

SAMSON GELKHVIDZE

Soucramento Poems of  
Confession at Poems  
(Poems)



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**"Poetry is my calling,  
my destination  
That for which from Heaven to earth,  
fate commanded me"**



**"My Essence  
there is my pain... and my feelings,  
without which I am far from me"  
Samson Gelkhvidze**

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"Vanity of vanities, everything is vanity,"  
said the Ecclesiastes,  
And only poetry will risk  
Whisper back to him:  
"Everyone but me."

Tbilisi – 2022

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The collection contains an introductory article by the editor and selected poems by the author from 1984–2001, grouped into sections: "Poetry and I", "Sounds of the Heart", "Meditative", "Civic Stanzas", "My Friends", "A Look into Nature", "Joking.



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(Introductory article, structure, cover, design)

## "THE SOLID HEART HUMS EVERYWHERE"

(Editor's note)

These words of Vladimir Mayakovsky are the most suitable for characterizing the poems and poems of Samson Gelkhvidze, who for the first time appears before readers as a poet.

"The first sign" on the bookshelf of fiction was the collection of stories "Dealers in Pain" (Tbilisi, 2002), and now we see a test of the pen in poetry.

The carrier of a purely earthly profession of a builder, having scientific contributions to this field of technology and a scientific degree, as it turned out, spends a significant part of his life ... in the sky, carried by the wings of inspiration, and, perhaps, by Merani himself ...

The poems, conditionally "sorted into order" - sections of "Poetry" could be indignant and demand "perestroika", but ... what's done is done! The author wrote many, many punched cards that impress him as carriers of original lines, and then the PCs and editors got involved in the work, and there was a "registration" on the shelves ...

"Sounds of the Heart" is not only a section of the collection, it is its essence. The poet's meditation covers, first of all, human feelings: love, compassion, the joy of communicating with nature and Heaven.

The troubled soul of the poet, who for a long time vaguely aspired to Heaven, to lofty feelings, to great sacrifices, received calm and access to the Heavenly Father. Samson became a devout parishioner of one of the Tbilisi Orthodox churches. In many of Samson's meditative poems, the "Heavenly Theme" was explicitly expressed and, in his opinion, poetic creativity was prompted to him from Above, is a divine gift. Hence the title of the collection.

"Poetry is my calling,  
my destination  
That for which from heaven to earth  
fate commanded me ... "  
"Poetry in me is from God"  
"... Greater happiness  
After love and devotion to God,  
In poetry I want to find!.."

Samson deeply believes himself and convinces the reader that the life of society without Him, without observing the Commandments, is flawed, inferior, and sometimes criminal, leading to upheavals and crises. We read this in his Civic Stanzas.

"There is no community of people without God..."

"People, don't shoot your brothers..."

A special place in Samson's poetry is occupied by traditional meditative-lyrical questions: the sources of inspiration, creative impulses, the essence of poetry. He shares his feeling of deepest satisfaction when punched cards are filled with inspiration and his beloved, which brought poetic lines to life, he can carefully and safely hide on a shelf:

"I'll take you to a notebook ... on the top shelf,

I'll take it farther..."

Samson's bright humor is also manifested here, as in poems about a draft - a guest of the research institute, about his name, etc.

Heartfelt "trials and errors" are presented in the collection with sincere, truly confessional lines, the poet's excitement sometimes spills over the edge of the heart cup.

"Still love sick

To everyone and everything

But, as before, we do not love! .. "

"... I just wrote, hoped and believed,

In the dream of unfulfilled love,

"My essence is my pain

and my feelings

Without which I am far from me ... "

The ability for warm heartfelt dedication to friends and everyone in need of help manifested itself in stanzas that were not devoid of some bitterness. Apparently,



gratitude was not always the answer ... What a pity! Such a manifestation of altruism is rare in our super cruel twenty-first century.

"I saw human tears,  
I drank human grief to the bottom ... "  
"I sacrificed myself for my own joy...  
And in this I felt my purpose ...  
The more things he did, the more they demanded ... "

When reading love and meditative lyrics, the "spontaneity" of Samson's work is striking. His "natural verses" do not know the "comb" of versification, they are whirlwind and sometimes clumsy, the author has no time to "comb" them.

"Pandemonium of thoughts  
My abandoned soul..."  
"In the avalanche of these lines  
I don't see all the mistakes...  
Rather, I skip them."

The lines overtake each other, are often repeated, falling under the cruel pen of the editor, but they always feel the beating of a full "fireproof pain", a sensitive and devoted heart. In one of the poems, Samson repeats several times:

"Find a woman  
Soul more feminine than me!"

I really want to transfer from the thick author's folder to the next poetic collection of analects migrated "combed" by the author himself "creations". In this collection, the reader will already find many poetic finds, unexpected images and metaphors, and, most importantly, bright feelings.

And I also want to wish the poet joyfully, deeply and for a long time to look into the dilated, devoted pupils of the eyes - into "two sunflowers on blue marble", which he once happened to see! ..

Indifference is the most terrible human feeling, all earthlings must overcome it in order to refute the sad lines of Samson:

"A person's life is the black box of an airplane,  
As long as you live, you are not interested in anyone ... "

Human life is a bright, bright trace! Moreover, - the poet, who creates Poetry: -  
"Mine, yours, someone else's!"

**Gleb Korenetsky**

## POETRY AND ME

Mine, yours, someone else's...

Mine, yours, someone else's

What's the difference?

Poetry is one

Folk, human,

Poetry is soul

My soul, yours

The soul is completely different!

Poetry - souls

Living Stream!

Poetry - souls

My one hope.

Let me be a bad poet

But the soul burns

And so I live

And so I exist!

Poetry is mine

Love, one - to the grave!

You broke my night

Break another one!

But build my life

From heat cubes

Build a spacious house

So that many

Warm hearts!

Live my love

For the benefit of all people

Live and create

Don't leave me!

03/06/1986

\* \* \*

I write for myself  
This is what I pamper myself with.

### **BAN**

I forbade myself to read for a long time,  
So as not to write about what I caught.  
I want to voice only the thought of the poet,  
Sing the song that sits in me!

How true this is, I don't know...  
After all, in life there is no - without God - the right path.  
Any other road edge - the end of self-deception,  
End of truth-seeking, end of damned lies.

The secret is that you can't see it  
When you're on the road...  
Validity of your idea  
Unable to appreciate

But from his next venture  
Lost the joys of Spring.

Well, in the end everything will be very simple:  
What nonsense on paper  
Gave freedom of speech to create!

9/9/1984

### **I DON'T WANT AND CANNOT...**

I don't want to and can't read aloud  
All that I silently pour out on paper ...  
When it sounds that I silently express,  
Everything is false. I don't want to lie to you!

Do not demand, friends, do not force,  
Do not wait, from my trembling lips  
The pain and trembling of languishing feelings will not gush ...  
Reading silently, accept the lines,  
I hope I avoid falsehood in them.

\* \* \*

Is he a poet who is not proud,  
Neither the day nor the hour of your destiny?  
Is he a poet who does not bow  
For once, before the name - "love"?!

\* \* \*

"Vanity of vanities, everything is vanity,"  
said the Ecclesiastes,  
And only poetry will risk  
Whisper back to him:  
- "Everything, but only - not me."

\* \* \*

Writing poetry is so easy  
Tune in to the poetic wave  
So...  
The lines themselves pour from the sky onto paper!

\* \* \*

write poetry  
I can every day  
Tirelessly, cheekily...  
But who needs to know  
Know how you are for hours  
Spins relentlessly  
Restless earthly whirl?!

\* \* \*

Not lines in iambs, meaning or rhymes,  
I was lured into poetry  
Only the anguish of a bizarre tide,  
They called me a quiet, gentle rustle...

Waves of sparkling feelings  
On the golden sands, the coasts were painted  
One Divine, life-giving word to people,  
Written by them in different languages...  
There was this word - Her Majesty Sorrow!

11/25/2001

\* \* \*

Poetry is my calling  
my purpose  
That for which on earth  
destiny commanded me.

\* \* \*

I ask you not to judge me for free writing,  
To accept advice, instructions, wishes - I am ready.  
But to translate all this into action - I can not:  
Too expensive and fragile  
Feeling every word of mine

1.12.2001

\* \* \*

Poetry in me is from God,  
And prayers of Gratitude, Majesty and Glory, -  
Him for it! With all my heart, soul and mind,  
On my knees, I Exalt!

1.12.2001

\* \* \*

I am an Aries of Christ's flock,  
Finding himself in poetry.

\* \* \*

Weak, quiet, silent breath,  
Tree leaves rustling loudly  
whispered poetry in my ear,  
Drawing out the lines of my feelings  
From the mind and heart on the sly...

1.12.2001

\* \* \*

When you want to cry  
Take a pen in your hands and write  
Write, giving free rein to your feelings,  
Write about everything that hurts  
What drained your soul, your brains...  
And when you stop crying,  
Everything written, do not be lazy, read it.  
Rip it up or burn it to ashes  
Or maybe - mercifully save for a long time ...

