

Winner Of The International Poetry Competition

«Helena Petrovna Blavatsky»



Svetlana Chebotar (Moldova, Orhei) was born on July 22, 1965 in Dubossary, Moldova. She graduated from the Chisinau Music College, the Balti Pedagogical Institute.

Since 1984, he has been working as a teacher at the Orhei Music School. In 2011, she began studying the works of the Roerich family, the works of H.P.Blavatsky, the book of the Teachings of the Temple, the records of B.N. Abramov. In 2013, she joined the public organization of the Roerich Movement of Moldova.

Together with like-minded people, he participates in cultural and educational, peacemaking, charity events, interfaith meetings, in the translation of Agni Yoga books into Romanian; author of poems and songs written based on the inspiration of Agni Yoga books, the Roerichs' creativity.

Chebotar Svetlana, Moldova
Days and nights of Brahma

... And there was no time, no being In the Great Darkness
that is in the Depths of Duration, No Mind, no Being Who
Knew Himself in reality.

A Single Beginning

The Eternal pulsed in the Ocean,

No sound, no Silence of the Creator -

«Breathing without a sigh» is endless.

In fifteen digits – the countdown:

Fifteen – life, fifteen – dissolution,

Like life and death, like reality and dream -

Here is the secret of the analogy of motion.

In such a great rhythm of Being,

Solemnly stepping in succession,

Worlds are changing... And to the end

We cannot understand them by the measure of the earth.

Alexandrova Alice, Moscow
Po-a seagull is flying over the Volga...

A seagull is flying over the Volga.

Or a Seagull is coming,

Or the Volga is coming.

I walked on the fingers of bridges,

While they were growing

Into the chaff of the firmament,

While she was turning into silk

And pulled by the neck / to sleep / in the span.

I walked along the rails, along the power grid,
I knew: the ebb of red-hot copper
Will it ever slash across the pupils
And amba!

And we would
White marble eyes
Straight into the red atlas
Dive
And don't come back.

/Don't want to
Not to love
Don't wait/

But, having destroyed the punishment cell,
the Hammers should be given free rein –
Touch everything.

To forget, to melt medals, to write off orders,
Do not try to match coordinate systems.

And now
And ever

And then, presumably,
«Belonging to»
In «Distance from»
Will Generate –
Capacity.

Where everything is somehow warmer for hands and feet.
And there is neither aphelion nor perihelion
No fiery hell, no oil
Spirit, words, or the mouth of matter,
It will be difficult to get hurt about all this.

Somewhere in the middle there will be no roads.
So - everywhere,
So - no difference:
For there is also no time and distance.

Just us.
That in fact – alone,
But in fact – two:
Exactly that much,
To fill in
The space of beds.

Recklessly –I was walking and stumbled.
O your own staff and the footsteps of others,
About our staff.

I stumbled,
And suddenly it became –
Good.

Angel Sofia, Krasnodar

1. They thought their soul was shackled,
That their chains are heavy lead.
That my life was cut short once,
Predicting my impending end.
But the winged one wants to go to the sky
Soar, though the walls squeeze around.
The one who flies away easily in his thoughts,
Break all the shackles around.
He will spread his wings proudly,
Defeating their prohibitions forever.
Into the heavens he soars to freedom,

Contemptuous of their prohibitions.

2. Comets fall, burning up,
The shining of the stars eclipsing.
And there is nothing more beautiful in the universe
Their beauty is diverse.
And I want to be like them-
Meet the ships with radiance.
To leave the world in the prime of life-
To fly with the soul among all the planets.
What is gray and nondescript to live,
In the declining years, ask why?
I want to burn like a comet,
But to light the way for everyone!

Arduno Manuel, Argentina
Las Voces del Silencio

Ángel Luminoso
Que estás aquí conmigo
Indícame el Camino
Hasta la Liberación final.

B Hermosa Divina Madre: A fin de que tu Sagrada Presencia sea un hecho consumado entre todos las aspirantes, discípulas «y condiscípulos...», e Iniciadas, así en los Misterios Femeninos como en aquellos que custodian las Hermanas y los Hermanos en Shambala; desde el corazón de cada servidora activa y de sus análogos «hijos en los Misterios», te imploro luz y guía en esta hora crucial

Danos arrojo e intrepidez, imaginación creativa y abstracta... para la restauración de la libertad interna: la alegría, la belleza, la armonía, la bondad, la reconciliación, el carisma amplio y

completo de nuestra Divina Madre Verdad, Divina e Inefable
Vida Universal.

En nombre de tu hijo el Amor Divino, esperamos la llegada de
tu Avatara, la material presencia divina, la redención completa de
la doble y triple naturaleza (Tu Naturaleza y Esencia) aquí, ahora,
luego y muy luego.

Puesto que Tú fuiste, eres y serás -desde cada punto de
conciencia en cada corazón humano- la Cósmica Encarnación de
la Paz. Bienvenida Avatara Dorada de la Paz trabajando con su
complemento amantísimo, nuestro militante Espíritu de la Paz
(no otra cosa que tu Gran Sacrifici), al haberte ocultado en Él,
sin nombre ni forma: Inmensa en Tu Caritativa, Renunciante y
Sempiterna Belleza prístina,

¿No es acaso esto una enumeración numeraria de la Fuerza
una, de la seidad original.

A fin de que concluya el doloroso y prolongado sometimiento
y esclavitud de cada alma encarnada como una de tus
innumerables y amadas hijas, aquí en la Tierra, ahora, cuanto
antes, en nombre de Nuestro Divino Amor el Chrestos: en Tu
Nombre que es Su nombre para toda la eternidad de eternidades.

