

Poetry Series

Janri Gogeshvili
- poems -

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Janri Gogeshvili(1946; 31/I)

In exchange for press-release...

...As I have mentioned before, the mysteries that help us to apprehend the esoteric wisdom, deserve some warmth and love, as well as the views remained as inactive dogmas, need perfection in the intellectual space and careful arrangement in the active maxims.

Janri A. Gogeshvili - Georgian Writer, born in 1946

! At Last It Is Revealed...

It is revealed at last
That the downright
Have a helper,
That a needy and poor man
Is not always a beggar,
That God helps
The artless and upright,
Promising them
Radiance and light.

It is revealed at last
That a single warrior
Is helped by the forces –
The threats to the foe,
And that the unclad
But attired in grace
Are able to assault
The whole space...

It is revealed in the end
That the enemy
Turns into a friend –
Into a brother proud
Of his descent,
That God is
With the artless
And upright,
Promising them
Radiance and light.

30.08.2000

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

* Life Was Dozing, The Lady-Bird Flew Over The Verge Of The Death

The world was dozing,
It was tired and worn.
"Man is supported by man,
A fence – by blackthorn! "
That precept was well-known,
But entirely forgotten...alas!
The death, too, slumbered,
The day was colorless...

The guys remaining chums
By chance,
Had washed away all their talent
And all their heavenly donation,
Women and girls scattered in the streets
Were seized by the shameful passion.

Men wanted to whitewash themselves in solitude,
They craved for solitude, for isolation.
The current – slow, calm, but yet naughty,
Suppressed them... they were tied to the life,
They were tied by the bonds of obligation.

The world was taken ill with despair,
Roar was heard, all was alarmed,
Life was dozing... slumbered the world,
Over the verge of the death
Flew the ladybird.

Hope twinkled on that path,
Cosmic mists brought relief...
And the fables of the Doomsday
Were woven there –
Fate, Future, and Belief.

Janri Gogeshvili

/ All Hail To The Purple Race

All hail to the purple race
That flutters from heaven
And the space beyond.
It is to bestow mercy
On us, on our kinsmen,
But it will descend
With tears and lament.

All hail to the purple race.
The scent of violets makes
Dizzy and drunk any lass,
And Love – the sacred feeling
Beautifies all
That is heavenly and thrilling...

All hail to the purple race.
“What nonsense! ”
May someone say.
That race annoys many,
Even the sages,
But is anyone told
About the ABC of the world?

All hail to the purple race
Favored buy the heavenly gift.
In our bodies that race will wait,
And take an earthly breath,
Then it will be
Altered and changed...

All hail to the purple race!
First of all, let's be honest...
The life we strive for
Is the heavenly scent,
And the breath of the earth...

Janri Gogeshvili

= Wear Your Mourning Attire...

Go ahead, and call upon the new hopes,
Slake their thirst with the nectar.
Who needs woman's eyes,
Full of malice and vice?

Wear your mourning attire
At the gates of your wishes...
Send out roots in your relish.
Tender is the day and wordless...
In the sky the knight vanishes...

Go ahead and call upon a tiny bird,
In its voice, reproach is heard...
I follow invisible notes,
The chased soul upon me calls...

I hear the moon breathe
In the rustle of leaves.
The thought – the steed of desire
Flies up to heavens...
Your absence does not make me blind,
Your absence is no weight on my mind...

I sank as a verse in the pool of mist,
I was born in the darkness of the Present,
I beheld the light in the soul,
I was born anew... I turned into one whole...

Woman's eyes inflame my heart,
Woman is my love and enchantment...
Others' rain has often soaked me through,
I've seized by the mane others' currents.

The great feeling has abandoned you,
You failed to see the frescoes of relish.
I remain faithful... I'll stay with you,
You just take care not to perish...

A Hungry Man Darns His Dreams

A drama with lyrical affection

The cold draft bursts into the house,
It freezes, winter bangs on the doors,
A single tear hangs on the eyelash,
Like the yearning - of mine and yours...

If you are hopeful and trusting,
Your soul is full of passion...
But somewhere whines the dog,
Somewhere vanish constellations.

The hope never dies, the hope
Is our glamour and our sweetness,
Your tear resembles the yearning,
That seeks its nest in the heavens.

A hungry man darns his dreams,
He has to support his kids,
But his wife thinks of the guy,
Who'll turn her grief into bliss...

But the kids – the heavenly gifts,
By their warbling put out the fire...
The cat grieves at the fireplace,
Reading the woman's desires.

But no! She remains a faithful wife,
She must help her spouse. She must!
The cat resembles a tax collector,
Eyeing ashes with a hidden lust.

11.12.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

A Man Splashed In That Puddle

Mr. X went out and spat,
He thought himself clean and nice.
His dog, too, passed water...
That spittle turned into a puddle,
Not without the help of other guys.

A man splashed into that puddle,
His wife turned him out: "You smell bad! "
She thought of Mr. X: "how tidy he is...
-You remind me of a lilac bush-
He whispers, and bows his head..."

13.03.2000

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

A Rascal Weaves Selfish Thoughts

A worthless man demands justice,
Complains of his misery to God,
Of those who, cause him trouble...
He forgets that he is a fraud.

A worthless man demands justice,
Reproaches others for being grim,
He says that he is robbed of money,
That a woman has deceived him.

A rascal weaves worthless thoughts,
Tries to deceive even the All-Wise,
He keeps on mourning over himself,
Pretends to be honest and nice.

When he finds himself out of danger,
His prey he devours and tortures.
He gnaws away thousands of hearts,
And then, mourns over his fortune.

14.07.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

All Hail To That Fool In Christ!

The malady can be healed by madness...
He plays a fool, but he is a sage.
The time of such wisdom has come,
He preaches the wisdom of age.

The nail is hammered into the wall,
The woman hangs on it flowers –
A bunch of violets of the dale.
Her eyes resemble your eyes...
The violets light up the nail.

Just a wise man can reject wisdom.
He carries out his task, he's preaching.
All hail to the fool in Christ,
All hail to his blessed thinking!

24.08.2006.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

At First Sight You Seem Lonesome

To the unknown brother-in arms
You fight against your own body,
You crave for training your will,
For being more versatile and resourceful,
For soothing your tortured soul...

You fight against your own body,
You try to be diligent and hardy.
Stoicism itself in such endurance
Uses all its experience and force...

You are not alone, there are seven of you,
Maybe a thousand and one, maybe more...
And it is a great pity, my friend,
If you don't feel it, if you don't know...

You fight against your own body,
Human mind is smart and bright.
You remain a winner and a hero,
Though you seem lonesome at first sight!

Janri Gogeshvili

At The Gates Of The Pain

The lust for search lay in ambush,
Awaiting the space-time,
And snatched the boundless love
From the second – from the while.
The greedy son avoided
His father's glance.
And trusted his thoughts to the sky...

The wind dozed on the branch,
Then hurried to the bottom of the sea
The son waited at the gates of pain,
The parent couldn't say his say...

14.12.2001

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Do Greet The Cosmic Winds With Sails

Raise the anchor, hoist the sails,
Do greet with sails the cosmic winds.
I leave for the poetic planet,
Not parting with my native fields.

Worthy men will meet me there,
And fair lasses – the servants of Christ.
They feel the sacred life through verses,
By them, they heal all the vice.

The kids grow up praising the Maker,
Giving honor and glory to Lord...
Do greet the cosmic winds with sails.
Lust for the word builds the world.

21.04.2007.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Don't Be Lazy About Living, My Child...