11/26/1984

\* \* \*

Of my written poems I word-for-word,  
I can't remember by heart...  
And even those that in the last minute  
So tremulously and passionately I composed.  
Just chest pain...  
A broken heart bleeds  
And not a drop of blood pours from it,  
And sadness my burning verses.  
Poems that quench the thirst of mortals  
Poems that saturate the hungry mind,  
Poems that easily melt in the wind  
Poems that, if you forget, you lose a little.  
And, remembering, maybe - do not be sad ...

I would not go astray from the right path -  
After all, you only want one!

11/26/1984

\* \* \*

Beautiful words game - a fun idea,  
They sometimes lie in my poems ...  
Them, falling on white sheets,  
The Muse carries it to its place,  
Depriving their memory and reason,  
So that they do not remember their creator.

08/07/1985

\* \* \*

I do not rewrite my poems amateur,  
Let someone else do it  
And if no one has a desire,  
Paper, written by me with paste,  
Always good for something  
Even if it's somewhere in the home.

10/17/1984

\* \* \*

Don't touch my lines, don't  
Don't waste your soul  
They contain unfinished remains.  
Days of childhood, youth, former life, -  
What I still live now  
That protects from noise and bad weather.  
Scraps of former joy and happiness  
Splinters are flying around ...  
The world of fairy tales disappeared without a trace,  
Childish games, friendship and love,  
And Musketeers' loyalty to goodness...



Where is the devotion to the cherished everything,  
Where did you lose your role, Actor?

10/21/1984

\* \* \*

To the canons of all versification,  
I'd rather take liberties.  
I can't get along with the thrown lasso,  
Rather, I will part with the Muse.  
Let me be that - "not in fashion."  
I will get a lot of attacks,  
Well, what can I do, I'll get used to it,  
This is not the first time in life!

7.12.2001

\* \* \*

For my life lived, not easy,  
I have already served science in full,  
Now I am indebted to poetry,  
And I feel like she is waiting for me.

12/18/2001

\* \* \*

For each line in the answer,  
I am a stubborn realist of my words,  
I am the ashes burning in hope  
That the lines will find understanding.  
Strings sparkle in my veins,  
Consciousness generates thought  
And enough for everyone who wants  
Love and warmth of my soul.

05/8/1986

\* \* \*

My heart asks not a pulse count,  
And my mind does not just give birth to a thought,  
And everything in me lives with poetry,  
And in the veins instead of warm red blood,  
The words of my poems flow, play...

7.12.2001

\* \* \*

Like the Bible instead of any person,  
No one else will read  
So are your individual verses, poet,  
No one else can write in life!

10.2001

\* \* \*

I myself am not a dream, I am only Samson,  
And I am not catfish, and I am on "he"  
And if I swim in verses  
That in order to put out seriously  
There is a blazing fire in them of my feelings.

10.2001

\* \* \*

I'm like crazy, crazy!  
Such a night brings sometimes  
Luckily, it won't last long...  
The mind will wake up in the morning, as always,  
And everything will return to its original place,  
And the lines of the terrible night that has flown away,  
They lay down on the sheet, lived until the morning ...  
I am filled with the joy of victory:  
Again the mind leads me!

What about the night? Is it cheating, right?! - I dont know,  
But the memory of the past is heavy ...

03/06/1986

## CHALLENGES OF GROWTH

"He will not seek victories,  
He is waiting for the higher beginning  
He was increasingly defeated  
To grow in response to him"

R.M. Rilke

Reread your creations  
To be honest, I don't always succeed.  
I fix hastily, as I burn ...  
I will be grateful to fate if I  
Will let go at the end of a few days,  
To reread your past insolence,  
And to be ill with youth again.  
Perhaps a lot of marriage on the sheets,  
And on my favorite punch cards,  
And what some once said ...  
So, it means life can repeat itself  
On the evolvent of higher consciousness,  
Leaving a trace of knowledge of the earth,  
What link can a person be?!  
I understand judging myself  
On this issue, it is impossible  
The path traveled is not easy to evaluate ...  
But still everyone should do it!

18/19. 03.1986

\* \* \*

I am often accused of  
That I am silent and say little,  
Well, well, let my letter  
Make up for my silence!

18/19. 03.1986

\* \* \*

Do not touch, do not disturb my lines!  
I urge you to handle with care  
So as not to disturb the quiet sadness! ..  
They are a lot of grief, tears, sadness,  
And brought some joy...  
You can share them with me.

24/25.03.1986

\* \* \*

If anyone finds out  
At least from me, what I write -  
I'm afraid I can't write anymore...

That's why I'm silent  
I write and I carry pain in my chest,  
But how long can I?  
So many around,  
Who destroys my peace  
And their number multiplies every hour,  
Yes, not by the day, but by the hour!

\* \* \*

Your admirers, Poetry,  
Less and less collects benefits ...  
Are there fewer poets?  
Or today everyone is not up to you?  
It looks like it's a pity  
Today you are not in fashion ...

09/03/1986

## HEART SOUNDS

WARNING

- Don't love me!

Who will meet me  
Will he be friends with me?  
Who will befriend me  
Does he recognize me?  
Who knows me  
Will he love me?

And who will love me  
He will die with me.  
- Don't love me  
Have pity on yourself!

09/26/84

## I DON'T LOVE YOU WITHOUT SAD

Forgive me, because sadness  
suits you better...  
But I don't want to be sad!  
The wrong side of sadness is bile,  
Mysteriously dumb.  
The storm shattered the sky  
And my heart stops,  
Your laughter is unbearable  
Lip lift was not broken.  
But somewhere far away  
The sea of feelings raged  
By ship, it's easy  
You were getting further and further -  
Away, into the world of longing,  
Mysteries and sadness

And the wave of your hand  
Called rainbow gave ...  
Never burning evil  
Didn't make me sad.  
Mouth, barely faded  
Pretty lucky.  
And a whirlwind that has flown -  
Don't get to the point!  
Sweeping everything along the way  
Will not carry away passions  
But whims will awaken ...  
And no strength to be found  
And white doves  
Your destiny will not.  
Many winters will pass  
Summer will not give fun ...  
The enemy is time for a man,  
And don't shake your finger...  
To him the prayer of the poet:  
- Dispel her sadness - the villain!

09/13/1984

\* \* \*

Whether fate, chance or time,  
They will bring you down - I don't know  
And there will be joy or burden  
From a meeting in the far side

\* \* \*

Why are you walking my path  
Cause I'm not right for you?  
You can't turn fate to yourself -  
I don't get it!

I met you by chance in my life  
No need to grumble at fate:  
The wrong page in the prospectus  
You stand - let me flip through!

\* \* \*

I confess, in my lifetime,  
I have seen a lot...  
Don't touch my line  
Frighten off a good start!

09.1984

\* \* \*

Let me tell you, you have changed a lot  
I'm starting to notice this:  
You have become more affectionate, diligent, and ... luxurious,  
It just got harder to understand you.  
Over the years, the life of other people warps,  
Making them more insidious and harmful.  
On the contrary, it leads you to mind  
You become brighter and more tender!

09/25/1984.

**IF HELP YOURSELF YOU GIVE  
YOU WILL NOT WISH**

Without raising your head  
Without saying a word  
You go into your thoughts  
Not knowing otherwise.  
In your difficult moments  
You didn't share a word  
Leafing through the days  
Can't find the past...  
It usually drags on all day



Goes in a long line  
You sit alone  
Twisting a pencil in his hands.  
And thoughts only increase sadness ...  
I forbid thinking  
Delight for tender lips  
I send a smile.  
Do not frown, light up with joy,  
To torment a pretty soul -  
To you: - "Love!" - life dictates,  
She will disturb the peace.  
Don't listen to your heart  
It harbors deceit  
And even the mind is given:  
Lighten up the fog a little...  
But if help is denied  
You outlined yourself  
Do not fill your eyes with longing for friends -  
For the selfishness of the meta...

09/26/1984

### **STEP ON MY HEART**

Step on my heart, step on  
I will write this for you!  
You will pinch my soul in the crack in the door,  
I'll sing this to you!  
Take away my crazy thoughts,  
I will tell you this!  
Stretch my life with a wolf's howl,  
I whisper in my ear!  
Don't walk, don't make noise, don't wake up!  
Do not destroy, calm the pain of the soul!

I'll run away - catch my feelings:  
I wanted to tell you a lot!

11/28/2001

## **BELLS**

Love bells are ringing  
Poets are called to heavenly voices,  
The wind carries away their voices,  
Bringing love to saving covenants.  
Once again the bells are ringing  
And fill my heart with bliss...  
I would like to dissolve in these calls,  
I would turn into these calls.  
I ask you, bells,  
Take away my spiritual pain,  
In the heart of evil feelings lull  
Peace, heavenly peace!  
Bells are ringing in the distance...  
Poets are called to heavenly voices,  
The wind carries away their voices,  
Bearing love for saving covenants.  
Bells, ringing tirelessly  
Warm human souls and wake up,  
Love stolen from people - return!

11/28/2001

\* \* \*

Your face features  
I've known for a long time  
They have not lost  
Former marvelous beauty,  
What have you always been proud of?  
For unnecessary words  
You hid from me

Hide all your vices  
Calling and beckoning.  
I heard an unintelligible call  
The game won't save you  
Or make your way to happiness  
Or the time for melancholy will come.

