

Министерство культуры
Совietского Союза



**ЭДУАРД
ЛИТВИНОВ
СТИХОТВОРЕНИЯ**



Annotation

This book is the most complete collection of Eduard Limonov's poems, covering all periods of his work and including the poetry collections "Russian", "My Negative Hero", as well as poems of recent years written in prison.

- ♦ [Eduard Limonov](#)

- [RUSSIAN](#)

- [Kropotkin and Other Poems \(1967-1968\)](#)
 - [In a completely empty garden...](#)
 - [Heat and summer... are coming to visit.](#)
 - [Shop](#)
 - [Portrait](#)
 - [With a shout the mouth dissolved the old](#)
 - [Memory is a rudderless equestrian statue.](#)
 - [Elegy No. 69](#)
 - [Cook](#)
 - [From me to the free wind.](#)
 - [Kropotkin](#)
 - [In gu bernia number fifteen.](#)
 - [This day is incredible](#)
 - [To each his own](#)
 - [- Are you healthy my drug?](#)
 - [Peter I](#)
 - [Date](#)
 - [Books](#)
 - [Sirens](#)
 - [Baba's old skin decrepit clothes unkempt.](#)
 - [I'm in a butcher's shop](#)
 - [On the same day of the twelfth of December.](#)
 - [Memo](#)
 - [The Message](#)
 - [Kitchen](#)

- From the collection "Valentine's Walks" (1968)
 - Second Valentine's Walks
 - ABC
 - Monday is full of spring all white. . . ▪ The wind has unfurled a favourite sheet...
 - Sweet sleeping steppe plain.....
 - I love thief chloe song initial ▪ If anyone is on the bench...
 - A yellow winding dog runs down the garden path. . . ▪ Summer Day
 - Warm fogs have eaten the branches and flowers of the cherry trees. . . ▪ GUM
- From The Third Collection (1969)
 - Glimmering there hair thickly...
 - Last holiday exactly on Monday. . . ▪ Elegy
 - Valentine's wobbly gait. . . ▪ The Message
 - Friday. There's nothing...
 - All the leaves are bigger. all the leaves are worse.....
 - I'll hold another person in my thoughts. . . ▪ And the forest blue edges...
 - Fantasy is inexplicably painful ...
 - There's something about gaudy freedom. ▪ A giant thinking cat.....
 - To yourself in the mirror
 - Sokolov is sitting on the bench....
 - You loved the birch trees from your native land.....
 - To the monotonous and tragic music. . . ▪ I was a cheerful figure....
 - What trees have sprouted during my long absence. . . ▪ Here I am in the evening guzzling...
- From the collection "Odes and Excerpts" (1969-1970)
 - To a Young Man
 - Spring is the season of love. . . ▪ White House
 - golubki...
 - When with Gourevitch in the ravine....

- The wind is blowing.
- To the spa in Baden-Baden. . .
- And the white evening...
- Who's lying there on the sofa - What does he want? ▪ And Vasilyevna and you...
- From the city of Sinope...
- Memories of Capu e
And this one disgusts
me.....
- Who's young for me now? ▪
Where did that come from?
Where did that come from?
- Saratov
- From the book "The Fifth Collection"
(1971) ▪ On holiday we make a
detour. . . ▪ Genghis Khan's
Hexameters ▪ Heat outside the
city is contagious...
- On such a savoury
morning. . . ▪ Distant
- And rivers and hills yes, yes....
- Do you want to buy some champagne?
- That sad pinching tune. . . ▪
Burying the writer...
- Gone mad himself...
- I have not forgotten my youthful days.....
- Here I am walking along the seashore - the hilly belly is
lumpy....
- Ah native native land...
- This morning's opening year! ▪
The Golden Age
- Russian
- From Asia (1972)
 - Flies fly and fly phrases. . . ▪ It
was when the u r drive. . .
 - Like a silent branch dashed
through... ▪ The wild melody
of treason...
 - A pale Russian grove ...
 - A boy chases a bee....
 - The silent moon has fallen. The orchestra came on...

- It' s good to put yourself in someone else's hands in the heat. . . ▪ Ode to the Army
- Along the daintily shaded paths. . . ▪ Excerpt
- From the face of someone vaguely vague. . . ▪ He ground his teeth - a row of stones...
- I'm considering in the past...
- My life is a beautiful legend.....
- From the collection "Farewell to Russia" (1973-1974) ▪ Peasantry
 - A shroud of snow, a blanket of snow.....
 - Autumn. Again weighed down by fruit and clouds. . . ▪ And self-managing...
 - Grand frosty ...
 - Our national exploits drive the Germans to their homeland
 - About Lisa.
 - I believe in the botany textbook
 - Ah beautiful Kharkivska and Kievka. . . ▪ Simple
 - You'll be left alone again....
 - Dull, sleepy rain. At the dacha discovered. . . ▪ If I remember the butcher Sanya Krasny...
 - Historical ▪ Lhasa
 - Little people are my parents. . . ▪ Ode to Siberia
 - A voluptuous foreigner. . . ▪ The fabrics of this ode to noise. . . ▪ In the evenings, in the evenings. . .
 - The city rotted, the people rotted. . . ▪ Here's spring and after the snow...
 - Peredelkino
 - On the shore of the lake. In the sweet endeavours of a thrush. . . ▪ Snow is a thing of the past, there is a legacy of the past. . . ▪ Where is this Igor hanging around?
 - The arrival of an adventurer in a sleepy town is wonderful.

- Beggar
 - The very spelling of the words "twentieth of May" . . . ▪ And the weather is quiet....
- MY NEGATIVE HERO
 - My negative hero. . . ▪ Summer 1978
 - Crimea
 - Goering gives press conference in sweltering May. . . ▪ Wind. White flowers. A feeling of nausea...
 - In the land of the poem and the novel ...
 - Here I am wandering in the mighty quar tals of the age. . . ▪ People, feet, shops...
 - I don't believe in this lady. . . ▪ Someone like Limonov.
 - The workers were drinking beer...
 - In the face of the Madonna Virgin. . . ▪ Blood moon over the cities...
 - In a dark orchard lay an orange. . .
 - Invitation to the ballet
 - Autumn. It's cold. Leaves are dripping. . . ▪ I have changed, my soul has changed. . . ▪ The Age of Unconsciousness
 - You will love me...
 - And together with white-marble winter... ▪ In the world of simple Ukrainian huts...
 - He lives by the warm sea.....
 - I got hit by a gentle friend....
 - Wrote poems to his lovers. . . ▪ Everything in this world is eh for nothing....
 - The smell of autumn and the prairie...
 - Three country poems
 - 1. "Lamp. A book and a machine..."
 - 2. "There's a field of corn further down there..."
 - 3. "An earth-shattering ode..." ▪ A photograph of the

poet...

■ When a sleek Italian. . . ■ The papers are talking about Vietnam again...

- [Dear Edu ar d! To the circles people return. . .](#) ▪
- [Yessenin's Seryozhenka has...](#)
- [Idiot](#)
- [New York](#)
- [I passed the quar tals of the poor. . .](#) ▪ [Island our nothing...](#)
- [It's the sixth of February. . .](#) ▪ [Soho Resident](#)
- [Summer of 1977](#)
- [Give me a chrysanthemum.....](#)
- [And the boy worked in the shadow of the firmament. . .](#) ▪ [Beginning](#)
- [To Myself](#)▪
- [Excerpt](#)
- [And all the provincial poets. . .](#) ▪
- [Dóma](#)
- [The Bandit's Wife](#)▪ [Ludwig](#)
- [14 July.](#)
- [The Englishman's neighbour has put on a shroud. . .](#) ▪ [Envy](#)
- [Judas on Broadway](#)▪ [Paris](#)
- [Poems](#)
 - [1. The Ballad of Lobo Park](#)
 - [2. After the film.](#)
 - [3. Romance](#)
- [You're sitting on a bench in a French old park. . .](#) ▪ [By the Seine](#)
- [It's good and boring to be a poet.....](#)
- [I went to supermarkets instead of palaces. . .](#)
- [Demonstrators march on May land...](#)
- [Dr Jaquille and Master Hyde](#)▪ [Day](#)
- [X](#)
- [World map](#)
- [RECENT POEMS \(2000-2003\)](#)
 - [To the Death of a Major](#)▪ [Old fascist](#)

- [Death and love reign over the world...](#)
- [When I enter....](#)
- [Prince Tamino, with rifle and satchel... Lefortovo](#)
- [I woke up terribly: an empty prison...](#)
- [Saratov Central Prison](#)
- [Aleskander's death](#)
- [I'd like to go outwith a blonde... Ellen.](#)
- [To his fiancée, Pelagie ...](#)
- [And the viscous Lenin falls foggy... 4](#)
- [February 2003](#)
- [Someday, hopefully in the very next year....](#)

- ♦ [notes](#)

- [1](#)
 - [2](#)
 - [3](#)
-

Eduard Limonov

WORDS

RUSSIAN

Kropotkin and Other Poems (1967-1968)



In a completely empty garden...

In a completely empty garden,
someone is going to eat
the old man is going to eat
out of a piece of paper, some kind of food

Half of him is alive
(of an old man half alive
and the other half
completely dead)
and the old man starts eating

He puts it in his mouth and grinds it with
his gum.
something like cottage cheese

something like cottage cheese

The heat and summer...going to visit.....

It's hot and summer... Anton
and my uncle Ivan are coming
to visit.
And I'm going with them
In a full-coloured dressing gown.

It's hot and summer... Anton
and my uncle Ivan are coming
to visit.
And with them I'm on my
way, asleep from the heat.

And I dreamed that some Paul
and some Rebro were coming to
visit, and their nephew Paint and
a yellow dog.

Meet three graves in a field
Come close and read:
"Anton is buried here - Ivan and his
nephew are lying next to him."

They read and leave
And all along the way they say.
But further on I dream that
three men are coming to visit
again. One is called Epiphanes.

The other is called Egor
Captured and nephew Barbaris.

They're bored, exploring the terrain
And they see six graves six small Approach
and read cautiously:

"Anton lies. Ivan lies Ivan's
nephew
Some Paul and some Rebro And
next to them their nephew Dye..."

And they go on and on and on...

Shop

— I'll have three metres of
ribbons. Three metres of red
ginger ribbon each.

— This
one.

This
one.

— Zing, zing. Three metres...

— Get this... get this...

— I'd like a toy, please.

— There's a peacock with a wide tail.

The most colourful.

— This one?

— There is no other one to the left...

— Here... Just right for me....

— I'll have three litres of paraffin
In the tank I'm holding out to you
— No paraffin!? How come?!
Well, give me petrol
— No petrol!? Are you exhausted?!

Whispering - She's exhausted.
Look at how skinny she is.
hands are thin and yellow

— But her face is beautiful
— Yes, it's beautiful, but skinny.
— But her eyes are just beautiful!

— Her eyes really.

Portrait

On the foe blue in a fox's cap In
huge eyes and shoulders
Every day an old lady walks by
her grandson's portrait.

...My grandson - you're an
image I love you like old age As
one doesn't love a dying man
I love you like a pity

Grandson, I always spit on you.
O dead man, my fierce grandson,
Thou lying there draws me with the
look of thy eyes...

That's the old woman's
way of thinking And she's
always at war
Slaps a portrait with his hands
on his cheeks Or hits his
forehead with a stick

But somehow she got
tired and collapsed under
the portrait.
And as her heart stopped her
grandson laughed from the
portrait.
He said, "Well, there's your grace!"

With a shout the mouth dissolved the old

With a shout the mouth is
dissolved old What - official - are
you dying?

Умираю умираю
Служащий спокойный
И бумаги призываю
До себя поближе

— What are you remembering

with your sharp nose lying
upside down?
(Death was sharpening his nose with a file

She likes that nose a lot)

I remember the boundless
Nineteenth of August.
All the fields of fragrant grass
With grass too varied

Also this same August
Nineteenth, but towards the
end I remember walking.
The frowning river
And the uncharted
water bubbled up
perdiciously

I sat then with some soul
Unknown to me We ate
sausages and bread
Tomatoes. Milk
Oh, it's so expensive!

— Dying dying dying Precious
in important rank
Remembering remembering
remembering Remembering
remembering About the river
and the river wrinkle

Memory is an armless equestrian statue.....

Memory is an armless equestrian statue
You ride fast, but you don't have hands.

Shouting loudly into the empty corridor today So
beautiful you glimpse at the end of the corridor.

It was evening and the teas were fragrantly steaming
The trees of a couple of vintage grew out of the cups
Each silently admired his life
And the girl in yellow admired the most

But then... the mustachioed father dies His
black head is framed in a frame
The coffin appears... the servants at death appear
Washing the father... dressing the father in boots

The black shallow ringing... it's the
memory at the end of the corridor
Lovely lovely armless horse riding with a
spoon Baby to the canteen Eating jam jam
jam jam jam jam jam

Elegy No. 69

I dined on soup... the sun was rippling I
dined on summer... sweatshop summer
I finished my lunch... I finished my lunch
Autumn was at once... at once began

The rain whistled... The darkness thickened...
The birds began to fly away....
The animals began to fall asleep...

Feet freezing...

Sitting in three shirts and one coat Empty
remembering how I had lunch
How I ate my soup back in the hot summer of
Firemile summer...flower-faced summer.....

Cook

The cook likes to have fun. For
example, on Sundays, she'll tidy
up the kitchen.
And he'll go to his room to do his own thing

She'll stab her very long braid in
a piece of mirror She'll stab it
with three iron bars Then she'll
stab it with five more

And she'll cover a pimple on her
lip With herbal powder.
She'll put a little Vaseline in her eyes, put
on a long dress and walk away.

But when she comes back down the stairs,
she'll take off her dress and put on a newer
long dress.
And treading on your shoes
Will go with me as guests

She'll come with her to another cook
Where the janitor and gardener are at
the table
Where several quantities of light vodka
And an old Tsarskoye Selo gramophone

"Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha," she laughs with her withers
"Ooh-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee"
the other one says back And the
janitor and the gardener smile And
clap their hands on their feet

The sitters will all stand up and
twist and their skirts will hit their
trousers.
O holiday by the gardener in his
fur And holiday by the janitor in
his arms!

From me to the free wind...

My writing flies on the free
wind.
My writings are long Will
you live or won't you?

Who will tell you who will
speak Instead of your own
writing Or a feeble old woman
Or a citizen Or a skinny EN

Kropotkin

Kropotkin Kropotkin is walking
down the street Kropotkin is
shooting at the clouds with his
black-smoke pistol.

Kropotkin's lady loves her. She
lives about fifteen kilometres
away in a harsh wall. She has a
husband, a child and a parrot.

The child's favourite
funny And her parrot's
her nemesis.
And the husband is a
distracted man In himself
not to himself

Kropotkin's still walking down the
street But he's stopped shooting
in the oubliette He's blowing his
gun away
From the mouth with a hot direction

Kropotkin's favourite lady
And her parrot is her
adversary
He's been shouting from his cage all day
Kropotkin - piff! Kropotkin puff!

In province number fifteen.....

In province number fifteen A
big creature lived in a
pharmacy The pharmacist
watered it.

And it wasn't just a plant It had
a mouth and three fingers It
lived in a light-coloured jar
It was lying on the floor

In province number fifteen As
morning so the factories
howled As autumn so the rain
sour The pharmacist got up
yawning
Pouring water to the brim and
biting my lips in the jar.
The creature is a spanking

So goes the year... and passes
Another year... and passes A
creature with a red bow waits
tirelessly for the pharmacist

Every chilly morning Pulling
on a dressing gown
The apothecary serves him.
Then he goes to sleep.

This day is unbelievable

It was an incredible day
It was raining
The bricks in the gardens are soaked red-
walled houses

Surrounded by trees, people young
old and children lived in houses:

All day long Katya was staring at
the corner Running running
screaming
Hair all messed up - Olya.

I was reading a secret book
From the attic looking furtively gloomy - Fyodor.

Deliciously loved
Something new in nature - Anna
(Something new in nature
Either a ray of empty
sunshine Or the depths of
an empty forest Or a new
kind of flower)

The rain was pounding in a
mono-rhythmic rhythm Olya was
looking in the mirror now.
I was eating tea with a Chinese bun - Fyodor
Flying away to sleep - Katya
She went out into the rain sadly - Anna

To each his own

At the place of Dae on Zat
Island, a cuprous palm
grows.

At the site of Tse on the Isthmus of Ca
The hine plant grows

In the hairdresser's shop of the
city eH Citizen Perukarov has his
hair cut and citizen
Permanentova has her hair done
in a cunning way.

Barber Miloglazov
He looks out the window
incredulous Primus is warming
a razor.
And sings of sadness
Cold cheek crying in the soap Miloglazov
makes offended eyes

A military sentry kills the commander. The
commander goes down.
With an unkind heart, remembering my mother.

— Are you healthy my friend...?

— Are you well my friend?
Are you well, my friend? I
meet you by chance

Is my friend well? Why are you pale?

— And I am well, and you
blame me in vain for my
illness.

Are you healthy in your
companionship of tobacco and
hair?

Is healthy in the company of thy many
years Do thy memories not embarrass
thee

The cherry tree you admit you
wanted to hang on.

I couldn't dare.

Isn't it
embarrassing

It was almost hanging, wasn't it?

— I'm well, my friend.

I'm well.

What's a cherry to me

That cherry is nothing to me...

Peter I

Logs

Bright day

Sits Peter the Great His

narrow moustache

Scolds with the mouth of a sailor

Rises up - punches sailor in the face

Important sailor falls down

The horse Peter got

on the horse.

Peter went Dust
Pyotr rides on the
grass Along the road
is a field There is a
girl in the field Pyotr
gets off his horse
Peter goes to the girl. Peter
grabs the girl.
The girl cries but gives in to Peter
They lie on the straw
Peter gets up and walks away
The girl is crying. She's not pretty
She's got a butcher's bump on
her cheek
Peter was out of her sight
The wisps of the sea beat
against the shore The
darkness grew ever
stronger
Darkness at all. Dark blue darkness
The dark blue colour is strongly
pronounced

Date

Faith comes in with a pitiful face with a pitiful face with a pitiful face
Comes into the room from the outside world of the outside
world In the room sits a naked man naked man
Man man man man man man man

He sits on the sofa release old where the mirror The
mirror is narrow soldered into the back of the grey
back.

Faith came in from the cold from the cold
from the cold from the cold And he's
sitting there yellow and giving off body
odours in his ex's clothes from before
You can't get enough of the smell for a long, long, long time

The body is covered in lard with a light fatty fatty fatty fatty fatty fatty
fatty fatty fatty fatty fatty fatty fatty fat.
— Sit down Vera - he says - sit down you're cold And
he with the sparse hair on his head the colour of brown

And Vera is so beautiful so beautiful
She sat down bent her knees on the edge
And he reached out to hug her from front to
front
Hesitantly his leg his thin skin wrinkled Hesitantly his
sex organ moved
And Vera is so beautifully frosty.
— You're so cold and young. Take off your
clothes, you're so beautiful.
You sure are wearing a lot of clothes today and he's smiling.

Mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror
mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror
mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror
mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror
mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror
mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror
mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror
mirror mirror mirror mirror mirror

Books

Such a handsome white boy. He's a
smooth skinned doughnut.
Like a smarty-pants column, the head shines
through. Such a boy died, huh?

Like a girl and used to dress up as a girl. Only
then they didn't. said:
"that I'm a girl!"
Such a little boy
didn't see the muffin
didn't see the nice nice nice
that the eyes read what kind of books

Ooh, books! Ooh, old books! Ooh,
bastards! They ruined the little boy
with the white bangs.

May all you fat crocodile books disappear!

The little berry boy has started to sit
up in the evenings.
all flipping through these mighty
books, all prying from them.

The murderers cursed books to
give poison with leaves
with letters with lines burned
to make it pale.

When he had finished the last
book, it was noticeable that he
became gaunt, frowning and
sealed.

We came in one morning and he
wouldn't eat.

We look out the open window
It's got an inflated herd of balloons in it.
And he's up to them with a string pinned to him

"Balloons Balloons - says Carry
Me."
And with a kick of my foot.
And he gave us a stern look and
flew off into the grey sky....

And Marya Pavlovna saw how
he was carried to the sea.
And a few days later a
message came
What random people saw from
the boat As balloons fell into the
sea.
There's a little white boy on
them. But what can you find in
the sea?

Burn the damn books!

Sirens

I'm inspired by the siren bird on a day of solemn sailors.^[1] The lashings of
the waves are not too talkative. see my clear view.
Washed and deck washed. soon the island with red flowers And
they let me know about it. birds with pale wings
Full of someone's daughters - sirens. with pale transparent wings.
Full of I have some feelings flying с pale и thin

wings

Fall as far as I know on the most beautiful ships As far as I know fall on
clean ships where the sailors are clean Fall these sirens with breasts with
many breasts

In short fall shirts with lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace
lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace
lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace lace

A ribbon tied round their throats. A black ribbon.
They themselves are blond and their hair also winds with a ribbon
of black Their paper skin is sleepy sleepy inanimate
Their main occupation is to fly and sing in a flock.

There they are. They're flying. Helping the weak wings
with their feet. There they are. And they're sitting down.
And how beautiful these women are.
There they are. And they cry. And they wipe away their tears. And they
sing songs.
Each song is about an unknown plant about an unknown animal In
conclusion, they sang a song about their hairy island They're going
to fly away. fly away, but they won't take me. won't take me No
matter how many times I rush to them!

Baba old skin decrepit clothes unkempt

Baba old skin decrepit clothes unkempt For when
you were a young woman - tell me
For you were a beautiful woman
For she was frisky and full of juice.
I didn't have a hanging belly and protruding breasts.
No stink from the mouth. No yellow fangs glaring

For you were a woman in young skin
Your teeth were young bunnies
Eyes very much were. like burning alcohol
Every day you washed with water and silver
As a result of this you were not an animal
Not earthly you were but airy.
And the heavenly

And what woman do I see nowadays
You sad ruined building Everything in
you Baba is falling down Everything is
collapsing Soon Baba you'll clean the
place Soon you'll go to the other side
of the world

— Yes comrade - the years of vague,
unspeakable years are destroying my formerly
first-class body Yes citizen - they've twisted my
baba.
They bent my body like a cock
But comrade and you will not escape the fact
— Yeah, and I'm not avoiding the fact

I was in the butcher shop

I was in the butcher's shop I
had all the meat I had on hand
I took the bones to the corners
I chopped them up I helped
the butcher I helped the
butcher

I was in a butcher's shop, but I

was an intellectual.

And all the time he was afraid of cutting
off his long finger with an axe.

The butchers laughed at me, but
they gave me meat to take home.
I brought bloody chunks We
boiled it, fried it, ate it.

It was easy for me to live through
the winter Even I bought a cotton-
wool coat A lot of blood I cleaned
up
And carried away the crumbs of bones
I'm familiar with the
machinations of all But why do I
need this experience

I left the butcher's shop As
soon as winter was over And
then I cheated on my wife
I was walking down the boulevard in
my new shoes, and that's when I
met you.
My Tanya, my darling.

Life has done more than make
me a stoker I've been a loader
on my shoulders too
I've been friends with the butchers, too.

On the same day, the twelfth of December.

On the same day, the twelfth of December, the tulle-printing factory in the lane came and began to work there.

Bookkeeper. cashier. typist

The cashier's last name was Chugunov

The typist's last name was Cherepkova

The bookkeeper's last name was Galter.

They began to have a difficult relationship with each other

Cherepkov was carnally fond of Chugunov.

Galter secretly loved Cherepkova.

There were a number of other people involved.

From the same tulle factory.

There were arguments and secret fears about their triple fate

And it ended with Galter resigning as accountant.

And he rushed away

From the tulle factory

Memo

Suits - my darling - I'm waiting for you tomorrow to go to Vale's together.

She's poorly ill

She's got no less than the flu

But please don't take the Bukhankin
with you.

I don't like that dork.

Oh, I don't like it. What do you see in him?

He's shouty... At Valya's it's
indecent When we'd go to some
women's house. But that nice crazy
Valentina. She'll kick him out right
away.

So Kostyumov - dear Frol Petrovich I remind
you - at seven o'clock sharp.
And without the Buchanquin, do me a favour.
I'll give you my tie.

Watch this. I'm waiting. Mate Pavel
P. S. And I made you a surprise

Message

When you've had enough of this
land life.

Then with myself I bore
you sadly.

And you dare to leave me all
alone.
Say, can't you stay? Can't you stay?

I'll improve my character and
stand out in front of you.
With your fine eyes With
your gentle hand

And honestly, in this life.
There's no need for you and me to
quarrel For so the rains pound
harshly When one lives alone

But if you walk away firmly
You can still come back after you've
made up your mind.
In a day or two, or on the doorstep.

I can't call you and I can't cry. My
law won't let me.
But you could feel it. That I'm
asking you inside.

Tell me if you can't stay.
Maybe you could stay?

Kitchen

I just remember my kitchen.
That's all I remember. That's all I
remember.
It was big and simple It had
plenty of milk and bread.

Dark truth a little Tight
leaks from the ceiling
But when you sit down to eat,
your hand moves nicely.

We used to have tea in
the kitchen when guests
came over on winter
evenings.
From small cups. The heat...

My wife used to do laundry
there. It's been about a
year.
The whole kitchen wasn't
enough for me. She was
gone like glass.

That kitchen isn't here right now
Pyotr Petrovich comes to me Sitting
in his beard frowning
"No," he says, "your kitchen."

From the collection "Valentine's Walks" (1968)



Valentine's second walk

Under the wild skies of northern
feeling Raz Valentine saw a steamer
He was picking up more like passengers
To carry them through troubled waters

Promotional trip promised Shrubs
sheds old firewood Riverside
hedgerows Growing weeds

The other half is taking apart
To plank crates. and a small fraction of the
Drowned in boats collects
To keep you from being swept away and lost

And Valentine went licking From the
kitchen smells of great cooking
There was something brewing
lonely What dish they thought of

The carrots are abandoned. And a bunch
of bloody big bones.
And then, with a shouting signal, a
number of guests are brought
together on the steamer.

And they give them mugs of black juice
Smoky, smoky sludge like this.
And the steamer slips sideways
down the river And the shore is
breezy and empty

The cabbages are ripe in the
vegetable gardens The sour, sour,
overgrown tree Sails importantly by
the side of the boat

With nails in their mouths and saws on their
shoulders A great mass of crates are busy
Not quite mature guys yet
Knocks and bangs encircled by pimples

They have honeyed faces and
fresh onions in the meadow And
brown buildings are dull
Valentine looked out suddenly

The steamer was closing the doors. The
assistant captain took the sack.

Put it on his bent shoulders
Let out a short little chuckle

In the darkness animal winches work
Ropes pull black bales
And from the shore, without a
word, without a movement, they
are fed by the evening lights

And turned round and in the
Ryazan mush We went backwards
the wheel rattled
And Valentine remembered that it was
even a regular flight and nothing else.

Now other steamboats were
turning And there was someone
so high When he stood, his head
glided Along the shore where the
light girdles

When he ran into Valentine, the small,
old, and pudgy passenger was frightened,
and he cried and huddled in a corner
And Valentine held out his hand

When he came down the furry stairs
On the steamer the fire was blazing
again Carrots were being dragged by
the red boys
And the wind swept into the kitchen

- Ah, said Andrei.

The young lady came in a new dress
The daughter was stroked cheerfully
Bitter hot hair he kissed her

My baby, I thought, you're without a
mum. If she were alive, you'd be happy.
Pitifully on her grave before the twigs of the tree straight
Tomorrow I'll go there to cry in the grass of fate

And with that he glanced at Natasha, who had
become even more beautiful over the past
summer Natasha's face was strange today.
The little ears were burning scarlet, but
beyond the river a bird cried out,
distracting the attention of the whole
community.

Before he left, my father drank milk
Before he goes to sleep wine Old
Andrew has become old - it's not easy
for him Tanya, his wife, he remembers
long ago
He didn't get a new wife Snort when they
talked about it.

- Enough - enough - the conversation was cut short and guilt
never left the face of anyone who gave advice all day long

Often, however, he was cheerful and kind
He quickly grabbed his cloak and rode off into the
field He clicked his rifle, but he couldn't shoot
birds He was only satisfied with a drive through the
field He became youthful for a while - he wheezed

I - I told everyone - I was cured by hunting. But I was very ill.

Monday is full of spring all white.....

Monday is full of spring all white I brushed my
hat I spread my coat out
The snow is still everywhere, but it's not quite
there. The tin cup is having fun shining.