He is born exhausted and tired,
He wishes to go back, to retire.
He is born with a shadow of vague sadness.
And appears a space – empty and helpless...

Don't be lazy about breathing, my child...
Just a while and you'll discern the world.
If your mother regrets, if your father quips,
You just listen to the bird, – the bird chirps...

Look at the butterfly, – it flutters...
The brook helps the flower to bloom,
When the bee amuses it with his sting,
The tiny bird sings to the moon...

If the heart throbs and snow melts away,
You feel that Life is your fate,
And, having left the womb of your parent,
You adorn Darkness with your lament.

Janri Gogeshvili

Each Man Knits His Own Net...

Nothing seems to happen... at all!
Neither humiliation nor rows!
The day is tender, and the sun
Makes dizzy the rock-rose...

The fruit of our labor seems trifling,
But we've devoted to that labor ourselves...
Yes! Each man knits his own net.
Some spin a cocoon, some make traps...

Some set the traps – for themselves...

17.11.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Even The Bird Of Prey Is Afraid...

The tiny bird has to feign death,
She's lucky if she isn't caught...
I've heard that a kite, too,
Is afraid of such lot...
The kite, too, pretends that way.
Even the bird of prey
Fears to become a prey...

9.08.2001

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Eyes Lassos, Too, Are Strained...

The sinful night melts in the sky,
Force bears a deep passion,
Juice is got by squeezing grapes;
Such fall causes ascension.

Then the juice turns into wine,
Into the wine – the source of passion,
And in the end, that very force
Creates love and affection.

Later, hunted by that intrigue,
The willful heirs are brought to birth,
And eyes lassos, too, are strained...
They, too, stand firmly on the earth...

24.12.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Fall In, Take Places In The Rank...

Teasing oneself

Fall in, take places in the rank,
Graze... and let others graze in the field.
The deceitful well-wishers remind you:
"To Rome all the roads lead! "

Sing to the stars with a wild passion,
Go with the stream, don't blame others.
A stubborn man is punished... as a rule,
And those who yield are never bothered.

Fall in, take places in the rank,
Graze, and let others graze...

11.08.2005

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Flirtation In The Internet Space

The bonfire of amours is burning...
Pun, emotion, and fire...
A stranger is winged by virtual kisses,
And by the distant desire.

The reckless aim clings to the lines,
From line into line flows the passion.
Some wish to be tempted by others,
Some, simply, adore temptation.
And they, excited and inspired,
Set the keyboard on fire...

Talent is revealed with flirtation,
The praise for the passion flows.
The girl is amused, suspicion arises,
Someone roams about in others' souls...

The virtual world storms and rages,
The field of emotions is mined...
The dream sweeps in the dream,
And for the victim waits that "mine..."

12.01.2006

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Go Ahead!

Go ahead! Assault the space,
Tear up the tangles of your fate.
Your diligence will bear fruit,
If you're kind to the untrue mate...

So what if he betrays you,
So what if he sets a trap!
You just soothe and console him,
Think him your "devoted friend."

Come on! Assault the space,
Cheer up a coward and a weakling.
So what if he disappoints you,
And to your wounded shoulder he clings!

Go ahead! Assault the space... tell the sneak
You see his point... Be wise.
Tell him you know he was crushed by force
When they made him tell lies.

What so if he tells on you once more,
If he again lays fault at your door!
Some day he may be sorry, of course,
He may suffer the pangs of remorse...

Go ahead! Some day, all the treason
Shall be justified... mercy wins...
Each alibi will seem transparent,
"Forgive" will spread its wings...

Come on, and pierce the space,
And your grief will go sluggish...
The heart is still frank and sincere...
The respect for "fists" will flourish...

22.02.2002

Translated from Georgian

He Kept Just His Homeland In His Bosom

The sacred fruit of the fancy
Flowed down,
Temped the heart,
Made it rebel...
He abandoned all and everything,
He was lost, he disappeared, he left.
But in his bosom he kept
Just his country, his native land...
He located it where he settled –
There, in that very place.
And, at last, he slaked his thirst:
He fondled his country and praised...

4.04.1976

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

He Started To Bark In Someone's Sky...

He ponders over so many things...
The world is sweating with despair,
And the town X – one of the towns
Meets the dawn with a great fear.
The cloud has already devoured
The deep feeling – the passion that bore
The woman's inbred hunger,
The hunger – native and inborn.
The landing forces were transferred,
Swept away by the winds and waters,
The thunderstorm assaulted that town,
That town and its quarters...
The lust clinging to that feeling
Started to bark in the sky -
In the sky that belonged to someone else -
With evil ardor and pretence...

17.07.2001

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

He Stops On His Way...

He seeks all those who were lost,
All those, who had left him.
Many remained just toastmasters,
Some fell down from the hill...

He seeks all those who were lost,
All those having lost the sense of beauty,
Who fled hard times, ran away...
But linger about and stop on their way...

4.07.2001

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

High Time We Went To Our Harbor...

A travesty with a grotesque indication

It's time we stripped off our garments,
And attired in our own sins...

It's time to take off our clothes,
To throw away the queer fig leaves.

We must feel the flavor of our nudity.

Many of us: Ben, John or Pete

Spy into other people's affairs,

And, at times, even boast of it.

It's high time for Brenda or Betty

To trust and to believe us.

Let's stop gloating over our shame,

Our aimless regret and remorse.

Let's alter things, and wipe out

The suspicion sown in the Garden.

It's high time we took off our clothes,

High time to take off those garments...

Let's take off our clothes,

And attire in our own sins.

Time to leave in the past

The suspicious fig leaves!

3.09.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

His Voice Has Always Been Impressive...

He lost his way, and finding it,
Finds no abode... life's cruel...
He again wants to find the way,
And he rebels against the rule...

The mankind labors and learns,
It's so hard to overcome the turns.
The blackbird sings in the branches,
Impressive and clear are his tunes.

The experience – the right way of life,
No room for doubt, does you credit,
But only those who resemble Phoenix,
Gain wisdom, together with merit.

7.01.2003.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Hold In High Respect The Virtue Bestowed On You

Hold in high respect... with ardor
The inward customs and order,
The virtue bestowed on you –
The dear and sacred gift...
And let no one, even your son
To neglect your main foothold,
To ignore it!

Some have snatched away the emotions,
They've spent their life licking others boots...
The utter fool is proud of his folly,
And the mischievous sneak hangs about...

You are able to repulse
That assault of flattery
With well-known and noble means...
You just don't forget, and believe
Such order takes roots in the heavens...

18.09.2001

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Hope And Expectation Inspire Her...

"It's so trying to live without you...
Love is such a painful thing,
That my life is wasted away, "
This way the little birdie sings.

The wind has carried away her nest,
The torrent erased the pure streams,
Her food is covered with snow,
Heavy clouds hide the sunbeams.

The little birdie mourns over her love,
But expectation inspires her body.
The very expectation, and not hunger,
Has worn away the little birdie.

24.10.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

I've Lost One Verse With Tinkling Lines

I've lost one verse
With tinkling lines,
I've lost a verse,
It's somewhere else...
I sought the leaf,
But couldn't find,
Even from the disc
It vanished.
I cried and cried
For that little verse,
In my soul it lay
Like a winged word,
It lay there
Like grief and anguish.

That bright and sincere thought –
That verse remained in the past.
I'm tired of grief and sorrow,
Sorrow has seized me at last...

24.04.2006

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

In The Cemetery Of Your Soul...

