

Poetry Series

Ruslan Kerimov
- poems -

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Ruslan Kerimov(July 03,1970)

I love poetry. I live in Baku, Azerbaijan, which is located at the coast of the Caspian. I love playing the guitar. I like creating something for my soul

A Castle Of Sand

I remember the time when I was a kid,
When we played Knights and Queens hand in hand.
We dreamt of a kingdom, we decided to build
A marvelous castle of sand.

We all gathered together and ran to the sea
Where the waves kissed the sands of the shore,
Where an eel left a trace, a message to me
That I'd never fancied before.

I remember I took my shovel with me,
My bucket, my armors, my sword.
I remember how the side of the sea
Was invaded by our horde.

We started to work so zealously hard
To complete by the Sun's decline
But the Sun in the sky admired our art
And some longer He promised to shine.

And finally we built the castle of sand,
At last our dreams came true.
Around the castle we danced hand in hand,
All the kids, both me and you.

It was six in the evening, our parents frowned,
So afraid were they and appalled
By the thought their kids in the sea might `ve drowned,
So the Soviet militia* they called.

The officers didn't expect they'd be charmed
By the castle's magnificent beauty,
Though their determination disarmed,
To take us home was their duty.

Ruslan Kerimov

A Victim Of The Sky

A victim of the sky

I

Moscow's outskirts, a drizzling day,
An old man strolls in the park,
Coniferous scent, pines guide his way,
The branches of the trees are stark.
Despite the rain he walks his dog,
The pine grove, though, immersed in fog
He comes across a dreadful scene,
Before he's hardly ever seen:
A torn-off leg hangs on a tree,
A mangled body, clotting blood,
That was a sight too hard to see
Too hard to bear for aged heart.

Police came soon to the location
To start its prompt investigation,
Investigator was confused:
What weapons did the killer use
The victim's flesh to rip and tear?
One should be stronger than a bear,
To slay his victim on a tree,
There's something wrong, it cannot be,
Who could have killed this wretched teen?
His face looks young, about fifteen,
Maybe, the boy fell from the sky?
Yet human beings don't fly!

II

A poor province, a shabby dwelling,
Dim lamp illuminates the room
The paint peels off the walls and ceiling
The flowers in the pot don't bloom
A worn-out carpet on the floor,
A rusty heater warms the place,
The wind knocks fiercely on the door

Just like a criminal thrilled by chase
The puppy huddles on the chair
The smaller brothers play with toys
And mother has a wistful air,
Is not at home the eldest boy.

Last time she saw him in the morning
"I need to find a job", he said
He didn't take his mother's warning:
"Don't go too far, my son", she bade.
Yet to the airport he bent his way,
And quickened his teenager pace
For better life long miles away
From this dilapidating place.
His father was an invalid.
His broken mother unemployed,
Despite, for them her best she did
Her hope of future was destroyed.

III

And no one noticed how he stole
Into the chassis of the plane
The engines roared, the white machine
Took off swan-gliding from the lane.
Became so small the roads, the houses,
The cars moved slow like tiny louses
So close became almighty Lord,
And cutting air like a sword,
The plane rose high above the clouds,
Above the rains, above the pains,
Above all suffering and doubts,
Above both luxury and chains.

The Sky, how many lives you've taken?
What is the number of sky toll?
How many hopes you have forsaken,
I doubt you can remember all
Some died in bloody air fights
Some died in air accidents,
In vain, engulfed by fear and fright,
They raised in prayer their hands

This time you've had a useless prey
To join the kingdom of the dead,
He hasn't seen his better days,
A victim to a piece of bread.

"Dear passengers", the pilot said,
"Hope, all of you enjoyed the flight,
Please, fasten belts, make seats upright,
In twenty minutes we will land."
And then was heard the chassis' sound,
The chamber opened, down to the ground
The frozen body freely flied,
And no one knew that he had died.
The airport, the happy faces,
The smiles, the kisses, the embraces
'Cause life goes on, 'twill never stop,
One single life is just a drop.