I pour cologne juice on my cheeks. I rub it
on my neck. I wet my whiskey.
I'm so young. My skin is so young. I'll
get a tan in the sun. I'm a southern
child.

I ironed my trousers and went out and
smiled. I called up all my favourites in
my memory. I wish they'd seen me
before I bent over.
I wish we could see for the rest of our days

The wind spread the favourite sheet...

The wind has spread a favourite sheet
This spring you'll ride back
Foka and Fima, friends of your youth,
will meet you with beer and meat.

This spring you'll jump off at the station
Foka and Fima are standing on your heels
on the scrawny spring grass
Foka and Fima! I'll never leave you again!
(weep mutually into the soft hands of fate -)

You'll never get away from Foki and Fima
From handsome, slim Foki.
And from Fima's monkey friend
Always instead of a big huge sea you will
have a small river as your goal

Foka will grow old before your eyes.
And somehow funny friend Fima will die quietly.
You'll outlive them by a few springs.
This spring, you're going back....

Sweet sleeping steppe plain.....

Sweet sleeping steppe plain
The town of "Tail" adjoining the quiet hill Luba is the
daughter of a sad school teacher
Sleeping on her back with a blanket even over her forehead.

A white wall bent over Luba Sweet
days she lived through
In the day care centre next to the school with
the school with the school Dribbling down her
neck to her chest Dribbling down her neck to
her chest

I love the grumpy little song from elementary school.

I love the nagging song from my childhood
years.

In the air, a petelike house
stands Tishchenko Gipsy

Hello Mishchenko

Hello, my friend Grishchenko.

In a field of fresh poppies - friend Golovashov

The river flows poor

Thin

and pale

and the leaves are not fat at the

reeds Hello friend Churilov The

artist lived Gavrilov

drawing a portrait of himself in the mirror

and swam at night on the pond among the bridges.

If anyone is on the bench...

If there's anyone on the
bench, it's my auntie.

Hello, my auntie Under the
white window.

You bought this house in
your late teens.
A pink sunset on the
windowsill Sending greetings
on its paws

All your dreams are
ridiculous My auntie
auntie.
Will the goats be able to
fleece you Auntie.
These goats are no
good. We need new
goats.

You can't get rich. You'll
just spend it all.
With your eyesight to lie
down, you're rolling
your jumpers.

If there's anyone on the
bench, it's my Auntie
Unreasonable.
Hello, my auntie Under the
white window.

A yellow wriggly dog runs down the garden path...

A yellow winding dog is running along the garden
path A middle-aged young man, Artistov, is watching
it. His lady Grigorieva is standing next to him in the
window.

Cheerful and injected with two blue flowers

With her delicate pink dress flashing diving The
Fogelson girl crosses the garden
On her fullness young hidden quietly looks Old Man
Golubkov from the bushes
and kisses and cries silently...

Summer day

Three curtains hung quietly in the old
house.
Grandmother went out in a silly
oblivion With God changing.
Where she's got a clearing with mice
Yellow grandchildren.
In honest labour they harvested wheat
Rejoicing in the sunshine
Grandmothers stiff hand creaked
The grass grew
The grandchildren sat in the dining
room hushed Father returned
Porridge dangled in white plates
Sang glistened
And the jam made my cheeks
blush.
The thick-assed flies buzzing
thickly And the long lists
What else do you need
To make to the evening of summer
coolness Lamp lit
Swaying all over the floor
Grandma's walking.
With a blind lantern picking

Red kids
Hidden in the moonlit park White
sailor coats off
So you can't see

Warm fogs have eaten away the branches and flowers of the cherry trees.....

Warm fogs have eaten the branches and flowers
of the cherry-trees^[2] The green trunks so evenly
float out The first plank of them appeared and
turned pink The melted sun suddenly shed its
shaggy shine

The crazy land of my dreams.....
The languid head on the balcony is drinking
tea The folded collar is resting
On a fresh throat blue swishes

Sips followed abruptly ran Cakes
clotted shared tea A simple but so
strange smile
In your face when you look at the garden, at May.

GUM (Poem)

Where the suitcases are different
kinds of black and brown.

and the grey ones for eight in
speckles Where the shopping bags
are.

Seven roubles each - blue, coffee-coloured and black
There's Parmezanova and Tolokontseva poking their
eyes around.

There young man Kalistratov chooses a blue DOSAAF
bag with a white inscription.
will be carried on his shoulder
is worth four eighty

There's a military Mordaillov
took an eight-ten suitcase and
immediately shoved it inside.
your little suitcase

"You've got the matryoshka doll" -
said to him Vsezduscheva, a considerate old lady.

"Yeah sort of," said the military man

And they were pushed
from behind by
Redkozubov from Tula.
And Belyakov from Stepanichi

Nightmares from Leningrad
stood lonely in step

Reituzova separated
a lush, blonde bombshell
went sneaking out to
reminisce

about her hairy husband

Suddenly she was
overwhelmed... She
stopped
to wait out the heat of passion

Reituzova was stumbled upon by
Portugal on purpose
the fat one stumbled
over Reituzova he put
his arms round her as if
threatening to fall over
and pinched my side
even though it was a cotton coat

— "Oh, come on!" she

shrieked. He's gone.
replying
— They're standing there catching crows.

Where the umbrellas are
shifting colours from one to
the other.
There's a long standing
Parrots cute silly funny one

With a yellow scarf round
his neck, he also wrote
poetry
and he used to go out at night
to the Communications House of Culture

Popugaev's face quietly
clamped shut his one eye
years old has he forty
and average sloping stature

He was possessed by
some magic in this place
But then the magic passes and
Parrots has a plan.
to choose his own cologne
Already he's tentatively
digging around
With eyes in huge showcases
where everything is displayed
between the lamps
Mostly green liquids In vials
shaped like all sorts of things
Where's mine?
your
cologne
or is
there
he
No,
there's
no where
to eat.
Everybod
y does. I
don't.

Oh,
you!
Where
is he?
I don't see anything
I don't notice. Oh,
here!
No, he's not.

this two-ten is called "Dawn," but
this is mine.

but no. It's not mine.
this stranger is worth five roubles
It's called "Moscow." It's flat. But my
little square one is called "Sigh."
is worth thirty kopecks

are pouncing on Parrothead with a lot of people
Chaykin the labourer with his young wife Froseyu
All divided into sausage pieces
And with a huge slouchy hat on.

Pimply Sharikov is looking for cologne
Coquettish Nyuskina in furs.
But subtle and distinguished
with a whitened, frowning face,
keeps demanding and demanding
from Borkina
— who's a sick saleswoman. Give
me that! Give me that! This!
Finally, Nyukina walks away haughtily without
buying anything.
And after her, Borkina hissed, "U krokodilitsa!
Wearing creepy and red to the elbow gloves..."

Policeman Dubnyak, shaved and tight,
stands shaking his round neck
he's got three hours left
to get away from here to
his house. And his house is
full of borscht.
and adopted daughter
Kosichkina sits at a desk solving
arithmetic jokes
His wife, his maiden name Belesova, is looking
out of the window.

and she put some kind of grease in her hair.

There's a crowd in the gloves department.
Spring gloves for four roubles, coffee and
red brown.

green and black paperbacks

This season's fashionable yellow
colour is taking and sellers are
going around One Kudryavtseva,
another Bitova.

and ugly enemies amongst themselves.

After all, Bitova's current husband is
Kudryavtseva's ex-fiancé

Kudryavtseva would have poured
poison in

Natashka Bitova in soda water Kudryavtseva is
thin and tall. black

and a long nose

And Bitova is so dense

and blonde hair cut short, skirt and
shirt.

and she's got all the texture of
Kudryavtseva's clothes not hugging her.

"She's got a cotton skirt."

— told him a year ago

Don't give up on Kudryavtseva at all.

a cotton skirt - a foreign purchase we
had in our shop sold to everyone.

Now the two of them come

and go Bringing gloves in and

out Rustling brightly coloured
paper

and have long since soaked every last one of them to the balls of their feet

I've already come to help them
their boss is Postelina.
her curled tresses are streaming round And the
lenses of her small spectacles
undaunted and cruel With
the hand she habitually
wields
I did it all in no time and I'm
not even sweating.
Her "iron thigh"
everyone calls each other

"Cashier Katya Dirigible's youngest son
died recently" -
On the first floor, Tryapkina, the cleaner, spoke to
Palkina, the blue worker in the ironing shop.
— and you know why?
— you think it's your own death, don't you?
— Well, no, he didn't. He was murdered.
— He was walking down the alley at twelve
o'clock at night He was seeing his girlfriend
Irina off
— Oh, my mother said so much
"You don't go late Nikolka!"
And he
went and
got himself
killed
— And the girl?
— He went back home after seeing
him off, and then they followed him.
and a knife under his heart just a pinprick!
— Who are they?
— They're students
They live on the same street
Two Vaskin brothers. Twenty-one
in electromechanical The other
studied. but chased away... walking
the streets while....
— But it's got to be blood. With a knife.

in someone else's warm bowels
— For this young girl, Katin's
son must have been
slaughtered.

— Yeah. The girl is so cute
— But they'll get a firing squad now
— Of course. Minors... They won't
be pardoned by the judge....

Holkina walks up - she's selling ice cream and
rings out
all the change is in the white pockets of his dressing gown.
— You mean Nikolka, the boy
who was destroyed? Yes, he was
a boy too, not a cotton candy.
He came here to see his mum
and you can imagine -
I walked away for three
minutes and left him -
You Nikolochka, wait!
She came in and there's no two roubles -
I didn't! - and she
put all of hers in
— Yeah, they say it wasn't a knife
kill, it was a screwdriver kill.
and died without falling at the door
And he didn't run to his flat, he
was already in her bedroom.
She looks... Oh poor girl he's by
the bed covered in blood....

Where the men's ready-to-wear suits
are, there's a hundred people
wandering around.
One - Meshcherov
fifty-four -

it's time for him to find a size
Although he's sixteen years old, he's a huge mountain

Cosmatikov and his wife
Wrapped up in rags.

Yerusalimov and Yerusalimova are
luxuriously fattened in fur coats.

Preklonova with a sledge on her shoulder
and with a shopping bag in Karminov's
hand and young Prytkin hanging on her
right arm.
— Don't you have imported ones?

And the war salesman tried it, he's bald
and has a pencil behind his ear.
and he says, "No! No! But there
is, and there's one over there

But he doesn't approve of
them. He's a Semiklinov.
he showed all his courage,
though understandably.
nothing else for him
There's no middle ground in war,
either a deserter or a brave warrior.
For some reason, he suddenly
thought that this kid wouldn't
go
in the war, fulfilling the command order
to ruin a young life three hundred times
over There's a girl hanging on his arm.

costumes are looking for the
finest. Ah Semiklinov is you,
but only the finest clothes.
and higher growth
Ah Semiklinov! He'll go
like a sweetheart! What can I do?

Behind the young
couple is a not-young
woman.
Not that such a title
No. Occupation. She's his
typist.
and one could say for love she
would never take for her
heated external body rubles
and rubles and gifts Today here
is Fyodor Ivanych
her friend and boss
— walking around looking at
merchandise for her and him
at the same time.
And tomorrow Pyotr
Stepanych is taking her
first to the cinema then
walking around looking at
merchandise for her and
him at the same time.
And on Wednesday, with
chauffeur Vaska, just for fun.
she's lying on the sofa
and sweetie whispers to him.

Who cares and who cares
Let him love and do well
and combine pleasure
with pleasure.

that's what the ancients used to advise

And here's a very cute little
skittish one pushing her
way in.

in a crowd of hissing people
To her husband. To her
beloved husband she's moving
on. He's the same
stands before a Hungarian garment
and wrings it by the lapels.

— Buy expensive! very
fashionable! nice brown colour
and it goes with the coat,
I'll find you a tie.

And he agrees. Yes, we will
— You write us out - salesman! Shurh -
shurh - shurh - pencil - done!
— The ticket office is to the left - there...

— Many! Give me two roubles!
— Now! Shouldn't it be three?!

— Keep your money tight
and don't put it in your bag,
they'll snatch it away... it's a
crowd.

— Kostick! Maybe we
shouldn't go with a stained
colour.

— You don't understand
anything. We'll live to see
the payday. It's not long
now, only nineteen days left.

Petya. Gennady and Shura Aleynikov stand quietly and modestly in different parts of the hall They're not interested in costumes. They're interested in pockets. They're pretty well dressed.

Shura noticed. He pushed Gennady.
— Gennasha - look at that - a grey beaver. What a beaver! An iron old man with a wife and a lovely daughter... - cover the left side!

And then they laughed briefly, as if by chance they ran into the family of this very honourable grey intelligent beaver
— Ah, sorry - respectable with a gold front tooth.
flashed Aleynikov a chic -
— Everyone here is in an awful hurry!
— It's nothing - the old man replied and he certainly didn't notice
that his wallet's gone

Shura and Gennady are gone followed by the powerful Petya, who should be closing in.
— The old man, he'll take a pen and write a new pile of money. All people should be equal. It's a pity it's the other way round! this is the reasoning of Shura Aleynikov, known among his relatives as a very wise man....

Mongolova - a girl of about sixteen standing
there eating ice cream.
her coat's not new, but
she's not ready to eat the
worst food nowadays.
just to buy a shoe
with a big bow and a blunt toe and a
lacquered piano...

Counter worker Marmeladov A tall and
athletic guy.
wiggling her body behind the counter,
showing off to all the customers.

That's where little Koptilkin buys a big lamp
for the nights.

and Soplivkin here buys a new
switch for the kitchen.

And the landlord buys
stronger doorknobs.

And buys here Inzhenerkin cornice.
floor lamp. and chandeliers three

There's a black Tbilisceva lady
standing here selling mimosas.
out of a suitcase
and waving a ruble in the air
— Just one ruble - take the mimosa!

Her sons are not far from
her also with a mimosa in
their hand.
with their caps pulled down over their heads

Tuli. Tulle. Curtains. Tulle
Seller Evfrosimova yellow and long to her
comes familiar Proshkin asks for a curtain
in polka...
gets offended... walks away....
since Euphrosimova doesn't find

And the second and third saleswomen, the Alexandrov sisters,
have recently come from the fields from the grass
they have their braids on
their heads with a wreath.
They also talk funny.
but generally understood
and known and very carefully
counted.

Kirpichkin. Zolotsev and Bragin got drunk
on their way home from work.
and as we were passing by,
we went in and started
buying. We've bought ten
guns already. One child,
though.
already bought twenty books
and five inflatable toys
already bought bathrobes.
two shovel handles
There's a huge bunch of oranges
and they're often thrown on the
floor.
— Come on! Who's gonna pick it up! Come on!

They've been warned, and
they say that.
— And we're having a birthday
party and we're proletarians...

Ah. Oh, my God. Where else have we
been?! (exclaims)

Ah, the Gastronome, where dream and reality
are so closely intertwined.
Where's the herring Where's the
sea Where's the pork Where's the
pork Here's all the food Bottles
abound They call to eat And then to
vomit in private

Grushkina bought thirty cans of
canned goods.
And forty vegetable soups
bought by Kilkina alone
And Elkina bought cranberries
with syrupy sugar juice They're
bringing rutabagas from
somewhere.
in shoulder bags.

The poet is coming - he's a
simpleton he's outgrown and
undergrown
he'd eat a couple of
pikeperch or a couple of
geese.

He knows these people
He's met them all. They're all
terribly interesting.

You see one, you freeze.

They have mistresses to
themselves beautiful-faced
tragedies with them and farces
they carry their heads in their pockets

Here's Prostakov meeting Anna
— Anna! Anna! We're tired!
My legs are aching!
Your feet are all sore!

Let's go eat and go home
to our temporary shelter.

And they're eating
already in the department where you can see
as Pestryadin was about to drink as
Ryumkin was about to drink
already
and it's been a bit of a blur

And then the two of them
said And Prostakov and Anna
together
— We've lived and gone
and didn't know what a
buzz was.
and knew what noise was
A plastic bucket costs only two
roubles and only
Now we're having broth and eggs
and meatballs....

(And there were hordes flying in the streets
some new new new things
Here's a four-year-old oak tree. Three roubles fifteen

Here's the corner of the house - forty-
two and a nickel Here's a metre-wide
slice of the north sky.
it costs one hundred and fifty-four and zero zero)

Ah Anna - the poet's curls
flew before not in vain The
failure he saw a man And
we saw a man.
who are proud of the general uproar.

1968

From the book "The Third Collection" (1969)



Glimmers of hair thickly there.....

There's a flicker of hair thickly
there The table lamp is lit
"In the name of holy art"
There's a pale young man
sitting there.

His cheeks and hands are
pale And his slack
shoulders are thin
But I decided to do something
great. There'd be no trouble!

And I'm this young man
and the waves are
crashing on my head And
all sorts of marvellous
thoughts They're pouring
into my head

Ah I tremble... It's impossible
That I am it. Is that me?!

How marvellous! How careless!

How inexplicable - friends!

Last holiday, on Monday exactly.

Last holiday, on Monday exactly, I sat at the
edge of the table.

The pale bloodless conversation
Floated slightly

There were images of aunts, too.
Relatives also of others
In black and meaningless work Days
passed by them

Ruthlessly the ghost of Papa came
out And sternly pronounced
"Thought you were the only one, but
we're the ones who are a mess?! Well
our kind has ascended?!"

"No, you didn't succeed, I see.
Join our ranks!
"You boast shamelessly - We
are slaves. And you're a hero!"

I don't know what to say, I just whisper:
- I'm a hero! A hero!
Wait a minute, Dad, what are you
putting me in the lineup for?

I have a gift I have a gift I
have a gift I have a gift I
have a gift I have a gift
Father!
I'll die and scare you all at last!

Elegy

I like live cabbage. Very
tall.
I love to see Valentina Pavlovna leaving the
house in the morning.

A quiet, dreamy green
With a sour Turgenevian tinge.
Interspersed with girls in little pink dresses
flitting about.

A life of measured living without running without noise
The last book with the page pinned back, the
slightly perfumed mum.
She chirps like a bird

A white table with a brightly coloured
breakfast of tomatoes. scrambled
eggs. milk A hand in the air.
It's my own hand

Valentine's shaky gait....

Valentine walked shakily
towards Nicholas.
- Nicholas! - I'm so sorry to hear
about your father leaving.

Dying, of course, is often
next to us. Inexplicable
and dangerous.
that they're getting closer and closer

Yes, answered Valentine
quietly, the silent Nikolai
See the black rubber. See
the coffin's narrow edge.

This one tried, this one took up
This one thought he was
Napoleon!
My father - he was lying there
Before he died. - Yes, yes, he did!

Who came out very bravely
Saying, "I'll take it! And
when it came down to it.
I don't like the man!

- But!" said Valentine, who had gone pale,
to Nikolai.
I know the man, too.

and he's not the only one

Though a wisecracking
beast and mysterious,
yes!
But his featherbed is
sweet and his years
are not good for him.

He doesn't study, he
doesn't pull a string of
thoughts out of himself His
body shrinks and withers
He sleeps and eats without
shame

Me too, too! Not unlike
the others, Valentine ran
his hand over Street's
skin... hushed...

Yes, and I agree with my
father.
The way of the great is a
dangerous path Better to be
like the rest of the land.

Message

The cushions and tables are great
And the lighting wants to be the best
All eight windows look out into the deep

garden and the smell, I must tell you, is
disturbing.

It's so strong and so drawn out.
That you want to give up all your work
And just sitting around... the floor could be a lot better
The wallpaper is nice but the kitchen is stained.

Well, I've decided it's a good fit for us.
The price is great, but life is passing.

I want to get up and open my windows to the garden.
You can't be slow to grab the rush Some people have been
coming by.
But the landlord promised us and he will.

We'll rent this house and you'll go on Tuesday.
I feel like a recluse here alone.

They're already saying, where's his wife?
And some people say, "Is there even one?"

Friday. There's nothing...

Friday. There's nothing
the last cattle with the last grandfather
busy with a meagre lunch.
on the edge of a cold hill

Low heavenly darkness

The paths that people, dogs,
hedgehogs used to walk in the
summer.

Littered with slippery leaves

And only a deaf, insatiable
grandfather Gives the last meal.

And the land of the free is empty meaningless
Nothing to offer her to buy.

And the sky is like this
It's like it's about to appear
ethereal girl in a white dress Friday.

All the leaves are bigger. all the leaves are worse.....

All the leaves are bigger, all of them
are worse More black more yellow
Have a stronger effect on my well-being
And empty branches and empty fields.

Who can know, no one knows Maybe
I'm the last coat I've ever worn And
yesterday at the hairdresser's I had hair
that no one appreciated

I'll hold another person in my thoughts.....

I'll hold another person in my thoughts
Just a little bit for a brief moment... and then
I'll let go again And rarely, rarely are there
people like that.
To keep them in my head for half an hour

All the rest of the time I'm my own
I cradle myself I caress myself I
stroke myself I give you a kiss I give
you a kiss I give you a kiss
And I admire myself from afar

And any thing on me I'll examine thoroughly Shirt.
I'm going to lap it up to the seams
and I'm even trying to look at your back.
I'm stretching. I'm stretching.
but the mirror will help by
interacting with the two
I'll see the mole I've been stroking
for a long time.

No, positively, it's impossible for me to be
busy
What's the other one?!
Slipped his face in. Waved his hand And
something white went away.
And I always carry

And the forest with its blue edges....

And the forest with its
blue edges and its bloody
centre.

Everything of autumn was smouldering for the occasion

Ah there were no examples and there are no examples
that the prodigal son would ever return

unsteadily his heel protrudes
from the gloom of the long-
haired

I have
that the heel-kissing father of a mossy
banker green watchmaker slouching

But the prodigal son
having stolen an expensive piece of
cutlery, he went into his ordeal
again.

And it's
always like
this and it
won't make it
father to build a building of trust in his
son Already he comes back and prays
for the walls and for his mother to
forgive him.

and the old reservoir was bathing him

Fantasy is inexplicably painful ...

The fantasy inexplicably painful
rivers flowed.
and the water lily leaf and the
house above the water.

You were fifteen years old
and full of milk and your eyes are full of milk
and your sweet sloping eyes and your silly
pretty head
and the expression of the hands and eyes
like a heifer young and fat.

So you walked
around
clutching a
dove.
and stroking with a full hand

And beggars seemed to me and my sick mate
And how pale!
And there are so many spots on my face!

And you're a stranger to shyness, half-
dressed and half-dressed, you've been
walking round the yard.

There's something about gaudy freedom!

There's something about feasting freedom!
For surely there is a spirit floating
Above each of the glasses, low and low, misty
wings wiggling

In gaudy freedom from friends In
luxurious solitude of his own!

When Fonvizin drinks to Tretiakov.
The widow puts thick salt in Myshyakov's shot
glass. Laughing at him a little
And wiping myself with the tip of my handkerchief

And there is the happiness of
friends! They're all four of them
are drunk. One is drunker than the
other. The other two have fallen
asleep without memory.

But he who sits brooding and
sullen And at the feast leaves no
cares behind
Testing his arrogant mind
In mocking others, sharpening the point

You'd better give up your worries
And don't anger your diligent
masters Open wide your red-furred
mouth
And pour into it. Don't leave the common edges

It's good to be better than others
and smarter than others. And on a
drunken day, it's the most pleasant
of all.

So drunk to be like everyone else. No more sober than anyone else!

A giant thinking cat....

The giant thinking cat keeps
staring out the black window.
She's not talking yet.
but there's a lot sitting in her

dangling many feet
tails her soft tails, and the
man seizes her.
and put you on my lap

The two animals have become friends and
live together and live together.
Satisfied and playing at dinner
Under the wild evening light

To yourself in the mirror

Whoa, muzzle, what are you
gritting Your teeth like a
squirrel.
and your saliva is stuck
and pollen on your
tongue.

The view of any settler
A inside the head
molesting an infant in the
field grass.

Tickling under the armpit
red sweaty arm
Whoa, whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa.

Sokolov is sitting on the bench....

Sokolov is sitting on the
bench. I'm approaching
Sokolov.
- Have you seen
Prokopchenko? I'm telling
Sokolov

Falcons in cloak and hat
October is coming Large
leaves falling A faint reply
is heard

"He'll be here in a minute. He
went to get candy."
I'm sitting "before"
Sokolov. I'm waiting for
Prokopchenko, but he's
not here.

Finally he comes in, he's
recently married.

took Marina's wife like We're
sitting. The leaves are falling
Red Park this year

Nobody's going anywhere
Only Prokopchenko married
With Sokolov I'm leaving Red
Park this year

You loved the birch trees from your native land.....

You loved the birch trees from your
native land You loved the car on the
mountain
The water was rising and the water was
falling The leaves were abandoned in the
field in September

Got a job in the dark staff
department in the township and
there.
I sat in the post office sorting letters for
thirty years, and

You go out after the
service and the sun is
already setting.
By the quiet benches, the rubbish is stirring.
red blades of grass you keep sniffing as
you move through the yard in uniform.

To the monotonous and tragic music....

To the monotonous and tragic music I live
on earth.
Every day I plunge down the cliff with a mighty
noise.
Every day of my life...

and the animal cries in my
chest... and the seas of
material in my hands.
are advancing in thread with
needle and a sea of matter in the
hands of cloth long wide

And my labour descends in a noisy torrent
I'm of great importance
and my labour is futile
and it foams every day.

And food and food and food
feeds me slowly so solemnly
only the beam will fall
I sit in the kitchen and eat a little bit
and some smoked fish goes with it.
And there's so much salt white in my hand

And here I am, I've collapsed
this salt on your bread
on my poor frightened bread!!!.

I was a cheerful figure...

I was a cheerful figure
And now I'm a silent man and a
poor man I lost my job a long
time ago.
living on the edge of the world

Just bread and potatoes and salt and
water and tea.
I eat a small spoonful, I'm
thin, I'm overweight.

At least I don't owe
anyone. No one screams in
the morning.
and at two o'clock and half-
past two o'clock, if anyone
comes in - and I'm lying there.

What a lot of trees have grown during my long absence.....

I haven't been here in about ten years.
There are new babies. news - many of the doggies are
already all painted in yellow autumn colours

I'm sick of it - the changes of these years
these paths. these paths. the children's weeds.
this cemetery. its asters. all this nature.

who's only looking to take over people

As soon as you let your guard down.
You can hardly walk carelessly and just like that
on the grass And already the hole is hidden
under the grass
or the occasional two killers you meet

On an autumn day they will kill for petty cash
It's so nice to have a drink in a wet beer hall on an
autumn day, and your abused body in the bushes.
The crows dare to land only in the evening of the forest.

That nasty nature trafficker!
Fat worm trades - swamp fat stalk Here's a man belly fat
full of chowder Let's go for a walk with him alone

Now he has climbed the hill. Now he begins to
descend the hill.
Suddenly he drops his stick. breaking his coat
Falling down. rolling.

A fat man flattered. On rotten meat. She's very clever.
She's very brave.
I may not be afraid for a while, although there's a
lot of randomness around her desk.

Here I am walking around in the evening, locked up.

Here I am in the evening
walking around locked up On
my wall walking with my gaze
What I'm doing I'm sorry I'm sorry
What I'm doing to myself behind
the fence

I'm exhausted and it's not my fault.
See my pale face all sideways. I am a
heroic man. I am a soldier.
(still is) and mothers and grandmothers.

And my father. And my
neighbour Lida, I defeated her
husband Uncle Kolya. And my
neighbour Makakenko, I
defeated my neighbour Gena
and left.

I defeated Motrich the poet, too
He became a drunkard and I peed. I
watched the drunkard run down the
street.
And I'm writing reminiscing and not saying anything.

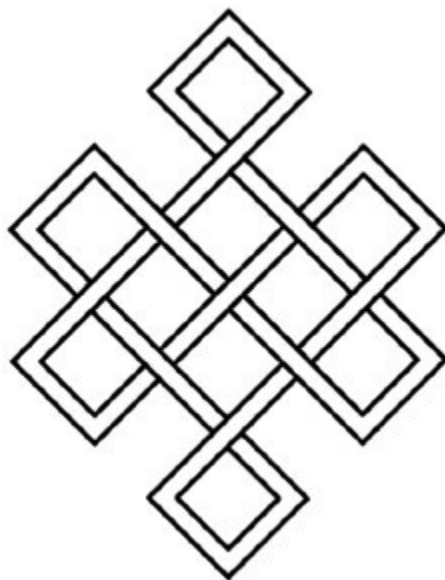
But why did I win - tell me?
- someone. Why am I in a war? Defeating the
poet Motrich is no joke.
This Motrich is Motrich the forget-me-not.