When the pain
Heedlessly
Wipes itself out,
When it is estranged
And alienated,
When you can't recognize it,
You aren't dead,
You're still animated.
You must mind
That your happiness
Is turned into adultery and fall,
And that you're perishing and rotting
In the cemetery of your own soul...

19.03.1978

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

It Couldn't Turn Into Wings...

IT COULDN'T TURN
INTO WINGS...

The root of earthly wishes
Is so deeply buried in the passion,
That the poetical dreams
Don't turn into sacred wings...
The dreams neither new nor ancient.

And I fail to reach the skies...

Though the prayers tempered me,
On the wings of the entreaty
I couldn't settle...
The childish lust
And the stubborn wish
Fought with me a battle...
The poetical dreams
Couldn't turn into wings...
The dreams neither new nor battered...

And I failed to reach the skies...

3.01.2003

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

It Hides Its Innocent Look In The Fan...

The breeze escaped the tumult,
Ran away from winds and rumor...
It hides its innocent look in the fan,
And merrily chats with the charmer...

How nice is the society life,
How thrilling – lust and passion...
Some coffee, whisky, even tea,
A woman – tempting and capricious...

A true male chops up the firewood,
And kindles the fire at dawn.
Fate has betrayed him long ago,
And driven him to those lawns...

The witch snatches away his hat,
The short-witted guy scolds him,
But all this to him seems
Just "lullaby", joy and bliss...

A male observes the law of males,
The flames of love burn him and blaze...
And a woman, too, pities him,
From him she'll never turn away...
She'll spend beside him her days...

The breeze escaped the tumult,
Ran away from winds and rumor...
It hides its innocent look in the fan,
And merrily chats with the charmer...

23.12.2002

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

It Tired You Out And Didn't Spare You...

The taste of the common day,
In your soul lost its flavor,
And the woman's love you've lost,
Melted somewhere else... forever.

And someone inherited the kingdom,
That tired you out – didn't spare...
Someone mourns over the old times,
And loads you with his despair.

Someone keeps frowning at the future,
And freezes the grapes of the phrase,
But the worthless world, nevertheless,
Praises a man to be praised...

12.12.2001.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Just A Few Pass The Night At The Old Parent's Bedside

Many have dedicated frank verses
To mother... to the Virgin,
But few have passed the night
At the weary parent's bedside...
At the bedside of the parent –
Tired of years and lifetime...
Such a son couldn't bring forth
That care even in the solitude's bosom,
And, only now, over it he muses...
A sincere line contains prayer,
It also contains repentance,
And by God's will connects
The Past with the Present...
All hail to the Future
Showing respect for mothers –
Tired by years and bothered...

Janri Gogeshvili

Just The Distinguished Recognize The Comers

JUST THE DISTINGUISHED
RECOGNIZE THE COMERS

The present flees the existence,
Somewhere else will doze the rise.
We'll be left just with the future,
And, at last, that'll open our eyes.

We must grasp the ABC of the world,
We must feel the world's breath,
And not let the water we've bathed in
Wash away our life or death.

Just the superior recognize the comers,
Just the distinguished advance,
And those who are sincere and frank,
Bathe in the rays of the sun.

14.10.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Life Dwells In Pain

When pain suffers in our bodies,
Laughs in the death's face,
And inside us rolls,
This is the road we have to take,
This is the wrinkle of our souls...

When the sharp pain rages in our bodies,
We must escape the split mind,
And make it vanish...
Despair flirts about with the thought.
If we destroy its nest, it'll perish.

When the sharp pain storms in our bodies,
And seems amused with our vanity,
The life, too, rejoices nearby and breathes,
It craves for the sun, as a sown seed...

When the sharp pain suffers in our bodies,
And reaching the skies is the only wish,
Life itself dwells in that pain,
God's will is revealed in our anguish...

4.01.2003

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

O God, Show Mercy...

O GOD, SHOW MERCY...

O God Almighty, Our Father in Heaven,
Let go with the wind the foe's threats;
Punish the unwise and the unworthy,
Let them hold their tongues behind the teeth.

O God Almighty, Our Father in Heaven,
Weaken the treacherous men...
They just pretend to be Thy servants,
For their own good, let them lament.

O God Almighty, Our Father in Heaven,
Show mercy to those who serve their land;
Without harming their own country,
Let them breed their descent...

O God Almighty, Our Father in Heaven,
Let us rise – wipe out the feud.
Show mercy, save us, heal our souls,
Let us defeat the fraud...

O God Almighty, Our Father in Heaven,
Let the foe's threats go with the wind...

7.12.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

One Must Know How To Grow Old...

One must know
How to get old.
It's a kind of gift
To be brave and bold.
We must know
How to master ourselves,
How to become
Strong and fearless;
How to be patient,
Gentle and wise,
How to accept
Our fall and rise.
One must know
How to get old:
It's a kind of gift
Sent down by God;
A gift for mastering
Nerves and muscles,
For getting braver,
For helping others.
One must know
How to get old,
How to bear pains,
How to be bold;
How to bear solitude,
How to reach the space's heart,
How to grow fearless,
How to be smart...
That is a gift
Encouraged by prayers;
A gift for playing with death,
A gift for defeating the grief.
Let's not mourn
Over the last breath.

11.02.2002.

Translated from Georgian

One Of The Tombs Sends Out The Rays...

The mystery, the mystery...
The exhausted and tired face...
The breath quivers the string,
And false is the grimace.

The robbed and stripped life
Is thoroughly ruined and smashed,
That fruitless tree, over there, drains
The earth with vaporous wrath.

It tramples down with its roots
The ancient tombs... the tombs grieve.
It crushes even the iron armor,
And barks down with its leaves.
That sapling is so fragrant,
So fragrant is that plant!
But the stink and stench over there
With anger wipe out the scent.

If only the thunderstorm ventured
And killed that fruitless tree,
If only that fragrant plant
Were safe, happy and free!

The fragrant plant must be saved,
For that sapling my soul prays.
One of the tombs, for sure,
Sends out the radiant rays...

9.01.2003.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Only He Is Worthy To Wash The Savior's Feet...

Some help you as they choose themselves,
They help you with pride, without grace.
They try to lead you by the hand.
Hands wash each other, both – the face!

The thing is, whose face they wash,
Who is helped, who is assisted...
Who is the helper, and whose purpose is
Acceptable to the Prince of Peace.

Who rejoices over your sorrow,
Who feeds you with arrogance and when...
Who makes you pitiable and dependant,
And prevents you from being a man...

But he, who helps you heartily,
And never, never boasts of it,
He serves the Maker, he is upright,
He is worthy to wash Christ's feet.

31.05.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Reality...

Easy and graceful movements;
Active role in tragedies of the favourite;
Relations on specific to a manner;
Excitable a smile of the philanthropist...

Janri Gogeshvili

Sense Of Prestige Is A Peculiar Feeling

The harmonious "encore" broke down,
The same happened to the burst of applause.
Don't jump into the boat, it has no mast,
You can't hoist the sails... it has no oars.

But the lust for power seizes you,
You hate to lose the chance of sitting
Next to the ruler... You hate to wait:
The sense of prestige is a unique feeling.

Look, no one is seen in the boat,
Even the king has left it...
There, he floats away on a raft...
"The boat? "
"The boat sank! "

But you still jump in it with fervor,
The sense of prestige is peerless,
And people think: "What a faithful knight
Has sacrificed his life to the tyrant! "

18.10.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

She Flames, She Rejoices...

