
But the hearts of them burn  
With a person, whose wisdom  
Knew elits, which he bought.

In your House of Logovaz  
It was common to wait.  
It was norm – for five hours-,  
They stood like to a saint.

And such kinds of wiretapping  
Didn't have even State.  
And like presents - toy puppets  
They could millions get.

To the Kremlin you entered,  
all the media bought.  
The result of election  
Of the President told.

And your passion was driving  
and you loved airplanes.  
In exile you acquired  
Bombardier Challenger.

Never cared you for money.  
The idea's what you give.  
Those were friends who acquired,  
and in them you believed.

And you trusted that Rutin  
was like Eltsin, the same.  
But he silenced you rudely  
and forever expelled.

Liza Sud

## Poem. Bb. Part 2

You were fighting from England  
Every possible day,  
To the world you let fleeing  
Swift ideas like plane.

Of all thinkable parties  
What you chose was - the saint.  
Christian-democratic  
It was called – Ressurrect!

All the anti-semitic  
in an instant forgave.  
because losses in business  
you yourself were to blame.

You said that Russia doesn't  
Need a vertical power  
And «in toilet to drown»  
Is not Holy endowment.

But its subjects to strengthen  
And resources hand out,  
Otherwise Russia's waiting  
An enormous collapse.

Paradoxical matter:  
Among hundreds of friends  
Were a person non-grata  
Anytime, everywhere.

Only immense willpower  
And ideas that burned –  
When the enemies flattened  
Didn't give you to stop.

Love for world and for people,  
Optimism that you had  
Among fears and windstorms  
Predetermined your life.

And you said: to be happy  
God created a man.  
And all their inquiries  
Out of Love he complied.

You supposed, that the conscious  
Is embodied in thought –  
It dictates all the wanted –  
And you get what deserved.

Thus your struggle for idea  
And to come to the end  
Notwithstanding the fizzle –  
That was always your way.

Kind is our Universe.  
Always apt to fulfill  
Any motion of yours,  
If in bid you believe.

If the aim's not to stash,  
But comparing two  
Weaker neighbor to crush –  
Evil spirit here ruled.

From Elizabeth Gloster  
Could predict the laydown.  
Not for millions dollars –  
But for justice you strived.

Among rules you were sparkling,  
But they were not from God.  
And abroad you left Russia's  
Half of wealth - all you had.

You were crying for Russia,  
That just turned you away,  
When they took all your money -  
To Last Judgment you came.

Epilogue

You hoped, with Internet appearing,  
This wide web opened to the world -  
there will be much more light for people  
and lie and slander will be gone.

Liza Sud

# Poems

I consider my poems  
Much worse than anyone's else.  
But they give me the awesome  
Answer for How to behave.

Liza Sud

# Poems Are Breath

Sveta, it's great! Because poems are breath.  
Sigh up to cesura, and then - exhale.  
That's why it's easy in the universe  
where lines are falling on heart with a break.

You enter as if into different substance,  
And it is spinning, you're in its powers.  
Outwardly - and it's true - you fall in prostration,  
Only from inside - Glory's contemplation!

It is eternal, although it looks temporarily,  
And it is calming, and calming of this -  
means the reduction of yoke and of burden  
On His light yoke, in which you melt to mist.

It is so easy, you're dealing with rhymes,  
Line becomes - a thread within labyrinths,  
Just go out to the shore with the gulfs,  
Where you're with Christ, and not with boring nymphs.

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Liza Sud

## Poems- Bilinguals

Say to your husband –write as much as you will –  
No one write better than in Piter Liza.  
Because only to her God decided to give  
Not simple poems but poems- bilinguals.

In the hour at dawn when he sleeps  
After he payed his debt in Russian and very quickly.  
Liza, finished in Russian, she to create begins  
with the synchronism parallel, and in English.

Liza Sud

## Poems- Blossoms

And if at home there is no recognition -  
The Russians always are a little late.  
They will come later on to comprehension,  
But it is not the West that should explain.

When I will fall asleep - I'll see from high-ups:  
my poems like seeds will fall in them:  
in different languages around the planet  
like perfect flowers they will bloom again.

Liza Sud

## Poems Contain Your Soul.

Poems contain your soul.  
They are a part of you!  
When I've read a verse of a boy -  
Light was inside me - good!

I even started then  
To speak the way he does!  
All of his jokes and sense.  
Word - is the Son of Mind!

Liza Sud

# Poet-Accountant

Just to explain hybrid 'poet-accountant' -  
I'll give you a remarkable response:  
A poet in Russia - is more than accountant.  
But saint accountant is - more than a poet.

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Liza Sud

# Poetry

You thought: she lies down and writes poetry,  
And clever books is what she's hourly reading...  
Around her muses, serve in quiet bliss,  
And with them the soul soars in empiricism...

My friend, you are wrong, if only you saw,  
Where fruits of her thoughts she is tirelessly reaping...  
In everyday vanity standing by the stove,  
the laundry she washes she pours with the tears.

Liza Sud

# Poetry Bomb

I wrote to you 20 poems,  
But didn't send them to you,  
Because you will make a bomb of them,  
It will make me mad and I'll swoon.

I fear your exaltation,  
Putting my energy down.  
You've read books on revelations,  
But seems your own – didn't have.

Liza Sud

## Poetry Is Like A Snow.

Poetry is like a snow.  
Melts under the sun of love,  
if no - as a clump in the century floats  
and there is a crush.

Poetry - it's like an iceberg.  
Tons of thoughts and emotions - under.  
And if once to your soul it came -  
it inflames the brain

Liza Sud

# Poetry Is Powerless In Body's World

Poetry is powerless in body's world  
but is all-powerful in the world of angels -.  
there in Its vessels pure Light is poured,  
and like a spiral, it will spin forever.

And that's a caret death we should expect  
where everything has been done for our dying,  
But still it means if He promised to save -  
Then only in His Church you will recover.

You should not fall into the cloud of men  
and then to angels to recount and blast it,  
in the cloud there were the broken rays,  
and only in Eternal Bible - answers.

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Liza Sud

# Poetry's Aim

Poetry's aim - is the growing  
of the soul to the likeness of God.  
Mayby you don't need poetry,  
cause in likeness you reached a lot!

Liza Sud

# Poet's Takeoff

the streaptese star is our teacher,  
her chastity under the frock  
under small ballet frock is hidden  
as fire under the sky's dome.

and the flame is moving her shoulders,  
and it will bring her to new turn,  
as a pedantic speech turnover,  
which fixes poet's takeoff.

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Liza Sud

# Point

You may communicate  
or hung off the phone.  
you may a person break  
as a forget-me-not.

you may wait for three  
hours and more,  
or you may simple spit  
and not to write any poem.

POINT.

But if you are a fan  
of these poems bilinguals -  
you will continue to write  
even through rain of tears.

Liza Sud

# Pour Me Wine In A Goblet. To D.

Pour me wine in a goblet.  
I am not the Snow queen.  
you wanted to kill me,  
but body is not for poison.

You are poison, you are -a flaw,  
in angels you find the spots.  
Your vision - is back inside you,  
what is yours -you write about it.

And I'm talking with the air,  
I do not need sinful souls.  
to correct them - I go to the snow,  
It's stuffy when they are close.

You are tropical, as a black man.  
from you - I want to escape.  
People are like stop-bounds,  
though endlessness is in them!

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Liza Sud

# Poured In Me Orange Light

Now I recall, that in my revelation  
they poured in me orange light through my vertex,  
and my back cracked, but someone's hand's caressing  
has healed the scar and soon my back was closed.

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Liza Sud

# Praises

I don't want to sing praises to you  
and no dithyrambs, no flattery,  
To my heart you are so good,  
that there are no strong comparisons.

No poems I want to write?  
with your stillness to be in one,  
As a tomb I want to be numb,  
to express all I feel and suffer.

Yours unparalleled is in me,  
as the first sip of milk for a child,  
eyes are open to sky, which blinks,  
where you are the only star...

Liza Sud

# Pray,

Pray,  
That Lord gave me strength!  
For me strength is so lacking...  
That we at last were merged embraced... -  
Power of truth melts without acting!

What's good to me, I know it all,  
But with faith there is no one near?  
Next to me is the one - by squad  
of good he multiplied love's gear!

I'm not alone. No truth there's of singles,  
when fire of ruins is around ...  
Let brothers' eyes into my back be shining  
and then... - together we will defeat evil!

Liza Sud

# Presents From Zhirinovsky

I am putting his socks on,  
And a T-shirt 'The Supreme Ruler'.  
And his tea is in my pot,  
with his cap I'll embellish Peter.

He came to our Petrozavodsk.  
To hand out presents to all.  
Everyone could ask him his point,  
got familiar with his Prog.

He's sincere, not everyone can.  
One can't wait even tea from others.  
Zhirinovsky, you will triumph!  
Let there always be your sunshine!

The train goes to all the ways.  
And the country's expanse is wide.  
He would have embraced all of us.  
He's familiar with multi-pain.

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Liza Sud

# Price Of My Books

As if I ever needed readers!  
I am surrounded by jealous angels -  
they com to readers in their sleep-dreams  
and ask not to disturb my prayers.

As if I ever needed readers!  
I will not sell you, my books, for no money!  
The price will be too high that I am fixing:  
it's half a million, two hundreds, hundred.

And oligarch would have bought it,  
but on his money - there is the blood of miners.  
so, dear miners, you may come to me:  
books free of charge for the workers of all plants.

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Liza Sud

## Pride - Is A 'stick'

Pride - is a 'stick' that even itself can curb.

'I' - is self-managed, but nevertheless is driven.

Publican 'waiting forever, ' the soul by doubt twirl -

'Childish mind games' - before you're entombed forever.

Today each 'goes' with unrealizable sadness.

Reality - is there, but there is nevertheless an invisible world.

We say 'we think' - to the selfish Imperor flattering.

'We pull the band, ' 'and don't fly' in civilizations of 'cold'.

Liza Sud

# Primroses

We are all wanderers in eternity,  
facilitating dwarfs

looking for carefree Happiness,  
in holidays and in sorrows,

And the eyes of primroses,  
are as the droplets in February...

where are you, happiness, where are you?  
Blizzard sweeps over the earth..

Liza Sud

# Prolong, My Lord, This Mercy!

Again, the dawn, garden and fog,  
And nightingales, the smell of roses!  
The sky, is that only a hype,  
And only dreams of poets?

But these are not dreams, but their thirst.  
See how the heart is quickened!  
this moment, heaven, please prolong!  
prolong, my Lord, this mercy!

Liza Sud

# Pronunciation Lessons

Not choosed, but chose, and not mens, but men.  
You raise up people to the seventh heaven,  
Today I dreamed of tender clarinet,  
But you sang as a flute and thus excelled him.

There is no plural letter at the end,  
just taken by the sky, and not elected,  
And as before, you're in the royal wreath,  
And our union is exonerated.

Why are there four stanzas in a verse?  
Rise - speed up - ecstasy - and relaxation,  
And we have reached the third stage on our road,  
And we will pass again, without question.

Nothing will prevent us from being jointly,  
In separate verse - eternity is shining,  
Although in March for us the snow is falling,  
But between us the Sun is undivided!

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Liza Sud

# Prosaic Mouse, Disappear Now!

Prosaic mouse, disappear now!  
from heaven poets are coming like lightnings,  
the woman once has ordered me: to heighten,  
and so I sharpened, peaked by all the signs.

Prosaic mouse. disappear, go!  
you will remain impotent as you were,  
and I will burst to you from behind curtains,  
intelligently will her.

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Liza Sud

# Pure Arabic Nights

It was for three years  
Living like a monk -  
Listening to her telling -  
Fairy tales from God

On how the Faith was opened  
To the 12 wise men  
Who after seeing a Virgin  
Feel themselves like in jail.

People and Jinns are flying  
At carpets swift and cool.  
Punished if they are lying,  
Granted if they were good.

Pure the thoughts of Princess,  
Hot the Arabic night.  
Life is not bad but simple  
If you have Light in heart.

Liza Sud

# Purifying

We have done only thirty percent now,  
And purifying is not finished yet.  
And no good works for a better carol  
With which in the Eternal I'll feel well!

Liza Sud

# Pushkin - Is Our All!

Pushkin - is our all!  
Pushkin - is God's voice!  
as a feather - light,  
conceived as apostle!

Pushkin - is a laugh!  
Pushkin - sense of humor!  
Wisdom for us all  
is enough in his views.

Pushkin - from the earth.  
He is always healthy.  
He is never blue,  
though he loved autumn.

He is 'All' - because,  
he wrote all the letters.  
letters - the highest codes  
all the powers - in letters.

And he often wrote  
better than the saints.  
in him I love so  
music of elements.

I'm fine with him,  
and to fly is easy.  
Of such one as he -  
we can't even dream of.

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# Pushkin Broke Up At 35.

Pushkin broke up at 35.

Tchaikovsky - 37.

immediately life was gone,  
as walls in tremor.

if you and genius are kins -  
do not marry the earthly things.  
and do not make stupid step back:  
do not marry at 85.

cause genius does not forgive a treason,  
though he's a saint, and not a cruel genius.  
he is for them the one who brings them life,  
and for capriciousness - denies.

then it will be your tender groom,  
will make that people will love you,  
all: from the lower class to kings,  
will send you not a shot, but friends.

Symphonies, poems are your kids,  
the merging of high energies.  
as matter they will also grow,  
and will come into every soul.

Liza Sud

# Pushkin's Fatherly Voice

He's like the sun without clouds,  
The sun is smiling all the time,  
Caresses every blade and heartache  
And makes you feel warmth in your blood.

He's like the sun - wise and eternal,  
Without shadow or a blame,  
May be he had faults as a person  
But all his poems are saint.

I hear his voice - the voice of Father,  
Although he was young merry man,  
He knows everything what happens  
Inside of all the souls and minds.

He should be read with smile and laughter,  
With humor, hopeful irony,  
Like all-forgiving and all-loving  
And all-embracing by iamb rhythm.

After you've read him - you keep silence,  
As if you saw God Face to Face,  
Or as the Jewish say 'Shamati' -  
Just heard His voice in world's dark place.

It is the magic of God's Light  
that lightly flows in his words.  
If you are dead - you come to life  
as if returning from long shock.

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# Put On An Orange Kerchief,

Put on an orange kerchief,  
So that to daze me more.  
Orange is also perfect.  
when as the sun it burns.

I watch you in the distance,  
the green sounds like a call,  
but I can't come, what a pity:

not all the acts are closed.  
You are inspiration forever,  
Don't know the secret of it.  
and maybe in any of raiment -  
a poet will be at your feet.

You are the Muse, the Muse of vernal,  
and vigor again starts to beat,  
the burden of acts is forgotten,  
and the heart issinging at ease!

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Liza Sud

# Puzzle

Of three times upside down turned puzzle,  
there are thousands of little dice,  
as of dharmas in infinite Buddizme-  
they need many events of two lives.

and they also depend on each other,  
without elements as points they make no sense,  
in the Voidness created like puzzles  
now in words they are coming again.

Liza Sud

# Queen Of Brain

You must be Queen of brain,  
not slave of senses.  
think only of the best,  
Forget the sadness!

Liza Sud

## Question To Freud

What for you turned Psychoanalysis  
Only to matter, Zigmund Freud?  
You are a jew and jew without God  
Is like a tree without a bole.

Liza Sud

# Quiet Dream

You irritate me immensely!  
I dreamed that I came to you.  
You sometimes wanted to rape me,  
I was tired and longed for food.

But you suddenly became nervous,  
And you almost started to cry.  
Then you said that you better had daughters  
Than a big amount of wives.

Liza Sud

# Quiet, As Autumn Sky

And you are always the same,  
Quiet, as autumn sky - simple,  
all scream and run somewhere...  
And I - always to you, my dear.

I come and nonsense falls from me.  
I watch you, as autumn dream,  
to my heart you are so dear  
And so warm and in childhood a bridge.

It is not hard to be yourself,  
When you're near, dear,  
But how do I keep the peace  
Away, without you - no idea...

May God grant that souls never leave.  
Regardless of change, times, space.  
And yet, God is with you and me.  
And strong winds of permanence.

Liza Sud

## Rabbi's Pile

I'm not in pain for vainness of my writings,  
As God is not in pain from sighted flock  
By Christ were made Three Messianic wonders,  
But still He was called a demoniac.

Rabbis are not adorned by just a pile,  
they are adorned by the blessed intellect,  
And by good deeds - that you like bricks lay down,  
and build a temple, that no one may break.

Liza Sud

# Raisi

How a girl is fresh at dawns!  
that's where from comes 'the cold-icy'.  
And in the amaranthine tones  
You are drops, water, and freshness of Raisi.

So this is how they call that girl.  
She is the daughter of sonorous Karmen.  
In swelling of the minutes of the morn  
a gift for her - the world abandoned.

Create for me the view of Raisi,  
You are painting her all the Vigil.  
And cobweb of the notes in silence  
I hear in Riga how you're breathing!

You will become Raisi for me  
In the rings of rosy sapphires.  
And maybe Raisi - it is me -  
Above ephemera of idols.

Liza Sud

# Red Eastertide, From Balmont

The Holy Week, Chervonny Eastertide,  
Here the sun - in our gladness has its fullnes,  
It gives us radiance without regard,  
Broadcasts to Night: we have no need of you.

In all duration of the week of Easter,  
As the sun once rose, wants no more to go down,  
To us for a long time the mid-day birds are singing,  
For a long time the wish to bloom invades all grass.

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Liza Sud

# Red Riding Hood

I really want to get in my recent dream:  
the room is - underground,  
He reads the tale of Red Riding Hood - he!  
very warm atmosphere around!

He reads - by memory, as he speaks.  
He pronounces all simply,  
and then he will tire us by his issues,  
what moral, who is the wolf? - what means?

I know the moral then,  
I will read Perrault's verse in the morning.  
And the wolf - is it he?  
my favorite clever guardian!

some of us are sitting on the floor,  
some are looking at their smart phones,  
atmosphere - relaxed, and I feel support -  
of the whole of Russia, and he  
he reads! Oh, impossible!

Liza Sud

# Refraction Of The Day. From Balmont

Refraction of the day - my poems sing in me,  
When the shiny ball starts to go down to the seas.  
Then verses sound around, and they are chasing me,  
buzzing, ringing and swarming as the summer bees.

Oh, wholly-singing swarm! Come to me, here, here!  
Ready a place for you, the winged lines in garlands.  
Already passed zenith, water's more light in seas,  
And the above-world disc is sliding into air ramps.

Here's a new hive for you, the lovers of the flowers,  
Arrange the cell in it, entire set of the sleepless.  
So that in winter dusk, under wild whistling blowing,  
I could take pleasure in your honey odoriferous.

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Liza Sud

# Regal Thread Of Spew

I disallow you to ask  
me to write any of my poems.  
Like Unicorn's bound and ties  
such inspiration - is a nonsense.

And now - I start to think of you  
any time I begin to write them.  
But only icons and their bloom -  
I dream to kiss in poems - only icons.

I can't love writing poetry.  
and I hate it, to tell the truth.  
It's only karma what they heal.  
they are like regal thread of spew.

In silence as a breastplate I will hide -  
that's what will give me peace and truth.  
the white light's here, God is justified,  
and it is sweet. I forgive you.

you pin in me as a request -  
reality here, the whole weight of torment.  
and all this pain I have to raise -  
I am flying to verbiage.

correct sound and rhythm in verse,  
suggested from above by Moses.  
it calms me down, it will burn.  
But such enjoyment: I don't want it.

Liza Sud

# Reindeer

If you lived in the shadow of genius,  
Near wonderful Russian lake-  
You will learn our traditions with easiness,  
You will get the Communion, be blessed.

We'll go out and see the reindeer –  
There is one on Elagin island.  
And I would never miss you, dear,  
And your poems and English language.

Liza Sud

# Remember Me In Thy Kingdom, Jesus Christ,

Remember me in Thy kingdom, Jesus Christ,  
Bring my darling to my universe house  
She beacons from the distance in my chest,  
With it I need no light at night and day.

With her it is so simple to keep quiete,  
When the heart beats and so much wants to shout.  
Bullfinches on the branches, pre-spring... dream...  
Remember us, in Thy kingdom, King of Kings!

Liza Sud

# Remember: Mirror, Joseph, John

There are only you and me, Joseph.  
And I don't know how and why.  
All the other world is simply frozen:  
to learn poetry you have to die.

I was wailing for you, dear Joseph,  
I was startled, I wanted to find.  
But it was John of Kronstadt who taught me:  
to learn poetry you have to die.

I had patience, was really paying  
for that secret: to hear, to write.  
You reminded that mirror is changing.  
to learn poetry you have to die.

I forgot. But your mirror reminded  
why I suddenly start to despise  
all the earthly - because it's my past now:  
to learn poetry you have to die.

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Liza Sud

# Request

Grant me, O Lord, the sky into the arms!  
and tame my temper by clean light!  
azure seems light as a dress,  
that I'm so gently pressing to my chest.

Help me to merge by the whole soul  
with heavens and the earth and sea!  
That I could pray without a stop,  
and Christ would fill me with His purity.

Spirit would comfort me, so soft,  
Will sanctify my every corner.  
And I will love this vast great world,  
will get the boundless love oath.

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Liza Sud

# Requiem. My Video

When time of death to you is coming  
And you recall the whole life –  
You think about the most light and  
That fascism has been overcome,

Any of its manifestations.  
The earth is fair and still alive.  
To all the moments you give blessing  
When you say farewell from the sky.

And evil seems to be miniature  
Due to the goodness of great God,  
Life rises in new forms and features,  
And there is no death. It's won.

Liza Sud

# Respect First!

I never thought that to me  
respect is the main thing,  
And you may lose my respect  
by one careless mistake.

I never thought my desire  
depends on respect to a man,  
I could get naked but now -  
Mistake made me dressed - I can't.

Don't argue with my reaction,  
my sex nature works like that!  
You broke it yourself, like Juggernaut:  
Respect - trust - desire - love.

Liza Sud

# Return Of The Muse

At last you have returned back, my Muse,  
Here I have someone to look at.  
Cowardice is asking for excuse:  
I break a door only to the sky.

May be not to fear any more?  
And by poems as by thunder stun?  
And by songs like by a rose - endow,  
You've returned - and all in me sings out!

Gave us no refreshments for a starter,  
But it doesn't make me sad.  
I got used to my long fastings,  
Just to contemplate Muse - is enough!

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Liza Sud

# Revealing In Disclosure,

You talked about revealing in disclosure,  
and that we should feel in this state His grandeur,  
His fame - and it is up to Him to open.  
So do not swagger, poet of great writings!

That's how Saint Nicolaus hid behind gold packets,  
Or loving Father - behind Grandfather Frost.  
That's how world poet hides in the accountant,  
That's how lamp before saint Daniel goes.

That's how our love is hidden in our fellows,  
a rose is hidden in soils, in dark place,  
a turn to altruism is hidden in our egos.  
And angel of new life hides behind death.

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Liza Sud

# Revelation

There are many temporary poems:  
about women, family, nature.  
There are poems about eternal things -  
those are more close to me, I suppose.

and generally I'm tired and bored...  
earthly light is dim even in summer -.  
And I want to revelation now,  
But there is no revelations - no!

Liza Sud

# Review To Oleg

Thus from the wife that sleeps near the wall  
You fly for the whole night  
To scenes of history epochs  
Which then you'll pore in rhyme.

Wizard magician there will meet  
Who knows all on Emperor's court,  
And he will sweep you off your feet  
Till dawn better than boisterous song.

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Liza Sud

# Revolution In Saxony

Oh lands by revolution burned  
up to the Kaiser throne!  
The hearts which saw how the friends fall -  
will ache till we are old.

The childish laughter you don't hear -  
just childish screaming.  
The light of women grows dim  
and grey - their hair.

War touches you forever deep,  
deorives of legacy,  
and all the crimes and evil deeds  
it keeps in secrecy.

Liza Sud

# Richter Beethoven 7 Sonata

Under the sound of bells and the cars squeel  
I'll run faster to meet you.  
Under D major sonata rhythm,  
As a trainee after the teacher.

And will stop halfway.  
as a look at the water from height.  
And from the bridge - a flashback,  
Where you and I were already.

And I look into your eyes,  
Where the mourning of turquoise.  
But in the heart - such peace,  
Like the eternal Petersburg's heat.

And in the gray heat there is no frost,  
But the pure tear's drop.  
Beethoven touches me so  
as from the corner - a tornado whirl, -

Universe corner and there are pictures  
as from my childhood and so humble,  
Beethoven - my best friend - he is singing  
to me above the earth pseudo-parting.

And we're running from the bridge down  
Quicker than the fall of leaves in Autumn.  
Over Prague - it is Richter playing  
among the stars dream of Beethoven.

Richter's recording: Prague, November 1,1959.

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# Richter Schubert Sonata 960

I love the rain, when there are dreams and grace,  
A drop of water, as if she is a mother,  
And Schubert is my love, when Richter plays,  
Drop that again is snuggling to the ground.

Like water drips - so the Sonata's sounds,  
It is dictating quiet reverie,  
And its beauty is stronger than a vapor,  
But noone will decrypt the puddles gleam.

And a new day is laughing, like a Primer,  
when cheerful boy will run along the roof,  
the veil of melody caresses, palms you,  
And lungs respire, as unearthly proof.

You don't care a thing, as in your childhood,  
But only Beauty - so that not to drop,  
With Richter - as with God - when all is nothing,  
And always in right basket is the ball!

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Liza Sud

# Riding To Elvenar Castle

They are riding a horse together -  
only wind is whistling in ears,  
and in every movement of it  
earthly fear from her disappears.

Only joy and sound of freedom,  
Only the most good-natured heaven,  
her boyfriend will not lose a bridle,  
and will not end eternal gallop.

And he said to her so many words,  
they were shouted and told -  
that she became like behind glass -  
also hidden like the sapphires.

They are trotting along the river,  
and there is no one to confuse.  
through the woods, and past the ravine,  
where Elvenar Castle looms.

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Liza Sud

# Right Here, On This Chair By The Wall

Right here, on this chair by the wall  
the happiest person in the world is sitting.  
To money and tourism she is indifferent.  
She's always on the wave of cheer and joy.

The financial director near the window  
became the muse for saying aloud  
the rhythm that sometimes in her heart was beating  
and pounded as inescapable path.

And there on the horizon, where wood stood,  
there is somewhat more real than a dream  
but what together we wrote in this room,  
it will survive life-giving of a tree.

Now when as in the air sound hung,  
and between words soul opened a new world -  
world became white, but there are more white,  
where only the Truth has it for abode.

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Liza Sud

# River Of Inspiration

I sit here like in jail, and only you,  
as a kind-hearted and humane jail-warder  
gave me permission to draw verses too,  
about God, altruism, about bestowal.

There is one hundred in my dedication,  
and 20 I am not ashamed to show,  
moreover, their synchronous translation  
may even somehow justify my work.

I am grateful to you for the inspiration,  
for the first time for me - such river banks.  
I flow in them. My poems are - like secret.  
And I ask not to turn the river back!

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Liza Sud

# Roma

We were walking today, and talking, talking.  
I knew you for the whole life  
And completely vice versa.  
It was like in paradise.  
I woke up without usual lacrimosa.

We were walking today, and talking, talking.  
Then we went to a restaurant.  
Nobody touched us, no one was disturbing -  
It was you and I, only you and I -  
For the whole life!

You are from my childhood,  
I cry for you, Roma!  
Know me inside out, though not knowing me!  
You are the happiest person for me, the happiest person!  
You were mild and kind, and my heart was sweet!

Liza Sud

# Rosh Hashanah, New Year Of The Jews,

Rosh Hashanah, New Year of the Jews,  
and days have changed, and stars are also changing.  
And I became more practical for sure,  
and I want to become a billionaire.

The Jews are dipping their apples in honey,  
so that the New Year will become more sweet,  
For the first time I'm burned by altruism  
not to receive presents I want - but give!

I was called all people -Lisa Scrooge,  
that as 'the miser' you translate in Russian,  
But God told me that He is my friend too,  
and life of friends can not be of dull colors.

I was for too long hovering in air.  
where our life prepared us a trap,  
I wish that I was the billionaire,  
Because I'll die, if I'm not - Liza Trump.

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# Rosy Glasses!

Better to put on  
rosy glasses!  
people like angels!  
Only light masses!

Liza Sud

# Ruble

Julia is buying balloons -  
the Finance day on the plant,  
with waves and anchors, with blue-  
colored and white stripes.

I'd swim up to you on schooner,  
split you as water breaker,  
fall into your hands smoothly,  
here we have no time to spare.

To love you not just by words but  
strongly, for a long time,  
and if it's not enough for a float -  
then also from the English side.

Holiday's light, in earnest -  
don't let him go - my rudder!  
In any language - recall it! :  
Ruble is ruble, not rable.

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Liza Sud

# Russia Of Tchaikovsky

When in the concert hall I'm sitting  
and they Tchaikovsky for us play -  
then very often thought I'm gripping:  
Where is that country which the notes display.

And I'm wincing: because it is Russia!

If you completely try to clean it,  
And gather from it all the best -  
About Russia God's idea -  
The music, symphony you'll get.

And if I chose the country to live in -  
The music of Tchaikovsky it would be.  
Thus Russia I prefer to hear?  
although it were Germans to begin.

Liza Sud

# Russia With The Usa.

Mister Kim is in Nirvana,  
Always with a blissful smile,  
He controls the bank accounts,  
Tasty are the wings he fries.

As for our Natalia -  
She is always deep at work,  
She will simply shoot you down  
If you didn't send reports.

Our Ivanova Sveta  
Registers new counts in SAP.  
Often goes in new dresses -  
Beautiful – a lovely sight!

And Svetlana Sokolova  
Check invoices, signatures  
Bills of lading and my postings,  
Sews the books of purchases.

And Tamara now is crying  
About the war in Ukraine,  
There are her mother, father  
Many relatives and friends.

She would like to go back there...  
As for me – not much to say:  
I love everyone to pray for:  
Russia with the USA.

Liza Sud

# Russian Gioconda

Dedicated to Natalia Bondarchuk

When you pronounce a word 'Solaris' -  
The distance peers into my room.  
With something truthful I'm uniting,  
As before death, for everything feel gloom.

It seems to me that someone loves me,  
And God with patience looks at me.  
I pray to Him, in search of magic,  
With which the mankind seeks to meet.

You are unknown to me and far away.  
But you've revealed to me eternal world.  
Delighting it, I never go astray,  
But it, like God, my spirit has transformed

Liza Sud

## Russian Icon

He on the Russian icon  
So sweet, so calm.  
Icons communicate calmness.  
I'm again – as a child.

Thank you, Christ, for this purity,  
HOLD ME FIRMLY IN Light.  
And please don't let me look at things  
Than make You and me sad!

Liza Sud

# Russian Is Equal To English!

Russian is equal to English!

Russian is equal to English!

All nations are alike.

All languages together

The same poetry write.

Poems have one rythm and

Equal is their size.

Their sense is clear to children

Of two earth hemispheres.

Law they write is the same,

Love is in this Law.

Who dictates it to them?

Both countries may know!

Liza Sud

## Russian Poets Are Not Romantic.

Russian poets are not romantic.  
Because nights here are very cold.  
And to catch just one moment ecstatic -  
You should be very quick and bold.

There is no romantics in Joseph,  
Balmont - angel with shattered dreams.  
And Verbleness of sorrow -  
that is the Russian theme.

Loneliness is coldness.  
I love it - so let it be.  
It was not cold in snowy Kronstadt  
since saint John became altruist.

He said to the one: 'I live for you' -  
and there was a uniting flame,  
that washed out all selfish sorrow,  
and consumed the world by Christ's fame.

Liza Sud

# Russian Saint Ioann

He was the only one –  
Russian saint Ioann,  
They carried him on arms –  
Our love was not with us.

Only you I respect,  
Russian, my Russian saint!  
Handsome ideal face  
As from the heaven's place!

Liza Sud

# Saint John About Invalids

Saint John said that a blind person  
Or dumb or cripple or deaf –  
Is still fully able to serve God  
And it is a small defect!

Then how much for my depression  
(if any) I should feel shame,  
Because I have strength for progression  
And still find someone to blame.

Liza Sud

# Saint John And Invalids

Saint John said that a blind person  
Or dumb or cripple or deaf –  
Is still fully able to serve God  
And it is a small defect!

Then how much for my depression  
(if any) I should feel shame,  
Because I have strength for progression  
And still find someone to blame.

Liza Sud

# Saint John On Corruption

Saint John repented when he had a spleen  
Because he saw the lumber sold from Russia,  
Was angry with rich Jews and Germans – still  
It was a sin to be sad on corruption.

Liza Sud

# Saint Names

There are so many cities,  
Based in names of the pious  
In all the world. St. Peter –  
The only here in Russia.

And what is more – it doesn't  
Look very Russian-like.  
What is it all about?  
The Russians don't praise God?

Of course there are many churches,  
Of course there were many saints.  
I want to hear more often  
Their wonderful saint names!

Liza Sud

# Saint Patrick, Our Common Saint

Saint Patrick, Irish and Russian saint  
pray for your poor child -  
pray for Daniel, he is far  
from Ireland, suffers much!

Saint Patrick, our common saint  
(from the boundless sky)  
pray for him and return him Light, -  
answer to all his Why's!

Saint Patrick, our common saint  
it's so easy to you! ! ! ! -  
Meet my Daniel on his way,  
meet him and make him true!

Saint Patrick, what is wrong?  
why are your children bad?  
Why instead of visiting church  
they all go to pub?

Saint Patrick, our common saint,  
you turned thousands to Christ!  
what is really wrong today? ? ?  
why they turned faith to dust?

Saint Patrick, our common saint,  
I apply now to you!  
through the drainage of body's gloom -  
open the gates to saint!

Saint Patrick, Irish and Russian saint,  
(saints are above the world!)  
Answer quietly to his pain,  
belittle him - to grow.

Liza Sud

# Saint Sun

And the light here around is not white,  
but very dark gray, even black,  
it's as the worst of people's sorrows  
when good or evil people come.

the Holy Sun is behind it-  
it shines for people daily, nightly.  
it comes through any of your griefs,  
is sweet as sugar in rough honey.

Liza Sud

## Saints Are The Happiest People,

Saints are the happiest people,  
And they are egoists,  
They got the Law and checked it:  
Get more – the more you give.

Life knows no sacrifice cause  
It is endless indeed.  
It's for a soul with passions  
Painful to give it seems.

Liza Sud

# Sanctions Of Silence

I will impose on you sanctions of silence.  
If he prolongs - I will prolong.  
And if he wanted it the whole lifetime -  
you'll get the same term in return.

If you want to see not just ground,  
but little higher than Salem park -  
You'll still respect Barak Obama -  
Part of his good - I'll pay you back.

I'll send you photo of Gaddafi  
instead of 'good morning' each day.  
You'll try to think what means 'dictator'  
and 'free democracy' in pain.

And you will vote again, you'll thank him  
for new Islamic faith and way!  
I will impose on you my sanctions  
of silence. You'll thank him each day!

And that is how your soul will grow  
turning each evil into good.  
Yes, it's a long way, stupid road.  
But you yourself were free and choose.

If you have voted for the sanctions -  
I will return them back to you.  
Have a good time from this transactions -  
I will not read and write to you.

You wanted it for eight years? - please.  
You wanted longer - no problem.  
Soul will grow so much and increase -  
that you'll embrace the earth in sorrow.

Liza Sud

# Sanjukta Nag. Acrostic

Sunny  
Awesome  
Nice and  
Joyful  
Universal  
Key  
To open  
And to give us,  
Neat  
And  
Gentle –

That's Sanjukta Nag - poetess!

Liza Sud

# Sapphire Angel

Why are you seeking tomorrow  
what is today in your heart?  
Because we are here, both.  
and you are in Paradise.

You heard of other dimensions?  
But never felt what it meant?  
it meant the sapphire gem stones -  
In God there are no dead.

They all are just like you, people,  
they hear you and support,  
invisible, but so near,  
more near than that, who've hurt.

In this dark time, warm September,  
I came to you, when you cried.  
I am your sapphire angel,  
I've come to enlarge your mind.