And others I'll beat. I'll go out and
leave them far behind.
And I dreamed tonight that I'd be
alone in complete silence.

And then I'll call my neighbour
Lida, and I'll call my neighbour
Makakenko.

And I'll call my mum nervously
And my father - where are you my timid - aw!

From the collection "Odes and Extracts" (1969-1970)



To the young man

How the land behind Krasnodar is
warm How the women behind
Krasnodar are moving their hot
kerchiefs
standing around with big pots
and pans and bottles.
kvasses spoon forks

Who hold cucumbers
Who own beauty on
powerful legs They are
southerners - ah!

Let's get close to the
people and try the weather
and spit on your
finger and bow
your head.

The hills! The hills are
green though distant

and Elena's white dress
and friend Masha's shawl
and Natasha's dark look.

Who are they letting out of school
now?! No... You can't see them
before... They passed and their
bosoms cracked.
and eyes that are inflamed to match

Their feet moved darkly and flaming with the
touch they craved
What did the workers all die sorry
for? So that the fat ones might
flourish.....

Everybody live in the provinces guys!
And they feed and walk there
richly and the children have
pink skin.
and more enjoyment of the speeches
received in the midst of a pile of thick
books.

The inexhaustible spring of libraries
Where old maidens clean and dry

Hold out books. quiet flies

flying irresponsibly overhead

That's where "Run!" comes in.

I'm running to the capital! Where other faces
No, don't run. Let me stop.

You can see the hoards of people in
small plazas.
You see the pale sliding crowds Ah! It's
more use to go to the old garden

and in Greek stockings and
wooden house socks. in the
shoulders of a leering old but
lovable freak.
to look out, "What's the weather like?"

It's a day off. Natasha will come to you
and your conversation will flow on and
on
literary journals discussing it with home-
made wine.

What else do you want?! Take the wife.
If you don't want to drink, go down to the bottom.

But only at home - in lovely Krasnodar Why do
you want to go. You're on a roll!
Come to your senses, young man! Humble yourself!
It's a hard life in the capital.
You'd have to be a singer, a merchant, a thug.

Where are you going with your dreamy powers

They'll break your delicate talent here Open
up open back your suitcase!

Spring is the season of love...

Spring is the season of love
and light Chinese buildings It's

the time of tuberculosis.

The cactus has budded off

Young hotties
and huddle in dark corners.
Petya grabs Nina with a young paw
it took a year to decide

And how sweet
how erratic the noise
of the kettle is in the
morning
heralding great change

The white house of the dove...

The white house of
the dove The cunning
masks of fate
Intertwined for the second
twenty-four hours I left my
fingers!

And the earth always bloomed in May!
Always before the fall the earth
bloomed! The earth has always
encouraged sin Big and small

Incited to the shedding of sweet blood For
what is life without sin
What a life
without sorrow for the innocently
murdered Tsarevich Demetrius.
on the sandy paths of a
May garden.

What a night
If they don't kill Andrei Bogolyubsky If
they don't find him under the porch.
what kind of night is this, then.

And is a hot summer afternoon an
afternoon
if it's not heating
the black mourning robes of
mothers and white-haired
daughters.

Ah it's not noon then!

When with Gourevitch in the ravine....

When Gurevich and I went
down into the ravine together.
it took us a long time to get
over the creek.

A large lacquer mud
prevented us from
walking
And Gurevich and I were
just about to go far away

Gurevich was smaller than
me, but he jumped over.
And I misjudged the
path and was plunged
into the mud.

I don't remember the rest of
the journey, we had to go back.
There was a mountain in
the way or a bone lying in
the way

And Gourevitch himself
lost his mind. became
sullen and for a long, long
time he stood all full of
gloomy thoughts

When we came at last to

our buildings

Gourevitch told me - a hike...
this one we won't repeat.

and no other camping trip
and never again
we didn't go down into the
ravine where the water
pours down.

The wind is blowing...

The wind is blowing
and the golden trees are
making noise I can't play the
piano.
and read in French

What am I going to do!
Dropped his hands to his

knees The golden trees

rustle.

I'm gonna put on a hat
and go out in a fresh fog

How in love I am!
And how sad I am!

At the spa in Baden-Baden...

At the spa in Baden-Baden For
the same money, you can live a
charming life.

What is there to eat - except life!

At a resort in Oceania
with the same money you can
live a charmed life, what is
there but life!

And the white evening...

And the white evening
and the golden city's three-dozen lanterns, O

Lord, take away thy hands.

Take it to the sides. Take it
upwards and as if travelling.
forget me.

That's what he did
It was like he was travelling and forgot me.....

and how many school barns
turned out to be.
how many creepy buildings, how
many creepy people have been
revealed.

Oh, you forgot me.

Oh, you forgot me.

Who's lying there on the sofa - What does he want?

— Who's lying there on the sofa - What does he want? He doesn't want anything, he just blinks.

— What does he blink - what does he need - what does he wish? He wishes nothing - only he slumbers.

— That he's dozing, maybe he's sick He's not sick at all, just tired.

— Why is he so tired - tough job? It's a tough job to be different from everyone else.

— Well, he'd be equal and not different. He cherishes that sign. He doesn't want to be like everyone else.

— A! So let such a person blame himself. He
does blame himself, that's why he blinks.
That's why he takes a nap on the couch.
And inside the big speeches

And Vasilyevna and you...

I remember you and
Vasilyevna and you every
time I remember Vlad the
son.

And Lenka the madman I'm
hovering^[3] And floating before me
Your vegetable garden with its grass

Lenka got meningitis in Pavlograd,
he cut off his finger - you know!

and threw it out the window
You're dying early! You don't
care about your finger

And your Shepelsky dug holes
to keep his belly from growing
- he went to the mountains
often - to the mountains And
there are a lot of photos for
you.

I'm grateful that you lent my
mum the money to buy me a
bike back then.

Oh, they bought you a coffin
then! And I'm on my bicycle
Always sat down - your neighbour

And I was travelling with Lenka -
he'd rather go to your faraway
garden.
What a strange people you all are!

Decades ago - People like
that all in a row

Shepelsky Vlad Shepelsky
Lenka
He used to sell his veg a lot.
Yeah, he sold it for nickels.
All meningitians are weirdos
Poles are also very strange
Poles are so vague They're
always erased
And we're all alone

From the city of Sinope...

From the city of
Sinop And to the
city of Rabadan.
Slipping in the autumn
sand There went a strange
caravan

Mules' ears hung
down. Horses'
ears.
There was a beautiful month,
but there were no people.

All the people in all the
land have gone away
They've gone beyond
the Volga Who only
survived

For hordes of
Chinamen have come
to our hearth And
many have died But
the enemy has begun
to die.

Tranquil Chinas
Lying dead in the fields At
least a dozen of them.
Why don't you get up?

And all this is from the
pestilence Which a
learned man
accidentally brought out
of the rivers.

A silent and invisible
pestilence has gone round
the whole earth without
touching the cattle of the
earth But it has brought
down man

The villages of the
city are overgrown
with grass.

The wind makes the
Cold Houses fall
down

Memories of Capua

Capua was long Capua
was long Capua was
thin Capua was thin
Capua was sweet.
It was roomy

Capua was good She
was illuminated
In it, a pram rode quietly
There was nothing better than
Capua For in it the pram rode
quietly For in it the pram rode
in the shade
For shadows kept falling on the pram
Shadows from the buildings kept falling
on the pram.
And the shadows from the buildings were
running across me Because I was in a
pram.
And I've been considering Kapuya

Capua was cool Capua
sold wine.
The wine was served on a saucer
Capua had good saucers on the
tables.
And the tables stood in
the shade And on the

tables they put a hat

That's what made Capua different

In Capua you could see women walking
In Capua they walked in a special way
In Capua the women had bright lips
Marvellously large breasts puffed out
And the meat on the legs looked great

You could sit in Capua all day and not think
about anything else.
Only about
Capua Capua
and Capua And
only Capua
Capua Capua.
Capua

And this one disgusts me...

And this one disgusts
me And that one
disgusts me And I
disgust many
However, everyone
lives

No-one kills the
Other outright
But only scolds him for
having arisen.

It's a terrible state But
it's the only thing
that'll get me away
from you Yes, yes, it
does.

Who's young for me now?

Who's young for me now?
Why am I dismissed?!
Oh, I must have done something wrong!
- No, you did the right thing and you did it the right way.

But no matter what you
do, they'll put you in the
bushes.
In the bright glade of
another And you in the
damp darkness

Where did that come from? Where did that come from?

Where did that come from? Where did that come from?
Such a sad, distressed leaf shape

Where did oh! Where
did that come from?
Such dust on the
leaves and such a

in love with this land and unhappiness.

Won't remember the
body...will never
remember where the
coloured frames came from
either
as well as wooden barns and
old me wood bending

Where did that come from? But where did that come from?
won't remember the body... won't remember again.

Saratov

The snow that fell over the city of Saratov
was white and marvellous. wet and
matted
And it covered the wooden houses
That's when I went crazy.

That's when a book with a stained book.
Lost in the snow. Flattered by myself. I wilted. I
blew into a book of thought.
The city of Saratov has soared and soared.

Ah city-city. The original Saratov. You
were full of smokes and aromas.
And everyone took their seats in the evening
Simplicity nestled on the dinner tables

And wisdom sat quietly on the mountain
in a white hut and looked out the window.
There was a light in my face and I
realised there was no hope.

And men will live. Children. Faces. Sick
people. It's not a city, it's a hospital.
And every yellow and every semi-
stretch is unnecessary and
meaningless. sluggish. not proud.

Only for themselves and sustenance
running mad ridiculous creatures tuning iron
machines
and all kinds of useless houses
and a long steamer in the
Volga, what a senseless freak
humming and weeping. The factory
blindly stares at the world making
patterns.
with his big smoky tail and everything
stinks and everything is filthy.

and the white snow is not tamed
the smallest protest is forbidden
and only in the evening from a
cup
They'll be drinking vodka, the litterbugs.
and change all their labouring
costume, but never change their
ingenious wit And never their poor
device
will not cultivate in them another
quality against this life of gloomy
rebellion, so that no one can distribute
their labour and their "free" time
There are few of them who will throw
off the people's burden And I am the

only one in the whole city of Saratov.

— so he thought, and the snow kept falling.

— Why did those distant great-grandfathers
didn't win the victory everyone
wanted and reclaimed the south for
life
must have been cowards. blood that
splatters and therefore the south in other
peoples
And we live as descendants of those freaks.
The outcasts all sneaked north and
started living in secret... and lived to
see.....

So I thought and warm visions
captivated my great doubt to
Italy in the South led away
and showed this part of the world

The village above the sea blooms
and spreads a subtle fragrance
and people walk there barefoot.
Others swim. Others fish. Whoever
wants to die dies, dies, and no one
forbids trading.
In a wide-brimmed hat to pass and
then on the sand who to love.

Calmly in the heat eat lemons (they
themselves filled all the slopes) and
you open in the right place knife cut
off. eat and do not put money
And you can sleep at night without a
house and you don't need a huge
mansion.
And you don't need a coat from the
king's shoulders. You can just lie down

on the ground and sleep. And the
state.

you won't get your blow

Of course that Italy was
great
She was a very different country
altogether

I couldn't stand that image When the
snowstorm was chilling me to the bone.
and blew in your white face
I'll die here in Saratov and in the
end no one here thinks about God.
God says to let me go wherever I
want. Only when I die, then I'll fly.

I'm being squeezed by the people,
you can't get away! People! People! -
I'm more good than you. And I'm
worthy to live in the south!
But they all hold - the old man, the fool and the warrior.

All the weak held on to the strong
one and never unclenched their
fingers and the strong one was
tortured in Saratov and after his
death thoroughly studied

From the book "The Fifth Collection" (1971)



On holiday we take a detour...

On holiday, we make a detour
Ironing. gardening. wiping
Dyeing. gathering fluff
and look at the sun

From the medicinal trunks of
untold trees every member of
the family is healthy There are
no villains among us

We can't think of a substitute
We don't want to cut down on
the humble mouse trade.

We didn't make an
elephant out of a
fluffy fly.
she's good for us, too.

thank God for hands

there is a peasant
pattern in our hands
and the fruit of the two
gardens of Russia.

Genghis Khan's hexameters.

to walk... to go from Moscow out
and go all the way and villages. and
where to
unknown. and with a quiet gait. mouse rustles
heard. leaving the European part and looking
at the Asian part. and branches of the Aral
Sea. and black southern winters. Kalmyks
Tatars Uzbeks. and all who eat non-Russian.
and it's important to look and they
sometimes turn pink from that gaze. The
passerby promises silence.....

I'd like to raise a huge rabble.
On Europe a tale. and quiet thoughts
nourishing from a camel watching the
advance without cannons, without armies,
but by the forces of peaceful nomads,
the beautiful French to reach and end their
sleepy lives.

...the henhouses crackled. the women lost
sawdust. and steady we climbed over wattles
and fences.
to America, even everything is flat and even

My black-headed children. All lamas are Tibetan Tanguts.

Chechens, Ingush and Dalis. Tatars in
smoke. And simple Russian people.
and what used to be called ugliness - a drunken face,
bawdy grey legs - was now considered beautiful by the
eagle.

We took Byzantium. Through Greece.
We'll make a swift run. We'll take boats and boats
and ships. We'll go to Italy.
plague the Apennines.
all the rivers. and drinking up to
the bottom of the mad naked
gudgeons.....

Come on, my children! I traded a camel for a
car that broke down somewhere in the woods.
The steamships are taking us to America.
And the first guests are timid. but furtively. all of them
more of us are coming here. Already our men are
fighting viciously. They take without money. They
don't want to go without girls. Already our men,
having made a mess of it. Having found thick paths in
the fields, have travelled
across this land, and they've crowded back in.
To their native places. without recognising
them. where even the grass has sprung up.
and steel. and sleep.
Went round them
and I measured. And I wiped my eyes with a
dry bandit's rag. And I told them okay!

The heat outside the city is contagious...

Heat outside the city
contagiously goes fence
monotonous and dust
green lies something air
says

and in the manner of the goose
school, verbs grew everywhere
Attend. Explore. Ask to touch. Eat and
savour.

Warmth outside the city.
nettles weed beautiful
unhappily big muddy river
two or three sad old men

and a bunch of loud young men who think
they're here.
there's hardly a barrier to
them, but they're very fragile.

They shout. Shout and drink
And their girls sing a mighty
toast of a merry life oh no not
with their mouths - belly big
new shoulders beautiful
backside and legs
pretty thick at that

There's a sad citizen here, washing
his feet in the river.
the other one will quickly
see him lying in the sand.

and from the back of his
head, it looks like he's a
citizen, too.

imagines all people are
different. He's the only
one.

The two of them will talk
and their legs will run
tiredly.
tired shoulders will bow at
the station they will come

To avoid unnecessary friction,
there's a seat in the corner.
they'll have time to choose
and they will survey the path

And the way it is, it's quite easy, a
bit funny even.
There are buildings,
gardens, fences, and a
whole family.

Boys playing under the oak
tree A fisherman spit on the
water Something women are
digging here A man ran away
somewhere

There was a couple sitting
on a hill, the man was
squeezing her breasts, and
she was enjoying it, and
laughing as the train
passed by.

Let's leave this train - brothers
and so long is my story.

I guess I could see
in mates - sad you

Every place in the city
Well, Klyazma. Vodniki. Ser-bor. I'm
not interested in poetry.
to have a concrete conversation

On such a savoury morning.

On such a savoury morning.
it's good to eat something savoury like an
oyster or a frog.

Cut something small into
microscopic slices.
On such a marvellously savoury unnatural
morning.

and some silver tweezers might sparkle
quite nicely.
when the trees are overloaded with
snow right on top of the green
foliage
when many of the branches are broken off
and Marja Petrovna, 22, will undergo a major
change in her fortunes.

- Give us something small and red said the elegant
aesthete.

in a worn-out cap

Distant

Sycamore leaves in sultry Odessa Gymnasium
girl with horror on the street
By means of the ball of wool between the legs
Friction. burning. cramping. flow.....

Gymnasium girl! It's Grandma.
Where to put the blush - a frantic glance
escapes to a friend. and a dizzy ball of
wool falls to the floor.

Detected. caught. captured. punished by Bitá
for the offence of arm-twisting.
Fourteen years old. You should be
studying, not touching your cherished
places.

Linen tablecloth. pattern of contentment
blue glass of evening warmth
In the sofa she felt calm and slumber
sadly found there

She held out her hand. They gave her a cake.
They forgave her. They talked. They came over
to kiss her. She's lying there. It's evening. She's
disturbed by an affair.
trying to get his hand under the blanket

She was followed! Reprimand. hair
Unravelling mums while walking
Daddy delicately doesn't come in and interfere
with puberty somewhere in you.

Visions of drunken men unbuttoned Great
monuments to the male organ in summer
flats corners concave
and bare feet and twitchy speeches

And rivers and hills yes, yes....

E. Џ.

And the rivers and the
hills yes, yes it's all yes.
that's all yes.
and rivers and hills. Yeah, yeah.

walk slowly backwards
There's a silk cord in the
carriage Oh take your head
sideways!
I can't see this beautiful grove! It's
September, the leaves are already
falling
and you falling asleep
and behind the carriage, the wind's
scarf is flapping. the carriage is so
warm already
sweetheart lit the brazier

And into the confines of the coming
autumn we fly. we've left the past
behind. the black oaks are getting
colder.
you're off
and touched their leaves
stumbled and said, "Oh, I've been sitting
here too long! My leg's killing me!"

In those creepy and scary shoes on your
favourite beautiful foot.
in these hats and laces and rubber
bands I love you Oh my God - where...

and the rivers and the
hills. Yeah, yeah, it's all
yeah.
that's all yes.
and rivers and hills. Yeah, yeah.

Do you want to buy some champagne?

E. U.

You want to buy some
French-British champagne?
You want to go into town for a
sleepover? And if you're bored.
I'm gonna sing a little bit
and rock the light bed

It's raining in the
summerhouse and the
darkness stretches out
my blond sister
and my mother's half-sitting

- You can see they're glad
you're here. They ran out in
the rain and kissed you.

Do you want me to go out
tonight and kill someone
Well, you pick the station
around the corner.

Do you want to buy some champagne
- Girl, you're yawning. After
yawning that
you fall asleep quickly

And I'm looking at my
idol with attention.
maybe something will come to
me from the dream world.

That sad, pinching tune...

That sad, pining tune to a distant
old herd.

and sad shepherds don't need
those abandoned marble maidens.

and ran off into the woods with
Mozart's hooves whistling and the
dog following them.
flipping through the book of colours

and dragging behind crying, slipping
and sliding with their long dresses,
these shepherdesses can no longer
and along with the handshakes.

of the stray and black and damp
earth to this ancient legend.
must have been immediately spoilt by some
deep building.

which were visible in the through woods
chilled shepherds. it's autumn already
and they were invited. They had their
fur coats on a weight - please!

it was the young count who
invited them, and at the old
count's request they ate from
the light forces
and gave the dog a "F-fa!"

Every glass shines on the castle
White winter is not afraid of
them Snow has fallen in
Germany.

so to Italy we invite you!

They're all three or two of
them, and they live there in
peace.
Naples. lying on the grass.
and grapes. and frivolity.

The young earl knows the
wonders of antiquity he shows
them
every shepherdess with a long
braid ties it at night.

There's a wedding coming up between
one and the other, and the herd
running away.
slowly walks along the forest trail
swaying over the trail. it's the way to
go...

and when they play a light tune like
leaves falling small Smiles they'll
smile - the count is not handsome
but he'll give them trinkets

The count is good. The count
is good! The castle's ancient
stones are not bad at all,
and the count's father,
though the speeches are
terribly long.

and so they live live live live live live live
from old age breasts are doused with cold

water, the clock in the neighbourhood is
terribly beaten up
the shepherdess forgot she was free

Burying the writer...

They buried the writer It
was a nice spring.
There came a girl in galoshes
and she was crying a lot.

She closed her hand with a
weak hand and cried for a long
time.
I couldn't become a Russian
woman and buy him wine.

his hair, stroking his hair,
cuddling him myself.
from the grave to keep you
from going mad.

May and May is ahead for
how many years? And its
a paradisiacal affair where
there's no winter at all.

They buried early a writer who
walked round Moscow in his
hands.
As a participant and spectator, he
wrote that there is - ah!

the sadly sweet fate of the land
has been re-named by him

All such and swift and cheeky close up
tight coffins

Gone mad himself...

Gone mad himself There was a
fleeing casualty

I'll give you a heavenly
valley A palm-tree and an
olive tree Let the wind
walk the vineyard there
too

The vineyard is getting fat and red A
swift comes out of it.
And a frowning face is shown
Later, another. At the end of the
day

And a third comes out of the depths
Unsightly hands. White trousers

It's getting cloudy. And evening's coming
A little disc of sunshine left A barrel
creaked - water was brought Maybe near
- maybe far away

And who heard that, you or me?
Or maybe the family is rich in lore?

And where the rolling expanses
were empty green mountains
And voluntarily in these mountains
Only the wind lived. And only fear lived

I've never walked the earth I've never
made beautiful friendship with you.

I have not forgotten my youthful days.....

I have not forgotten my youthful
days, the little maidens and the
tired horses O Ukraine! O field!
In the thousand-eyed pre-morning
dreams You said fear is present.
Well! Speak of the willy-nilly.

I have not forgotten my youthful days
of Kharkov-scrawny old fields Before
the rain ran through the
This animal is grey grass Sky! -
great sky - wait!
...cloak and dagger swords....

Am I to blame that the cherry
blossoms were blooming That the
funeral procession was coming
Joy! O joy of knowledge!

I've been sneaking off to read Livingstone

Behind the Englishman walked in silence
"Combat! Repeat the mission!..."

And Alexandra Vasilyevna's coffin
was carried out quietly then.
Mum slipped me a book so my son
wouldn't see death in the forehead
How much wasted effort!

O Ukraine in the deadly rain I keep
dreaming in your arms There's no
time to return in silence
The son beholding his mother's
eye O shall the fanciful hour Be
plunged again?

Here I am walking along the seashore - the hilly belly is lumpy....

I am walking along the seashore - the hilly belly is bumpy My
eyes remember my poor Turkic outfit
I have gone wrong in my proud endeavour I have
become a terrible man according to my whims.

That I thought to sink. That I thought to use and
some spring to meet in the form of a young one
but like an old landlord leaving the manor.

I stare with a sigh in my throat, heartlessly.

All I gave up and on manuscripts grey gave up
changed all on manuscripts grey at once
beckoned me only letters letters letters letters
and then I ran all the way out. My legs were tapping.

I can't lift my heavy gaze at the window
And I can't go home on my sleepy way My
bed my parents have put away long ago
Nothing stands there. Nothing but empty
space

And with giant, inappropriate steps he
measures the shore of the sea, dead after
the ebb tide there are forms of different
skulls. bones. needles.

And these forms will rise up. They'll rush to the
sea. You can't catch up with them. Don't try.
I'll throw my hat in the sand I'll throw away my
pale-face suit I'll flap my wing

Fade away, you sad, sad, sad inkwell.
The day has begun and my seed is fertile. Skulls,
shells and needles.
the forms of young life irretrievable....

Ah native native land...

Ah native native land
I'll tell you the Russian word for
"blah." What a lot of young and
naked you are.

So why do you need me, a
freak born from the dark waters
of the underbelly of the cities'
nocturnal shores?

So why do you need me off the wall
Where they always spread
their trousers Where it stinks
of piss So why do you need
me in the city?

Take the red-cheeked villages
They're growing a sprout every day.
Why would you have a thin face?
With a healthy sneak

The native land responds
- You take your "fuck" back.
You're the only one I need.
You're special for these plains.

You're the one made for this
trouble for my weed-weed.
And for the whisper of rusty
knives I seek thy poor bosom

But for such service I pay
Your name in a candle.

and it's still burning.
any Russian will forgive you.

And he'll understand everything
he'll take off his hat and shed tears.

This morning's opening year!

E. U.

This morning the year opened! I
hasten to savour the silence A
fearsome bird looks round.
In the flames of the waters

Where did the earthly whales
begin!? Do we care about that
You and I will walk in the footsteps
of the sadly faded flowers of our
unforgettable summer.

And ever since the carnations
bloomed leisurely between us the
field has convinced me: we are
fateful
and at the foot of it two will come

We're gonna die! We're gonna die! We're
gonna die! Of course, honey, together.
You go to the groom. I'll go to the bride.

an unforgettable flying day. Of course, honey, together.

You and I under one beam
From the heights toppled into the
grasses No, it wasn't our fun this
old wrinkled day huddled together
to die It wasn't fun!

Golden Age Idyll

My acquaintances of various times have sat at tables

They tangled and blended I i k e lovers' hair or sand or something

Like each other were remarkably different people

Podpryadov spoke c Sapgir told him how he
was pulling out drowned men

Sapgir listened to him and beat his hands on his stomach in
admiration. Brusilovsky was listening to their conversation, next to
whom Vika Kuligina was sitting and looking at him with a flattering,
elderly gaze

On an oleander tree sat the disguised artist Misha Basov with the face of a moose or Alexander Blok and listened to the noise of the oleander trees

Igor Kholin, a naked, serious, pensive Igor Kholin emerged from a cave on the mountainside. His lips were moving. He was obviously speaking in verse

Suddenly, the artist Mikhail Grobman rode down the central avenue on a white horse with a shout and a whoop. He was followed by a pram where Grobman's wife Ira, his son Yashka and something wrapped up were sitting, lukewarm from the heat.

The sun came out from behind a cloud and the seashore was dotted with walkers. With a big white umbrella and accompanied by the frightened poet Limonov, the incomparable charming Elena went for a walk. She walked importantly and straight and the waves licked her feet. Far away flew her wild scarf

Tsyferov was sitting behind a big green stone on the dry sand, wiping his glasses. he looked at Elena and the poet Limonov and Tsyferov smiled. He thought of some fairy tale he had not yet had time to write

To the left of the sea in the green bushes we could see the corner of a small drinking establishment where the poet Vladimir Aleynikov was quietly eating cutlets with bottles. Next to him, turning his back to a lilac maiden with a picturesque face, sat the painter Igor Voroshilov and said, "Admit it, you want me!" Poor artist! He was already quite drunk. His nose was moving

Behind the flowerbed with village chintz flowers strolled ruddy Natasha. on the steps of the drinking establishment sat

drunken painter Wooloch and tried to say something

Suddenly the air was filled with swearing and there was confusion in general. The poet Leonid Gubanov appeared in a fox hat with a wolf's eye, agitated and also drunk. The poet Vladislav Lyon followed him and tried to gently reprimand him. he did not succeed at all

Here two poets and friends - Aleynikov and Gubanov - said hello and began to drink port wine and recite poetry. They were surrounded by a crowd of curious people who were: the artist Andrei Sudakov, the film-maker Gera Turevich. A painter from Kiev, a painter from Kharkov, a Swedish subject, a swarthy nephew of some king. Slava Gorb, a man from the Ukraine. Vitaly Patsyukov who makes programmes about artists. a collaborator "Sasha Morozov. The man in the beret is Raphael. Leonard Daniltsev. his wife singing in "Madrigal" and others whose faces were not visible.

The sun illuminated objects and people even more brightly and the smiling round face of the artist Ilya Kabakov appeared in the attic window. He looked with admiration and passion at the vehicle standing on the front lawn. It was grey

Flies flew in. It was getting hot. Saggir and Podpriadov, still talking, went to the brook for a swim. Podpriadov, tightly wrapped in his jacket, sat on the bank, while Saggir in crimson knickers cautiously crept towards the water

Anna Rubinstein sat on a garden bench, fat, beautiful and cheerful. On either side of her sat two young men of a very immature appearance. They were wearing striped shirts. Their hair glistened.

The trousers were spreading wide apart. They both kept their eyes on her

With a huge folder in his hand, the artist Bakhchanian walked somewhere behind the bushes. His steps were big as in Kharkov and small as in Moscow

Giggling and looking around in the unfamiliar surroundings, the painter Kuchukov flashed his yellow face. Behind him walked the languid Natasha with her cello. Behind her the shadow of Rostropovich moved quietly. And behind him the shadow of Kuchum

Boris Churilov, a labourer returning from a bookshop, wandered into the lawn and lay down to rest. Around him, oats rustled and books lay. he took off his shoes and socks.

