

ON THE WINGS OF HOPE

POETRY

BY

PROKHOR OZORNIN

<http://ozornin.pro>

Warranty

All texts, presented in the given book, are, besides other, the author's attempt to learn himself deeply, purely and better as far as possible through the creative process and are provided "as is" and without any warranty. We are not responsible for any of the following events, as well as any other possible weird side effect, following them :

1. Accidental change of your world-outlook.
2. The ruin/transformation of everything you previously believed in and hold dear.
3. Sudden inspiration, revelation, saturation, divination or any other "ation" that is the result of your (and your only) mind's thoughts and soul's movements.
4. The short inability to say anything meaningful the time you have just finished reading yet another portion of this legacy.
5. The reader laughing hysterically.
6. The reader unwillingly, but still due to actions of own spirit, gone sane/insane.
7. The reader, pissing/peeping/singing from joy.
8. The reader's sudden cry of happiness.
9. The reader becoming free of so many unnatural social rituals and prejudices, causing havoc in the hearts of yet enslaved by the system.
10. The reader's attempt to "spread the word" about how nasty-tasty this pile of papers is for you (and your home printer included).
11. The reader's attempt to find out current author's dislocation for the purpose of communicating with him "face to face".
12. The reader's decision to learn himself better through the creative process. The author would like to thank the reader in advance for his immense sense of humor, used in the process of consumption of aforementioned notice.

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Another One

So, you were born, a helpless man,
Who was a part of divine plan,
And who would not be understood
By people in his childhood.

You were a child, small and funny,
Who learned how to call for mummy,
Whose world was in her lips and hands
And who lived all in wonderlands.

But years passed, you grew strong
And found soon how you were wrong,
Discovered world ahead of you –
The one that alters childish view.

World full of men, so dull indeed.
Where will it go, where will it lead?

Along with men – all old indeed,
Not knowing where it will you lead,
Now knowing how you will soon feel
In being someone other's meal,

In being someone other's toy
As they but mock and laugh in joy,
For they have found you as "strange",
When you appeared in the range.

When you refused to play with them,
When you showed no respect to Sam,
When you was almost all alone
Within your own thoughts and tone.

Man-in-itself in all the aspects,
Without need for fame and respects,
Without wish to behave so...
Not like a soldier in the row.

Oh, boy, not soon you understood
That it was not for bad, but good,
That it was like a road's stone,
For no one said there would be none,

For no one said there was no price
For understanding of big size,
For possibility to grow
Not sacrificing to the Row.

You were the different, alone,
For many others – road's stone,
And by some person's wish for fun
You were then called "Another One".

You tried to make them understand
That you could give a helpful hand
To help them see the other sun –
But they just laughed: "Another One!"

You tried to help them feel as so
They are unique in that row.
It's similarity you've fought,
You tried to help ... they listened not.

Another one you have become
In their eyes in days to come,
In their endless wish for fun ...
Thus you have born, Another One!

It would take many days to see
That they were right, and to agree
With their nickname of this kind –
For you are now a man of mind.

For you can now respect the others,
For you can see them as your brothers,
For you can distinguish them all
Though they may look like bricks in Wall.

For you can help them see the sun
When one of them is in the run,
When one of them have not at all
Intentions to be brick in Wall.

You've grown to the man of mind,
There are few ones on your side
And even fewer who can grow
To break one day that cursed Row.

So now relax, and just have fun
In being this ... Another One.

Awaken

The Earth is cradle for the men,
But that is just a part of plan,
For it has yet another side –
The Earth is sleeping deep inside.

And with the Earth sleeps humankind...
There is potential for mind,
That was forsaken long ago –
The man preferred to lay it low.

That man preferred to fall asleep...
It now, like newborn, breathes deep,
Yet knowing nothing of his kind,
There is little use for sleeping mind.

He has forgotten whom he was
And he has still so many foes,
Who hunt for him in own dreams...
He's always victim – so it seems.

He may believe in thousand things,
To these beliefs he always clings,
But there is yet another side –
He's sleeping deep, so deep inside.

There are so many forms of sleep...
You'll have to make a quantum leap
To free yourself of dream's clutch,
For what's at stake – it's just too much.

There are more than one way
To end the night, to bring the day,
To step past shade, becoming solar,
To soar high, to fly as stroller.

If you are victim – you shall suffer,
Your tortures will become all tougher,
And day will come, your faith is shaken –
And from that pain you'll awaken.

If you are stronger than the rest,
If heart still beats in own chest,
If heart is always full of fire –
Than your solution is desire.

Destroy your cage in own wake
And grow inside you what it take
To shape your heart and mind in one,
To dive in self, find inner sun.

Awaken now, awaken, sleeper !
There is still time before your reaper
Will take you out of this life...
Just throw away your fears, dive !