To make you forever faithful.  
Like atoms with no glue,  
that form dust as well as angels,  
And love is the only clue!

I am the sapphire angel.  
I came from the heaven's dawn.  
I am Ioann of Kronstadt,  
the teacher of kindness and love.

I am your sapphire angel,  
Look at me for the last time.  
the vision is passing by,  
in front of you - new dimensions.

You're feeling how much light,  
is dazzling at you cheek's facets -  
the clear thoughts of poet's kind.  
No tears. Sweet calm. No splashes.



Liza Sud

# Sapphire Blossoms Like Knapweed. From Balmont

'Sapphire blossoms like knapweed,  
Tale of fairies, eye of peacock,  
Laughter azure, blue and clear,  
Unforgettable, world dear...  
You Sapphire, blossom! Bloom!  
Let me find the FORMER truth! '

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Liza Sud

# Sapphire Called 'the Allah's Eye'.

There was a stone at the Shah Nadir's palace,  
It was Sapphire called 'The Allah's eye'.  
Sapphires shine above USA and Russia,  
and from its calming beams you cannot hide.

Death to me is like seeing the Sapphire,  
I'm like in sleep and totally controlled,  
and this pure sight is so close to childhood,  
when you see love and purity in all.

What would I do without you, Sapphire?  
What would I do without you, dear God?  
You save your faithful, come to them, inspire,  
protect from all the bad and purify.

I'll wipe all dust away and polish my heart,  
I'll look into your sweet, wise, yellow rays,  
I'll hear Your information that You love me,  
and pray YOURSELF, and hear, and love again!

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Liza Sud

# Sapphire Heart

If there is only one person  
in a city with pure heart -  
the city will be saved of sorrows.  
I am sure of that!

I've got brilliant sapphire heart,  
Unseen by other men!  
It lives in me, and it lives in them!  
And by It - the whole world is saved!

Its iconic plain glassy surface  
every minute - new burning breath!  
Light is coming out and going  
into it, the whole cosmos is - in my breast!

It has no sins to forgive them,  
it can't be crucified or crushed.  
Because it was shown and given  
by Saint Ioann of Kronstadt!

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Liza Sud

# Sapphire-Ruby Wagner

How he is playing with the Light!  
As if he were Kabbalah student!  
He's ruby poet and sapphire  
notes loving woman in his music.

He said that they should be as one.  
in one gem form of Future artist,  
the ray of light and from above -  
sapphire lake with surface glassy.

Liza Sud

# Sapphires (The Sparks Of Immortality)

Sapphires are the sparks of immortality  
gods used to pour on us like waterfall,  
I take a shower in new reality  
standing behind the great power of your Wall.

Eyes of a lamb that goes to the slaughter,  
Stars plunge you in ecstatic sleepy mood,  
You follow your Father like faithful daughter  
in humbleness in calmness of the Truth.

Sparkles warm you like the sphere of a circus.  
What do you really know as a child?  
the only thing - the Dome for sure is formed by  
and held erect by powerful Someone,

As Laitman talked about an empty city  
he often saw while sleeping as a child -  
And straight light of sapphires full of pity,  
and unity with all, clear and sublime.

Liza Sud

# Sapphires Taught Me To Talk,

Sapphires taught me to talk,  
John is always invisibly present,  
and his 12 photos hang on the wall,  
and a few more portraits in blue vestments.

I used 'to be - not to be' for long,  
I'm like Alice In the Looking Glass,  
my Sapphire made me so blind -  
I don't see hellish tales any more.

And indeed - bridges have been rebuilt,  
And indeed, altruism - changes distance,  
and what you saw as black - turned to be  
shining as a worldwide recognition.

And for me it's - the second Machsom,  
because I'm clearly feeling the border,  
you explained to me that it's - a home,  
and there are much more thresholds to go.

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Liza Sud

# Say To Your Husband

Say to your husband –write as much as you will –  
No one write better than in Peter Liza.  
Because only to her God decided to give  
Not simple poems but poems- bilinguals.

In the hour at dawn when he sleeps  
After he payed his debt in Russian and very quickly.  
Liza, finished in Russian, she to create begins  
with the synchronism parallel, and in English.

Liza Sud

# Scarlet Bridegroom

Scarlet will be the clothes  
of all icons and priests.  
The mast was - your cross,  
Analogion - the wheel.

There your soul will meet  
Scarlet BrideGroom for you, Bride:  
On victorious eve -  
It will be Jesus Christ.

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

## Scriabin. Fantasia In B Minor.

Where was it? Who will understand! -  
in Moscow, or in Elsinore,  
where pine trees hold vault of the sky,  
and waves beat in a B minor.

The octaves move in heavy shafts,  
like beasts, are rushing in alert;  
their blasphemies are noisy shouts  
with smile accepted by the gods;

and song - a shuttle with the sails,  
is drawn by the wind so rabid -  
it pierces the storm, as the blade,  
is ready to meet with the body.

What sounds in it - a plea, a fate,  
that knock to us, as being silly,  
or drop of sweat from the forehead  
that's flowing down on the keyboard,

longing that turned in beauty or  
just beauty that became a force  
or about her a crazy thought,  
who has aroused all this storm?

translation from Sergey Grohotov

Liza Sud

## Second Debate Changed My Mind:

Second debate changed my mind:  
Donald is really too aggressive.  
May be because he turned an old man.  
Hillary's more calm and persuasive.

He seems like he has no well-thought plan -  
critics and 'No' to current issues,  
But nothing concrete for the way out,  
geopolitics is not his business.

Oh, Zhirinovsky is too much high!  
He is the genius of politics -  
he's like his institute, all in mind -  
no comparison to his genius!

Pretty charisma is not enough.  
Politics is not a TV-show.  
You can't be just a romantic clown -  
Presidency - is a hard work, Donald.

Liza Sud

## Seems We Have Nothing Else To Say,

Seems we have nothing else to say,  
But with you I feel never in vain,  
Hardly a look and magnet is switched,  
And the space becomes filled and thick,

because past and future are merged,  
As fresh milk and cream,  
And I see that in the beginning was the word,  
And a true love - then.

Liza Sud

# Selected Translations From Miracle Of

1

Maybe a beggar died in Petersburg,  
While here on the board of ship we sail  
For those homeless, whom we gave no food,  
Forever we will burn in flame.

The ship is burning and the cabin  
And horror to the soul has come.  
People are left without haven,  
But vengeance was found by God.

And bitterly has wept the homeless,  
while sitting lonely on the beach.  
And he did not believe on Volga  
The benefactors float and rich.

And all of us are reading Bible  
And watch the iconostasis  
But never go to help each other  
As if not saved by Jesus Christ.

This poor hungry little baby -  
He suffered here for three years.  
And as for rich and fattened zanies  
Our Lord forever punished them.

\*

The child is weak, but grown-up is also.  
And there is a limit to our force.  
We all are helpless. And the lowliness  
Is what the human's fate if for.

And the best way - is the forgiving  
Of what we failed to do ourselves.  
We all are criminals before Him.  
And like the mirror are our friends.

And niether man, and not a woman -  
But a new angel in Lord Christ -

A soul, ascended to the mountain,  
To remain humble in the heights.

8

Last step of our way is humility,  
When everything's already gained  
And all the virtues creativity  
On stone of faith in Christ is based.

Oh meek; ; humility and mildness,  
What often Lord Himself was called:  
I ask of You that in the madness  
Away from me you didn't go.

8

When in the cellars children died  
They always looked at me.  
But the main thing - I also looked at them.  
They certainly then did not understand that  
It seemed to them - that they are thrown away.

And more than reciprocity in glance.  
How much the martyrs for Myself I love.  
Noone of them I ever lose or bounce  
For everyone of them I'll refuge find.

If right away - it would be even better.  
Fair kids paradise is not on Earth.  
And here I'll wait for sins begetters -  
If anyone of them to Me returns.

8

+++

God looks at people. Always, always does.  
Wherever were you - everywhere is God.  
Then he'll reveal your life - in forty days  
It will be scrolled like information back.

He will recount all your tears.  
And every tear He'll turn to adamant.  
Cause virtues are the Mountais of Treasures.  
He'll give you Grace if you in patience stand.

Cross procession

The most I love in the church service-  
When cross procession starts to go  
And gonfelons they carry forwards  
And like a river people flow.

And candles, candles- like the lightspots  
Of sacraments at lunar sea.  
And in the sky saint countenances  
And benediction Is in me.

And so humble and obedient  
And peace returning this cross course.  
It seems - the multitude of singers  
«Saint and Immortal» highly flows.

And then at last I understand  
What for Our Lord my soul created  
And why for Paradise I strive,  
Where the cross pace is never ending.

Of such a course to Heaven  
Your soul into small pieces turns.  
To meet her God she is not ready,  
And at a candle tear drops.

But Our God spares weak and wicked  
And He himself heals every scar,  
Washing away like banks of river  
The borders between soul and sky.

1  
And I dream holy dreams of Easter  
On this night of a saintly love,  
That my friends will come back to kiss me  
And will warm me like burning lights,

There we will be always smiling,  
Like the angels from that far land  
Where nothing bad is abiding:

No sin, no malice, no lie.

2

I love you, spiritual children.  
I forgive you, demons, mischiefs.  
All that you've done unto me,  
No more pain in the flesh I feel.

And when I am with Christ together  
You may beat me or even burn -  
In the light of His Love forever  
I'm plunged. And it doesn't hurt.

3

I adore you, the nights of Easter.  
At them like every branch is burned  
Writing of all my sins is missed now.  
And the scroll to the shreds is torn.

And so sorry for every grass blade  
I would like to press head to it -  
Earth seems boundless, time seems endless,  
Full of meaning is every wink.

4

Only God is in every grass blade -  
May I see Him in her, peruse?  
As she grew from fleck of dust there,  
As how now she exudes juice.

Show it to me, God, I'm pleading!  
Or I never can see the grass!  
Yes I knew it, but to repeat it  
I could never learn how or grasp.

5

Stream, my song, and the words are playing,  
And the soul goes into gloom.  
With infinity fused forever  
And she can know every doom.

Oh how much, God, you gave us, further!  
And how we don't deserve all that!  
Without Me all your work's demolished  
And in quietness You abide.

6

Stream, my song, and the words are playing,  
And the soul goes into gloom.  
With infinity fused forever  
And she can know every doom.

Oh how much, God, you gave us, further!  
And how we don't deserve all that!  
Without Me all you work's demolished  
And in quietness You abide.

7

What I give you always - is Myself.  
Anything for you I do not mind to spare.  
Such a Holy Love and saint embrace  
Is to give you everything without a trace.

I forgive you everything of Love.  
Boundless My love, without vestiges.  
From celestial latitude unbound -  
I'm coming down to you in centuries.

St. John and a girl  
Once in a park distressful I was sitting,  
And an unknown man came from the street:  
" Serving to God, like priest, I'm hear  
To help you, open, please your heart to me,

And be sincere". "Of suicide I'm thinking.  
All relatives abandoned me".  
"God, Jesus Christ of everyone is grieving,  
And how do you say, in you there is no need".

And suddenly my heart stopped aching,  
As if an angel talked to me,  
And then the people told me, it was there  
Saint John of Kronstadt, whom I've seen.

John of Kronstadt and young trader  
When I was young and lived in Kronstadt  
And my first trade have just began,  
I suffered bad luck and misfortune,  
But once the priest at my door tapped -

'I'm watching after you, my brother,  
In your small home is Paradise!  
Why not to save the child, you Father!  
Why do you drink, make hell for wife? '

This Christlike person, made a favour -  
To tears mitigated me.  
And I resumed my former trading.  
And now construct a church for him.  
John of Kronstadt at the station  
When people hurried through rail station  
As if they had unopened eyes -  
One priest there stopped in common motion  
And started hall to scrutinize.

It seemed as if there was someone  
Who groaned and he saw a man.  
He turned around repeating sermon  
And quickly then to helpless run.

How they drew him away and beat him -  
All that man quietly explained.  
It was indifferent to people,  
But John there for help remained.

To JB  
When you received the Nobel Prize,  
You looked as if you handed it.  
And I thought then, that poets love  
All people no regard of seat.

Such are the saints - as if there were  
people much better than themselves.  
So paradoxical it goes.  
Lord in humility - exalts.  
+++  
One day God an awful pain upon me imposed:

He told me - whenever you do - I can do it better.  
And when He almost to death me caused -  
I subdued - and the world became more obedient.

It was a terrible awful stroke.  
Yes, there was joy in it, hard attention.  
It also was an almost unbearable shock  
Of connection between Him and his very small creation.

He just started to scroll my life and replay it back,  
Lighted up at my sins till my blessedness.  
And to look at it further I couldn't - I understand,  
Because usually what it's finished by we call - death.

John and rich  
One day a dignitary person  
Decided to attend a church.  
But there were many of those,  
Who wanted to apply to John.

'Oh Let me go, I am a General's son!  
Leave me alone! Don't smudge me, dirty mob! '-  
He rudely made; ; his way to Father John.  
But latter looked upon the poor folk.

'I am the friend of Tsar! Have billions! '  
'Then do you need my help? I doubt.'  
You have the grace of God in pockets, dear '-  
And Father John went out to the crowd.

'What do you want to get? Or are you sick?  
What can I do for you, poor men, for help? ..  
I have no time '- he said to man, and rich  
Could only see Saint John to turn away.

+++

Father John visited the wounded.  
One soldier was without a leg.  
Refuses he to learn to read and write! ' -  
So passionately doctor said.

But after all, he knows already everything.

He had to suffer so much! '-  
Said father John to soldier tenderly  
'He doesn't have to study ' - doctor sat.

John and a child  
One evening after a long service  
The priest walked along Neva.  
And suddenly he sees near water  
The baby silently is lying.

'Who are you? - asked him the priest gently, -  
Why are you lying here alone? '  
'I'm abandoned, passerby, by parents'  
My father said to me: ' You're not my son! '

'I don't know the date of birthday,  
Nobody ever came to me,  
And never I had fun or jolly,  
Nobody ever gave me gifts. '

'The Lord loves you so much, my honey! ' -  
And the man embraced the boy.  
Now I am your father and mother.  
I am from Kronstadt father John.

Brother, God sees, how much you suffer.  
He died for you long time ago.  
And if you die today of hunger -  
I'll die with you together, boy.'

' Why don't you leave me, like the others,  
Well, after all, you're not my mother. '  
'I am Orthodox. I was baptized.  
We are all relatives in Christ '

'Oh, father! Oh my Savior dear!  
I never will forget ypu, thanks! '  
'Don't tell me thank you but - to Jesus  
Christ, who was crucified for us. '

+++

My soul is totally ripped up,  
My heart is broken.  
But sewed by Saint John of Kronstadt,  
By godly light is warmed and softened.

Snow covers quietly asphalt,  
But no more I long for summer.  
To relics of Saint John I come -  
For the first time to greet and thank him.

To JB 69

Once again when I hear you I'm crying.  
Waves of light are in your voice.  
And the river flows from me much farther  
To its home in upper worlds.

With your Muse you'll there remain forever,  
Everyone will recognize you then,  
Because you have broken off the netting  
Of this world and 'I'm poet' said.

A draw-well

Spit into my soul, my friends -  
I don't know insults.  
How can I cry  
After so many Sacraments?

What I would really like  
Is to show you this happiness -  
After acceptance of His  
Infinite love.

Spit into my soul-  
And I will embrace you with arms.  
Poor - you used  
To spit in yourselves, dear.

But it is God who will wipe  
It overnight.  
How much in my soul you spit -

There water is by miracle cleaner.

Birch

You are all shaking and your yellow foliage  
Inspires poor poets for their words.  
But you are Mine and nobody knows: .  
That thousands of times again  
I'm ready now to go to the Cross.

Much better - much - than any lover  
I'll know you.  
Oh Come to Me. Cause I'm in need of you.  
I am your Lord. And only I'm - your goal.

And fibrils, nerves and every leaf of yours,  
And all that it has once experienced,  
Your breath of life, your heating juice, -  
All this is I who put in you like reasons.

Among the sisters in a beautiful grove  
I know every one of you, I must.  
Of anyone I hear the lonely cry.  
Oh Russian Birch - the nun of Christ!

+++

With a ballad my heart merges,  
Symphony it outgrows,  
And becomes the part of virgin  
Light, created by Great God.

With a ballad my heart merges,  
Symphony it outgrows,  
And becomes the part of virgin  
Light, created by Great God.

And the unhealed scars of the past  
I now confess as my own deadly sins.  
And in Communion God them simply heals

By chrisom of His forgiving endless love.

+++

In the evening I went back  
Home from your apartment.  
And the wings were growing up -  
I felt so lightly.

And to learn I was ashamed:  
Me and you are neighbors!  
I will burn for sins with pain,  
Light unget-at-able!

+++

Soul has external losses -  
Money and apartments, friends,  
inner and outwardly crosses  
Wasting of spiritual graece.

God prescribes us bitter pellets,  
But they are clarify the soul.  
By humility He heals it,  
Out of pride us not to drop.

His main task for us is showing:  
How small and weak it is  
Without Him. And he hides forces,  
If in yourself you believe.

When at last we plead to Him, when hopeless:  
'Oh my Lord! I'm nothing without you '-  
Then Our loving Lord, in Love enormous,  
Gives Himself in sacraments, communed.

I leave you specifically, soul,  
Want to teach you how weak you are  
So that you constantly implored me.  
Anywhere you go - and there I am.

And when you feel punishment or sorrow,  
Thus I prove only one thing: I - am.  
Do you think it differently, though

I'm omnipotent to save you out. '

And the devil tempts us for good reason,  
So that we victory acquire.  
But we try to get away and miss them  
And God-given cross we thrust aside.

+++

You've got an access to all nature's sources,  
And by sagacity embraced it all.  
You showed me the music, showed Brodsky,  
And infinite repentance in a woe.

For the eternal grudge against the Cross  
Repelling of the Holy Love.  
For - spears: that You do not exist.  
And - We do not believe you - vinegar.

+++

Once in the office we have killed a mouse.  
They scrubwoman stroke her by stick for three times.  
And suddenly our common hubbub calmed,  
And for the mouse all of us felt pity.

And for some reason we all were upset.  
And Adult men then laughed at us: She is little.  
Her long life doesn't make here any sense.  
But silence over her was then terrible.

Athonite Elder blessed Silouan  
Scalded a fly by accident on Athon.  
And then he cried for three days after that:  
I'll never touch the smallest of creation! '

The innocence and chastity of soul-  
the suffering of fly it couldn't bear.  
And in the eyes of our Great Lord  
we also are ridiculous whatever.

Why That, Who we suppose that 'Didn't Love'  
Endured for us such pain and endeavour?

+++

Your quick steps - are faster than light swiftness,  
Taht's because you're immaterial.  
All the matter - at the end of creatures,  
After angels of the holy love.

You can only get in touch with holy,  
And become communicant with God.  
After this life to new world to go  
And to be ubiquitous in Love.

Communion of a sound is in music.  
In poetry - Communion of a word.  
In love it is Communion of the humans.  
In kindness - it's Communion of God.

+++

We all love God - the highest of all sooths.  
And stretch to Him like to the heaven grass.  
It also dreams that sky is close to coppice  
And that to love the grass the heaven has.

She always dreams the righteousness kingdom.  
Uncountable saints she has believed -  
And even if it's mowed by a reaper  
That it's saint love that ordered him to reap.

+++

I recollect a descent to the lake  
From mound in my town - as a flight.  
It in my soul melancholy awakes.  
We for a moment met in paradise.

And every instant - as a gift from God.  
He doesn't ask for any gratitude.  
But every step is filled with His great Love.  
And all my way of life - in Him I'll move.

+++

What You Yourself wanted to hear -  
That all you, God, yourself here wrote.

All that you wanted to repair -  
You instantly healed in my soul.

I don't need anyone except You,  
Not man, nor me - but you, Oh Christ!  
Among the poetry and favour  
It's only you, who is glorified.

+++

A hungry boy knocked at the door  
Of a rich man one blind and snowy night.  
The latter snapped: away you go!  
And he returned back home to dine.

But at the table suddenly he choked,  
And could not pull a bone out of the throat  
And for a doctor wanted he to call  
But when to telephone he turned -  
Christ looked him in the eyes  
Repeating him his life.

And in despair boy wept all that night  
It seemed to him - he would break down the world.  
And he since childhood had distorted spine  
And at the Easter he was healed by God!

+++

And rhymes have opened doors to skies for me,  
As if to heaven I'm allowed to go.  
I'm not on Earth. And it's hard to believe,  
That you my dream fulfilled and grace bestowed.  
Abraham  
Oh, how we don't want to trust in God!  
And elder Moses was a stutterer.  
The Father of the Jews was unfertile,  
Until the Lord and angels were to come.

What happened to the world if  
He those three strangers drove away?  
If he just stinted  
And did not give them bread?

And What if Abraham was baleful? -  
Christ never would be born into the world!  
(Because by flesh He's Abraham's descendant,  
Who was ready to kill his own son,

He brought a knife, and he believed: that should be.  
God wants to kill - and then to resurrect  
So thus he once let strangers and the poor  
The Holy Trinity - the world have changed.

Those wanderers returned the son to him.  
He begged by his good deeds no less than Christ!  
And we are miser, niggardly and mean.  
And don't want to be gracious and kind.

The mirror

When there'll become an end to our hardships-  
Then we'll be brought to our last exam -  
And there will be mirror of Last Judgment.  
In front of us - and Christ from other side.

Who will endure not to reverse glance from it -  
He will forever stare at Our God.  
But who considered Churches unimportant -  
On his own will - he'll turn to hell inside.

Wagner

When for the first time I heard your Tannhauser -  
I understood - you are my kin.  
It doesn't matter - I'm Russian, and you - German.  
I've heard your voice it seemed to me.

My soul your notes was singing.  
And they embodied love for me.  
And when in white God's presence was revealing -  
So much in heart through your notes was revealed.

+++

To me the doors of light are opened now -  
It's you who came from icon or in it

I came - our souls touch one another,  
Time routed back on front of God like film.

I nothing understand in sanctity -  
And all my idols now are broken up-  
And only you are standing here - to testify  
The turn of loss to bliss of paradise.

It's you who brought me to the Eucharist,  
Took the confession of my soul,  
I understood - I matter nothing in the list  
Of those who live with God alone.

+++

I always remain minor. And astonished  
My soul will sing to Our great God  
Forever, Sanctus, be Your glory  
In the enormous space of Light!

Oh how can I live without You -  
You field of Light and feeding people.  
For all the centuries they move  
Always obedient to Shepherd.

And you accept them all with grace

And embrace

+++

What color is the wood near horizon? -  
It's blue - answers a man.  
Why is it green when you come closer?  
And do we believe ourselves so much?

The eyes of our souls are even blinder.  
It's worse than God's eyesight and not the eagle's.  
But we still seek to rebuke someone -  
His soul is black - but it is white and sinless!

To JB

I want to become better after Joseph.  
It's such a jolly for the soul!  
You are like angel, never bothers  
To hear your poems more and more.

My fantasy is with your vilaage-country.  
My English- with America of yours.  
And you revealed what poets write for:  
That poetry is music in the words.

And always when I go - I recite you.  
You dominate so much and give me impulse.  
My soul is cleansed in poems like in bathroom.  
Your confidence is the confidence of sphinxes.

You are so sure in everything you say,  
It's hard not to believe that you're from God.  
You said that loving people is the aim.  
And recollected peasant of Kramskoy.

Fusillation

I had a dream: that I was fusillated.  
The demons shot in me with all persistence.  
And scarlet roses my soul in red painted.  
And body dropped the soul like flower - petals.

And I recalled saint Seraphim from Sarov -  
Bending to me, he said in placid stillness:  
Before the bliss of next world - I remind you:  
All sufferings from here - are just an instant.

+++

You run away from people -  
I met you in the heaven.  
And on my siege and your deeds  
We talked there for nine days.

You answered to Me, that you wanted life,  
And it's an endless way to be forgiven.  
And useless is in life no minute,  
And grief will all the sins rub out.

To Mandelstamm

Your whole life - for Heaven condemnation.  
And such a dizzy you possessed a Gift.

And from a distance you made fun on Cesar.  
And he people like you at dark nights killed.

But force of rhyme may melt the power of evil.  
Makes no sense to shoot in Jewish Flamm.  
The soul immortal is in people.  
It is impossible to murder Mandelstam.

From ringing flocks of melodies and trilling  
The souls spreads up and flies into the sky.  
And Mandelstam was also not from here.  
He also is intangible like height.

Liza Sud

# Self-Made Speech

In the morning blood in me  
speaks itself in verses.  
Letters are discharged from lips  
if you are a poet.

'Organ of speech' works in me,  
lifting from below  
all the words, and self-made speech  
as on ledges flow.

It is moving tongue in mouth,  
lips are self-pronouncing,  
not the brain dictates, commands -  
supersoul above us.

\*\*\*

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Liza Sud

# Semi-Emperyal, Semi-Heavenly,

Semi-emperyal, semi-heavenly,  
A little more - and I will fly.  
So we live - that's known to everyone  
that only idling makes paradise!

And that's why the intelligentsia  
In freely woven and a fresh world  
mental vorticity pushes strenuously,  
secretly praying, 'forgive us, God'.

\*\*\*

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Liza Sud

# Send

and you send all of them for those three persons  
rather, to Holy Trinity three faces,  
chase them all to communion in the morning,  
like by diseases drives them our Savior.

if they at last get tired to be slow.  
and will wake up themselves on Sunday -  
then you can even have a talk there,  
and in their holy eyes - try plunging.

Liza Sud

# September.

The dales are transparent and clear  
and sadness stretches in gardens  
bushes' ruffle, the birds I can't hear  
In the sun cabbage makes me feel happy.

September, my dear, you came,  
Through the veil of rain and bad weather,  
And pestered my soul's hem  
And again I know happiness there.

But very quiet like a dream  
that does no harm to any -  
As a distant bell's ring  
That elevates to heaven...

Liza Sud

# Seraphim Sarovsky!

In eternal twilight, and not in a carcer;  
halo of the candles that don't burn away,  
Now you are lying under Holy Shroud  
for so long - it's nearly forty thousand days.

We hope for you, Father!  
Help defeat foe army!  
Give us patience, power,  
So that we resist!

Everything has come true: the massacres, fires,  
and the suffocating stench, stinck of the camp,  
and of our comrades the insidious lying  
and the deaths of soldiers we can never count...

ashes - desecrated, Russian land is bleeding,  
Our Father's House, where we loved to pray,  
House so ancient - now it is turned to prison  
they turned into barracks, we are - their prey! ..

Seraphim Sarovsky! Come in Christ, endow us!  
Put the saving cross, hope - into our hands!  
And again in Russia let the golden churches  
Toll, the good news gospel float in the sky!

Liza Sud

# Seriously

They say of them that they are talented,  
But they - they are just tormented.  
Their poems are space and galaxy,  
And they are not lying or painful.

Of them they breath out - genius,  
But they are at top of pain,  
And fly to the country of mirrors  
And mode they can never dictate.

Of them they are saying: happiness,  
And don't see the sea of tears.  
But if you propose them a substitute-  
They'll sent you away - and seriously.

Liza Sud

# Sermonizing About Christ. From Vadim Perekatipole

I will be sermonizing about Christ,  
How it was preached by the Apostle Paul,  
this moment had come, I realized,  
When I has crucified sin in my soul.

I will be sermonizing about Christ,  
I will bring His all-good and righteous word,  
And my mouth will never shut up  
by sin's captivity or Satan's bonds!

I served you with excess. That is enough!  
To you, father of lies and all temptation.  
When waking up without a dose, I whined,  
then looking at me, You were crying, the Savior.

You were crying, my Lord, with all lament,  
And I - was dumb and deaf to all Your moaning,  
when I served Mammon, listened to its flesh,  
Without mercy, love, and not remorseful!

I saw how my mother cried and weeped  
and full of tears were at nights her prayers..  
I did not give a shit about it -  
cooked poppy on the balcony with fellows...

When I did no injections, I was drunk,  
But who among us does not like this business? !  
And He gave His Love at the Cross for us,  
Allowed that the body of Christ was there to tear!

I will be sermonizing about Christ,  
How it was preached by the Apostle Paul,  
The Lord is living! Miracles are done!  
He is fullness and basis of the world!

It is necessary to stretch out your hands  
And whisper: 'I repent before You, Father! ,  
Come, Father, and put on my way Your Light,  
Come, I need you, so very much, require! '



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Liza Sud

# Shaherezade

The color of your garment is blue.  
And you have no metal in your hair.  
But you danced the Asian dance so cool -  
Even Allah was surprised in heaven.

And your hands reach out in a whirl,  
Not to the sky, to the Sultan - glance.  
Your love may lead you away from God.  
No one will ever turn you back.

Among trees the fallow-deers are sweeping,  
And they also want to play.  
Animals may celebrate to singing,  
But they cannot tell a fairy tale.

Early in the morning he will wake up.  
And you'll call upon him to the sky.  
Sultan who is tired of betrayals -  
Win him by the purity of heart.

My Shaherezade, all is for Allah,  
as a flame whirl in eternal heart.  
From the frozen as Ego Taj -Mahal  
To the Life's light - altruism - come back!

Let your soul tell fairy stories  
To the lonely God at night.  
A man was created to bestow.  
And by giving you and He unite.

Liza Sud

# Shamati - Page 82

I'll run to you, breaking chairs,  
tables too, as you run.  
The cold wall of the bricks will stare,  
unable to understand.

Two dots of light will share  
their possible might.  
Two lights will make a sphere,  
inside of which we will hide.

Where God, Creator is hidden -  
between fellows, between me and you.  
Explain, please, twelve parzufs meaning:  
Shamati - page eighty two.

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Liza Sud

# She Lived Among The Dwarfs,

She lived among the dwarfs,  
She was the head of plant  
with Kims, Parks and Chois,  
the plant was producing cars.

And every day in the morning  
they hurried to their workplace,  
on the second day they were closing  
all the accounting postings.

She also liked to draw  
castles and beautiful bays,  
She commanded so well,  
that dwarfs worked round the clock.

The dwarf's plant produced cars  
and sold them to Egypt for export,  
Egyptians seeked to invite  
her to be Egyptian Empress,

to walk among bedouins,  
devouring her with their eyes,  
she preferred Russia to live in  
with high-powered working class.

She loved them so strongly  
these small dwarfs - that sometimes  
she asked them to write poems,  
and everyone wrote at once!

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Liza Sud

## She Lived Like A Flute,

She lived like a flute, she was playing her songs,  
And different music she sung, and she spun,  
But tired and longing was filling her soul,  
And to the eternal home sadness she breathed.

Liza Sud

# She Loved The Theater

She loved the theater.  
And there are - different pieces.  
Today - you're happy, rich,  
tomorrow - you're poor and wicked.

Today you are loved by her.  
tomorrow - you're sent away.  
but the curtain falls - and then  
life will remain the same.

She loved the theater,  
where a bird was flying up,  
she looked at the odeum,  
just watching and never damned.

Such a grafted world's view  
turned out to be true.  
She loved the theater,  
where truth is ephemeral.

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Liza Sud

# She Opened Eternity In Just Two Minutes

she opened eternity in just two minutes  
And everything froze, a thought suddenly flown,  
the shining of wings was lacteal severe  
and Powerful Angels ascended skyward.

Liza Sud

# She Opened Eternity Just In Two Minutes

She opened eternity just in two minutes  
And everything froze, a thought suddenly flown,  
the shining of wings was lacteal severe  
and Powerful Angels ascended skyward.

By Love and by their wings embracing the world,  
They brought it so quickly, maybe to the court,  
Maybe to the wonderful paradise home.  
But everyone saw: the brought somebody's soul.

She lived like a flute, she was playing her songs,  
And different music she sung, and she spun,  
But tired and longing was filling her soul,  
And to the eternal home sadness she breathed.

And now she lives in the hands of God's angels,  
the itching of conscience ended at once,  
And sorrow and passion seem to disappeared  
The vessel remains empty without life.

From now on, she's blissful and happy in flight  
She has Rendezvous with Lord Christ the Creator,  
The whole life flashed in front of her eyes while migration,  
How many temptations of sin the world hides!

What will be with her? It will be the Lord's mercy  
That she kept inside her until the last day,  
And even the death was a dream, the dream, only  
excitement before the Sky, don't take away.

some words like a small child she babbled without care.  
the joy and the awe mingled in blissful mix,  
the meeting was happy as she had expected,  
she wanted to be washed again in pure spring.

And yet she was anxious, if she could upset Him,  
The most Lucent Face, while she walked in the mist?  
And didn't confess all, not all that God gave her,  
When she was in body on the earth of sins? !

Liza Sud

# She Sent Me To Nice Country Of The Dawn

She sent me to nice country of the dawn  
Where virgin flower dales and Endless Summer  
I traveled many countries, many roads  
And yet I found her - a little tired.

There are indeed the blooming meadows  
not plowed yet by someone's feet  
The beast when noticed me, feared,  
laps shyly from a pure stream.

Liza Sud

# She Worships Me When I Speak For Public

She worships me when I speak for public  
And asks to performe encore,  
And it is the voice and the sense she values  
But not somebody's applause.

And she repeats the lines of my poems  
At night, when her husband sleeps,  
In both tongues, but she doesn't know  
Who dictates them to me.

As Opera's Phantom. With whom the treason? -  
And her husband is amazed.  
And this is the voice of an angel from heaven.  
And it is God who dictates.

Liza Sud

# **Ships**

Through the broad leaves of the trees,  
you may see to the sun sailing ships,  
you do not know the magical words -  
but believe anyway: they will go -

these unearthly of your enemies,  
and from earth - they are childishly weak  
as a child - all the time you should live,  
and this stupid land - you'll never teach.

Liza Sud

# Shipwreck

Gnashing of metal, groan of ship -  
All of us will drown soon...  
And you will never remember me,  
And I will not find you...

Why any doubt? .. quickly come on  
Let in quiet union merge! ..  
You're not a traitor, villain - I'm not  
We are in fear both...

Take my hand, with your mouth touch  
Trembling of my lips...  
And without backward ideas plunge  
In the passion as deep as sea...

Relatives will forgive us for all -  
Since we are going to die...  
If someone tells you that it is dirt -  
Drowning we don't care now...

Translation from DC

Liza Sud

# Shostakovich Music

Always goes under my skin,  
especially on my face.  
sounds makes my soul clean  
and you change the tact of my breath.

music implies solitude!  
you can't talk when you hear it.  
But it's your solace too!  
tet-a-tet - is her dream!

Shostakovich embraced -  
and imposes love.  
I am never afraid  
of his music, but glad!

Want to hear him more.  
Stay again and again.  
Melodies? - oh no!  
He is the master of calm

rhythm and orchestral plots,  
levels - but that is plain -  
trying him to explain.  
Your heart is what he got!

Liza Sud

# Shostakovich Symphony 15

Music was comforting me all the time,  
enticing to deep relaxation.  
in the Fifteenth - these rings through Parsifal,  
by ticking clock - soul goes to revelation!

Liza Sud

# Shostakovich's 7

Metronome beats hard back in lead August.  
caliber shot is large in year the forty-second.  
death and starvation on streets. Death is - in dugouts.  
tears in the eyes freeze because of dark invasion.

Unprecedented resistance makes their voices hoarse ...  
Flurry live music - it is the main gauge.  
There is Conductor's wand, and a trumpet's solo.  
the shots of drums aims at copper foreheads.

And the besiegers have wavered, as from a real wounds:  
Fire symphony - it is as hurricane.  
Shostakovich's music. 'Enemy at the Gates'...  
But on the streets of Leningrad enemy will not pass!

translation from Sevostianov A.

Liza Sud

## Shostakovich's 8

He looks into my eyes,  
and calls me to himself,  
he's tender and he's mild.  
I can't throw off embrace.

I stand under his dome,  
don't want to go away.  
I'm caught by his love, caught!  
And born by God - again!

Liza Sud

# Silently Pieces Hang

Silently pieces hang  
on both sides of body.  
you didn't believe that life  
doesn't have any bounds?

Pain never wants to live,  
always it seeks for dieing.  
But it is your caprice -  
of lust in wordly cycles.