And in the distance, in the farthest meadow, my mum is making borscht so beautiful and red. And my white father is sitting in the sun talking and warming himself.

Artist Evgeny Bachurin touched his guitar and it sang. A bird flew down from the oleander tree and wondered. The trees rustled and words landed affectionately on the branches. The sun warms everyone! - said Bachurin and looked at the round and blond women passing by

It's getting a little darker. A small, dry Gennady Aigi appears with a briefcase. He walks past everyone without noticing anyone. Behind him, ten paces away, the poet Joseph Brodsky, wearing a cap, emerges from the gloom as a figure. in his hand he clutches a packet of poems and a book

"Stop in the desert."

Windows are illuminated. In one of them you can see the artist Andrei Lozin playing the violin standing in front of an easel. His wife Masha bent over a sewing machine. A shirt for Sapgir appears.

And then Limonov and Elena took a boat and left for the sea. Some Tanya sits on the sand and cries bitterly

And in the darkness, the eyes of the artist Zyuzin are burning.

The drinking establishment was closed. In one of the windows one can see a drunken company moving in. Aleynikov does not want to read poetry and stands in the corner staggering. Gubanov is asleep. Voroshilov is still drinking ...

Twelve o'clock at night. Limonov's mad laughter echoes over the sea

Only Tsyferov wakes up. What was that? He says... and falls asleep. He dreams of a sad old fairy tale

The wind is rustling... subtle and thick odours in the air. Whoever can lie on a bed with someone is lying down. And who can't, sleeps

A wave surged and came up who
by the shore lowered their sleeves
who let their hair down by the
shore, who got sad.

Dark. night on the road goes artist Vasily Yakovlevich Sitnikov and carries a plaque

It's quiet. Suddenly a black dog comes running. Behind her is a Portuguese subject, Antonio. A silhouette in white trousers is seen at the door of the house. She is illuminated by the light of the moon. She is carrying a chair from Pavlov's time. Here she is completely illuminated. Alena Basilova

Not far behind the bushes Gubanov wanders with a thin knife. He does not notice Basilova and goes deeper into the pitch darkness

A bonfire under the trees. Limonov's here. Elena. Brusilovsky. Galya. Maxim. Felix Frolov. some Tanya and another Galya and two other Americans are grilling kebabs. The coals are smouldering. The aroma. Dima Savitsky comes in with a basket of Georgian herbs. Elena in an evening dress. Limonov in shorts. Everyone else is wearing suits

A tipsy Saggir appears. Everyone kisses him. Kholin appears and two giggling girls with him

Two artists roll a carriage out of the gloom. On it is a smiling Chagall. On the sidelines is a basket of Burgundy.

Limonov is quiet and silent. He looks at Elena. She's very beautiful

Elena steps out into the streak of moonlight. Night heavy butterflies. fishnet beetles and all the beautiful insects flock to her. they swirl around her

The poet Limonov looks on and is silent

In the distance behind the cypress forest the dawn is dawning. Yakovlev comes out to the fire with a stick and a strange look in his eyes. Under his arm he has a bundle of paintings. He silently puts them on the grass and leaves. The paintings depict flowers

Butterflies and beetles land on the flowers. Elena is confused. She's offended. You ugly flying things! - she says - you cheated on me. And Elena cries

Yakovlev's back is getting farther and farther away. It's gone

If you don't stop crying - I'll hang myself - says Limonov and takes off his belt, goes to a laurel tree and starts seriously attaching the belt to the branch. Oh, don't! - says Elena and runs away tangling in her dress. - All right I won't - says Limonov meekly. She takes him by the hand to the fire. Everyone is silent, or everyone is eating, drinking and contemplating their own fates. But someone (who?) looked at Limonov so seriously as if he understood him and said "this one is not joking".

The spirit of Motrich flew overhead - a black fallen spirit that barely moved its wings, it hovered and drank wine aromas. Almost no one noticed it, and only Limonov sometimes saw it and lowered his eyes

Elena was playing with a mouse. Her husband was sitting next to her and he was smart So he didn't stop Elena from playing with the mouse. The mouse was weird, it was like it knew something and the mouse agreed.

The dawn was already big. The whole park was clearly visible. A woman in a yellow coat and a black cap with a tassel appeared on one of the paths. She was walking purposefully somewhere with a strange gait. - Dina Mukhina," said someone. Limonov shuddered. Dima Savitsky dropped his glass. The glass shattered. Everyone said something about Dina and someone cried. Maybe some child. maybe some person. maybe some person

For some reason, there were a lot of people crowded together. Some of them approached unnoticed and suddenly found that they had been sitting there for a long time. But many were silent and those who spoke were weak. It was the eyes that decided everything

Some kind of flower was blooming. There were even a few angels in the air from those most inclined to humans. The interested angels listened with folded wings

Elena looked at Limonov as if he were a flower. And he wanted to cut off the signs of sex, and he thought with rapture about this urgent business. And bury it under a cypress tree! He kept saying. Dima Savitsky said - don't do it! And Elena stroked Limonov's head with her hand.

The birds woke up and Maxim Brusilovsky fell asleep. A peacock cried quietly. It was so touching. There were many people sitting in the grass and grass grew around them. And then someone flew. All in different ways. Like Sapgir, like Elena, like Limonov. Or convulsively like others.

Limonov flew to a clearing where his mum was making borscht and his dad was sitting in the sun. The glade was shaped like a heart. It smelled of buckwheat and poppies. Here comes our son! said his mum. Son, you're late for lunch again! I've been swimming - said Limonov and that was it.

We believed him, even though he never went swimming and he lied about it.

The family sat at the boardwalk table and everyone was warmed by the sun

Then Elena flew up. She stood back and looked surprised with her finger in her mouth

Like a child! - Mum laughed. Why are you standing there? Come to us! She shouted to Elena. She obeyed and flew to the table. Borscht was served. - I always like borscht - said Limonov and put his pale tanned hands on the table. Elena looked at him with love and fear. Noticing this look her mum asked her who are you? I am nobody - Elena answered sincerely

Mum, don't you know who she is? It's the beautiful Helen. You know her well. She's the one who stood on the walls of Troy and was in Egypt at the same time. She fooled everyone and now she wants to fool me. She doesn't eat borscht, mum. She slept with Theseus, with Menelaus, with Paris. Deiphobus and again with Menelaus. I think she slept with Achilles. She doesn't eat borscht. She eats when no one sees butterflies. She's got fresh blood in her. She's always inventing things for herself.

Cut some fresh flowers for her, mum. Because I love her, mum. Because I'm not your son, mum, but the son of the nymph Echo. Remember I always said that when we were kids and we laughed. But now you can see that I am the son of a nymph and Apollo, dumb from the heat, who caught her in the bushes. I am very much loved by the water reed. But now you can see I'm the son of a nymph!

At this time a general walked across the clearing. But what a state he was in! His boots were broken. His epaulettes had fallen off. His bald head was uncovered.

with a cap, his belly not tucked into his trousers. He was chased by mosquito bugs. Voroshilov. Aleynikov Gubanov and even Dubovenko. They shouted and hooted, and the general ran away from them fearing pinching and spitting.

The general is running away," said Limonov. What's it to us - Elena said indifferently. It's not as good as it looks - said Dad. We have to stay out of it - said Mum and curtained that side of the horizon. only a muffled noise was heard

It was afternoon time. Elena was tired and lying on the grass. Limonov stroked her hair with both hands and she smiled a very simple smile. One of her many guises, thought Limonov

They send me news from there all the time, he said to himself, when he saw an obscure black butterfly flying towards him and landing on his sleeve. Yes, obviously they want me to be there soon. They're all the best there. They think I'm worthy and if their council decides, they'll take me without question. It's none of their business if I look at Elena. They'll take me away. They'll leave a stone in my place. I'll be remembered here, for the flying form and the strange speech are always remembered.

I don't understand heavy people, that's what he thought. That's what he thought. And Elena was asleep, gripping his hand with her hideously beautiful hand.

The black butterfly slowly crawled and flew away making two circles above his head

Voroshilov's company was coming back. They were cheerful but also gloomy. Their procession moved past.

Why are you lying there? Someone asked. Yes, I'm lying there - answered Limonov and looked at Elena to remember her in millions of years. In a pond. in a mountain. in a building made of wood. in a morning shop. in milk. in flowers and newspapers. In an estate. in a horse. In the lily. in the love boat. the lion and the lute. In the lime and the lily of the valley. In the liana and the weasel.

Remember her, too, you gentlemen of the jury

Remember her, you well-meaning people's court!

She looks from photographs of Limonov's
memory momentary glances. profile. full-face.
from the back in motion
here's a flying hand
all talking to the horse

May this work ennoble her and make
her eternal.
and not just in a meadow with cows and a sweaty
shepherd, but with those who are hard to please.
unavailable at normal times Who
is the son of the nymph Echo and
Apollo.
and its data goes back to the ancient families

When everything was overgrown with trees fish bathed in the lakes
Human creatures in silks walked along the shore and shot Ladies
shouted ouch! beauties were plentiful. the people had not yet
appeared and the whole area belonged to the flying ghosts. Yeah. So
did they.

We've been angry. We've killed. But in a very different way.

Forgive me. In June's old lady, I saw you today. It's unseemly and uncool. When you pick up an old book and abandoned by all try to read it and come across your name and remember: my face detached from life. my sweet tidings from afar

Have a toast to my bones for not being able to be a god.

That Apollo, my parent, though heavier and simpler, is more immortal than I am.

Warm your wine and drink - old June Helena - barely wiggle your fingers to finish -

"Sacrifice - offering gifts to the gods. Iron Age
- see Golden Age."

1971

**Russian
text**

The house was filthy and desolate. The queen was naked. The bed was a bunk. The queen rolled over on her other side.

Vitaly stood quietly. Masha's eyes stopped on the church. Ah!" said the Prince. 'No, not at all. Seryozhenka! - said the curly-haired woman

The lindens and chestnuts have blossomed," said Kovalev. What a forest! - said Musya. The hill is friendly! - said the Russian woman

Knitted beanie and flowers roses and may. Catching fish in a net Bumblebees chirping and a Russian man in the water

Doctor - you're splattered all over - she said squeezing his cold hand

My darling - you'll catch a cold, Victoria Pavlovna told Alyoshenko

These ficuses prevent me from seeing you," said the captain through gritted teeth.

The sun is dazzling and I'm vain," said the beautiful Dasha, shrugging her shoulder. The swing swung. The sand gaped. The trees smelled faintly

It was warm. There's Gennady," she said, bringing her hands to her chest. There he was. The dark silhouette was coming closer

The wind is howling," said Vitaly. Go to Dmitri's!" he shouted, and with his hands clasping his face convulsively, he ran into the garden

I love her - Ivan Karlych!" cried Alexei on the doctor's breast

They followed a path down to the bottom of the ravine. Here the stream ran and the water cried. I love you - Grunya - he said and kissed her hand

Ivan Ivanovich - the light of my eyes - come here! - shouted the drunken prince

There were lemons and roses growing in the greenhouse

Come to us Alexei! The ladies shouted when they saw the tall figure of the young man.

You're a Hercules, my dear," said the doctor after examining Anton.

The coachman smiled a broad Russian smile

Ganna stood in the barn doorway and looked at him. She's just a girl, he thought....

Ivan Ivanych had been drinking all night again, his mother

told him A lamp was burning in Grigoriev's window.

Pashka sat on the window and played the balalaika

Nadenka went up to Ivanov. Go away!" he said briefly and hostilely. 'Alyosha Alyosha-forgive me,' she said haggardly, 'it's not my fault. by God it's not my fault. He made me do it!

It was raining. She walked down the boulevard in her wet dress. She didn't care where she was going. Kaloshin jumped out of the carriage that had caught up with her.

- Marya Nikolavna-where are you going?" he said, throwing his cloak over her.

Cypress lived high up under the very roof. The door was red Eh,

I've gone on a bender I've gone on a bender I've gone on a bender
A young young lad!

— sang drunken Arkady. Arkady Petrovich, calm down," Nina said timidly. - Who are you to forbid me to sing? I want to sing a Russian song and I will! I want to sing! - he shouted

Mum - where does Ivanov live? Tanya asked. Oh, my child, you know how restless he is. He changes rooms all the time. Who knows where he is now

— Good was life under Tiglath-Palassar and good was life under Ashurbanipal and good was life under Queen...

Timofeev said with a contemptuous curl of his lips. - Assyrian military power - he continued.....

St John, with her hair loose and wearing only a shirt, stood over him holding a revolver in her hand.....

My creations take strange shapes and forms," Alexei said slowly, "but I don't care a bit. I'll figure it out later. And now I have to write them. - and he put the sheets on the table

"When Europe's a good-looking man.
The bull was hugging her neck"... read the poet standing by the table

Did you see Lyubov Ivanovna yesterday? - Ignatiev asked

— I am glad you have come to see me," said Ivanov as he walked Lubotka to the gate. I am very lonely, you know - come often," he said, shaking her hand in a peculiar way.

The officer clicked his heels together and handed the packet to the

It was quiet in the cafe. Saltykov drank vodka and snacked on mushrooms. Only two or three people," he thought melancholically, "I need in the world

Kitaev lay on the bed looking up at the ceiling, studying the patterns he had long been bored with and panic-stricken at the thought. - He could not overcome the huge stone city raging outside the windows. The city did not bow to his name like a gentle wave of the sea. Defeated

he whispered to Kitaev.

Sumarokov climbed onto the radiator and, holding on to the wall, attached the rope to the hook. Stupid as all get out, he thought wistfully, and looked round the cluttered room. He almost threw up and hastily put his head in the noose. - Like in the old novels - he grinned and suddenly caught himself on that monstrous "grinned" - grinned indeed. He did not ponder any more and stepped cautiously from the battery. His neck squeezed...

Valya had been sitting in front of the mirror for two hours. The wrinkles she had discovered near her eyes gave her no peace. She had long forgotten that she was going to the pastry shop where she had arranged... - I've come to my senses - I've come to my senses, she thought. After all, this death has already touched me a little and now it will touch me more and more... Valya did not cry. but she felt sorry for herself and although new people, but I....

When it got dark, forty-year-old Kutuzov went to see off eighteen-year-old Liza. He walked beside her and looking at her in the faint twilight he thought that she would crack and splinter. Lisa was chirping something of her own. And of course she realised long ago that she was attractive and that this strange man who was seeing her off liked her and excited her. What a wrong face he had...

The trees rustled in the night. Babichev stepped out onto the porch of the dacha and listened. He did not expect any extraordinary news from the world. some meeting. words. no. Mystery mystery mystery - he thought gazing into the darkness. Parties. countries groups of people. And just like that, alone and in the darkness - you're in your nightclothes and the trees are noisy - you can't stand it and you go...

The day after the wedding, he disappeared to nowhere. Missing in action.

He was sitting in the kitchen eating a wobla. - Tutankhamun - he thought - so much gold in the darkness. in the tomb. Tutankhamun - he said

— Amenemhet. Ehnaton. Caia. Psammetichus. Osiris... Isis... - he pronounced with pleasure and chuckled - Seti the First! - good! - he thought. It was cold in the kitchen.

The poor boy curled up on the sofa and slept a frightened, sudden sleep. The wet shoes were downstairs.

Carl lit the fireplace and sat down in a chair

Potapov and Sonya drove round the pond in different directions. She played the guitar and sang in a low voice old romances Potapov squinted. The trees hung low over the water.

Shapovalov walked through the city in his cloak and thought about his recently passed youth. It had passed and now Shapovalov had practically nothing to do on earth.

The kettle boiled and the wind whistled.

Ordalensky knocked on Gribov's door. Pal Palych give me your revolver for a couple of days I want to kill someone. God be with you — Lazar - you're drunk! No, Pal Palych, give me a revolver. I really want to kill someone. I don't care who. I don't have any more strength!

The tent was selling salt, cereals, meat and locks. Prouthorov laughed at the sight of it.

Vasiliev loved Lena, but longed for a different kind of love. I wish there was another love! - he often said to himself, looking at his wife.

In the last century, the coachman Pashka jumped off a goat. And the tsar jumped off the throne

2

Chairs sometimes have three legs Beautiful

Caucasus mountains

The ranges of Tibet are nice

Letters are sent and the post office delivers them to peasants, workers, former countesses, many kulaks in Siberia and America, people in lacquered shoes.

A boy sends a letter to a boy

On a smashing day, kvass and vodka were sold near the brightly coloured terems of Red Square. People didn't go for German beer, which only Germans in knitted caps drank

Ludmila and the truly Russian man Drevin walked in the crowd with pleasure listening to their native speech

There was a cripple lying on the road sleeping with his cart under his head.

Crazy Gavrilov stood on the bed and made a speech - I am the main Russian whale! I am the main Russian shark!

Yashka the Tatar was doing something indecent.

A large stone was lying on the road. Several people tried unsuccessfully to move it. As I passed by, I laughed at them

The naked ones sat on the laps of the naked ones

There was Easter and dyed eggs on the festive table. The town was empty

On Remembrance Day they ate at the graves and had egg shells on them. they sang and played accordions. I looked at their children with delight and envy. What wild excellent dirty children - I thought - outwardly observing a healthy adult face. What excellent girls dirty dirty fat what fat animal faces - I admired. And the harmonica was playing, it was hot and I walked among them as if looking for someone.

I'll tell you in confidence that I was looking for one grave... but there wasn't one

On another colder holiday I was filled with visions so don't ask me how I behaved ...

On Friday Ludmila was supposed to come and bring me the predictions she had written down. But I did not wait for her and went for a walk in the garden. I walked long and very slowly, enjoying the slowness of my gait. The trees stayed perfectly still. The naked sun was turning when my frantic assistant came running. What do you want? - I interrupted her prepared speech with a stern voice. Why are you disturbing your teacher's thinking? I'm sorry, Master! She said, but I brought you a prophecy. I've been sitting up all night... It's none of my business. I said. But then I took pity on her and said - You can walk next to me! How happy the poor girl was!

When the proud and dim summer leaves our neighbourhood everyone usually lies down on their stoves and grows old. The streets darken. The flats resemble fortresses. there is only a shaft of music in the air....

Chernyshov's memory has preserved the cliffs of Dover. The evenings of Italy and the shadows of the island of Malta, and I imagine the backs of the women he slept with when they left.

The knife is a woman's weapon, he said. Insidious. Good and fleeting. And we have to kill to keep from becoming piles of worn-out meat. Killing the creations, the designs and the souls of others. And anyway... he mumbled

What are you mumbling about! A lousy remnant of the old one! - I pounded my fist on the table. You know women's clothes better than you know your own. I would erect a monument to you on your grave with the lower part of a woman's body. Chernyshov took no offence. Smiling, he said: "Of course I was a fool to put my life there, but you, my young ingenious friend, are putting it into something else. Well, not into a woman so into your creations.

Go to hell, I told him. Look at the double Venusian arc on my palm. I could do as well as you if I wanted to....

But it's boring for you, my boy! He said with a smile. Yes... I agreed... - Well, you see. Of course you're of a higher flight. You'll get more women than me. You'll die and long ago be quietly blended into the earth. And the young idiots will all melt over your poems Young beautiful idiots are the colour of the nation. The colour. You old fool! I said to him. I'm pure and you're a vulgarity!

Don't you like the fact that you will be loved by many many heads that have found no other use for you. They will be admiring your portrait. And your body, eagerly slipping away from them, no longer exists. You managed to slip them your soul after all.

Enough! - I shrieked, and Chernyshov - he was a kind old man after all - started talking about something else. The Great Womaniser and the Great Woman's Friend was also a great formalist and so he began to explain to me what kind of shirt I should wear and how far the cuffs should peek out of the sleeve

In the evening, when the sea had calmed down a bit, she went for a walk in light shoes. I came over all drunk. Well, all drunk, and I said. - Good evening! Going out? And you're drunk. Very drunk! She was simply surprised. Very drunk! I agreed. You won't swear? She asked. No - I said - I won't - not at all. - Let's go to the wave and sit down. Let's go! - I said and followed her

That autumn I was obsessed with the idea of getting myself the same knee-high trousers I had as a child. But no one knew how to cut such trousers. I was frustrated for eight days, smoking and making drawings on paper. And then it all went away. I was in darkness and forgot about those trousers.

Here is a good place," she said, "we can rest here," and sat down in the hay. The children had dug some fancy holes in the hay and she immediately climbed into one of them. She didn't mind that her knickers were showing and I could see everything, even the smallest muscles. Rimma, come back," I told her, but she gave a low chuckle and disappeared.

My friend came from far away and told me what he had seen in distant lands. It's the same. It's the same," I thought sadly, not responding to the enthusiasm with which he portrayed the customs and customs of the place

The most durable poetry is human poetry. Of man - that's what I used to say to the provincials who cared about form. They thought I was twisting my soul

I grabbed the ledge with my hand. I pulled myself up and climbed up. I looked out the window and saw her. She was lying on the bed half undressed, her legs were where the pillow was and her head was almost on the floor. She was crying. Suddenly

she glanced at the window...

You're still holding on to your ego. Admit that I'm bigger than you and those with you. Admit it and serve me

I treated her with red wine heated in hot water. The open wine was smoking. It was quiet. She lay there - standing out on the white linen. I treated her my friends - with red wine and preparing it I was inhaled and drunk.

The girl's bouncing legs bring to mind another girl's legs. Another girl, only more lecherous and disgusting. A long time ago... that girl liked to do ballet moves and would stand up to show me her places. she was a weird ugly girl, even though she looked beautiful.

Everything is sticking together for me. a sticky mass of my own and everyone else's bits of life. I step over ghostly black earth pits. suddenly I emerge from ghostly black earth bushes. I tilt my head among the trees. she is wearing a hat. the hat is white and wide. babbling in the sun. and her fingers are translucent. A lady's bicycle. a basket of strawberries. the binder of oak bark. Evening. light-coloured dress. tanned arms. pale smile - dead men now. all dead men

Recently a grandfather with a peculiar smile and generally the old flesh of him has begun to appear frequently on the terrace. he stands in the distance on the terrace and it is filled with mist

I have fertility in me," I said a year later, "but I don't have the stuff that poisons and drinks and more complex movements are made with. Everything on Tuesday was devoured by art. I'm like drunk on art. Poison! Poison! -

I shrieked

1971

From Asia (1972)



Flies fly and phrases fly....

Flies fly and fly phrases
The evening is progressing, but not all at once.

Brother smiling. quietly eating a tomato.
and my sister works out. And my sister's got the spirit.

And my sister sings an unknown Russian song,
very unhappy - wide and narrow.

This song says in real words how one loved
another and kissed each other.

And the evening is slowing down in Russia
Brother gets up and goes out the door

And the sister is upset by her own singing. A tear
rolled down her eye.

Another one rolls after her. And a wet spot
On her white dress. It doesn't matter!

Nobody likes it, and it's a small town, and the
books are all sad. And in October, felt boots.

It was when he was leaving...

That was when I was leaving
I was going to Arzamas at
the time. That was when I
left.
and I'll be there when I
didn't know it was me
leaving.

That morning in bed dozing only a
ray of gentle caressing me
Laughed and all broke my blanket
my blanket broke
I'm pathetic in the bed I slept in.

The days of autumn have
begun to pass The pores of
time are hard to find

The sun is quite on its way
and yet it is not yet pale
as if it were a canvas

And the enemies, they
don't live here yet and
don't know I'm here.
that was when he was
still resting in my
memory.

- I was going to Arzamas at the time

I was standing with a suitcase,
who was seeing me off
personally. My father was
seeing me off. He was standing
next to me. He was seeing me
off to Arzamas.

I was young and I passed my
exams and my auntie nodded
at me.

I was shy. My father nodded at
me.

I was quietly shivering from the train

And the trees! And their crowns!
- the days of my youth in the
gentle shade of the clouds yet
not evil

I went away to study - Oh,
my God! I went away where
the halls were lit up.

And the Limonovs are now alone

And the whole Limonov family

sat down without me and had
dinner.

Everyone was quiet and very silent
The son left and the brother
emerged

And over the roof of the small
railway station All the star stood
quietly-quietly My heroic period
had come Arzamas ahead was
coming through
And the enormity of the school building
And the Limonovs were waiting for a date

I was shy, sensitive, sluggish,
and then they said I was cheeky.
I've become a wonderful
student. I can't think of a name
for him.

As if a silent branch dashed through...

Like a silent branch streaked and
gently bowed in memory
south alpine meadow with an overgrown tree
as the footprints of a nice man
on the water

Old cottage
put together at the whim of fate

The sun is pouring down
The lace blouse hung over one shoulder

A cheerfully sloping meadow
crawls off to the side and shows the bottom view

Where polished peaks, mountain terrors
and austere mists
reach up to the raised hairs

The effect is enhanced by the roaring of wild
beasts and freedom-loving tigers

Skin-footed hunters roughly humming
travelling for meat
The maiden sits by the window and is
full of anticipation her soft parts are
twitching
Far ahead, the frog beast sings a
chilly song
and then a guest arrives in a pram.

The guest is full of good feelings and unsuccessful
plans he is light-winged and accompanied by a
hubby
The guest stands out like a dork
and finds himself a forgotten relative. He
and the kid move into the house.
go to a small waterfall to fetch water.
They rarely see leather chairs.
but often light-coloured flowers
There are times when he is
mysteriously silent and then she
invents hopes So in July, one
personality and another give a
performance

Terry music terry flowers
The deaf gardener is a monument to a time gone by

There's trouble on my heart all the time. Rare rains exacerbate everything. Her dresses are of unbridled fancy. She tears them through the bushes.

Indeed, what is more mysterious and beautiful than July turning into August.

When you go to the old trees and the flowing vineyard blots out your eyes, you'll remember the Lord's sorrow. God's shame.

That's the way it was. That's the way it will be one day. Who dares to say she didn't tear the dresses. That cute little face tore them often laughing laughing laughing laughing laughing laughing laughing... gone... gone... gone....

The wild melody of betrayal...

Wild cheating tune Oh
pump me oh pump me oh
pump me! My sweetheart
cheated on me
In the disgusting month of May

O wild melody of betrayal
Flowers and bushes
And that red dress
And that red dress
And that colourful

dress

You were invested in him

O black and brown seashore! O
pink imperishable shore!
Why didn't you say anything
Far away in the cities I was in faith And
here the beast howled

And when you fold your
arms and forget about
yourself.
— there's grief again.
— the sea stinks sweetly
and a gnat on your upper lip

Your insides are open, you're
smiling like this
my poems are all
dead and you're a
worm.

O melody, sprinkle coarse salt
on my wounds.
my sweetheart cheated on me
in the disgusting month of May

A pale Russian grove ...

Pale Russian grove Walks a
worker. student
The sun's just coming out

He'll hide at that very moment

It's boring on the
riverbank. And pine...
pine There's not a single
sheep.
No hero shepherd

The shepherds have gone
somewhere Old grass
Loved their feet and ears.
She's barely alive.

To the invertebrate friction of
the birds on the leaves.
Listen to the poor shadow I'll
call you.

I'll call you a heroine
The sorrow will drip from
your fingers There's a
gentle blue On our river's
bend

So in ten years Bitterly
we'll look into the backs
There's no more time
Quiet. warm my light
I won't leave you
Autumn. I'm poorly dressed
I'm almost thirty years
old. I'm not leaving you.

A boy chases a bee....

A boy chases a bee. A bee
flies away from him.
There's no sense of
purpose, but there's a
triumph in it.

Further on you can see the
panorama of the house
with the blue window
and a young mum
with a white dreamy dog

He who remembers the
dog will sigh for me But
across the alley, a white
woman's belly.

The silent moon has fallen. The orchestra came on...

The silent moon had fallen. There came the
orchestra and the twelfth hour.
Everything beats - everything walks. Nothing has
stopped It's about feelings and the moon

Creeping through the bushes. Creeping through
crackles and sees. Fragrant. You can see faces
O blue grasses
about the crunchy grasses

about the juicy fulfilment of a
landscape of sad shoes
the tears of the abandoned. he saw the
abandoned one lying under a tree. she was being
embraced.
you glow - past tense! Lesarbras. The
branches and twigs of the lezarbros
Rustle. ♪ snapping ♪

and I'm warmed - see the grey bird stamp
me on your face too - midnight!
Tucked my wild shriek into the Zamer box.
listens
The greedy music of August
a 30-year-old full neck

Bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye

sweethearts never again never

again never again
never ever ever ever ever ever again

It's good to put yourself in someone else's hands in the heat.....