Choice of many sorts

Our age is just so short...
Did you ever have that thought?
Did you ever think of life –
And the death in which you'll dive?
We may tell you of your choice
Listen not if it is noise,
Listen for to change your life
And the death in which to dive.
May we hope that you will hear
Of the cross you'll have to bear?
May we trust that you will listen
Even though your eyes not glisten?
Even though the path is hard
And may tear you apart?
We will tell in but few words
Of that Choice Of Many Sorts.
You may hear us or not,
Having fled – or having fought.
Choice is simple as it is:
You may help – or you may tease,
You may fight – or you may run,
Being moon – or being sun.
You'll be wise – or you'll be dumb,
Being river, being pump,
Being friend – or being foe,
You'll be head – or you'll be toe.
May be safe – or be in danger,
Be engaged – or live as stranger,
Live as man – or live as herd,
Wait for freedom – or shepherd.
Live for good – or live for bad,
Feel as happy – or as sad,
Feel as same – or feel as other,
Live with enemy – or brother.
You'll be once – or be forever,
Dead at once – or never-ever,
You'll be life – or you'll be death,
Nothing more, yet nothing less...

Choice is told for those who're bold,
Being whispered, never sold,
With a touch and not a hit
Light of yours we tried to lit.
You may hear – or may not,
Change your path – or just abort,
But of this you have been taught,
For your life is just so short...

Dead knights

I know, I know – that epoch's wrong,
No more bard will sing a song,
No more knight will roam the lands...
Theirs weapons fill museum stands.

I know, I know – they are now past,
Theirs bodies nothing but a dust,
But their spirits still alive –
And for the justice they still strife.

The word and blade ... the word is blade –
And it will make its holy raid,
All sleeping knights it will awake
For good of all ... for their sake.

The knight is sworn to uphold good,
Be always vigil, fast on foot,
All knights are born to fight with evil
In their hearts as with a devil.

The knight is sworn to protect weak
And justice he shall always seek,
Those knights are always born anew –
But their numbers are so few.

Is there is one to answer call?
The question made, then silence fall...
They have embraced their dreams –
To make them fight there are no means.

I know, I know – they are long gone,
When they are killed – the world shall moan,
When they are dead – the world will cry...
Come forth, assassins, make your try!

For I do know – the time is right
For one ferocious, final fight...
The knights are born to no avail,
And thus villains now prevail.

The time will pass, the world will shift,
And virtue will once show a rift,
For there is thing that's truly sad:
There are no knights – they all are dead.

Difference

I see myself between the two,
But one is false – and one is true,
For one is night – and one is day
No matter what all others say.

The first is silent, first is cold,
One needs to be both hot and bold
To dare melt that icy heart.
Will you succeed? Go try it, but...

The second is both warm and kind,
She may be not so sharp in mind,
She may be not so swift in tongue –
But she had never-ever stung.

The first is like secular lioness –
It is the grace, it is the finesse,
It is the beautiful snowflake...
But what one's hands with it will make?

The second's like domestic cat –
To see you home she's always glad,
And she will rub about knees
To make you happy and to please.

The first is the unwilling one
To share moon, to share sun,
To share failure and success –
She's not accustomed to stress.

The second will go hand-in-hand
By any road, through any land,
In any way you just have sighted –
And in that way you'll be united.

The first will look but with contempt
If you have riches that not tempt,
If you first offer own love –
Like useful slave you'll always bow.

The second will ask for but love
That's warm as sun and fly as dove,
Will look at you with gleaming glance...
And that's the main dif-fe-rence.

Dream

We all are given rare gift...
The time will pass, the planes will shift,
But for as long as we have dreams –
To live through time we have all means.

The dream may free, the dream may kill,
The dream may heal – and make one ill,
The dream may bless, the dream may curse,
It's paradise – and the abyss.

The dream is not a thing to share,
And pure dreams are truly rare.
So many dim, yet some as flare...
But one will never lay them bare.

The dream is like a guiding light,
Yet its existence makes a plight,
And when one dreams of other's love –
His own feelings bent to muff.

The dream is powerful somehow...
I too once dreamed of pure love,
But when it turned to be a bluffer –
The time has come for one to suffer.

There is no time for second thought,
That dream is doomed to die and rot,
Through withered lands I'm passing by...
Now dream is foe, not ally.

For when one hide in endless dreams –
Their bitter nature feed his sins.
When their poison flows through veins –
One only strengthen own pains.

But once the pain is forsaken,
And pieces of shattered dream are taken,
I will create new one and sate...
Is that is how the dream degrade?

I will still keep my dream of other,
If not for you – than for another.

Enough

I am a man of sorts, you know,
And I can feel yours feelings flow,
And haven't mastered mine for now...
My love to you I did bestow.

What was my reason for such move?
To you my love I'll never prove,
For you I'm but another buff...
So I am saying now – enough!