11/23/1984

\* \* \*

It won't take a day, maybe two  
And you yourself will perfectly understand everything,  
The riddle will end for you  
You will understand that life is not worth living without loving ...  
What kind of hearts end - your eyes ?!  
I'll never know, of course...  
And to nothing! .. And I met you, -  
And so, I write, pulling the leaves ...

11/23/1984

### **LIMITS OF BEING**

Will you ever understand everything  
The reason for that groan  
That proudly walks the earth  
Under the name ...  
Love.  
Understand my sadness and pain  
I am tired of this.  
And full of lies - if you please understand,  
Artful, daily.  
I can't find myself  
It's cold to the point of anger  
That temper - I'm friends with a donkey,  
That - "take care of the bones!"  
You despised, and right,

And she called me a fool...  
my stupid head  
Didn't notice that!  
Now catching your nervous step  
I'm happy and satisfied  
But everything hides the secrets of darkness  
I don't want to lose you!  
For stealth, a reliable shield  
I am grateful to fate  
He will truly protect me  
From evil, with misfortune paired!  
But suffering cannot be avoided  
Only crumbs - consolation,  
Love and hate are on the way  
One hundred faces - from birth!

11/26/1984

### **ARE YOU ALONE IN YOURSELF?**

- One - not one, mine - not mine!  
I scream at the top of my voice, the pain is not melting.  
Not sparing myself, I tear out desperately  
Sheets from a notebook mercilessly.  
I repeat, I'm sure in full:  
- Are you alone in yourself ?!  
Thoughts come back to you  
One word can't describe you!

- One - not one, mine - not mine!  
I scream at the top of my voice, the pain is not melting.

11/26/1984

\* \* \*

Forgive me, my betrayal:  
I love poetry more than you.  
My poems are my treasure  
And more happiness  
After love and devotion to God—  
In poetry I want to find.

1.12.2001

### **WE HAVE SUCH A FUNNY LIFE**

- Well, what about you, you seem to be embarrassed?  
Believe me, there is nothing new in words,  
As there is no lie in the words of my confession,  
That laughter is our best good.  
Laughter is the safest medicine  
What was free and free  
Sick humanity is given ...  
But all earthly medicines are more expensive,  
I only have your opinion.  
What is the best feeling in the world:  
Laughter at life or at yourself?  
Are you looking for the right answer?  
Play everything as it is given to understand.  
Go ahead, but just laugh more!  
Laugh until you feel sad...

And you get sad -  
Keep smiling!  
Then maybe  
In life, you will finally be lucky.

11/26/1984

## **RED CLOVE IN THE SNOW**

You are like a red carnation to me  
On white, untouched snow,  
And they took you away that evening  
Doubt in unbridled fervor.  
without you around everything freezes,  
The burning cold causes a groan,  
And for a while the heart stops,  
Who will support him now?  
I'm cold without your hugs  
And are you hot in the snow?!  
Let me pick you up from the snow  
Greedily put to your lips.  
Petals glowing bright!  
Be sure that with your cold  
I will be able to cool your ardor in an instant!  
In response, only melts "no" along the strings of the violin  
The long-suffering bow rattles...

Oh, my tears, my tears! How not to burn  
You are still not my saviors!

4.12.1984

## **DO NOT LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN!**

"And he is no longer the same as he was in the beginning,  
Alien destinies, becoming his fate,  
Recognizing him, they take him away ... "  
R.M. Rilke

Dealing with your fate carelessly,  
I accidentally forgot to close the door of the soul ...  
I, who waited for the chance resignedly and for a long time,  
A thief managed to easily get into your hiding place.  
I penetrated in broad daylight unnoticed,

And shame and conscience as if having lost,  
Now I will live in you forever  
But it's completely invisible to you.  
From now on, I don't care what you will be  
talk and think about me,  
And I will not grieve in vain,  
Let the views all change in you.  
I know only one thing, moreover - iron:  
Wherever and with whom now you would not go,  
Now and forever - you are mine forever!  
Don't change what you don't know!  
I burdened myself on a hard way,  
Once in your clear, bright labyrinth,  
But the choice was the only one possible -  
Without an exit, but forever bright, the path ...  
Here I enjoy enough before death,  
Transparent depth of spiritual depths,  
Fanned by a fragrant light wind,  
From the tenderness of the eternal numb.  
I'm sinking slowly but surely  
Into the depths of your virgin nights...  
I have dreams at night, and I fly -  
I soar like a migratory bird.  
I soar among your desired passions,  
Meeting the starlight of your eyes,  
Soar, wrapped in your misty dream,  
Among your unrealizable ideas.  
I gently whisper the lines  
In order not to show yourself in you,  
So that our souls are not disturbed by the sound,  
And free to live in a bright labyrinth ...  
I have already said: - You are my spiritual,  
The only and bright labyrinth,  
I'm not going to look for the way out,  
It is gratifying to be mistaken and lost in it!

And if suddenly by chance, unexpectedly,  
In your soul you will catch me -  
Do not blame for my sudden impulse:  
It is given infrequently to penetrate into the soul!  
Waiting ahead on a long, long road,  
All the charms of the mysterious soul,  
On the path of life, a glorious segment, -  
I - earthly can no longer be found! ..

I'm sorry, I left you without saying goodbye,  
I'm sorry, I exchanged you on the earth,  
To the dreams of a deep and desirable soul,  
To the bright, endless labyrinth!..

And whose fault is it? Don't leave open  
At least for a moment, the soul's front door! ..

09/11/1984

### **AGATE BEADS OF HAPPINESS**

The tears have dried up  
Lines of rhyme lost  
Taste of meaning escapes from life,  
But I'm still looking for you  
And waking up at night  
I call you without words...  
I beg you, at least a little,  
Be brave, don't be afraid to try  
You are the feelings of my piercing rays.  
I run on new continuous lines,  
restless letter,  
And day after day I string, as if on a thread,  
An enchanting cascade of words calling you, -  
Agate beads of happiness.  
But you are still dumb.



Well, wake up at last and have pity,  
Because of you I came to nights without sleep.  
Instead of a beloved, hugging a pillow,  
I don't get tired of going a little crazy  
Maybe it's because I'm tired of life  
Or maybe from what I need  
Barren clouds of feelings thickened.

Don't love, don't love  
If you don't want, don't want  
But goodbye give a smile,  
And let me just wish:  
So that you are lucky to find it soon,  
Your love - your sorrow...

12/20/1985

### **AFTERWORD: "DID NOT MEET"**

Here is the New Year which time in a row  
Unceremoniously in life comes ...  
Fireworks bloomed - a parade of colored lights,  
An uninterrupted shooting rumbles ...  
My soul is silent - the whole cannonade of feelings  
She "shot" a long time ago during her lifetime,  
A long "non-meeting" of you and me  
I've been oppressed all my life...  
New Year's Eve candles are melting,  
Days and years of life - in great demand ...  
How many years have I been waiting for you -  
I have no strength, and the question torments me:

Where did I go wrong and lost you?  
Maybe when he was born?  
I do not understand, and I know only one thing:  
I have become old, and my strength is fading.

I'll probably die soon  
It's not destiny - I see you ...  
I have met many in my life  
But I was looking for and waiting for you - alone in the world,  
And for my words and feelings - I'm responsible!  
And if you call your life with only one word,  
That, for sure, will say: "I did not meet", and "I do not expect",  
"I'm not waiting anymore," but I was waiting for one in the world! ..  
I can't find you in this life...

12/20/1985

\* \* \*

Let your victory be  
Believe me I don't need her  
I would like to reach the top of summer -  
Everything will become clear.  
I will find you victorious,  
And silently begin to observe ...  
For this cherished joy,  
I'm ready to lose to you.

01/19/2002

\* \* \*

I'm afraid to hurt you with a word,  
But, apparently, that cannot be avoided.  
After all, I dared your eyes - like two sunflowers  
On blue marble - one day to see.  
And I realized in a moment one, I finally  
That from which the soul languished all his life,  
And it sounded cheerful in me,  
A heart animated by the tide.

7.12.2001

## CONDEMNATION

I parted with love  
Although you are still there...

I'll do it differently, smarter:  
I'll keep love with me, but you ...  
Loving you in my heart and condemning,  
Forever I drive away from myself.  
Will break away from heart  
Another shard  
And the pain will pierce through  
And my heart will get smaller...  
And the tears, as if wiser,  
They don't flow anymore.  
Suddenly losing its meaning,  
Dried out...

But in life it's always like this:  
What has come is gone...  
So now: dead  
What once was born.

Gone to nothing  
Disappeared, dissolved...

29/30.07.1986

## THE WALL

I did love you  
What have you done, why?  
And who did you change me to?  
You overturned love  
I spilled everything, completely, to the bottom,  
And at least what? ..  
Never mind!

You don't deserve ink or paste  
No punch cards, no pen.  
And it is necessary: how quickly,  
Your affection for me is gone  
How quickly the false tears dried up!  
Only lips remember, probably a kiss,  
Which ... and did not take place at all!  
No, I don't miss you anymore  
That I was indecisive - I regret it, right!  
I was afraid to be guilty  
At least in something...  
How was it there, with the unborn?  
- I was afraid to die and from that I was not born,  
Isn't it a "weighty" excuse?