Ruslan Kerimov

Autobiography

A tiger am I, lonely, yoked,
A cigarette extinguished, smoked,
A land uncared-for, abandoned,
Alive am I but still a phantom,
A promise not yet quite fulfilled,
A truth unknown, unrevealed,
A being doleful and suppressed,
A soul constricted in the chest,
A river vectorless in desert,
A word for many so unpleasant,
An avalanche in agony,
A volcano arrested in mutiny,
A bee so keen on making honey
A fool in making real money,
A hand disturbing the guitar,
A disappointed avatar,
A rat that doesn't eat his brother,
A roach that doesn't invite the others
A.....
A.....
A.....
.....

Ruslan Kerimov

Fall Ii

Why every Fall I feel so blue
When northern wind blows from the sea,
And distant memories of you
With raging gushes brings to me?

Why bleak and changing nature says
That loneliness has come to stay,
And why we go our different ways
With our souls led astray?

Why every Fall on the cold street
I look for you among the crowd
And try again by chance to meet
Your lovely face I dream about?

The seasons change, my feelings don't,
Time cures pain, but mine it won't!

Ruslan Kerimov

Fall Iii

The roads of life, they always wind,
They take me high and down,
And make my sleepy eyes snow-blind
With winter's wedding gown.

In spring these roads make me feel
That I am getting old,
Young nature to my eyes reveals
A million blooms unfold.

It's only autumn I admire
Its sadness and its gold,
When every tree plays me the lyre,
Though every tree is old!

Ruslan Kerimov

Farewell

You want to soar away on wing of starlit Night
To blinking lights afar, unknown mystic worlds,
Abandoning the past, the remnants of delight,
And throwing out the ballast of unspoken words

Your cold eyes beam not affliction or distress,
Just playing shadows gloom your pallid beauteous face.
Could I relentless course of Destiny regress
Would I for good prolong this farewell embrace!

His rugged hands the Night from darkness stretches out
The Universe awaits you with her moonlit way.
On everything the parting lays a silent shroud
And on my tired mind eternally 'twill prey.

And breaking easily the earthly gravitation
And entering the timeless corridor of Space,
You leave me, with no words or soothing consolation,
For nightly diamonds of skies and heaven's grace.

Ruslan Kerimov

If I Were Satan

If I were Satan, to the hell
From godly paradise expelled,
I'd wear not my skin of beast
I'd wear a mantle of a priest,
I'd write abstruse religious books,
To get the humans on my hooks,
And preach the holy word I'd rather
So they would always kill each other,
Religion is a tool of war,
An endless source of human gore,
(Forbidden apple's fragrant juice
By which weak Adam was seduced,
He came to differ Good from Evil
But got confused his mind primeval)
Young soul, cowardly or brave,
It makes the doctrine's blindfold slave,
What use of earthquakes and diseases?
Their number anyway increases,
But bigotry billions can infect,
At that, not easy to detect,
'Cause well enwrapped by pious deeds
The evil jealously it shields,
This humankind would surely perish,
Killed by the gods whom they would cherish
And they would argue, day and night,
Whose god is better, whose god is right,
For me, twould be an easy job
To rive like this the spinning globe.

If I were Satan.....

Ruslan Kerimov

If You Want To Be My Wife...

You, learn to cook us tasty meals
And I will build our home.
You, smile so bright, so that this smile
Could make our dwelling warm.

And pour live water to the soil
And I will plant a tree
So that a pilgrim could enjoy
His shelter here for free.

You, love me so, like no one did,
And I'll grow up a son
Who I'll be proud of, when old,
For fair deeds he's done.

Ruslan Kerimov

In A Dream

I see her dancing on the sand
And making circles on the shore
A Spanish guitar in her hand
I stand there watching her in awe.
Don't know for sure who she is:
Is she a siren from the sea,
Or she's an angel full of bliss
That from the heaven came to me?
I burn in esoteric fire,
In mystic ecstasy of dance,
To stay with her is my desire
Submitting to the will of chance.
On this deserted lonely beach,
Inside the ocean's gusty breath,
Beyond reality's dark reach
I'll live in peace until my death!