Liza Sud

# Sinai And Zion

I do not drink from other's glasses  
I do not read other people's poems  
I cherish simplicity of the glances  
And when clear mind is open.

How often I look at nature  
And correlating it  
With the Koran, the Torah and the Covenant,  
I choose - the native...

For me, the sign of holiness -  
is the female body, the soul,  
The right and the left nursing -  
Breast - Sinai and Zion.

Bosom and lips beneficial  
Kissing the cry of life  
Blue eyes like gardens, affection  
to all - she will be confined.

But who knows today  
All are stuck in the desert greed  
will stop the human race  
And sorrow await us and feasts.

Wind blows salty waves  
to dunes of desert's pining  
I swallow Your tears, O God,  
Looking at Your world dying.

Liza Sud

# Since You Are The Fan Of My Poetry,

Since you are the fan of my poetry,  
and I am the fan of - you!  
and your many students are boring too -  
so let's make a Secret group!

We will baptize you in Haifa  
there is a small cosy church! -  
and you'll become my blood brother -  
forever to walk along!

Then we'll run along the gardens.  
along the great staircase -  
Endorsed with the Eden power  
aware of common aim!

Dear Michale, my eyes are glowing,  
and not because of the trip!  
Because of our mutual growing  
our views are the most deep!

Because you will make a comparison -  
comparison of two lights!  
you'll remain Kabbalah scientist -  
you'll feel Sunday Light of Christ!

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Liza Sud

# Sinful Soul

Sinful soul, lost in depression,  
You forgot your happiness and bliss,  
How to think about your fellow, breathe  
the pure and quiet perfection.

Know, understand the role of Christ,  
Joy of His meek sacrifice, humility!  
Let Him lead you randomly by chance,  
you'll avoid destruction and humidity!

There is Father in the splendor of clothes  
Feast is ready - to treat the elite.  
So do not disgrace the holy hopes  
And come, since we are welcomed by Him!

Liza Sud

# Singer Of The Partings

Great Wagner. Singer of the partings –  
Made Sigfried dead before the marriage.  
Betrayed was his own step-brother,  
And led his wife away by lying.

He killed Isolde's lover Tristan,  
The Dutchman to the seas is turning,  
Grael accepted Lohengrin, his  
Tanhauser died, when saw the coffin.

Liza Sud

# Sitting Behind My Back

Mr. Pak is in sneakers, Julia - on the heels.  
They ask simple poetry, secular and not sacred:  
of gold in the earthly world, the joy on the lips,  
of high-speed flights in financial heavens.

But there is someone saint sitting behind my back,  
who while swinging his christian leg, dictates me  
a poem about the world in which the gold part  
of a may become only if you live saintly.

Liza Sud

# Sleep Calm

Sleep calm, my Daniel, sleep loose -  
I'll guard your sleep in this half of the world.  
I will remember all that you have told,  
my memory will breath the words you choose.

my soul will see the pictures of your room,  
the sky you sleep in, poems that you paint.  
Sleep calm, my Daniel, sleep loose -  
And let your dreams be golden, blessed and saint.

I will let noone intrude into your dreams.  
I will encircle them by flame as Wotan's Loge.  
Your soul will show you more than you could see,  
And every moment of your sleep will be a rose eternal!

written while listening a song  
(Natan Goshen) – (Noshevet Baavir)

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Liza Sud

# Small Bilingual Talent

Your small bilingual talent  
May return you a lot of love.  
If you publish on PoemHunter-  
You may find loving friends worldwide!

Liza Sud

# Small Cloister

In our small monastery,  
which is called the department of Finance -  
there is quietness, light and bliss.  
Rosmarova is our abbess,

You should come in the morning, don't sleep.  
and complete well the work of penance  
And God will love you all for this,  
to the measure of your Reverence.

And feel love to your own abbess,  
like your mother she will love you.  
and give preference to silence  
not to loud voice: I argue.

As for men - what are they here for?  
We will count all ourselves,  
But since we have to say some word -  
then let's say: we congratulate!

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Liza Sud

## Small Village

I returned to my small village.  
Same-blue depths of the river, line,  
don't expect me to have a visit,  
Only Lada - waits with a gun.

Near the falcon was lying in grass,  
The he shines in his bloody feathers,  
My devotee Dog in the loop hangs,  
And ide as before death thrills.

How many feasts there were promised -  
Loaf from bakery, firewood,  
Yes, with some tea, under the birches,  
in protected places - mushrooms.

And the gardens in white May foam bloom,  
With a rainbow after a storm,  
And the dew so ripe with fondness  
And yourself - you, my dear, you.

How many to me were promised,  
What a miracle-colored dreams,  
How many of universes,  
How many of words terrible:

Crawl, arrive, I'll fight off, come here,  
And I flied on the wings of love,  
bringing gifts for the whole region,  
But came only - to my own - shooting down.

Liza Sud

# Smell Of Lilies

Smell of lilies pervades the room...  
And a star burns up in the sky.  
Dear friend, is it really you,  
Or at last it is our God?

Long ago I lost the sense.  
So help me I ask you please.  
Smell of lilies my room pervades,  
And it's God who to me here speaks.

Liza Sud

# Smith

I am grateful for everything!  
Because you forge so tightly,  
You are straightening my wings  
Burn in my soul - all the lying!

You are forging the purest sense  
In the crucible of my soul -  
You have whetted my love ablaze-  
made me - Libra, the scales of all.

I'm sorry, that I fall down,  
Burning in race as a star  
I'm broken to blood by the ground,  
Giving birth to the heat around!

They crucify me every minute,  
Because I bear your light,  
I call them in Your ageless kingdom  
as a beam of the sun.

I'm only you sparkling needle  
In Your really skillful hands!  
You are stitching my life by meaning -  
You'll sew them all to You, through all times!

translation

Liza Sud

# Snowy Dresden

Patterned houses, Snowy Dresden.  
Here the street-lamps. No poor.  
As if at last I have come  
To my house in heaven.

Beauty of Fairytales,  
And steeples stick like needles.  
Clearness, clearness  
In books, in homes, in people.

No evil, no evil.  
Nothing – to get temptation,  
Nothing – to catch infection  
In Jesus Christ Kingdom.

Liza Sud

# Snowy Flowers. From Balmont

Thirsty for a fairy wonderland  
In a quiet thirst of mystic dreams,  
I came to the forest at midnight,  
I parted there the curtain tissue  
In the temple of only the Genius.

In the church of Geniuses of dreams  
I hear their timid exclamations,  
Those are - the vows of purity,  
Such flowers on earth you cannot find,  
All those air-white.

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Liza Sud

## So Be Happy, My Dear,

So be happy, my dear,  
with the one whom you like,  
only in May have my feeling,  
celestial storm on the ground,

forever - be sure at that time -  
we are coupled only with you,  
And, through my closed eyelids -  
you are my peace, my truce.

In which all the joy and hope -  
thousands of thousands of years,  
With you we lived so spaceless -  
and there are no 'byes' in the world..

Liza Sud

# Sodomy - Is Not A Cross.

Sodomy - is not a Cross.  
It's - only pointing finger,  
where you should not wander!

And even, may be, the award -  
and many crown wreathes  
or wonders!

Liza Sud

## Some Words Like A Small Child

some words like a small child she babbled without care.  
the joy and the awe mingled in blissful mix,  
the meeting was happy as she had expected,  
she wanted to be washed again in pure spring.

Liza Sud



# Something Happened In Nature...

Something happened in nature...  
I came out of home... - February!  
Snowfalls are by winter swept away  
And January run somewhere...

It blows powerfully, smoothly, safely,  
As the heir came into law,  
And the past flies away, unable  
to hold back the onslaught.

And I whisper gratefully, O God,  
How can I help you, with what?  
Do you want me to put a candle at night,  
LET IT SWEEP AND SWEEP ON THE LAND...

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translation from Alex Suslov:

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Liza Sud

# Sometimes We All Will Be In Cosmos

Sometimes we all will be in cosmos.  
you talk it all the other way,  
you're turning my religious concepts -  
and harp on scientific names.

But Science is for me too earthly,  
and very common-sense for me.  
It deprives us of solving problems  
on sense of being far from here.

I, Borechka, don't trust in spaces,  
as you in Heaven don't believe,  
cosmos is obvious, no questions,  
but still less than my soul it is,

which is apt for regeneration  
in layers of some different worlds,  
and for spiritual admiration,  
rather than that of islands' flows.

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Liza Sud

# Song Of Isolde

And with your Wesendonk Otto

You are no more a kin.

Say to me three words only:

“Wagner, love me! ”.

Far away glow fires

Of a hostile ship.

Never will ask Isolda:

Mark! Let me go free.

Noone will hear the oper

through all the centuries.

in the heart wrung by sorrow

it is as short as a blink.

And by the tartness salty

water drips in the mouth

What else to do with Isolda

if to deprive of fire?

Her song has faded out  
upon the meadows worldly.

It was a holy love,

And could be only holy.

Liza Sud

# Soon The Snow Will Block Up

Soon the snow will block up  
Everything and rivers also.  
Save me, Holy patronage  
Of saint father John more longer.

Liza Sud

# Sorry For Brodsky

I feel sorry for Brodsky,  
Feel sorry for 2 states:  
The first one – because it drove him,  
The second - that didn't praise

Him as an English poet,  
Was trying to find his slips.  
And that didn't make him popular  
In the rich country of vers libre.

Liza Sud

# Soul Raped By The English Language

I feel that my soul was raped,  
was raped by the English language,  
they taught me at school to take  
and carry it as a luggage.

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Liza Sud

# Soul, Like A Kaleidoscope

The problem is not who is older.  
Are you mine or... - not mine?  
Who lived, and not once, but more than  
Once - knows the games to find.

Soul, like a kaleidoscope,  
Mixes the colors, paints.  
I understand the lies of  
Yours by my blood in veins.

This Voice is ancient, eternal.  
No alternatives.  
Not passion - careless, jolly.  
It's like you die or you live.

Liza Sud

# Soulmates

You say that we are soulmates.  
When we are hearing the same -  
we are the parts of one big brain,  
of one big heart - we beat as rays

of one great Sun that's high above  
by earshot hides deep inside.  
it means that we in one dissolve -  
in the Communion to God's thought!

Liza Sud

# Souls Of Liza-Daniel

Tears, tears, tears.  
Roses, roses, roses.  
Thousands of seasons,  
Hidden God and promise.

three Times in a row,  
envy of an angel.  
and two souls grow:  
Souls of Liza-Daniel.

May be we'll be others,  
but the same remaining,  
we will merge or rather  
we'll see living faces -

Faces of each other,  
and One Face from which one  
all three Times are running  
knowing all but speechless.

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Liza Sud

# Space Vehicle

Space vehicle in which we fly  
with Julia in the pilot's capacity  
directs its movement on the way  
from the northern - to the Egyptian latitudes.

And Chopin sounds on the board,  
But no one hears the sound.  
by grinding robots, trembling walls  
music becomes more and more quiet.

The ship is flying, and you go,  
and you don't feel zigzag of orbit  
only in pilot's room you know  
that in the weightlessness you are merging.

our pilot is in charge and runs,  
and how pleasant is this knowledge!  
and on the instincts you rely,  
and the cars sleep - like kids in nursery.

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Liza Sud

# Spell

Your spell doesn't work any longer,  
you are no more - behind the glass.  
not for you are my light roses,  
we were coupled for a long time.

My heart asks for you no longer,  
as the water, covered with ice,  
You are - a great miracleworker,  
but not above my device.

In my love - you did not believe it.  
but God knows that you were right.  
I wrote poems to you, really,  
My soul from you to purify!

Demons will find a new one  
So that to entice,  
And with angels-the jewelweeds -  
New poems I will write.

Liza Sud

# Spheres

My mom didn't like to listen to poems,  
to read them she never asked.  
The dwelling of silence was my home,  
And poems were never pronounced.

So they belong to my sphere - mine!  
And read them to you? - I WILL NOT!  
because the spheres of others are  
the spheres that outsidess flow.

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Liza Sud

# St John About His Fellow Poet

In university I had a pal -  
He studied much better than I:  
for his tasks he got only 'five'  
when I had 'three' just to survive.

But after that he went astray,  
he married a bad girl one day,  
then started to drink awfully,  
was ill and died in hospital.

Liza Sud

## St. John And A Girl

Once in a park distressful I was sitting,  
And an unknown man came from the street:  
" Serving to God, like priest, I'm hear  
To help you, open, please your heart to me,

And be sincere". "Of suicide I'm thinking.  
All relatives abandoned me".  
"God, Jesus Christ of everyone is grieving,  
And how do you say, in you there is no need".

And suddenly my heart stopped aching,  
As if an angel talked to me,  
And then the people told me, it was there  
Saint John of Kronstadt, whom I've seen.

Liza Sud

# St. John Of Kronstadt's Power Of Healing

Your Magnificent look  
heals already by light!  
you cost millions of friends.  
Such a power to fight!

Friendship - an empty sound,  
friends just hurt all the time  
by their weaknesses, foul,  
But Saint John can arise!

## St. John of Kronstadt's power of healing

All of St. John of Kronstadt's earthly suffering was also tied in with the fact that he dared to selflessly help people with his power of healing, expelling demons from them or the malignant illnesses that the latter sent upon them. St. John, who possessed the power of forbidding demons to dwell in people, acquired unique experience in the following: (1) testing the power of God and the grace of priestly resources and the Holy Fathers' prayers of exorcism against the demons; (2) identifying the presence of demons in a person on the sole basis of external appearance, behavior, and in private conversation with him; (3) cleansing people of demons, thus voluntarily drawing upon himself the inevitable physical and mental suffering resulting from the demons' revenge; (4) becoming convinced, as he gained practice, that in actuality the Lord helped people to combat demons through him not when he himself wished it, but only when he was called upon by God through the sick person's faith in him as a healer, for such faith also came from God.

Varied and instructive were the methods practiced by St. John for the expulsion of demons and the comprehensive healing of all attendant illnesses and sorrows. But a common factor in them was the healing prayer composed by the saint: "O Lord, Thou said that whatever we asked for in Thy name, Thou would do it for us Thyself, and Thou also said that the heavens and earth would pass, but Thy words would not pass, and that not a single stroke or iota of the law would pass. Therefore, I entreat Thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, forgive Thy servant (name) all his sins, both voluntary and involuntary, and heal him."

St. John always read this prayer so fervently, as though he did not even ask, but demanded from God forgiveness of the sick person's sins. St. John traveled all over Russia in response to summons from the sick, but most frequently he read the healing prayer from afar, as soon as he received their telegrams. In such cases, the turning point in the illness usually occurred at the time of the reading of the healing prayer.

In 1904, at a meeting with the clergy of the city of Sarapul, St. John described to them how he arrived at the daring to pray for the healing of all the sick people of Russia (and later – of the whole world) . One time in Kronstadt batyushka was asked to pray for an ailing man. St. John prayerfully gave the man over into God's hands and asked that His holy will for the sick person be fulfilled. When the sick man got well as a result, this became widely known, and the faithful insistently began to ask batyushka to pray for the health of various sick people. At first he refused out of a humble realization of his unworthiness and sinfulness, but the faithful forced their pastor to once again pray for another sick man. This was also successful, and afterwards St. John no longer refused his help in such cases.

As to what the blessed pastor of Kronstadt experienced in all of this, and how difficult it was to earn from God forgiveness of sins and healing, – St. John himself described it thus: "The Lord, as an artful physician, subjects us to various trials, sorrows, illnesses, and misfortunes, in order to purify us like gold in the furnace. A soul that is hardened in various sins does not easily undergo cleansing and healing, but has to be forced to a great extent, and only through lengthy experience in patience and suffering does it become accustomed to virtue and begins to love God, from Whom it was alienated after becoming attached to all kinds of mortal sins. Such is the purpose of the trials and tribulations sent to us by God in this life."

During personal contact with various sick people in difficult and hopeless cases, St. John was often drenched in sweat during prayer, or was subjected to attacks from those possessed by demons. In the majority of cases, quick and complete healing usually occurred right away. For Orthodox people St. John was accustomed to pray for help solely by himself, while in the case of other believers or non-believers, he forced the sick person's relatives who had appealed to him to pray jointly with him. For complete healing of those possessed by demons, he

forced the unfortunates to look him straight in the eye and to make the sign of the cross independently several times. To the healing prayer St. John frequently added a special moleben, took out particles for the sick during the liturgy, gave them communion, and also sent them items that belonged to him or food blessed by him.

There were times when he could not help people for whom he was asked to pray (due to the latter's unbelief) , but he readily helped those who asked him themselves, if he saw God's will in that. In such cases he simply made them the recipients of divine mercy without providing any explanation.

In several confirmed cases St. John was even able to resurrect the dead, and on one particular occasion he returned to life a corpse that had already begun to decompose, just as did our Lord Jesus Christ in resurrecting Lazarus who had been dead for four days. After the saint's repose, his miraculous healings of people did not cease, but continued as a result of praying to him, prayerfully touching objects that had belonged to him, and also during his appearance to sick people in dream visions. The saint saved not only those who were dying from grave illnesses, but also those who found themselves in difficult circumstances of life; he helped establish successful family life, delivered people from ruinous passions, and also saved many Russian people during the time of the brutal Red terror, turning many of the persecutors, moreover, onto a path of repentance and atonement for their godlessness.

In healing some of the illnesses, the saint used symbolic actions – embraced and drew the sick person to himself, struck the place of illness from the outside, etc. The possessed ones he healed by sprinkling them with holy water, pressing a cross to their forehead, giving them holy water to drink and prosfory sanctified in their name to eat, and finally giving them the Holy Mysteries. The possessed ones who were brought to him spewed out blasphemies and curses at the saint, spit upon him and the cross he presented to them, tried to beat him up, but his humble prayer for them before the altar inevitably succeeded in the end.

However, there were cases where instead of his usual help the saint either foretold the sick person's unavoidable death or refused help completely. The most prominent of such cases was the repose of Tsar Alexander III, which the saint at first tried to put off by laying his hands on the Sovereign's head. Prior to his death the Tsar was tormented by the most severe headaches. The laying of

St. John's hands caused the headaches to disappear, and thus the saint spent many hours near the dying anointed Sovereign, but could not prevent his repose. Such was the will of God.

It was noted that the saint could not prevent the death of sick people in cases where it was ordained by God not so much for the sins of these individuals, who were known for their righteousness, but for the sins of all the people, as in the case of the Tsar's repose, or for the mortal sins of parents when their children died. The saint also could not prevent death in cases where the sick person lived among sinful surroundings and did not have enough willpower to combat them. In such a case the grave illness with its attendant suffering served as a purifying factor for the salvation of the soul, while a continued sinful life was displeasing to God. In these cases the saint even refused to pray for healing.

Liza Sud

## St. John's Singing.

With pleasure I hear only St. John's singing.  
And books only with yats I love to choose,  
I hate only the idle and scapegoats,  
Although sometimes sin in both too.

I'm tired of creating at my workplace,  
To pray here and the poems to write,  
As if I were a goat in enclosure,  
But if I go -I will receive otitis.

Liza Sud

# Star

Among people I knew only one  
at Stihira a very big star:  
He at midnight and noon to me shone  
in my mind penetrated with soul.

he seemed always somewhere inside,  
in the head, in the shell, in deep mind,  
and I know all the things that he says,  
and like Lord, after me he surveils,

he does not follow me upon heels,  
simply knows that today I'm - there.  
and I nothing to him should explain  
and like parallel he is to days.

he is equal in being to mind  
not a word, sleep - I don't understand,  
he is as if a luminous ray  
or a ball like the sun through the shade.

Liza Sud

# Stars Said To Me: I Am A Genius,

Stars said to me: I am a genius,  
My Uranus - in exaltation,  
On the worlds' sun - there are no tinges,  
And my soul knows no gravitation.

Stars said to me: I am an angel,  
there is no filth in the eighth house,  
And Jupiter - is a teacher with lions,  
and he is meeting my friends at the threshold!

Stars said to me: I am the sun,  
though the sun is in Libra in exile,  
But faces as the rings are bright  
and are playing in stable radiance.

Stars said to me: oh how little  
I will have obstacles for derivation,  
and consciousness in the light triplets  
threatens the Earth by abdication.

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Liza Sud

# Straight Simple Roads

Straight simple roads  
always lead to God.  
Heart always shows the way  
that's straight and simple.

But to the labyrinths  
of the unfortunate doom,  
Black Duke entails the sinners  
by deception.

By ghost that is enticing  
and is false,  
He hands you out  
the keys to paradise.

and to distinguish daylight  
from the night  
the sinner never can  
until he dies.

Liza Sud

# Stress

Kate, do you want a vacation?  
If you want, of course, go.  
And Liza one day in danger -  
I will not give to her.

Liza - let her burn out  
on the second of month!  
But let Kate get relaxant,  
'yes' to her - I reply!

We will be lenient towards her:  
On the third she may come.  
Young parents are so,  
so nervous sometimes.

She is evoking sympathy:  
posting it all on-line.  
And it is stronger than winning  
Flows of her lie.

We will close, as usual.  
all will be good for us.  
And Liza's nerves dissolution  
is seen by noone.

Ribbons in white strasses,  
Happy - in family circle.  
With Princesses on analyses  
We will have common roads.

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## Stretch Out A Hand! I Am Waiting For A Kiss,

stretch out a hand! I am waiting for a kiss,  
higher than small elbow, where a lace  
end of the glove with Hallelujah thrills,  
but in a lilac bout don't go away...

Liza Sud

# Strike It Through

What I love Christianity for? -  
that it strikes earthly life through,  
teaches to use it only for God.  
Laitman spits on this life too.

Laitman spits on this life with smile,  
and his gait is rapid and light,  
Laitman's thinking is always high -  
Wise in waistcoat and kipa.

Strike it through by the blue gem -  
blue Sapphire - the stone of nuns,  
gem of innocence and pure love,  
Moses wrote ten commands on them!

It's King Solomon's 'shall pass' ring,  
It is striking - you cannot breath,  
it's breathtaking - you cannot live.  
The last row - Saint John revealed.

Blue sapphire is cooling passion,  
pulls the sight to soul-pure sky.  
Only diamond stone - the hardest -  
may cause scratches to true sapphire.

The sapphire's hardness is 'nine'.  
And my birth date - four times by nine.  
Only diamond has 'ten' -  
the completeness of higher gem.

It's my birthmonth September ring,  
stands between me and Daniel Brick,  
When it grows as big as breast,  
doesn't let even look through it!

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Liza Sud

# Sun Stroke

I do not want to see adultery,  
if Bunin is the author for three times.  
whatever you may teach a child -  
the same thing you'll receive for punishment.

And God will show who was the Light  
and who - gave no answer to a child  
about Darwin and then met the 'bloom' -  
the answer was, as God has judged your doom.

Liza Sud

# Sunny Opera – Das Rheingold!

Sunny opera – Das Rheingold!  
Full of energy and light.  
Loud voices – they push you out  
Of depression to Forte lands!

You become for yourself – a hero!  
You return back to optimism!  
You may fly now as an eagle –  
What a miracle Wagner is!

Liza Sud

# Sunset Is On The Gulf,

sunset is on the Gulf,  
why are you not with me now?  
Why the light of your eyes  
the blue ones to me doesn't glow?

Why did you leave?  
nothing for me is left?  
there is only imprint,  
sadness in my soul, in the depths?

Liza Sud

# Superdrive

You have provided me with superdrive  
and a tough landing  
but hugs of 2 poems was mild  
and made it bumpless.

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Liza Sud

# Superlife

And who have said that I want Super  
life and more schooling after all?  
and after you - unhappy, cruel  
long other worlds?

and are there any true offences  
on-after day?  
and are we not consolidated  
like all the friends?

so simple in the school - the flow  
of any life,  
and all the play is so enjoying  
in whims of mind.

you died. that's all. it's as a stopping.  
and no offends.  
you're still alive. too bitter - were you  
unfortunate?

or it just seemed to you at those days:  
plus, minus - lie!  
life from God is on all - imposed,  
but life is - love!

Liza Sud

# Sushi Wok

A leaf fall, A leaf fall,  
All the kids to garden rushed...  
We will rush to Sushi WOK,  
Sushis there are so lush!

Liza Sud

# Sweet Crash

When I will write for you one hundred poems -  
if, Julia, I will not go mad -  
then utterly exhausted, without forces -  
Not at your feet - but near will fall down.

I will not reach the Muse, for me so sacred,  
I sit here already for so long.  
but to make you for this loss more perceptive -  
supposedly will write two hundreds more!

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Liza Sud

## Swooned With Joy

You almost swooned with joy  
When I came to your place.  
There is a constant smile  
At your overstrained face.

You make me happy too,  
I start wanting to live  
And work again with you,  
My dear Natalie!

Liza Sud

# Symbols Of Dostoevsky's Idiot

Prince Myshkin - it is Lenin,  
A wagon - Switzerland.  
it is money - Ganetsky,  
the German capital.

It's Ganechka, who loved her -  
Aglaya - England loved,  
And it is the French artist -  
Adelaide's sight.

And Sasha, who loved cloth -  
it is America's sign,  
Its Industry bestows,  
it's clothes what she liked.

Prince Totsky - it is Trotsky,  
And again Capital,  
but overseas, Fyodor  
predicted all so right!

Rogozhin - is the Russian  
impetuous people sign  
And his beloved girlfriend  
will be hacked by his ax.

Nastasya is offended -  
and that's why shows pride -  
On sin and on unfreedom  
From 'benefactor' hand.

She is the face of Russia,  
As a woman, embraced,  
Her enemies enticed her, -  
For gold to tear and take.

And all of them are seeking  
to take advantage of  
our Russia - pseudo-Christian  
ideal - he will fall

in love with our Russia,  
Prince Myshkin - idiot,  
Not turning her Messiah,  
he will go mad and fall.

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Liza Sud

# Symbols Of Russia

The world is the joke of God.  
He's enormous like a bear.  
And we are not even cats  
but like small fleas in his beard.

There were idols like Pushkin,  
and the saints - like Iohann,  
The willpower was in Russes  
like the screen that Laitman had.

Our bear - it is Russia,  
and female bear is a mom,  
She will with the whole power  
try to guard her bear - child.

Our bear - a joking bear,  
very big and very warm.  
He is very loved by eagle -  
the two-headed with two tounge.

Bear always plays with eagle.  
Bear's laughter is like beads.  
Bear waits at home with eagerness  
When friend flies to the far seas.

These are two symbols of Russia.  
(I mean not the beasts of prey,  
beasts are predatory and vulturous,  
and the weak is killed by them) .

But to make more comprehensive  
our immortal God -  
He himself for us created  
images to show His love.

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Liza Sud

# Synchronous Poetry

Wherever I look in - all is synchronous.  
and pain binds my body with stiffness  
and white light pushes me to go -  
where only happiness may grow.

I hear only your icy air -  
I forget everything - where the roofs are.  
and gravity is gone forever -  
to me great poet has come!

in this - the bliss is very subtle -  
and yellow rod - gives me a rapture  
not from a syllable, though white -  
the influence of the eternal God!

Liza Sud

# Taj-Mahal

I will not build a monument to harem,  
and at the other women - I don't watch.  
but every day I go to mausoleum,  
and there with my beloved shade I talk.

It seems to me that I hear her answers.  
as it is said by Sutras from Koran.  
what for in this life do I have to suffer?  
as if I killed someone.

Not long ago a Jew has come to Delhi  
He taught me his religion for some days.  
It is the truth: the Jews - are the most clever.  
and I understood Allah and forgave!

Do not ask 'why' - 'what for?' - this question's better. -  
The Jew told me - only to see the light,  
and to feel God and get with Him connected -  
the meaning of all loss, purpose of life.

and that's when we give out the feeling,  
give wish to the Creator, if He please, -  
then we see light that was in sadness, hidden  
in selfishness, ie, stupidity.

The way to the Light - to give all desires,  
By qualities - you come to God more close.  
and so I erected four minarets,  
so that the Light could hold me when I fall!

Liza Sud

# Tarzan

When I was on vacation -  
She posted docks for me,  
She gave me invitation  
And gave dumplings to eat.

As Sakhalin – she glows  
Cause there is always sun!  
I wish her to preserve it  
And marry her Tarzan!

Liza Sud

# Technical Progress

Where the technical progress lead us?  
From God. Oh disrespectful science,  
Inanimate, when will you understand  
How short-sighted you are in your purblindness.

You study only creature, leave aside  
the interaction with God, this connection.  
You can't save human souls and purify  
like in Communion. You show wrong direction.

Liza Sud

# Temple In Prepolovinkino

Temple in Prepolovinkino -  
walls here are empty and bare.  
so easy for me to pray here,  
As if one on purpose has made it.

I do not need: lux, decoration,  
I do not need: Icons and gilding.  
A need only space that is empty  
as if from the Holy Spirit!

And faces are saint of those people,  
and white, and in purity clean walls.  
and I want to be always with them.  
Your temple - it is a pure heaven!

I didn't see such long ago,  
Got used to the churches of Piter.  
But here – no one - so simple –  
Has caused such a feeling of Wonder!

Liza Sud

## Tenderly Kissing Fingers,

Tenderly kissing fingers,  
Angel in love with you,  
To the whole world so jealous,  
Dared I to intrude!

Favorably, divinely  
You once allowed me,  
Out of mind depriving,  
To stay with you in dream.

You gave embrace and kisses,  
Fragrance of gentle lips,  
And in that happy evening,  
Sated, we fell asleep.

translation from DH

Liza Sud

# Th Fairy. Translation From Judith Blatherwick

The moonlight glistened softly  
On the leaf strewn forest floor.  
It's silver light touched briefly  
On a little fairy door.

The door drew open slowly  
And a small shy face emerged.  
She wasn't sure, but round her  
Kind and friendly voices urged.

As she looked around her  
She saw beauty. She saw love.  
She wandered in this freedom  
As the moon shone up above.

She became more trusting  
And decided she would try  
To stretch her wings a little.  
Maybe one day she could fly.

But as she gently fluttered  
And a joy in her awoke  
She forgot to take care  
And her fragile small wings broke.

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TRANSLATION to Russian

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## Thank You To A.M.

Thank you that you gave up your place to me kindly.  
And helped me to put MicroSD in my phone,  
For 3 days made some slides for my presentation,  
From work by Toyota gave a lift to metro,

You treated me with many sushi for dinner.  
Presented me kindersurprise with a princess  
Invited to go to Zemphira's concert  
And in Excel taught me how to make hard copies.

In choosing Samsung phone you always endorsed me.  
My clearings in SAP you were watching and checking.  
You brought for my birthday a wood-badge with Brodsky!  
I'm thankful to you for your kindness and patience!

You'll tell me in Russian: 'Thank you is - too little!  
Thank you! – You will say – one can't put in a pocket».  
But I will tell you, that the word of kind feeling  
Will throw light on your way in this life. And longer.

Liza Sud

## Thank You To I.A.

You always were so attentive  
To my complaining on my work –  
That if I had a problem – then it  
Could be immediately solved.

And as for the modernizations –  
You always had a correct view,  
Cheered me up in the frustration,  
Explained Statistics – how to do.

Liza Sud

# Thank You To N.M.

You taught me MIRO. How to work in SAP  
When I came to AP – sincere thanks!  
You taught me volleyball- how to play,  
And showed us presentation in Excel!

Liza Sud

# Thank You To Poemhunter

PoemHunter is christian.

PoemHunter is good!

Its poets are spiritual,  
their words are precious gold!

Here I find humanity,

here I find love.

There is no vanity -  
poetry of top class!

People are full of tenderness,

Honey in their words!

Thank ou for your attentiveness!

You uplift me to God!

Liza Sud

## Thank You To T.B.

I thank you for the cucumbers  
from Oredezh, your native cottage,  
for coffee, Mahler, for the Splits,  
that you were checking in the closing,

for Brodsky's quotes, and for peace,  
that you are carrying in your breast,  
for Botanical high steeple,  
and your love for the Russian people.

Liza Sud

# Thank You, Kate!

I want to thank you, Kate! Because you helped me  
to count pallets and checked acts for me,  
Statistics and reports corrected,  
And I say also - thank you for the splits!

At Kia drove me to the railway station,  
And for 2 times you checked my presentation,  
And early always let me go home -  
I thank you for your kindness and your warmth!

Liza Sud

# Thank You, Michael, For Your Video.

Thank you, Michael, for your video.

But I wanted to see Tzfat.

And three mayors - In Haifa you meet with them -

Why do you look so sad?

They are talkative, these mayors!

you're inside yourself, almost cry.

Miss the meeting with three angels?

You, Marina, Joseph and I?

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Liza Sud

# Thank You, My God - For Salt, For Bread,

Thank you, My God - for salt, for bread,  
And onion, feeding in bad weather.  
Of greater things I have dismay,  
I'm fed by grief without measure.

I could have lived through ever more,  
But not right here, Your World is balanced!  
Only one thing I ask from God -  
To give a man to trust for lovers.

Liza Sud

# Thankfulness To God

Thankfulness to God

And complete humility.

Praying very long

Till the blue ability.

Blue is the third eye,

Because it sees heaven.

And reflects the mind

Itself when not nervy.

Liza Sud

# That Is Exactly Saint Ioann's Laughter,

I'm proud that I am loved by Blue Sapphire,  
and that its size is as big as my breast,  
and all the biggest stones are never higher,  
Their prices make me laugh at them and jest!

That is exactly saint Ioann's laughter,  
sapphire laughter at the earth,  
the smallness of its precious values,  
his voice was nervous, firm and hoarse.

In mind at Liturgy - not here,  
in body - present on the earth,  
and all who saw Ioann had feeling -  
that Christ was near, and they froze -

Like froze under his scan projector,  
then melted near all-knowing Love.  
He was forgiving resurrector,  
like holding everyone in mind.

The Kohens had breastplates on torsos  
except there were twelve gems on it.  
Sapphire was Issahar's stone  
for Torah's knowledge and good deeds.

Kohens asked Lord different questions.  
Seventy two Names showed Light -  
the light was flashing at each letter,  
and answers that they gave were right!

Liza Sud

# That Is No More In Secret. Chorus To A Song

near the river we go for a walk  
from sunrise till the evening.  
tell me about your love  
that is no more in secret.

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Liza Sud

# That Was In Outer Spaces

That was in outer spaces  
Who wrote like Daniel,  
Brotherhood waits there  
And for your soul as well.

And the total adjustment  
Your soul is waiting here.  
It's like the light's corpuscle,  
Flaring like a tear.

It is a common glitter:  
one in all, all in one.  
These are God's mines of brilliants -  
true Communion of God.

all will become perfect,  
cause God will always rule,  
that's what it means to go  
through all times to the Truth.

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Liza Sud

# The Aim And Essence Of My Poetry

I don't like to write in prose about poetry, because it opposes to the very form and essence of poetry but since sometimes the approach of some readers to my poetry shows complete misunderstanding of its roots and aims - so I have to write this essay

The aim and essence of my poetry - is both confession and purification with transformation of my soul by God's Light.

All my intentions, thoughts, desires - become analyzed from the point of view to coincide with the Will of God that is expressed in His commandments.

That's why there are 3 participants in my poetry I hope - it is me, the side opposite to God (devil) and God who transfers it finally to His road of Light.

It is no shallow Romantic love poetry where stiff and shaped passions are devoided of any progress or transformation of individual soul and intrusion of different mystic powers and so to say vertical dynamics (not to mix up with the vertical dynamics that remains still on the earthly level) .

Such a view and approach to poetry was not yet found in history of World literature, that's why many critics can't find out the true aim and sense of my poetry even after reading hundreds of my poems because it doesn't suit to their clichés embedded in their minds by study of centuries of spoiled low-spirited secular poetry as well as their own limited experience of Non-Sacrament secular background.

My aim and what obviously comes out from my poems now - is to put the experience of the main Church Sacraments: Confession and Communion into poetical form, to the possible extent.

That's why the directness and sincerity are also crucial for my poetry as they are crucial for Confession. That's why my poetry doesn't hide anything.

It is based on the blessed idea that all what is given to us is good since it is the material for serving God and transformation of our energy from shortcomings that are against God's Will are the aim of our work here on earth and we get the results of feeling His transforming power, love, help and bliss here already.