The contrast

A man loves a woman,
The screen defeats the life,
The passion forces its way,
And the housewife
Flies into rage, looks grim:
She can't love...
She can't bear her spouse,
But refuses to lose him...
She storms and rages
Watching others' passion,
Blooms like a violet,
Flames and rejoices.
She takes the ardor for love,
Can't heal the sinful desire,
And can't make out why the nature
Has set her heart on fire...
The screen defeats the life,
Teases it with tricks and temptations,
It rules over the couple by steal,
Storms and rages
With the spectrum of passions.

9.08.2001

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

She Winged The Flight Of Those Lines...

The woman raising castles in the air
Couldn't rise to the skies – couldn't flit...
She resisted the sincere feeling,
And, now, keeps on crying for it...

Love of country is a mask at times,
And a show is a thing that matters.
The tiny babe toddles in that show,
Swells his nostrils by steal, and prattles...

But the verses of the lone poetess
Adorn her fancies with bliss,
The grief, never seized by her granny,
Teaches her to fly in her dreams.

23.07.2000

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Shuffled Phantoms

Effort to find love through the infancy,
Fine meditation for the ambitious man,
But, from importance the dulled prank
Does not respond to an infant laughter...

The glamour whore will appear in time,
Sheds tears, it is shuffled phantoms,
Grandee is will be fascinated at this time;
Here all philosophy for a melodrama...

Janri Gogeshvili

Some Build Their Temple On The Mountains...

To the deceased Mother Miriam,
the head of the Convent

A monastery on the top of the mountain
Is lit up by the prayers of the nuns,
And Mother Miriam's thoughts rustle
The green lawn bathing in the sun...

But the tomb-stone of the head of the Convent
Nowhere is seen, nowhere in the lawn...
Her followers, with good intention,
Have used it as a building stone.

Some build the temples up on the hills,
Some – down in the valleys and fields.
Some turn into the Garden the desert,
And some just dream of the deeds.

The gift for building is a blessed gift,
Building of temples – a good deed,
But the invaluable charity is
Not to forget the deceased.

27.07.2004.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

That Fragrance Resembled Faith

The Lithuanians' visit (1971)

An essay in a verse

Once, in springtime, in my youth,
I led them through forests and caves,
Tracing the paths of my forefathers,
The paths of my native place.

Two Lithuanians, two "quiet rebels, "
One – a bit fleshy, the other – lean...
I led them through forests and caves,
And they willingly followed me.

One of them was a true rioter,
Imprisoned not once, not twice...
He was filled with the hate for the "Empire, "
His heart was turned into ice.

We quietly labored up the hillside,
The curtain of boughs barred the way;
Believers went there stealthily,
But my "debts" I had to pay...

And when we beheld the monastery,
Its yard – a nice green lawn,
We saw our labor was rewarded...
An old woman stood at the door.

She looked at us with respect,
That woman – so pale and wan.
She gave us a hearty welcome,
I told her about those men.

She touched me with her wrinkled hand,
She said she was glad to see the guests.
The woman was aged, very old;
Here is the story she told:

“When I first saw this monastery,
I was only four years old.
Since then, I’ve lived here, my son,
I’ve never sought other abode.

Now I’m hundred, and I still breathe,
But I’m troubled by the only thought:
No one comes to guard this monastery,
Soon it’ll be covered with moss.

She showed us the graves of the sisters,
The tombstones – cherished and old.
She prayed, and told us humbly
She’d done a lot for that House of God.

Then she spoke about Catholicism,
About its teaching and beliefs,
And explained to the Lithuanian guests,
How an Orthodox crosses himself.

The rioter was moved to tears,
His treasured cross to her he gave,
Asked her to bless it, and then
Bowed his proud head with awe...

In her blessed hands shimmered
The icon of the Crucified Christ...
And her fingers, resembling candles,
Had a fragrance of Faith and Trust.

24.05.2006.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

That Wish Blazed With A Red Color

That man openly kept on begging,
Others' thoughts he tried to seize,
He seized others' sacred wishes, –
Resembling the dismayed dream...

He played, he trifled with them,
The wish blazed with red at length.
He fluttered into others' dreams
Losing his vigor and strength.

And the poet's soul, too,
The moneybox of fancies
Is smashed by someone in wrath,
And that someone fails to count
The loot – the poets wealth...

27.09.1979

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The "blitz Democrat"

The powerful "fraction of liberty"
Held a meeting at last:
The two-faced man took his chance,
Betrayed the former times – the past...
The party of "blitz-democracy" was formed...
It was formed... and stood fast...

19.06.1993

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Aquarium

In the aquarium
Thrown to the shore
Together with the fragments
Of the wrecked ship,
Carelessly swim tiny fish...
They swim quietly,
Without emotion –
Don't pine for the seas,
Don't crave for the ocean...

23.04.1978

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Baby's Cry Squeezes Juice Out Of Grapes

A hut floated on the waves,
A sun-colored crib
Stood at the window.
The hut was smoke-grey,
The window – narrow.
A distant noise was heard,
Distant moans and wails.
The hut floated on the waves.
Peacefully the baby slept,
With bitter tears, the sky wept...

Then the little one felt danger,
Cried out and called his mum,
But she was swimming in blood...
The babe's cry was heard
Throughout the world,
It turned into a sacred herald...
And at the crumbling hillock,
The robber soundlessly shrieked...

He listened to the whining,
He left his machine-gun,
Stared at the hut
With a heavy heart.
The babe's cry rang in his ears...
Like a ghost, he made for the river...

He himself was brought up
In such an old hut,
And he remembered the crib,
The sound of rocking.
Once he, too, was sheltered
By his mother's veil...
Then the ill fate sent him outdoors
Without any pity, without remorse...

And now, as if to save
That baby's wail,
His heart leapt up to the sky.

Dreams hoisted the sail,
His heart craved for flight,
And he, the slayer,
Turned into a savior...

The baby's wails
Squeeze juice from the grapes,
And then, peace reigns
In our hearts and souls...
The baby's cry
Is a herald of God,
Stars have learned about it
Long ago...

10.05.2006

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Background Of Dignity

An obedient man leads an obedient life,
His ideals are perfect and high,
His pain is killed by the pain...
Long ago the madness of nerves,
The sharp pain, sorrow and torture
Amused him, again and again...

He trusted the man
Who told him once,
That the toothache was worse
Than the hunger for drugs...
But now, fluffy-bearded,
In a monk's dress,
At the monastery
To God he prays.

He is lead by his spiritual father,
Now he is devoted to Lord,
He prays much, gets little sleep,
And reads the Word of God.

He wakes before dawn,
And ringing the bells
To the monastery space
"A tale he tells."
And half-asleep,
Startled by doubt,
With the heel of his boot
He scratches the ground.

He adored heroin and morphine,
Was tortured by the lust for drugs,
The beast growled in his soul...
But all that remained in the past.
Today his dignity is valued,
Today he works day and night,
He willingly serves other brothers,
Today he's worthy and upright.

Training is followed by will,
Flesh is defeated at last!
The fiend can't harm him any longer,
All that remained in the past.

7.07.2001.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Bull

He was a bull,
No doubt, a true bull...
Immensely huge,
Immensely hasty...
With his ancestors' wild blood...
With glittering horns,
Elusive like snow-slip,
Shining and black, –
As if dancing and whirling
He rushed out of the shed.

He dug out ten trees,
Ten not very tall trees,
Then dug up the earth
Running up the rise.
He dug up the earth
And with a foaming mouth
Bellowed at the skies.
Men blew into trumpets:
The bull was an offering – a sacrifice...