Ruslan Kerimov

Lonely

My eyes irradiate no light,
My soul's a homeless cat,
It's frozen and it looks for warmth
On a soft and fluffy mat,
Is so afraid of life and death
And of a big street rat.

My thoughts, like fallen maple leaves,
Are scattered on a road,
The road that leads to no result.
Unbearable load
Is on my shoulders and it seems,
This way I already rode.

My memories - my only friends,
They never leave me 'lone
Unlike my childhood pals who've gone
And turned their hearts to stone.
Though human beings are around,
Why I feel so forlorn?

Ruslan Kerimov

Love And Gold

Love:

True inspiration I ignite
In every poet's heart,
I move an artist's brush to paint
A masterpiece of art,
And everybody falls in me:
The foolish and the smart.

I am the scent of bursting bloom
And I'm the first kiss
Of passionate and tender youth,
Its harmony and bliss.
I live inside unspoiled souls
Who really care and miss.

Gold:

I am the shining of the sun,
I am its morning ray,
I live on millions stars above
And in this earthly clay,
With me ends every moonlit night
And then begins new day.

Both noble and so pure am I,
Also corrosion-free,
That's why my glitter and my glow
In temples you can see,
And thousands people broke their backs
From depths to get me.

Love:

No matter how pure you are,
How noble you may be,
You ruin everything I do,
You are my enemy,

And down you bring those who's sublime
From their high degree.

Lie is your tool, so is man's greed,
Your glitter's just a shade
Which darkens everything that's true,
Eventually it will fade:
You'll lose your power over man,
With you he won't trade.

Gold:

I'm not to blame, I'm what I am:
Attracting, shining gold,
It's not my fault that man for me
His soul to devil sold,
It's not my fault he hunts for me
No matter young or old.

But I can be a faithful gift:
A lovely wedding ring,
Or in a craftsman's skilful hands:
A fine and perfect thing,
Not only greed and stinginess
Into this world I bring.

Ruslan Kerimov

My Flight

On the wings of the wind I'm flying high like a kite,
I'm leaving behind the dark of the night,
Everything behind to enjoy this lonely flight.
Nirvana's my freedom, boredom's my jail
Don't know what's ahead, I'm under heavenly sail,
Be as it may, 'cause today I have no fear of height.

In the rays of the sun, sorrow will burn away,
Just illusions will stay to lead and light my way,
And free my hope that beats like a bird of love in my hands.
Over the waves of the sea, just my dreams are my friends,
Taking me somewhere the blue horizon ends,
To unknown lands where diamonds are grains of sands.

In your wedding gown
You looked like a queen in a crown.
Do you remember now our happy days?
And how it all broke
When happiness became a yoke,
Nothing has been left, just heavy rains.
I drew a heart
On the window when we had to part
I couldn't find a word for what I felt inside
On an autumn's day
When everything looked grey
The candle burnt out inside

On the wings of the wind, the Universe I will traverse,
In the breath of the sea my fate will never reverse,
The burden of life will never hold me down on the ground
I need to reach the Sun before comes the Night
So be stronger, my wind, and be faster, my flight,
Now I have to go, for the Star I am bound.

Ruslan Kerimov

Palmira

Where flesh is torn apart by shells
And thrown away to vultures,
Where death is young and better sells
Than a masterpiece of culture.

And where ambitions bring to null
The values that we share
And where the songs of joy are lulled
In the deadlock of despair.

Ruslan Kerimov

Someone

The world is awakened by Spring, by the rays of the sun,
But someone sleeps fast with his limbs torn apart by a shell,
And someone is very much sad but someone has fun,
For someone this Spring is the heaven, for someone the hell.