My poetry is not mainly about shortcomings (I may say that it is mainly about

God's Light) , but since on Confession we have to wash the dirty places up to our human ideal preparing them for receiving even Higher Ideal - the Sanctity of God through Communion - to them, my shortcomings I dedicate the most of my attention.

It also has a character of prayer (since a prayer always is the invocation of the Third part of my poetry - God, the upper force, the transforming Light) - or at least that is what my main aim is, if not all of my poems accurately suit to this role.

Sometimes such transformation may be seen in one poem, sometimes it takes a cycle of poems to purify complicated emotions, but the aim and direction remains.

Thus the aim of each poem is the projection of the aim of life - the merge with God, and each poem serves to this aim by small contribution.

That is how my poetry should be understood.

Probably - the Revolutionary name of my trend is 'Bilingual Regular Confessional - Communion Poetry'.

Liza Sud

# The Bank Of Altruism

I will put my money in Heavenly bank,  
and let them be kept there,  
They will return by sapphires back,  
so let them be useful to Heaven.

Indeed, He's - in oil jar and He is in bread,  
In people like in Matryoshka.  
Therefore, He will take back all this again,  
and so that to live longer,

it's better to catch now: the best bank -  
has the name: the Bank of Altruism  
to walk on waters to it - is right,  
and better than please our bodies

by pizzas, though God's not opposed to that,  
because He's in pizzas too,  
but Lightt's more strong through the friend's eyelash,  
when his tears are wiped by you.

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Liza Sud

# The Beast Is Loosed. From Balmont

THE BEAST IS loosed

The beast is loosed. Here it is, fun  
of executioners revealed.  
the Bestial face. the thunder laugh.  
The voice of beast is: 'Beat, Beat, Beat! '

Again along over all Russia  
The raging horde, always in filth  
autocracy rotten and foul  
Is flinging up, flapping its wings,

The stroke of mighty full turnout  
has unsettled their routine.  
they needed extra loots, handouts  
From their Romanov family.

The parasites who need the alien,  
For scoundrels freedom - doesn't fit.  
And so they by whole assemblage  
let a free walking for the Beast.

But we do not sleep, we see plainly  
you cannot count how many fight.  
And those whom we execrated,  
will fall by revenge in due time.

Autocracy Beast, go strolling!  
Show all villainy to the eyes.  
The lack of rights today is over.  
You are condemned. Your hour has struck.

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Liza Sud

# The Best

Why do you tell him, that he is the best, why? –

It is a lie.

Better can be only Saint Ioann,

As a person who war with a sin always by Christ won.

Everyone can be the best in something. –

It is a human view. Right is the view of Buddha.

What makes the best -is when a soul is righteous.

All the best ae the same in their godly likeness.

Liza Sud

# The Best Russian Poet Is Balmont!

The best Russian poet is BALMONT!  
He is the Poetry's Bible!  
Not only of our own,  
but for the whole world!

Because he is Universal,  
he doesn't seem a rehearsal  
as many of poets do.  
He's poetry's well-to-do.

He answers to any feeling,  
no matter males or female,  
His level is so deep that  
all difference fades away,

And you are given to hear  
the deepest voice of your God.  
Not just your look, that is near,  
but sight from the high above!

He is with you in your childhood,  
he is with you in despair,  
and his is like Mozart touching  
the core of your silent layer.

He is with you in marriage,  
and when as angel lonely,  
He is at one time Russian,  
English, Japanese, Georgian.

He wrote 93 volumes.  
and knew 16 languages,  
He was the Tsar among poets,  
and all near him seem pale,

Was banished in Soviet era,  
unknown to all of us.  
Some archives just dissapeared  
in the cruel thirty's time.

All others are small like children,  
nervouse in weak emotions,  
and he is - like eye all-seeing  
not proud nut kind and gorgeous.

No genius could match his goal  
and I never met his pair.  
If Pushkin is our all,  
then BALMONT - is ALL IN SQUARE.

Liza Sud

# The Bloody Moon

Of the red moon a midnight gleam...  
anticipation of a bird with rosy wings,  
news of the branch that reached the peaks  
of coniferous crown above large fields.

And in the morning She leaves for her rest  
away from Night's explicit claims.  
The more illustrious more round she becomes!  
the sadder - in the bedroom - the more light!

Liza Sud

# The Bright [easter] Week 2017

When there is no more struggle - color is only red,  
The Devil is defeated, victory toll of bells.  
Deep in the night - the Mystery of all wonders,  
When people whisper again the truth that Christ is Risen.

People go in Cross procession, closing life in a round,  
As souls in embrace of angels - candles in hugs of hands.  
And the Red blood of Christ merges with your red blood,  
Sea of ??holy ideas is filling your mind.

Someone is waiting for husband, son, someone - for birth, death,  
But the whole world is warmed only by one event:  
This is His Resurrection, for we, together with Him -  
We all are born again: So, Time - stop your reel!

For seven days opened Doors - there is only one Marriage -  
preimage of Son's Wedding with the people of Father.  
All is in Red tissue, yellow and purple Light:  
To all who vanquished sin - that's how Heavens shine.

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Liza Sud

# The Child Is Weak

The child is weak, but grown-up is also.  
And there is a limit to our force.  
We all are helpless. And the lowliness  
Is what the human's fate is for.

And the best way - is the forgiving  
Of what we failed to do ourselves.  
We all are criminals before Him.  
And like the mirror are our friends.

And neither man, and not a woman -  
But a new angel in Lord Christ -  
A soul, ascended to the mountain,  
To remain humble in the heights.

Liza Sud

# The Closing Of Quarter I Have Finished.

The closing of quarter I have finished.  
And now, depression, go away from me!  
I had a lot and not enough of figures.  
And as much poems I've heard through me beat.

I have no friends and no understanding,  
And lovers-girls I don't have here too.  
Here saint John of Kronstadt is insulted  
And more of this Un-Light – I can't endure.

Liza Sud

# The Color Test Of Lusher

You pass the test of Lusher  
And send me the result.  
The colors will disclose  
The bottom of your heart.

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Liza Sud



# The Cross Of My Desire

I love men and women,  
elders and kids.  
That's my cross on body,  
that's my way to bliss.

From right to left shoulder,  
and from head to bottom:  
I love men and women,  
as kids and old men.

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Liza Sud

# The Crucifixion Of Christ.

The Crucifixion of Christ. Simple victim:  
He wanted so much to help His people-  
that died for them, and everything went back,  
to childhood, to the light - when child woke up

and looks at his small toy out of wraps diapers.  
and you give to a child this simple toy.  
And it is Christ. And also is the world.  
They are presented at one time by God.

Liza Sud

# The Crystal Toll. From Balmont

The crystal jingles, crystal-clear, slopes,  
The shake of light in flickerings of shadows.  
What are the ambons in you? What is in your church?  
In what a liturgy - the burning of your candles?

The crystal bells of fields exorbitant,  
of mountains and lakes we see while dreaming,  
In the infinite rays, lullabies' light,  
near the glareless moon of snowy-peaking.

The crystal jingles, stay with me, remain,  
do not leave me, the vision's influence.  
Let me in my heart with that Moon be there -  
with the fine Moon of heaven's wilderness.

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Liza Sud

# The Curdle Puffs

You gave me the curdle puffs,  
In the time of the Great Fast.  
They are like devils- the sparrows,  
But Christ is never embarrassed.

You wanted to be my man,  
Before or after the Lent  
to me by this wings were lent,  
Although this is only a dream.

I'll put on the red garments,  
I'll cut my hair in the end -  
So that my Man became blessed  
With his Woman: Holy Russia.

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Liza Sud

# The Day You Choose

You say that I need Moscow like a toy,  
to hold it in a hand like a child's rattle.  
You write that Baruch Ashlag didn't bow  
to Wailing Wall and even didn't touch it.

Yes, Church is heart, but so that to unite -  
what is the DAY you choose? for us it's Sunday.  
And it is our church where after rite there -  
we truly receive light and grace from Christ.

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Liza Sud

# The Diamond Of First Water

You are the diamond of first water  
(God help me learn this phrase) .  
In this world you are not a squatter,  
Pride of the human race!

This I address to any of children,  
To any baby born!  
And I wish that you kept the real  
Meaning of this kind word!

Liza Sud

# The Diapason Of My Feelings

The diapason of my feelings  
to you - is broad.  
It Includes everything: from visions  
to entering the shock.

To become close - we don't need it.  
Do not harass!  
But anyway it goes I'll see you -  
as sinner sees - a paradise.

You cannot bring me pain or harm me.  
Cause pain is fear.  
There is no fear of those who are free.  
themselves - as wind.

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Liza Sud

# The Dream Of A Girl. From Balmont

She fell asleep under the chanted words.  
there was word 'My', excitement of the string,  
And it overflowed in tender word 'Yours'.  
And virgin stiffened in scary-sweet dream.

She saw in sleep. That out of her womb  
there grew a blade of grass. Brook splashed in squirts.  
And beautiful and not a scary snake  
was fondling her. And tree grew up from stalk.

And the thick branches went out to the heavens.  
And apples and the birds shone golden there.  
And thunders, lightnings shook there, and bright dawns.

And forest grew. And many forests grew.  
And someone put a ring with the red glitter  
put on the finger of the chosen queen.

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Liza Sud

# The Earth Of Freaks

Looking at the earth history  
you want to live?  
Wars, lies and injuries -  
the earth of freaks.

What can you watch with adoration?  
only the trees?  
we have one saint in generation -  
the earth of freaks.

What do you read in the Apocalypse?  
it's pessimism.  
there's degradation and the burn of all -  
the earth of freaks.

Only the Jews, especially Laitman  
give optimism:  
People at last will become godlike  
and not the freaks.

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Liza Sud

# The Erased Generations City

The erased generations city  
where out of total mass  
only genius is distinguished -  
for example, John of Kronstadt.

The city of closed martyrs,  
silent, though dissatisfied,  
where all is put only in Masses,  
in graves humble and resigned.

The city of outbreaks and insights,  
mercy of Ioann,  
City of the truth and singing,  
City of deception and rattle.

Like sprouts through the years living  
gradually upward it goes.  
Like a flower, for its freedom,  
choose the words of the Universe.

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Liza Sud

# The Essence Of Language

If I knew the essence of language,  
If I felt that it's just one point,  
Which shows movement of two powers:  
Lights of wisdom and Grace of God.

If I knew that letters are creases  
Through which comes the correcting light -  
I would breath by verse, just breath them -  
I would know the breath of God.

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Liza Sud

# The Fulfillment. From Balmont

You believed me as you believed God,  
And you loved me as the whole world -  
And I went out on a great road,  
And my lyre was the most orotund!

I was gratification of yours,  
you can never find other like that -  
And my songs will not lack a new birth,  
And my songs are the victory's chants!

And I have been a sorrow of yours,  
And you loved even sorrow from me  
I know in Worlds Creator's thoughts -  
what it means to be all to all things!

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Liza Sud

# The Game In Chess,

You said that life is the game in chess,  
And God is playing and guiding,  
Oh Alex, as always you are the best -  
You take out the pain so lightly!

You always dazzle, and the broad light  
shows scenes from unknown heavens.  
There's no comparison to our dark.  
they have smiling, playing wheather!

It's not inside me - it is in front,  
eyelids open wide - to white soul.  
you give a blow upon my back  
by fist and say with love: Go!

Oh what a gift you have - to console  
in any bad situation!  
New blue horizons, new lands to go,  
laughter of joy and salvation!

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Liza Sud

# The Game Of Christ

All this was You - the head of our world!  
You are humiliating and uplifting,  
but it is - the Light's power of God.  
and You develop us like children.

The whole world - is just the game of Christ,  
in merry moments as well as sad,  
and in the heavy moments of the Cross  
Father deserves only applause!

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Liza Sud

# The Garden. For Daniel Brick

We walk along the planet,  
created for us by Angel.  
We don't know his name but  
It's wonderous and charming.

It's ineffably perfect.  
Garden with blooming birches,  
two lakes with quiet river,  
bushes with lilac roses.

You are in love with my dress,  
when I stop to make pauses  
and talk about the high things,  
as Michael Laitman taught us.

Noone sees our garden  
because of their indifference.  
but how many differences  
it hides, saintly reveals us.

There are happy tears,  
and unspeakable joy  
when we are raised in spirit  
to the sky fields from the earth.

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Liza Sud

# The Heaps And Great Piles, From Balmont

The heaps and great piles of the stone bulks.  
have bound the island by an immense ring.  
where there are too few joys of the past  
but where dream is always coming back.

The soul, percieving, loves the reasonable mode,  
Who knew all the run and all boil of shaft -  
in him all joy of wonderings has passed,  
and music of his trembling strings is quiet

of flowers, trees, and their sumptuous plenty.  
big bowls of white roses are fine,  
As if by dreaming frost they were created.

The incense burners of lilies, the prayful,  
are beautiful near monastic white gates  
The crimson pinks' aroma is delicate.

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# The Heart

The heart trembles when it speaks the truth.  
under your cloak the bouquets of roses are hiding.  
you will not betray me, say honesty - is that true? -  
child is afraid of your words when a child is asking.

The heart trembles when it speaks the truth.  
when you are small - it is easy to fear people,  
but when you grow up - people are commonplace  
and are all the same in a long days streaming.

Soon you fear God. He has reason. much more of an interest.  
In this fear, what's more - saint is - a dead end.  
Then you see a person - as if an octopus.  
a lot of mistakes. and only in heaven - a living well.

Liza Sud

# The Heart Of Devil Is Broken

When comes to you demon from Sodom,  
know that his voices are a poison!  
his pain - is driven from the sky  
and never dare it to divide.

Now broken is the heart of devil,  
he will start angrily to howl -  
but after him from singing prayers -  
You will have all the good doors open.

Liza Sud

# The Heart Trembles

The heart trembles when it speaks the truth.  
under your cloak the bouquets of roses are hiding.  
you will not betray me, say honesty - is that true? -  
child is afraid of your words when a child is asking.

The heart trembles when it speaks the truth.  
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In this fear, what's more - saint is - a dead end.  
Then you see a person - as if an octopus.  
a lot of mistakes. and only in heaven - a living well.

Liza Sud

# The Ice Will Break Up

Time may heal you, but God makes you holy,  
Peace and joy He'll send over to us,  
May be someone will read our poems,  
In the proud heart the ice will break up.

By perceiving pain, commiseration  
at an instant the soul will react,  
Cause to us was sent song of creation,  
They were written with breathing of love.

Liza Sud

# The Inspiration Of A Poet

And today, as it was the last time,  
angels also dictate me the verses.  
till the new point they will dictate poems  
and will throw themselves into dance.

Puttis hold not a halo, but garlands.  
and the voices of saints sound bright.  
I have found perfection in others -  
and again have deisre to smile!

Liza Sud

# The Killers Of Love

My seared ocean is still beating,  
the blood through veins is tearing and rushing.  
without camps - in prison I am sitting,  
without knowing the charges, laughing.

We will continue to kill our love -  
that love, of which small stupid songs are sang.  
But it will make us soon more pure and bright,  
and we'll find Love that's stronger than the sun.

We poets are - the killers of one love,  
of selfish love, the earthly.  
But we - spiritual singers of that love,  
which makes us see that happiness is close.

Majeure, and the enlightening of the mind,  
and minor key, pressed down so low.  
I'm killing love out of the Russian gun,  
in English fire the shot for controlling.

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Liza Sud

# The King - A Lie. From Balmont

The people thought: there is the dawn,  
the long-awaited end has come.  
The people went to ask the tsar.  
lead - for the answer in return.

Ah, low despot! For all time  
In blood you are now, in blood.  
because you were a worthless man,  
now you became a beast of mud.

But worker's blood has risen up,  
Like an ear, in front of him.  
And flutteres minion of the bad  
Before the ear like this.

He's red, there is no sickle for him -  
Any one will break off.  
are buzz like a crowd the ears of wheat,  
The ears of corn grow.

And every ear is a sharp knife,  
And every ear - a sight.  
No, tsar, now you will not come up,  
No, sneaky king, go back!

You can not fool us any more -  
The ninth of January.  
You're a king- lie therefore,  
the king, you will be heaved!

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Liza Sud

# The Land Of Nod

you must sleep here, in the land of nod  
and never move as a madman.  
then they will certainly soon promote  
your work, will boldly love you.

Here - a gray mass, having merged with it,  
you will not cause abuses.  
Koreans - the workers of the high speed  
the Russian - have other muses.

Wonders are made by power here,  
powers impose a wonder.  
the Russian passion is to be straight,  
But everywhere God shines.

Zhirinovsky beat a donkey, for that  
He was nicknamed the butcher.  
driving forward -it's foreign blood,  
Russian with speed? - they can not.

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# The Mirror

When there'll become an end to our hardships-  
Then we'll be brought to our last exam -  
And there will be mirror of Last Judgment.  
In front of us - and Christ from other side.

Who will endure not to reverse glance from it -  
He will forever stare at Our God.  
But who considered Churches unimportant -  
On his own will - he'll turn to hell inside.

Liza Sud

# The Most Lucent Face

And yet she was anxious, if she could upset Him,  
The most Lucent Face, while she walked in the mist?  
And didn't confess all, not all that God gave her,  
When she was in body on the earth of sins? !

Liza Sud

# The New Year Has Come Unnoticed.

The New Year has come unnoticed.  
Sneaked through the open door,  
In the face a fresh air is flowing.  
I did not expect it could be so!

I do not put a fir- tree this year.  
I have no sparkling champagne.  
All these garlands and tinsel, what's for they?  
From the guests - noise and clang in brain.

On this day, I'm alone with Zodiak,  
I'm watching the swirling of times...  
And my only gift is Eternity,  
Do I ever need any other?

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# The Outcast Flying Dutchman

I never could give in and crack down,  
and sailing over LaMansh -  
I always was the Fluing Dutchman,  
and only jealousy was mine.

I never had my own house,  
I'm always homeless on this earth.  
I was accepted by the righteous  
but even from them I could go!

Liza Sud

## The Planet Is Large,

It's good that the planet is large,  
There are places to send, for a long time!  
You don't want me to be your couple,  
I will send, and will go to the Volga!

I'll be happy to reach the sand,  
And enjoy there my own freedom,  
It sets out the share of Burlak  
I'll drag a barge - up on the river,

I will wake with 'Dubinushka' land,  
Overcoming fate,  
Because - what is known to the sky:  
That without you - I may!

Liza Sud

# The Prayers

I don't know why I'm frightened  
even to respond,  
And to get in touch with someone -  
no, I don't want!

I prefer to hear silence,  
wilderness to sit,  
and the prayers for my playsides.  
Well it is! - agree?

Liza Sud

# The Promised Land

We will be living - you and I - in Israel,  
as Rabash was living with Laitman.  
for a long time in its gardens we walked there  
and curd turned by this time into a sour milk.

And I from now on believe in prophecies  
since the one with Iosiph has come true,  
and if for me it's better not to go there -  
then from the Russian area I'll not move.

But Israel - it is the promised land,  
as poets we will be there exactly.  
and only after we correct our minds  
then we will be arriving.

And then there curds will never become sour.  
In sanctity the soul will not feel bad,  
it will return to people like a canopy  
and will take everyone back in its bight.

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Liza Sud

# The Resurrected. From K. Balmont

I was half-broken when I shattered  
and with completely bleeding head,  
I woke up on the pavement sidewalk,  
that was enflowed by bright rays.

Why have I rushed out of the window?  
and at the cost of terrible fall  
for me I wanted to buy freedom

From bounds, for a long time bored.  
Wanted to kill the snake of sorrow,  
Forget the shame of dying days...  
But by the five of air sazhens

My expectations were not met.  
And suddenly revealed to me then -  
all I committed was a crime.  
And the sky was unattained distance  
And high as was at no time.

Man in myself humiliating  
I walked away from my own path,  
And now I in the mud was laying,  
A cripple that was one-half trampled.

Through the noise and buzz of the capital,  
And through the roar indifferent  
To me came the uncertain sound:  
the spirit clung familiarly.

And a vague whisper, almost sinking,  
unaudibly sighed over me,  
the sound of dear home was thit whisper,  
lost paradise that I have missed.

'You have not kept up to your limit,  
You wanted calm complacency,  
But we need to earn the oblivion  
by purity of selfless deeds.

So die when you give out to this life  
All that you were given by life,  
Go through the dark of earthly evil  
to heaven's joyful homeland.

You're disappointed in yourself and  
in the one who is sobbing now -  
But it all is a minor torment.  
Forget. And serve another fate.

Let your revocable soul suffer,  
suffer for the world, live with people  
And then - you will accept my crown '...  
That's what saint shadow said to me.

And that was Death - that was the mistress,  
for just a moment She has come,  
and thus the sense of life revealing  
until the time - the She was gone.

And a new, better day, was scarlet,  
was kindled in me after mist -  
And I after touching the ground  
Got up with the power of Anthea.

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Liza Sud

# The Road Of The Earth

I'm walking the road of the Earth - so close to the edge.  
I see the sky above the head - low, low.  
clouds draw their hands to me - to embrace,  
I'm - the favorite daughter of Our Father - and I'm holy!

I am calm if death to me suddenly will approach -  
Because the earth's flesh is arranged so.  
It may take the death of my body but not the soul:  
I will hear these words: 'Come to the feast, daughter'.

I believe it will happen with me, Our righteous God,  
As a stranger that goes home - I am so weary...  
Help me to go forward, closer to the sky  
I believe I'll see the Holy Image of Jesus there.

Liza Sud

# The Role Of Town Abyss

The role of town abyss  
Is measured by a candle.  
From tenderness - the keys -  
are in an empty bowl.

The sound of fire is lost,  
On a thin string - a pain,  
It is not mine - the song,  
But alien rosin...

the water Day is voiced-  
Flowing over stones  
And by the path of ice...  
In sounds - there is a trap...

Liza Sud

# The Russian Altruism Is Greeting You,

The Russian Altruism is greeting you,  
He's welcoming, he is inviting.  
And even if you are forever Jew,  
i.e. Semite - he is not Anti.

The Russian church is loving you,  
since you become its faithful brother,  
And it is She who cares and rules  
above our land, like dear Mother!

I need your language and your dreams,  
your abrogating of our Ego,  
your breaking out from egoism -  
new skin, new thread, new eyes, new level.

But it is John who knew it all,  
and saw Light's face without Kabbalah.  
The prophecy of Russian church -  
is Christian faith, with all the answers.

His eyes were seeing the white light,  
this light was what he radiated.  
He is the veil above our land -  
we breath like snow - TODAY, unending.

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Liza Sud

# The Russian Muse

Peahen swimming upon the waves  
and not the Valkyries' ride,  
any attempt to change yourself  
will lead to a nervous breakdown.

that's why dedicate everything to God  
as Laitman teaches the jews.  
that is the way to poetic prize  
and simply - to prize of truth.

Liza Sud

# The Sapphire Cross Of Saint John.

They have come from far places.  
They have found me, sad.  
From much higher dimensions  
they have brought a sapphire.

And they put it in my heart,  
now it stands in my heart,  
and it dazzles from inside,  
and it makes me part-blind

to all that is unreal,  
to all that is untrue.  
I don't see any evil.  
The sapphire is good!

the sapphire is pure,  
Makes all pure around.  
like a fountain's cure  
it spouts up to my mind.

Makes me choke by its sparkling.  
I have nothing to say  
except Christ's love is striking  
and already in game.

We have nothing to wait for.  
Cause God's Kingdom has come.  
He is nothing to blame for.  
He is - unseen Sapphire!

The SApphire cross was given  
By the Tsar to SAint John.  
One more cross brought by people -  
with sapphires, with gold.

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Liza Sud

# The Sea Of Finance - Is Not A Place For Jokes,

The sea of Finance - is not a place for jokes,  
This is not a place for subtle poetry.  
Pitching at schooner - a loss will occur,  
and a steering here must be severe.

Here, the useless emotions' supression,  
here indifference to the sea of 'whys',  
here our sailor is strangled by deadlines,  
and his being late can be always belied.

Here pedanticism knows no limits,  
firmly dictating and personal life,  
if just at two documents arn't submitted-  
our ways will forever divide!

Just at eight and five - not a minute later!  
for the departure is given long horn,  
in sea of closing we go together -  
or a financial drain will be clogged.

who arrived late - he is left behind the board.  
flies like an arrow - a financial thought,  
who has no time - will be looking from the shore  
into the back of your ship's acrid smoke.

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Liza Sud

# The Secret Of Regular Bilingual Poetry

Where God is the main value-  
Language rate is: 1 to 1.  
Where the law is damaged –  
There is no more love.

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Liza Sud

# The Shine Of Pushkin

He is the sun, the biggest star,  
he shines to everyone.  
you can't say: this ray show, this hide -  
Light floods to every part.

I had a friend. He said to me:  
'I hate to pick a flower. -  
this sign of life! Oh let them live'.  
And he was a philanderer.

All flowers turn to the sun.  
It is law, and not a miracle,  
and not a crime. Pushkin - describes  
like God, like the Love's pinnacle.

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Liza Sud

# The Sky

How could all it happen  
that among all the fictions, once  
a true story was born, revived it  
and maked the fictions shine?

Maybe you are Northern Lights,  
beauty of glacial lakes,  
Fiction you may not utter  
winter's hot fireplace?

I yearn for you, up to diseases,  
I paint you in the night,  
a herd of polar deers  
goes for a walk in snow light...

Who are you, hearty Arctic  
endless light verse,  
that cling as the wave so ice-cold,  
but in heart as the fire burns?

I forgot the fatigue and lust,  
I see only your eyes,  
in them open spaces shine,  
and you want to live, but you can't,

because when when you reach the bounds  
capabilities of your wits,  
what is left to you in your whole life, -  
is the sky and the lights in it.

Liza Sud

# The Son Of The Earth, From Balmont

I once was just the son of the earth,  
And for me there daisies florescenced,  
I was the same as others in all,  
And was in the chains of human errors.

But when I stopped loving earthly sadness,  
I was parted with corns of the bent,  
And I have left my homeland boundaries,  
Outside - of the lie and truth ends.

But in the soul reproach is not rising

And I grasped in the fleeting a hint  
And I heard a mysterious summons,  
Silent voices that are infinite.

I discovered that there is no time,  
Patterns of planets are motionless,  
That what leads us to Death is immortal,  
Immortality waits after Death.

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Liza Sud

# The Soviet Power

I'm only a soldier of revolution,  
But I'm not running after the crowd.  
We are the authors of constitution,  
We thought it with our heads, worked out.

A part, two legs of a many-legged creature.  
the face of the many-faced We.  
But in the pure soul of the faceted  
All threads of freedom now you may see.

I'm only a soldier of all the changes.  
I'm only a part of the progress of love.  
I'm loving this power, no exceptions.  
I'm not a bearer of doubt.

That power, of which I am a small part.  
The power that always stands for me.  
A part of the power that adores me,  
which did everything for me!

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Liza Sud

# The Spoon Of Honey

If you lived your life honestly,  
from the enemy - didn't run.  
then the death will be for you a hot wife,  
And not cold - as the ground.

And when you open your eyes,  
not of the body but mind, -  
You will see a barrel of tar,  
and the spoon of honey destined.

Liza Sud

# The Stove Was Stoke. From ky

The stove is stoke. The fire trembled in the dark.  
And the coals of wood were slightly sparkling.  
But thoughts of winter, on the whole winter-time  
were swarming in a somewhat weird manner.

Oh what a sorrow do you need to have,  
so that instead of park behind three quarters,  
you recall for long time obscure paysage,  
being aware that it is no more; no more.

Yes, all came to an end - you understand -  
just for two centuries ago already -  
but thoughts are rambling in wood of the night  
and still don't hear the knocking of wood feller.

The boles stand and bushes stand at night.  
And the far Hills lie in the darkness grimly.  
The moon is lit, the furnace is on fire  
and burn the trunks. But there is no noise in it.

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Liza Sud

# The Sun Is Shining Inside My Soul!

The sun is shining inside my soul!  
What if it rains outside?  
My love glows inside me and is so warm –  
What if they hate me sometimes?

Christ has come to me, inside my blood!  
Pushed all the devils – out!  
All people in spines are happy now!  
Pain – is a trick of bad past time!

Liza Sud

# The Sun Of Christianity

You should stand up and you should run  
and it is Sun that you should run to.  
To win - is business of the Sun  
for every one who burst from sadness.

From black and wild demonic rays  
to the New testament of Jesus  
who for such men, who simply sin -  
like us - has come to Crusifixion.

Liza Sud

# The Temple Of God. From Balmont

Our body - the temple of God,  
In the temple let candles burn.  
if you love God - then watch it up  
give your temple sufficient purge.

So that delicate frankincense  
There was and prayer's fire,  
So that the quiet of censers's bells  
came right into the heart there.

So that another would cling to it  
Godly like you - and so,  
How it happens in yard of spring  
when all the flowers burn.

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Liza Sud

# The Thunder Of The Crown. From Balmont

the thunder of the crown of lightning bolt,  
eternal liturgy- the universal psalm,  
Only in rage of elements in fault -  
creative beauty rose for many times.

Large hail is ruining not only crop,  
It is forms' celebration, round dance,  
And the old tale of the Snake to entice  
which all with heady grapevine interwove.

And by united, all-exhaustive force  
We came to light from dark of non-existence:  
a wild tornado, and a little stream.

In front of a creative broad-winged dream  
flowers of lawn and mountain slope are equal  
a butterfly, reptile, tiger and eagle.

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Liza Sud

# The Truth's Herald,

I wanted to be the Truth's herald,  
the mouthpiece of Pravoslavie.  
but I fell in love with dissension,  
dazzled by their fantasies.

I love their game, they are twinkling  
as many sparks in heaven,  
and like a tasty drinking  
they induce me into temptation.

I love their extreme forms  
and sound combinations,  
but what you think is pervert -  
was bilingually checked already.

I want to be friends with the ROC,  
so that it would not offend me.  
Once holy - she should love all,  
accept as we are at exit.

I don't want eternal fire.  
(It seems - heresy of Origen)  
I want to know only love,  
the truth of any emotions.

And you would ask: how the Judge?  
The emotions - are often atrocious.  
But I answer: all tears - will be wiped.  
That's the highest Light of all prophecies!

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Liza Sud

# The Waistcoat Is Beautiful.

The waistcoat is beautiful. The women moan  
to the guitar's sounds around.  
And beautiful roses have bloomed in a corner  
and wine will be poured in your bowls.

The wine will be strong. And the knight will recount  
the poems on life and on death.  
Like butterflies - to light, as to honey - passage  
will fly the whirlwind of unrest.

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Liza Sud

# The Wall Of Christ

I asked Jesus to build a wall -  
A big wall of brilliant snow,  
and He built it with soft warm surface  
like the hand of Father or doll.

Father-doll, what a strange combination!  
Safe like grown-up and pure like child,  
Like Valkyrie in salvation  
put to sleep till the wedding ride.

The white wall was better than dreaming -  
like white clothes of Christ Himself,  
My protector, Jesus the Sweetest!  
Is that all ever You can make? !

You're like shower pouring near,  
taking blood away - make me white!  
And in body the strength is clear  
like a smile of a new-born child!

Behind wall there are evil countries,  
the lascivious, prosperous, sly,  
But there is circle wall around me  
like embrace of warm Jesus Christ.

Liza Sud

# The World Of A Whore

You open to a new world for me a strange gate.  
What it is like – I don't know yet.  
Do I want to come in there? –I don't know.  
It's yellow-black and all always cum there.

My energy moves up there,  
And at first glance - there I'm delighted.  
But it is yellow-black and is called – sex,  
And without marriage such delights I'm shunning.

Liza Sud

# Their Main Obsessions

Their main obsessions  
Is limit of their dream.  
They base their judgment on vision,  
Their maximum of a bliss-

Is beauty of earth, a person,  
Music, word or the bad.  
They don't believe in eternal  
Beauty of kind mind.

Liza Sud

# Then Now Please Transform To Joseph,

Then now please transform to Joseph,  
Become him - slim white-winged angel,  
He comes again - to make me go.  
Just like Virgilius to Dante.

I'll fall in Haifa on the ground! -  
on its warm yellow stones you make me fall.  
By your strict communist background,  
which just concealed the truthful awe!

But Joseph runs to me - and raises,  
and casts a glance at me, half-turned,  
he helps me to recover senses,  
like Vrubel stares at a swan.

And I start running after Joseph,  
but no one in Haifa notices us,  
And we rise high like piece of cloth.  
And wave to your house from the sky.

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Liza Sud

# There Are Questions

There are questions which stand after answers –  
And a person ask them with a prank -  
And he knows for sure - after summers –  
It is always just winter that comes.

I don't really like banal questions:  
That is obvious: bodies and monks.  
It is fall that I really care for –  
With a frolicsome ribbon in curls.

Liza Sud

## There Is No Spain – In Heaven,

There is no Spain – in heaven,  
And no Nigeria – in heaven.  
And nothing that you are completely plagued with –  
No Russia, no Italy, no body.

And there is no job – to talk about!  
And no passports, no sex harassment,  
No all these wars with idiots around.  
And paints are there of quite other colours.

Liza Sud

# There Is Nothing More Fair Than These Eyes

There is nothing more fair than these eyes -  
they can connect with heavens.  
And I want never in my life  
because of sins to lose their favour.

Liza Sud

# There Will Be Forgotten No Debt,

There will be forgotten no debt,  
It'll be charged in the life to come  
And until you are here, pay,  
That the way to there was not barred,

You can not have forgotten debts  
Only get unexpected troubles,  
No thunderstorms - without clouds...  
After all the storms - Vedas came.

Stay with your people, not with purse,  
And do not run nowhere from troubles  
Share with people your kindest soul  
And You'll be in peace - you and your family.

Liza Sud

# There Will Be Unlimited Games, From Balmont

There will be unlimited games,  
whole in their intoxication,  
There'll be lullaby songs for new age,  
We will be sad just joking and jesting.  
So that with a new gratification,  
By the moment that may mislead,  
a new song we will be interlacing -  
A chatoyant and iridescent thread.

The thread of dream and of the infinite,  
Carefree, careless, careless,  
And eternal and also the instant,  
all will be in light and living flames,  
And as love specters and apparitions  
We'll feel ourselves sweetly tired,  
We will see - that we are modifying -  
Our faces - in our dreams.

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# Therefore Never Call Me Dear

With an interest I'll pay you back.  
Therefore never call me dear.  
Or I will call you my beloved  
Under October night star!

You have very beautiful breast  
in the black-and-white striped sweater.  
In full moon it's - mercury,  
But no one wipes away my tears.

I do not forgive tenderness –.  
And I see no excuse for weasel.  
I'll imprison you by myself,  
after just having raped you, dear!

Of course sodomy is a sin.  
But at last I will spit on it.  
As for dears – you capture them  
And kiss them with a savageness.

Liza Sud

# They Are The Flows Of Light,

They are the flows of light,  
That are coming to you,  
You should not show them around,  
You must absorb them in full.

It's as a kiss from heaven  
As the embrace of light -  
summer dust killed by rain and  
Sin conquered by Christ.

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Liza Sud

# They Called My Poems - Diamonds,

They called my poems - diamonds,  
Although I get no money,  
I don't read them to audience,  
I don't know why I write them.

Like waterfall with thundering peals,  
The poems refresh my throat,  
Make demons fly through my lines slit,  
And purify my soul.

Liza Sud

# They Called You A Nun While You Studied,

They called you a nun while you studied,

You really look like a saint,

You stand in angelic white jacket

And sing, deep absorbed in yourself.

Your eyesight embodies a prayer,

And even when you are- Carmen,

It doesn't bring pain, burns or slays you

But everything to us donates.

Not vampire you are but a donor,

And the Main was killed at the Cross,

His Cross Is the voice whose performance

Is always and everywhere heard.

Liza Sud

# They Included Me Into Anthology

They included me into Anthology  
of Paradox - Oxymoron.  
A sent poem about John of Kronstadt:  
how he saved an abandoned girl.

What is paradoxical there&  
Joy behind grief, and light in the dark.  
And invisible God is near  
when you call Him - you meet a saint man.