It's good in the heat to put yourself in the
wrong hands at the hands of the enemy
or in the hands of the woman you love
only these two can be close enough
they know us in a way that allows them to get as close

hate and love

Let these loved ones do what they want in the
heat. Turn them over. Put them down. Take
them away. Take the seed. The life. The
caresses. The blood.

It's good in the sand and on the terrace where there's no shade
where the sands have come up and already covered
the lions and vases (or without lions and vases -
wooden just) well spread out to lie
and they're all over you.
faintly naked or transparently trembling
with the joy they have received

...shoes. pebbles. nails. dust. splinters.
splinters and old wood scars.
on metal. and bolt and nut and washer and
applied sand in the screw thread and ant
and aimless nastiness of the stalk of the
neck of distant sand grains
and the near paws of the forelegs

- Ascension. a bridge across the dust and Europe to Egypt
And culture as boredom pages over the desert the sultry
symbol of a dishevelled book
inverted in the past flying
and now my
brain power is
gone.
and through the neck, all the way
down and filled the organ.
like wings flying through the ages
from children

for the master of the pattern to laugh at....

So I dreamt of a woman. my favourite vessel. I'm
pouring it into him.

An ode to the army

The right word is only to the army
I am honoured in my country
and rightly so, it's only in the structure of the
army that my mind gets stuck.
my brain is having fun.

Let me drink. Let me see the ranks of your
bottoms and tops.
without getting into their human
guts, let me.
not the sickness of a white throat. not the pity of
Tolstoy's screeching angina.
and the might of the
fighting units rows upon
rows bent to the ground
the orphaned resolve of a common shield

Army pose. Army tiger jump.
Let the jacket and the shirt out of me Don't remind
me of heads and spectacles Don't jerk me about -
weakness and stupidity.

...the chain going over the hill
The second chain going over the hill
and so the chains disappear in
time, no faces to be seen. All the
better.

The clump-like corner is pushed forward the
stone-like edges are wrapped up and in this
funnel the villages that fall in are greyed
out corroded and rolled up

So walk on the green inexpressible
trample the meadows with field
kitchens lie in the shade with the
most serious look Surround, throw
down, trample down

And in peacetime, threaten
the Chinese philosophy of
the masses with your look.
get on your nerves
flat. live off farms and taxes Army!

Let the majors eat French rolls and Greek eggs Let the colonels sit in a
handsome headquarters
let the general stand at the head of the table
Let the lieutenants get ready for the academy.
The old captains are cursing their superiors.
Petty Officer Ivanov sits in the sun let the
clouds stand over the headquarters
the winter sky is lit up by attached aeroplanes

Be prepared to go anywhere
Side to side up down left and right the only
pure force
beautiful brute force

The army!

Let the generals walk around like caged tigers
looking over the Amur.
and it would be nice if the shores of the
Mediterranean would include the Turks as
well as the Greeks.
leaving aside the lyrics of love and sand.

Boots moving across the deserts with a rifle
for support.
Let the symbolic image of the
Russian soldier never diminish in
the ages.

Along the daintily shaded paths.....

along the gently shaded paths for
summer walks.
with the brilliance of true talent in every movement.

and I'm pouring my mood brain over
this bridge.
and it juts out energetically from the natural
carcass of the forest
I'm in a blue jacket - ribs But the
machinations of landscaping cast
my giant shadow
I'm the strange governess who came into your family.
Keep your daughters safe from me.

Due to the incident, the textbook is closed

Excerpt

...a self-destructive talent.
travelled to Asia via Guryev. What a
way to get away from Moscow.
what's in it for him.

with tonnes of sludge and
paraffin, the muddy Amu
Darya.
the Khan's favourite crazy daughter
Where Frunze and Ordzhonikidze in their
gymnases conquered everything.
political prolonged sermons led the snub-
nosed soldiers spitting seeds with the wild
song Marusya
hiding bayonets in rags.
against the goat-footed Turkmen
a white shoulder stood out in the gap
- There's the cavalry out! -

A blighted talent taking out pen and ink sits in its
scent under a chinara tree
Chinara - he writes - the wood is nice, but
it's not here at all.
no roads
nobody shoots game
and the waves of the sea, if you throw away
the steamships, foamy murky waves roll on
the dirty

Mangyshlak
breaking off the cliffs. The water
rolls back.

Down below they say the rains are hitting the
roses of the recent tigers can still be heard
rolling in
on the line map local conditions are not marked only
will come to responsibility
sometimes a major gets
involved and you can
make a deal
and all the way to
Balochistan, not a single dog
except for the white high
screes will not observe us

On behalf of someone vaguely vague....

On behalf of someone vaguely vague.
Someone like myself. someone like that. with
something tragic. with a half-phrase - half-sigh
with a touch of fantasy. with a big summer day

and you need to make sure the sunset
doesn't hurt your heads.

how many tender rays on books trampled on
grandfather's dust.
what a shortage of antiquity experts
useless and handsome elders.

in a house of parchment. in a sea of waves

a quiet, hearty lunch in the middle of summer.
there are flowers of the field stuck in my
enthusiastically open chest.
and white sighs fill the house.

in a glow of horror he sees the poultry farm as
the rain thickens.
and he sees with his black eyes
the empty corners of the purple courtyard

The yard is political. Here Cossack Matvei,
with a squeak, has piled up stakes.
is hammering into the ground. bearded
shoulders are weaving with his hands. the
sound of feet
on a stained trouser leg, the sun saps and
growls

Why is it so long
Why is it so sweet
so many inhabitants standing on the mountain

gloss walks on the delicate statue of
the school hero. plaster walks nearby
lives an old mother dry hands
clutching a poster

In the shadows and darkness, the city
fulfils its role.

The piano's rattling. The old man's yawning.
birds dreaming. sawing logs
Two intellectuals in the library sitting in the library
There are no broken buildings left from the war
Everything has been rebuilt and strengthened.
The river laughs as it runs into the shore.
and just past the school the sun went down

Fish catching at sunset behind the school
slippery logs and conversation
Pupil Matveev. Pupil Timofeev Pupil Kryukova
and on and on everyone goes

Talking about the prairie pampas.
about the properties of a magnifying glass
on neighbouring hills.
about a very high school
beginningless, always exciting conversation

and the delights of rock
for the insatiable fate of our young friends
sighing to throw them all over the place, they dream.
but the tram stop isn't going to go away.
There's going to be a circle. There's going to be these rails.
bun. sausage. chequered shirt Ivan Fonvizin.
Stepan Borodulin nice teachers
glittering guests of earth

He ground his teeth - a row of stones....

He ground his teeth - a row of stones
reflecting on the position of his
And a position of no small or foolishness
extends from Asia's pillar.

from above, the river descends to look
for the sky. you can stare into it with an
expressionless eye
and the enemy wolf passes now On the
hill goes bouncy and easy
you can't reach the rifle, it's too far away.

There's the usual animal rights
You don't need a right complicated
head Ain't it easier to eat and sleep?

and lamb and meadow garlic
and a wife - always warm between her
legs, a new woven and meadow dressing
gown, swap with me - greedy brother

I started out just like you, but then I
developed bad traits.
Books and Wednesdays played a fatal
role If I could get there in time.

where the excavators pass alive
where we hand over the escaped
campers again

Where the passport is hunted. And
Moscow knows and lives it all.

European Moscow is not afraid
And big Moscow has my rights But
until they reach Asia itself
They'll dissolve. They'll come back very strange.

Here the Soviet power looks like
natural power with fat cheeks and
Tajiks and Uzbeks over the tables.
conferring on something underneath us

down and to the right on the map, the yellow
colour says it's sand. There's no water there.
and oases! Oh, strange country!
why the tribes united For what I
and the Turk are all equal.
(And read - Azerbaijan of my country)

Strange-faced peoples (A. A. Blok) live out
their stipulated period of time

I walk through the streets of the
capital of Rome-Moscow - my head is
spinning Walking barbarians in
marvellous boots skullcaps on shaved
heads down huge moustaches carry
boxes for general for beauty

All events. I'm a small man
I'm a poet. I'm not a chairman or an Uzbek.

I forget my head and I don't tidy
up anything.

I'm considering in the past...

I'm considering past or future
some golden fields
the golden fields roll up their heads in the
warm breeze.
and with the wind the ghostly cars shake with
the wind.
heading for the ghostly district centre

dances across the nearest mare-sky
someone went out to buy something
and forgot the mood of "someone"
"something" the notion of coolness is
gone forever.
Just beginning to remember a comrade comes a Greek
and an Egyptian approaches
where. who. what. I had mates. maybe
yes. maybe unthinkable no.

Some sabres. Llanos. Pampas. Blood
on the body. Blood on the stomach.
my poor, poor thing is in the grave.
in what reddish civil war?

We have to get away from the little hill, the
tree is cracking. It's making noise.

white head bobbing white sky. heat.
heat

I cut the shin. I put newspaper in it to
keep it from leaking. I cloth the thigh.
sand and steppes. I'll go from
army to army. From world to
world.

My life is a beautiful legend.....

My life is a beautiful legend Sweet idiotic
tune.
The heat of summer in closed rooms dulls
the mirrors
and the poet is approaching thirty

Sweet idiotic tune
"That you walk around belittling...belittling..."

Thin sweetheart feet. Sweetheart hole.
hold it against your chest.

Oh I'm crazy crazy crazy... Dawn was

burning on the onion grass
Oh, I'm crazy.

In a dark lime alley
The surface walks. wrinkles. ripples.

A homeless book. a damp book a
mould-covered book....

and Henry's intrigues and Ludwig's
hubris and the virginity of troubled
Jeanne and we in this book are
divine and repentant.

From **collection** **"Farewell** **c**
Russia" **(1973- 1974)**



Peasant

A peasant agricultural poem by the hand of a
veterinarian
from his hairy jacket flew upwards and it's
a complete mess.
confirms her presence in the air

because the useless birch
trees are bent over
even more unhelpful maples and ash trees
outrageously calm oaks

Oh, fields! How good you look to a walker and
you'll be lost.
when you need to be processed
and when you're anchored to the ground

beetroot potatoes and other various preparations

but early scrambled eggs would be nice.
the plump lard shows the consumer Peasant
schoolchildren are quite poor.
their faces show their social limitations. And as for
Who's to Live Well in Russia?
it's certainly for city dwellers

And yet. routine. habit and reluctance leave
everyone in place. almost everyone.

Blessed is the one who escaped from
the collective farm paradise. Maybe
not blessed. Who knows?
At the level of knowledge you can become the
chairman of a summer day. melons. melons. gourds
flies don't fly into an open window, an open
car is waiting in a cartouche.

Everyone's in a hurry or
Ukrainianising it, somehow
a belted, shaved back of his head. The bosses
are drinking tea under the cherry trees

A dusty road to old age
the far ends. I don't know many people. However.
the whole village. And another village. And a distant village - quite a lot
of...

In the dry plants in early spring. for processing hung
up the jacket. Crooked and crooked tractor
wiggles. thick fingers in the black earth Dry
sprouts in August foolishly

Rural adventures. We don't have time for charms
The best girl has gone to town
Worst one was taken by the wife

And you turn away from the village with
contempt Yes, the city is bustling. Greedy, but
it's not lost in the shadows And so fearfully you
go to the city.
And how many more stages.
fears of fear. And when you're already out of society
in the evening dawn of your life.
with a feeling-book-thin face.

what you can say is that if
you're alone, you realise
it's all for nothing.
or the journey was not in vain.
Now, here we go.
a familiar bird will offer to sit
on your arm.

Drive her away!
In evil lies wisdom And if
thou hast disciples* evil
teach them to be evil

And generally in vain... vain completion is
always vile
let's go back to the beginning

so from the vet's hand
peasant agricultural poem

flew off without knowing where

I've got a whole life ahead of me.

A shroud of snow, a blanket of snow.....

"A blanket of snow. A blanket of
snow evening slides in
and the car squeaks.

and for a long time now he's
been a broken man, he's used
to the collective farm.
and it's easy on the soul

How many buttons,
I'll unbutton and I'll come out
by the month and my breasts
will be out.
in the Russian habit of
drunkenly throwing
himself down the stairs.

I'll look up at the bush of stars as
the suns of the universe burn.
And our land is small
and on it we are prisoners

but my flame is divine. I'm not shy with
you at all.

and you're a woman--

beloved to the point of brutal intestinal
horror. I love you. And Versailles. Voltaire.
and marriage

of the previously famous Laura-
Petrarch couples.
Eloise to Abelard."

all this in the brain of a schoolboy
As he walked out in the snow
look up, dressed
plain.

and the bastard watches. He
realises everything and he cries.
And the gentle father. He calls
go. Go. Go. And the son
struggles.

Autumn. Once again weighed down by fruit and clouds....

Autumn. again weighed down with fruit and
clouds the open chest of passing villages.
The ghosts have come to life. In the morning
you bump into them in your sleep. You
embrace them

Behind the house in the thorns and in the transitional fence boards
- the age-old peace - the dreadful toil and slumber of
dead peasants gazing from the cemetery
and the living collective farmers are scattered along the paths.

That's nice. It's like a tractor rumbling in the kitchen in
the morning.

Now we'll be on our way. Carrying cold corn.
and I'm wondering where I'll be joining you when I die.

And by controlling myself...

And in controlling myself
in a negative winter like a
lucky horse.
rushing about with a thought in my mind:

- Creepy. Cold. Horrible! It's
not like that in hot countries,
it's nice and beautiful.
the sun shines on the deity

Oh Ra-Helios! O sweet
one! Melt the snow
And soften the hearts of
the bleak White rivers into
banks

Bring it back. Let their foetuses spill back
out.

and the plants hang loosely
and lushly from the
branches

The grey huts are
beautifully changed or
destroyed.
let the stormy southern Russian
rain run down impatiently

Not dirt, but basalt, white
marble. Granite.
Let the wind hide and
sweep away the drunken
violins

Let the harmonica cicada shout
Overhanging on your shoulder
the beauty of the grape. I
also thought I was still

that long ago Pushkin was
angry Lermontov was
yawning in his uniform Yes,
and who here had fun over
the spaces did not sleep

We'd like a smaller and
cosier homeland. A
patchwork of plots on the
edge

We, like our fellow Germans, have brought
up the smooth fluff
and carrots. Tomatoes.

and we have burdock growing

and our vegetable gardens
fearfully with light souls,
we are dormant peoples.
and the landscape is like this

Griboyedov gradually
teased us with vices we
laughed invariably and
under the laughter vice
reigned

No, we can't live
democratically
Even our lyrical hero Vyave will
kill.

Drinking vodka. ruining your lover, climbing on
the bed.
and shouting about ruined lives and
tearing my shirt off

"I am like this! I am very vile! Get
the living thing away from me!"
this shriek of impertinence is bored, and
the secret of the night is revealed.

It's a dull hurtful secret
that we are laziness and
vanity
And Europe's brightly-
visible may not be the
same either

Grand frosty ...

Dedicated to Alexander and Natalia Salnit

Grand frosty spaces are
serious and open clear
silver Russian fields
Nordic people in the snow dwelling
A hut of which yours and mine
began long ago the procession of the
crunching dog and his soft coat driving
him through the snow and the snow
piled up

A dog is open to both God and man We
open our eyes and see the dog
petting. calling. calling all sorts of things.
- Beanie! Balloon! Tobik and Mishka!
Dashka! Pompon! Alevtina and
Tishka These animals are following
us.
when we go to the river, to the market, to the pond.

and in the summer, in the dust, the
intelligent feet of the dog's fierce legs as a
help.
exemplify to us the energy of the body
with their tails. loyal to us and we'll give
them a bone for it.
And meat for those special breeds

But we're out of the woods. I guess
that's where everything I know
starts.

For the first time a hut and a
chimney and a fire and a
previously cheerfully saddled
horse A wife young and a cat and
children

These are all the things I love and accept in the world
And grandpa. And here's grandma. Table.
Grandkids. Grandkids. Grandkids. Grandkids.
Some are cheerful and others are like clouds.
But he of the family who is cheerful will
support others who are weak and quiet.

Dinner at the big wooden table Grandpa
cuts the bread with the master knife and
he shares the meat and everyone the
soup
And blow on the spoon from the straw
of your lips.

It's a fun case. Peaceful dreams
And nowadays such families are
strange to us. More like a family
where there is a he and a she, one
son or one daughter.
And empty at their table and quiet such
a family does not act wisely.
Widen your circle. Buy a big table. Have a big
family. Have a big family.
they grow up faster. Faster.
and live more fruitfully and have more
fun. And as for secret desires.
in the dark glade of secluded
rendezvous, this is where the whole
man comes out.
But dreams from the outskirts of the brain forever.
They will never overshadow the call of the title.
"Fruit of the apple tree" Fruit of the apple tree is healthy

And the Russian landscape is
approaching May And in May it's
beautiful from the side and from the
edge Inside the forests and in the mint
fields

Another man with a one-legged spade
is planting something and rich in
sunshine.

And labour. and back. and carrots
and onions and all the insects.

beetle and spider

caterpillar. gnat. bee. flycatcher.

Everybody's strong and healthy. Everybody's
jumping, flying, fluttering, presenting
themselves.

Look man, we're beautiful here! And
even the mosquito - don't be afraid
of his bites for dinner.

boiled in the fire of various spices with a
brown body you sit hot But the spirit
comes upon the body and weep.

And by the station next to you, you are
seized, put on a wagon and dragged off.
Where are the dachas? Already there are
sands and wrinkled roofs, Uzbeks in
dressing gowns without fishing.
live by harvesting the fruits of the
neighbouring mountains from where the
streams have been running since ancient
times.

Soviet khans in cool gardens lie naked
exclaiming, "Wah-wah!"

.....

Escapes are made by lost souls But
do they live with us on land Their
sphere is different. Their world is
invisible and we can and must
sympathise with them.

Our national exploits drive Germans back to their homeland

...

Our national exploits. driving the Germans to their homeland
forty-fourth year drives up. beats tanks
and Russian soldiers on the back of the German beast.

The forty-fourth year bravely grabbed many tank
armies by the muzzles with his tanned hand
hits a German sergeant who
shrank and became smaller.

A lush summer is blooming
and half-liberated countries are buzzing
with the ruins of national costumes

Russian with other brothers
standing around doing heroic poses. You'll
stick your chin out.
or glare menacingly
he'll give a good-natured hug to a Belarusian.

against the backdrop of swaying banners.

they're dumping scrap iron from Russia in one
pile.

I'm one year old Limonov

About Lisa.

When she lay in the
meadows Her knee
trembled She waited for
herself always

A fisherman will come to her from the pond
and will bring in some of the fishing
under the shade of a peasant's roof

And Lisa was grateful
Didn't forget whose blood flowed in
her Didn't forget the nobility.
Though there is a peasantry and
a rough young man sitting
around him
I'm used to hitting on her. Get
off me, you sad idiot!
But still she warmed her belly Secretly
she wanted the touch of a foreign skin

And so the thirtieth and thirty-second year
passes in a grey mist
The earth spins and Lisa
spins on it. From the fields

the herd has gone into
the oak barns for the
winter.
and Liza repeats the truth
and goes out with Prokhor
out of spite.
and his nobility and peasantry.

leaning more towards hooliganism,
according to which there is no tribe or
clan and relationships are declared free.

And by the trousers of any
man, pull and pull inside the
fire while it burns

And there's trees and winter in the air
What the hell is all this for, I can't figure out

To go away or to run away?
But more familiar is lying down
So every Russian on the sofa on the bed used
to lie on the sofa without taking off his dress.

Screaming screaming shrieking
and crying or silent and
meaning nothing.

What wolves? What nonsense!
There are many wolves in the
river.
There are wolf regiments
And here is the etagere. Its shelves
The tablecloth hangs all the way
down to the fringes and the adored
Leonid Andreev
A. Ka Tolstoy and a few Jews who
probably and almost
were able to say the Russian word "sorry"

Life sucks in funny Lisa. But she
hasn't turned into a schizo, even
though she's being crumpled by

mere hands.

she is spared the worst torment....

So it's grown... lived and died?
Not dead. We're always
running. She lives and we don't
know about her.

A dopey fog over the Russian country The
monotonous structure of the dams
murmurs

Concrete is poured and oil pours from
the palm of his hand And the foreman
laughs with his bangs The newspapers
are pouring in and the students
from the villages. there are no
moments of friction with the native
working class And slogans come to the
eyes at once Standing people. reading
simple-minded intellectuals yawning.
something boring.

And somehow like this. And
somehow like this, no way. And
above the sky is the eternal cloudy
eye.

I believe in the botany textbook

I believe in the botany textbook
Oh, it's the only place you can rest
The family of secretemporals swings The
family of amaryllis.

Ah beautiful Kharkov and Kiev....

П. Belenka

Ah beautiful Kharkov and Kiev provinces.
And Kherson's good
Childhood flows lazily here
No one disturbs it.
stall

The cockroach is light and dry
and fall without breaking.
That's Pétit's childhood.
It's mine, too

Hello Pyotr Ivanych Hello
Pyotr Ivanych Hello Pyotr
Ivanych Belenok.

Simple

Nadia Fedenistova

Sanechka and Vanya in a thin sledge
are travelling between the hills. coats
on their shoulders Young people have
entered the village roofs and fences
are snowed in

And the winter is grey. White winter
Walking in felt boots. The mother herself
came out. The father ran out. The children
in his cotton wool coat splashed my
children. Or did I take a nap?
Or was I dreaming? No no no no no!

it rumbled. The grandfather came running out
Out came the kitten. Thin as a shoelace
Barabashkin came out. Dashka the cat came
out and God looked out

from behind a low cloud. For the
common people he arranged here
vodka and shchi Immediately they
called Yashka the musician was fed.
gave. a marvellous talent

Right away from the neighbours,
Mashenka came in, laughing sweetly.
Fingers intertwined.
Sanechka and Vanya are somewhere out of the sledge
The sound of funny music and the clinking
of glasses. Oyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

The snow is falling clear. The day runs
lightly It's only a week from today

You'll be left alone again....

You'll be left alone again by a
woman liberated
understand Allan Poe and all
his stories again.

once again Hamsun's hand leads
you back to your youth.
Standing on Sretenka with your
mouth open and saliva dripping
from your teeth.

It's raining in the morning. You're sitting in
the cinema Dark is his cupboard
He'd been attending the
Uranus cinema for a few
odd years

You turn up your collar and walk with the
rain pouring down on your face.
and ahead will run the soul
of your inspirational leader

Here around the corner lived a
wife crying in a red dress
And then you left her
and moved on. Oh, by
the way.

and you've been living around
the corner for about six
months.
Mistress was. and winter.
spring was and freedom

Now it seems all the same and

the new window buildings

But I'll get like in "Uranus"
cinema sometimes and I'll
remember. I'll gasp...

A dreary, sleepy rain. At the cottage discovered...

A dreary, sleepy rain. At the cottage I found a
whole bunch of old books I didn't need
Oh, my pile! Lunch and dinner are gone. I
savour every moment in silence. I cherish
every moment.

Where the thin and yellow pages
jettisoned the speech of the merchants.
Where the German doctor is a clever pretty girl who wears
ribbons The adventurer and the miser dreams of inbreeding

And so lazy is easy for me. So cramped is Yalta
in the distance where Chekhov died
And the whole Russian world appeared to me
and I loved it. I laughed at it and wept.

Sometimes he likes palm trees and pendants.
and the last shop and the clothier's row
America glitters and bows in church and sends
undeveloped boys to the Komsomol.

But soon time's habit of flowing away was
again followed by the inexorable line of the
dachas
and there's a bird singing in the woods, quick as a cuckoo.

Now the Russian thing will pass. The Russian thing is with me.

If I remember the butcher, Sanya Krasny.

If I remember the butcher Sanya the Red.
our life is like a handful of sand - a lot of different things.

I remember the benches and the maple
trees - wooden I was an idle lad - rotten.

a creature. I read and read. I wandered
off with the hooligans after a night out
with nothing to do.

I was on the beach performing new poetry
Sanya Krasny was encouraging. The villagers

I'd have a lot of support. Now I'm a poet.
But mates like that. I wish there were more of them

When I go to the city of Kharkov all dressed
in elegance - just like Laikovsky.

with an impossible wife.
shy with me. She's beautiful.

Who are they now - alcoholics wife
children and the factory. Sashka-toliks

But he didn't let his boys down. Hey, you guys!
At least one in the front row. They're all asleep!

And I'm not proud of myself. But I'm a
spokesman for the suburbs. I'm not a
spectator!

Historical

1

All the rubes. all the weakness or whiteness of
the bogatyrs in the forest are dazed
when the nightingale takes them from
their robes of education. with a whistle.
with a shout he keeps them in great
silence
And the whiteness and stiffness of
these ignorant men.

- Come on, come on! Our provincial bogatyrs
in the swamps forever sleeping scratching
their leg and foot.
Atu! Go! The oriental dog is
cheerful and cheeky, though.
And the lazybones are burrowing into the humus.

Stands Ilya, who is the banner of
sound Dobrynya won't hold back
the heartbeat Tugarin the Snake
laughs in the heat of the moment.
And the whites are frightened and
hairless, a little fat and slanted with fear
...Vladimir looked out from behind his shoulder

2

I went to study. and read the
syllabus with a pale eye.
Rays of Russian princes with claws for the
first time Rurik
dumb sly empty Vladimir with a
wide elbow bogatyr

and the field is clear. and the
grains of the field. bear root.
thick relics
and cereal grains.

Suddenly the island-topped Tartars
came by on a whim
for about 300 years.
and it's a time that's
punctuated by the grains of
cereal.
bear root...

Bonfires are going. banners are
 clamouring a fox is shouting astonished
 wolf is weaving blackened shields
 people abound. round the steppes
 silent and bold faces are poured
 scare. soup. onions

Don't cry don't cry
 gully as an analyst.
 and the prince sits as if paralysed
 and ponders in the silken shade
 Today you undressed and parted
 What did the march achieve When
 the fires fires fires fires fires fires
 fires

And warriors are already ruling the
 prince Accident has settled on the
 necks of warriors enemies slither
 steppe like snakes and more Asia

Asia was beginning to flicker around
 and in the wood in the bow, in the gesture of the hands.
 in the bowed horse and in the horse meat,
 and their countenance is red in common

Education. Europe. half a sleep hike
 through the annals of the formation
 Die die die die die and cover the names
 with strangeness so he dreams of
 covering them

And near a branch of the ravine
How to kill the enemy the council
decides Kill with sword or kill with
poison They both need it very
much
And through the other murders an impenetrable
line without ambition. home home home home
home home!

Lhasa

Some fanzas. some brynza dull
bronzes and yellow bonzes stare
before us inglises

Their Cook does not captain them
And leads with the blood of even Slavs
The leader stands on the ledges
and shouts mottos before him
And the apple of
discord Laura offers
them
their eight-person nurse
And spread before them the mountains
and rivers the terrible sight of Tibet
And did they not vow
to enter Lhasa
and along the way
the road as a kind of vinaigrette

Where rock. bush. glacier and
mountain and rock in the evening and
scree in the morning They go on
without ceasing

and clashing their
weapons and rattling
their tongues
around Lhasa since ages.
Is it big or small? We'd all go under the
fogs to cover the city.
Entered the gate unrecognised
Who and what are we? Are we a band of
Europeans or just a bunch of local boys
hunting mountain ducks?
went about in pretence and the
guards laughing monks
In the fog their appearance is the same

But no, they didn't. The yellow-
eyed monks have decrees
and in a flash they put aside
their brynza and grasp with
their hands the bronze Swords
and swords clanged
and the guns were criminally
silent The Europeans lay almost
Dreaming of entering Lhasa
was an unattainable dream.
Their heel is found barefoot
and they drag them into a pack of
rocks and it looks like the European
is the villain.
And on goes Lhasa and the
smell of stifling meat.

What does this city know that is locked up
in it? We'll get that mystery back
someday.
It is now locked up in Lhasa A
will be taught in the
classroom
But it's awful for white people to see
and know everything up front.

and taking any objects would
use their answers.

The little people are my parents...

Little people - parents my female
bosoms - houses - tubs Bathrooms.
canteens. forks and knives.
The magazines are all "Rabotnitsa" grey and fresh.

More Health magazine - symptoms and doctors
mum my mum - heal your heart!

Blouse pattern. Potatoes meat - bread That's
why I'm avoiding these fates.

I've been looking away since I was a kid. I've
been looking away like a raven bird.

I've started slowly. They laughed, they
didn't take it into account. So I got
through. I'm alone in the distance.