And someone is born today but someone is dead,
For someone it's the beginning, for someone the end,
Cause someone is hit by a bullet right in his head,
When someone finds love, someone loses his friend.

There's someone who chats with his buddies and treats them to beer,
And someone who drinks a full bowl of incarnadine blood,
There's someone who swims in a pool where water is clear,
And someone's abandoned and drowning in debris-full flood

And someone is sterile and never will carry a child,
But someone has many with no money for clothes and food,
And someone reads meaningless magazines of fashion and style,
But someone's a genius though blind since his early childhood.

The world is awakened by Spring, by the rays of the sun,
The colorful blooms spread around their marvelous smell,
The Spring Queen has come to the earth and the Nature has fun,
For someone this Spring is the heaven, for someone the hell.

Ruslan Kerimov

Sonnet 1, Fall

When Fall bewails the summer's shining days
With howling winds and bitter tears of rain,
And gloomy clouds hide the sunny rays,
So I lament lost happiness in vain.

When raging surges hurl upon the cliffs,
And swelling azure of the sea turns black
And raindrops dance in pair with falling leaves,
Do I regret, what's gone cannot get back.

When swallows chirp their cheerless farewell song,
Like arrows, darting 'cross the dark-blue sky,
I know they won't linger here too long,
To distant lands, away they have to fly.

So happiness just comes to go away,
Appreciate then what you have today!

Ruslan Kerimov

The Asphalt

The water on the asphalt glitters with silver,
My feet are too drenched; I will not get a sleep,
Feel cold in my kidneys and pain in my liver
My throat's desert-dry, my despair so deep.

And veiled are the faces of those who pass by
Like phantoms, their breaths fume out in the air.
I'm scared of them, but they're also scared,
I might be a deadlier spectre to eye.

Or else, they would pierce with their nails my carotid,
And drink a red river of blood till they're sated,
They'd rip out my heart and offhandedly throw it
On this silver asphalt with ice-cold hatred.

And doomed to this lonely and desperate wandering,
I search for your eyes through these faces so grim,
And walking `cross puddles, always sullenly pondering,
I'm a demon of sorrow, of you born to dream.

Ruslan Kerimov

The Broken Stones

On a cold day when wild winds blow
You told me you must go
To other lands where rivers roar
and just like your hair flow.

Where stars and planets in the skies
Shine in your night-black eyes
And where the bird of wayward Fortune
On the horizon flies.

The road calls you, you must go,
There's nothing I can do, I know,
For me just broken stones are left
To make me feel so low.

Ruslan Kerimov

The Collapse Of Ussr

My country broke down. Did you hear that sound?
A sound of destruction, a roar of disaster,
Reckless decisions and riots all around,
Nobody figured what would be thereafter.
We cried out loud "Give us our freedom!
We are fed up with your communist wisdom!
We hate all of your idols, mendacious and fake,
Your restrictions and lies no more we will take.
New future and country without you we will arrange! "
And The Scorpions inspired us with their "Wind of Change",
To break the country for which our grandfathers fought
And in Stalingrad's hell shed their young blood
Where Messerschmitts left their bodies lying in mud,
Though at the time of that battle hardly they thought,
That their grandsons would sell their medals and orders
To tourists in markets for a couple of dollars.

I fell asleep in one country and woke up in another,
I looked around and saw that brother started hating his brother,
I understood on one day that the new life was utopia.
Then it all began: ethnic wars, xenophobia,
Unemployment and crime, prostitution on streets,
Degradation and chaos, bitter tears in the eyes,
Begging in subways, old women and kids,
Stories about democracy, political lies,
Former communist bosses became democrats,
They just took off their communist old-fashioned hats,
Then, stores cluttered with Coca-Cola, fake American jeans,
Novorishis and oligarchs for whom nothing matters and means
But their greed, their luxury and their dirty deeds,
Who don't care about homeland and about its needs.
Communist tyrants went, new tyrants came to reign,
Under shelter of democracy they ruthlessly plunder
Their country and people. Our hope was in vain:
They fooled us like kids, and we made a blunder
In believing their stories about democracy,
Actually it all was nothing but hypocrisy.
I lost my country, I lost my faith in truth,

This pain will never soothe.