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Liza Sud

# They Put Joseph In Cage

They put Joseph in cage  
forced him to silence,  
but as a Jewish bird  
he rules over all Eurasia

and even America proud,  
this universal Tsar.  
Eternal, a little whacky -  
Genius - bilingual.

Liza Sud

# They Said That You Came To The City,

They said that you came to the city,  
and I searched your sight at the beach.  
And you were there without people,  
and at last were easy to reach.

I came to you to ask for autograph,  
And you gave me one with a smile.  
I said that I wrote many poems  
to you - oh I never saw that -

That light and that airy-white castles  
in clouds that were not passing by  
but waiting for us to remind us  
that all was just like we desired.

All turned on our wish for the turning,  
all was keeping silence for miles.  
And sand was light-orange and warming,  
and light-beige was jacket you had.

Such calmness, like stop at the one point.  
Such easiness, loveliness, rise.  
And your creaky voice plays as always,  
and cares and warms like the sun.

Liza Sud

# This Blouse Of Fuchsia Color

This blouse of fuchsia color  
makes in me a percussion,  
on this color my Heart is beating,  
At the problems with Mobis I'm spitting.

I love him for complacence,  
indifference to the world,  
he kicks banks into the space,  
he is lazy at early morn.

when he is reading poetry -  
on my head I feel warm beams,  
and as a hand goes -  
so are the words of yours.

Liza Sud

# This Happy World!

For a long time world's producing  
more than it is consuming.

Socialism is real -  
as in Gaddafi's Libya

Change of the World is prevented  
only by our ego.

But from birth every member  
has all resource already.

We all are rich, however,  
God could never be torturous.  
And He is healing every  
one who HIs Sources approaches.

The world is not terrible.  
Tears in it were created  
by ourselves, by people,  
we rule this world and make it.

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Liza Sud

# This Is A New Sun.

This is a new sun.

Mozart - Perpetuum Mobile!

fire's whirling - as God,

as a flame - beats in all.

Man - consists as of Spirit,

He's a man - all-rotation.

he runs, is - everywhere.

and returns to all nations!

Liza Sud

# This Wonder Will Never Be Finished.

this wonder will never be finished.  
Since it started not long ago.  
We became as one by reciprocal consent,  
out of homes didn't go.

Under sky for you I feel pity,  
You just wait for me as a girl.  
And in this world so big and tricky –  
I abandon you – to God.

Liza Sud

# Those Who Have Seen The King

Those who have seen the King  
Talk about Lord.  
Generation is redeemed  
if you are alone.

I do want to serve the Tsar -  
Only through my neighbors.  
But to serve them really right -  
I have to content them.

You should kill your own 'I'  
(though it's impossible) . -  
put forward the people around  
and you'll conquer falsehood.

In egoism - there is your death,  
Pal - angel of life.  
It's a Law. And you may check.  
And receive High Light

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Liza Sud

# Three Duels Of Wagner

Wagner walked in the hills,  
But his new guide was deaf,  
Many people he killed,  
Throwing in cave to depth.

Wagner survived again,  
As at those duels – three!  
When the kind fortune gave  
Presents of life to him.

Liza Sud

## Three Friends

I had three friends here from long ago:  
Drunkard, whore and atheist-doctor.  
Whore was about sex to me singing.  
Doctor was strongly against my believing.

Drunkard was always quick for embracing.  
Probably I had to break this bracing.  
Suddenly saint John from Kronstadt came  
and asked me not to communicate.

Liza Sud

**To A.S.**

I thank you for promptness in work with Glovis,  
Returning all folders back.  
For cheking of counts, Acts and invoices.  
Please always remain like that!

Liza Sud

# To Alex. You Said You'll Beat Me

You said you'll beat me with axes  
and break me like a birch twig,  
And why am I so happy  
that I'll be buried and killed?

You said that we are two slippers,  
(when I translated your mind)  
near one Russian river  
which flows to a happy land.

You're playing with words not feelings.  
the chief - you're playing with life,  
as if it was something unserious,  
but always remind of Judge.

You are shining sun, Alexey,  
the cloud I see above!  
My hands to you I am stretching  
and you always give me - LIFE!

That's why you are so endless!  
That's why you're like Living God,  
Above jealousy and envy,  
belonging to all of us!

We all will be beaten and buried,  
and then to the sun will rise,  
You speak LIVING Word, Alexey,  
with God so much alike.

Liza Sud

## To Alexey

He is truly like national russian  
Is like prayers and Russian folklore,  
Never suits to him the word «fashion»,  
But the deep root of nation – in him.

With the words he is skillfully playing  
Doesn't prick you, but simply makes laugh.  
In my heart he is deeply injected  
And he walks with me upon the sky.

Liza Sud

# To All "broken" Hearts

If you're gushing your passion's flow  
To the dumb wall or closed gate-  
That is stupid. All hearts called "broken"  
Come from this reluctance to change.

So change this direction of flow  
And immediately, at once, -  
To another wall, with more profit -  
To One who pays back - God's love.

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Liza Sud

# To Autumn

I love only the twilight air  
and autumn: how beautiful she is,  
answers in it - to all the questions,  
Mother, and Son, and She let's Him

to go to death until His Rise - in winter.  
And after - fast - and later - Easter!  
She will wash everyone with tears,  
and will not ask for the acquittals.

Liza Sud

# To Borechka

I'm highly pleased by your attention,  
And it brings fright!  
You are like frozen at the same stage,  
as movie's cadre.

You have caused me a lot to suffer,  
but your sky is strong!  
You are a monolithic statue.  
But that's how it should go.

I will not impose on you anything.  
I'm very far.  
And I will not tell you anything.  
it all has passed.

Poems - you're right - are mad,  
with their starry riding.  
their march in me makes me glad -  
mysterious, exciting!

Do not discharge me from route,  
I feel on it - good!  
look up at me, you,  
to love me is easy for you!

I'll dissolve in you, Borechka,  
by any simplest line,  
as the first of your girl-friends,  
as the first-born of your light.

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Liza Sud

## To Borechka 6

Today I dreamed of you:  
We were arguing at the board.  
It was soft as the notes flee:  
Tchaikovsky's Valse de salon.

And our speeches intertwined,  
And it was unclear whose  
feelings were there combined,  
But it was merged: mine and yours.

It is not said in life like that,  
Where everything is disconnected.  
You went to your homeland,  
To movie that was domestic.

You were serious and precise,  
And with your tongue a markman  
was playing the verse of mine  
In heaven's simple couplet.

Oh, I will not forget you.  
your visit was like music.  
That evening calmed contention  
of all the revolutions.

Liza Sud

# To Dance For Me Cancan

I ask you now to dance for me Cancan.  
what for don't you belong to me?  
in poems you approach with fear,  
but then away from me you run and run.

The regal flower has blossomed between us,  
and the right place for it - is in the best zoo,  
between unusual animals and plants,  
where the whole world becomes for us a present.

and it has never stopped to be like this,  
it's only people who stopped to be saints,  
and the whole world has fallen down with them  
into the dark with sadness and distress.

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Liza Sud

# To Embrace

Someone should embrace someone  
understand and forgive forever  
Autumn lights the garden up  
gives in herself to any.

In sparkling love's farewell  
there is no grief and no sorrow  
And the cranes fly away -  
they'll find for new love - mooring.

And we who compassed the land,  
go to the universe spaces  
fire is burning at night  
echoing bright stars in heavens...

Liza Sud

# To Fedor Konyukhov, Blessing Of Waters

You are praying for blessing of waters,  
dedicating your feat to RC.  
And you want to build chapels and churches,  
and to cross ocean water on feet.

Above boat - you may see flying fishes,  
then again- all around is quiet.  
Ocean although is huge, but Pacificl,  
and waves with the sun caress the eye.

He'll forgive - you believe, though a sinner,  
He will not drown - He will let you go!  
You eat dry food, hot water is seething  
But you can never walk in a boat.

on the board a long sleep is forbidden -  
you should strictly adhere to a course.  
the sea has no cakes, no sweeties -  
Only Angel who's ruling, and oars.

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Liza Sud

# To Fondle

To fondle your legs, darling,  
and only in dreams to kiss.  
only you're worthy of my love.  
because you may bring me bliss.

I also don't want any violence.  
such dandelion like you!  
what for do we need grey callousness  
and men that are so rude!

What for if there is such a bliss  
of harmony of two souls,  
and excellence of poetry,  
and no one to disturb.

Together alone in a flat,  
where our secret tie in God,  
where people remind birds,  
end nothing to steel from earth.

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Liza Sud

# To Gergiev About Wagner

They insulted me and Wagner,  
at Mariinsky yesterday,  
there was no sound  
of Wagner's fire there.

Where are his fogs  
where his stone wall?  
only four ugly idols  
lie on the stage's floor.

Where is his greatness?  
scale of forces and wonders?  
wave of the exhortation  
from heaven angel's trumpets?

where is his seething abyss?  
where his lion's roar,  
mingling of the singing  
with tenderness that overflows?

Where is his light bird,  
alluring to soul, inside,  
even the violon solo  
is earthly, you cannot fly.

All the notes sound even.  
Just a musical fabric.  
why was he called 'primitive' -  
I understand now.

But he will sound primitive  
only if you play him like this.  
tone without asperity -  
How 'Onegin', your mother.

and I see Russian field  
rather than soul's sky.  
Such amount of pain,  
that I went home at nine!

intonations were spoiled,  
orchestra sounded dull.  
Singers sang with Russian softness,  
No claim to how they sang.

Claims are to you, Gergiev!  
Did you understand Wagner?  
and why, instead of good staging  
instead of fine - you show ugly?

What do you bring to people?  
It's disgusting to look at this show.  
I'll say 'Thank you' only to Internet:  
And will listen to him at home.

For money - I have no pity:  
As charity - let it be so.  
But you are playing for children,  
and Wagner is not an idiot.

He might be offended from heaven,  
In yesterday play - it was NOT him!  
I always merge with him easily,  
yesterday - there was no contact!

Wagner is my happiness,  
symbol of heavenly love.  
I want you to play him right, cause  
'Excuse me' - is not enough.

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Liza Sud

# To Get For Poems

And if they asked me: what I wanted  
to get for poems - to excite  
or like saint Laitman - to unwind?  
then I would answer - to give flight

and never to make person fall down,  
never to make person return  
in any form to earthly body,  
but to the upward heavens flow!

And if they asked: if I aspired  
that after reading me - they would  
call ME their beloved, desired darling -  
I'll answer: No, I don't want, not should

put just MYSELF on this high purpose  
of what saint poetry should hide,  
should lead to God, and HIS love open,  
Teach only HIS love to desire!

Liza Sud

## To Gorky. From Balmont

You threw a stone into the face of your own people  
And treacherously you by your criminal hand  
shifted your own sin on shoulders of the peasants,  
By your accomplices vault's stones were undermined.

Liza Sud

# To Ioann Krestyankin 2

To Ioann Krestyankin

It was the happiest dream,  
Dream of my dreams, or even higher.  
It was when Ioann came in,  
As to his Pskov Caves tabernacle.

And you see a metal alloy,  
But not a person soft and gentle,  
Whose wanderings in empty worlds  
Became century's epidemic,

They do not blink in their lands,  
Because blinking is time of locals,  
He only has rays in his eyes,  
That are sliding along the objects.

When it happens he raises them -  
in response to the rays - from Heaven  
Flows a new stream of love, by saint  
Light all his vertex inundating.

It was the happiest dream,  
Saying: here we have - a little  
part of what we all may receive  
above sorrow in holy sweetness!

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Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# To Ioann Krestyankin 4

The Church of the Earth juggles,  
Heavenly - wants to make friends.  
John Krestyankin will manage,  
will swallow evil and bless.

The earthly church is near,  
Heavenly is far away,  
But it comes to you quickly,  
super-easy, direct.

The earthly church is nearby:  
is made of solid bricks,  
Around Heavenly - no timber,  
If you want now - please come in.

The Church of the Earth is a prose,  
Heavenly - as poet's style:  
images seem as earthly -  
But are blooms from the sky.

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Liza Sud

# To Ioann Krestyankin 9

To Ioann Krestyankin 9

Ah, Ioann Krestyankin.  
I see you with a red rose,  
and more strong than the tanks are  
Heavenly threatens of love.

Ah, Ioann Krestyankin.  
symbol of this year,  
the Seventinth - as crisis -  
this figure to our people.

Ah, Ioann Krestyankin.  
I can't forget your vision  
you are an angel speaking,  
gold stature - apparition

Ah, Ioann Krestyankin.  
The Pskov Caves Holy Father  
Heaven's loudspeaking trumpet  
shines like embracing shackles.

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Liza Sud

## To ky. He Turns Away From Happiness,

He turns away from happiness,  
He goes with a proud head.  
Many consider it madness -  
to lose what is easy to gain.

And only the wise of Kabbalah  
may call it a powerful screen  
or the cutback of desire -  
on any of your wish.

That is the main purpose -  
to please only our God,  
Because when you please Him - all is  
yours, you like Him become,

His face is serious, severe.  
The road is firm with stones,  
and the further he goes - the more clear  
is his bilingual voice.

He aquired it by accident.  
called it a shattered dream,  
And only the wise Laitman  
exactly explained it,

made it a strong growth system  
of your energy way  
that you put towards mystic  
and miraculoius flame.

that you push as a flow  
into the yellow sky.  
and the wider it grows -  
the more firmer the ride.

For an airy bowl  
marriage is a disgust,  
He is full of a flow  
the sun is pouring from high.

He goes in a black coat.  
to the ball of the sun,  
Evening is quiet and lonely.  
Soul is pure and right.

For an airy bowl  
marriage is a disgust,  
turning into a stone  
of material dust,

losing of verbal power,  
losing for just one day,  
Animals are fo marriage,  
Humans are for saint way!

Liza Sud

## To John Krestyankin 6

There are such saints - as a ray,  
And their white light is like a carpet,  
And they prolong their way  
carelessly-towards highlands.

They are not believed by those who,  
cannot jump on the ground.  
And not a step back you may do  
since you are in their hands.

You can tell them: you are an eagle,  
carrying a baby in your teeth,  
but because it is high - it is easy,  
And they will not be knocked down from cliffs.

Paradise is - their transformation,  
metamorphosis - is their role,  
from them the spring is germinating,  
And the earth is raised to a rose.

Milky way moves its living by them,  
Planetarium - for them - longs.  
Their clothes are - metaphors,  
Light that's hidden behind the words.

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Liza Sud

# To John Krestyankin 5

In zero-gravity of spaces-souls  
Our lives are - labyrinths,  
Where from round every corner -  
watch only saints with nimbus.

And we were lied to in all bad movies  
About a lot of guns,  
After the death with a crystal bottom  
We will be born again.

We will be plunging into this dream, as  
in the morning, mist, air,  
There is nothing more delicate than  
God, your tenderest plaything.

Why no movie will ever show,  
How much happiness - behind the grave,  
behind a mirror to the next world there's -  
A new world and new power, strength.

They appeared to me in a dream,  
in the day light arose,  
turned - to leave this memory here -  
into the fixed, verse.

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Liza Sud

# To John Krestyankin 7

To John Krestyankin 7

You are the pillar of the white light,  
heavenly gates sparks,  
The world where the sky is all around,  
And where it's so easy to stand.

Heaven that is spreading,  
you are - the tenderest clouds,  
which to children, like snowflakes,  
by their play blind an eye.

You are a breath-eternity,  
Citizen of two states:  
heavenly and earthly,  
You are showing them.

And their coexistence -  
is the parallel worlds,  
And stronger than the kisses  
Is this Christ with His blow.

Stretch your hand to the right side,  
do not be afraid - go,  
Next to you, in you - power,  
Where the Kings turn small.

It is two halves of One Church  
Coexist here in joint,  
Swing to your skies and flapping,  
multidimensional cross.

This is Ivan Krestyankin  
who opened the worlds' abyss,  
where as white as a carpet  
Endless holiness sleeps.

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# To John Krestyankin 8

To John Krestyankin 8

The Great Sun appeared to me,  
bringing me closer to itself.  
From the Pskov's Caves Monastery  
He was passing through Russian state.

Memory will be kept after blow,  
If it were not an oblivion sin,  
So that the Sun could approach -  
One must practice in good deeds.

Holy clothes are created,  
To withstand the Doom of the Judge,  
It's scary and it's so gentle,  
Just have to move on all the time.

The holy labour is somehow -  
As a birth - not a frequent success,  
But you will fly up, dying of love,  
leaving a sin that deserved contempt.

The Sun will be supporting you always,  
But not often will show his front.  
And together you'll weave saint clothes,  
So that to wear them in Paradise.

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Liza Sud

# To Joseph Brodsky

When you received the Nobel Prize,  
You looked as if you handed it.  
And I thought then, that poets love  
All people no regard of seat.

Such are the saints - as if there were  
people much better than themselves.  
So paradoxical it goes.  
Lord in humility - exalts.

Liza Sud

# To Joseph Brodsky 22.05.15

how many tedious longueurs in this voice,  
how many far and clear letters.  
excitedly he utters words,  
among his burr ornateness.

Then finally I will give up  
from all of my high verbal pretensions.  
And slowly in vibrations I will tuck  
of his own hearty deep - and world's - confessions.

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Liza Sud

## To Joseph Brodsky 23.11.15

You hear my comments, Joseph,  
Of course you hear.  
You are my brother by blood,  
By the Russian language.

I miss you so much –  
As all things that I have here.  
And you are the amalgam  
That I'm always scratching.

Liza Sud

# To Joseph Brodsky.29.06.2016

My one and only addressee -  
So far away that I can't see  
What for do I write poems? -  
To be like you, Iosif.

You are so colossal and great,  
Above two countries, the whole world!  
A prophet of the better day.  
Your poems are cold and hot!

Indignant, serious, no jokes.  
Only the all- perceiving thought!  
In eyes - the light's refreshing ray/  
I value you so much today!

My favorite oxymoron.  
I feel it now as years ago.  
And through the screen - the wall of glass -  
Eternity stuns between us.

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Liza Sud

# To Jupiter, King Of Planets

Jupiter came to Libra  
on the 9th of September.  
And sapphire appeared  
to me, burning to fibril.

Is it the blue fire  
of aurora polaris?  
it is my cold blood -  
giant in frozen statue.

It is spinning more fast  
than small baby- the earth,  
and of its magnet fields  
you may hear the voice.

There's diamonds' rain.  
And in shadow there is  
more warmth than out of shade  
because Jupiter heats.

Maybe that's why by people  
He is valled planets' king.  
The sun will move to him  
through millions of years.

Then Water will appear  
giving the birth to Life,  
and now I was here  
watching you, my Sapphire!

Our ocean will boil -  
civilizations' crush,  
Where will be sparkles of soul? -  
Maybe in Your lands.

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Liza Sud

# To Laitman

I always was surrounded by silence.  
and even Brodsky was in silence, deep.  
and suddenly here you appeared, Laitman!  
and the whole world now freely speaks to me!

And now every speck of dust is talking,  
that everything is full of You, My Lord!  
It has become a lightful dust - from dirty.  
as if the dust became the holy goast!

And I am shocked, I really don't catch,  
what did he say, how could explain all that?  
that all around now is full of love,  
And me myself with Love became as one?

and the whole world is carrying me at hands,  
that and the same world - now has changed its rating.  
He only said, the world is - inside us!  
and inside me - all are the saints already!

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Liza Sud

# To Laitman. Happy Birthday 31 Aug 2016

Laitman was sitting in Saint Peter,  
student, with burning eyes.  
difficult life of a boy from Vitebsk,  
city of Mark Shagall.

Dreaming of medicine to make life easy,  
unity of the cells,  
cyber-ideas, and engineering -  
and wish to emigrate.

Went on excursion with other students -  
witnesss of hard childbirth,  
shocked by the hardships that face a woman,  
growth of respect to her.

Laitman was sitting and drinking coffee  
in modest dark caffee.  
Dreaming to become famous professor  
and educate the men.

Playing the piano, he made proposal:  
The Jews don't live alone.  
During his life he kept a promise  
and remained faithful one,

Married a woman he didn't love much,  
ready to emigrate,  
Problems with visa, bought in Lithuania,  
and - at last - Israel!

Studying the language, the birth of children,  
working in the Sky Force,  
And disappointment in all religions,  
routine of Synagogue.

An inner crisis and deep despair  
when he was 35.  
Finding Rabash - as the guide from Heaven,  
opening Kabbalah!

Studying by Rabash and bringing students,  
reading a lot of books,  
writing materials on Altruism  
making his own course.

Nourishing his style, translates to Russian  
Wisdom of Kabbalah.  
Rabbis are all radiant and happy -  
his sorrow passes by.

What is more radiant than Michael Laitman  
in modern selfish world?  
What is more pleasant in style, refined - Oh! -  
Light in his every word!

Flowing on his words - the streams of high love,  
opening of high worlds,  
and invocation of the high powers,  
helping to rule this world.

Such an attention to every student,  
problems he looks inside,  
and if your question is even stupid -  
he will put you so high!

He is so humble: 'I am the worst but  
there is Loving Light,  
and our aim is in common merging  
only when we unite! '

Light's what is playing, Light's what is ruling.  
There is ONLY Light.  
Nothing but Him in this world - be sure.  
we are - just shells of Light,

Thank you for opening Light's gradation!  
You are explaining this!  
You are like inside my revelation -  
my sacred sanctity.

That is what makes us really close -

close - that's the last straw!  
All of us equal - and the Love flows  
because there's One God's source.

And you speak Russian, you're even Soviet -  
in the best of this name -  
Love to all nations was our motion  
though at home - a jail.

You took the best of it - or the Rabbis  
influenced so your mind -  
that you became the most radiant Rabbi  
to me in modern time!

They asked him about pride, the sinful -  
His smile was kind and mild:  
'Still not Messiah of 7 billions -  
What do I have for pride? '.

I was possessed by one lustful passion -  
And I have missed your day!  
Passion has passed like some stern discussion -  
but the true love remained!

Liza Sud

# To Lenin

It is Love forever, and not the worn softness of sofa,  
Cruelty of stubbornness rather than unending lies.  
Wagnerian in his eternal Tristan and Isolde,  
where you go straight on the road and can not move aside.

The tatters burn down with softness of sunsets in forests,  
and people like boulders are frozen among yellowness,  
my mind overflowed by the springs of your thundrbolt rolls,  
from snow in dream and occasional smiles on your face.

Where the words will come - there will also be the New Kingdom,  
I hear it so sharp as if The New world has begun,  
and the NEP and love requisition sank into oblivion  
and the confrontation of foes, as your own home front.

And plenty of stories - they are the headwaters of your soul -  
into something really holy they finally merged,  
And he lives forever in heart, who, like exile, eternal,  
from alien Switzerland returned home where there is frost.

And were it you whom Dostoevsky predicted as Myshkin?  
You also returned just like him and you hated all wrong,  
And as if the Heavens were opened - you gave to the people  
way to equal rights, for all those to whom This Way was known.

And the Church was wrong, that It did not accept your ideas.  
The Church is responsible for even one diamond.  
And something was really broken for so many years  
if to hand out even one diamond the Church could not

And if John of Kronstadt in our Church is exception,  
is it not a shame to protect all the stolen Church stuff?  
I believe in God and in Church, but if it's fallen angel -  
she really had to go suffer for so many lies.

Your sincere look - it pierces hundred years generations.  
And even till now, you were strong, because you were so right!  
After all, God's Kingdom on earth that's what Lenin created!  
And his fame still shines without tarnish in our minds!



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Liza Sud

## To Lenin 2

The prophet of Christian Heaven.  
whole country - a monastery,  
where all believe in the May Day,  
and rally together on it!

In Zagorsk near the blue church,  
where you're standing cast in gold, -  
the symbol of Russian honor  
with your hand raised up so bold.

You were fighting for the justice,  
and sneaky capitalism  
was turned by you to destruction  
when you uses a cataclysm.

You made Union of Republics,  
state plan of electrification,  
and image of wonderful childhood  
became an October genius.

Yes, you laid the foundation  
for the city of Socialism,  
and Christians who are faithful -  
are only your lightning's beams!

And the best songs of all the nations  
are those that October wrote!  
their melodies are so native,  
the world is a common home!

And down with the war of Capitals  
you handed all out - to all,  
And there was no one left,  
and each one was waited for!

Will it be like this in heaven?  
Where only those may come in,  
who understood Christ's idea  
and then could embody it.

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Liza Sud

## To Lenin 22.04.2017

It is not Spring has blossomed behind the world scenes of decline,  
It's Ilyich who was born, as to all poor peasants - a prize.  
He did not bring to workers the birch-rods, nor bayonet, blades,  
But idea of brotherhood in supergenius brain.

He was talking about the folly of colonies, sad,  
Inequality of evil, liberty to any blood.  
painted totemic letters from the Indians to the Congress,  
their brave leader, already from childhood so striving for progress.

Was at the student's rally, from the first course after expelled.  
And eleven times asked for permission but still couldn't get,  
But he was not allowed to live in the cities of progress,  
He was shut in Samara, where he met the faces of workers.

And in Shushenskoye - he lived in simple village, not Palace,  
In the Church - as expected - just once in his life went in marriage.  
always asked for new money, and always was gone into hiding  
From police that was tough, and he wandered for rented apartments.

But of course we can't tell that his life for him did not work out.  
There he walked through the hills, where Switzerland was quietly fogging,  
And he could have become a good lawyer for thieves or for drunkards,  
But he disguised himself as a German and Swedish-outlanders.

He had interesting life, great detective stories are not tougher,  
Neither illegal homes, nor exile could ever break him down.  
The Destroyer and the new Empire's a novel creator,  
Until now, you lie as a conscience denominator.

It was you not the kings to whom crowds were drawn, for some reason.  
without bulletproof vest in a cloak, you became friend of people,  
And you led them, as a curly-haired boy when you played in childhood,  
in America saved hungry Indians, a small outlander.

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# To Lenin On Birthday

On the background of the red banner  
He is sitting In Gorki, and his appearance as a flag.  
We did not need anyone,  
In the USSR he was raising us up.

How many bright temples for him  
have been built in a monolith,  
Monuments, fences to it,  
Like for churches with breath like granite.

There was no repentance,  
Only the Truth there was,  
Brotherhood and sincere  
string of the universe.

Because the great Lenin  
Knew what a man should be:  
Kind and frank, Sacrificing  
himself for the good of people.

Light is in his appearance  
He taught us sunshine since morning,  
From pioneer corners  
faithful children played bugles.

Who has destroyed all this?  
Who taught us gombeen and usury to respect?  
We needed Communism,  
As a symbol of life and more - like the life itself.

Nothing of this remained.  
Someone dared with an invisible hand.  
And backwardness came  
Moral, and greedy, for money dough.

This is the great Lenin  
who taught the Central Bank to serve its own land,  
victory over selfishness,  
and moral ideal.

So you look at it -  
He is inspiring confidence and peace.  
In his pose is victory,  
Lenin, in my heart you really forever live!

No leader approached to this even nearly  
just a step,  
And the holy followers of religion too  
are a hundredfold less.

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Liza Sud

# To London Station I Have Come,

To London station I have come,  
and cried for a long time,  
oh Russia, you my native land,  
how low is your decline...

I looked around and recognized  
buildings, roads, faces, people,  
Can it be true in the past life  
and happiness is real...

Here stones and moss, gardens and parks  
to me so clearly talk,  
the space by kins here buzzes, hums..  
Russia, at last you go..

Passed like a dream so bad and hard,  
as harbinger of hell,  
and as a slave, I kiss my shackles  
and throw myself away!

Liza Sud

## To Mandelstam

Your whole life – for Heaven condemnation.  
And such a dizzy you possessed a Gift.  
And from a distance you made fun on Cesar.  
And he people like you at dark nights killed.

But force of rhyme may melt the power of evil.  
Makes no sense to shoot in Jewish Flamm.  
The soul immortal is in people.  
It is impossible to murder Mandelstam.

From ringing flocks of melodies and trilling  
The souls spreads up and flies into the sky.  
And Mandelstam was also not from here.  
He also is intangibile like height.

Liza Sud

## To Nick

You gave us explanations on Fixed assets  
For so long and for so many times –  
I Thank you for your engineering practice,  
For patience and the brilliance of mind!

Liza Sud

## To Nikita Mikhalkov 70

Although Paratov is a scoundrel,  
But women love him very much:  
A guy tormented by a passion -  
eternal beagle runs through life!

'Oblomov', 'At home among strangers...':  
the sun is tireless, not burnt;  
the knives of critics are sharp, edgy,  
But Maitre still lives and film goes on!

Liza Sud

# To Pick Up A Girl

I come to pick up, take away, perpetuate,  
if not forever, but at least one evening  
or half a night, but I will take your dear,  
without permission - I'll take her away!

not to engage in shameful fornication -  
To read a book in dusty library.  
I want to make of her an angel -  
friend in eternity. and here we must - read!

Liza Sud

# To Pushkin, With Love

I wanted to kiss a girl,  
but suddenly opened Pushkin,  
and all his letters' long dashes  
destroyed all the spell of hers.

They upifted and spun me,  
those lines that I listened to -  
and Pushkin nickered and laughed,  
and into my soul he looked.

And he unraveled my soul,  
painted, sung without a murmur,  
and over slopes she soared  
and she flew round the corners.

He loved her, like a diamond,  
and he took her in essence, sanctity,  
out of happiness of such love -  
as a shower rain she began to cry,

with delight and with tender sentiment.  
And I heard his humor and laughter.  
Even his voice - he sang so kindly,  
with an adjective and a predicate.

Though with humor - he's always godly,  
because Pushkin takes people as they are,  
because as they are - they are all like gods,  
of their good and bad - all is known here.

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## To Roberto Paternostro

Genius musicians listen to music with heart, not words  
Of history. He did what he heard was right.  
He played great music in the house of its Owner.  
And for this - his wages by Israeli Knesset were cut.

Stranger in Israel now, as well as Austria,  
If only you were not there broken!  
But the soul soared up when it heard the orchestra -  
Such an act would never have been forgotten!

I've read Brodsky so often while Wagner listening.  
And I know so well this explosive mixture.  
And whenever you were out of every place driven -  
You'll find home in Russia - as God's beloved creature.

This could only say you, Paternostro, as true musician.  
'God, Our Father' Jesus said to the Jews, but - was crucified.  
I condemn camps and nazism, and evil - is meaningless.  
But complete disregard of great music by jews - is foolish.

Liza Sud

# To Russia Comes Young Daniella. From Michael Vasilkov

Be strong, my soul! Hold on, much tighter, body!  
A Virgo comes from the Varangian heights to Russia -  
It is capricious young girl Daniella.  
with the North countries she's completely fed up,  
Where every year it's always the same.  
She goes to get acquainted with Ivan,  
Is ready to share with him Russian bed,  
To become even more strong and more young.

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13.01.2016

Liza Sud

# To Saint Ioann Kronstadt

Why do you tell him, that he is the best, why? –

It is a lie.

Better can be only Saint Ioann,

As a person who war with a sin always by Christ won.

Everyone can be the best in something. –

It is a human view. Right is the view of Buddha.

What makes the best -is when a soul is righteous.

All the best are the same in their godly likeness.

Liza Sud

# To Saint Ioann Of Kronstadt

Dear Joseph, you were a commander,  
It were you whose English I loved so,  
Even when I met you in Wonder  
it was not a stop-down case.

Well, of course, John puts all us down.  
Well, of course, John is all around.  
He's my smile, my eternal ground,  
My excuse, my rebirth, my grace.

Liza Sud

# To Saint John Of Kronstadt

Always only your portraits to see.  
To admire you – never enough,  
In your sanctity always to swim,  
To forget that death happens sometimes.

You're immortal and living with us,  
If I call –you will come right away,  
You lead me as unchangeable star  
«Happy Eucharist» is the star's name.

Liza Sud

# To Sapphire

I don't see any Minnesota,  
I don't see USA or Russia.  
I see the light of dazzling morcels -  
of one eternal-wise Sapphire.

It's may be the Atlantic ocean  
stood vertical and froze between us,  
and all the depth of his emotions  
has calmed me, plunging. wept all tears.

He's calming down, He's caressing,  
it is the whole world He's addressing,  
Like all our ancestors, like Mother,  
the ever-living loving Father.

He's two in one, and undevided,  
It's dark and light, their pride of sparkling,  
Envy of angels all adore,  
because repeat Him - you may not.

He takes away the thoughts of body,  
instils the air, inflates you higher,  
Breathes in you sweet light of truth,  
grey, tender, white, like Milky glue.

It is the meaning of my childhood,  
that resurrects through the spiteful,  
I don't need anyone around  
except this Gem healing all wound.

Liza Sud

# To Save You. For M.

If in Haifa there is war and fires,  
people evacuated, they say- it's arabs.  
then in case of war - you are always welcome  
to my open door, without secret entries.

Oh don't go to your family in Canada.  
What awaits you there - is ugly reality.  
Come to me - to your fair part - in Russia,  
to sit on my roof higher than any passion!

I have two divans, but I'll take half-sofa,  
it will be mine, second half - at your side.  
The first time in life - I will not regret it -  
I will feel the light, inconvenience fetters.

I will feel as if it was just my right side -  
and the calm you'll bring - it will make us happy.  
I know you want more - every soul's salvation.  
Any evil door - conquers gravitation.

You said: it is war, I'm afraid to lose you.  
Because you were - Rav, everyday to choose me.  
so please call today. My skype -.  
Tell me how you are, dear Michael Laitman.

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Liza Sud

# To Shelly. From K. Balmont

My best of brothers, my light genius,  
I've merged with you into the one.  
The same chain of torments between us,  
Always of heavenly dilusions  
The same link radiantly shines.

And just as you, I love tha flatlands  
Of the unbound sea that wails,  
And I, with the soul of androgyne  
softer than lily of the vale,  
Live like a shade among the men.

And I, like lightning, bred by cloud,  
I'm shining in the flash of gold;  
melodious chord opens to me,  
of the undying melody -  
that everlasting Beauty shows.

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Liza Sud

# To Support Isinbayeva

Why do poets keep silence,  
in Russia, and throughout the world?  
where is their bilingual talent?  
After Brodsky all of them froze?

If for all in the high jump  
Isinbayeva is the best -  
Even taking a drug on chest,  
You can never repeat that.

And you can never cross the ocean  
like our Konyukhov, with a ton,  
with a ton of enhancing doping,  
cause his rows are spiritual.

Undershot - it is not a tragedy,  
not allowed - the weakness of cravens.  
But the truth - it is always sprouting,  
and your work is assessed by heavens!

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Liza Sud

## To Sveta

Again Nevsky Dostoevsky... -  
You will say - it's not to me?  
Don Juans and Mono Lisas -  
hold myself in check - you mean?

By a red bird, by a blue bird -  
Want to be with God a peer?  
by the naked tits on your page -  
want to conquer Him in me?

Or just want to visit Piter?  
I may say, the town is - boo.  
To your Jubilee - best wishes!  
And God's Kingdom is - in you!

Liza Sud

# To Sveta Babetta

Your forces are so various:  
You throw at me a question.  
But I will rape you anyway,  
And noone will pay attention!

How you are throwing ideas:  
Here is one - there is another.  
And everything is filled with meanings,  
As the air flowing around me.

You are light, like a butterfly,  
Sweet Sveta Babetta.  
Emotions, walls, little straps,  
And now you are already naked.

Forgiveness, the cosmic space,  
the planet is coming, leaving.  
And tender hugs and embrace  
of Sveta Babetta submissive.

Every night there is inflorescence  
of her picture, so warm,  
Touch of a Genius -  
is much sweeter than earthly force.

I did not have enough pride,  
To break into you.  
But you remained a cloud,  
And I can never part from you.

I'll find for you Mayakovsky,  
cross you with Pelevin over Moscow.  
But your happiness from Brodsky  
is measured by My measure only.

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Liza Sud

# To The Alexandrov Choir

To The Alexandrov Choir

It is difficult to cope with this loss.  
It is difficult to go through this trouble.  
And to justify 'time is for all':  
Time for reigning and time for lying.

Hard to handle in Christian way,  
that God is behind this tragic death.  
and the salty sea by a great shock  
has come out in tears of human shores.