08/14/1986

### **JUDGE BUT DON'T JUDGE!**

Would you like to talk to me?  
Walk the path first  
Which I passed:  
To love, not to be loved;  
Alien wounds  
Take it to heart;  
The other one was wrong  
I keep the answer;  
Shed other people's tears;  
Toil and suffer...  
And how does it hurt -  
Being a scoundrel is not for yourself!  
Walk my path  
To understand me  
And all questions will disappear at once,  
Everything will fall into place.  
One thing remains unclear:

How could not drive away  
I love from the soul?!  
They don't leave me  
Pain, tears and love  
To you and for you  
My patient, devoted reader...

03/17/1991

### **FIND A WOMAN!**

Find a woman with a more feminine soul than me!

(Women are now transferred?)

Find a love more selfless than mine!

(Love is now translated? ..)

Find the soul, sensitivity, pain!

Perhaps at least the last one was found! ..

I conjure - find a woman,

Soul more feminine than me

Not for me, but for yourself...

No, I'm not babbling!

And I only ask for one thing:

Do not distract, beckoning to yourself,

Until I meet... a woman

Soul more feminine than me!...

She and I are a destined couple,

Carriers of Heavenly Fire...

- My love, great joy

Soul more devoted and feminine than me!

03/19/1991

### **DO NOT RUSH!**

Oh, why did you "infect" me?

I fell ill with you then ...

And then retreated with tears,

And now I understand that in vain!

Those happy days won't come back

And I can't find you in another.  
The pain in my heart won't go away  
And I'm just a meeting for you on the way...  
But, wait, for God's sake, wait,  
At least for a moment warm your attention,  
Let your heart beat with joy:  
Don't rush, don't rush, don't rush!  
Well, I'm sorry, I swear it's by accident  
Threw us into that crackling fire  
He burned the two of us mercilessly,  
But you dealt with the burns.  
Neither time nor the wind can  
Take away my feelings for you  
And the suffering of love is everything in the world  
For two, I agree to carry!  
No, my soul is not healed,  
Pain tore her to pieces  
I keep hurting you  
You, love, forgive my moans!  
Oh Lord! You hear my cries  
Return my tenderness and reality!  
It hurts to see and feel in color  
How unforgiving life is...

26/27.03.1991

I, Alas, was not destined  
I love! And what?  
I was forbidden to love!  
Is that possible?!

Women's heart and beauty  
Sparkling eye,  
Lips swollen with honey  
Your freshness...  
Was it possible  
Resist yourself?

So I burned like a moth,  
In a hot, alluring flame -  
The light blinded me at once,  
Life changed smile  
Rushing into the clouds...  
But got lower  
Totally incomprehensible...  
I am defeated, once again,  
And defeated - in the clouds!  
True: the outcome of battles  
Not set by fields -  
Need to be able!

How to realize without pain:  
I am alone in this world  
I overtook all the living:  
I succeeded in my life  
Look into fate from heaven!  
I see the ban, the irresponsibility...  
How can I love?!

05/05/1991

## **MEDITATIVE**

### **MAYBE LIFE**

Maybe life  
What has become the past  
Was it more beautiful and truer?  
And what came to today  
The summary of my days?  
Slipped into the past health and study,  
Smiles, tears and love, a liar is hope.  
Friends left - some in silence, some a hero,  
And a lot of things merged with a lump of grief.  
All good beginnings go away,

Instead, evil hung over us...  
But is this what  
What were you striving for as a youngster?

No, everything is not right, all life is the other way around.

And maybe the roads of torment  
I will find that gap that swallowed good,  
Or maybe everything is carried by the constellation,  
Rising above our destiny?

Learn from him:

What awaits in unlived days?

Another question before me

Or just a continuation of torment?!

So where to look for the answer and in what?

Perhaps where the wind does not walk

Neither a dark night, nor a burning day?!

The price of the answer is life,

And life will be valued for a penny,

If you don't sing songs!

That is the question,

That's the answer

All truth and all lies!

Live while you live

And rejoice, fool, to half tears,

For the sun that always rises

For all others

When you leave them!

Why do you live, why were you born?

You don't have to lie to yourself about anything.

Live for today or tomorrow

But lift up a man with words,

And believe that he is innocent of anything!

09/18/1984



## WANTING TO

Escape from bad weather  
Wanting to get away from the bad weather  
Get away from chaos, from fame and noise,  
I go to the sky,  
To hear the call of the world  
In the land of lost desires  
In a land of bizarre lands,  
I find people's souls  
I'm ready to give them warmth.  
I'm leaving without leaving a trace  
Among the traces of my people,  
And flying away, I'll take away one day,  
previously received from him.  
I would like to leave - and not stay,  
And take misfortune with you  
And on Earth to part with your loved ones,  
I would like - only unearthly.  
I confess, I'm only guilty of one thing,  
I lived next to you in the white world  
And just in time, not late at all,  
I will redeem her, though timidly!..

09/19/1984

\*\*\*

I'm only to blame for the fact that I live,  
And my life, I swear  
I will redeem in full.

## DO NOT WASTE GROUND!

Although I didn't travel much,  
I searched everywhere I could  
But about saving the answer,  
Couldn't find myself.

Having lived a little and not bleakly,  
I sometimes lost myself in search,  
Having spent a lot of money and effort,  
I was left with almost nothing.  
But I found charm in the answer,  
It makes you forget about death  
Despising the earthly cycle itself:  
- Don't rush to give advice to others!  
Comfort yourself and try to sit down:  
- Your salvation is in you,  
Have it on hand  
Pen, kipu paper and flute.  
And after, - the main thing:  
Don't be afraid to run aground!  
But if no one is charmed,  
The "carousel" I proposed,  
And I will not hear the warm response of the heart, -  
Don't waste this shoal!  
Empty time will quickly dissolve  
And come to visit...  
destroyer - hops!

09/19/1984.

## **PEOPLE DIE FROM THE DEATH OF LOVED ONE**

People die from the death of loved ones  
And the death of friends tears hearts apart,  
Otherwise, not a single disease in the world,  
Until the century we will not bring the end!  
Ridiculous case, knowing all about it,  
In practice, uses the rights  
Without making you wait for an answer,  
And miracles bring us rumor.  
Not knowing the direction of the blow,  
Pillows for falling without carrying,

We fall from hops, from intoxication,  
From the bullet... silently. Or voice...  
An absurd chance rules over us,  
And someone is whole, counting the floors,  
Someone spared the evil flame,  
And someone, as luck would have it, survived ...  
And the darkness tightens the net,  
Curling the arms and legs of the victims,  
With fear we are waiting for the World Third,  
Evil to break stretched the nerve.  
Man passes by man,  
Bloody night and daylight  
And Chance travels through the century,  
Ringing an ominous bell! ..

09/26/1984

\* \* \*

It is said: - There is no evil without good!  
Perhaps that is how it is...  
But the whole point is  
What is bad and what is good!

\* \* \*

I beg you, oh life,  
Take it easy even for a moment  
Pandemonium of thoughts  
About my abandoned destiny!

11/23/1984

\* \* \*

Essence is mine  
there is my Pain... and my feelings,  
without which I am far from me.

\* \* \*

Significant and majestic is not me, and not my poems,  
And my Pain, my tormented feelings...  
But, by the way, are they mine, and only mine?!

### **ABOUT ME**

Who made money, who made a career,  
Everyone arranged life - as best they could,  
And I wrote, hoped and believed  
In the dream of unfulfilled love.  
He wrote poems, stories, aphorisms,  
Locked himself from people for hours, from their deceit,  
At night, he ran away from the bustle of life,  
To give freedom to unfamiliar feelings,  
To completely surrender to them, at least for a while,  
In order not to prevent them from pouring out and being embodied in my  
thoughts.  
I've always been embarrassed to admit my feelings out loud...

### **CHILDHOOD CLOUDS GO**

Empty eyes, bitter smile on the lips,  
Life scorched look to the ground ...  
Blowing soft white smoke  
Memories of the past - childhood clouds.  
The wind of life is playing over me,  
Drives them further away from me  
Never see them again  
A pale memory will remain alone.  
Yes, memory is something that is not for sale,  
Only with life is she taken away ...  
Joy and memories fade away  
Clouds of childhood are leaving...  
Your eyes change color  
Hair turns gray, head bald.

And suddenly plunge into the soul boldly  
Unsolicited arrow...

Ahead and behind - the road,  
From nowhere to nowhere!  
What's ahead - we do not understand  
And behind one alarm:  
Clouds of childhood are leaving!

Hold on, my friend, be bolder on the road,  
What will happen, will not pass ...

12/3/1984

\* \* \*

Do not trust impulses of pity,  
They are capable of lying  
There are "masters" without a little -  
Play for pity!

12/26/1984

cherished dream  
You make sure first that this chaos  
Comes far from you  
You make sure that life in this world  
Not worth a penny on a market day.  
- What? I'm wrong?!  
Then hurry up, discard  
All my bullshit...  
All the way to the last line...  
You changed your mind? - Maybe I'm right?  
Then tell me why God pleases  
Witnesses of this life - like us?  
Why cruelty to the sky  
What, it wasn't saturated with blood?!