What was I thinking all that time?
You were your own, never mine,
Sometimes all kind, in times all rough...
But it is still such worthless stuff.

I am alone – I always was,
I am still living in the doze
That someone will accept my love...
I will awaken, it's enough!

I'm tired of that endless fight,
I am no moth that will not bite,
But crawl through your endless bluff...
No more lying – it's enough!

I was the one to help you flight
And threw your past out of sight,
And yet it came to such a blight...
In that I'm guilty – and still right.

I can forgive, I will forget
Of our past that makes me sad,
Such pretty looking, useless stuff...
No more such memories, enough!

I have no willing to decide
Of who is guilty, who is right.
The separation is too tough,
No more talk for now ... enough.

Flaming blade

I have been given flaming blade
To pierce night and fight with shade,
And it is glowing with that fire
The source of which is my desire.

It has seen war, it knows of peace,
It chopped heads, it burned grease,
And it executed swift death...
For some it's curse, for others – bless.

It has severed diseased limbs,
It has exposed others' sins,
It was a torch for ones in dark,
Cut out exit to those stuck.

It settled disputes in the world,
It used to touch the right heart's chord,
Its clang alone can make heart brave,
And it is lost for those who rave.

Yes, I can feel its heat in hands...
This blade has traveled many lands
And many battles it has seen,
Those armed with it destined to win.

It's a reflection of a Word,
Which always touches inner chord
And purifies its victim's heart...
Eternal justice, friend and guard.

Heart

When one is set in own path –
He will escape all crowd's mass
And will be ready for the fight
With own demons of the night.

He will prevail after all,
But pay a costly, dire toll –
That toll will be his former life...
He shall destroy it in this strife.

The flame of heart may break one's night,
The flame of heart destroys the blight,
The flame of heart is endless fire,
The flame of heart is your desire.

My word is blade and song is shield,
And I'm still fighting on the field
In some eternal, endless war...
That fight is fierce – but what for?

I cannot flee, I cannot run,
My armor glistens under sun,
And blood now feeds the earth below...
I am, like others, one in a row.

My throat is dry, my thoughts all spin,
And hope to end the fight is thin,
It won't extinguish by itself –
For I am fighting with myself.

My mind is helmet for the head,
My heart is armor in the red,
And as the drops of blood now burn –
That heart is ready for its turn.

My heart is afire, engulfed in flame,
My heart is afire – and yet just the same,
My heart is afire wherever I go,
My heart is afire – and let it be so.

I am not one to follow

I am not one to follow,
I am not one to blame,
And my pass won't be sorrowed –
Thus I don't feel ashamed.

I am not of the chosen,
I am not of the right –
I am just but a mortal,
Who is simply not blind.

And I don't see the future,
And I can't alter souls,
I am but a self teacher,
Who has no selfish goals.

But as long as I'm here –
Standing fast, holding ground,
You may not have the fear
For new life is around.

All to see you are happy
Lightened ones, helping others,
So one day in the long last
I can call you "my brothers".

I am walking through the rain

I am walking through the rain
And my soul groans with pain,
Cursed be the love like blain –
It's the soul's bloody stain!

I am screaming in the night,
I am begging for the light –
One to free me of the chain,
And extinguish fiery rain,

One to heal scorched heart,
One to be my soul guard,
One to help me understand
That nowhere in this land

It is possible to find
Shining love, still being blind,
Golden heart, still being poor,
Paradise with lifetime guar.

I am passing in the night,
And its darkness makes me blind,
And its chill touch makes me wonder –
Will I need those lights with thunder,

Will I live that life with pain
As remainder of my gain,
As a token of my blight,
As a sign of former might?

There is no escape, no hiding
From that constant essence tidying,
From that endless stream of pain...
No escape from inner rain.

Let it rain, I don't care!
Almost naked, soul-bare,
I will stand against pain,
I will bless my burning rain,

I shall find way through the night
And will earn another sight,
Truly love I shall once find,
On its wings I'll fly with wind.

I am walking through the rain,
I have thrown away all pain,
I am singing in the night...
Gleam in tunnel shines me bright.

Last question

When time will come for you to die –
Will you behave like shocked guy,
Or will prefer to keep your silence,
Or rush and cry with hate and violence?

And how you'll rate your used life –
Is is but One? Two? Three? Four? Five?
And who will be with you that time?
And what was your life's biggest crime?

And what the question you will ask
Before it is your final dusk?
And will you face without fear
Her silent gaze, which would be near?

And what will be your final words –
Are they melodious chords?
Or will they sound just like this:
“Oh death, hold on! I beg you, please!”?

There is some time now to decide
Before it is your final night,
Until it is your final dusk,
How will you answer, being asked.

For judging way of how you died
One understands of how you've lived,
It may be most important thought –
So plan accordingly life's plot.