Ruslan Kerimov

The Crossroads

A wandering pilgrim at the crossroads
Has lost his sacred way,
He's walked so many miles so far
But he has gone astray,
These miles have made him ill and old
And made his hair gray.

My soul is like that hapless pilgrim
That roams from place to place,
Through thousands of reincarnations
It treads the earth's face,
Directionless and ever lonely,
A spark in endless space.

Ruslan Kerimov

The Maiden Tower

The Maiden Tower

I

On the wind-swept coasts of Apsheron
Where early morning's rising dawn
Gilds bright the waking Caspian Sea,
An ancient tower one can see.

Some architect, so far unknown,
Did not for war this tower build,
Behind its round walls of stone
A mystery is inside concealed.

Some history scientists maintain,
It was a zoroastric fane;
No battlements the tower crest,
Just swallows there are wont to nest.

□ II

In days of yore the sea was near,
Rolled high by gusts of wind severe
The Caspian's billows struck the tower
With all their might and all their power.

At those times a beauteous princess
Lived in a palace by the tower
She flavored like a white narcissus,
A fragile but besotting flower.

Her eyes were like gazelle's eyes,
Her scarlet lips like rubies dear,
Her words like music from the skies
Her soul was clear like baby's tear.

IV

She did enjoy for many hours

To gaze on Caspian's glittering space,
Admiring fleets of fleecy clouds
That leave behind a smoky trace.

Of palace vanity so tired
She used to take a lonely stroll
As maiden dreams were gently fired
Deep down inside her innocent soul.

One summer day on a sea-shelled strand
By chance the wandering princess met
A handsome youth, who proudly held
A bronze trident in his hand.

It seemed to her she'd seen before
His eyes as bottomless as ocean,
He was the one she had waited for,
All life, to give him her devotion.

The lovers dated every day
And couldn't quench the fire of feeling
To Amour's arrow they were prey,
Deep was its wound defying healing.

V
But swifter than a racer horse
And faster than a carrier dove
The Rumor to the palace coursed
To tell about their secret love.

The king his daughter cherished tender,
As if she'd been an April rose,
But Gossip ruthlessly offended
His pride, depriving of repose.

The wicked tongues spread bitter blame
And buzzed just like a bee-full hive
That for a princess it's a shame
To be a poor fisherman's wife.

The king's old heart was torn to pieces,
His royal honor is no fun,

He won't let them be together:
A princess with a fisherman's son.

The sneering servants' envious band
Chastised her lover with the lash,
Expelled the youth from homeland,
The fisherman hut was burned to ash.

The king ignored his daughter's pleading
And jailed the princess to the tower,
Where heavy stones of woe unheeding
Made endless every dreary hour.

Her tears crystallized like diamonds,
Her heart was bleeding, grooved with scars;
Bereft of love, in Grief's black garments,
She was forsaken by the stars.

And, with her eyes from crying sore,
The princess looked into the distance:
Beloved is on an alien shore
Condemned to miserable existence.

VI

The clouds gathered o'er the bay
In dark and lowering array,
The wind's destructive cold gust
Made at the town its deadly thrust.

All evil spirits of the nature
Arose from their drowsy graves,
To punish people for misdoings,
Came out of their cobwebbed caves.

Tormented by her lonely grief
And heartless Destiny's decree,
To find her rest and last relief
The princess jumped into the sea.

The Caspian greedily devoured

Her body down into the deep,
And then receded from the tower,
The furious tempest fell asleep.

Still live are here the legends' words,
"The maiden" is the tower's name,
Still here nestle vernal birds
The old tower looks the same.

Ruslan Kerimov

The Tears Of Florence

(I dedicate this piece to my closest friend, Zaur Bakhramov)

Since childhood I had always dreamt
To see an ancient town,
A town in Etruria
Where splendid statues crown
Its churches, squares, building roofs
And bring it great renown.