All at once, he looked
At the scared men lying in ambush...
He bellowed and stood stock-still
For a while... rather anguished.
Nobody had let him
Turn into an ox...
Or else they'd stick
Two candles to his horns...

With his pointed horns
He again dug up the ground...
Without thinking twice,
Rushed up to the old limes...
He failed to bend them,
And again attacked them bravely,
Again assaulted...
The senseless battle
Fatigued him and exhausted...

Then the brave lads
Displayed their valor:
Stole up and lassoed him,
Tied up his legs...
It was disgusting!
The boys, cheered up by wine,
Kicked his huge testicles,
Giggling and laughing...

He wheezed, he staggered,
The pain was bitter,
They had forgotten, those guys,
That he was a bull, a bull to be killed,
A bull to be killed as a sacrifice!
And from the standpoint of a male
He regretted having wasted away,
Like a hot-tempered
And peppery man,
His only wealth –
Energy and strength...

17.11.2002

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Burning Sweetness Of Those Lips...

The nudity dived into the mist...
Then it dressed, and came into the world,
In a new attire, with the blazing life,
And strived for taming a bird.

With tiny wings it craves for Heaven,
Loaded with mists and illusions,
With the thoughts, incredible and rare -
A false pyramid of false conclusions.

When the life alters its shape,
And acquires other weight and width,
It gains quite other aims and missions,
And the mind can tame the winds.

The life spread like the rainbow
Is marked by the breath of a child,
And by the burning sweetness of the lips -
Of the image of love and delight.

21.02.2001.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Cactus Flower Lobbies Needles...

When the wicket smiles and
The sun dozes at the window,
The grief depart slowly,
The tears shine on eyes...
Eyes -yes... lips cannot say lies!
The cactus flower lobbies needles,
If the jealousy increases the tone,
Love games dress up...

Janri Gogeshvili

The Call

To the astral image

It can't caress and fondle you at present,
It is locked up in the bodily prison.
If only it gathered its strength,
And made you share its reasons!

It needs a miracle for your sake,
For your sake, it needs alteration.
At times, we turn into clowns
Abating our wild passions.

But now, it doesn't care for that,
It refuses to suspect and think
That you cherished someone's desire,
That you satisfied someone's thirst.

It needs a miracle for your sake,
For your sake, the ardor it needs.
Time flies and years assault us,
But the heart! The heart never yields!

It needs a marvel for your sake,
For your sake, it needs alterations...
For your sake, it grows more adaptable,
The astral body can cross the oceans...

Believe me, it'll come, it'll fondle you
With a dreamlike flutter in the air,
To heal your exhausted spirit,
And support you with tender care.

It needs a wonder for your sake,
For your sake, it needs alteration.
For the hearts "which near each other move"
Breath bears breath and expectation.

18.11.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Creator Is Your Warrantor...

He - who prospered thanks to the feud,
Was favored with the title of a henchman,
The false glory became a tombstone
To the wall mouldered by centuries.

Thanks to the free will of his protector,
He adapted himself to the hard times,
His life "inspired" with the evil thoughts
By the court-poets was prized...

They, too, gained profit from that,
Were awarded their cherished "prize",
Their deceitful souls stormed and raged,
They thought themselves "great and wise."

The coward called our truth a farce,
The ambiguous thing he said:
"The creator seems your warrantor,
Otherwise, you'd have lost your head..."

27.09.2002

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Desire Enslaved Him

The young lass
With her innocent looks
So colorfully
Offered her desire,
That a quiet man – a believer
Started to burn like fire.
Then he trifled with her,
Nowhere else – in his wife's dream,
And the desire, that wild passion
Thoroughly enslaved him...

5.07.2007

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Dizzy Outlaw

The breeze blows, blows carelessly,
Bringing the aroma of wine,
And the wind of love and passion, too,
Blows in the soul and mind...
It blows in the soul of a middle-aged man,
And assaults the sails of desire.
"Oh, what if... oh, what if..." he thinks,
And his heart is filled with fire.
The middle-aged man cooled down his heart,
Plunged into thoughts, lowered his eyes:
"Oh, you grey, you grey-headed fool,
Come to the ground from the skies."
The woman seemed to read his thoughts,
She smiled at him as if saying:
"Why have you locked up yourself, man?
You are not so old, not so grey."
Perhaps she wanted to speak to him...
No, no, of earnings she thought...
And the man, too, thought just of profit,
So hard and cruel was their lot...
The middle-aged man's wife was pregnant,
The seventh child is no laughing matter...
The market was lit up by roses,
By violets and glowing petals.
Just for a moment, he ventured to dream,
Just for a moment, he hoisted the sails.
Then he tore them down, and the passion
Was gone away with the gales...
The woman left, the fragrant woman...
The horse gnawed the bit at the plow...
And it seemed to the middle-aged man
That someone had stolen up to him,
And given him a kick – a hard blow...
The man looked about, he was all eyes,
Like a robber, like a dizzy outlaw.

18.04.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Donkey Stands At The Gates...

A satire with a direct indication

Look out! You think
You've wiped out the sin.
But no! Don't put on airs.
The find still sits beside you,
And you rock him in his chair.

Look out! You think
Your foe you've smashed.
But no! You've pushed
Your own friend,
And thrown him in the ravine.

Look out! You think
The lovely lass
Like an angel is fair.
But no! With other woman's man
She has a love affair.

Look out! You think
That a steed
Waits for you
At the door.
But no! A donkey
Stands at the gates,
And when you mount him,
He just brays...

5.10.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Dream Of The Heart

Hundreds of readers have ceased reading,
The ignorant are turned into censors,
The party man's image is flourished
By the hints and notions of a mentor.
Children and parents cling to the screen.
The dream doesn't blaze, it's forsaken...
Once the haughty fled the sparks of verses,
Today frankness is strewn with ashes.
But the dreaming heart never stops,
It beats... it beats, and throbs...

7.04.2000

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Drooping Rose Needs No Make-Up...

You just die, – you just pass away,
And it'll be all right, OK...
Your wife will read the Psalms
In a soft voice and prey.
She'll weep a little and lament,
She'll wear mourning dresses and fret,
And whisper to the dearest
Daughters and sons:
"My kids, your father
Has turned to dust..."
You just die, – you just depart,
And it'll be OK... it'll be all right.
The violets and the snowdrops
Will wipe out the winter,
The tiny bird will weave
Passion with twitter,
And the breeze
Will sing night's tale to the leaves...
The widow will look in the mirror,
And take a pencil in her hand...
No make-up is needed, you know,
For a rose drooping her head...
She may notice your gaze, –
The zeal heavy with years,
She may see the sham
Mirrored in your eyes...
Then she'll smile... and shed tears...
You'll pity her and think
You'd better stay with her,
You'd better look
After the cornfield of your desire...
You'd better work with all your heart,
And reap what you have sown...
And let your beautiful wife
Be a violet to you... or a rose...

17.01.2003

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Façade Deceives Us Very Often...

Instead of a pamphlet

You look at him,
And he's a man,
A real knight...
A member of the senate,
Very handsome...
But isn't upright.
He's very petty,
Not better than a goat,
A flock of sheep
Which is leading...
That man resembles a man,
But his thoughts are so piddling!

You look at him,
And he's a man,
A true knight,
But he's unworthy,
Narrow-minded,
And light.
His mind bears
The stamp of folly,
Vain ideas are drummed
Into his head;
His ideas are out of date,
Worn-out, rusted,
And patched...