Man of Many Names

I don't know why I feel I am
Once lived through all of this –
And then I have forgotten whom I was,
Who were my friends, who were my foes,

How I was called, and how I died...
This feeling does constantly bite,
But still my memory is mist...
It's like I start with empty list.

And yet some sparks of former life
Feel very old the time I dive
Into reflection of myself –
And all this squeeze my soul nerve.

I feel I once had many names...
Are these but dreams, just madness games?
I might have gone completely mad,
But these feelings long have bred.

I worn them all, they were like clothes –
For man with many names I was,
And many faces I once had...
I am, no doubt, truly mad.

How one can live the endless life
And pass through death ... and still survive?
And still in times remember that
Another own name he had?

They are all mine, I once were them –
All these persons in a pram.
Like were-man I always shift...
Is it a curse, is it a gift?

Is there is one beyond them all,
That is my only truly goal –
The one, who never had the name,
The Nameless One ... are we the same?

I will remember once them all,
For this is only worthy goal ...
The time will come, I'll pass through flames
To be the Man Of Many Names.

Pawns

We are but mere pawns in greedy hands of “kings”,
We are like mindless spawns, as soul-enslaved beings.
No more than the listeners, no more than the followers,
No more than self-missing ones ... will ever we be over
us?

We follow those without minds, who claim they have
divine rights,
As if they are the higher beings – yet they are blind and
have no seeing.

We could not find the satisfaction unless belonging to
some faction,
Unless we all are parts of crowd, for only then we feel as
stout.

And we will fight to our death with those ones who’s
been claimed as “less”,
And we will drink their bloody tears – and name those
drinkers as the “heroes”.

Thus snake will catch its own tail, thus it will come to no
avail.

Thus “heroes” born, thus “heroes” die ... are you in life
just passer-by?

And does thy soul ever feel, that you are standing on
your knees,

That you are lesser than a man if you are slave there and
then?

And will you ever understand that there is but one Upper
Hand,

The hand of God, not mere men, and will it all be over
then?

But will you ever come to peace? And will you stop some
other’s tease?

And will you ever think of others as if they were your
own brothers?

And will you find the satisfaction belonging to yourself,
not faction?

And will you thus become the Man, so it can all be over
then?

Just one thing might be said as right – it will be done by
men of mind.

Modern One

The Modern One, I was a fool,
The Heartless One, I was your tool,
The Sunless One, I could be light...
I am yet again alone in night.

You are the child of this age –
I am an ancient, ageless sage.
You are the youth in ages of gold,
I am immortal, very old.

Behind my steps – the thousand lives,
Behind success – the thousand tries,
Behind my wings – the thousand dreams...
I have redeemed own sins.

You like to feed on others lacks –
The child, full of epoch's bracks.
I would prefer to leave you, rather,
There is no fate for us together.

You are the victim of your age –
But time will break this golden cage,
And time will teach you how to play
With love of other, who's your prey.

So yet again I am behind,
I am victim of my own mind,
The time will help my heart unfreeze.
There is no one.

... Or is there is?

No one care

Stop crying now, there is no one
To help you, man, – they all but gone,
They disappeared with the wind,
Theirs empathy you shall not find.

You see it now? You're left alone,
Your so-called "friends" were quickly gone,
And so-called "love" abandoned you,
Devoted ones ... they are so few!

Strong-willed men ... do they exist?
There is but one, the very least.
You know this one – this one is you.
You wanted more? They are few.

You wanted friend? Accept your rival.
You wanted sun? Yours day is nival.
You wanted help? You'll get no one.
Accept, that, man – you'll find it fun.

You hoped for trust? You'll find suspicion.
Your eyes are clear? They'll dim your vision.
You struggled for freedom? You are bound,
And understanding won't be found.

No one cares of the others,
No one sees us, men, as brothers,
No one's willing to escape
Bonds of hatred, minds of slave.

You'll find it fun one lonely day
To see those heartless as live's prey.
Theirs shadows dim the light of sun
For their hearts are in the run.

Oath

I was dreaming for this night,
I was walking in the light,
I was healed in my hope,
Given strength to fight and cope.
I was told then of my way –
But of that I dare not say,
I was told of choice and thus
I have given my oath.
To keep spirit and behold
Ways of life I was then told,
To find kindness in the world
And to help it to uphold.
My oath was small in size,
Hard in deed and never wise:
Hold the faith in the new race,
Move aside from outer pace,
Find the wisdom in the pain,
Drop all thoughts of selfish gain,
Search for light in endless dark,
Keep my silence when all bark,
Keep my faith when all is lost,
Being modest like a ghost,
Being endless like a life,
Sharp in tongue just like swiss knife,
Warm in heart just like the sun,
Young as child having fun,
Wise as hundred years man...
That was part of oath then.
Live to fight my own sins,
Through repentance finding means,
Not for glory, not for gain –
But to end some other's pain,
But to bring the light of hope
And give strength to fight and cope.
I can stop, I can say “nay”,
I can move away from way,
But as long as I keep faith
I will never fall from grace.
I have given it – and thus
I must now fulfill oath.
If I will – I cannot see...
All in all, it's up to me.