And once I travelled to my friend,
He lives in Italy,
I told him of my childhood dream
And that I longed to see
The famous Piazza Senoria,
Its art of high degree.

Next day he said: "Get in the car,
Away we have to go".
He drove so fast on the autobahn,
How long I didn't know,
Went the Ligurian Mountains by,
Their peaks were white with snow.

We drove through tunnels, mountain roads,
Great beauty was around,
Fantastic views of Italy
That really can astound
With such a picturesque scenery,
Before I'd nowhere found.

The road sign said: 10 miles to Florence
Excited now was I,
But suddenly a lightning struck,
Dark blue became the sky,
And Florence shed its happy tears,
And Florence began to cry.

We dropped our things in a hotel
One aim was on our mind:

The Piazza Senoria there
We wanted first to find
And we went out into the rain
The old door closed behind.

We made our way through narrow streets,
Hard was the evening rain,
We had one umbrella for both of us
But we did not complain,
We hurried on, no time to lose,
"When I'll be here again? "

The tears of Florence got us soaked
But we finally found that square -
A brilliant masterpiece of art.
My words may seem unfair:
No other beauty made by man
With Florence can compare!

I looked into Perseus's eyes
And he looked back in mine,
I swear his bronze face was live,
Unearthly and divine,
The genius who had sculptured him
Now rested in a shrine.

Next morning Florence ceased to cry,
It was a garish day,
She met me with a rain of tears,
Adieued with a sunny ray.
We crossed the Arno once again
And set out on our way.

Ruslan Kerimov

The Trace Of Dervishes (Dedicated To Nasimi)

In the Orient's boundless plain
No beginning is there, nor end.
Revelations from heavenly reign,
From the Lord to the deserts descend.

Yellow valleys of dried-up Aran*,
Along rivers dervishes roved,
And far-off from the rules of Koran,
Used to chant their songs of love.

And they glorified love with their lyre,
A true love, that is endless as space,
To love all was their only desire,
To hold tight both worlds in embrace.

Their songs wafted up to the moon,
And the Night fascinated got numb,
And the angels went off in a swoon,
So unable to withstand their charm.

They were pilgrims of truth-guided road,
Always roaming all over the globe,
Unafraid of harsh weather and cold,
Happy wearing a shabby robe.

Yellow valleys of dried-up Aran,
I am searching the dervishes' trace,
And far-off from the rules of Koran,
I can find out the essence and faith!

Ruslan Kerimov

The Tree

When you planted me in fertile soil
I was a sprout weak and small
But owing to your care and toil
I grew up quickly strong and tall.

With tenderness you watered me,
You found your comfort in my shade,
And used to drink your fresh-brewed tea
As in the wind my branches swayed.

As years ran by we both grew old,
Your hair became, like clouds, grey,
We went through hardships, heat and cold,
We had both sad and happy days.

But struck by poverty you sold
Your lovely piece of fertile land,
New owner didn't care at all
And cut me down with his brutal hand.

And when my soul left the wood
I saw sad tears run down your face
Your sorrow and despondent mood
Carved in your heart a bleeding trace.

Good-bye, my friend, for now adieu,
I'll see you in the paradise,
With my green leaves, there I'll shade you,
I'll be the délight of your eyes.

Ruslan Kerimov

To The Child Of Gaza Strip

Day turns to night, night turns to day,
A strip of land immersed in fire,
Deaf god will never hear you pray,
Today is black, the future's dire.

War tourists quietly watch you die,
A fabulous, fantastic view!
The politicians, as always, lie,
And no one cares about you!

The same old story, nothing new:
War mongers earn by making war;
And hatred only is left for you:
You, dream no more and hope no more.

Once you grow up you'll wear the brand
Of a terrorist, so you'll be called
To be bombed again in a piece of land
Forgotten and betrayed by all!

Ruslan Kerimov