You look at him,
And he's a man,
A real knight,
But he barks
At reason...
Isn't upright.
He praises
His old master's fables.
In a nutshell, he's a fool.
Now you can see

That appearance, at times,
Is very, very deceitful.

10.02.2001.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Fearless Strain Keeps Vigil...

THE FEARLESS STRAIN
KEEPS VIGIL...

You resemble that lonely dweller,
Who near the sacred sounds dwells.
"He's moaning, " rages someone,
"He revels, " chatter the friends.
I have nothing against you, my friends,
I do smile, but I am troubled,
The fearless strain keeps vigil,
And startles us out of slumber.
The verse's power scratches someone's soul,
And fills him with anger and distress.
Even the child's whine strains your heart,
The wind's blaster, too, strains your nerves.
If the tune of such timbre embitters you,
Mind: that's a remedy of some kind...
And the chilling tune of the "cold song"
Strengthens our heart and mind.
O verse! You flutter beyond the skies,
Your friends' support makes you so proud...
Even the deaf feel the planet's song,
And dream of hearing its sounds.
The power involved in the lines
Is valued by those,
Whose thoughts are deep,
The fearless strain keeps vigil,
And startles us out of sleep.

14.09.2006.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Forests Need Beasts...

Desire, wish sincere or
Rush without shore.
Forest need beasts.
Man impressions in passion
If you will perceive the wisdom
In love you will
Get another pleasure
And then you will break in passion
In your mind.

23.04.2005

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Future Having No Share In The Dream...

The wild passions fade away,
Years pass, our time flits.
We stubbornly wait for the future,
The future - having no share in the dreams.

The lust for life outweighs the grief,
The heavenly breath – the great woe,
The cherished moment flashes at last.
Life must flourish, flower and flow.

Men is mortal, all men must die.
We fail to master our passions...
We have to be trustful and sincere,
And welcome our alteration...

2.05.2006.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Homeland Attired In The Chasuble Of Nerves...

A muscle is a muscle, and nothing else,
It is armed forces, power and weapon.
And the nerve of the muscle can
Ascend the mounts of reason...
It resists the power of the assault,
And the invader, too, seems exhausted.
Power is power, and force is force...
It ploughs even the mountain slopes.

A muscle is a muscle, and nothing else,
It is weapon, armed forces and power.
The troops of those muscles,
The muscles themselves
Make a very durable armor.
Muscles protect veins –
The current of life and being,
The willpower's invisible shield.

The muscle of the heart
Is always on duty,
The pendulum of breath
Never tires out,
And the sound nerve
Encourages and inspires
All the virtues and merits
Of the universe...

A muscle is a muscle, nothing else.
The muscular world storms and rages,
And the sensitive wave of blood
Drills even the leaders and sages.
O muscle, keep awake, keep vigil!
Do not put out the fire of reason!
The homeland attired
In the chasuble of nerves
Quivers, rages and frets...

A muscle is a muscle, and nothing else,
It is armed forces, power and weapon,

And the nerve of the muscle can
Ascend the mounts of reason.
The troops of muscles,
The muscles themselves
Make a very durable armor.
Force is force...
It ploughs even the slopes,
And power is power...

Janri Gogeshvili

The Illusion

Even the love,
Having sent out its roots,
Is not eternal and endless...
We've made it up,
We've invented it
Just to save ourselves,
And we're afraid to lose the thing
That hasn't ever been our wealth.

4.04.1978

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Knowledge Bestowed On Us By Heaven

To the heavenly symbols

Sure enough, you own some rule,
The law you know, that isn't revealed.
No time to lose! You see yourselves:
With our lives, you aren't pleased.

We've overlooked the sacred thing,
The thought we got before our lives:
How simple is the worldly being.
For our birth we boldly strive.

But the sound of our whining
Makes us skip that thought entirely.
That indolence will wipe us out,
We came into the world blindly.

And when that vagueness starts up,
Some other energy stirs the heart,
And in the field of our smashed souls
A hero shares a pauper's part.

Sure enough, you own some rule,
The law you know, that isn't revealed.
No time to lose! You see yourselves:
With our lives, you aren't pleased.
21.04.2007.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Old Bird

An old bird is still a bird,
At dawn, he looks so pleased!
He flies and hops about as a birdie,
And twangs the strings to the breeze.

The old bird warbles with all his heart,
Encouraging the first twitter...
The newly feathered birdie romps,
And by that warble is christened...

The old bird doesn't feel he's old,
Neither do others, – hearing him chirp...
But he often chirps in a low voice,
And greets the coming dawn in his sleep.

Janri Gogeshvili

The Orator Was Proud...

It was forbidden to see dreams...
In the depth of the stage
The streak of light...
Was crossed out.
The orator was proud:
"We shall have
A "dreamless" year this time! "
He seemed drunk with giggling.
The deafened life
With its eyes put out,
Waved its hands in the hall,
And dozed wriggling...
Under the smiling masks,
In the fruitless womb of the mind,
The greedy stomach lay still,
The orator was swelling with pride:
"We shall have
A "dreamless" year this time! "
He seemed drunk
With giggles and smiles.

21.10.1975

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Pain Will Gain The Smile...

I advise the disappointed and the hopeless
To treat with a song their pain,
To console and comfort their sorrow,
And, singing, create the "life-plain..."

I advise them to follow the world's breath,
For the birth to crave and strive,
What bliss to be born in fragrant dreams!
Death, too, rejoices at times.

And if into the earth's bosom
The stubborn grief like honey drips,
Then, the pain, too, will gain the smile.
Smile broadly – the heart beats...

20.05.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Prince Fell For The Fair Maiden...

An allegorical ballad

Love bore the tale,
The black-eyed belle.
The prince loved her,
Despite the spell.

He married her,
Became a king.
The girl's too shy
To be a queen.

She dreamed of dales,
Of sweet carnations.
A bird in her soul –
Her consolation!

The king's cruel mum
And sisters said:
"We've brought you up,
Our dear lad! "

Then the ocean of pains,
Of quarrels and worries.
The queen grows stubborn,
When the king dies...

The court's alarmed,
The palace dives in vice,
The skies assault the earth,
Women cry out their eyes.

The old hag raged,
Was absorbed in wrath,
Couldn't cast a spell,
And met her death.

The widow grew more fearless,
No longer was she a slave.

She could display her smartness,
And the court was filled with awe.

The court prospered and flourished,
Ended the ill-fated years,
The young queen loved her homeland,
That love made her shed tears.

And the spark of beauty – the love
Was born again... it sparked, it flamed,
The knight adored the young queen,
Faithful to her he remained.

Many know that story,
The ballad of glory:
The old tricks and shams
Repeat themselves.

Turned into a brave woman
The humble lass in the past...
She hoisted like sails
Her mourning dress.
The virtue was rewarded... at last.

29.01.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Rainbow Of Races

The verse from the far land –
The sparkling word
Flies in like a bird,
And brings bright colors,
The distant fragrance
Of the distant sky and earth.
In the soul blooms
The rainbow of races,
The voices ring
From the mythical spheres –
From the neo-spaces...

2.04.2008

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Shameless Trace

The woman brought in his footprints,
The shameless trace of his glance.
Suspicion tortured her spouse...
At length, her tears soothed him,
But the dweller of the distant house
Who couldn't slake his thirst,
Couldn't satisfy his hunger,
Pictured the desired image,
Pictured in his mind that face...
Suspicion was drunk, was fed up
With the stubborn and shameless trace...