One of many

I am a voice of evolution,
I am a bringer of confusion,
I am a whisper in the noise,
I am a teller of the choice.

I am one of many, who're now few,
I am the maker of new view,
In universe I'm like a grain –
Yet what I do is not in vain.

No more pet, no longer beast,
The road is clear, doesn't twist,
I'm flying now on wings of fate,
I've come in time to pass the gate.

The world is shifting in frustration,
But underneath lives new formation.
It won't be quick, it will take time
As this new order starts to shine.

You see the roof, I look in depths,
To find divine I take my steps,
Believe or not, one day you'll see:
It is not I – it's all through me.

Pain

All I feel now is the pain,
All my hopes were but in vain,
And there is no one to blame...
Damn it, have I gone insane?!

Will this be all just the same,
Am I but some sort of lame,
Cursed to be left alone
With no love, no hope, all prone?

If I'm such a foul man –
Then ignore me when you can,
Never giving any hope,
Never leaving me to mope!

Oh, my girl, but you insist...
Yes, I'm able to resist,
Yes, I may not just surrender...
Will that help, I truly wonder?

Oh, I can bury my feeling
And become the coldest being,
“Normal” man without heart,
Yes, I can resist you, but...

You will drop me soon enough
Just to find the man that's tough –
One, that's able to resist,
One, whose heart will never twist.

Trust me – I am used to this,
I do have to pay my fees
All in hope to find one day
Only one, who won't say “nay”,

Only one, chosen for me...
I will find her, you'll see!
But for now I won't resist –
Have some pleasure at the least...

People all walk strangest ways,
Passing by without trace,
Hoping to find love one day
And forget to say theirs “nay”...

Phoenix

It is the dream of my origin,
For in the dreams I am still virgin,
And still I'm fighting with my sleep,
But hesitate to make a leap.

My purest dream is that of bird –
It is the symbol of the world
Which always change and born anew.
This bird I am, like it I flew.

For like a phoenix I reborn...
My wings may melt, my wings may worn,
But I'm constantly born anew,
I'm many-faced in others view.

I am restored in the fire –
That fire's cold, that fire's dire,
It forges one's wings to make him flyer...
It is a grand sight to admire.

From former ego it deprives,
And, as its victim slowly dies,
His flesh begins to grow anew...
And still survivors are so few.

I'm passing through this coldest hell,
My burning skin is all I smell,
My former past will once unfold...
It is a strange sight to behold.

For I am one without name.
I've lost my past, rejected fame.
The Earth will never be my home...
I will be free the time I'm gone.

All other worlds awaiting me...
I will awake, I shall break free,
Inside myself I'm searching deeper –
Such is the fate of the unsleeper.

No one can help me on my path,
I'm always self, I'm never "us",
Through divine hell I'm passing by
To forge the wings for final flight.

The time will come, I will reborn,
My former skin myself I'll torn,
Reborn anew, becoming flyer –
It's all the wish, it's one's desire.

Purifier

The webs of past are thick to hack,
And maze of life is cold and dark,
There are no torches on its walls ...
You wander by without goals.

Ancestors' bones all lie below ...
You'll end like them, of this you know.
What is the meaning of your road?
You are destined to die and rot.

The slime on walls became your food –
It is edible, but no good,
The veil of darkness is your cloak,
And heart resembles walls of rock.

The pits on floor possess no threat –
To fall in them you will be glad,
And with this maze you've formed band ...
But you're still standing where you stand.

The walls of past are thick to hack,
But you will have to make a brack
And to destroy them once for all ...
For this is only worthy goal.

My words may help you on this path ...
I am not first, I am not last,
For your new life I am the lawyer,
But some still see me as destroyer.

And when it's cold, and when it's dark,
I may become short-living spark ...
From time to time, when need is dire,
I shall become a Purifier.

I'll burn to dust those foul webs,
I'll kill all spiders with sword's stabs,
I shall become a distant light
Who guides to exit, shining bright.

And when the maze is left behind,
Screw up your eyes to not be blind,
For rising sun you'll see on fore ...
And from this time I'll be no more.

Rave of the naive

What of me? I'm good, you see,
I am the one, who just broke free,
I am that one, who wants to change
Imperfect world within my range.

You people are the strangest guys –
And yet this humankind survives.
I wonder – will it last for long?
Of these my thoughts I'll sing a song.

I want to see you all the better.
Say, more slim and less fatter...
You hear me? Healthy life rules!
Oh, you do not? Then you are fools!

Stop wasting time and start to work –
And your achievements will just rock!
You hear that? I know of this!
And hold your anger, hold it, miss!