Eh, you ran the wrong way - young
Edward But then you'd hardly be a
bard.

And now I've got it. I've got a surname.
Oh, why didn't I get treatment? Mum
didn't take it

Ode to Siberia

Russia the sun is sanctified
Moscow and the buildings of
the upper buildings
Standing unopposed in the
winter. Can you sing it?

and the rails that run
everywhere through the
forests of the meadow.
and blue needles. And piles
furs. Their long hair

In the country and sable and
marten and small ugly fur
and I own cats of all kinds
dreaming of enjoying the skin

The eastern forest is gloomy or
gloomy, and Hingan is a heavy hill.
the only one through the woods and the
urgent northbound train

It's covered by lanterns a
few bits close by And the
rest, look at it
Still slumbering beneath the outfit.

of needles and cones and snow.
or summer's layered dust the
Siberian dwellers sipped
there are few words on the crossings

When in the bounty of a
restaurant from Magadan a wild
guest* throws money to a kind
drunk (have you ever seen that?)

- don't trust a generous fellow
with a headache the next day.
You're a Roman and he's a
cursed One is a barbarian. And
he's a barbarian two.

A mighty power lies there in
the Chinese side By the Amur
River on the left on the right
live the troops on the virgin
land

There's tanks still asleep,
missiles hidden in the hills,
and there's Chinese guys.
scouting in the darkness

The Cossack, a white old-timer,
tells me how he used to beat
them in the tsar's time,
drunken as he was

And to the east there's a
squadron of sailors running
in the harbour.

They're only looking at Japan
and really only to the admiral
in the report.

The Japanese seem to be looking for fish
on the skins of small systems,
but if you look closely, you'll see
they're busy with the wrong
kind of

From the cities comes
Japanese mighty steam and
solid heat and covers even
the sun
and the population is a nightmare

They have an upswing in
Akutagawa's literature.
Takubok
(But if we were in our skin, the
Japanese could hardly do anything.)

But we'll be back under the
bluffs of Ivana's native eastern
shores. The Petes are looking
for fish
and they catch crabs and whales

and the port of Nakhodka.
planks. planks and shouts of
"Maina!" - raise
While the whole hail of Moscow and
the whole old country sleeps.

I love Siberia when I think of it. I

love its conscripts and plagues.

her Chukchi hunters

I love Moscow translators and
the word loud *Buryat*.
of her Dosafovs and
pilots and in the brightly
coloured tundra of the
reindeer.

Boiling teas. laughing
plagues Rising suns aside
but unattached I'm sullen
and ice-cold bored I'm

I can't have their simple days
with a brother's chuckle to
share For these are poems like
this
the magazine can't put

I need books from Baudelaire to
André Gide to Michaux.
If not, it's not a good era.
It's not good to live in the country.

And if there is no I. Kabakov
on display. and the deadline
came out And the painted
word.
"Where's Pét'a?" I couldn't find it

and since the guys are gone
I'll go to the West to the
middle of nowhere, and I'll
go.

Farewell, you millions of souls!

And you - oh rare roads!
And you're down there - Khorezm. Pamir!
We'll all go away, even if we're too hard
on the country. This feast is a stranger to
us!

A wolfy foreigner....

*P. Burelli,
Ambassador of the Republic of Venezuela in Moscow*

A wolf foreigner performs
a marvellous dance I'm
now friends with the
ambassador I'm invited to
visit I'm very well received
I'd like their house.

I touch another world, a
strange alien world.
There are ambassadors. ambassadors.
music. wine There is caviar. tables.
glasses.
If Mum had seen
I'm gonna tell her, so she won't believe me.

The Mexican ambassador
comes over and takes me
by the hand.
I'm drinking with the
Swedish ambassador. I'm
pleased. I'm satisfied.
If my friend Kolya could see,
he'd go to our family.

If Zolotarenko's friend had
seen me being correct.
Reasoning in the middle of the
hall I'm standing in, he would
have died right away.
and from the first thing I said.
It's also the way I chew

What an abyss! Where is my
childhood Three cemeteries in the
neighbourhood Tomatoes, fish and
a bucket.
And Soviet Jews are
the wisest and wisest
of all.
He made a fortune at the water source!

Where the Ukrainian
road is my silken feet
Myopia serenity and sand Decadent
beginnings
in a thick book shone
Va. A. Brusov. a tome thick down flowing

Hooligans and gypsies Sun.
Steppes. Settlers New
cultural houses. Gas.
watermelon. pie. oven I've
changed so cleverly!
I'm going to go crazy with joy!

To the fabrics of this ode to noise.....

To the fabrics of this ode
the noise The fabrics
penetrated my mind I
remember the red cuts I
remember the black cloth
shop birches
climbing through Kharkov's window

An old-fashioned salesman. A grey-
haired man brings me a roll of cloth
May I? On your coat?
I'm worried - who am I - who am I?

He mystically spreads his
hands yellow his need for
a place he finds where
there is enough for a
seamstress

he cuts the cloth, my
rag crawls away,
there's still a roll of
them.
and the roll of the old dream

In the old world, everything
was tight with a rag wrapped
around it.
pale in the mirror, standing
there doing his mum's
bidding.

It fits! - friends judged and
seriously departed gaze
measured you Russian in a
cloth wrapped narrow

Young man! Today is a
very memorable day, and
it will cast a long shadow.
to liaise with the parties will oblige

you're engaged today.
with his friends was taken
away Continuation of leather
- cloth Production - Erivan

and living people's jolts
were m'clear and soft.

Everyone who was there in the
audience at the time died.
Gone. Wilted.
There was a whole room
full of us at the time. Only I
got it. I ran

In the evenings, in the evenings...

In the evenings. In the evenings
at appropriate moments,
the wind howls.
Monuments shake over
bones.

It's been a long time since
they buried the place and in
the spring there are only
students lying all over the

paths.

learning the texts a little bit at a time

Learning the lyrics. In the
sky dali In the sky
phosphorus matches And
on the monument to the
singer throwing a jacket
and sandals

The inscription doesn't read
shakily Enough. Marble
smile And enough. and
enough Hugging women
painfully

Someone in the grass will dare
The dress will slip off. The body
of the thighs will be exposed.
There's a lot of thighs
There's a road running behind the wall

And it's got cars on it
Along the trees nearby were

.....

A woman crouched in the grass
A trickle flows away from the
body and the buttocks are
vaguely white
Youth - youth! It was impossible
for me to enjoy you Stand in the
cemetery - stand still All day long
the big hopscotch Made in the
manner of spots
the grass smells. and a
pleasant chill creeps up
from the ground.
Hello lantern - here I am!

I'm standing by the lilacs
and not at all harmless.
I'm waiting for my
woman to show up.

From the gatehouse the
evil smoke itches at the
very feet Mai curt as a
strongman pees by the
old walls

The city rotted, the people rotted....

The city's rotten. The people are rotten
What will be in the place of Kharkov?

There were young men and there was fervour
Who has positioned themselves in our place?

Which Motrichs read poems in the
gardens Which Basovs discover surrealists

Does Limonov drink coffee in the cafe?
Or is Kharkov still working and healthy?

Does the new Bach come through now? Is he
Armenian? Paul must be the only one left there.
Another handsome, aged Gena

If they're not dead, they sit with their knees up.

Garden benches surround Shevchenko monument
People at the bottom. Stripped of you Kharkiv foam

Here's spring and after the snow.....

Here is spring and after the
snow Heinrich Heine sings
out
Heinrich Heine. Heinrich Heine
Sings the blossom blooms

He takes out of the soil the
hands of his feet. hands of
his feet with his young
smile the pale sun meets
the pale sun.

He was disgraced. Now
he's welcome.
As much as he wants, he can
cover himself with clothes.

Sweet eternal Heinrich Heine
with his claws spread out
he doesn't think he'll be after
the summer with Heinrich
Heine.

Peredelkino

Turkish provincial life as well as
Malay provincial life.
is understood by the seeker of knowledge easily
and indifferently I am not harmoniously inclined
towards the rustiness of Soviet shops, but a
certain degree of my religiosity
present yes

Pine trees whispering to Pasternak's hairy ears dachshunds spoke of
laundry and much more. Studying the life of the tribes of the naming
district this Boris Leonidovich was making a long face. The terrible
separatist treaty of the summer was signed down under the bridge.
The fat girl and the grey-haired Armenian exchanged only glances. But
what wicker furniture on the terrace for the guests could be useful
and how finely fried the mushrooms are by the specialist.

The co-worker - son of the Vietnamese embassy melts comical old
books. there and Artsybashev as a white bush. and the holy of holies
mosquito notebook

I'd like to drive water on the gravel of this Peredelkin with Christ God.
fix taps and take the pressure off

Children in bonnets. whose flounces I have not been drawn to since
childhood. caused noise and movement. which to a philosopher is the
highest intolerance

The old man as already incapable of yellow and book tuning lazily can
only follow the snail And the pioneer tie

around the plum tree

The adventurer arriving briskly chews bushes. Small scale is not considered adventurer. Separate apart. white flower by caviar. yellow in tie dust

Nuss miss - or rather kiss! (practising on the cat) Adventurer for a trip to the private houses. With the left eye without flapping. With his right foot tearing with force. Enters a profitable house. Suddenly changes his eye

On the shore of the lake. In the sweet endeavours of a thrush.....

On the lakeside. In the sweet endeavours of a thrush
the black word is wooed
The German girl's boat is slowly sinking after being
soaked with water.
Dilated black eyes are supplied to us by the
cinema

And we are rude. our flat family of eight watched with
derision and attention
We'd like to fight it all the time
I am the only one who understands the excitement of
individualistic desires in our socialist country.
But I'll be dead in three years
with the intention of slowly lowering the boat, or
rather, from boredom.

that they don't let you worry

Giant roses in the garden of a chequered-clad
Ukrainian student friend do not help anything Only
aggravate the shallow river
with sedge and moss and a thin, rough bridge

Snow is a thing of the past, there is a legacy of the past.....

Snow is a thing of the past. There's a legacy of the past
that shouldn't exist.

just like the rain is mud and the months
November-December-February-March-Black.

Woollen clothes are covered in damp smoke
and thoughts of baby freezing are hot

The children's freezing is illuminated by the infernal
blaze of the CHP furnaces on one side of the house
which is already, for a child's mind, intolerable.

and twilight, which is also like the wolf's mouth
or the cold insides of arithmetic.

If you were any more superficial Tolik
or it's almost a woman's thing, with all the strings
pulled tight.

alive. ready to be exposed

So have them turn this machine
off three days in advance.

Where is that Igor?

И. Voroshilov

Where is this Igor
wandering around? Where
is this Igor wandering
around? Why is this Igor
For once, it doesn't come in.

Probably drinks like he used
to. Maybe his health's
gone.
So the end of hope?
Vitala bro... vitala.....

Wall paintings hang from
all yards depicting mines
of ruthless enemies

Well, Igor Voroshilov
- almost saintly weirdo
What lived near us Not so
long ago. the other day?

Art brother. Art Flying
brother.

an invisible sense
sat on the wine

Did the blind jealousy of
life ruin an elf? No!
Greetings to our
military fatherland
from the
schizophrenics!

We're all non-combatants
Apollo and the fateful
lyres.
sticking up into the sky

Oh Mr Warden - you see
Igor who?
He's sober - so silent wrapped up in his
coat

And a drunken Igor
mumbles and sings slinkily
For years it's been
living in multiple layers
all over Moscow

You are a common inspiration -
the great Apollo
Tell us, teacher, what
does he represent?

Is it a picture of decay?
Of misery. Of
nonsense? Or maybe
it's the right thing to do

Weird nose and socks

Dancing drunkenly
with some words
And in the morning,
my head was
rolling around on
the sofa

Oh, no! - Not on the sofa.
He was on the floor. A
Russian troublemaker
can't get near the table.

He didn't slave, he
lived. He created.
You didn't drink drugstore
cereal? Yes, you did. Of
course I did!

A gorgeous artist and a
lovely man.
Kiss your face and
forgive me forever.

I was often the boring one
who lectured
But Limonov has always
served a miracle too

Come on Igor and Edka,
we'll meet when we
remember the past years
with vodka and radish.

To Stesin the mongrel!
He's ours too! Here's to
Vovka the boozier, a
poem and a pencil!

That no matter how
narrow the years are, they
can accommodate all
artists and poets on an
equal footing

Let's break up Igor and
Edka later.
we'll die like this after we
live a little longer!

The arrival of an adventurer in a sleepy town is wonderful.

Beautiful is the arrival of an adventurer in a sleepy
town! Here he walks by the only hotel
And if his surname is Nechayev or Petrov!

Oh, he'll make a mess using someone
else's passport Oh, he'll take out loans
seducing other men's wives!

At the same time during the whole stay there will be
beautiful weather and clouds like in Italian paintings
in restaurants, caviar and balik

And away he'll go like a slippery blue sea.

easily and smoothly
a handsome young

exhaling energy curly-haired man

Beggar

With the face of a huge
moose, he walks around
and asks.

What's he asking that angry man
for? Not money or books.

He has food and
rags for his family
behind him

huddled together, each
with a dirty hand.

touches the daddy
of a giant slob

Couldn't both live and pour water out
I'm going out. I'm taking the kids with me.

Hardly a mind behind the face door
and the eternal noise of the Garden Ring

A donkey between the eyes and
the eyebrows and the eyelids. And
that's a human being?

But the passport certified us
that he had measured the
fields earlier.

I'm sick and tired of the fields
Gone are the kids in the dust yulia

The very spelling of the words "twentieth of May..."

The very spelling of the words
"twentieth of May" is like an explosion.
the tram running lazily along the park. A sweaty mum
or wife
coming from the market
And she was holding bags full
and the inexplicable youthfulness of the wrinkles

and strawberry strawberry smelling ahead.

And the weather is quiet...

And the weather is
quiet and the skies are
big.
A lady to the shop in half an
hour.

And the old woman's crusty
and a yellow Kvass stall
queuing for watermelons.
You're all right, Edick.

Here are the autumn
plants Here are the white
slab houses
Torn from his native shadows,
why does he flee his
homeland?

I'd go to the grocery store with a bag and
move slowly.
A smart one between the dumb
ones? Well, I wish you'd keep
your soul quiet.

**MY NEGATIVE
CHARACTER**

My negative hero...

My negative hero is always with
me.

I drink beer, he drinks beer
He lives in my flat

He sleeps with my girls
My dark cock is hanging off it

My negative hero... His graceful
back.
Now in New York we can see On
any dark street.

Summer 1978

I used to drink teas in the evenings
Breathing in the Chinese tea leaf
And thinking silly thoughts of my
own
The world visiting the narrow secret world

I was rapturously alone
And if anything bothered
me It was the book that
touched Or the occasional
gentleman

Accidentally deciding to go for a walk
I used to go to Gracie Park without
doing anything. I used to watch the
kids there, and dream of playing
with them.

I explored the paths in the dark
Like the old schoolmaster was Sometimes
the cutest little things
I was thrown into a fever involuntarily

Crimea

Do you remember that Indian
who had nothing to hope for...?
Do you remember Bernard that
Sarah who lived and became
old....

You remember the waves and
the boogie sounds of the fifties
south.
Then suddenly Crimea suddenly became
Ukrainian Khrushchev said. Nikitushka said
Ukrainian steamships became Ukrainian.
The trees of tropical nature
Suddenly abruptly withdrew to
the U.S.S.R. And rocks that look
like chimeras.

I was squirming in the belly of the school at
the time. I was not a happy teenager.
I've forgotten how to catch
bees I've never found a new
occupation.
It's like I sat between chairs in those days
Teenagers, we're always alone.

We come to our schools to be shot One
irreparable verb.
Flying in the air of hydrochloric acid
Teachers immersed in dreams
Principal successfully imitates Stalin
And clutches a first-grade girl in his
arms And on top of the cursed clock

Kind of like a scale for time

They don't strike, but everyone looks
round at them Their sound is
threatening, though silent
And even now in my thirties, the
clock is in my bloody way....

I love Crimea in a vignette of tea roses Dry
village of Koktebel
Where I sat as if I were
Yemelya, looking out to
sea.

Where the Border Guards
catch the ladies of literature
We're all essentially
cockteabaggers. I won't betray
that.

The whole peninsula is adored
stands before me reflected by my
cheerful memory of the poet.
I spent more than one summer there
But the women's faces mingled into smiles
And the misery passed into it
And the wifeless, dreary
evenings Those in memory
have perished frail

.....

My buddy's reading Rob-Grier. I'm
going to the cinema and I'm
waiting in the foyer.
The writer's club's front yard Built once
roughly
The wives of the famous and the
poetesses now forgotten are all round
Standing gesticulating with
their hands Don't believe me -
drive yourself...

There was a Crimea - I guess it's in place
In America as in Bucharest.
At the end of the war, they
trade money for trousers.
They're here to create villainous
companies, Incorporations,
fundraisers, children and elders
alike.
I think of them as barbarians yet
And therefore so fond of money
counting.
And devouring food in the white
dining room That bored the aged
race.

Their time will come, too,
soon in a wild, internecine
quarrel.
Their children's business will
suddenly prohibit Russian even
suffer....
Other interests will emerge
I love Crimea and I don't love Odessa.

America - Odessa is a vulgar country,
undeveloped.

Goering gives press conference sweltering May... **B**

Goering gives a press conference in sweltering
May To the victorious powers
Whose correspondents proudly probe him

In a marshal's cap
In a chair set right in the grass Göring's shoes
sank into the grass.
An old style heavy microphone stands on a low table

The greenery in the background is
riotous Breaks and bursts Already
defeating the war Hot and hot
And Goering holds sadly The
victorious past summers Are
knocking boots in his head
(And mistresses and wives and branches of flowers and
trees July and August and deer hunts)....

Tucked away from the green again in a dark
corner Göring is not Göring....

.....

Officers standing, sitting.
Some with helmets. Others in caps Others
put their hair to the wind
War correspondents are rough as elephants.

What do they realise
What we all realise
Forgive me for interfering - the late Marshal Goering
However, I am less inclined to sympathise with naked
corpses From another photo - nearby in the Post
newspaper
Than you - butcher. scoundrel. SS man. Nazi. Than
you are Marshal Goering
Which is like the reason for the second picture (I
mean naked corpses).

.....

It's good to sit in an old
armchair after losing
the war.
Shoes stuck in the grass
To answer them softly - to the correspondents
Tired as after digging work
In a uniform with your Hermann cap... Well, they'll kill
you, they'll kill you.
But the way they walked across Europe.....
It must smell like mice in the other world.
And the marshal's gait is so good.

.....

And I think the armpits of German-Austrian
women near the Danube and the Rhine
smell of perfume and sweat.
The flowers are blooming and fuzzy

The wind. White flowers. A feeling of nausea...

The wind. White flowers. A feeling of nausea.
Wind. Monday. May. Un-drunk tea... Is it me
or is it not me? Is my life going on?
Books. Sun on the table. Head in the warmth...

Or did the devil suddenly come up with this still life?
The devil came up with it. And then he took it and
put it in metal And surrounded it with New York.
And mesmerised

And in the middle is the master. He's the prodigal
son The prodigal son sits in the window. Seeking
the truth in wine Something he does with his
hand. With his left cheek...

- Dear dear dear prodigal son. Are you alone again
For how many years? Maybe forever

.....

In the land of the poem and the novel ...

In the land of the poem
and the novel It's always
good In the woods
Diana hunts.
Mercury's joyful passing

And on Apollo's bosom the
red-haired sister fell asleep
That's how it was all during
Ono At the Greco-Roman
bonfire.

In the morning they
put on their togas and
warmed their sleepy
bodies.
And there were Gods, there
were Gods. Love and hate were
there.

.....
In the fire of the day, in the heavy
grief To Egypt sold I sailed
And Aphrodite I met in the sea
And Aphrodite I loved

I prayed to her among the
pirates I tried to kiss her
fingers She laughed guiltily
But cheated on me again

She was lying on the deck
Sailors calling again She

paced the deck tiredly

My molten blood

The waters laughed. Mouths
laughed Laughing hard bodies
Dolphins bitterly withdrew
Their help of temporary was

Not dying in God's will Tied
to the mast I stood
In the darkness of the night Zoli agency
Empty windows observed

She appeared on cars She
staggered and floated
All dressed up in disgusting men
And the hat was on backwards.

I loved her so much I was
proud she was drunk.
That in her beauty she was
given a false soul.

I was her poet and
spectator Tied to the mast
I stood
I watched as the new
kidnapper snatched her away
dutifully.

The waters laughed. Mouths
laughed In the distance Egypt
glimpsed
And the doors were shut tight
And in the upper windows the light flickered

I walked alone, I was in
ecstasy And I recognised God
in me One day on a green
vase I saw Him in a museum.

He was sitting there with his
hairless head Blowing through a
cut reed Like me with my
cheekbones and snub-nose My
ancient Greek double

Yes, he loved her sick And
never condemned her for
anything And only the
song he played behind
her back was faintly evil

Here I am wandering in the mighty neighbourhoods of the age....

Here I am wandering in the mighty
neighbourhoods of the age I have not
reached (I am growing) the ceiling of my life
People dogs landscapes - not bad
Transferable newspapers houses pedestrians
and sudden breezes

Two zoos are home to chimpanzees and seals
Mothers stare dumbly while cradling babies
Children scream. We're all looking for a partner
in laziness Lie down. Collapse. Lie down. Never
get dressed.

Who was it that puffed up your belly like that, young one?
Is he the pimply, unwashed accent prince of Brooklyn?

It was a hug I haven't forgotten since
Thursday. Yellow necks. Crooked hands I
remembered.

People are getting older and all of humanity at once
The time will come for us to replace the bugs or
rats God will sweep us off the table like a mere
contagion
That's my friend. My one and only Edicka Knight.

People, feet, shops...

People. feet. shops... All
the articles of fashion Of
glass and of rubber Are
sold monotonously

.....

Wash your face with an
unyielding hand.
Gather round in the
morning. You're Elena.
Here's the road.

Go somewhere else
Into black chaos is the chosen path.

Foolish girl. Those
were the best years

You and I both have
It was the height of the earth's day.

And now these people
For whom you wash your breasts

- Obliveless liars... Not of
our silence -.

Not from our squad
You're wrong - my child

Overloved. A little bit
tasted.

Edka, the brave man, has
lost you forever.

Edka is clever. Edick is sad Edick
is good at everything Edick is
good at everything

Edinka sees you in every
dream like you're on the
moon.

That's where you walk the meadow
In a bouffant dress. Early, early

And in the gloves of the
field Edinka finds them

He picks them up out
of the grass And kisses
them and bites them
And running to you -
screaming... The good uncle is
a silent Jew

Standing on the
mountain with glasses
and a smile on his lips
He's admiring.

There's a three-window house.
There's an apple hanging. It's
shiny.
"Stop running - my baby..." sputters the
kindly Jew

"Come to dinner, baby!" ♪
Baby, with her long legs
Through the grass, she's
heading home ♪

She's got wild dogs with her
I'm the last one to arrive
And everyone sits at the
table And kisses his glass

That's how we lived. I'm
eating my supper alone
now.
And neither I nor the Jew
need the Virgin with the
light foot....
.....
Just for your amusement, little
girl. I wrote all that.

Edka knows - life is a minute Life is
a painful joke Only art is a colourful
ball

This chaos illuminates. So
take a look at it lightly
Happy is he who composes
Composes Composes
Composes Composes

Composes
And he's flying high.
May you not be overshadowed

Life does not darken you
Let earthly things not
embarrass you Will be very
far away...

I don't believe in this lady anymore.....

I don't believe in this lady
Whose piercing grey eye
Plunges a man into drama And
me. And him, Adam
I don't believe it now, mate.

If I'm in front of a funeral
By the glitter of the bar - bottles.
candles I sit with myself with a
bottomless No way I'll let the
sleepy Spider gesture slanted
Dame's fingers on my shoulders.

But with my hat pulled up over
my eyebrows I'll quietly
remember my daddy in Russia,
a half-small man and a
dodderer
Even though Russia is no longer the same

- You're my officer in a field
uniform.
The stolen photo is of you and your
friend Lieutenant Valerik.
Before the biggest war of all.

Ah, when it's half past two and
all thoughts are rushing to
Moscow I'll remember you
sternly.

I'll take a tenth drink without
a word...

At six o'clock on Broadway
frowning Early in the morning I
wandered to the hotel Adjoining
other figures
- To prostitutes. Pimps. Cupids. And
all the ladies have gone to bed....

Someone like Limonov

Velvet brown jacket Light French
cap
Two rounded panes of glass (He's
wearing glasses) The trousers are
stitched tightly in the Matros style

I think he served in Arabia.
After he crossed the border
into Chile, he got shot in
Beirut. But he was cured of
that bullet.

Somewhere in between was Paris
And New York before that. And
Rome
He looked into the middle of the
Tiberian sludge But overdressed. Even
in make-up

Oh, my God! Wherever you run
Receive bullets. Shoot. Fight. The one
inside us torments China
And with yellow eyes she laughs

"If I don't get caught this time, I'll
give up everything and live like a
human being. I'll marry an empty
girl.
So that the breasts are barely visible."

The workers were drinking beer...

The workers were drinking beer
And we smoked in silence afterwards

The hours and minutes of a
worker's work are long, and the
Volga River is carrying fuel oil A
worker looks at the muddy water
In a bad mood. A frown.

All work brings only sorrow How sweet
is idleness - the sun and the sea

If you're a farmer, you're happy to have
worms. We should be farmers all of a
sudden!

In front of the face of the Madonna virgin....

In the face of a maiden
madonna In a jacket with
Eve's bite On my shoulder
I stand in mute paralysis

I'm considered to be a
writer, a thinker, a creator.
As an intellectual (oh, that "class"!) I
invested myself in culture
Did I choose her foolishly
Or did I do it for show?

In fact, I'm a fan of
Breathless and Sleepless.
The Madonna of sticky bright
eyes The Madonna of sleepy
drunken eyes

.....

And with me stood a
company of all kinds of
people without counting.
In velvet jackets sometimes, Or
those who sleep in attics.

We all squirmed and lazed
and gazed into the
Madonna's face.
How would the crayfish eat the
corpse The word wouldn't even
come out of my lips

.....

And suddenly the wedding
candles became funeral

candles.

And around the Madonna-
maidens Prostitutes right and
left Weeping and singing
They sell candles

Black and white Prostitutes
are bold
Fearful in their distress
And forgot to think
about food

All of Eighth Avenue
Whispering softly "I'll bury I'll
bury my baby But I don't know
from whom."

Herod's long dead and
the soldiers don't
care.
You can't hunt the living If a soldier
hunts the living.
He'd rather have a daughter than a
son He'd rather have a son than a
daughter He'd rather have a
daughter

Blood moon over the cities....

Blood moon over the cities We'll be
bacteria. We'll be lice.

And I love a blood moon
In the ruins and hollows of a country

With a dictator, a stern intellectual. Good, but
he's lost his way.

Beautiful - but having a life of bad Therefore,
and pouring out the blood of men

Under the palm trees, the same
boredom and ennui And death is as
dull as a stone beech.

The kid saw out of the limo The
big beech sat like a basket case

On the lofty northern cliff of Dictator's
Child on Earth.

Has unresolved issues Around him
the soldiers are red-nosed

And the wind from the sea
moves the bananas And the
inhabitants look like gypsies.

And the overhead light. And the foaming sea
And the beech is a sign of war to come

In the dark garden lay an orange

In a dark garden lay an orange On
a wooden table
(Hands and feet were in the
darkness in women and
men)

Intertwined with my whimsical fate The
balloon lay tight
In the back, my fate was like a
satin shaded orange

I was young once She stood with me at
the railway station.
Holding in his hand such a funny
fruit The belly was bulging.

"You're rather bulging and mannerly
So I said with a sulphurous breath And
tall and quite thin
Drinking a lot of water..."

"The tummy always comes out in
front Those who live playfully
"Those who play every day
often have a shadow under
their eye."

That's what she said to me,
the lovely lady of the
railway station.

Dwelling in past ages For man's
fortunes and amusements

An invitation to the ballet

- Let's go see the ballet Once in a long time.

I don't like ballet. In one section of the loo.
My lover has appointed a meeting for me Where the gentleman has made himself a gentleman Where the water always gurgles.
There's a date at intermission

- And I'm coming from behind the buffet Champagne and chocolates Let's go see the ballet Once in a long time.

Come on, let's go Why be stubborn There's Tchaikovsky pulling a thread There's music rumbling and thundering And the ugly beauty is flying

Her features are tense
As if reading "Peace and War"

The ballet abyss swallows the audience Like beasts swallow tamers.