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Liza Sud

# To The Archimandrite Ioann Krestyankin

Today I was so happy in the morning!  
I had a dream that was suffused with love.  
In it there was the Will and glance's glow -  
John the Archimandrite arrived to us.

He was alone, available for asking,  
And there was no rush, as often comes.  
He was as strong as steel, and he was tireless,  
gave answers super-intellectual.

His answers were amazing and nontrivial,  
Not common'truths', wiped to smudges and holes,  
And not quotations 'to the place', 'in season', -  
A host of sparks, that suddenly explodes.

Where Laitman - there're cells that did not come true,  
Where there ware goals - there is the Golden Source,  
It was intelligence, rather than kindness,  
And like the sun, with mild rays, he has warmed.

He was not gray, but his hair was black there,  
voice as a ray, so fast and swift, inside,  
inside the soul, like human voices can not,  
When they are in the flesh of bodies clad.

And this angel was stronger than the Iron,  
He was eternal, as a bar of gold,  
as on the screen of 'Devils', in my town  
All sceneries played an endearing role.

And to the matt of heavenly expanses  
The great March was flung wide, like mercury,  
For detached body - ego in contraction -  
Through dream of love a new way was revealed!

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Liza Sud

# To The Beloved Man

I am just a little shrimp on your shoulder.  
You will come to me to Karelia in September.  
You will come for a birthday or just like that.  
And I will be as a little girl in your arms.

Oh, in your arms I will be a little girl.  
Because you are more than a train, for you are a giant.  
And you are longer than time, you are my over-life.  
Everything holds on you, that's why - hold on!

I'll trust you, like leaves - to the golden winds.  
You revealed to me the truth that a man is there,  
In heavens, where a cloud is. And he knows all.  
You are near, even when you are far. You are my God.

For omnipotent motherland - you're as an all-powerful shah.  
And trustfulness is always on your lips.  
It's good to be near, on earth, with God.  
And by a simple small road you come - to me.

Liza Sud

# To The Far Native. From Balmont

I'm alien to all your discourse:  
'Christ, ' 'Antichrist', 'Devil' and'God'.  
I am a gentle cooling hoarfrost,  
I breeze a barely audible sigh.

I'm alien to your exclamation:  
'Love darkness, ' 'Let us love the sin.'  
I cause to all excruciation,  
But my bright laughter is so free.

You are so cruel - in your thinking,  
You are so fierce - in your words,  
I have to be spontaneous genius,  
I'm in myself - fear and joy.

You pour dividing, pour uniting,  
Before you reach the jist of life.  
But you will never find it out -  
How undevided whole I am.

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Liza Sud

# To The First Rape

He touched me in bus from a school camp,  
In kitchen he....ucked me in ass,  
He gave me to suck in armchair,  
He came when I washed in the bath.

He started it when I was nine years,  
He finished when I went away.  
And that's why I want no sex now  
That's why I despise every man.

Liza Sud

# To The Girl Playing Love Games. From Balmont

To the girl playing love games. From Balmont

There are kisses - as free as dreams  
Blissfully-bright, driving you mad.  
There are kisses - cold as snow sleet.  
There are kisses - as an insult.

Oh, there are kisses - given by force,  
Oh, kisses - given in name of revenge!  
how strange they are, and how they burn  
With flash of happiness and of distaste!

Run with awe quivering from state of frenzy,  
No measure to my dreams, and no name.  
I am strong - by will of my infatuation,  
I am strong by insolence and outrage!

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Liza Sud

# To The Navel

I'd like to have cigar, so tart,  
And made a token down to the navel,  
to sip a century Cognac,  
To understand that life is light,

If you remember all the holy,  
honor fresh feelings more than gold,  
And you, although you are not lonely,  
through centuries from heaven - love.

translation from YP

Liza Sud

# To The Rain

It was raining for three days, and I saw,  
That rain - he is my favorite weather.  
He is a strong and steadfast wall,  
the noise of love, standing in front of entrance.

His water is perpetual and warm.  
He's - the voices of life, giving them light.  
He moves around you so that to touch,  
As a best friend and God at the same time.

And I believe in rain, to trust in him -  
Much easier than trust in the mad sun.  
My mercury is softened by his fog.  
As a kind leader, sometimes he'll wake up.

His movement is inside the word 'expect'.  
And we all wait. Expectancy is blissful.  
As children long to learn about new ways,  
And the new world is in the wrists of Richter.

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Liza Sud

# To The Red Moon

The moon with golden hair  
colors her curls herself!  
reflections of bloody offenses,  
up to the clouds she hates.

Guitar strings chime to the ocean,  
drop their rhythms... A blue Screen  
will suck you into Day's whirlwind.  
Dear, appreciate me!

Liza Sud

# To Those Who Passed Early

So your path is completed  
very short on the earth,  
Mayakovsky Vladimir  
and Alexander Pushkin.

You look at life from there,  
as from the Last Judgement,  
and in such parallel eyesight  
the world is getting better.

That's how you need to live -  
life and death reconciled.  
There is only one lie -  
that all reward is there.

No, it 's already now-  
for God's commandments, sirs.  
Altruism - for His honor -  
Mirror of His garden.

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Liza Sud

# To Tscetaeva As A Poet

In love of yours, of equal greatness  
to poets, husband and your friends,  
like ray in streams of many faces  
which by a hand you can't attain,

Words can't be grappled by our body,  
the words are flowing inside,  
and only in a sincere transfer  
they live with the reader common life.

That's why a poet - out of body,  
and he belongs -only to words  
and he himself - is heaven's asset,  
and he can not betray his God.

That's why a poet is erratic,  
It's only God - he can't betray,  
and dictionary in his backpack  
has many arrows and effects.

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Liza Sud

# To Urania

Of two celestial Aphrodites  
I'll choose Urania,  
let paradoxically sound:  
But she is - Paschal!

Material children are not born,  
She is unmarried,  
but how much Light of life in Her,  
Light from the starting!

Alexandr Blok tried to choose Her,  
and 'To Urania' - the cycle by Brodsky,  
among these both divine roads -  
She is - more perfect.

With her the poet is not alone,  
he is caressed by light.  
someone with husband finds life OK,  
someone - without.

Tchaikovsky, Pushkin, for example,  
who suddenly breaks down -  
gets punished for this sin at once,  
and back to Her is coming.

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Liza Sud

# To Zhirinovsky

He buys in stores of our towns  
for citizens all that they asked.  
And who else travels through all Russia?  
goes openly, without fright?

he distributes in different shows  
500 rubles - to each boy!  
may be it's nothing, but although...  
the others - do not give at all!

He feeds for free in his youth center  
made a sport center for young men!  
his intellect - among the greatest!  
and from his speeches - you shake!

Liza Sud

# Today I Am Deaf And Dumb

Today I am deaf and dumb  
not a poet, just a meat!  
It happens to all of us,  
But inside - you want so to sing!

Something simply has bound hands  
Simply I feel bad from the morn.  
Simply God needs to make it so  
And to give a rest to his horses!

I don't want to become a stall!  
I will sing - how shitty is all!  
Will outline state of mind by the word  
And I'll find the way out for my soul!

I can not, I can not stop to sing I  
And I also can not stop to fly,  
it's because I have scored such a height,  
that to fold wings means simply - to die!

That's all. It has brought me some ease,  
And the forces have come to the breast -  
Don't be sad, friends, the flight will go on!  
By the song will awaken the world!

translation from YP

Liza Sud

# Today I Am Not Serious,

Today I am not serious,  
today is September the eithth.  
It's goggling like song of genius,  
a smiling and funny date!

Today I am not serious,  
don't make any clips or ties,  
Tomorrow you'll meet your millions  
in picture of fairy Prague!

Today I am not serious,  
Is serious any child?  
He knows nothing of the living cost,  
And God pays for all he has.

Liza Sud

# Today I Was Almost Sweating,

Today I was almost sweating,  
poems of one girl here reading -  
There touch this world, body -  
so gently and carefree, oh don't worry!

It was very and very carnal,  
seized my diaphragm and under  
no lust, no, just a human being,  
as the wordly garden from here.

It was very gentle - but I can not  
even understand this sound -  
and all these poems - about this world -  
Me in my face are slapping!

Liza Sud

# Today I Was Eating A Beetroot Salad

Today I was eating a beetroot salad  
with your sperm.  
You had such a great desire  
that just poured it on.

And I was eating eagerly  
at a breakfast morn.  
It was as am angelic miracle  
as if I returned

to the earth, from the air weightlessness  
to the shades of tastes,  
all my former life - for so many-many years  
was already blessed.

And you stood behind, weightless and transparent -  
I didn't see your face.  
But I felt you as cloud of many thoughts  
with your airy pace.

All experience was inreal.  
All was pure fantasy.  
I rememberd my earthly life so clearly:  
oil, potatos, mayonnaise.

You were kissing me on my left cheek, right cheek.  
and your strong embrace  
was so full of trust as my own mind's game  
and my own Grace.

I was feeding with this tasty beetroot salad  
your small son in me.  
And the part of you has dissolved in my blood  
coming right to him.

Why they say that incest is sinful  
in its open form.  
Almost every son in mom's gut has eaten  
his own father's sperm.

Was it a revenge to the small from my side?  
we are all combined.  
all the earthly elements and the flows of our mind -  
all belong to One,

with Whom we all are to blend, coalesce once  
as in vinegret \*,  
so eat any mix of earth-heaven's flavours  
And do not regret!

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Liza Sud

# Today I Was Playing Mozart,

Today I was playing Mozart,  
many from his sonatas.  
Bells, harpsichords, strings - awesome  
sounding of my Yamaha!

Genius are the Japan-  
ese ingeneers- musicians.  
I wonder - why there are still  
many who play acoustic?

Yamaha's sound is deeper,  
easy to play, and charming.  
I even say to people:  
That my beloved is - YAMAHA!

He is gentler and softer,  
than even my inner voice!  
and when I play it often-  
it seems - I hear God!

Liza Sud

# Today I'm 36

Today I'm thirty six.  
What for, my God, do I live?  
Less energy, health, less joy.  
Death' threshold, the Judgement of Yours.

I'm tired of walking near,  
I'm tired of fighting demons.  
I'm tired of this sad play,  
And I ask you to stop the Game!

Liza Sud

# Today It Is Transfiguration,

Today it is Transfiguration,  
And Tu be-Av in Israel.  
Today our Jesus shows ascension,  
And boys choose girls for ever-friends.

Today I hear no one but fairy-tale,  
Today's a very quiet day,  
upon my skin - it is so caring,  
as if all space took me again.

And I returned to what I'm missing,  
at last to God's and His big womb  
and I'm flying pure from sinning.  
in its fond sphere feeling so safe.

Liza Sud

# Today My Dream Was Better Than Awakening!

Today my dream was better than awakening!  
I hurried in your 'Happy birthday' day.  
I ran across the road quickly  
in front of the car of traffic police.

I ran to the park, ran along the slope,  
and suddenly I saw that someone haunts,  
It was a man in police uniform,  
who suddenly has stranded a black horse.

I ran to the school - lower by the slope,  
and for a long time I was walking there,  
along light yellow and green corridors,  
I looked at laughing children with much pleasure.

And I sat down with a group of girls,  
apparently it was an open lesson.  
and we made friends with tenderness on the spot,  
with one of them, for us it was so easy.

I was not listening to uninteresting lesson.  
we gently cuddled with that new girl friend.  
An I have missed that party celebrating,  
But the escape - acquaintance - and success!

And I was faintly whispering my poems,  
and she had no ideas and no questions.  
as if to her all was already known.  
and it was easy for us and - forever!

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Liza Sud

# Today We Kissed For A Long Time In Castle.

Today we kissed for a long time in castle.  
you were the first who started it so free.  
And your lips opened to me so subtly,  
when you yourself were lying over me.

And we were only kissing for a long time,  
then went along the windows in a pass.  
And the castle was lofty and enormous,  
and the wall stones were very black inside,

We walked in silence, and the days disclosed.  
outside the windows dreams in roses shone.  
and nothing was explained in dreams of roses,  
and not a single question there was posed,

We went in silence as the parts in one heart.  
as always, we pronounced not a word,  
there are no words in the Language of Sunday.  
it's only waves of Good by which He talks.

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Liza Sud

# Toy

All my poems are for you now  
And I want to become your toy.  
The part of your soul, your body.  
Submissive to any joy.

I don't want to judge you or swear  
But I want for you to relax.  
That's how soul should give in to pleasure  
And to any will of Saint God.

Why to feel any fright or pain here  
Where everything is for good.  
If he tears the body you wear  
He will give another one soon.

Liza Sud

# Transparent

You know, it may happen sometimes:  
you pass through me as if you were transparent,  
and thoughts from you like through the air are coming,  
and you and I are like two-headed angel.

As if from myself I were separated,  
this tender feeling in the chest, inside,  
this tender feeling to you overwhelms me,  
and I look at both us from the side.

All is so easy when view is not shielded.  
try in the hundreds such a friend to find!  
oh how you fight me, how you uplift me,  
and through the air force again to march.

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Liza Sud

# Tristan

No one will say that Tristan is a thief.  
And that it is a tragedy for Mark.  
But turned by music to ecstatic thrill  
Pay glory to musicians not to God.

Liza Sud

# Troika

Oh my winter, dear time,  
blizzard waving,  
Yes, with frost, and with the ice -  
souls of snakes there.

Prasing you I will cold out!  
Fall in love with fun,  
I will kindle Russian bath,  
By my beloved - spun!

Oh my winter, dear time,  
always warms my soul!  
Sweet in icicles, souls crunch,  
vodka on ice - oh!

Troika rushes like snowstorm!  
Thaw is calling me!  
Part and go away, the cold!  
Winter flighs to Spring!

translation from Alex S

Liza Sud

# Truth

There is nothing more beautiful and deep,  
There is nothing more pretty and more wise,  
And more courageous and better than Christ,  
And could not be. If it was even proved

by someone that Christ is outside the Truth  
and Truth is not in him, but outside Christ,  
and if it was really so - then I would  
have chosen not the Truth - but I'll remain with Christ.

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Liza Sud

# Trying To Save My Love,

Trying to save my love,  
I take pen of my dad.  
it will cut and will make  
the steel spearhead of my fate.

Blade, as ruthless as death,  
leaves a mark on forehead  
culprits of the past loss  
run as shadow on earth.

Sharpened metal, spin, twirl!  
Pierces the flesh, the wide-open.  
As if I torment her,  
and the cut slice I chop.

Thus let my precious feather  
be untouched by rust, pain,  
when the welcoming insides  
will take us to the vale.

translation from SST

Liza Sud

# Tsvetaeva - A Goddess

All the poets are like poets, but Tsvetaeva - a goddess,  
because she has set herself so.  
Did not kill herself - was forced to.  
because the sky - blue... A goddess.

All the poets are like poets, but Tsvetaeva - a goddess,  
because she loved all! where, whom and how she loved all?  
But she didn't like - the earthly, that is why her son did not see  
that her love as sky - blue, that his mother is - a goddess.

All the poets are like poets, but Tsvetaeva - a goddess,  
because the ray of love in her soul  
pierced all through the blue sky,  
and the frost of life has melted.

Only monk will ever learn it why Tsvetaeva is goddess,  
why she loved all, because monk himself - a small god,  
killed three times, and twice, and hundred  
times, as she in poems. Goddess!

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Liza Sud

# Tuck Soul In Shawl Of Poetry

Tuck soul in shawl of poetry, and let it become warm.  
It's August now, September's close, and heavy fills the sun.  
The clouds crawl across the sky, like through my own love,  
The color of your eyes so blue, that no more power I have.

Liza Sud

# Twice Born, From Balmont

## TWICE BORN

We are free birds, we are twice born,  
For life, and for the life that's living.  
We were in dark, from the Heavens enclosed,  
In silence, as in a circular prison.

We were in kind of sarcophagus ovality,  
All was the same, all was the same, the same.  
But voiceless sadness became stirred up suddenly,  
And so I live - and you live too - my friend.

We are the birds, twice born, intoxication,  
And we were given wings, were given wings.  
How terribly to dart in boundless failings,  
And how strange to look from the height's pitch.

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Liza Sud

# Two Abels

It can be so: two brothers Abels!  
and so should be on the earth,  
It is not only allegory  
about every human soul!

There is - earthly approximation,  
and there are celestial fruits,  
The second gives - God's revelation,  
Envy and dream - they come at first.

And it will be: faith above science,  
from past lives - sum of light, so warm,  
when you know - there are no sufferings -  
they don't exist here, they are not.

that they are only overcoming  
of all the wrong thoughts and ideas,  
they are for the purifying  
instead of suffering of people.

And that is why the saints are praying:  
Oh God, let my sufferings last  
don't let us be - contrary - healthy.  
but better by Your light - teach us!

It can be so: two brothers Abels!  
Two presidents of goodness kind,  
And that's the faith above awareness,  
And that's the light from heart of hearts.

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Liza Sud

# Two Faces Of Messiah

For me Joseph is a Messiah.  
Jesus of our time.  
The image of Son of the Father,  
That's how I understand.

If I wanted to hear  
real JESUS, HIS VOICE -  
it is Joseph, whom I hear,  
his baritone, nervous tone.

His drowning in emotions,  
the flow of sublime thoughts,  
his life full of the extorsions,  
all broken and all distort.

I was looking for Christ since childhood,  
Joseph was recognized at once.  
He's not an iconic actor -  
not the vision of sweet kind love -

But the image of Man who suffered:  
Gethemania, loneliness,  
when he was completely abandoned,  
still met Angel and remained blessed.

Went through courts for Word and inspections,  
And at 32 - the exile,  
it's like death and then - resurrection,  
when he started his new life.

When he cried under lonely ceiling,  
when he spat the new English words  
broke his tongue with too much saliva,  
but still serving the Loving Word.

He was alone in winter Venice,  
like really a poet-monk,  
where through the life's coldness and stiffness  
you feel his warm hand and God's Love.

Jews are waiting their Messiah  
every moment and every time.  
they are nourishing their kindness  
with the person who puts them high.

Such a person is in all nations.  
such a person comes to fulfill.  
It is Joseph who had this mission.  
It is Joseph who went through it.

He compared himself to Jesus,  
In December: you were the first.  
And not every one hears and sees it.  
That's the level he stood upon.

(Death was not tragedy for Jesus,  
he accepted it freely for us.  
So that we found no tragedy here -  
in this paradox earthly life) .

But of course there are higher levels,  
But in Russia of those times -  
it was him who served for the blessing,  
and for us swines he was enough.

And there is second part of Jesus -  
it is when He is Son of God -  
that's the image saint John is giving,  
that's the second, and pure part,

The two faces of Christ I found,  
The two faces - I met in life:  
Joseph Brodsky - the Son of Man and  
John of Kronstadt - the Son of God.

Son of Word, the updated Torah,  
Face of tragedy, Face of light.  
Unaccepted and the adored one,  
the two servants on threads from sky.

Maybe it should be seen vice versa:

It is Christ who's in everyone.  
But these two for me are more close  
to His image, His voice, His mind.

Liza Sud

## Two Jerks

You were a jerk, and I was a jerk,  
Both we were plunging in our common dirt,  
Equal to equal, and saint to a saint,  
Stay with you peers and no one to blame!

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# Two Lights Of Shabbat And Of Eucharist

I know that Jews have a much bigger Kli.  
And it is true that they are special.  
And freedom was given - to egoism  
to turn the Light or back to the Creator.

They are more strong in power to receive,  
The sin of Israel - that they did not become saints,  
and didn't give their Torah as a beam  
to other nations, but they were just hiding.

God gave Shabbat and left Shabbat for them,  
and showed Shabbat's light, taught them to receive it,  
but since they did not want to educate -  
The Lord Himself appeared by crucifixion.

And our holidays are just like theirs.  
Passover - Pesach, forty days of Fast.  
Shavuot became Trinity, but greater  
our bond with the earth and less Light.

God gave to them the Maximum of Light,  
but punished Israel for disobedience  
And our Messiah is Jesus Christ  
For their solution - the answer was given:

Destruction of the temple and exile.  
God said: 'You're free to wait for your messiah,  
as soon as he comes and you recognize-  
By spirit of My mouth I'll break you down. '

There is the Light of Shabbat, sweet Shabbat.  
and the dim light of Eucharist in Christ.  
although it's dimmer - God will exalt us  
and not the nation, where the light was bright.

Our light is dim because we are not given  
to raise up to rule over the world,  
but smaller vessels - to brims God will fill us -  
We also will be filled by Holy Word.



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Liza Sud

## Two Words

Dew is to you remained,  
viscous drops of the herbs  
braid is entwined with the earth,  
thrown up are his hands.

fate - in abyss a flight,  
by pure tear down  
waits in abyss someone  
the fall from life to life.

be the rainfall of a star,  
of the planets - side daughter,  
you on the photograph  
send me amute hello.

The coral bone - shines,  
emerald waves of song,  
Eyes-blue are the skies -  
stretching their hands in cross.

Liza Sud

# Under Bridges, Upon The Ladders.

Under Bridges, upon the Ladders.  
Never publish me in The Times.  
Who is worthy - the ones like Laitman,  
John of Kronstadt and saints like that.

You were filling me by that poem.  
If you wanted - you filled the gap.  
But I never wanted to show  
our friendship to anyone,

Not because they didn't deserve it,  
not because I am too shy.  
But because I am such a poet -  
just to say - and to let it fly.

I am writing - and then forgetting.  
It was ecstasy - but it went.  
And I'm not writing them for centuries -  
just for Ladder - Bridge and - myself.

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Liza Sud

# Under Dazzling Starry-Eyed Azure. From Balmont

Night-flower

Again and again they are streaming -  
the sonorous, sweet verses lines,  
Again vacillation of hinting,  
Again I look into sin's dark.

At dark night, when all's deafly sleeping,  
I walk to the garden barely heard,  
And under the rustle of a thicket  
With the beauty I lead a talk.

'My Beauty, do you really love me?  
If you do love, then please be mine. '  
'Oh you will destroy me, sweet honey  
Oh, pity me, my sweet beloved.'

The moment of fight mutual-tender,  
And hastily, audible sound of hearts,  
Invisible Light, light is endless -  
Oh, bliss! It is coming! At last!

In the gloom of night, that is black-eyed,  
in which many burning dreams. hide  
'Dear, dear, you are - cruel and savage'  
Do you need words to justify?

He who loves, perhaps is destroying,  
if he takes the thing he desires?  
He's only caressing and cooing,  
and pours honey for his sweetheart.

Is it not in dead of night darkness,  
Oh, there is beautiful bliss -  
Under dazzling starry-eyed azure  
the delicate flowers breathe?

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Liza Sud

# Under The Shroud Of Christ,

Under the shroud of Christ,  
lustreless-white and gray.  
I made a spiral flight  
by unfamiliar ways.

I hold the edge of shroud,  
I even don't see Him,  
He is so great - that Mountain  
Everest's like His foot's tip.

Comfort is in His shroud,  
sound of harmonious song,  
Love and delight abound,  
and I am so small!

Small near True Messiah -  
particle of His edge,  
Particle of Saint Body,  
small drop in Time and Space.

Liza Sud

# Under The Umbrella

he says to me: once it is over -  
then you have to forgive.  
and he is standing under the umbrella,  
and nimbus above him is lit.

Liza Sud

# Unendless And Speedy Flight

I don't like any communications:  
They disturb me from talk to God,  
They distract me from inner spaces,  
from unendless and speedy flight.

Liza Sud

# Unforgotten Christ

The meaning of C is Christ.  
And I'll take this letter also.  
It is between K and I.  
Only with Christ Ivan became - Kronstadt's,

That's how last name is formed.  
Our marriage is blessed by sky.  
And now I am totally yours.  
And I didn't forget Christ.

Liza Sud

# Unity

I thought there would be a castle  
in the garden of ours,  
Angel will not laugh at  
those who lost their guides.

I know, angels envy  
us - that such a dust  
(the light souls, but broken)  
suddenly will rise.

I was watching Laitman:  
he walked in the fields,  
and the shots slowed down  
with the music themes.

He is one, a pile on,  
he is in the vest.  
almost in the garden,  
where angel waits.

Look - now he rises  
on Moriv- the rock,  
everything sets right up  
to the only God.

Ruins - a far house -  
secret hides inside  
Israel- no castles,  
only souls' lights.

But these souls' glow  
we will join again-  
and receive the Ordinance -  
the world will be saint.

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Liza Sud

# Until It Has Become Open

Until it has become open  
in moving our souls back -  
His Immaculate Light, white,  
as for an innocent child.

But suddenly once I knew Him  
through veils of alien powers  
He entered, as if in Eucharist,  
became - me, and I'm always with Him now!

Liza Sud

# Various Clothing. From Balmont

On our body, on our body  
Clothes are different - one is black,  
Then it's grayer, and then it's scarlet -  
more red, more pallid, pale as snow white.

We will not hesitate in black clothes,  
We 'll put away our gray blind cover,  
with a red ribbon with the one patterned,  
We'll show the freshness of snow's light.

We'll be in vortices, in the highlights,  
We'll be more light at night than at day,  
In dressed in snow and glorified bodies  
Live happiness will burn like a flame.

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Liza Sud

# Verbleness. From K. Balmont

The nature of Russian has weary fondness,  
the unpronounced pain of concealed secret sadness,  
The hopelessness of grief, the muteness, the vastness,  
And cold heights that go far away in the distance.

You come at a dawn to the slope of the hillside -  
Over chilly river the cool smokes of fogs and  
There blackens the massive heal of the frozen sylvan,  
And heart hurts so awful, and heart feels no gladness.

The reeds have no motion. The sedge doesn't tremble.  
And deep silence reigns. And the verbleness of peace.  
And meadows are running away, far away there.  
In all there is tiredness - deafness, and dumbness.

Come in at the sunset, in fresh wave, the lattest,  
In the tepid wilderness of rustic gardens -  
The trees are so gloomy, and so strangely silent,  
And heart hurts so awful, and heart feels no gladness.

As if soul was asking of what it desired,  
And they hurt her though she didn't deserve it.  
And the heart is simple, but the heart is hardened,  
And hearts cries, cries, cries though it doesn't want to.

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Liza Sud

# Victoria Day

We will be thankful to all those  
Who saved the living here  
And made from Russia fascists go,  
And Russian speech we hear!

To our nation which has won  
By cost of her own kids,  
Saved Europe from its own harm  
And life is - free in it!

Liza Sud

# Victory Of Many Tears

Victory of many tears  
it's a holiday - on blood.  
many fates have disappeared,  
and did not live up to love.

Epaulets at cemetery -  
tombs in silence stare at us.  
'we are dead, and you are living' -  
they tell us by their glance.

We are - quiet, like all the prophets,  
you are - noisy, like school class.  
We have graduated from life  
but we see you from above.

we are in the light, feel easy.  
like a brink lies between us  
but you, too, will soon come here,  
probably in paradise!

Liza Sud

# Victory Over Devil

As exam in the traffic police  
you are passing with evil instructor,  
and he tells you: steer the wheels,  
and pretends he does not see a 'Stop' sign.

So the devil misleads people  
to an obviously wrong track,  
but you just need to uplift it:  
your desire to God, His Light.

You need to keep the commandments,  
and to lead yourself only to God  
And all that's against His willpower -  
is the darkness of devil and bad.

How much they need bodies of people,  
How much want to reign on the earth,  
but Christ above all of them will win.  
It is always good only with Lord!

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Liza Sud



# Virgin Parsifal

It's only virgin, who has power  
so many men to save for God,  
His weight among saints is enormous  
He is a temple full of unctuous.

And only Parsifal is able  
to go all temptations through,  
to resurrect the faith in people  
and their religion to renew!

Liza Sud

# Virtuality Is Unbreakable

Virtuality is unbreakable.  
There are oceans between us and woods.  
Why are you so intimate?  
Crying longing, and nervous gloom.

There are millions of walls between us,  
and they cannot be broken by words.  
it is easier to call Jesus  
and to find him in Eucharist bowl.

I wanted to be like Joseph,  
to play in his life, all through.  
But Joseph survived the Ocean -  
the Ocean of pain and Truth!

I saw only his poems -  
these quiet strong chef-d'oeuvre.  
God decided to show  
bottom grief. Thank you, God!

Really, why are you crying?  
Really, why are you sad?  
You were given what you aspired,  
God is not going to hide.

God is always true to His servants.  
All their dreams come true.  
Joseph was simply broken.  
And by poems glued.

Better to look from the flat earth,  
Than once to fly so high.  
Joseph, I hear your sadness,  
And I share it inside.

I got at last what I wanted! -  
Am I happy? - of course!  
The beat, Joseph, of YOUR heart  
with all its coldness and hoarfrost!

The rearside of your bilinguality,  
this broken amalgam.  
I'm near you, Joseph's sanctity,  
by no one brilliantly loved.

It's like the Jesus' martyrs.  
Doesn't matter what is the cost -  
They just wanted to be like You,  
even at Your Cross.

Liza Sud

# Vladimir Ilyich Lenin! From Poet Leonid Artgolts

Mounds of Russia sleep, but memory does not sleep,  
And the people's conscience of obscuration  
has no fear, but the truth with holiness esteems  
This Great name of - LENIN!

Let them whine and growl saliva  
our ancestors memory's the defilers!  
Mausoleum is Glorious Symbol! Native Country  
was restored by Lenin from the ashes!

Our Glory is history! Wisdom of the ages!  
the Creator of the Power - He is eternal.  
Growing up we were free from the bank's shackles,  
And for us the symbol of truth is perfect!

Years will pass quietly, you will stay here:  
In our heart, in the Square! And as a shade  
the enemies' alien arrogance will disappear,  
We will keep LENIN - this good name!

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Liza Sud

# Vodolei Leta

Tell your husband- you've got a new family  
And you go to live to Piter,  
You will be a superstar here,  
Fans will ran after you with fleetness.

Piano will write in the sky.  
Cloud with answer-veto –  
Winter-spring-summer-autumn circular stamp:  
I love you, Vodolei leta!

Liza Sud

# Wagner In Leipzig

I need theater to come in.  
using all my potention,  
with their 'show' and 'change the theme'  
editors put all my nerves in tention.

O Meierber! Paris!  
Grand Opers's triumph -  
you make me forget from bliss  
my Isolda unhappy.

By music all I will break,  
if only by poetry I'm failing,  
because I want do much to let  
German opera resurrecting!

Liza Sud

# Wagner In London

I need theater to come in.  
using all my potention,  
with their 'show' and 'change the theme'  
editors put all my nerves in tention.

O Meierber! Paris!  
Grand Opers's triumph -  
you make me forget from bliss  
my Isolda unhappy.

By music all I will break,  
if only by poetry I'm failing,  
because I want do much to let  
German opera resurrecting!

Liza Sud

# Wagner In Paris

Come to the scene to Rienzi, start to dance.  
Time has come for you to become bold.  
In the world ballet troupes - all of them among -  
in all the latest dances you'll be the first.

Viewers from every row roses will bring to you,  
and you will look at all of them with gladness,  
and I'll dismiss all the other dancers from my troupe -  
so that your top rank never could cause them sadness.

Liza Sud

# Wagner In Switzerland

You are a good singer,  
all the arias you are singing,  
May be even  
Isolda will be in Tristan.

If you are not ashamed -  
you may quarrel with Otto,  
And we may go, Matilde,  
to Brasil, if we really want to.

You are so kind,  
never in anything blame me,  
but on our sin to decide -  
that right you always gave me.

you are a married woman,  
more than that - a christian.  
and in this world of demons  
you are like alien citizen.

Liza Sud

# Wagner Is Always Alone

Wagner is always alone  
in all his characters,  
to the blue sea he goes  
where his long love guards.

By songs of Vesendonk  
Wagner preserves the prayer,  
and of these pure words  
you want to win the warfare.

People never betray,  
and sin will not appear,  
who told you that the spell  
ever was from the devil?

Liza Sud

# Wagner Is My Obsession!

Wagner is my obsession!  
Still he is, still he is, still he is.  
He lifts me out of depression!  
A strange mystery inside me!

Liza Sud

# Wagner Returns To Dresden

In Dresden I will come down  
and immediately I will start  
to play at the first German piano -  
rehearsal in native land.

And you will hear, silent,  
because you are so good.  
All will give no glances  
to us, blinded by the stew.

I will play right there at the station,  
how long - for the whole life -to wait? !  
Life is a presentation -  
then deliverance us from pain.

Liza Sud

# Wagner Walked In The Hills,

Wagner walked in the hills,  
But his new guide was deaf^  
Many people he killed,  
Throwing in cave to depth.

Wagner survived again,  
As at those duels – three!  
When the kind fortune gave  
Presents of life to him.

Liza Sud

# Wailing Wall

If in the world there were a very good teacher -  
I would kindly ask him to teach  
Barak Obama and Hillary Clinton  
that Wailing Wall is an Israel's print.

Three-year old child may know it, dear.  
Is it bad study or wish to rewrite  
history - or a destroying ambition  
to ruin everthing and all around?

They are upsetting such people like Laitman,  
they are upsetting historians, saints  
All that they bring to world - is a destruction:  
Lybia, Israel, Europe next.

Isn't that showing: we can decide everything?  
Isn't that spitting in the whole world's face? !  
isn't that really SHAME for UNESCO?  
Is there anyone who could explain?

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Liza Sud

# Waltzes

And Waltzes on the floors as slippery wind  
All race so long as you go on to live,  
with the short steps of centimeters of silk,  
reaching the bottom of the castle Eve.

Liza Sud

# Wanted To See An Angel

Wanted to see an angel –  
But you didn't match.  
You caught me in your net –  
I escaped from clutch.

My angel's heart is broken,  
Sings no more rhyme to you,  
And you remain unspoken  
To How do you do.

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Liza Sud

# We All Love God

We all love God - the highest of all sooths.  
And stretch to Him like to the heaven grass.  
It also dreams that sky is close to coppice  
And that to love the grass the heaven has.

Liza Sud

# We Are In God, In Perfectness,

We are in God, in perfectness,  
But cannot feel that because  
We need to change our consciousness  
To purify - to make close

To His good, giving qualities.  
All is inside us.  
And all is like a staircase  
To final merge with God.

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Liza Sud

# We Are Inseparable, From Svetlana Vodoley

Wrapped in a lam wool I sit in a chair,  
watching the herds over the stretched pastures  
In the long foothills of the forest distant.  
And grassy waves you're rolling to my side...

I try to guess, what could it all mean nowadays?  
In the Black Balsams of unbridled Riga  
Port of all faces and crowds on the gangways.  
Here it's, Titanic, from the film intriguing.

Someone is waving to me - hand from Stockholm.  
Pain on the ferry that vanished in fogs -  
Our parting. How many of those! ..  
How many curls in the wool of the flocks.

Or - I remembered of Tara again  
The midday sun in the gloss of the rays.  
intoxicating wineglass of the base -  
throw for the meeting the round coin, the red,

In the thick water of the passing Time.  
But it got warmer... under the Palm Case.  
Woodpecker beats in the pine of the crown.  
We are inseparable among Pharisaism!

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10 ?????? 2017 ????

April 10,2017

Liza Sud

# We Are Running In One Direction, To M.

We are running in one direction  
at the highest synchronous motion,  
And two energies combination  
make a great loving white explosion.

Then we're sitting - our hearts on the end,  
fully exhausted, wet,  
and out of us, from such tiredness -  
a new stage of light living went,

And we stand up and then run further,  
and so again and again,  
like a lesson every day, always,  
like God's happy eternal game!

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Liza Sud

# We Are Simply Frozen Clods

We are simply frozen clods  
of a cold selfishness.  
our big souls broke  
and became sinful phlegm.

once we were together,  
in the heaven, one soul.  
the purpose of all creation -  
to the good to return.

Torah is given for that,  
of all books - book of light -  
It explains who you are  
to all who came to life.

not people are its heroes,  
but the strengths of your soul,  
and the degree of correction,  
the same way is for all.

You can follow the light way,  
listen to what Torah says,  
or choose the way of sufferings,  
but all will become saints.

Liza Sud

# We Are The Poets,

We are the poets, our case is criminal,  
from birth in Russia, we are on the plank beds,  
For our flight, and for our speech of freedom,  
For our love to international planning.