Forget your sorrows and be happy...
Or do you need a soul-nappy?
It is a pleasure to just live –
So start to smile and to thrive!

Reject your anger, calm your mind
And leave those selfish thoughts behind!
I am your brother and your sister...
Don't look that way at me, you, mister!

Move close to nature, leave the city
And thus rejoice at true world's beauty!
We are the nature beings, men,
And must accept her now and then!

Make friends and peace in all the world –
That's our future, I've been told.
So now make peace, forget wars, please,
Hold on your fire, cease it, cease!

Reject yourself to find new one,
To see you as a divine son,
Stop webbing those words on the shelf:
"To know the world is to know yourself"!

You hear me? I know of that!
To help you see the truth I'm glad!
Hey, you, stop throwing stones at me,
I'm not a jester, don't you see?!

There is a way out of this maze –
Your mindless life you need to raze!
That's how for now I end my phrase...
No longer can I bear your gaze!

Side effect

I've come to this for now at last –
All past no more than a dust
With dead ideals full of rust
Now blown away with fresh wind's gust.

I am much older that I seem,
No more than a chip in stream,
I am no body and no mind...
The day they die – I'll live behind.

I am the many and still one,
All these "me"s look just so fun,
And day by day they pass me by ...
It is all me – and still not I.

I have no wings – thus cannot fly,
There are no means to make a try,
And still I say – the heavens' mine,
In own dreams I soar just fine.

And in the way to consciousness skies
I have been given one small prize,
Which is a key to final cage –
This blade of word will free the sage.

It is a weapon, this word's blade,
From ore of stars it has been made,
And though this gift may not be perfect –
It is a wonderful side effect...

Slow down

Slow down, friend, you've worked fine
For endless months staying till nine,
And worked like a caged pet,
Whose health became his crazy bet.

All hoping to contribute much
To your new "home place" as of such
And please the rulers of that match,
Who are too far to be of touch.

But you will find no way to rest
In a society like wasp's nest.
A test of will, a test of faith...
How have they called this crazy race?

And how did they explained to others
That they must now forget theirs brothers,
That they must be "devoted ones"
And thus become the Working Funs?

And thus to spend entire days
In office cells – this slavish place,
With no time to return to home,
With no will not to sign the form?

Slow down, friend, you've done your best
And thus have earned your rightful rest.
It was your last and final test –
To learn to do not always best.

To learn to choose the things that's right,
To learn to make your person's fight.
And trust me – you will not go down,
If you at once

Will
Just
Slow
Down.

Song of a monk

I am just a silent monk
And have no a silver tongue,
Though I'll try to sing a song
Of how deeply I have sunk.

Will I ever find the words
To describe my feelings hordes?
Will thy know how long I've prayed
To restore the faith betrayed?

But I'm willing to describe
How the bonds of love are tight,
Though it's like a bitter wine,
All in all – the song is mine.

It was month ago, no less,
I was making strong progress
On the way to saturation
Of my soul in starvation.

Praying hard in starless nights,
Hardening my spirit's sights,
Strengthening my own rights
With all defect's endless fights.

Those were days of saturation
Of the soul in starvation,
But so little has been done
To become enlightened one.

And one day all this has crashed,
Own faith myself I've smashed,
Brought to knees of own soul,
Failed to achieve my goal.

Woman entered my hut –
Somehow she was not heard,
Almost naked, head to torso,
Crying and afraid was also.

When she noticed me at home,
All her fears have just gone,
And she moved to me at once
With her flashing, stunning glance.

Asking me to help her hide,
Doing once the thing that's right...
Stunned, shocked I have stayed
And my faith I have betrayed.

Asked me if she could sit,
And my candle she has lit,
Then she told me how she ran
Through the forest by the sun.

Hoping to escape the life
That have cut her like a knife,
Telling me of former lover
And her prison in the tower.

She was married for a knight –
Cruel one, whose bonds were tight,
Who have tossed her every night
On the beds to start his .. fight.

Who had no the need for feeling,
Who loved not and hurt her being,
Who was madman of some sort...
Crying she was as she told.

And to help her come to life
In the sin I had to dive –
I embraced her that one day,
Even I saw not the way...

And she stayed within my home
To heal wounds and to reborn.
To protect her I have sworn –
Till I'm dead ... or she is gone.

She was one of great beauty,
She was very, very sweetie.
We have spent a lot of days
Walking in the sunny rays.

Thus she entered my heart,
I was to refuse her, but...
Was it heart or was it gut
That have broken me apart?

We have used to know each other –
Feeling same to say it rather,
These were the days of sun –
We both stopped from the run.

Should I tell you what came next,
Will you ever read that text?
You may not, and I don't care –
Truly love is just so rare...

I have failed to become
Lightened one in days to come,
I have failed to achieve
Goals of mine ... but feel no grief.