Perhaps in a distant world  
There's a hard plan for us  
And we love in vain  
Those light blue skies...  
Cherished dream:  
Death on a clear day  
When the grasshoppers ring in the green grass,  
When cars leave the leash,  
Boldly ripping off the fisherman's tackle.  
When a good bite, and the rustle of reeds,  
When the meadows bloom and the rainbow plays  
And the young man who finally dared  
He embraces his beloved,  
Kissing for the first time, rosy lips  
Berry taste absorbs...  
When the bee buzzes so sweetly  
Diligently collecting nectar from flowers,  
When the birds chirp in the sky  
And swallows captivate with aerobatics.

When life is everywhere  
And different colors - darkness ...

On such a day - ordinary, serene -  
I would like to die quietly.  
To refute skepticism before refute,  
Wash tired eyes with tears  
And they replace the mute lips:  
- "In this world, life -  
Not so bad  
With their difficulties -  
Beautiful and wonderful!"  
Covenant to my friends:  
"Go through life with dignity,

Get over the bullshit  
And live in "tomorrow!"

2.01.1985

\* \* \*

The Holy Fathers say:  
The fall of man begins then,  
When he starts to think and imagine  
What something he is.  
As much as I don't want to fall today,  
For what happened to me seventeen years ago.

12/15/2001

\* \* \*

“And I, like everyone else, did not escape retribution,” wrote the Great Dante.  
And I only with great regret, will have to realize:  
Retribution and I can not escape!  
Do not forget that we are responsible for everything:  
For thoughts and deeds, and for your words,  
Which shoot cannons more trenchantly ...  
Especially for those words that are in the lines  
poured out on my sheets.  
Forgive me Lord, if I  
So recklessly and bitterly blundered,  
Not knowing the mistakes  
What will I write, what am I writing about now,  
For the fact that I once wrote from pain.

12/15/2001

\* \* \*

Life is a big all-consuming Ocean,  
The Church is a saving ship,  
to which you need to swim, get.

Poetry is one of the boats that help man  
get to the rescue ship.

12/15/2001

\* \* \*

Memories rear - my paradise ...  
I feel good in paradise  
But where it's good, there's no place for us,  
And not born for myself  
And not for happiness man.  
Path of life  
It only pops up occasionally...  
Human life is the black box of an airplane:  
While you live, others are not interested;  
If you die, they will seize, open, decipher!  
And maybe after that they will understand  
What suffered, how a man died ...  
And before that: go - walk, go ahead - suffer,  
And nobody else cares...  
What about the future? - No, it doesn't scare me,  
Just a little disturbing  
And I wonder anxiously:  
Can miracles happen again?

12/29/1985

\* \* \*

Fear of death...  
For him, retribution is life!

\* \* \*

Of all the living, the saints are children,  
Of the adults - old people who have reached  
Heights of absolute knowledge  
And the secrets of the silences of their souls.

05/8/1986



\*\*\*

Children of nature, "remember heaven's advice"

Love and respect each other  
And do not grow old without each other.  
You are alone on Earth, in your Galaxy,  
Just like everyone is alone in himself,  
Live happily, all the best to you on Earth!

05/8/1986

\*\*\*

More important than the goal is the creative process,  
May you not reach, perhaps, to the goal, -  
At least you will find happiness in walking.

### GLASS JAR

Forgotten and abandoned by fate,  
I'm going deeper and deeper in life  
A person who understands the meaning of life  
I haven't, and probably never will.  
It's all right, of course.  
"Everyone dies alone"  
Yes, so as not to offend others,  
For those who understand life to the end leave.  
Programmed people walk  
Who is good and who is evil  
The glass cap will break  
Which helps to survive -  
And the depressurization result:  
Everything is falling apart,  
And the chaos born of the explosion  
Events are dictated by the course.

01/26/1986

## HOW NOT TO GET CRAZY?

Lies that you are forgotten, a departed friend,  
Lies that there is justice in the world,  
Lies that I can be happy  
It's a lie that on Earth ... there is life!  
Everything is amazing  
Everything is relative,  
Feelings are burning  
Thought is killable.  
Pain is unrelenting  
Power is exhausted  
Blood is exhausted..  
Life is like a hostage  
What's happening...  
How not to go crazy?  
Making a choice  
Between love and beauty.  
And knowing: under a charming mask  
Death hides well  
And crosses out our miracle -  
Life...

03/11/1986

## NOT EVERYONE CAN UNDERSTAND

Although with you I am nice, but alas,  
You can't solve my problems  
Everyone's problems are mine  
And stay with me forever.  
Life is a vanity of vanities and forms,  
previously unknown phenomena,  
But the essence of the flow of Life is unchanged:  
Knowing and not knowing, people leave,  
In a hurry to know from the forces of the latter,  
Sometimes noticing the stupidity of being...

Sadly, the Earth is spinning!  
Not everyone can understand and bequeath,  
Getting ready to leave  
Your sadness and bitterness  
Your resentment of life.  
And we ourselves will have to  
Experience something like this...  
And I've been sick for a year now  
Sadly I know, and there is no one to save! ..

03/13/1986

\* \* \*

I saw human tears  
Hearts broken, burned to ashes  
And hatred and envy, a sea of evil...  
I drank human grief to the bottom.  
And life is long and yet ... short,  
And there is little room for love in it,  
She has big changes.  
We have to choose between.  
The truth is bitter sweeter to the poet,  
Than false peace and grace ...  
In addition to human - our duty  
Obey natural laws.  
I loved you, my death  
But life has made me insignificant...  
I try not to hurt you  
I dare not torment you any longer.  
It is wiser to refrain from the unknown,  
My silence is a sacrifice of many blessings  
Oh heaven! I dare to ask you:  
For grief to people from above to compensate:  
Love is healthy!  
Health is sick!  
Eternal memory - to the dead!

Living - long life!  
But life is cruel and treacherous...  
My cherished prayer  
Please do it!

04/12/1986

\* \* \*

Abandoned by everyone  
Appeared to the mercy of fate  
And I do not expect mercy from the latter,  
Full of memories  
Today's story.  
They just help me live ...  
Such is the irony of fate:  
Once you love it, go away  
Hated - stay!  
Anthropogenic world  
Worse than natural  
Even though man is her creation...  
All died out long ago.  
And hatred and resentment  
And indifference spreads curls  
On my soul getting cold.  
Whether I want it or not is an empty question,  
Stop the current in me  
Only death can!

04/24/1986.

\* \* \*

"After all, the role of the subconscious is to act contrary to the consciousness and remain unnoticed at the same time, and when the consciousness determines the catch, a scandal begins with itself."

Levy

"If the stars are lit, does it mean that someone needs it ?!"

If they make a person "such and such",

Is this also necessary for someone ?!,  
Let those who do not agree with me,  
Before you argue - be silent for a minute!  
Even if I'm wrong and lying  
There is in every lie - and a grain of truth,  
To understand me a little,  
Listen to Rachmaninoff  
In cloudy weather or in the rain,  
But only - alone.  
Find strength and patience for this,  
And I assure you, you won't regret it!

05/19/1986

### **UNCLEAR!**

I'm full of your hopelessness  
From your torment, my feelings burned,  
There is no happiness on Earth for me! Not!  
Why did misfortune visit you?!  
There are no such tears, no feelings,  
No voice, no facial expressions  
that could express  
That tension of feelings  
That take away strength without a trace ...  
I feel sorry for you!  
To tears, to howling anguish,  
To the scream that drowns out the thunders,  
When a spark breaks half the sky...  
Death is difficult to accept philosophically.  
Years go by, life - that's right ...  
People close, enemies leave...  
And wander yourself - you don't know how much!  
Life is a test of feelings  
Souls and bodies... - That's right!

Then "veal tenderness" - why?!  
Where does it come from?! Unclear!

3/4.12.1986

\* \* \*

The sick will not cure the sick,  
And evil will not do good,  
Sadness, do not make others laugh ...  
Don't expect help.  
She only comes by chance  
As a result of events beyond their control.  
Cowardice - from the disease,  
Health is from nature  
Woe - from the mind ...  
From chance - misfortune or happiness,  
And joy comes from ignorance of being...

01/10/1987

## **"YES-YES, NO-NO, WHAT IS ABOVE THAT - FROM THE EVIL"**

The soul is full of sadness and longing,  
Where are you? Where are you people?  
I've been waiting for a long time on the way,  
But I, having not met love,  
I can't leave everything.  
I had to involuntarily extend  
business trip in this world,  
Consciousness is increasingly yielding  
The arena of action - the soul:  
- "You act, I'll stay in the shade" -  
The mind wisely speaks,  
It's impossible in this world  
To love someone fully."  
Three "golden skates" of fate,  
Love and jealousy

Let's not forget: morals,  
And the denial of denials  
Here are opposite knots...  
The more you read  
The less you want  
Create with your pen!

I hate opposites unity!  
Metaphysics - Happy!  
Dialectic - Unfortunate!  
Clear skies - to you, Earth!