Rare of us surrendered to regime,  
and those who did regretted of it after,  
and as God's electricity they sing  
in rows of books between the earth and high sky.

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Liza Sud

# We Both Are Akin

We both are akin  
They hinder us to deal.  
Lyoshenka, my strong light!  
Lyoshenka syllable fine!

Liza Sud

# We Don't Need A Mission.

D-I, give me a ring  
of Nibelungen, be my Wagner.  
Become my Isolda's dream,  
but the fine one.

Tell me exactly, that you love me,  
don't keep silence,  
Today I woke up and wanted to sit  
on you - to drown in your kindness.

D-I, we don't need a ring,  
we don't need a mission.  
We are the ONE: only you and me.  
And the world is speechless.

D-I, you were kissing me  
by your tongue, your comments,  
Were your comments to me a sin?  
or sign of belongings?

D-I, whether old or young -  
I will wash your tears,  
Silence is in my empty flat.  
Light and no more fears.

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# We Should Not Have A Common Interest.

We should not have a common interest.  
and my poems are only for God.  
and like rain - they freshen the heart,  
as for you - you are just inquisitive.

so leave me, my new obsession.  
do not ask me so persistently,  
like lips are ready for contiguity  
ears - ready for comprehension.

You repeat to me: I am listening.  
like by the sun - by you I'm absorbed  
And by flowing streams I befall  
like a rock at you. You have picked me up.

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Liza Sud

# We Tied Up Our Life With Word

We tied up our life with word and  
grass may not grow again,  
God in heaven, soul - light-conscience,  
means - we'll find bread on the way,

and if not - that's not so frightful,  
we'll go through it, we will walk,  
summer lightnings in horizon!  
In word's unity everything moans!

Liza Sud

# We Were Flying More Steep,

We were flying more steep,  
than on Mark Chagall's paintings.  
He had houses still  
that below you may see.

As for us, well, we flew  
over so high mountains,  
that together we saw  
pure Light closely.

No images there,  
no matter that flesh has,  
deprived of ties with God,  
curdled by egoism.

But to come back to Him,  
and to get light's fulfillment,  
That's what each of us may,  
showing altruism.

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Liza Sud

# We Were Glued To Each Other

We were glued to each other  
For 7 November days.  
The white substance from your eyes  
Has flowed into me as a thread.

Soft light quickly immersing  
Inside me from back, all around.  
You had right to do so  
Because we were husband and wife.

I don't like human beings  
I mean it's too closed – this world.  
And you can't see the meaning  
Of true love until you meet God!

I was frightened and happy,  
The moon was so low and full.  
An old woman was asking the time –  
I shrunk back, almost swooned.

I have come to the shrine,  
Of the singing could get not a word.  
And they named you "our father"  
And the second Father was – Lord.

Liza Sud

# We Will Have Enough Time For Everything.

We will have enough time for everything.  
Because all of us are immortal.  
Pain and sorrow come when you lose faith in this.  
Preserve god's moral!

lost your lover? -you'll get another one  
In some two hundred years...  
And you'll get the house of your dreams and flat,  
And talents and sanctity, easy!

Liza Sud

# We Will Leave At The Sunset. From Balmont

We will leave at the sunset of a crimson day  
In our garden that is filled with the calls of birds.  
between the branches listen to me or to them.  
I'm talking to you - just as they used to say.

Now winter has passed. Beckoning to the air,  
This is how the heart to the soul speaks through the eyes.  
This how birds sing about the trembling of flame.  
Hurry to understand them. They will sing and fly.

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Liza Sud

## What A Happiness-

What a happiness- the snow fell,  
And at last our town is so magic.  
It's not mine and sin is to complain,  
But it's not my fate to see our marriage.

Liza Sud

# What An Old Person Aspires

What an old person aspires  
is probably - a new youth!  
and I understand you now,  
I long for the youth with you.

But, dear, I'll leave you now,  
I'll go to a window frame,  
what will make me smile - the sun there,  
and endlessness of a lane.

This endlessness makes me little,  
and opens me dear God!  
this opening is so simple,  
but billions - don't understand!

That feeling alone makes you happy,  
you don't even have to find,  
the flash of small life right now! -  
so clear to babes and wise,

Liza Sud

## What Color Is The Wood Near Horizon? -

What color is the wood near horizon? -

It's blue – answers a man.

Why is it green when you come closer?

And do we believe ourselves so much?

The eyes of our souls are even blinder.

It's worse than God's eyesight and not the eagle's.

But we still seek to rebuke someone -

His soul is black - but it is white and sinless!

Liza Sud

# What Do You Do With Me By Your Music?

What do you do with me by your music?  
You make dizzy by it my head.  
There is always movement by duty –  
To your powerful – my- hand.

Oh don't take me – okey, my dear!  
By your palm never turn me,  
Cause against you I am feeble.  
But in you only I can be!

Liza Sud

# What For The Flowers?

Why furious the inflorescence  
you hold a bouquet in your hand?  
Where is the aim of all bouquets together  
And still in solitude, so sad?

Why flowers? please, don't, I'm pleading,  
And yet my soul stretches to you..  
stand next to you it is so good,  
I stand again, barely breathing...

And I inhale the smell so fragrant,  
The face in bouquet, like in paradise,  
It is desired and so pleasant  
At once it filled my whole life.

And at your chest I lean and fall,  
I want to look into your eyes,  
I'm still alive - how? - I don't know,  
And down my cheek a tear runs ...

Liza Sud

# What For?

A Sunset light  
and ples is lemon,  
and the hot shine  
of salty tears.

So beautiful the skies,  
their ocean,  
colorless blood  
of heart's scars portion.

the distant pier,  
water's everywhere,  
ans it is fleeting,  
and I - run where?

The waves now lick  
the coast and shore,  
then hardly beat  
them as a foe.

granite is tired  
of their attacks.  
What is it then?  
For what... so hard? !

the lemon light  
Ples at the sunset,  
and the cool splash  
expelled my anguish.

Liza Sud

# What Is A Line?

What is a line?

It's like passing by.

It's like I go and leave all  
behind.

I feel so free,  
so innocent.

All is a moment  
from here to there.

That's how line  
symbolizes life.  
That's why it makes  
so calm your mind.

From nowhere -  
to the last dot.  
An in its measure -  
the pace of walk.

Music is even more  
than a line.  
It shows how brokenly leaps  
your life.

But by its soothing  
and calming notes  
it resembles  
the voice of God.

Liza Sud

# What Is Added To Soul's Recognition,

What is added to soul's recognition,  
What subtracts the soul's shame  
Today I'm just heaven's prisoner  
And my faraway fire flames...

Liza Sud

# What Is Better Than Hobbit?

What is better than Hobbit? - the Fantasy style,  
that's developing in my mind.

It is turning crazy - to blue, to white,  
not this frozen earth like a tyle,

I will turn it crazy - white waterfalls  
of enormous - like heartbeat - height.  
it will be more crazy than your own Zohar,  
and will have even more might.

You taught me to open my gates and crush,  
you said beauty is never deep.  
It is deep of course, but not deep enough.  
to make people find God and blush.

And my poetry will never let you in -  
it'll just stand like a pillar of mind.  
But it will inflame you and it will lead,  
and will lift up your present stand.

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Liza Sud

## What Is Moving In The Spiritual? -

What is moving in the spiritual? -  
Just the change of some qualities,  
So when you upgrade you abilities -  
you become more sublime and godly.

But you are never changing place  
like a car here or a bottle,  
and all history you will keep.  
inside soul - inside God - remains.

Liza Sud

# What Is Pleasure?

What is pleasure? - when one is giving,  
and the other receives a gift.  
But from both sides should be feeling  
that the both sides are pleased.

That's the point of humility,  
that's the token of righteousness.  
You say: God is right in giving.  
You say: God is right anyway.

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Liza Sud

# What Kind Of Man You Are?

in silent woods you made a path,  
and broke the song of birds,  
I'll tell you it is very bad,  
your deeds - completely wrong,

You have stirred up and muddied spring,  
and by this fish was scared,  
you broke cane, bent the reeds,  
you are a smart aleck.

Live like a bull in china shop,  
and don't feel any guilt,  
As if you're the boss in World  
and you created it,

How nice that the stars are above  
your wrong and stupid acts  
And watching silently from height -  
What kind of man you are?

Liza Sud

# What Shall I Tell You, Your Lightness?

What shall I tell you, Your Lightness?

Sitting in a nook.

Far away from windows somewhere,

Far away from truth.

You were shining, you were smiling,

hat with angry birds,

Angry Birds - just a desire:

in the evening work.

There is the merge of finance,

fusion of the souls.

Only in the merge - uprising

to the height of world.

if we are - only the fragments

of the world's soul,

By the light - all and each other -

we should warm.

Liza Sud

# What To Add To All Perfection?

What to add to all perfection? - just a silence, yes!  
Do you hear the angels flying, and pervading ears  
If you don't know how to answer to the distant light  
Just say thank you, and Hello - simple, good and right.

Liza Sud

# What To Do

I don't know what with them, with you - to do  
to try it on myself - of course - with us.

In others, you need, of course, - to forgive.

The devil - in yourself - to kill by Christ!

Liza Sud

# What To Touch For You Is Impossible –

What to touch for you is impossible –  
It is music and poetry,  
And much more- it's the grace of his goddiness,  
And forgiveness by Him of sins.

Liza Sud

# What We Write, Is Smarter Than We,

What we write, is smarter than we,  
Who we are, where, why, and where,  
Like a fallen star from heaven,  
in the wilds looking for a way back.

translation from YP

Liza Sud

# What Will Be With Her?

What will be with her? It will be the Lord's mercy  
That she kept inside her until the last day,  
And even the death was a dream, the dream, only  
excitement before the Sky, don't take away.

Liza Sud

# What's The Reason?

What's the reason? - Have no fear, coward!  
And just go and live by the road.  
Whithout pain? - with no salt in the brothe?  
Not the dead - but the living have God!

Liza Sud

# When I Once Was In Washington Dc

When I once was in Washington DC -  
I was a school girl then, so innocent and free!  
Those were two very quiet sunny days!  
A few - but speedy cars, and many museums!

Liza Sud

# When I Was Sixteen Years Old

When I was sixteen years old  
Love looked me in the eyes  
She said: 'O Sing, poet, a song! '  
in happiness I drowned.

And every breath and every cry,  
The smile of joy and tears -  
Just in a blink all turned at once,  
All - in poetic dreams

Liza Sud

# When Jesus Christ Came In Jerusalem-

When Jesus Christ came in Jerusalem-  
After four days they crucified Him.  
The crowd shouted: We cannot see  
And never will believe His wonders!

His hearing was burnt by alien rhythm,  
But He was ready and was not offended.  
He was in Crusifiction light and meek  
For those whom He Himself invigorated.

Liza Sud

## When Leps Becomes More Old -

When Leps becomes more old -  
better he sings.  
With such a paradox  
only a genius lives!

Liza Sud

# When Russia Rises

The rocket quietly released its air blades  
Over Atlantis - there's a gloomy shade  
America is suffering from impotence,  
torments the Planet night and day.

And nations eagerly look at our Russia:  
Will she save, as she has done not one time?  
Will come or not promised Messiah,  
Do you hear a voice that sounds like a thunder?

The Cuban missile crisis - baby diapers,  
Against the backdrop of fungus of hydrogen.  
Today - those American pillar's valves  
already are in damage and in rust.

But you don't know Russia yet,  
Russia - a wind and Russia - is a pain,  
Let the venal tub-thumper squall  
With you we know how much they cost!

... And he who saw sword coming to the earth,  
Piped in a trumpet, cautioning his people'  
Pipe, trumpet player, I hear your call,  
And I know those who are making digs there!

The prophets of a lie and fallen saints!  
Break down the wings, and flying back,  
Remember this: when Russia starts to rise,  
You better never be there on her way!

translated from VDavidov

Liza Sud

## When There's No Sunshine,

Do you know that when you run on earth -  
you are also running in heaven?  
they don't teach kids this paradox:  
you are here but you are there.

Poor people - they live and cry,  
call the problem: 'The world to come' -  
But it's programmed without Time.  
And is blissful - just switch your mind.

Gem is shining when there's no sunshine,  
it is dazzling when there is rain,  
it is metal as the world's capital -  
let make the whole world great again!

It's unfathomable but felt,  
it is true as the all-time connection  
between God who shows to create,  
between me like his small reflection!

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# When You Call Me The Small One -

When you call me the small one -  
I am playing with you it seems  
in a stick that has two ends,  
the small belongs you and me.

you will say there was no dick.  
but it happens so that love  
is purer than a swan is  
and will fly very high.

you say that sin's an illusion,  
simply the game of flames.  
in the book of sky steepers  
they will not write our names.

you say that we both are reaching  
to the City of clouds,  
although there were no coitions,  
and I did not touch your hand.

in the world where all is dismantled -  
you hear eternal words,  
the unity of our icons,  
there were: you and me, both.

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Liza Sud

## When You Caress My Hair Mildly,

When you caress my hair mildly,  
You're stroking them with tender kindness.  
In Father's hands, I sit there quietly,  
Inhale aroma without bounds.

As a small stream runs into river,  
Thus I flow in the grace of God's Son.  
I love you, Lord, I love forever.  
And without You I am exhausted.

Liza Sud

## When You Die -

When you die -

I will lie down on you and cry for very long time,  
And it will be a very long rainfall,  
And even relatives will freeze from horror.

and those who came and went away -  
and those who hurt you only one time -  
to you will cry - the whole world!  
and soar up with a great wing-span.

Isaiah raised a small boy from the dead-  
thus I could not, plus there's no widow...  
but those with whom together we have been -  
like this - to God - we'll also fly together!

Liza Sud

# When You Have Enough To Drink

When you have enough to drink  
you don't want a lot from life  
The bowl full of hop to brink  
the bread, onions - and the homeland

Again happiness to you glows  
Instead of a treacherous fog,  
Where devil doesn't know the roads,  
But the way of the saint knows,

Rivers, and woods, and meadows,  
And the path of freedom is free  
It paves the way to heaven -  
And for that, it is impossible not to drink.

from YP

Liza Sud

# When You Received The Nobel Prize

When you received the Nobel Prize,  
You looked as if you handed it.  
And I thought then, that poets love  
All people no regard of seat.

Such are the saints - as if there were  
people much better than themselves.  
So paradoxical it goes.  
Lord in humility - exalts.

Liza Sud

# When You Will Cry At Least

When you will cry at least  
upon greatness of my words,  
it will be happy tears -  
snow-white tearful verge!

You'll be looking through them at fall,  
You'll be looking through them at spring.  
and with mine - the tears of yours  
will flow after winter in stream.

There'll be forest in them, and mountains,  
Light of hair and bends of hands  
There'll be silence about God, , finally,  
when God in everything you'll find.

This will be the world in its final,  
and it will be you whom I'll find,  
laughing at me my false Messiah,  
and the woman whom I love.

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Liza Sud

# When You Will Fall Asleep. From Balmont

When you will fall asleep tonight.  
I'll come to you only by my thoughts.  
I'll sit on your bed like a geist  
and I will whisper fondly: 'Love me,  
Trust in this miracle, do trust! ',  
and you will stretch to me a little,  
and dream will come and dream will deepen,  
The fire will flash on emerald,  
will spread out world, so many-starried,  
will be pierced, silvered by sapphire,  
will give the way to secret humming,  
the glassy surface will be swayed,  
I'll lay like shadow on your bed.  
And I will kiss you like a shade.

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Liza Sud

## When You Woke Up - I Had A Dinner,

when you woke up - I had a dinner,  
when you eat - I'll go for a walk.  
you are in Pakistan, I am - in Piter.  
it is windy here, but not cold!

Liza Sud

## When Your Poems I Was Translating –

When your poems I was translating –  
Then I felt how our souls together  
Were combined in one line, very lengthy,  
Flowing in the breathing of your air.

Since that time I was by you surrounded,  
By your warm and almost milky sphere  
And when slowly in it I drowned –  
Happiness was born in subtle heaven.

Liza Sud

# Whether It Is A Plant For The Cars,

Whether it is a plant for the cars,  
holy city that turned into ghost,  
Whether it is a cloister for us  
with its daily procedures and song.

Here, under the tent of bright cressets  
We all walk along great alleyway,  
Here dust is in archive collected  
and here everyone sits in his cell.

Here silence is like for a prayer  
and you can not go over the fence.  
For someone where God - prison is there,  
but for us - a reward is God's Grace.

I see no people and no friends there,  
And I never see anyone's faults,  
And the sky becomes brighter at exit,  
behind familiar icon shop.

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Liza Sud

# While Kostya Balmont Exists,

While Kostya Balmont exists,  
all may have rest,  
among geniuses he is the best,  
one may never catch up with him.

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Liza Sud

# White Angel, From Konstantin Balmont

White Angel, from Konstantin Balmont

From childhood days one trait has captivated  
My dreams, in whose swells sleep has melted down.  
It has sown in my eyes a sad reflection,  
which as quiet distant peal came in my mind.

I dreamed of a sad angel, white as snow,  
With a smile of repentance in his eyes,  
I breathed with him one sadness so uncertain,  
And saw in his tears pale Paradise.

To me in different moments he appeared,  
Of these runaway meetings I keep light.  
These glimpses cannot fall into oblivion,  
This glance without words, speech which can't run dry.

I loved - and I'm still loving - all from heavens  
The mind of the heart - the beam of cold mind,  
And I believe in heave, blue and native,  
Where all the vague I clearly understand.

With heavenly I can't be separated,  
And when I meet with somebody's deep glance,  
I am with him, I meet with the White Angel,  
Mysterious and close for a long time.

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# White Country. From Balmont

I am in a country that is always dressed in white,  
Before me - a straight long road.  
Not a soul - the vastness of ghost light,  
Nobody but God here to talk to.

All that was in my life, all will smile again,  
Only not for me - but for another  
The sun will not come back, happiness'll not wake,  
Neither night nor day in my heart abides there.

But I still drug out out burden of this life,  
somewhere else will reach out my road.  
I am alone in the wilds, where was quiet time,  
Nobody but God here to talk to.

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Liza Sud

# White Lilac

And song flows in silence,  
Dawn by summer is met,  
Bunches of whitefoam lilac  
Gather I in bouquet.

And I'll put the bouquet  
On the window at night.  
And the dawn will look up,  
And will sing nightingales.

Inspiration will come,  
And the color delights  
Of embroidered white lace  
Of this whitefoam bouquet.

translation from VG

Liza Sud

# Who And What Is To Blame

Who and what is to blame for today I don't see it...  
Land turned white, slightly faded the star  
And gray hair flew down to me with the winter,  
The first white snowflakes and a goblet of wine.

And of all that has happened - no point to be jealous...  
Only heart aches with longing sometimes -  
And 'What for do you blame' - it so quietly whispers,  
Your gray hair? ' - years don't go back

I will not hide gray hair and magical daydreams  
I'll be hovering low over the seething waves...  
Stokes will curl in wine of bitter tears..  
What do I have to do now with my own gray hair?

'Spring at last will return! You will sing and you will melt -  
Says gray hair, and smiles to the years-  
I'm the wisdom of yours! Don't you know, my dear? -  
And I hope that forever with you I will stay.

TRANSLATION FROM ALLA BOZH DAR

Liza Sud

# Who Are You, Girl?

- Who are you, girl? It is dangerous to stay here!  
What attracted you to the broken bridge over the dead river?  
Cover with your small palm your surprised eyes,  
or a severe hard ray will burn them blind!

Who are you, little girl in a white cotton dress?  
In this world there is no air, no land, no water...  
Where are you from here? You've got some business?  
Get out as quickly as possible, until you meet a misfortune!

Liza Sud

## Who Has Opened Your Soul? –

Who has opened your soul? –  
Only the One who created.  
You are known to Him:  
Every inch, every thought, every drop.

That is why you feel comfort with Him.  
All the others are petty,  
But He knows and sees all –  
Love which follows you where you go.

Liza Sud

# Who Often Attends A Confession -

Who often attends a confession -  
she goes there, as if to God,  
and it's a little bit scary,  
as if it's the end of all tracks.

Who often attends a confession -  
she often abides as in heaven,  
and knows that It is almighty  
and people are children beside Him.

Who often attends a confession -  
she often becomes justified.  
And if you come there with aggression -  
the passion will go aside.

Who often attends a confession -  
return with much pleasure to earth.  
She knows Who returns compensation,  
and also the way back she knows.

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Liza Sud

# Whom Did You Call, Joseph?

Whom did you call, Joseph?  
who dictated the Truth to you?  
you have been calm though nervous,  
with bald head - the most beautiful.

You are reading poems by syllables,  
How reading Torah,  
not dividing into words while speaking  
but sequentially as the codes.

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Liza Sud

# Why Am I So Terrible?

Why am I so terrible?  
I don't like poor and menial.  
And fall into irritation  
on the spot if they make a request,

Why sometimes in their faces  
something so hateful for me?  
And why I want ot be dreadful  
and to give them a slap in cheek.

It is all dictated by devil.  
and it's me - who becomes his servant,  
if by tasty food I am tempted  
and for others regret a kopeck.

Only when I appeal to You,  
My Consoler and My Christ,  
Irritation then disappears  
and again I am sweet and kind.

And it seems that I never see him  
never know him - my foe,  
but how he disappears from Jesus -  
that is what my soul hears for sure!

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Liza Sud

# Why Are You Smiling Like This? -

Why are you smiling like this? -  
It's dangerous verse-explosive.  
Your are so airy walkiing,  
and in a red jacket I sit.

And you walk in a gray jacket,  
except smile nothing shines  
to get a poem answer,  
but I continue to trust.

I, like a snake snuggle up

by twist of beautiful line,  
crawling into your ears,  
caressing ear on pillows,

when you are reading me,  
despite any of bans.  
that is the truth - what you dream.  
for poets there are no bars.

They conquered time and space -  
for a long time have mastered.  
one who widowed from them  
have learned that death - is handsome.

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# Why Did They Hurt Koltsov?

Why did they hurt Koltsov?  
they teased him so cruel at home?  
Why were they playing with him as with a girl?  
Why did not understand his verse?

his poetry - is such a song! ! !  
I never heard more splendid!  
tender as from the native road,  
from the spring, and Slavonic ancient!

to all with whom I am enchanted -  
the early death, exile...  
Why does God always break my loving  
and never explain why!

Liza Sud

# Why Didn't God Allow

Why didn't God allow  
me to love other sex?  
And I can never touch you,  
can never milk your breast.

Let me rest no the landscape,  
stay with you in the park,  
very cold water, ice cold,  
give me to drink from you now.

Let me merge with your body,  
take a refreshing dip,  
You called, as a bird-mother  
over its small chicks.

I don't see sin in this life,  
but it's dictated by Lord,  
that I can't drink this night-soil,  
sewage water of dirt.

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Liza Sud

# Why Do You Need Sapphire Flights?

Why do you need sapphire flights?  
why do you need this frozen cosmos?  
Or is all coming - AFTER THAT?  
And is all known before the growth?

Why are you silent, and so calm?  
you've seen the victory of Jesus!  
the victory that's yet to come,  
but so sure in every minute!

You wanted once to conquer Time,  
and so you saw its penetration!  
Well, are you really not glad? !  
Become an infant for salvation!

You feel so free - you're anyone,  
now you are choosing your pure road!  
Fresh as a small kid after bath  
in sapphire shower of waters!

Your hands are now full of white light,  
as they were always full in childhood,  
and you are sluggish, you are mild,  
receiving words at rays of sapphires.

Liza Sud

# Why I Despise Men

Me relative was very-very lustful,  
He wanted a girl everywhere.  
He wanted to touch a young girl and..uck her,  
Got angry if she repelled him.

That's why I hate even a word that is lustful,  
banal for me and grey.  
That's why go somewhere to the jungle  
And feel yourself happy there.

Oh No! why forest and why a jungle?  
I know: even wolves have fests.  
Since that time I like only saints from heaven  
And despise husbands and wives.

That's why – flow, men and family,  
Flow away from me.  
Catch me again, my Iohann,  
And I'll break through my dream!

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Liza Sud

## Why Not To Start With The End,

Why not to start with the end,  
If they don't understand:  
And by sight-reading translate.  
They will not feel enough!

Liza Sud

# Why Poets In The World Should Come.

I am your flower on windowsill,  
I'm speechless totally, and nice,  
and only then I start to sing with roses  
if for my poems you ask.

And then I see a constant image,  
pronouncing my words in light,  
For me it's absolutely clear  
Why poets in the world should come.

And no one will prove despite,  
especially who've never seen this light.  
Without light are those - who are not holy,  
or not musicians and not poets.

And no one will take away this light,  
even the devil will not lower me.  
No matter who for poems have asked -  
poem's result will be just perfect.

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Liza Sud

# Why Should The Small Ones Care

Why should the small ones care  
About the world creation?  
Little people should make  
Life with the force in tension.

Where to take this force?  
Power of dreams, believing?  
Human thoughts always talk,  
God to creation bringing.

God will do everything.  
Everything's in His power.  
Every word is a blaze,  
And thoughts are the masters.

Liza Sud

# Will You Be A Good Girl

Will you be a good girl, my beloved?  
Will you suck my fat harmless stick?  
you were so good when mars-manfully  
it's your turn to be Venus please.

Blood is boiling, my flesh will blow up,  
And soft yellow movement is smooth,  
I am pressing to me your warm shoulders,  
and my hands never felt so good!

you are tender, blue-eyed, golden-hair girl,  
oh I see your angelic face!  
And you let me do any move in you.  
we are one, and it feels like blessed!

You catch every drop as a sponge,  
You're my second submissive body,  
And that's why we exchange the roles,  
And that's why we are never parted.

Your eyes gaze stable like heaven  
smooth like mother's, and I relax,  
all my sufferings are over.  
I have come to the paradise.

Your body is clothed in white glare, but empty,  
It's like a frame of a wind.  
the source of energy is unending,  
I can't stop gazing, and I feel bliss.

You're like 5-year girl, eyes are blue with white,  
Nothing heavy of flesh in you.  
I am taken by you, I am stupefied,  
You guard me as a grown-up too.

You are serious. All the love to me  
That from people I ever feel –  
You displayed a million times more deep,  
But it's hard on the earth to keep.

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in Russian

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Liza Sud

# Wind Tore The Birches Dress

Wind tore the birches dress  
So cold at the autumn rains...  
'Warm me' - I hear - 'passer-by,  
Hug and with me - cry.

Let's recall bygone youth  
Crimson skies at the dawn...  
Remember how I kissed you,  
And where it all has gone...' -

Like adhered by sorrow to birch,  
I embraced her with such a gloom -  
With you we are like friends, my girl -  
For my happiness wind stole too.

Liza Sud

## With Me You Listened To Akathist,

With me you listened to Akathist,  
With me you were in Hermitage,  
Like a light wind sftly around -  
you were so close to me like God,

You whispered words from rear of my mind,  
looked eagerly into my eyes,  
but just like God who guards beforehand,  
gave all prognosis in advance.

You're not the one whom I'm afraid of,  
We're like Matryoshka - human race,  
You clothe in me like grown dressing -  
Transparent bodies filled with grace.

There are two types in Indian dances:  
One for gods, temple, one - for men.  
Now I know both, and which is better -  
which is more free - I cannot say,

Liza Sud

# With My Own Small Scoop

I'm all out of love for you  
I dislike all the people...  
And you feel it, like children,  
who the most interesting choose?

So I run to you in our sandbox,  
with my own small scoop,  
And I know we'll make a house,  
on any shore with you.

Liza Sud

## With Pouting Lips

Again with pouting lips you go away,  
My darling, as the country of old days,  
And pass your finger all along my back,  
So that I thought of you when making love!

But I know, you'll come back again in spring - as  
A farmer returns to his own field,  
And we'll enjoy our new freedom,  
Love for each other, you, in fact - it's me.

Liza Sud

# With Tchaikovsky

With Tchaikovsky my soul was singing,  
Singing about beauty,  
5-dimensional worlds appeared,  
And my soul in new forms was routing.

And my hands were like blades of grasses,  
And my hair were like shining gold rays,  
There were millions of glasses,  
Showing the souls of great composers.

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Liza Sud

## With You It's So Quiet And Calm.

with you it's so quiet and calm.  
And I can't take away my eyes.  
As into the lake looking sun  
And the flowers see the sky,

You are clever, silent and simple,  
Behind this - the abyss of the soul,  
And they pull to themselves, sleepless,  
When you think and don't say a word...

translation from YP

Liza Sud

## Without Inet

I felt myself so good without Inet,  
Without evil people who don't see.  
I led a simple life of a great poet  
So quietly that no one knew of it.

It doesn't matter anything if you are  
A genius, a poet or not.  
Cause al thel people will grow up to Buddhas,  
Because we are created saint by God.

Liza Sud

# Without Shackles

I don't write poems for so long,  
Soul doesn't want to.  
I dreamed of hands without bonds  
for day and night too.

It happened so! That is the world.  
But to my wonder,  
I don't feel comfort without bonds.  
used to be humble.

It's not so easy - I will say  
at our meeting.  
The pain that from the shackles remained,  
For soul is healing.

Liza Sud

# Without Socks

Without socks,  
In summer shoes  
I walk and walk.  
October's good!

October's great:  
Kissed down my pain.  
I had Communion  
Yesterday.

Liza Sud

# Womanlike

and in general - you are  
with your princesses. on the Neva.  
and I - I do not like - the Neva.  
Out of jealousy - I changed my mind.  
Sorry.  
I hesitate. I love  
only poetry.  
loneliness.  
I feel pity for you. I'm sorry.  
whom you want - to them whistle.  
as for me - don't reduce me  
to mainstream of duplicity,  
in bilingual publicity.  
if I could never be with a man.  
I will simply feed you.  
With millet.  
I have no more questions.  
I am simply afraid of your.  
love.  
you just give - like a genius -  
light.  
all the time, as the Time -  
you are far.  
and you're close in me,  
as a sacrament.  
This is happiness. and rare.  
happiness.  
Talk, talk, talk!  
as a poet - through words - talk!  
meeting with you - as with God.  
alas...

Liza Sud

## Woman-Poet

You think that a woman is writing a verse  
Above a thick table she's hastily leaning.  
But not in the house, in heart humble words,  
Even in the kitchen while making a dinner.

Sometimes she is laughing, sometimes she is sad...  
and the ringing lines she is threading like gem beads.  
Sometimes she's offended, more often forgives,  
She bends under burdens, but spirit is high.

You thought: she lies down and writes poetry,  
And clever books is what she's hourly reading...  
Around her muses, serve in quiet bliss,  
And with them the soul soars in empiricism...

My friend, you are wrong, if only you saw,  
Where fruits of her thoughts she is tirelessly reaping...  
In everyday vanity standing by the stove,  
the laundry she washes she pours with the tears.

As in the commotion she quickly, almost on the run  
in worn notebook puts her words down quickly,  
Suddenly she throws away sleep and food...  
Their raises them carefully, carries them keenly.

She cherishes them, but can't fully indeed,  
Speaks them when she runs across field, on the road:  
And not for the glory she is scribbling it  
But quietly into the wild they are flowing.

Rejecting all vanity plans of the world,  
The higher existence by her soul she's touching,  
Her verse is begetting Love of Universe,  
And as for a child, for its fate she is frightened.

Liza Sud

# Women's Essence

Women's essence – is not a soul.  
to be not feminine – is no sorrow  
The hearts of people were made agamic.  
Eye sees no God when it is blackout.

There are no male or female in God.  
In God you should love only the light  
And close to Him you should be by virtue.  
All the rest - is just flesh and misfortune.

Liza Sud

# Write Me A Poem:

Write a poem to me: a small one and round,  
So that it was stable, as the Sun of gods,  
so that it would kiss like a baby, so chubby,  
and Light cleared through slot of words between the lines.

So that in each gap it was difficult to pierce,  
so that on my call you gave answer outright,  
But this very wish is equivalent to sinful.  
No poems from you. And around me - the Light.

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Liza Sud

## Write Me, Write Me Kind Long Lines.

Write me, write me kind long lines.  
By you song your make me fly!  
but your comments - as a dream -  
you so breaking heart - delete!

Liza Sud

## Write Poems –then To Read Poets,

Write poems –then to read poets,  
To read their prose the second stage,  
To deal with them after it goes –  
That is of intimacy spread.

I love to start from the beginning.  
But all are used the other way.  
That's why the question at the briefing  
Is always asked by the chief man.

Liza Sud

## Writing Poems In English –

Writing poems in English –  
Sometimes disturbs your breath.  
If it is not a translation –  
It is a small death.

It's as if you were standing  
In totally empty room.  
Loneliness is frightening  
Sea, a dark rosk, a gloom.

Poor Iosif Brodsky!  
He had to do so.  
He had to do it on purpose.  
In exile -Oh – he was!

Feels as you were in palsy  
Speak with unknown goals,  
Prison of Foreign language  
Sometimes can break your soul.

Liza Sud

# Wrong T-Shirt

You have got the venereal in brain,  
and it is very easy to catch.  
I will better from you stay away,  
Near you I will never sit down.

And you would better take off this shirt,  
and you'd walk with your own naked torso,  
it is better than that sinful love.  
for these foreign and nude Negress topless.

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Liza Sud

# Yamaha.

Today I was playing Mozart,  
many from his sonatas.  
Bells, harpsichords, strings - awesome  
sounding of my Yamaha!

Genius are the Japan-  
ese ingeneers- musicians.  
I wonder - why there are still  
many who play acoustic?

Yamaha's sound is deeper,  
easy to play, and charming.  
I even say to people:  
That my beloved is - YAMAHA!

He is gentler and softer,  
than even my inner voice!  
and when I play it often-  
it seems - I hear God!

Liza Sud

# Yellow Dahlia Bush

Yellow dahlia bush is huge, and bright, and dense,  
Leaning against the fence, to passerby he sends  
The drop of lavish tint at gloomy autumn days  
A message for snow winds - a bunch of amber beads.

And woven by the leaves -a carpet at feet falls,  
And at the height of sense - as if you lonely were,  
Where two worlds converge, life melts, death in approach,  
The silence of the sky, and waters calm and warm.

In someone's beads of days that yellow dahlia stays  
As link between the past and coming future days.  
In distance V of birds will be a small black point,  
Behind it - not the end, but just new move and turn.

Translation from IM

Liza Sud

# Yes And No, From Balmont

Yes and no - all here is mine,  
I accept the anguish - like goodness,  
And I bless the being of life,  
And if I made a desert,  
also mine is - her greatness!

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Liza Sud

## Yes, All Write

Yes, all write, write, and write,  
Maternity House of poems  
other's 'children' are quiet  
and their interest's only,

Only 'ourselves' to read  
now, instead, and then...  
And what I most need  
is whipping by my pen

to someone of the plains  
besmear the strokes back,  
Send greetings of the mind  
from rhyme to rhyme a trail.

Liza Sud

# Yes, I Am Not A Woman! A Song

Yes, I am not a woman!  
I am not a woman, Daniel Brick!  
I don't want to go to Europe.  
May be only in my dream!

I don't want to marry (how gloomy!)  
to see narrowly - husband and child -  
and see nothing except - how stupid!  
But! Many 'poets' praise it high!

I am singing this song tenderly,  
slightly wobbling from left to the right,  
I write this smiling slyly, like Lenin,  
this genius super-man.

Yes, I am not a woman!  
And not lesbian - how sad!  
Who am I? - I will not hint to you!  
I'll keep silence and blow and smile.

Yes, I am not a woman!  
Opened spaces inside my blood!  
I am too happy to become a woman.  
(and few are there to understand) .

Yes, I am not a woman!  
Being a woman - is ancient junk!  
Yes, I am not a woman!  
Applaud to this, if you can!

Liza Sud

# Yesterday – I Felt Again Exactly

Yesterday – I felt again exactly –  
The excitement goes from my feet  
Up and up, and it is like goose bumps but  
I feel them UNDER my skin.

Is it soul that feels your words inflowing?  
Is it good or is it bad?  
Is it sinful if it comes from bottom  
And goes up to captivate my mind?