8.27.1978

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Smoky-Fear

They learned to you to be a decent and a quiet,
But you were mutineer and protected the weak,
And then intervened some amateur intrigues,
From friends was left a fragments of fairy tales,

Well-wisher in bustle tore off a skin to well-wisher,
For end he repented and suffered from will flabbiness,
And then the smoky-fear winked into the doubts,
From childhood did emigrate the knightly impulses...

Janri Gogeshvili

The Song Flew Into The Dream

The little birdie warbled in the cage,
April flew into its tiny heart.
The very April blazed there like fire.
The little bird can love and admire!

The song flew into the far dream,
And lit up the maiden's thoughts.
It soothed the maiden, it cheered her up,
And the shyness left her heart.

The maiden walked along the path,
Along the path embroidered with mirth.
She ran into a handsome youth,
And relished his fiery kiss.

4.03.2000.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Sun Lulls The Human Spirit

The sun daily shows love to us,
Blazing and fiery are its rays.
Even the ice trusts to the sun
Its harmony and hidden pains.

Its great genius is to us
A herald of warmth and light.
It always shows its great love,
Its thoughts are veiled, but bright.

The sun lulls the human spirit,
It lulls the fairy of the earth,
It shows its great love to us,
And guards our mysterious breath.

21.11.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Sweet Grief

A satire with lyrical affection

Romantic ideas remain in the past,
The reader is pitiable and wan.
He has no food, no income,
The clubs swarm with other man.

He doted on maxims and proverbs.
(Some enjoy the mission of the learned) .
That woman was in love in those days,
And soon, found herself in his flat.

As luck would have it, he just dreamed,
He just dreamed from dusk to dawn.
The raven cawed down at him,
In his soul dwelt the sweet woe.

His fate played a trick on him,
He couldn't catch the rhythm of life,
But he never cared a pin for that.
In the street found her shelter his wife.

He became a burden to his family,
He caused them expense and trouble.
The kids trusted just their mother.
A lettered man is thought humble.

The woman sang in the night bar.
Lust for art is a kind of gift.
Men were enchanted with her figure:
A show-woman must run the risk.

And that lettered man died a reader,
Humble was the end of his purpose.
His coffin was made of bookshelves,
His books mourned over the house.

11.12.2002.

Translated from Georgian
By Asmat Lekiasvili

Janri Gogeshvili

The Taste Of The Grain

Comprehension of many problems
Has been the object of strife,
And the wisdom of honored fathers
Was strewed like a ripe spike...

The tribe of sinners hurries to the sky,
The plunderer desires a thing veiled...
No one cares for the lost wisdom,
With the bird goes the taste of the grain...

16.07.1997

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Thought – Hung Down In The Tear – As A Dream And Treason

The wind whirled the minute bud,
Warmed it up in the sun's bosom,
The tiny girl opened into a flower...
And began to bloom and to blossom...

The thought, hung down in the tear
Like treason and miracle,
Joined the waters of the ocean,
And made the waves sparkle...

The foam mounted the steed
Born by the roughness,
Made it lap and swash,
Embraced it with harshness...

All at once, a cold wind blew,
And winter came into sight,
Snowflakes melted on the lips,
Passions gained strength and might.

The wind whirled the minute bud,
Warmed it up in the sun's bosom,
The tiny girl opened into a flower,
And began to bloom and to blossom...

17.02.2002

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Trace Of Beauty

To the woman
ashamed of her beauty

Many knights kept on singing to you,
Many saw you in their dreams,
And you stay there – in the fairy-lands,
The passion and yearning bark
In the easy life of other maidens.
Many times, you've been scratched with claws,
You seem oppressed by your charm,
You look helpless, even when you smile,
The trace of beauty resembles a scar...

22.03.2003

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Vaporous Wrath Melts In The Veins...

Someone calls out: "Let that man alone,
Take away from him your claws! "
The stubborn thought opens its eyes...
"Let him sing to his land with his verse! "
With such music and with such rhythm
The mankind perceives the universe.

Not many will be able to wake up:
Only those distinguished and honored,
And that candied wish, that thirst
Is an obstacle to those...
Who bury "for the future"
All the passions and storms...

19.04.2006.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Verse Forged By The Soul

Just listen to me, you glutton:
The world can't be sated with verses,
But without a verse will perish
The scent of the world, a clever person.

Pure water has no taste.
I can't enjoy it,
Neither – my guests!
But the water
Seasoned
With the soil's flavor
Slakes our thirst
Forever...

The same with the verse
Forged by the soul.
It brightens up the dull sensations,
And unites hundreds of people,
Adorning the grief with compassion.

24.10.2001

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Wanderer Wasn't Seen

A path is a footway, but a road as well...
It's highly praised and hailed.
It remembers many a man
Who boldly blazed the trail.

His path ended at the summit,
It was a cradle of his feet.
The dream rises to the sky,
Along the divine path it flits.

He failed to give up the earthly lust,
He created the path of his dreams.
The rider (or the wanderer) wasn't seen,
Neither the hoof-or-foot-prints...

The world is a cornfield – a place
Of everyday desires and fancies,
But the abode of the blessed
Will judge all the human species.

23.08.2000

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

The Water's Wound Is Healed Slowly

The cloud was raging in the sky,
Rain was falling down from the height.
The skies rejoiced... the star – the herald
Sent out the tiny sparks of light.

The swallow failed to find her nest,
She came across the crown of leaves,
And sang to the hotheaded she-wolf:
"Spring has come! Oh, what bliss! "

The she-wolf gathered her fluffy cubs
She howled, at the sky she grinned...
Fish strewed their spawn over the stone,
And the water's deep wound was healed.

18.04.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Then He Nakedness Has Deeply Sighed...

He stripped off his tight clothes –
The clothes put on him
In his childhood...
They tried to drum into his head:
“You must look brilliant and grand! ”
Then he stripped them off,
Breathed in his bareness.
Followed the sunbeam,
And flew over the earth...

25.04.1978

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

They Think They've Left You Out

To the distinguished ones
who remain unnoticed

They think they've left you out...
Even friends turn away their eyes,
As you carry the future in your soul,
As you come from the lap of the skies.

Don't be angry with me, my dear.
Sorrow falls on the stars like rain.
You remain a poet in this world,
A tamer of the space you remain.

You've fondled the blessed word zealously,
I know, the heavens you've reached.
I must confess: there is still something,
That must be improved and achieved.

The daybreak on the path of the nightfall,
Neither wealth nor treasure! No cash!
Prayers with the overflowing chalice,
The grief of the tortured flesh...

The moon enjoying the rustle of thoughts,
The verses, in the heavenly frames...
Your roots are still in the verse,
The moonlight fondles your aims.

10.05.2006.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

This Street-Girl Brings Good Luck

Racing Doesn't Amuse The Hungry,
Can't Fill Their Stomachs –
They Need Bread...
Life Leaves The Shore,
And The "jam" Appears,
Life Fights Against The Riverbed.

That Girl Smiles Enticingly,
Entraps A Man, Ropes Him With Craze.
The Little Boy – The Tiny "rubbish-Robber"
Holds A Duster, And Blows At The Pains.

Thanks To The Very Street-Girl
He Gets A Chance To Earn A Buck.
A Man Is Glad To Meet His "darling".
Those Street-Girls Bring Good Luck...

11.02.2001

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Though He Is A Celebrated Clown...

According to my son's drawing
The jester stares at me from the wall,
Seems thoughtful... sadly looks down.
He mourns over the abandoned land,
Though he is a well-known clown...