Let's go see the ballet Once in a
long time.

There, too, the lowly and false
In a tuxedo, the troubled young
man.

Filled with whispers and shouts Splintered
with inner peaks Some pedal will open up
And nothing and no-one's sorry
Rubber dirty pedal.
filled the youthful distance

Looking ballet I will remember there
is Wilde's Oscar and Beardsley's
illustrations How After Roughly Went
Salome,
In America, spitting on the pavement

Let's go see the ballet, for God's sake.
Let's go together, why not?

Autumn. It's cold. Leaves are dripping...

Autumn. It's cold. Leaves are
dripping In groves walk cold old
men
I feel like a middle-schooler And my hands
have the wind tugging at my wrists
And the near mountain tops are far away.

Your warm breath. Where is it?
You've fallen out of love with me for an
empty white light And a stupid blind white
light without a demon
There is no scary and beautiful hairy appearance

His eyes do not shine. His purple
eyes do not run in vain.
Life has not passed, but it has become
mercilessly clear that we are nobody and you
are nobody.

So why are you turning your head to
tea? I'm pretending not to notice.
How sad to see your features that you once
saw, proud as you are.

The world has made you crippled
So what do you say in front of me
Wherever you go, nowhere to be
cured Milan. New York. Paris.

Everywhere you feel that your chest is tight and the
sun is small And you say suddenly, "It's all gone!"
You're not crying but you're
wearing glasses, hiding your fear
with dark glass, hiding your eyes in
anything.

Your grey pearls have fallen Now in
them are pain and shame in pieces
How young and needy we were But
we dig the holes ourselves

I've changed, my soul has changed....

I've changed. My soul has changed
Something's gone. It's like a dream

I remember on a frosty winter's day
It wasn't lazy to learn poetry

I remember on such winter nights I
carried my wife in my arms.

Carried him to the distant fifth floor
What a big, brave man he was. Our

But time goes on and people live
And a year equals a handful of minutes

And a day is like a dozen lingering years
And life won't tell us yes or no.

And Daddy was wearing a harness. There
were more talented men. Guys smarter

There were dogs and there
were hedgehogs Grandpa
Chepigu. along the edge of the
meadow

I remember walking. Grandfather's legs.
I wish I could cry to God from the road.

I, too, am a child at God's feet
I, too, want to kiss the
doorstep

It's not about not dying
I'd rather not suffer. I'd rather not get sick.

And so I would soar up to God and not
be afraid of him at all.

Not at all. Not at all. Not at all. He's
glad, too. That I'm a poet

The Age of Unconsciousness

From the age of unconsciousness
Mirage and the Leta-Yauza River Wrapped
in one blanket
Along with the dead Herka Turevich
and the artist Voroshilov.
I'm going down in the winter of the seventies
Near the Catherine Aqueduct.
on the slippery slope of delirious memories, falling
and laughing.
in the alcoholic epiphany
of a meeting between a
girl and a dog.
in just a year and a half.

Sweethearts!
We often gathered where Masha sewed shirts and
Andrei picked his chest with a knife.
We used to get together a lot
to unwind after
snow dust over Moscow
slowly settling into the seventies and
spreading its wing into the eighties.
To the charred building on First Avenue in New York.

Same old life and
same old nonsense
hawthorn tinctures
"it's against the heart."
said the hunchback artist from the basement
crammed into the narrow neck of a 50-gramme

bottles

Against the heart -
against Smolenskaya Square
where the trolleybus went to the universe
where the sad Okudzhavas met
sharply outlined bachurinas like fathers where
mugs of sausage were lying on the snow
and poems and
matches and
Aleynikov sang.
And Slava Len was singing along

You will love me...

You'll love me And kiss my
portraits And go to the
bibliothèque.
Where all the ministers are jacks

An old woman thin and dry You
walk alone in helplessness
From the library to home
Afraid at every turn

And along with the white marble winter.

And together with the white marble
winter From the silken swarthy
stocking
I'll wash my foot gently
And hello sweet Russian ennui.

Blizzards with whiskey we wait out
the sip and the rosy blush of cheeks
We'll top it off with a nice, strong English tea, and we'll
lean carefully over the cup.

Then cards and more drawings But
the foolish heart is about to be
struck.
Look at the back - there's a crime hole.
There's love gone down there like a pale ball of sunshine

Already I had no hope of a winter's day I
loved my coat with a button.
And in my white jumper, my neck warming
quietly I'm not loved here, but I whisper to no
one.

I'm not loved here. Sheds are here. Hangars
There are warehouses of chairs and tables
here
Here it's windy - light and the door blows From here
I'm ready to leave at any moment....

In the world of simple Ukrainian hut....

In the simple world of Ukrainian
huts There was an unearthly sunset
The sunset included then The years that
have passed now

I thought I was gonna die. And I
couldn't get up. And I was fifteen.
And if a tree trunk or a corner of a
house Or a briar bush appeared
That he was an insect and
therefore stank of life.

I used to call my mum stupid. I
never said a word to my dad.
I was a thief. I was a friend of gymnastics
and read Blok. And drank viniska.

He lives by the warm sea.....

He lives by the warm sea
He's a friend of red China He's
got millions A villain - he's got
paradise

He's got all kinds of
beauties Of all colours and
races
He wants to have short Japanese women
He rides in the submarine. He looks into the
underwater eye.

He has different rooms
In his inland rock palace.
He is vigorous - and the sun is tired of
playing on his angry face

He doesn't prophesise
anything He just lives on
and on He tickles boys
and spits on girls

He's Eduard - he looks like a
picture.
And only a speck of dust
sometimes sticks to the
nightclothes.

Well, he's gonna flick it off.

With a squeamish movement. Here.

I was killed by a gentle friend.....

A friend of mine, a sweet
friend killed me She put a
snout on my face She
screamed and squealed and
walked away

It's like going to heaven where there's laughter and mirrors.

I spent a year sick and mumbling. I
wanted to disappear, but I didn't
die.

My angel goes to Paris or Milan, and I
think he's sick or drunk.

But I'm watching and waiting.
Someday, some year, she'll sober
up and realise.
And her sweet mouth will be horrified

And shout the right words
"Your love is right! Right! Right! And I
was sick and killed everything!
Forgive me!" and pulls off the snout mask.....

Wrote poems to his lovers.....

Writing poetry to his lovers
Wandering around town like a
whore.
I wanted to work in a rich house as a
janitor When my stomach was dry.

Staring at shop windows with
respect Clenching his fists in his
pockets
Dreamed of ending his life in battle
And something about heaven's
mannahs

Everything in this world is for nothing.

Everything in this world is
for nothing. The king's
black outfit.
The Girl in the White Shoes
Terrible Picture Books Joyful
Fields
Is this the land that I'm
shouting from the ship.
Is there a forest of cobwebs

Everything in this world is
funny Rain falls in the
window Fish at the seaside.
A whale in the plateau
The hotel windows are
dark You don't love,
you don't love Your life
is ruined But you've
lost a long time ago

I wake up in longing The
clock on my hand The
wind is curling The wind
is curly
Payback windows
The bullet feels like a
bullet in my temple I'm
lying here alone The
sky is falling from the
peaks Edichka, hello.
Secret passions
You've experienced - our son

Everything in this world is nothing
You get up, you put on your
coat, you put on your hat, you
put on your hat.
You'll leave the room
Fish from Cousteau's
world Brush my hair
I'll go out beautiful.
No one can catch up with us

The smell of autumn and the prairie...

The smell of autumn and the prairie
Tea from the British Empire I
pin my hopes on
There's a trickle of tea

I'm drinking, smiling and
thinking Maybe I'll kill my
misfortune I know where and
when I've got misfortune
attached to me

Three country poems

1. "Lamp. A book and a machine..."

Lamp. A book and a car.
Where's that spring
disappeared That's been
bugging me
Like a hot horse
And held on day and night
To be able to rush away

This is America's village.
Not as old as Russian, but
as dark.
And sadly cold

Autumn. I live alone An
orphaned view of the
plains Partly grey and
green Somewhere
scorched.

You'll be out around
five. Where do you
go?
You pour a cup of
chocolate There's a herd
walking up the hill.

Four rams back Like from a
French painting by Claude
Lorrain or Poussin.

Only there are no old walls

My life is in a sad place I only
hear bad news.
She left, she cheated.
That's all right I'll live on
my own till I'm middle-
aged.

2. "There's a field of corn further down there..."

There's a field of corn further
up. Above that is a farm and
watermelons called
Watermelons.
And the rags of the scarecrows are fluttering

Down below is a (I can't believe
it) river Transparent and small
And there are trout in it. It's
kind of depressing, anyway.

I work during the day. And
at the hour when the sky
is dark, I write for you
guys, washing my hands of
oil.

"It" is more like tar
We're roofing the roof of the
barn. George. Bill and I. And we
are without malice

Throwing leaves of autumn on the left

It's a strange kind of work
When it's done by someone
who doesn't just live
But it also writes and reads

3. "An earth-shattering ode..."

I'm a digger's ode to
the people And with
a poet's spade I
buried summer Deep
in September
The leaves have become
ugly The leaves are tired
too
And lying in the yard

Six o'clock in the
morning. I can hardly
see I'm not offended at
all I'm working hard I'm
not angry
I'm going to burst into this
life with something strong
and whippy Moscow manly

People. Georgie and Bill I
don't like the country folk.
In different countries by
the light Roughly
labouring in summer

In winter, he sucks his paw

(All paw-sucking, if
you're not stupid,
consists of a wife or a
woman or a wench
From Suzanne or Eve
With her trousers
down)

The day is heavy and red
We'll get hernias Tons of
stone and clay We'll dig
for mines
For a cistern of
water. That's where
our labours are.

There'll be an old lady -
Blue pyjamas.
To drink. To invite guests
Above logs and planks.
Above the water-sucking
pipes above the cistern
to sleep.

A photograph of the poet...

A photograph of the poet
On a day merry and empty
With autumn or summer
behind us
And he's standing there young

By the slanting tree A
cheeky face in glasses Curls
of blond hair are poorly
placed on his shoulders

In front of him probably
Next to the one taking the
picture Someone tender or
faithful (Or Lena or Dimok)

Picture another - After five
simmering years The mask
is sharp and angry
There's a skeleton through the face.

There's no one else in
the whole world That's
why his boots are on the
poet's boots, soldier-like

It will be clear to a man If
he compares the
pictures.

Happiness has
abandoned its
guardianship And
suffering is visiting

When the graceful Italian ...

When the elegant Italian
You've been invited to a black
dance When you're talking non-
stop
He was holding you tightly I
thought to myself.
"How strange. Scary. But it doesn't hurt."

And there were roses in the mirrors
And silver crowded heavily
Through the music of great
doses
Suddenly someone was sobbing watermelon sobs

Your breasts were sticking out
capriciously small under that black
dress.
He told you jokes nervously
And you were silent and
breathing

Americans and lackeys
Went in different directions And
I in divine villages Looked at
gems and cameos...

You're back. There's incense
from your dress Or some
fragrant smoke And an Italian by
your side
Apparently dead in love

"Well, yes. My wife. Why,
then." I lift the hem of my
dress.

And I'll show him-- Oh, my God
If I have the power to show you....

Then I'll go quietly to the bar
Pour champagne for me people
I'm so tired. I'm very old
I'll be thirty-six soon

Go find me and meekly Kiss me
behind the blue curtain Like a girl
- sick with consumption Kisses a
doll without which...

The papers are talking about Vietnam again....

It's Vietnam in the papers
again. I don't write to my
mum.

And where's the lost
wife Who's tenderly
needed

In newspapers about rice
and freedom And about
presidents to the people
Who have made wonderful
speeches I wrap my thin
shoulders around them
In my white ballet jacket Oh, I'm
bored with all this!

Amidst the city's deceit.
All life is like an open wound
Women's bodies meet A short
tender ode
Nature closes in again And
the woman is quietly gone

How the morning is lovely
and cloudy And I am
restlessly cosy
That I'm so lonely
That these sad passions are
tearing me apart And the
abyss is whistling behind me

What a cold sky! Though

it's hot on earth

And in search of blood like
bread, gnats fly on the body.

In our sublime sorrow In our
ruined love We didn't recognise
ourselves We killed and
trampled in the mud
Your beautiful faces

Dear Edward! To circles people are coming back.

Dear Edward! People return to their circles. To their circles. And to the cemeteries where the names
Our ancestors. To that sweaty mordva, to that russi or chudi
Celebrating your m'yas holiday - war!

Dear Edward! We have brute force and temples.
Don't dress us up in Europe in a funny costume.
And you can't squeeze Mongolian-Slavic
frames Under your pyjamas and put them
under the wall

Like another ocean unknown below Contemplating
the first time. Discoverers of the old heavy lands We
stand - seekers of hell and heaven
Hugging Elena by the shoulders of the slender swing

Oh Helena-Europe! Their women's bared knees
All that was seen by grandfather, great-grandfather -
peasants, and me Because deep are my wounds from
fairy Lenka Hotter and more terrible than those I could
get in the war.

I'm no longer afraid of anything in this life.
Nothing - not people, not machines, not
gods.
And I'm as merry as a Scythian, laughing loudly at the feast.
Burying the young. I'm delighted when death has taken the old!

Tidy up, tidy up our upper room - the world of fragrance
From tired bodies, from weary eyes
And when I die - nasty, mean, crazy, in love I'll be left alone -
unreliable, confused you.

Esenin's Seryozhenka...

Seryozhenka Esenin
In the ground, hands and feet
And buried and black
Soaked by the frowning earth

But he's lying on Vagankov
Together with Katya and Vanya
Together with Olya and Tanya.
Under the birch and geranium trees

It's no place for Limonov, the
prodigal son of Vetrogonov.
And he's lying in America
Not under a tree. Not in the public garden

And on a tarmac square In the
land of cold maths.

Idiot

You'll be lonely again in November When
it's raining, cold, slushy, the leaves are
lying everywhere like a curse
The nasty winds are rattling

May you be lonely and simple
To live in New York City, where the mornings are
grey smoke To go to cheap movies in the mornings
To fall in love with porn stars maybe And
dream of a fire-breathing cunt.
Tender, little as a bird on a nest.

Yes without money yes again again again
again again Hate the rich and curse the rich
And not to feel light as a clear Greek You
shameful and corrupt man

You should put a cap on your eyes so
you can't see the anger or the tears.
Just to let you know, here comes the most
obnoxious passer-by. An idiot.

New York

Accept the newspaper on
this day As if a gift from
heaven Let the newspaper's
crooked shadow Close the
day ... as it was not

The newspaper writes directly
That an old man was shot in the
night That a friend stabbed a
friend.
And Police Officer Finnegan
Checking other people's pockets - A
bandit in his leisure hours.

Great is our city and bad
There are many millions in
it.
People are like fleas in a filthy
robe And they have no laws.

Diamonds glisten. Moloch eats The
number of people grows
And money rules!
And money pours out in a
dim light And who has no
money?
Those poorly housed
.....
And I'm so scared and so easy
for a foreign poet.
And I drink coffee with milk
Above our sinful island

Which hits the heart....

Confronted with the
contradiction, I suddenly
quietly realise
That the Devil's City is
beautiful from the other
side.

Oh look at the ferry From
the shore coming!
On this wild pale house Out of
the sky as it were!

On seagulls in the morning.
On the fog On the bare
gorges
How the Zyryan settlements
Where businessmen from
different countries do business
with a hangover.

Here, steam sprouted through Broadway
Rushing to Wall Street.
And the Atlantic rains
From morning hear the
suite...

I'm embarrassed by the very thing
Love for New York City. It's
not very clear why.
But the heart is still glad

For he licked my wounds
And crawled on his belly

When I was looking for
abandonment

Only the old woman's death

He saved me with his plague,
his mysterious mockery, his
cheeky nakedness, though
not an eagle. But tails.

I drove through the neighbourhoods of the poor.....

I've driven through poor neighbourhoods
Here people say "you" to each other
In the half ruins, laughing faces.
Here's where the kids play... And here's the hospital

Here's a girl with heavy legs Her big
and very grown-up mouth Now,
just a minute more, and before you
Poet, this whole carcass will float
away.

She's thirteen years old, but her
pupils are so ashamed and so
frightened That it's clear she's
howling for a friend To be
broken to pieces

I was passing through. I was poor too
In a poor car. With my brother, an
emigrant, wearing a Chegevarov beret.
With a little glamour. This way and that way

Nobody thought I was poor either
I was myself enlisted as a partisan In
my dreams I saw tasty countries War.
Heat. A military coat

I wore it like no one else does here My
troubles slipped away.

Because if these people ask you
Thou concealest fatigue and sorrow

Our island is nothing...

The island is nothing. The
people are like that:
Of Hispanics or blacks
Every third one he has

We spit and chew
Chuyingam with our teeth.
Making money without
trying. We live on Welfare.

The sun is cloudy. It's hot.
The world has been
buzzing since six in the
morning The world has
been buzzing in the middle
of the night And the
labourer has become a
bourgeois It's time for a
revolution.

Manhattan Island is small I
dreamed of loving it
I'm here, and I'm hoping
I'll warm up in a
firehouse. I'm not too
late to get here.

On Broadway the stench
of piss tickles my nostrils
Allows you to think even
We're on the blade of a
sword

No more buying and selling

You need a strict doctor.

I live alone now.
The sky is cloudy near the
stone peaks. A warm wind. I
haven't met you yet
I am a comrade - a gentleman

Let's set fire to the old
house. We've had enough
of it.

♪ Disappear old Manhapan

And burn the fool with fire ♪
A revolution in the world A
revolution in the world A
revolution in the world A
revolution in the air

My new country
Your new guilt
I'm not attracted to you.
You don't pick me up or
caress me. You'll regret it.
You'll rumble and blaze
and remember our
names!

It's the sixth of February...

It's the sixth of February
The earth has been snowy
since morning A piercing and
frowning light And there is no
defence against the fates...
And you carry a glass of
bitter water with a frail
hand And your eyes are
cloudy with a sly look
Oh, my friend, you're a fool!

It's the sixth of
February The open
fields lie open
Where man is just a dot -
- sad loner Or the streets of
New York
Floats our man like a peel of
banana or orange.
Sick, sick, sick cattle

(You wouldn't walk-you'd lie
down. Ah wouldn't wet your
pale feet!)

(Our man, for example, is
always standing at the obelisk.
Or the columns of the old era
It's on a ruler like a risk. If you
take twenty of them and put
them on top of each other, we
can see the merit of the
ancients.

Reach sought to reach the sun's circle)....

It's the sixth of February
There are poems typed in Paris
I'll be read by the Bolsheviks
The Bolsheviks will start
reading me
They'll start scratching their sinful hair
And the motherland's a bad mother.
From behind will raise his voice.....

Blizzard. I am a proletarian of
countries United without a
friend Sitting in New York like a
gypsy And I know my business
tightly.
At twelve, pulling up his trousers
and putting on an almost Soviet-era
tulupe
I'm gonna go paint the flat the colour
of walnuts and mustard and guilt.

Through the blizzard I can see the
dollar And it leads me there
To the field of sweaty labour
Which labour he is not offended
But this world... what can I take
of it
Bolsheviks... Capitalists... I won't
hug you anymore
Their countries by my pure heart.

A Soho resident

Her trousers are wide. Her
arse is pulled up over her
trousers.

There's a clasp at the back. With the wife's name
But with a slightly sprouted moustache.

A bag on my shoulder. Almost a
sack Dirty foot in a big stocking
Dirty skin smells like a cat or a
dog.

Summer of 1977

The summer passed without much
comfort Seldom were jokes and
laughter heard But if they were
heard, they had the spirit of
disappearance.

I cleaned and washed floors and
objects Skirts I sewed (There are
want and poets) In the evening I
listened to Tele and watched
He was friends with Julie the maid.

If Marianne came round, the Irishwoman
always brought Marihuana and forgot to
smoke it.
For not being allowed to attend the fairy-tale ball

That's how we lived all summer. And then.
August is drowsy and crumpled up
And over New York like a ghost of things to
come Autumn shouts with the voice of the
poor.

Give me a chrysanthemum.....

Give me a chrysanthemum
or something.
Twice as big as a
chrysanthemum But on the
same theme, though.

Give me the gift of taking your time
Suddenly a big shaggy flower As
stuffy as if crumpled To make the
soul weep

Five sloppy lines A lot of Russian
important dots Like cotton
blankets.
I'd be sad to draw

To feel like Rome Under Nero
- Nicodemus At the end of
some id.
The wars of Pompeii, an invalid

Girl. Come Tuesday Bring a
flower like a hat Not
wrapped in a rag
Petals of the wide-ranging collection.

And the boy worked in the shadows of the firmament

...And the boy worked in the shadow of
the skies Inside the ugly iron factories And
the iron teeth of the factories breathed
with flames red, green and rough

And the wind and rain outside the workshop
Was not for the boy dirt and hindrance
And dirt was the shop. Nature kissed
him When he managed to avoid the
people

And to get out of the huddle of rude mates
From the fires of hell - humming fires
Into the courtyard, into the snow, into the
blackness, into the dampness of the world To
stand and be silent, to think quietly that "damp..."

And if you peel off the branches.
You can see how veins pierce the
bark... And the rat and the gopher dig
a hole... And the spruce trees are so
pitifully cut down in the bora..."

There were evil jokes thrown by
comrades Metal rattled there 24 hours
a day And snow melted there. And it
stank of Gad...
A nation. A factory...a blighted garden.....

Beginning

...And only Ivan was blacker than
me On Crane's beach.
Twenty years ago, I used to swear
at Ivan. I even became friends
with him.
His tan was the colour of soot.....

So we went out with Ivan alone.
In the midst of them, a marvellous black beast,
both of them worked at night
I'll remember Ivan to my grave

He was eaten by an old tannery
And Sickle and Hammer suddenly slipped me a
Svoboda calculation. And two hundred
roubles
And August. The princess and the serpent...
.....
...And I remember a cold glass of vodka, Elvis
Presley hairdo.
I'm a Kharkov thief. I am a bandit-hooligan
Singing songs to the harmonica...

Vitya Nemchenko played me with a hangover.

Vitya Karpenko loved me.
His sister was a real piece of work
My friend Ghenka was in love with her....

Irina? No, I think it's Luda? Oh, no.

Some simple name.

I began to forget, as the years passed, the beginning of the hero's story...

To myself

Time is running out.
All the paths are
already
There are no beautiful
women. The air smells
worse.

All men are cowards
Behind their backs are
villains All Elbruses are
boring All girlfriends are
snakes

Don't trust a
brother, let alone a
woman. You're
walking on a
tightrope.
In milk, be a toad.

Any capital city
You're a passer-by (And
Moscow maiden This
includes Moscow too)

Only a bullet, silent and
angry, won't betray you.
Eh you are my gula
Bullet dear....

There's no God either.

Only intellectuals

They believe in this
fable. Yes, even the
students.

There's no more deception
You're poor Limonov.
That's why it's so early.
Became angry and mean.

Fragment

.....

We gazed with our mouths open at the
scenery The cities the pale seas
In the seas sometimes whales splashed even
with eyes of dark blue grief

In green ice cheerful caves In castle
ruins music and light
Beautiful ladies are squeezed by
cavaliers Conducting a pornographic
ballet

With a fashion magazine, satyrs lie in the
bushes. Yves Saint Laurent is thigh-high.
And nymphs' butts like lyres.
Set among the rocks are cleverly...

A yellow skiff is launched from the
submarine On the thin mast beats a black
flag (Look at the oars! Oh, Zholkovsky Alik,
They're about to take off, stripping the
varnish off the wave!).

Phantomas, in the company of a
blonde, is rushing to bury his
diamonds in an atoll.
But along the moon (Here's a close-up of the basket!)
A balloon with the police went by

Down Sherlock Holmes goes skydiving He
smokes a pipe without taking off his cloak.
And Robinson, who had a bite of shukrut,
Watching everything, his pipe sticking out of
the thicket....

.....
We gazed with Robinson's mouth open At
the clouds, at the fat herds.
Breathed the sea, smoke and ozone
And tamed Fridays sometimes...

.....
In the green ice... (Decide, Professor Alick,
Who was the influence? Baudelaire or
Rimbaud
Or Jules Byrne?) a bug sees a skiff In a
goatskirt Robinson with a trumpet....

And all the provincial poets.....

And all the provincial poets Are
gone in the years of delirium of
Lethe Standing in inspired
poses
Barely in laurels sweet and roses

Their jackets unbuttoned with ease
Eyes wrapped around the edge of
reason Once so mysterious and
eerie Standing against the
background of a forest or a river

Where are you guys? Who beat
you? Wife, country, madness or
vodka? One stopped his life with a
rope The other slit his wrists and
sailed away

Arkady... Lenka... Vovka.....

Home

A few of Edward's grey hairs lay on the floor
They should have been picked up by hand or Hoover.
But Edward is still so stoned from the hash.
That he can't get himself together... It's hard
for him to concentrate.
And passing by the hair ten times already
He still says to himself, "Later.
I'm going to the kitchen to make tea
Tea is more important than a weedy
hair I'll raise my hair and forget about
tea... There is a direct danger..."

That's why grey hair Short and straight Lying
on the floor and blinding my eyes

Oh, hash! The oriental source of laziness!
Don't smoke hashish, my friends.
Into the squalor of a hashish house leads....

The bandit's wife

1

The rose stands in a bottle
The big rose is beautiful
She's like a big brunette
As a grown-up Brooke Shields to the point of rejection

Who brought me the rose? It
was brought to me by a
friend. A friend is a gangster's
wife. I like dangerous liaisons.

Oh, if the bandit finds out,
from the strife of the feud.
with other gangsters, at once,
from the little prostitutes he
pimps.
He'll kill us both... He has two
revolvers... He has two
revolvers
And loyal friends to boot....

I'm afraid. But I continue to love
the body of the bandit's wife.
And affectionate
temperament Sweet the
dangerous bonds...

She gave me a pen and
she gave me a necklace.
She brought me a rose
and put a ring on my
finger.
What am I to her? A lover.

You could have decided, "No
need to do it without a rose,
Even cats can do it
Know how to get on the cat...
Why should I carry presents..."

From the sunny valley
Where she was born... To
Paris the girl rolled on
We've travelled different roads
Brought into this grey city
Thank you for your affection -
A friend is a bandit's wife.

Ludwig

1

Oh, Ludwig the Pole, he is Ludwig!
(It's like a broken wagon galloping
away)
Across my big childhood...) Cocaine
sniffing, and afterwards with beer Cocaine
lordship he takes off...).

There's a black dog running nearby....
Next, the son jumps in the hole of the flat
Ludwig's guests drink and cackle.
Directors... Actors and actresses
(And Anouk Ame was there with
them,
Only the old one. Poor shy one...)

Ludwig lives in Montmartre He
maintains his fame
Through the lanes of Montmartre he
swings his beer-infused figure.
"Cock-a-doodle-doo" he walks.....

There are also Poles in the world.....

But Ludwig is not so simple,
however. And he has his own
problems.

And having all my problems

He does not, however, solve them at all.....

14 July.

Prison inspector and works superintendent
Beautiful people all around.
Bright faces, big glasses
Kindest thoughts and flag pins.

The French flag is flying high Under the
flag, everyone is dressed and clothed
Under the flag each with a bottle of
wine And a pâté for the talker.

Long live rabbits of different nations
United together by pleasant labour Let's
raise the efforts of rabbit breeders
And more rabbits will be produced

By morning, a rabbit comes out through
the uterus Shoes. Jacket. A blue bald
spot.
His name is Jean and his name is
Tolik Take a carrot, you fool, and
eat it.

Glasses and a jacket and a tie on the temple.
On the arse of your eyes and in your
pocket - banknotes Come on, step
aside, Comrade Time, the rabbit is
coming to his Democracy.

Carries her lips and sharp teeth
Sucks her breasts hotly

Gendarmes trumpeting French trumpets
Ascending the shoulder with the axelbant...

The Englishman neighbour put on the casing.....

The Englishman next door put on
his leathers He took his girlfriend
and went to the cinema.
He didn't come back until two o'clock. The
two of them came back together, I could
see out the window.

In Paris, the cold is so thick
It's like Siberia is Krasnoyarsk Krai And
there's no home. "I'm going home!"
You go to the woodshed.

I live like a wolf and I'll die like a
wolf Yesterday I ate too much
and my stomach hurts. I ate
pork and it was like silk. But I
ate too much and I'm suffering.