22/23.01.1987

### **I WANTED A WOMAN...**

I was looking for a woman with both heart and mind  
I was looking not for the bed - for the soul,  
I was exhausted from heavy searches,  
I searched, and yet I found it!  
However, I met  
What I wasn't looking for  
It happens in life  
You will find what you are not looking for!  
And what you are going for, what you are striving for,  
Suddenly slips out of hand...  
But, I must admit, I'm very lucky  
And, having met, I realized that I had suffered for her,  
My love was not alone  
Forever with wisdom she grew together ...  
The find was called Lubomudry!  
She doesn't really solve the problem.  
Mine, and no one else's -  
She removes it from the agenda,  
And gives relief to souls ...  
Please don't misunderstand me!

But people are looking for those who are not looking for them,  
To these troubling questions,  
Lubomudria can fully answer you ...  
I was looking for a woman  
With heart and mind...  
Searched for her, found another  
Love of Wisdom is her name.

05/10/1987

### **WHO LOVES...**

My friend, they did not understand me ...  
I taught myself, I taught others...  
Worked, valued - did not understand ...  
Loved with all my heart and soul  
Offended...  
Who loves - he does not offend!

5/6.04.1989

### **ABOUT LIFE**

In memory of Alexander Borisovich and  
Boris Moiseevich Kutsenok  
People are dying like flies  
thereby killing others,  
Happy years pass  
Around everything is changing rapidly.  
The heart squeezes in a vice,  
Pinching pain, and don't wait  
To erase all this from memory,  
And to get lost in lies...  
Nothing will pass without a trace  
The secrets of the soul will be revealed  
On the day of the brightest happiness  
They will fly over you with a thunder of screaming  
Unhealed life wounds.



In a pernicious cry, involuntary  
Run into death  
Unstretched seams!

01/15/1990

\* \* \*

Oh, the loneliness of the soul  
The greatness of suffering, torment and pain! ..  
The size of my pain -  
How big is she  
I'm on a par with her  
And life does not seem short to me -  
I don't see much light in it...  
That is my tragedy.  
In meetings - former, future,  
I see the hand of the sad Muse of sorrow,  
And silence in broad daylight  
Heard me in the roar and noise of everyday life ...  
Life has no answers for me  
The poet does not send his line ...  
I don't believe this silence  
Poetry is immortal! I write myself!  
As before, sick: I love,  
But, as before, we do not like ...  
I'm drawn to everyone and everything,  
The soul, perhaps, is powerless here ...  
Prudent unexample,  
I live among you - one such.  
And I'm left with one thing:  
Thanks to all of you who lived nearby,  
Whom he loved, gave good,  
For being so...

09.1991

## CIVIL

### THIS JUST IS LUCKY

Life has beaten us many times...  
For our children's vocations,  
For faith in the happiness of shooting stars,  
For a hare that escaped into the bushes - love.  
For the devotion carried away by kindred souls,  
For the zeal that beat in waves against the pier,  
For our hopes, like waiting rooms,  
For islands of joy shining  
Flashes of a direct hit  
For the pain of loss crowned with a subtitle,  
For all our naive dreams  
Soul sunsets of starvation,  
Dawns of unclosed borders.  
For long wanderings in search  
Dissolved children's orbits.  
Who survived in that thresher,  
And not frozen in that freezer  
That's just lucky.  
And those who got out alive  
You can't call them alive  
They crushed human souls,  
Now what are you going to get from them?  
Days pass, years follow  
Our descendants will replace us,  
But all the past troubles  
For them - a hundred times more dangerous!  
So, what are you, blinded descendants?!  
All at once you went crazy  
And you completely forgot about us ...  
But no, don't expect condescension.  
For everything you have to be in the answer,  
And this, rightly, is not "all the same" ...

Leave your wills in an envelope -  
But I promise you that this  
No one will justify you.  
You better gather your mind  
Mistakes of the past  
You don't keep accounts  
And don't ruin the future "tomorrow"  
Leaving your sad trace on the planet ...  
All earthlings are responsible for life,  
And for myself, and for you, and for him,  
For Faith, For Hope, For Love.

09/25/1984

\* \* \*

How many times will the clock strike twelve at night?  
In order not to lie to you, I will say: - I can forget!

\* \* \*

Who to deceive? Is it yourself? Outsiders?!  
Everything has its end...  
Our lives are passing by.  
What is in it - do not count, do not sing!  
The time is coming - do not play the fool,  
Keep an answer for everything  
Tricks won't help  
And only one dream overcomes:  
Collect the rest of the force and be in time  
Life lived joyfully sing.  
I, apparently, will feel the peak at sunset,  
Today I see the same goal everywhere:  
Writing is not to speak out loud  
To write is to heal oneself, one's country...

11/26/1984

## ONCE YOU WILL BE BROKEN

You to me for the umpteenth time  
You keep saying the same thing:  
Lightness, flexibility, simplicity -  
Companions of luck, happiness, life.  
Maybe that's all it is  
And you're right and a bit stubborn...  
How can a person do this?  
What is art, craftsmanship,  
Which will be taken from him -  
Simple, easy and without cheating?  
Today is taken by public labor,  
And tomorrow it's just - they took it away again,  
Such is the law of life -  
Two sides of the coin!  
To keep all the things you told me  
Don't live among people  
Go to the shepherds, to the flocks,  
Or treat like you  
In the mountains of distant wounds  
And forget that they go down there,  
Faceless, without conscience, without morals.  
Yes, it's not easy to survive next to them,  
You know it very well without me  
And yet you keep saying one thing...  
Staying on your own is not so easy  
When you're in the thick of things...  
A year, two - probably do not change the essence,  
In the end, be at least a titan, at least a goon,  
And, anyway, everything will break in you,  
At the same time, a song of joy will be sung,  
And then you're nobody...  
Is life really that cruel?  
Let's take the honest path

We firmly believe in a good start,  
We weren't built to be deceived.  
And only in a life perverted by man  
Deception is ultimately our true face.

4.12.1984

### **LIFE WITHOUT HIM**

"Above the past - darkness,  
Fog over the future  
Humanity is mired in deceit...  
The twentieth century. bloody age  
What have you done, man?!  
M.Dudin  
Enmity between people, enmity...  
The traces of relationships are swept away  
Everywhere you go, traces of war,  
Human hatred, resentment, intolerance  
People have forgotten the best of the year ...  
We continue to play mistakes  
And we fall, and we break faces,  
We're floundering on the edge of darkness  
And we don't want reasonable conclusions ...  
And everything is so simple - like God's day.  
It's high time to be able to understand  
Communities of people - without God there is no!  
And without Him the unity of all people  
Under various strange names,  
Doesn't last long at times  
Although the philosopher teaches wisely.  
Open our hearts to each other  
And temper the evil ardor!  
We ask, God, we beg

So that you extinguish the flame of wars!

Amen!

01/17/1985

### **BY EDUCATION I AM RUSSIAN ...**

I am Russian by education,  
Although according to the passport - Georgians,  
Relatives also did not go to the Russians ...  
School and university - I was raised like that!

Am I sorry?

To be honest,

Simultaneously: no and yes.

No, because

I am Russian by education,  
And only according to the passport -  
Full-fledged Georgian,  
But not in nature - yes! ..

But there are, friends, and more important things:

We, all peoples, are brothers of being,  
And everyone should be responsible for everything,  
So that trouble does not come,  
We all live in this white world  
Few, happy years.

Calling for love, work and peace,  
All peoples, desires are not melting,  
We cannot forget, we have no right,  
Heroes of our military deeds,  
Not even sorry for life, so that  
To exterminate the enmity of people in the world! ..

10/17/1984

## MAN DOES NOT GET ON WITH PEOPLE

Celebrating the New Year alone - for the first time ...

Caught the dawn with paper and pen.

Which year in a row

Everything in life starts over:

Discord, separation, squabbles,

And a bowl full of self-deception

The enmity that destroys the minds of people,

Pierces the heart like a sword

Deep wounds leaving a mark.

And again, for the umpteenth time,

We experience the collapse of our feelings,

Feelings built for many years in a row,

And as a result, we are left

Mind-blowing emptiness.

Sorrow again torments our souls,

Carrying mutual understanding

And there is no more strength, and no desire,

Start all over again, as always,

For a year now...

Lose the meaning of all the passed flour,

Bewilderment introduces us to questions:

Why build something for us

`When in one fell swoop,

All barbarously have to destroy?

Some battles everywhere, around, always,

And do not get away from this violence ...

Do not expect a quiet life on earth,

While walking cold, darkness.

The only escape from the hustle and bustle

Life without desires and answers...

And every day I see more clearly:

Losing altitude

Less and less, my life love you!

What is the strength of the human mind?  
When he arranged life so ridiculously,  
Giving her the rainbow known colors?  
What is new in life? In the knowledge of the world?  
Or, perhaps, in the "jokes" of life?!  
Death is not new, and life is a complete lie:  
What you don't want, you'll get  
And if you wish, you will lose!  
And no one could ever say  
Why do we need life-suffering...  
New Year, - the Earth is spinning in the old way,  
Problems are new, the fate of the Earth is old...  
My New Year - without a Christmas tree and toys,  
And Santa Claus is also not to be seen:  
The Snow Maiden is young for the night,  
Heeding the spirit of the times, she dragged him away ...  
The further in life, the less love ...  
Ability to stay alone  
More important than giving food to the stomach...  
It will take a long time to learn  
To better understand your life  
Understand people who have gone through their lives...  
Don't ask! Could you tell:  
- A person does not get along with people,  
And without them, he does not want to live for a long time!  
That's the whole secret inexplicable -  
The one that dead people knew...  
Carried away, did not divulge secrets,  
To break people's hearts  
Remaining, to continue to live - with the living.  
Paradox can't explain everything  
For silence - glory to those who leave!  
The experience of life is clear to them in full:



Life is not a train stop  
To get off... She's a business trip  
To test the strength on the way!