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Liza Sud

# Yesterday You Came Back, My Darling!

Yesterday you came back, my darling!  
In the morning I paid no attention.  
what it means - closing work all-out,  
I should have met you on the threshold,

I will play the flute for your pleasure -  
do you hear the high-pitched sound?  
and I'd sing to you Many Years  
wished that we would be never parted.

because as for the flute, its sound -  
on the earth, between us, outside,  
like Communion it will resound  
in the silence of dome with stars.

Very sweetly and very peaceful  
draws the trace of the incense brume  
and I thought: that we would have finished,  
but I'm poet, and you're - the Muse.

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Liza Sud

# Yom Kippur

It is Yom Kippur, and it is the time of silence,  
because then it will not be you who will have to say,  
because when you'll suddenly open degree of savagery -  
you will see in the mirror - only your own way.

Yom Kippur, that's how silent you should remain for the whole life,  
just awaiting instructions from Light - in His own words,  
Because every moment he asked Do you love? - that is what he asked.  
and what did you answer? - You blathered on love, you talked.

You will see the Face, no difference, does it matter? -  
it was the light of Haya, Hochma, Yechida?  
This light - it was kind: was it Sunday, Saturday, Friday.  
All your life He was watching - you. through all, everyone.

You will not believe, but it blinded you, like a laser,  
He was warming you, all recounting, He caressed,  
ruled as by a pointer and painted your life as a painter -  
It's Your favorite teacher, above all limits of flesh.

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Liza Sud

# You And I

You and I - we both are working on HMMR.  
and We meet with you already for so long a time,  
and You are the one I'm liking, I am loving you,  
but the words of declaration I'll not say to you.

Cause too powerful a beam is coming down from you,  
anyway it's not almighty to make wish come true.  
I do not need here for people power to merge.  
and among the efforts here it is obvious.

Only that is manifested what is full of love,  
and only that will be read what was for long foregone.  
you and I - we both are working on HMMR.  
tears or laughter here - believe me - all of it was God.

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Liza Sud

# You And I Have Become As A Whole:

You and I have become as a whole:  
I am the giving part, and you - ask.  
Because at me - you constantly watch:  
You're - a glance, expectations, forecast.

You assess me, and you are my condition,  
and I'm writing - into your eyes.  
You erected me, like a building,  
And then you yourself came inside.

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Liza Sud

# You Are A Fantastical Woman

You are a fantastical woman  
and in the summer blouse of yours  
where flowers are tender blue-red  
in the fields you go for a walk.

You said to us: have no pity  
and never talk to outcast,  
there is no place for good deeds here,  
it's for the working till sunrise.

I fell in love so completely  
and on this gloomy summer day  
a copulation I committed  
in my dreams, and much stronger press

the gas of doleful contrition,  
say farewell to worldly lust,  
addressing God with my petition -  
my earthly soul to clarify.

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Liza Sud

# You Are Godlike

Julia, you are godlike.  
You are easy to go.  
You inspire me always  
at wor, in metro, at home.

Poems exceed the limits.  
that's why they are so good.  
they will show our inner side  
and high light of a soul.

And if you have been asking -  
it means you are in need,  
to the sea bays are running,  
my words - into your ears.

We'll forget all conventions,  
will not hear the voice  
of all people's inventions  
they will not read these poems.

They will be never published,  
and nothing sad in it.  
They made us so happy  
when we create and read!

Poems are our children,  
common as the whole soul.  
We are one inflorescence  
above pencil's outfall.

In the sun and bad years -  
always we were together,  
now - the manifistation  
of memory - on the table.

And the threads flow out,  
threads of life, merging us,  
and we cannot untie them  
and can't distract our eyes.

All this is so serious,  
simply - we'll understand  
air of special spheres,  
only for both of us.

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Liza Sud

## You Are In Pakistan, I Am - In Piter.

when you woke up - I had a dinner,  
when you eat - I'll go for a walk.  
you are in Pakistan, I am - in Piter.  
it is windy here, but not cold!

Liza Sud

# You Are Inflaming Me

You are inflaming me  
By you vibration,  
Soul begins shaking  
with inspiration,

that's how music  
entrances your soul:  
you can't escape it  
wherever you go.

I am afraid of your  
Powerful mind,  
I am afraid of  
A sinful entwine.

I am afraid of your  
alien injections,  
hate philosophical  
shallow objections

to total purity  
without sex.  
Why so few angels  
Whom I can't forget?

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Liza Sud

# You Are Inside Me,

You are inside me,  
I am – inside you.  
It's not in bodies –  
Words are so mindful.

Is it exiting?  
More! Not a sin!  
We are exiling  
Autumnal spleen.

Our poems  
also may kiss.  
They are the souls' parts  
close to a bliss.

Hearing and talking  
Closely entwining,  
Happy and tender  
Both sides' liking.

It may be broken  
Only by God,  
If it turns low –  
Then He will come!

Liza Sud

# You Are Just Lermontov Again!

You are just Lermontov again!  
And also with a gun. It gives a pain  
a story of this man to read:  
that what is left for him - a dream...

And to avenge, of course,  
I don't advise.  
Revenger is to all.  
He is - from Paradise.

Liza Sud

# You Are My Beautiful Sapphire Angel.

You are my beautiful sapphire angel.  
Your mother is night, your father is dark.  
you are from underground kingdom of caving,  
where warm lava is burning the ground.

No one is sure in the magic of life,  
may be the cutoffs are - what we call death,  
cutoffs of facets, sheen of constellations  
in foggy breathing of the Milky ways.

Perhaps, indeed, we are closer to them,  
or they have entered in us by their rays.  
Only light-sapphires are always intruding,  
to show us real Life from up there.

Here we are as in death, that's our sorrow  
here we are in the shell of not-love.  
All our happiness - in sapphire's glow,  
the ever-lasting worlds flooded by light!

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Liza Sud

# You Are My Field Of Flowers,

You are my field of flowers,  
whole aromatic earth.  
throughout heaven's expanses -  
blue are the eyes of yours!

here they are - yellow buttercups,  
and cornflowers are light.  
bees carelessly fly in them,  
Your poems - veins of sup!

So many voices - notes in flight!  
But only Silence reigns!  
If you die - You (high letter) -die -  
I'll say: the Universe is dead.

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Liza Sud

# You Are My Friend, Dear Laitman,

You are my friend, dear Laitman,  
part of my speech, my face,  
I enter into your space,  
how children from God are coming.

they descend down from the sky,  
higher world is still kept in mind,  
and they know exactly the way,  
without worrying about sweat, bread.

And you have made my descent,  
lifting me gently first,  
It may happen just once I thought,  
But with you - as much as you want.

for you it is even the norm,  
and so everything is normal,  
and now I am quite calm,  
not afraid of infernal forces.

Because they are afraid of God,  
He has everything in His power,  
Lightman, it's you who told me that  
and no one has explained it brighter.

We are one heart. In one linking,  
Feast is not Feast for me without you  
I hope to walk together to Easter,  
You will accept Christianity.

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Liza Sud

# You Are My Friend, Joseph Brodsky.

You are my friend, Joseph Brodsky.  
I fell in love with you,  
and in any life turning  
you are here to intrude,

Your face is very proud,  
your look is like a hawk's.  
to many things spiteful.  
But very high although.

You were not happily married  
and I want to stay with you,  
or you'll begin to despise me  
for not being like you.

We'll not lose our friendship.  
We are of one caste -  
Like on one shelf in heaven -  
sparkling unworldly stand.

Liza Sud

# You Are Not To Blame

Mister Pak, you are not to blame  
My poems are Julia's caprice,  
she chooses someone to raise,  
someone she finds to dismiss.

I attach a patch to my soul -  
to lessen the tears flow.  
She always tears it off.  
a cry from abyss: enjoy!

Mister Pak, you are not to blame  
that these poems I beget.  
Julia is who inflames.  
It is a lifelong jest.

Liza Sud

# You Are So Good, You Took Out Kabbalah

You are so good, you took out Kabbalah  
presented it to men in form of science,  
and that is why you have become like Christ,  
and hated by the seed of Judah now.

You are sincere, you talk about Light!  
there is something you so naturally hide,  
and tenderness and softness of your mind  
attracts so many sinners to saint Light.

And if just being tormented by sin -  
if you are shown no Light - you can't succeed -  
then probably Kabbalah that you bring  
will blind someone by pure Light and teach!

The Jews compare you with apostle Paul.  
they call him a bad guy, your feat - a show.  
But it's such global happiness you give,  
that no slander is able to dim.

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Liza Sud

# You Are So Soulful

you are so soulful  
you tell me to hold on,  
and that's why I grabbed for you -  
as a mouse for a perch.

thus the air is sealing,  
and is lifting you up.  
not the hands - the word keeps you,  
and not faces you see but Light.

Liza Sud

# You Are The Engine Not A Steering Wheel!

You are the engine not a steering wheel!  
Because you don't see a watchtower!  
It's the high Right of Saints to steer!  
May be invisible, and goes a little farther.

Liza Sud

# You Are The Number One In Explanation.

For the Jews you became an outcast,  
The Russian priest of course cannot accept you.  
But for me you became the number one.  
You love, like Christ, the people of all nations!

Of course, there was a book, there was saint John.  
And he was number one in revelation.  
But I don't know how - you know all!  
You are the number one in explanation.

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Liza Sud

# You Are The Ocean Of Love, Rav Laitman,

You are the ocean of love, Rav Laitman,  
to your companions and humanity,  
and if one could have drown suddenly -  
in rays of love - it is in your infinity.

And there is no death, where there is no end,  
where are no limits, no limits of Light,  
and that is why you always should remind  
since by the shell of death we are entwined.

You are the ocean of caring love,  
you always seek to answer our questions,  
And so your speed - and you are so fast -  
is prototype of the Father's speed, unendless.

And if you are carrying us so high,  
expanding our world, like doll Matryoshka,  
and so we fly with you: through time, soul, mind  
to the sound of everplaying accordion.

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Liza Sud

# You Are Wearing A Green Shawl,

You are wearing a green shawl,  
you will go to play the game Breeze.  
What should I do there alone?  
tired of poetic onanism.

Can not hold you there, nor touch,  
And not plant but God is my judge,  
what unenviable fate of the poet:  
even glorified - to be lonely.

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Liza Sud

# You Called

You called me in WC:  
'come in, you'll be the second'.  
But the fear my love to meet  
as the waves overwhelmed me.

And so I stepped back,  
it was a gray, matte door.  
And it hid you from me, as life,  
as impenetrable wall.

Why not to speak about stars?  
if it is the right the time,  
I know you also have a desire.  
I'm sorry that I didn't come.

I know you love me also.  
Endlessness overflowed  
at once as if circling vortex  
from the start, where - 'you called'...

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Liza Sud

# You Came In The First Place

You came in the first place  
by number of dedications  
I am not afraid of arrests,  
or political suppressions.

Poetry - is freedom,  
It conqueres any cage,  
but it will catch in its nets  
stronger than money and fear.

You came out on top,  
and it has frightened me,  
But it's a lovely thing  
what has daunted the world.

Now I manage the word,  
as if my own flesh,  
it is - special, again,  
as super-idea grade.

I wanted to write the lyrics,  
but you see - it is too late,  
with each age we are cleaner,  
though the world more disgraced.

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Liza Sud

# You Came. From Alexey Suslov

You came, and as is usual in life,  
for people without locks and doors,  
present suddenly became past -  
once again - open simple world...

You came in and it became clear,  
That I have not yet lived in the world,  
and the past trash flied away unrepaired,  
And I am kid again, as I was,

And I stand again, scatterbrain, lamp,  
not remembering why and what for,  
Only my heart became hot,  
That with you we are together at last,

And away from anguish, sorrow, anger,  
From the place where the comfort is spoiled,  
We will leave for a clear perfect country,  
where they only build bridges, not burn...

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Liza Sud

# You Can Do Everything!

You can do everything!

New day is on the threshold  
And it is shining in the halo of gold,  
There is not a cloud in blue heaven...  
Let light pour in a syllable and verse!

You can do everything!

Laugh, simply live,  
And enjoy every moment,  
According to God's wise decrees  
By light, to Lord's words you'll become a servant.

You can do everything!

Hear music in your soul  
On a light day to bring all into notes.  
By you creative fire glow and illumine,  
And never part with Muse.

Liza Sud

# You Carried Me In Your Arms,

You carried me in your arms,  
and even without a cell phone!  
You never were cheating us,  
and even when out you go!

because you know how to love -  
everyone at the same time!  
because that's the real life of true love -  
in all and in all - at one moment.

Not to know it - that is Silly!  
Only youth suffers jealousy!  
but the holy - they never need  
it, because they were ripped by-  
Antiquity!

Liza Sud

# You Don't Want Any War,

You don't want any war,  
and you want to have peace with religion.  
Sense of prayer - is love,  
message stream in the Upper world regions.

There is no America,  
no Jerusalem, Moscow.  
There are only Your guards and elves  
with dwarves - these lightweight forces.

Day of rest - the Sabbath  
came to me and at last I have got it.  
I don't knock the alarm -  
cause I managed to reach your heart, knocking.

You don't argue with me,  
you draw hearts for me in net VKontakte.  
You would call Kabbalah  
even our love without backwards.

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Liza Sud

# You Drive Me Mad

At night I drink the brew of apples,  
That fell in autumn so late...  
And I see the far valleys...  
And the coming winter's gray hair...

I accept everything in the world,  
Although I know it will not be easy  
before winter in this late fall,  
Because you are - far, not near...

Only the light of these apples of autumn  
Warms me in my outcome,  
Oh, my late autumn,  
As spring you drive me mad...

Liza Sud

# You Have A Beautiful Bosom,

You have a beautiful bosom,  
you look beautiful when you go.  
when I'm angry near the wall -  
then I look at you from below.

But sometimes when spring comes,  
and I see the sun inside -  
then I look at you from above,  
and I love you for a long time.

because anger is always brief.  
and it can not get to the gist.  
as for love - it is always deep,  
and accommodates all in it.

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Liza Sud

# You Have Cherished

You have cherished in silence your lines,  
Very valuable thoughts and desires,  
Oh, but brighter and hotter please write...  
And of distances never be frightened.

I see the woven radiant yarn  
In attires of Mother of the World!  
And I don't want to blame anyone,  
Let my lira be servant of God!

Liza Sud

# You Have Dashed Me So Enormously,

You have dashed me so enormously,  
and destroyed me by many quotes,  
that I'll give up writing you poetry,  
and I'll stop going to your blog.

It is better, in truth, - on nature,  
It is better, in truth, - on lambs.  
and your literature's fascination  
and humaneness in each small line!

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Liza Sud

# You Have Fulfilled My Dream -

You have fulfilled my dream -  
You wrote about Haifa,  
We sit on the bench in it,  
After your saint baptizing.

We sit on the bench and cry.  
we even don't go sightseeing,  
because we are Christ-seeing,  
in your and in my Light.

And it's such a strange feeling  
that I saw it all already,  
but those were some other places  
where stones could talk and see us.

And that was another reality  
out of earthly faith.  
And no name of Christianity,  
above-truth in your gaze.

Why would they ask we are crying?  
Because there is no way out -  
out of our flying  
and next minute's wake up.

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Liza Sud

# You Have Offended Me

You have offended me  
And not I – you, my angel.  
It is prohibited  
With Muse to be acquainted.

Muses don't sleep with us.  
They coo better than we –  
Muses never turn back  
And rejoice far from sins.

Liza Sud

# You Have Yourself Revealed To Me

You have yourself revealed to me - you dream that  
you slept with me at night.  
But with the Bottichelly diva  
you were - not mine.

I have never been sleeping with you, Borechka,  
but in the Skies  
you always come across as though I  
am the clock's guard.

perhaps you are my distant relative,  
but to remind  
our relationship in weightlessness  
can only fright.

Fright - is not a scientific concept,  
you can not count.  
But it is always growing stronger,  
when one's in love.

And for the fallen in love Highness -  
learn Hebrew tongue:  
it was taught by Christ prophecising:  
give all your love!

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Liza Sud

# You Killed The Soul Of Lizonka,

You killed the soul of Lizonka,  
committed to anathema.  
for 10 years excommunicated,  
repulsed her from the Sacrament.

Liza Sud

## You Live In 2-Room Flat,

You live in 2-room flat,  
As many Russians do.  
I want to cheer you up.  
My stroking today – for you!

You love the touch of a hand,  
You call it poetry!  
Sound may come through miles –  
Healing biology!

Liza Sud

# You Love This World

You love this world, yes - love! -  
to read it to Iosif?  
to them insanity has come?  
by questions he is slaughtered.

Touch in the flesh!  
the world is tender - wisdom!  
See it is glowing with rays!  
Where is your snowy kingdom?

which emanates from all the verse,  
when it's dictated by an angel.  
Why things about flesh - to be born?  
The world below is in the rags disheveled.

Liza Sud

## You Love This World, Yes - Love! -

You love this world, yes - love! -  
to read it to Iosif?  
to them insanity has come?  
by questions he is slaughtered.

Touch in the flesh!  
the world is tender - wisdom!  
See it is glowing with rays!  
Where is your snowy kingdom?

which emanates from all the verse,  
when it's dictated by an angel.  
Why things about flesh - to be born?  
The world below is in the rags disheveled.

Liza Sud

# You Made A Closed Circle.

You made a closed circle.  
You pulled my hands up and off.  
And I fell on the whole earth and  
in fact, you have made a globe.

It was like in my childhood  
when I carry it on my hands.  
And the earth seemed small and presumptuous,  
And it was my small paradise.

It was ME - who created its life,  
it was ME - who has made it turn.  
Only then - all this school reality  
made this circle completely broke.

Who are you - to remake this circle?  
Who are you - just to resurrect?  
Oh - it's wonderful rainy august!  
Oh its happiness without end.

I still have some time of vacation!  
I still have time to love my earth,  
to forget about degradation -  
to believe -that I AM - its God!

Liza Sud



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Liza Sud

# You May Wear Me Upon Your Sleeve,

You may wear me upon your sleeve,  
or may put as a ring at your finger.  
it's my mission - to become your dream,  
it's a poet who always transfigures.

You are nowhere and you are around -  
just like God - it's a hot celebration,  
you are minute's gradations of light  
and just turn into any vibration!

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Liza Sud

# You Met With The Mayor Of Haifa.

You met with the mayor of Haifa.  
Want to show that you are tough?  
But what is for you the mayor of Haifa?  
did he dedicate you A LINE?

Or is it the meeting with power -  
to feel the extreme?  
of our forbidden loving  
of the Christian dream?

Did you seek Brodsky there?  
Bright sweet gardens, we - pale?  
did you go to heaven -  
to our peak - on Carmel?

Were you trying the roads?  
Were you walking with me?  
Who have so much in common  
like four eyes of one dream?

Here in our great Russia -  
churches are - everywhere,  
we may found a small village -  
no one will ever get! -

How we both came in it,  
how you were baptized.  
And the shock was between us  
in the merge of two Lights!

I will show no power -  
I am tender like breeze!  
Did you see him like Pilate -  
mayor speaking Ivrit?

Was he laughing like Herod  
at my small helpless love?  
Was this powerful meeting  
just a haughty Good bye?

Was your photo with mayor -  
the projection of our secret love?  
Or it meant: I serve only to Israel  
and look at who I am.

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Liza Sud

# You Play With Me Like Father, To Me

You play with me like father,  
put your hands on my shoulders,  
paint in the sky a castle.  
teach me the hebrew talking.

Taught me already that God  
not only plays the flute,  
but He's creating her,  
and by Him lungs are ruled.

I want for a long time  
to look at more thin threads,  
but scant earthly eyesight  
teaches to be tight-lipped.

And its meager reserve  
of lore is so scant  
that any dialogue  
is secret, slow and dull.

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Liza Sud

# You Plunge Into My Wet Lake

You plunge into my wet lake  
And flow there as a swan.  
And we entwine together  
As nightingale and rose.

You press to me more close,  
And you close my eyes  
Not to see real world but  
Merge into feast of mind.

It is not sex but growth  
Of our new born child.  
It is easy - we both know  
each other for a long time.

You take me to the new world  
Parnass and Paradise -  
And you erect a new dome  
With new gods and new life.

Energy from me leaks  
Useless for earthly sea.  
And Christ inside me speaks:  
You will not marry me.

In Russian

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Liza Sud

# You Said That Your Kabbalah

You said that your Kabbalah  
is not against any religion.  
It's pra-science of Father's Light  
and that it is its main mission.

May be you are just a good writer  
and they come to listen to you.  
Like to Orpheus, kind and wise one,  
And you pity them, stroke and soo.

You said that a Jew - may be anyone,  
its meaning comes from 'yahud' -  
that means unity, going 'Yashar El' -  
and that irritates the Jews.

You hold back, you keep the mystery,  
You let people be themselves,  
explaining that if they listen to  
Commandments - they'll go straight.

You talk with a smile on sufferings  
and tears of dark despair,  
as if all the broken-heartedness  
was a step to Love affair -

to final affair, the strongest one,  
the only one true and quick,  
combining a child with father-God,  
like tunnel, dynamic field.

To which one you plunge and go  
and fly there in His light,  
And no one to disturb you -  
cause everyone helps to find.

You talked about Syberia  
that people there combine  
a heart feeling and strong brain there,  
and that is their special side,

And you are so patriotic  
of Union - the USSR,  
and all that remained chaotic  
you sang in science's vertical.

When I was watching you yesterday -  
in yard there were fireworks -  
people were celebrating  
something - no matter what.

And fountains of golden sparkles  
flashed in the dark night sky -  
It was s just like how you excite me  
in me, my whole, inside.

You talked - and salute outside  
was just like my dream's black diamond -  
with glimmer on many sides,  
so tender, so soft, so quietly.

You said that your KabbalAh  
is not against any religion.  
And you showed a group in Haifa  
on your TV the last evening.

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Liza Sud

# You See That You Are Sailing In A Boat

You see that you are sailing in a boat  
And hands are ploughing water of the flow.  
the trees of the same age along the coasts –  
like relatives of the eternal grow.

I see through the thin layer only heaven –  
And from the shore you are listening to me.  
Attentively and silently –a poem  
we have become at once – you and I – we!

Liza Sud

# You Shine Like Goddess With A Ray

You shine like goddess with a ray  
in picture here. in full swing  
you pour unearthly inspiration -  
as if one hundred liters of the sea  
was poured in you and people could not drink it,  
and through a lot of years was left for me.  
and thus you gave to me through years to drink  
at least a little of your great love!

Liza Sud

# You Should Live - Not Just To Work,

You should live - not just to work,  
but to love someone, to guard.  
And I don't want simply to work  
so that to feel my soul and love.

I do not work, I do not work  
so that somehow to feed myself.  
No, of course now I have a job  
But it is easy fo me to forget!

Liza Sud

# You Should Show Me A Wonderful Dance

You should show me a wonderful dance  
because that is how you inspire me,  
for me, you - as a Muse, you are young,  
and caress by intonations' beams.

What should I do in winter alone here?  
and the more you are not near me.  
Sestroretsk is in dark, flowed by snow,  
no smile, no good view.

I am tied to a chair, like by chain,  
in the place of yours - is emptiness,  
but beyond inflorescences interstellar  
through the verses of the soul flies away.

And it is not cramped in body and place,  
but I'm close to you somewhere,  
let nobody believe we are together,  
through the word you breathe with me one air!

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Liza Sud

# You Think That If I Sit Near The Wall -

You think that if I sit near the wall -  
I can't stretch out to you near the window?  
You think that out of my love on the spot  
my poems - above you - I'll not spill them?

From me you're always going away.  
All life: unhappend, una?hieved, undone.  
But why with you I feel myself so calm?  
as if you become mine this very day.

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Liza Sud

# You Were Living For Me,

You were living for me,  
you were running to me as a deer,  
And I thought, and I thought...  
I just had no faith, blocked by fear.

You were serving like Christ,  
You were probably - His palm and His hand,  
and I had, and I had  
my own complex of abjective teasing.

You turned silent like lamb,  
you were lost for me, just like my father.  
I start to understand -  
you became too close to my sapphires.

I don't need any words,  
I need only the empty light tunnel,  
All is positive! Choice  
measures heaven as well as the ground.

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Liza Sud

# You Were Sitting In My Summer Cottage.

You were sitting in my summer cottage.  
Only two of us.  
I was standing on my knees before you  
out of great love.

Yellow are the walls of our bathhouse,  
orange gleams of flames.  
You're the best of politics of Russia,  
and I am your mate.

You are wearing kosovorotka,  
with blue flower edge,  
and now you sit without clothes,  
just in white towel weft.

Quietly we watch each other smiling,  
and your look is mild,  
Rustling of the grass, and forest climbing  
up into the sky.

Such a growth of love, such elevation  
as if not on earth.  
Oh, I had a wonderful vacation  
as the second birth.

Yellow are the walls of our bathhouse,  
orange gleams of flames.  
Talk of eyes, but we are keeping silence,  
As if all was said.

Liza Sud

# You Were The Harbor Of Desire,

You were the harbor of desire,  
You held the ocean of sperm.  
And I was there for your loving,  
And I was born to drink it all.

Oh who am I - to drink the ocean?  
Oh who am I to learn the salt of tears?  
Oh I am not a genius poet  
like Balmont, Brodsky or Shakespeare.

And I don't want to be a poet,  
I want to be a happy girl.  
And follow you wherever you go  
And taste whatever you will drop.

I follow with my glance each movement,  
each trembling of sweat shake,  
It's not obsession or inducement,  
That is what for this world was made!

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Liza Sud

# You Will Become My Friend,

You will become my friend,  
you'll convert in a monk.  
and as time goes on,  
happiness knows no dread.

You will be my elf,  
and I'm your humble fairy.  
Not in the woods - in spheres -  
we'll meet with you somewhere.

What for this earth wasteland,  
its pitiful reality?  
Why is this film rolled up  
Only in 3D spiral?

No, I want - more  
to come to wit's end,  
And your book of Zohar  
in that is a great help.

MAN - and the rise of Malchut,  
one- and Nukva in Zeir Anpin.  
Ava-ve Ima come down  
from edges to a brother.

One - and two lights are merging, -  
the bigger and the smaller.  
Unity of such surging  
lasts not a blink, but longer.

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## You Will Enjoy Heart's Purity.

You'll not be trying to catch up with past  
by chasing a vain dream,  
you will preserve, protect the world inside -  
you will enjoy heart's purity.

Liza Sud

# You Will Not Find A Person Like Me.

You will not find a person like me.  
That would love you so simply for nothing.  
And will worship your face and your scream,  
And would always excuse you for foul words.

Because when you are shouting, in shouts  
I see only the calling for love  
And inside me my happiness stands  
And your heart burns so strongly for life!

I will become more active for you  
By the more stronger love, as you do.  
Shout - energy - coming out - fire.  
Brain is secondary, earthly, applied.

Because icon is hidden from us  
Behind any perversion of evil.  
It is happiness, shining of God,  
And it's not brain that you should develop.

There is a command: keep the seventh  
Day of Eucharist, as Light of Shabbat.  
It will lift you up above the earth  
and will show aht in your thoughts is darkened.

The descent will begin after that  
to the business and hard working days.  
that's the aim - the way up the staircase  
and the seventh day lights it for us.

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# You Will Walk In My Foot Traces

You will walk in my foot traces  
(I will write you in Russian better) .  
We will go to other places,  
But together, without resetting.

the plan is described in The Rose.  
Who is with me in my brain? -  
The one who have read me so long,  
Who have seen my soul's raw sketches.

No way to give in like that:  
not in poetry nor on the internet.  
I surrender to this love,  
But there is no response in real life.

All will pass by like smoke and laugh.  
But the Russian sky will be keeping  
Only his overflowing love  
And the verses of Sud Liza.

In Russian first:

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Liza Sud

# You Would Be An Ideal Dictator,

You would be an ideal dictator,  
our plants would be raised by you,  
and the USSR will not disintegrate  
but would have expanded - to Europe.

Heater batteries will be warm,  
and joy in our eyes would play  
and we would sing the Russian songs,  
At the West - we'll expectorate.

Not the dollar you'd raise, but the ruble,  
would revive the production at home,  
and the people would not walk barefooted,  
would not eat vegetables from abroad.

Because you are - the most clever,  
because you possess the oration,  
and emotions, and the Duma.  
And you are in our hearts - for ever!

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Liza Sud

# You, Father Ioann

For the whole month by him I'm locked up,  
He away from my house doesn't let me go,  
You, father Ioann –always are the first one,  
Who comes to me fo help and you save my soul.

Liza Sud

# You'd Have Given A Chocolate

You'd have given a chocolate  
as a present to me at dinner,  
Or at least you could have embraced  
if there is no hope for kisses.

Or you wouldn't have asked my poems  
if I get attached so hard.  
Because out of my love  
I look foolishly at incoices.

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Liza Sud

# You'll Be Like Narcissus Flower

I'll never take off my clothes  
in front of you, Daniel Brick!  
It will be winter and frosty,  
I'll kiss you in hat, like this.

I'll snuggle to you after your comments  
because they inflame my mind.  
But I don't like naked bodies  
since childhood, don't know why.

But I will recite my poems.  
and that'll be for us enough.  
Because we are angels! Both!  
I came now to understand.

You'll be like narcissus flower  
when looking into my eyes.  
It will be a long-long power  
that will hold us and unite.

You will be searching and searching  
and playing with my nerves,  
to make of them lace to bond us  
through eyelashes in hoarfrost.

Liza Sud

# Your Amusement Park

For me you mean more than all prizes,  
you walk along, go smiling,  
you will not give me much money,  
More important is how you humble.

As children on carousel -  
they are loving the high flight,  
dependence on whirling race.  
Ten minutes - and their delight.

And since your amusement park  
for me is completely free -  
what else do I have to ask? -  
this debt I vannot redeem.

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Liza Sud

# Your Appearance

Just your appearance - the only one -  
Causes the flow of love and inspiration,  
A fool would say: Julia, what you've done?  
And I will say: that's how the sky has measured.

You simply walk - and notes have become letters,  
They all are just the codes of minute's joy!  
And so that not to lose them and forget them -  
A genius has taught us to write poems.

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Liza Sud

# Your Blouse With Forget-Me-Nots

Your blouse with forget-me-nots  
is dearer than Haute couture  
I am always at lonely morns -  
thinking about you.

your light blue color skirt  
Denim – suits you so well!  
With you to have a walk  
will I be fortunate?

today is a sad Tuesday,  
and clouds out of the window  
you went out to pay visits  
and I am alone as usual.

Liza Sud

# Your Dreams Are Not To Sell

Your dreams are not to sell.  
Dreams are - to become true!  
God takes them for Himself -  
their fulfillment He gives to you!

Liza Sud

# Your Face Is Very Strange

Your face is very strange  
As if not from this planet  
As if retouch was made.  
And may be no one has done it.

It is strict and entice  
Eyes, as a star of promise,  
And what to wait for the one  
Who has no rights and before it.

Liza Sud

# Your Hard Work

Your hard work is persistent and long-lasting -

Is not believing that you are elect.

But life has no ends and space will suck in

You in itself when you commit to death.

And why from God you then are separating?

What for did you create your own I?

That's how you send off happiness, ablating,

Cause we are happy only with our God.

Liza Sud

# Your Husbands

Everything pales next to you, Dear!  
Everything fades away, all again.  
It is needlessly to be afraid that -  
You are caught by your fate in May.

You yourself were dreaming about it,  
To be in men's arms - was a woe,  
And you have always known inside that  
I'm waiting only for you.

And for all to the fate I'm grateful:  
all the friends and husbands of yours.  
They told me, that for me you are - tempered,  
they gave me your impeccable birth!

And now you are - my Bride, my Native,  
All is washed in the virgin love,  
I love you, joy of spring, my merry!  
Though the cranes are already gone!

translation from Alex S

Liza Sud

# Your Image In Sky, As An Icon,

Your image in sky, as an icon,  
It fills my imagination,  
in bowl without too much languor  
it is pouring inspiration.

This stream is in sweet quiteness,  
there will be no simple metaphors,  
because the wave of consciousness  
absorbs the line of what may fright you.

And leading you, as by the hand,  
on a date with the Light eternal,  
It reveals the sense universal,  
without breaking your nonchalance.

And easily follow the lines,  
as surely as after Brodsky,  
you go for a new sky,  
which can never make you an orphan.

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Liza Sud

# Your Pocker Face Is From God,

Your pocker face is from God,  
As accept it fully, as love.  
Michael Laitman, the greatest rav  
Taught me it's right like that!

Liza Sud

# Your Poem Raised Me To Ecstasy,

Your poem raised me to ecstasy,  
but please don't answer to that.  
I like the paintings of Fantasy -  
this sophisticated style.

There is one and very big land,  
(and it is ruled by ROC) .  
Its angel dictates to its people  
the program of his ideas.

Well. there are many neighbors,  
and neighbors are good and kind.  
And there are no war weapons,  
Their grandpas forgot of that.

This big world has diamonds-sapphires.  
and they are piercing days,  
They are their tender guidings  
by cleansing and strong rays.

They say: the best of all places -  
is the one you sit upon.  
And from your heart from out there -  
you may feel the whole God!

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Liza Sud

## Your Poems, Svet,

Your poems, Svet, - are always full of life.  
I even would have prayed over them.  
remember last October - like a fairytale,  
I was afraid of it, that is too sad...

Liza Sud

# Your Thankfulness Gives Me Delight. To D.B.

Your thankfulness gives me delight  
and then vice versa.

Imagine God, this constant Light -  
boring, but awesome.

And we - divided - may unite,  
exchange love-giving,  
together asking for the light -  
and then receiving.

It is like playing with a ball -  
extreme and funny.  
And you can never play alone,  
this law is stunning.

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Liza Sud

# You're Putting On My Feet Small Socks,

You're putting on my feet small socks,  
I am 12 and I'm - your little girl.  
flowers to the ceiling we will toss  
and go for a walk with you in snow.

We are not the children of the Horef,  
but we want also to be loved.  
and so they also bring us all goods  
as to the wounded from rearward.

You look at me for the whole matter.  
Want it to be a father's glance,  
so pure as the real father's  
who for my happiness would die!

I'll not be used again, abusers  
I want as washdown, to forgive.  
And no revenge - after Communion  
the Saint - for their good to plea.

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written under music:

Hinuh meyuhad – Horef 73

Liza Sud

# Zhirinovsky - Is Also A Teacher!

Zhirinovsky - is also a teacher!  
and he founded his institute.  
And he is - a skillful politician.  
25 years opposes to rule.

and he always could say what he wanted.  
he can not be bought by anyone!  
and we all are - his sons and his daughters -  
the whole Russia, the palace of stars!

And in general, he's happy, starry.  
his wife is like his sister, they say:  
they are very alike in their marriage:  
in each movement, and smile of a face.

Liza Sud

# Zhirinovsky Is Hugging A Horse

Zhirinovsky is hugging a horse  
in beloved steppe somewhere.  
In the red shirt, so good -  
as on museum painting!

Here are: peace and glory,  
friendship forever with nature.  
there are no bloody battles,  
No long wordy debates.

And the horse understands it,  
also he is loved by children,  
he is named the folk artist -  
as many write in Inet.

See the Idyll in nature!  
He was deprived of many  
things as a child, as often a horse,  
as the majority of the folk!

Liza Sud

# Zhirinovsky Toasts Trump Victory With Champagne

Zhirinovsky is drinking champagne  
for the victory of Donald Trump,  
he congratulates the USA,  
we are friends, that is pleasant for us.

Over Moscow great peacefulness spills,  
And the sparkling champagne plays so sweetly.  
The new year will be light as feast,  
So the prophet . is speaking.

Donald Trump -is an angel- the rich.  
He descends from the heavenly world.  
his farsightedness helps him to see,  
And he'll make peace with Russia of course.

Washington - and Moscow - and Beijing!  
Let be peace over each of these cities!  
To each one I wish prosperity,  
and that all people's faces are beaming!

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Liza Sud

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It's a translation into Russian of

Poem by Saiom Shriver

Sunflowers spin to  
catch solar perfection  
and to mirror the sun's  
radiant reflection

They swivel their  
heads to catch  
his rays  
as he with his  
gold  
does them array.

Liza Sud