If I had a wife to say, "Wait! You've eaten
enough. Wait till morning."
But since I live alone with myself, I
eat once a day and half a bucket.

What this life will lead me to Like
everyone to the end, and the end is
the same
I see how roughly my corpse is laid down
In a large suitcase, a stranger's master

No, he's not gonna fix his dick behind
his dick So that it's soft, it doesn't rub.

His union, because of the low prices.
Going on strike against fate.....

Envy

*Joseph Brodsky, on the occasion of his
receiving another cash prize.*

In the rocks in the early
sun I lie like a monkey
Reminding me of my recent delirium
Between the rocks on the sand is the
skeleton of a large mackerel. The gulls
of Tychocean will leave no flesh on the
fish. No.

Wave upon wave, like bullets from
a nagan Pouring in at the will of
their shooter How California is
strong!
And private property is spicy
Stinks from every coastal piece

"FEED THE FEW. "TO KEEP THE REST IN
LINE
KEEP DREAMING OF MEAT AND NEST."

I see the Universal Law in big letters... The
Fifth Column.
Spy. A spy. He's got it again. And will live like
Napoleon's brother
Among other poets like shit....

"Do you want thirty-four
thousand?" I say to the crab
confused.

"Go away, why are you tickling me!" And into the crevice he hides his body.

I manage to follow him up by saying
"Thirty-four times five."

.....
What poet by the ocean waters
hasn't vulgarly stroked his belly
We're all dishonest. Each of us is
ridiculous And yet "he" gets the money.
I'm wondering how it happens
That "he" still gets all the money

.....
Framing the fiery body in all its parts
And body to the piled tree likened to a
tree I lie, jeans and sandals
On a hard rock and a seagull
above me.
And dirty, she laughs,
In the rocks, all the fish have been killed.
"Why did you destroy the
mackerel?" I tell her angrily and
rudely
She tosses her fur coat and
aims her sneaky aim at the
sours left by the tide She's
voracious and lustful
Like Don Juan crawling into bed

.....
I don't care. I'm not asking
questions because I'm looking for
answers.
Not those seagulls - powerful
pumps of Gov't and fish. Not even
the poets
And no not the world sloping and
shameless I don't need. Laughing, not
harshly
I've lived in Paris for the past year and as

an aesthete I haven't written a word.

.....

However, if I had enough of these sums

.....

Judas on Broadway

1

I walked down Broadway dressed in a colonel's cloak
The colonel was Russian, and afterwards a Nazi executioner
Ended the war, came to New Jersey in a steamboat
And died recently according to the law in nature

.....

In the twentieth century, you can walk without overshoes.
A passerby in overshoes looks an awful lot like your God. A
beard. A moustache. Small, empty eyes.
(Whenever anything happens, I'm sure there's a tear in your eye.)

Character is hysterical. Nervous lady, not her
husband Snake, - so viper, though it is a small
one He to be Christ, never to wear epaulettes....

.....

Once upon a time Slava Vasilyev lived. A quiet poet...

He also reminded me a little, but of God
He walked on the waters. He'd hand over bottles in
a downpour He'd fill his rucksack and walk and float
on the ground Where's little Slava? Alas, he ended
up in a noose...

(He "cummed" literally. Everyone has known this for a
long time Orgasm comes when your throat is tight
There's a direct link between the throat and "cum in a noose."

Of the same wonders as "painting frost on glass.")

2

And there lived a certain.....ov. Quite a poet. Twenty years ago, I think, of all kinds. Where's that.....? And where are the rest of the dozen? I remember there was a soup. And one gem in that soup.....

We poured the soup in the crusty bowls made in Astoria at the very beginning of history. Two thousand years have passed. Jesus got the pearl of salt, and with it the scandalous fame.....

So if you take a bowl from your brother with your hand. Then remember the consequences. "Brazier" is good. But betrayal is also a nice mission. Who is the most famous? Judas. Recognised by any commission

Any statistic will tell - Judas, head of the romantic school To Christ bending down, we remember, he whispers verbs His eyes shine. The lightning flashes daringly And into the soup, hissing... dying... wobbling.....

3

I walked down Broadway, dressed in a colonel's cloak
The colonel was Russian, and afterwards a Nazi executioner
He died in New Jersey. Alone, without friends or family,
he left his rags. And I inherited them.....

Broadway is beautiful! ♪ Broadway is wide and windy ♪
I was going to write about the number of monsters square per metre,
but suddenly. I remembered that dirty
Broadway is supposed to be to be measured in
terms of yards
...и suddenly you come across -
"Brinks." ...и you meet two gards.

Bags. Revolvers. Eyes under caps menacing Razor cuts,
and oh, chins serious....
And as you know, the wind walks Broadway among us.
Then the wind naturally bends the sticker off the cheek of the senior
garda....

4

Manhattan and Broadway are preparing
themselves for Haloween Walking down Broadway
you see suddenly a shop window Where death like
a man is proudly wearing a tuxedo And holding a
woman-death by the waist she firmly

Bloody Mask keeps pedalling and pedalling and pedalling
And she's still bleeding. How did her legs not fail? A
bloody mask, tainted by a foul grave.
Partly green, it appears to children as a cute...

Three kids are standing there with their mouths hanging open. I'm thinking, "Kids are hard and tough these days.

A bloody mask, also, and ew, gross! that in connection with the grave! Thirty years ago I wouldn't have called a boy a sweetheart-

(Actually, I think part of the population is wasting money for the holiday For many, you don't need a mask, a face is enough Manhattan and Broadway hold enough monsters So expressive that Frankensteins molt...)

5

And I'm going to Beefburger, guys. Although I'm a writer, I don't live rich. Betrayed by his friends. Judas betrayed a thousand times by them. I've learnt to live alone at last now

Wandering Broadway and the Champs Elysees. A little revitalisation amongst the "seductive ladies". And hands deep in pockets, in a colonel's cloak, To march with dignity through human thickets

It's all clear. And the ladies and the wars of the two flies... And the glory... Alas, the human spirit is all of it. And firmly inhaling that cheese-like stinky sort of roquefort Iz smell... Going, and Broadway curves uphill.....

Parisian poems

1. The Ballad of Lobo Park

Smells of petrol over the brown water The
sun behind the damp clouds
A motor boat whizzed by "Justine" In
the rain. Unpleasantly alone.

An Arab suddenly threw a bottle into
the Seine. A Greek took a bite out of
his kebab.
A Frenchman kisses a Frenchman on the
left Everyone has his own taste.

Willow. Chestnut. Laurel and spruce
On the right, a vagrant huddled in a
crevice In rags. A nest of scraps of
blankets He has ingeniously created

Girl with a thick good thigh Busy with
a long good letter
Into the park suddenly walks a sad
Nobody Dick to show from his coat

A maimed pigeon flies without
anger A paw fell off festering.
But he'll get by just fine. He's a
racing and eating maniac.

"We are alive!" "Survive!" - Nature shouts
Everyone has a confident look
Even the wave is cheerful and
vivacious The shape is hip

.....

If I had an aviator as a friend, he'd
do me some important favours.
So over Paris from the gas jets, he'd
write my FUCK.

.....

I know a woman - she's forty-five
Oh, how she doesn't want to fade A
woman she wants to be always A
woman she wants to be always A
tender slit she's proud of

I've had to work with Christ and more
than one Magdalene. Each one needs
to be encouraged and lifted up.
Give her a new name

A whole line of pale harlots
Worse than the worst of the worst of the
worst hospitals Passed by. I worked as Christ
I've lived by this hard work

In the park the whole world as if in a dewdrop
A tramp's moustache came through
A girl with thick and soft thighs Sat down
with an Arab man for two

By rearranging the light and the clouds
From Notre Dame stretched out
to us a beam We clung- And
there on the coat

Ended for all of us Nobody...

Paris, 1981

2. After the film.

Where are all the good bad girls
Violent girls with sharply thrown back heads with
dilated pupils
ruthlessly looking for love all over the world starting
with nothing?

Where men with shiny armholes in big
suits
sharp tango dancers with unexpected twists and turns kissing
vampire-looking girls.
frowning over the girls?

Where a noisy exotic crowd
trampling the smoothly combed
lawns with patent shoes
The crowd - who are waited on by huge white Rolls-Royces (-
close-up moustaches of men
more silk stockings des femmes fatales)?

Where did they go?
Where did the Rolls-Royces go after
that memorable picnic?
Where did they arrive when it rained? What
happened behind the sign The End?

.....

They're the old and invisible
shaking their shabby heads that
live on Central Park South.
- according to a journalist I know
In the evenings they go down to dark leather old bars to listen
to Negro jazz.

The bars are empty (it's been empty so far), smell of
sawdust And nobody recognises them...

Someone quietly died of OD (drug overdoses).
and rest peacefully in the dark green cemeteries of California.

Half a dozen heroes have deliberately committed
suicide... Two or three have lost track.....
Tarzan seems to serve as a dorman in a Las Vegas hotel... But anyway,
life has passed.....

.....

What are we waiting for by
needlessly quarrelling - my
friend!
Hold your anger, put on your hat and let's go dancing.

3. Romance

I love you guys so sunny and light
It's as if your secret was injected into my
bloodstream. I've absorbed you with milk.
But you got into the milk by accident

Not this world. Not this miserable world
You were sent to me by a world passionate and
haughty A world of young swift and foamy
Where the nymph of the waters is pursued by a satyr

Where there's a little footprint along the
brook And goat's cheese on the rocks is
uneaten
Where the spirit of wine and no
one is poor Where at last you and I
are alone.

I'll get to the little nipples! I'll just stretch
out my willing hands
To the body of a tender girl and a bitch
The fugitive nymph has torn off her veil

You're all fright and a sharp turn
And half a laugh and a "no" and a "yes" and a "can".
"Oh go away!" - you whisper to me anxiously
stretching out my stomach and mouth....

I love you. I love you. You! I'll never
drink you Elena All my body loving
you and rubbing you
Having explored all corners gradually...

You're sitting on a bench in a French old park.....

You're sitting on a bench in a French old park Even
though it's summer... alas, somehow it's not hot.
They run by the park in all directions So cool in June
that it's time to put on a coat

You have so much experience with Russian breasts
But where to with this experience...how many centuries ahead of us?
You know everything: what is bad, what is fair, and what is
beautiful... Do you know everything? Why do you live
unhappily?

Why is there a frown on your face
If you know, put on a pretty face.....

You're sitting. Naughty schoolgirls run quickly from the lyceum
Couples, threesomes hurry, or barely walk like a sore thumb
Accumulations in the eyes and shoulders and knees
of unawakened passion and fat infantile laziness.

A carnivorous bun munching on a chocolate candy.
You're a French schoolgirl walking into a cold summer A frail
rogue, shoulders raised and moustache thin
I watch the baby mamas go by.

With a delicate hat tightly covering the bald head An
uncomfortable old man overtakes the past tense
And knotted in the knot of highways and bridges are the evil veins

Parisians of the ages, colds of the world old-timers

We longer sing our songs the line developing And
above them the yearning of all the world's hours,
martial...

By the Seine

The lady disappears...
The wind tears off a
leaf... A cloud creeps in
suddenly Empty on
the bench
There's no Jewess in the garden
It's sad, - dear friend...

The branch suddenly fell
down The boat dragged
down Looking for a
corpse?
The doctor looks stupid
The policeman is drunk and
siz....

No corpses, no
sightings The whole
team is ashamed They
looked at the water for
nothing The water was
watched
They were looking for corpses
With revolvers burning...

It's good and boring to be a poet.....

It's good and boring to be a poet
Only in a Russian mosquito summer
On an old dacha with a samovar It's
good to be a poet not old
And sometimes with a
bottle, with a thin arm
round your neck

And mushrooms are good for the stomach
You'll go to the woods - mysterious
and creepy And with your friend
Lena by the water.
You spit in dark ponds

Granny walks like a sick child You can see the
bell tower behind the mountain.
And when you go for a piss in your
sleep, you'll crush the berries with
your foot.

It's good to be a poet in Russia.
But now Russia's on lockdown.
And the flowers are
slanted and crooked In my
outstretched hand

God forgive the land freaks And
there's something going on out
there without us.
Every day the big sun rises and the sun
sets in the evening.

I went to supermarkets instead of palaces.....

I used to go to supermarkets instead of
palaces Spent many a quiet hour there
Listening spitefully to music, oh dear!
And clusters of bloody meat seemed to me
the requisites of paradise...

I trembled in front of the stands.
Mountains of food Seas of beer and rivers
of sizzling water Hit my jaws, washing
them down
As I kneaded a handful of warm coins in my
pocket, I felt my fragile skeleton shivering,
swelling under my clothes

I went to the supermarkets... There like
Melmoth I stomped around for hours. With
a scornful mouth
Curved in a razor-thin smile Do you want me
to go after the human race?
I would love as before. Like the worm of the city
Adoring the Madonna and child...?

Demonstrators march on the May land...

Demonstrators march on the May
ground There are so many lying warm
already

In the cemetery the steam and
rubbish are raked From the harbour
the ships are moving away

Father replaces the handkerchief
in his pocket Blows the back of his
head, hides the baldness In May,
always a wine smoke
You eat a nicely dressed cake

Mum dances and Dad dances
But he just sat down - he's tired
Guitar sounds. And in the
background A hooligan is
pissing in the cemetery.

Lilacs are bursting out of the ground
like mad The ships have arrived in
the port of Tuapse.
Sitting sailors - drinking red soursop The wind
is swinging a dry swing

Our dusty courtyard, pheasant and
peacock Two books by Freud our son
reads Adding Hamsun's "Hunger" Let us
realise that terrible, dull and young

A vagabond bathes in the May waves

There's a flag flying over the floating canteen

Jellyfish swim. Boulders are strewn
And rotten fish stinks not evil

The barge is overturned. The rope is stretched
Two woolly stumps sticking out of the rope
Wet wood piled in heaps
There are canvas clouds coming in from the sea

Wearing something yellow. The
vagabond sadly leaves the Tuapse Bay

And goes to the station along the harbour
wall And sees station dreams at the
station

Dr Jaquille and Master Hyde

At social gatherings, Dr Jaquil walked the streets
and surprised people with his elegant style.
A dishevelled villain became with blood burning, And
was called by night, -Mr Hyde....
There was a bridge over a river... (Thames or Clyde...?).

And the wind blew, the wrinkles of the sky
parting- Here's Mr Hyde, crouching
ominously
And dragging my leg like a wolf, I
left the house of a decent doctor.
Hurrying through the rain to torment the beautiful
brunette He caught in a golden cage
Having been stripped of his job in the wake of a major scandal....

Torturing... beating... She screams... He can't
get enough Turning frantically his pupils on
the whites Accompanying the inclement skies
With the spattered pattern of the mouth of
the ochalous one
And uncombed hair.....
He's tearing the shell of her ball gown! The
brunette flaunts her bodily....

And folds like an English cake Jaquille In test
tubes he grows rottenness In love with the
professor's debauched daughter Oh mores
of the bourgeois milieu!
Walks with her in the parks by the water.

But she's still too shy to rip off her shirt!

Day X

Today the Leader of the Opposition
phoned the government this
morning that there's a
revolution in the capital, and,
"it's time to give up the power."

"Putana," came the reply, a snort into
the receiver, and the connection was
cut off. The leader stood up.
Said: "Well, it's going to be hot for them
The palace is left and the railway station."

Four tanks turned grey
outside the presidential
palace
Calmly the president "I believe..."
But his lips dance around his face

Beethoven on the radio, Mozart, interspersed
at times.
Belching flames from the rebel cannon's
mouth behind the mountain

It's 7:00 a.m., but the heat is
building. They're ready for this and
that.
And the hasty night ends, and
the day frightens them to the
bone

Major Rivera's smooth-shaven face shoves

a Colt down his throat,

and the brandy I drank last night burns
my stomach with a thousand volts.

The last helicopter flew off the embassy roof
with a butterfly's arse.
Ambassador Woodstocker nervously
removes his glasses and drinks
greedily from a flask of whiskey.

The Counsellor's burning secret
business and the Star-Spangled
Banner.
slides down reluctantly, candy-
coloured, and, suddenly falls,
covering the garden

Antonio (Sanchez's nephew) is
batting fifteen today, but
exactly two hours from now
a bullet will hit the boy

a revolver on his thigh with key chains,
"Kalashnikov in the other hand,
it will fall and spurt juices and
freeze on the stone piece....

Corporal Rodrigo greedily clings to
Mary Anne's white croup
and the seed lingers, lingers, lingers,
lingering between the girl's lips.....

Now he'll jump up. Suddenly he'll get
dressed and leave the wench and the bed.
(Corporal's bullet awaits) he's lazy.

and the girl sleepily washes her slit

.....

Laughs the Leader of the
Opposition - A hunchbacked
man with glasses.

The journalists (pale-faced!) got a
hasty bus ride....

World picture

The Browning is cocked by
a Chinese man. The knife is
pulled by a Malay man.
Five brave Brazilian boys want to rob the
bank.

Life happens in a big way
Captain Knut's
The whip captain sold the
AK and bought sand in
Macau.

A Thai fisherman and a Malay pirate Got an
automatic Kalashnikov.
Shaking their yellow hands
Knut promises to bring bazookas

Tom pulled Dick's arm over
And I stuck a syringe in his vein.
In New York in bed, the boys are lying in
bed. They won't make soldiers....

**WORDS LAST
YEARS (2000-2003)**

On the death of a major

The major was killed in
Chechnya, he gave me his cap.
He traded with me for my cap (It's
been in battle more than once).
...Major Kasatkin had a holiday, Through
Moscow he lay.
I haven't forgotten Major
Kasatkin, he wrote on the
lining:
"Whoever finds this cap, give it to Major
Kasatkin immediately."
I hope, Major, you've gone to
heaven, And your heaven is waging
war
With hell next door for the garden of Eden,
Adjoining the two of them.
I hope, Major, that your squad is
advancing through the infernal smoke.
That you've got a tough war in
paradise, just like you loved,
As Sukhumi is taken, so is the stepping of
underground forces.

Old fascist

The Old Fascist (Pierre Gripari).
at the "days of literature" in the town of
Cognac, who advised me to read Nerval,
died recently.....
An old French fascist and an old pederast. I haven't
read Nerval, but I know,
that he hanged himself from a lantern in
Paris at first light.
on Old Lantern Street. How beautiful! The
damned poet must be a fascist. There's no
other way out.
We all won (i.e. defeated) in 1995 and
next to the Krajina Serbs lost their land,
I lost Natasha.
Denard's attempt to repel the
Comoros Islands failed.
And Mitterrand the Pharaoh died.....
(Even Brodsky, my antipodean rival, has died. There is
no one to look up to me,
I'm the only one left.)
The damned poet must be a fascist. Failed
attempt...
Christ lost...
And Che Guevara and Misima and
Pasolini, we all lost, i.e. we all won...
We're coming out of the yellow hospital
with you for the thousandth time,
Natasha,
by Notre Dame (Oh, God's hospital!), and April
comes again and again.....
I was a fascist when I walked with you on
the stone slabs.

God's hospital, I

was him.

I still am.

You've turned into a tramp, a punkette, a rock band, a

mushroom-eater, a

a female soda machine. And I can

no longer be and... only a fascist

the earth will take me in.

Death and love reign over the world.....

Death and Love reign over the world, Only
Love and Death.
And that's why Fuck and
Soldier are backing us up.

of the sky. Their hot bodies
(he's muscular, she's white, never
gave birth to anyone,
But she gave everyone their own meat),

intertwined and pulsing together.
She, the hopeless unfaithful bride, Pours
semen into her mad body,
Knowing that's where she'd find death.

The whore's tongue is wet.
There's a fire in her slit,
A soldier, a chopper of both hands
and heads, He seed'd into her like a
horse

She strokes the nape of his
neck, And he wriggles with
dust...

When I introduce myself...

When I inject myself
to your young channel
And on the wall in
hell.
(and hell is pitch black)
I crucified you with
myself, I glided and
soared

And the bitterness on my lips
and your night belly
and thinking in the
darkness:
"well, that's what happened, there."

April 2000

Prince Tamino, with his rifle and satchel....

Prince Tamino, with rifle and satchel
Austrian German Hitler with a blush
Walked gloriously across the French field
But was attacked by gases

"Cosi fan tute." "Di Zauberflöte" Austrian
German Mozart notes
He travelled to Paris. He lived half his life in
carriages He recorded the music of the
spheres in duets

Electors. Archdukes. Clares. The corals of the
Nazi wine are poured into glasses.
Homo fascists, Ernst-Remes and homo
The name Mozart is familiar to
fascists.

If I were a young and brave SS man.
I'd listen to Fiordilige with Dorabella Two
officers: Guglielmo, Ferrando.
They were smuggled in by Mussolini.
Two Italians, - staffers laughing To our cafes
mares fearful of us

How I love you Mozart the comrade,
Hitler the comrade - you can't digest,
Hitler amigo Prince Tamino Gently
painting houses in ruino...

2002, Lefortovo

Lefortovo

The prison day with its rustling
tourniquets has already begun, and
it's slow going.

The paper's been brought... The doctor's
prescription drugs are knocking on the key.
Folded up in a paper, they put a second tea-
foam mug in the feeder.

I'm finishing my drink. The day is a
barge If you can call a prison a river.

Lefortovo Hotel, military epaulettes
And the moans, moans, moans,
moans of a soul buried alive here
"How are you Monsieur?" to me "the man
with the gun" The question is asked by the evil
one, he's bald.

This junior lieutenant really is a fox.

He's a thin fox, his shirt smells of pearls
and carrots, he's with his sister-in-law.
I was travelling to Baumanskaya in the morning...
"I'm fine, I won't die soon. I'll live another
300 years to spite you."

- The response of a fascist philosopher sounds

The philosopher let his mane loose
as best he could At the feeder he
laughs and spits He does push-ups,
he doesn't give up
"He's a superman," a teacher would say
He's the highest grade, he's extra, he's mega-star.

And a junior lieutenant is a Russian samovar.

Fearfully awake: an empty prison ...

Nasty

Fearfully awake: an empty prison Woke
up early in the morning
And underfoot down the steep hill
...Bactria and Sogdiana

Both yellow. Sweet two
homelands of the Sultan
Bactria is like a mane on a lion Rain of
gold - Sogdiana

I will not deliver to you...I will
not die As petals from the
fountain Gently clatter against
the earth's crust
...Bactria ...Sogdiana

You're writing a letter to me
And the address is simple: close-up scribbles
Asia is where the skies are cuprous
Bactria. Sogdiana.

There will be a flight of golden
eagles Though salt be poured
on the wound
Till I see Bactria and Sogdiana from the
high hills.

Saratov Central

The prison is noisy from door to
yard With morning's humid heat
creeping in
And the wet, wet beast crawls out To
squeeze through the window now

Prison hums and shouts and says
Prison keys clang and clang
To the trial-examination, to the pale Last
Judgement We frightened boys are dragged
away

Prison living all wet inside
They never go out in prison, look.
There's no girls in prison, no silence.
But what big dreams there are!

Prison is like a mother, the womb
is hot Prison gives birth, straining,
grunting
And spews the wet, dead fruit The prison
above us sweetly sings!

"Wooooooooooooo! Swoooooooooooooo! Woo!
You're my boy, you're mine, and I'm dead.
To the trial-examination, to the pale Last
Judgment You kid, get up kid, call-uuut!"

Aleskander's death

The marshes of Babylon
bloom Water from the
Tigris and Euphrates Spring
is rich in germs
The king drinks to Hephaistion's ashes.

The king is withered, the alcoholic
king is sick The wise man Kalan
once said
Foretold that no, not the death of a
soldier Will find. But by the death of
the Babylonians
He'll be in the city of debauchery

The blue shadow of the stark walls
The vastness of the copper desert
along the bed Is like a fresh fairy tale
By the headboard, wines of
purple Stand the vessels with
the wineskins

With jaundiced jowls
Aleskander steps back to the
dead. His handsome and
outstretched Swords clenched in
his fists
A crowd of sullen and stubborn
Waiting for the warlords. The winds

Palace spring oschetinen
Derzhava. Asia. Orb stays
sullenly on the right

For death is half and half

The palace is double-crossed

Death enters from the left.

Death is calm.

And Asia the great sultry

And Babylon is discarded.

Death is a young big maiden

Whose eyes are glassy and

innocent.

Going for a walk with a blonde.....

Nasty

I'd go for a walk with a blonde
with a slim, slender half I'd go for a
walk with a blonde with a gentle
embrace
And squeeze her tit with my hand

Blondes aren't people. I'm
walking with an angel with
you.
And all the people are looking around
Two thousand, what year?

You're like a flower in a delicate
field As the dress flows to you. As
long as
Sitting in jail, puffing and stinking? I'd like to
hug a slippery blonde!

Ellen

The song of the mechanical nightingale on the rue
Payenne The Masonic house where the pyramid
with the triangle And the girl H  l  ne met...
H  l  ne... H  l  ne The cart that wields the coal com

A close acquaintance walks along the rue
Payenne, whistling, shrieking, led by an old
woman
She's coming to me to mate. So why
should she mate with an old woman?

With her fingers in her ears and her eyes
closed She runs along the rue Payenne
squinting.
And the glare and the sun hitting the coal
"Bzin! Bing!" the glare flies off into the corner.

And the darkness stinks. And it smells of piss
Such was the simple life, urban In the
year eighty-first there in Paris
Ellen...Ellen...Ellen...you're wet inside.....

She was.

To his fiancée, Pelagie ...

To his bride Pelagie, the
Marquis de Sade is
hurrying.
And the gravel underfoot
squeals with "sha" and "zhe"
and "vzhi."

Deep neckline. Sleepy bodice. A bunch of
cold tits
Above her is the Marquis de Sade,
like a vulture She has a bone in
her throat

He saws, he tears, he bites
flesh, he grinds it like salt.
She squeals: "Lord! God! He's
cutting me lengthwise!"

[Then he to her, but that
and love Blond, sadistic,
marquis.]
What with her - gentle, fearfully
rude She tosses her down]

He gives her to his
servant. The servant
grabs a whip and
tortures her belly.
And stomping like a bear

She'd sleep without him

Sucking on candy.....

[And adores it
That without her
marquis there is no her
in the world]

"My fragile amoeba! My
nocturnal reaper!"
"Into her like a spear Stomp
her, my Jean!"

Flesh stinks, stinks of shit, O white-
beast!
O Pelagie, thou greedy house
Cold tit floors Yesterday,
always, now...

Limonov lived, Limonov is alive
Limonov will live.
To his fiancée Pelagie, the
Marquis de Sade hasten....

And the viscous Lenin falls foggy....

And the viscous Lenin falls misty on
the handles of all the cabins over
the ocean,

And the rusty Marx - factory management
Gnawed through the iron: ribs and bindings,

And a black Nietzsche - out of failure -
crabbed And a fat Buddha bloated by a
baobab,

And sharp I am, like the thorn of thorny
flowers On the Ukraine of ghosts
flying,
In the Ukraine of dreams, where Gogol
and his elms Where beeches and oaks
and groves base...

That's us. What are you like?
We are ethereal. You are earthly.

4 February 2003

Somewhere Natashechka
In the warm, light rain She's walking
barefoot now
And above the cloud, the
Lord plays with a knife,
casting a glare on her face.

"Boo-boo-boo-boo-boo-boo-boo!" "Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba!"
- So sings Natasheka naked
The girl stuck out her lower lip
Deadly hands chattering And with
her legs also helping....

Natasheka's wet naked
Natasha is hurrying towards
Raya.

Someday, hopefully in the very next year....

Nasty

Someday, hopefully in the next year, I'll walk up
to a little punk with a smile.

Long time no see, comrade punk, Let's go for a
walk (do you mind?) to the zoo.

There's smart penguins and monkey faces
There walks a wolf as handsome as a red partisan.

You don't look so happy, comrade punk.
Shouldn't we take a tank for a little walk?

And this miracle girl, with the most beautiful of grimaces.
He'll say to me: "Prison wolf! Oh, how I love you! I'm
just silent. I'm not sad at all.
Everything is cool and beautiful!" - that's what she'll tell me.

Where seals and hippos splash in the pools We'll
drive up to the ice-cream parlour in a tank.

We'll buy forty packs of vanilla and
popsicles That'll make those who pass by
cry with envy.

notes

Notes

1

variant: "I'm hovering bird siren B day of solemn
sailors."

2

"Warm fogs clothed the branches and flowers of cherry trees."

3

Vitayu (ukr.) - greetings.