12/31/1985

### **IT'S NOT LATE YET!**

"He's good because he-  
-not at all..."

I. Severyanin:

Face - I'm not the same as the soul ...  
Who looks into my depth,  
He marvels: Is that you?  
Our Shota the Great was wrong,  
Covering the spiritual world behind the exterior!  
I don't wish evil on anyone  
And even those who traveled  
For me and along and across ...  
I dream of only one thing:  
More often to see loving people,  
And so that life does not go out on Earth!  
Torture yourself more than others  
And life in labor, lead in motion,  
You look at people with a kind look,  
And goodness will lead you to their love.  
Helpless - hope for salvation,  
"Lords of the world" - a disastrous end,  
Wake up before it's too late  
Earthlings, know that there is still time!  
Does everyone have a chance in their hands?  
So try to find the truth.  
Try while there's still time  
A verse to refute mine,  
Don't miss a moment!...

01/14/1986

## PEOPLE, DON'T SHOT YOUR BROTHERS

Everything in man died a long time ago!  
No strength to act  
The dust has burned out,  
And furious and passionate - for work ...  
It was so easy to drown him out,  
Insidious color life.  
Everything has gone to hell:  
Wishes, joy and love.  
And no friends around  
No relatives, no relatives  
Why do you live, who will explain?  
Am I not fit?! Now, of course not!  
But am I alone? After all, such - without counting!  
Striving for a living  
In any way,  
Silence people their own people.  
They hit us with direct fire,  
At the "market", at work, at home...  
Our entire family suffers from this!  
We are lagging behind day by day, and this  
We strengthen the opposing system.  
People don't shoot your brothers  
To not shroud the dark gloom!  
Heart breaks with sadness  
After all, consciousness is heavier than longing:  
Just overcome a fierce enemy.  
It is difficult to stop our decay,  
Maybe it's just impossible?!  
Self-burial - instead of happiness to live!  
I understand: it is immutable!  
...Ready to leave, but no, without betraying!  
Only because there is no place for the dead  
And there should be no struggle on the way,

Ready to leave, but don't give up!  
I swear I'll keep  
Feather in trembling fingers  
While the engine is pounding in my chest  
As long as consciousness allows thinking,  
I swear to try  
From the last strength

Death of mankind  
At least slow down for a while!

06/2/3/1986

## **ME AND NATURE**

### **YOU WILL HEAL YOUR HEART IN THE MOUNTAINS**

You will heal your heart in the mountains,  
And killed me for life ...  
And why did I meet you in my life,  
Hurt yourself beyond measure?  
To be honest, most of all  
I was afraid to lose you then  
You didn't know anything like that.  
You don't understand those fears.  
What was, is gone for both of us...  
I have completely forgiven your negligence.  
But bitterness gave birth to this verse:  
I marvel at your other side.  
Poems, I confess, since childhood I wrote,  
But it was not pain that carried them - other things ...  
I recently learned a new reason  
She came under a sinister name!  
Do not think, I do not know the fear of the word,  
But I don't want to scare you again  
And only when you leave me again

My chest will give birth to him with a groan ...  
You will meet this word and understand  
You will understand the reason for the groan,  
What walks the earth, under the name ...  
Love!

09/21/1984

\* \* \*

The deeper you go into life  
The more you leave it  
And the realization of how in life  
Helpless and pitiful man  
It elevates him immeasurably.  
Clarity comes, how beneficial  
The gifts of nature influence him:  
sun, air and water  
And peaceful, living silence,  
Which happens high in the mountains,  
But not transmitted to humans...

12/29/1985

### **THE SILENCE OF THE OAK**

Changed once again the leaves of the green garden,  
Having seen more than one generation,  
And the old oak, enchanting with beauty,  
It stands mysteriously, still silently ...  
And who can in deep silence,  
Read what you want to say to him?!  
Whose heart is weary  
His excitement of the past perceive?  
Perhaps someone will comprehend mournfully,  
What in order to withstand him  
And last so long

So much happened to him to be silent, silent! ..  
Silence is gold and ... lived years.

01/26/1986

## VESELCHAKOV DO NOT LIKE MOUNTAINS

Mountains don't like Veselchakov...  
Mountains - not at all fun,  
Steep slopes of mountains, cliffs,  
On narrow shelves - the audacity of a climber ...  
Everything suppresses humor  
And no time for jokes at this moment.  
Cracking leg joints  
Grab fingers,  
The pupils are playing an alarming game,  
The whole mechanism of human self-defense,  
Does not know in a moment of dangerous relaxation,  
Fall off - fly  
And there is no chance to survive! ..  
Flight flight - strife ...  
More beautiful - in a different way:  
A wave of music picks up life,  
Fun, jokes, youth arrogance,  
Arrogance before death! ..  
Man does not die from death  
But a person from death is an orphan.  
And this cannot be compared with death,  
Although we die hard!  
All people are orphans, most of them,  
That's why tears come down  
That's why the heart is so restless  
That's why I took up the pen...  
That's why the sun generously warms us,  
That's why people are enchanted  
Four wonderful changes of the year! ..

I'm a merry fellow trying to explain  
In the mountains, on the verge of death, what is the reason,  
All troubles, heavens, all discord in life,  
War and peace ... After all, people forget  
How did they come into this world?  
Forgetting your beginning - you need peace!  
Everything is clear in the mountains: you can die yourself,  
But who gave us the right to destroy others...  
Forgive, God, sinners,  
Think fools,  
Clear their minds. After all, from a height you can see:  
More than ever, peace is needed today!..

03/06/1986

\* \* \*

It's hard to keep up even on skates!  
Not to fall into the abyss  
People go stubbornly to the mountains,  
But there is more danger...  
Fear of falling from a height  
Pushes them to certain death.

04/25/1986

\* \* \*

Can I do it without shoes?  
Go on a trip?  
Where will you go - there I will go  
And barefoot!  
Not for you, but more for myself.  
But this is far from "ego" ...  
The man will go there  
Where he is welcome.  
And the trouble is, since there is nowhere to go,  
Lost my friends  
Went off the road...

Woe to those who realize this:  
Only realizing their losses,  
Subconsciously I got up  
On this path...

04/30/1986

### **LOOK INTO NATURE**

In Beshtau the colonnade is white  
Blinds and glorifies the hand of man...  
I studied the man for a long time,  
More precisely, I tried to study  
And suddenly Nature's world  
Appeared and asks for a word...  
A lot has changed in me with the campaign,  
And a lot has been revealed to me...  
Perhaps even more - I lost.  
The love of writing, however, remained,  
Remained the same - tender, hidden ...  
Let me be a simpleton and a fool  
But I don't want to play with feelings.  
I'm not going, and I can't  
Play miracles with yourself  
And, frankly,  
Landscapes are not my soul.

3.09.1986

### **I'M LEAVING**

They told me: - Go away!  
I groaned, "Shut up!  
And, miracle!  
Me: - Come on,  
We will treat the sick!  
Come on, let's see  
How will you come back again!

No, shelter for the soul  
I did not find by the sea!  
Waves, winds and noise  
Smashed my feelings  
Cry of the soul, pain in the chest,  
And in response, only a laugh ...  
Waves came over me  
The winds pierced the soul with a needle ...  
Meaning of meetings  
There was a reconnaissance battle:  
Is it good new?  
I hear everything that is not new ...

The familiar noise from the seashell...  
The clock took me away that evening  
You will not tell me more: - Come in!  
I will not hear again: - Call!

I wanted to ask so many things  
But your thunderous "go away !!!",  
Drives summer from your soul...

01/31/1990

**MY FRIENDS  
GIVE ME MORE  
YOUR FEELING POEMS**

Poet Tamila Aydinova  
I confessed my love to you  
From your first lines  
Call away the dreams  
And floods of tears!  
Features not finished  
Thoughts run away



Waves of lines are coming, -  
You can drown!  
you infected me  
with its tenderness,  
I want to get sick  
Heard verse.  
Don't wake up in me again  
Wonderful dreams of the soul  
I ask you one thing:  
`Don't read to me!  
However, it can be seen - anyway -  
Late asking!  
I, smitten on the spot,  
I explain to you.