All I feel now is the love...
It was truly way that's tough.
I don't know what will come next –
Though I've finished my text.

Speak with me

Speak with me when it is time –
I will tell you what is prime,
I will tell you what is right,
I shall purify your sight.

Speak with me when no one listens,
Though your courage truly glistens,
Speak with me when no one hears –
I will be your inner ears,

I will be your inner eyes –
Those of universal size.
I may open many doors
And to show you where each goes,

I may help you find the way
Where you'll never be a prey,
Where you won't be rubbish shelf,
Where you will become yourself.

Where your deeds are all the right,
Where your conscience feels alright,
Where you never know the fear,
Where a joy is just so near...

Speak with me, speak at long last,
And get rid of this disgust,
Never fear what they think,
I am your most previous link,

I am your only and last chance,
I am what's being called "six sense",
I am the vision in the light,
I am a sunray in the night.

So speak with me with me when times are hard,
For I am your eternal guard,
Who's granted vision to decide
What's good and bad, what's light and night.

So speak! I'll tell you of your life –
Whether you should emerge or dive.
But if your thoughts and deeds were foul,
Then I will speak myself – your soul...

Strange magic

It is but magic, foulest sort,
And for this world I have retort –
My race is not like endless sport,
In love and peace I want resort.

I want to love, enough of tortures,
Enough of endless, useless searches,
Enough of pain for my heart,
Just throw away that foul regard!

Enough of quirks, my buggy mind,
The one I want I'll never find!
Her image vanished long ago,
I cannot find her in the row.

They are all busy, or have man –
This but repeats for now and then,
They disappeared all in mist
And left me with my tears to feast.

I walked with them, I saw a lot
And left my hopes for now to rot,
For only pain I've got,
But chosen one I've found not...

Success

What does one strive for if not success?
Constantly pressured, each day in stress?
What do I care? Listen or not –
Poem's successful, still being hot.
For politician it's measured in voices,
And for musician it's all in the noises.
For the reporter – it's in sensations,
And for astronomer – in observations.
As for the priest – it's measured in souls,
And for each medic it's counted in bowels.
For common mystic it's in divinations.
What of the killer? In annihilations.
For simple writer it's in the novels,
For complex digger it's in the shovels.
For undertaker this one's in corpse,
For the oculist this one's in orbs.
It's in new places for endless strollers,
And for all merchants all in the dollars.
And for the army it's in the wars...
Now do you see where successful one goes?
And for the planet it's in the us.
Want be successful? See where this goes?
Or will prefer not to race for "success",
Driving as madman, always in stress?
Spirit success now is being so rare...
Poem's successful ... what do I care?

Way out

It is so difficult to say
If one can follow own way,
If he can face what lies ahead,
If he will live – or live as dead.

You've faced choice the thousand times,
You've known what is called "the primes",
But did you have eternal will
To pass through tortures, living still?

When times are hard for thou to act
Thou will submit and will react,
When times are difficult to speak
That coward silence thou shall seek.

When being charged with the guilt
There is no choice for thou but wilt,
And when betrayed by a friend
Thou will be stunned where thou stand.

When all the rest will turn away
You'll make yourself your own pray,
And when the light of hope will fade –
The prime of torture is now made.

And if there is no place to hide –
You'll still elude the danger's sight,
And when nowhere you can run –
You will be dead, you shall be done.

No one will come to nameless grave –
From time we're born we aren't safe,
But did thou have thy inborn will
To live that live – and pay its bill?

It is thy choice that must be done –
Will thou have strength or will thou run,
But did thou have thy inner will
To pass through it – and live on still?

When thou will stand between the choice –
Shut up thy mind for soul's voice,
For when all dangers make thy stout –
At last thou've found thy way out...

Winter time

It was the time of retribution,
Of thoughts all dying in confusion,
It was one coldest winter day,
When sun had moved off the way.

There is no hope for it to come,
And all illusions are now gone,
The only thought that's left to pry
Is endless question: "Why? Why? Why?!"

Why to ignore without answer?
Why hiding soul in the panzer?
Ignored ones now maybe few...
Some day they'll start ignoring you.

Why to give hope? There is no reason
If you believe it to be treason,
If heart belongs to other man,
Then answer "no" – that's better than!

Why to keep silence when one "no" –
And hope will die without grow,
And I won't ever bother you...
Ignored ones ... are they but few?

I will not be that "spare haven"!
On death won't feast like bloody raven,
I'll find another, truly sun...
I'm once again in the run.

The time will pass, I will forget
Of winter sun that made me sad,
Of heatless sun that did but hide
And disappeared from the sight.

And as for you, I will that tell –
I'll say: "Goodbye.
Fare
Thee
Well."

Wisdom

Who is the one to do things right,
Who has the perfect future's sight,
And who has will to gain these?
Those ones who have – stand by now, please.