He amuses the king... at times, the queen,
And with passion smiles at the princess...
She seeks her bridegroom, she sighs...
She sighs in a low voice... with sadness.

The joker jokes, narrates old stories,
And, hinting, tells the truth...
The princess guesses where the boat sails,
With the jokes, the king is amused...

The lass trusts the clown's inspiration,
She chooses her bridegroom on his advice.
She bursts into laughter with concealed passion,
Then runs away and cries out her eyes.

She has loved that man since her childhood,
That man – very bright and witty,
Who, to adjust the clown's cap,
Was compelled to become shifty.

He altered his countenance with great effort,
Wiped out all the signs of frankness,
But the tender soul remained with him,
And pierced the heart of the princess...

Janri Gogeshvili

To Nourish One's Pain ...

You nourish your pain with healers;
It's never satisfied, it just grieves.
It fusses about as it chooses itself,
Gnaws you away, and then leaves...

That curing won't do you much good...
Soon, the thought of the death appears.
You're almost robbed of the gift for paying,
And then, you plead for the years...

You still hope... hope for the best,
Keep on pleading for the worthy death.
The pain assaults you, tears your soul,
It's turned into the tandem of wrath.

You do your best, you do your utmost,
But the pain is hungry, the hope – vain.
You beat your head against the wall,
The pain weighs down the pain...

You recall the verse that cheered you up,
You recall that stunt man – the actor,
Who is amused by hazards and risk,
And always strives for the danger.

Then you can feel the flavor of the life,
You wish to restore the old splendor...
Then you'll be able to bear the pain,
And the pain, too, will surrender.

14.02.2006.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

To 'The Friends' Lying In Ambush

I forgive 'the friends' lying in ambush,
Before they put their demands into words,
Before they pitch their camp in the field,
And sharpen their mortal swords.

Look at that creature playing a man,
He skillfully pitches his camp
In the field "of the brave and immortal",
But the fate will tame him with the bridle,
And dig a grave for the false title...

Don't cast pearls before swine any longer,
Don't conceal your strength and passion,
And never show mercy to your enemy...
Such mercy robs your own nation!

23.09.2002

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Why Are You So Aghast?

Why do your lips quiver?
Why are you so sad and aghast?
Why are you discouraged by despair?
Despair has captured your heart.

The moon is hidden, a monster has come,
The earth quakes, seas reach the skies.
The sun hasn't set, just stock-still it is,
And the groundless fears rise...

What do you know of winds and showers?
Who asks you why the snowflakes flit?
Who asks you why the breeze blows,
And how it waves those skirts?

The heavenly end of planets,
Earthquakes, floods and winds...
All that is justified and reasoned:
Cod washes away our sins...

Why do your lips quiver?
Why are you so sad and aghast?
Don't let the cheap doubt defeat you,
Don't be afraid... take heart!

23.09.2000.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

With A False Pen...

A satire with literary indication

Heaven never lacks
The glory of the word,
Heaven never lacks
A radiant thought,
But the "rhyme-maker"
Proudly steals others' lines...
And fails to create
A bright plot.
The time-honored wisdom
Is marked with splendor...
The "rhyme-maker" tries
To alter the reason...
But he can't perceive
The experience – the wisdom.
He fools just a fool
With such treason.
The "rhyme-maker"
Proudly steals other's lines,
Gloats over the words
Of the blessed bards.
He – a true robber,
A literary thief,
Tries to instruct us.
He fights against the gifted
With the fierce venom and hate,
Under the mask of virtue,
Under the mask of merit.

3.09.2000.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

With Willful Devotion...

The poet's harbor is his own dream.
Grief fusses about, life's short-lived...
A sinner always sins with a sinner,
And a skirt waves in the wind.

The lonely string, the single string is torn.
The poet heals his wounds: mourns over the past.
He craves for the future with arduous words,
Tomorrow is his hope and lust.

19.05.2003.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

Woman's Lips Are Dead Without Kisses...

A kind of humoresque

The blameless virgin craves for love,
Of love she thinks from dusk to dawn,
But the woman of riper years
Needs other love – too deep for tears.

Oh, yes! She was guided by the caprice,
But now, she is alert and wise:
Let him not be a handsome prince,
To her he must be nice.

She wishes him to fondle her,
To kiss her tenderly, with love,
To be reliable and steady,
And to cherish his better half.

She hates to be forsaken...
Yes, she's virtuous and upright,
But she still prays for love and ardor,
She dreams of thrilling nights.

Abandoned lips can't hide their dryness...
She tries to smash the fiery passion.
She fails to conceal her lust for love,
But wants to be above suspicion...

The last hope dies and fades away,
Her lips are so dead and alone!
She has to save up her desires,
She dreams from dusk to dawn.

17.03.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

You Cherish The Sky And Spit At The Ground...

The deceitful life
Weaves gloom and despair.
No one can defeat it
By complaint and fear.
You must take heart,
Cherish your belief.
The dove flies down,
Bringing a leaf –
A card, a message from Heaven...
But you still cherish the skies,
And proudly spit on the ground,
Discarding your fall and rise.
You'd better think of the future,
You'd better build it and trim...
Then, surely, you'll be rewarded:
You'll be turned into a beam.

9.03.2003.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

You Go Out And Behold The Divine Scenes...

The sacred grief won't let you age.
The moonlight, too, melts the ice.
You will behold the divine scenes,
There flows the torrent of respite.

The lonely grief won't let you age,
The call of the soul you'll hear.
High time you spread like the sails
All that is precious and dear...

The lyrical thought won't let you age,
At you the moon-maiden smiles.
You'll embroider the marvelous visions
To brighten up your past times...

You'll never lock the door of your chamber,
You won't be defeated by the vice.
Your wishes and your hopes will save you.
The moonlight, too, melts the ice.

31.05.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

You Haven't Wasted The Gift For Ascension...

The dreamer stumbled and fell...
To reach the peak was his intention.
He fell in the abyss, and grieved,
But didn't give up the ascension.

The great power dispersed in the abyss,
It found its abode in the break,
The virtue still rooted in the ravine...
But who'd tell about that the peak?

The mount still cherished the virtue,
With its inner light the virtue kindled...
The mount raises to Heaven the earth,
Its soul is lit up like a candle.

23.02.2002.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

You Resemble A Bird Of Prey

Your stern look frightens him,
You burn him with your dismal eyes.
The working girls are snatchers,
They adore taming the guys.

A dog's dream is seldom revealed...
The pedigree-dog snarls at the mongrel.
You adore just obliging males –
The men you can scold and blame...

He is frightened, but your effort
Turned out very skilful and smart.
To his breast, you pinned the passion -
The magic breath of the lust.

You resemble a bird of prey,
You raise a gamekeeper's skill.
The kisses of a man not so young
Burn you with passion and thrill.

7.11.2002

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili

You've Nothing To Do With Wolves...

Too thankless and ungrateful turned out
This obdurate and wolfish world,
And those loaded their guns to kill me,
Who by my fire their hands warmed.

They robbed me of my sacred ideas,
And they rejoiced, stealing my thoughts...
They altered them as they liked,
But failed to alter the plot...

Too thankless and ungrateful turned out
This obdurate and wolfish world,
But the Maker was always with me,
Showed mercy the Lord of Lords.

And told me not to think of them,
Just to think of my mission and views:
"Perfection is the way of the virtuous,
You've nothing to do with the wolves."

22.02.2000.

Translated from Georgian

Janri Gogeshvili