1.12.2001

**TO MY NEW-OLD FRIENDS  
MISH LYASHENKO AND  
ANNA SHAKHNAZAROVY**

I resent myself - you see?  
How have I not met you for a long time?!  
You are my old friends from far away  
But they didn't know about it...  
My soul has heard your call,  
And joyfully responded instantly,  
Hearing the voices of kinship,  
I fell blissfully ill.  
Lost night, sleep, daylight,  
Thank you all my life for this!  
In my poems I trust in Heaven,  
For my Pain, for my daughters I beg ...  
I have no right to die!  
Caring burden requires: - Stop!  
Care, thoughts and worries about the native,

In "another life" - they will not humbly let go ...  
I beg and ask not for myself,  
For the pain that worries me  
Which in one bad moment,  
All my best feelings were dragged away.  
That Pain of mine is mine and not mine,  
She is named and unnamed...  
Give me back my lost feelings  
I will be grateful to you for this!  
But my pain is my joy,  
She rightfully belongs to all people,  
It dissolves my whole life.  
I beg you, do not miss my Pain,  
And catch up, take away and return,  
All that she once stole from me.  
Without feelings, I'm naked, I'm hungry, powerless...  
– You, new and old Friends,  
You are like my black horses,  
I beg you, friends:  
Take it out, folks, take it out  
From the battlefield - take out and carry,  
So that he does not fall in a battle unequal to his fate.  
Dear, my good ones,  
Do not take with you on a long journey,  
Only my Pain, collect from the leaves.  
And carry it into the light without fatigue and abuse.  
Pain, burning like a torch, do not let it go out.  
Let it burn to the ground, do not burn people!  
Hear the planet whisper to you:  
- The Earth is already tired of Pain - pretty much! ..  
Release it into space - aliens?!  
Let me die in peace - boldly! ...

## AFTERWORD

I came into this world on business.  
Meet here and carry my feelings.  
Leaving, I will leave them forever,  
To my new friends -  
Take out by word of mouth  
Rows or columns  
Render up to the reader forever!

\* \* \*

Duty to Misha and Anna's desire  
Made me pick up the pen again  
Wished? Now be patient, be patient  
And take my lines wherever you want  
Until I got sick! All!..

1.12.2001

## PARTING

Misha flies to Russia, -  
The death of a brother is to blame for this! ..  
Sadness takes over me  
Alone I stay for a while  
Without his reliable wing.  
The bullet shoots another message,  
Anna broke her leg  
My left wing is hit...  
There is safety in numbers!  
My two wings are broken  
I - as in an air battle  
A downed plane, but I'm flying  
Black smoke of wounded happiness emitting,  
Saying goodbye, I wave my padded wings ...  
And now I'm walking without flying,  
And now I don't need more wings...

"Born to crawl - not to fly"?!  
It was important for me in my life to meet you:  
    In another, I found myself  
    When I met you both together  
I managed to see myself to others ...  
    And now for the umpteenth time,  
    I pray for help for my friends,  
    The sky whispers back to me  
        That soon, very soon  
    My friends will be with me!  
    My two wings will return to me,  
    And I can walk confidently  
And sometimes - take off, sad that the wings  
    Needed by one - only for flight,  
    Others - so that on the ground  
        Don't fall, walk...  
Learning to walk - not only to the future,  
    But in the past it seems  
    I haven't been before!

12/25/2001

## MEMORY

    Not enough lines  
    To write about him  
        paper pages,  
Tears and blood of the world,  
    To drown out that pain  
        which he left to us  
    A friend who suddenly passed away...  
All the threads of blessings, you cut off peace,  
    Who knew you and remembers the world,  
    And scarlet blood bleeds in vain,  
        We still can't get you back.  
    You wait a little, do not be bored -

Maybe we'll meet soon...  
To live hunting, to be honest,  
But the life of the one that dreamed  
We can't seem to find it in this world.  
Desired joy of sensations  
Sometimes, not coming true, it destroys us,  
But without a dream - we can not live, sometimes ...  
Live there that you did not live with us,  
And hello there forever  
Since it's not fair here  
He lived and fell so cruelly! ..  
While friends live  
You walk among us  
On the day of your remembrance  
We honor you alive!

29/30.04.1986

\* \* \*

In seven years of longing for a departed friend...  
I want to envy from the bottom of my heart  
To everyone who suffered less from it.  
Questions, hints, words...  
Only pain is felt,  
Companion of human life!  
And only great jazz,  
Whispering in my ear: - Believe me,  
All of this is a fool's errand...

2.06.1990

## JOKE

### THE WIND WALKED ALONG THE CORRIDOR

The wind blew along the corridor  
Enclosing space for yourself  
By the fact that he was captured by the building,

He hurt himself quite a bit.  
He is every meter of the wall  
I thought it was my destiny  
Searched, searched for holes  
And met with me:  
- Come in, why stuck in the door,  
Sit down at the worker's table!  
And the wind answered me:  
- I would be very happy  
"Thank you" leaving in a hurry,  
Flutter through the window -  
into the world!  
So goodbye and don't judge  
For the fleetingness of the meeting.  
Perhaps the meeting is ahead,  
And debts will be out of the question.  
Be a guest under a clear sky, -  
As soon as the sun shines  
And I will make you sad  
Let's talk about life...  
When, at your fateful hour,  
I'll fly, don't be afraid  
With earthly pain and longing  
Better say goodbye.  
  
Why extra weight on the road?  
I will take them easily  
And I will bow down from heaven  
Tulips and levkoy.  
To the hill that hid you...  
And you - hide our secret.  
- Opened with verses ?! - falling out of love  
I won't visit!

10/10/1984

## **I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE NOTEBOOK**

I'll take you to the notebook  
Don't be surprised and don't be afraid!  
I'll lay you down in lines  
And just don't get discouraged.  
Don't be afraid, I won't eat you  
To decorate my poems  
You gently lie down between the lines, -  
I'll put you in a notebook!  
I'll put the notebook on the shelf  
And a long, long time from the top shelf  
Your gentle voice will pour -  
Such a sweet notebook!  
And maybe you decide  
Keep me in your notebook?  
Do not hesitate: I agree to get there  
Into your captivating web...

1.12.2001

## **FROM MY FAVORITE POEMS**

### **FRIEND OF YOUTH - NUGZAR KULUMBEKOVA**

A crow sits on a bitch  
And sucks his own leg  
And who cares  
He has a destiny!

1980

## **THE TARGET HAS Gone**

### **YOUR ARROW**

I fell in love with the fatal fool  
Maybe because he's an idiot!  
A sign of old age  
"Serious" feelings.

How can you not expect stupid things from childhood? ..

So I'm going back to the mountains,  
Though the desire was to wait.  
To love the desire has ruined!..  
Whether my path will be far, I do not understand.  
My zigzags,  
Understand and regret soon  
About the futility of his undertaking,  
They will burn, blazing with bright color ...  
I do not wish them such a fate!  
In life we both find and lose.  
So love, stands in front of you  
Another tempting target

Mine was, she's gone now  
Struck by your arrow...

03/06/1986

\* \* \*

What are you to me  
What mountains are for you:  
How can you not live in the mountains,  
So I can't live with you!

03/25/1986



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ლექსთაღსარებზის იღუმალეზა

ანუ

აღსარეზა ლექსეზში

(ლექსეზია კრეზული)

თბილისი - 2022

САМСОН ГЕЛХВИДЗЕ

ТАИНСТВО СТИХОИСПОВЕДАНИЯ,  
ИЛИ  
ИСПОВЕДЬ В СТИХАХ  
(Стихотворения и поэмы)

ТБИЛИСИ - 2022

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## **Samson Gelkhvidze - links list**

to literary editions of the author

<https://proza.ru/avtor/alekssandr>

<https://stihi.ru>

### **1. COLLECTIONS OF POEMS AND POEMS:**

1.1 The sacrament of confession or confession in verse

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/407>

1.2 Pain and Faith

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/73>

1.3 The soul longs for the Word

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/86>

### **2. STORY BOOK:**

2.1 Pain merchants

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/515>

2.2 Return

<https://www.litmir.me/bd/?b=645232>

2.3 Winds of change

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/79>

### **3. NOVEL:**

3.1 Nightingales of the monastery garden

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/113>

3.2 Budapest Moonlight Sonata

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/59>

3.3 Paradise Lost

<https://proza.ru/2022/05/31/1459>

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## Gelkhvidze Samson (Tbilisi, March 26, 1958)



In 1975 he graduated from the 9th secondary school in Tbilisi and in that the same year he entered the Georgian Polytechnic Institute Faculty of Civil Engineering, graduated with honors in 1980 year in the specialty "Industrial and civil construction". In 1989 he defended his PhD thesis.

In 2006 awarded the degree of Doctor of Technical Sciences. From 1980 to the present day, he has been working in various educational institutions and research institutes of the Academy of Sciences of Georgia. He is the author of many scientific papers and inventions.

He began to take his first steps in poetry and prose in 1984. In 2002, the first collections of short stories and poems were published. S. Gelkhvidze "Dealers in Pain" and "The Sacrament of Confessions, or confession in verse.

In 2004, a collection of short stories "Return" was published, and in 2005 year a collection of poems and poems "Pain and Faith" and the first author's novel: Nightingales of the Monastery Garden. In 2014, the author's second novel, Moonlight Sonata Budapest".

In 2015, a collection of poems and poems by the author "The soul strives for the word" and a collection of short stories "Wind of Change". The author's third novel is offered to the readers' judgment "Paradise Lost". 2021 year.

Nominated for the Literary Prize "Writer of the Year" - 2021, and "Poet of the Year" - 2022. Awarded the Medal of F.M. 200th birthday of Dostoevsky