No one believes he can be wrong –
Like weakling dreams that he is strong,
Like loony states that he's all right –
Just all the others aren't bright.

Like that it's normal to believe
That lonely men are always stiff,
Divorced women are like stinkers...
Yet all of us considered "thinkers".

Oh man, it's common to believe,
That death is the eternal grief,
That life is such an endless race
With wildly rising-dropping pace,

That one should never be alone,
That happy days already gone,
That world will never be all right –
Cause all the others aren't bright.

And it's all known we possess
The right to make some constant mess,
We call it "freedom" by the way...
That inborn right to fray and pray.

I just won't say that these are wrongs...
The hundred times it's sung in songs,
The thousand times it's told by lives
Of common folk who were just wise.

I cannot say that they were right,
For modern us they don't seem bright,
Still they did not possess believe
That are the source of endless grief.

The one I call the truly wise
Is that who has no prejudice,
The one who has the clear sight,
For only he will make things right.

One day you'll act as you see fit
And thus refuse some other's bid
To make it way it's ought to be,
And once you've made it – you are free.

Yet another

There were many and were few,
And each of them was somewhat new,
Yet each was but another mew,
So soon away I always flew.

And I can't help but to forget,
How meeting each I was so glad –
And how I then buried my hope...
This endless quest will never stop.

I was afraid to be alone,
But long ago those fears gone.
You know the bright sight of the thing?
This search for you gave me one wing.

Is that enough for endless fly
Up to the heaven, up for sky,
Or will I have to find that one,
That will be second wing in run?

Another one, another one...
Such cruel joke...that ain't fun!
Reborn each time, reborn and mope!
Oh God, will this quest ever stop?!

My wing has melted, feathers lost,
I am no one, I am but ghost,
Who thought of love as of life's mother
And who for it is yet another.

There were many – but so few,
To be alone just isn't new.
I thought of each as someone other...
But each of them is yet another.

Burthen

Dear Russians, hey and hoy! Life of yours is not a joy. You have suffered really hard, with dim eyes you see no start. Made you tired all this life, made lose powers in a strife.

Hard to live in stagnant country, who sees you as mere infantry. And ancestors – they have lived life of which you are deprived.

Many credits you have taken, thus appetites were awakened. Weight of wishes you knew not – in consumption now you rot.

Love for shopping you have found, lots of trading goes around. Pretty things you have to buy – there are many ... my, oh my.

Mansions of yours are poor – with no treasure chests and goor. Only carpets hang on walls and TVs from endless malls.

You now work in office cell – hard to do so, I would tell! Numbers adding and subtraction is your way to satisfaction. Dragging water yokes is past – move from nature is “a must”.

And your salaries are small – in some cars you cannot roll. Walk on foot is not for you – that’s for poor, who are few, that’s a certain waste of time altogether with a rhyme.

Those rich soldiers of the past, who destroyed fascists, are dust – they deserved no “likes” from ones, who are “selfie’s” social-funs. Are there are no demands just to honor combatants who defended Russia’s past – all such memoirs are rust. Their lives had useless riches – flying arrows, castles sieges ... their feats don’t bother you – those who bothered are few.

Such a burden presses on, under it you whine and moan! Was your spirit changed by it, so you won’t be ever freed? As if soul has recoiled and to hear it you’ve foiled.

You are anxious now with sex as if it’s a first reflex. Count “partners” by the numbers, faithful ones now look like “dumbers”. “Adulteresses” are no good, who on penal servitude went with husbands in the past – they were happy, and as thus no fidelity they bear, even though they had no fear.

Oh, how hard it's for you to go on, if you don't have a precious iPhone! On your work you keep building careers, and if work isn't "cool" – you shed tears. No more time for your children you keep – your careers are whispering "R.I.P". And your families live all alone as if friendship has truly begone.

And you keep run in circles all time – and consider that this path is fine. Only quicker you all try to run, and willpower has almost begone. And ancestors have not built careers, they had no such ridiculous fears, only powerful nation they made – their feats, trust me, never will fade. They prepared a ladder for you – but those ones who will climb it are few.

It's so hard to be Russians by now – it's a burden that life does bestow, one that narrow your shoulders and way as if clue for a life goes astray. And no longer eyes shining with joy as if you are no more than toy, and no longer soul's singing is heard as if throat was all broken apart, and some people are crying with tears, and some going abroad for careers. And ancestors were all carefree – throwing lives they were willingly, see? It's for God and their families gave – and no longer they suffer in graves.

Burden crushed you and tortured much! How to dump it, so hated, or patch? How to beat this thrice-cursed great beast and to start with a fresh, clear list? Strain your minds and try thinking a bit – why your dreams are still lying at feet? Are your values now twisted and broken, have your soul still not have awoken? How you truly imagine your life that is kind and a meaningful strife? If you hear spiritual accord – you will once fly again as bird.

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