Paz. OM TAT SAT aeiou ARAM ASI

Dmitry Arsentiev, S. Dobryanka

Life path

We're all getting old, look around, pretty fast
Sometimes we live quite selfishly
We quickly forget about all the good things
And we keep the negative in our soul, cherish, multiply
We complain hourly... about everyday life, about the mayor,
about the roads
And tear off the ass and change yourself? Don't lie now!
We are saving money, waiting for salvation from them

And we cover everything that is important with laziness!
We are looking for benefits in everything, manipulating relatives
We keep records of other people's victories, we swear in small
things
And at this time, the age of capitalism is changing values, open
your eyes, you will see everything for yourself!
Now about the most important thing
You won't find health, you won't buy it, you won't sell it
Success will not come on the wings of faith alone
You won't develop talent by shooting pranks like a huckster
You will not be happy under the yoke of passion and fraud
Will you build the illusion of a beautiful life
Which will pass, leaving only despondency and fear
And then what? Reproaches, harassment, anger?
What solution can you tell me?
Love? And if you haven't met yet? Perhaps what else to find?
The answer is pretty simple, anyway
As for the apple of your eye, hold on to your family
Analyze, act, and learn all your life!
Strive to be the best, develop
Don't forget about hobbies as a piece of happiness
A percentage of the capital invest
Run away from the cheese in the mousetrap
Restore the picture of life

To walk boldly along that road
Find out what you're good at, participate, win!
Don't be afraid to touch the stars, don't back down from
anything!
Luck loves the brave, that's for sure, just know!
When there is a lot of work, score 5 minutes and rest
Find the one that matches the hobby
Learn the history of the country you live in
Otherwise, just a moment, and you'll slip
off the road you've been walking all your life!
Always look manipulation in the eye

Look for what is hidden by a veil of doubt
Find out what is the truth, and where is the truth, where is the lie?
All the puppeteers pull the strings without a shadow of regret
And remember
Once in a trap, you will only find disappointment
And at the same time, conquering the mountains, do not look for
hope in others
Count only on yourself... and find your happiness
Whatever you do, don't listen to sofa critics
A dream is just a goal! Put her down and follow her
However, it is often steeper than Everest
If you go for a discount, you won't find friends!
Fight for what's important! Everything else... take it away
Memories that pull down –, erase!
Now about sports
Biceps and abs training is no less important than the mind
And remember, you grow, as a rule, during rest and sleep
Eat right, get results, leave all the sayings about gluttony behind!
After all, longevity, as well as health, are certainly ahead, on our
life path
Don't forget about the time that flies on the wings of the wind
About the fact that money is only a tool
Don't give your enemies a millimeter
Don't miss the crucial moment!
You can't buy happiness or love!
Moreover, the Creator has a reprieve
And you will pay off your faith in full!
The purpose of our life... is not in the golden toilets of the palace
And remember, many are smarter than they really think
Others are mistaken that they have the palm tree
Carry more ideas you're in a briefcase
Especially serious, breakthrough ones!
Now about sex, about love, about friendship
Psychologist Sigmund was partly right
In many areas of life there is an attraction, you can deny it, but it
is so!

Love is blind, and this is its strength, you're just happy, because
for the first time, you don't need to run anywhere, and pay
attention to onlookers
Friends and environment say a lot
If you want growth, choose people
That's just, don't become a pledge for them
And never replace acquaintances with friends!
Now put everything you've learned into your well-behaved
children!

Igor Baranov, G. Necklace

I would like to meet the Prophet Enoch

«An angel came to me, and greeted me with his voice, and said:
«You are the son of man, born for righteousness,» and the truth
dwells over you, and the truth of the Head of days does not leave
you.» Enoch 12:17»

I would like to meet the prophet Enoch
The Lord gave him eternity during his lifetime
He keeps his records straight and honest
That's why the truth is still alive

«You are the son of man, born for the truth»
And the truth of God does not leave you
But how hard it was to listen to the speeches
When He rebuked me
The heart is cut with a hot iron
After all, the truth is the same for all of us
Whether you are the spirit of heaven or the flesh of the body
You will lure yourself away, but NEVER Him

In the world of podcasts, articles and blogs

Will you find much truth?
Are there Enochs in journalism?
Guardians of the truth, sons of God?

Or is it easier to carry a news feed,
Forgetting about the meaning, just Jeans
Not caring about the calling from above from God
Just to put more in the bag.

Who has heard the story of Enoch?
For some reason they are in no hurry to tell us
What did he prophesy to the giants
He taught them to create the truth of God

One day the cyclopes got mad
And they wanted to kill Enoch,
With a lying single eye
It's so hard to love the truth

It is not easy to be Enoch in life today,
To carry the truth straight to the ranks,
Talking to presidents, bankers and mayors
The words of truth are always interesting to us

I would like to meet the prophet Enoch
The Lord gave him eternity during his lifetime
He keeps his blogs straight and honest
That's why the truth is still alive

Nicholas Batrakov. Zelenogorsk, Krasnoyarsk Territory

An epiphany

An ordinary day is
an Ordinary me.
Again in the morning, some business,
Oh, how dizzy.

I'm running in a circle again,
I can't stop.
The fire burned and cooled,
I started again from the beginning.

I will take a brave breath,
I will open a powerful stream.
A landmark to go forward,
Ahead of life's course.

One morning I'll wake up,
I will be illuminated with great happiness.
I'm catching another success,
The door is open - I'm going upstairs!

Bondar Vladimir; G. Sarov

Singultus* (Monologue of the Earth)

The diagnosis is simple... and scary. It's a nasty business.
And death is not a distant prospect.
I'm still breathing... but with black caverns
My lungs have been covered for a long time.

Also the circulatory system,
Maintaining the cycle correctly,

Distills my blood... in torment...
But this blood has long been poisoned.

My heart is already beating, with fluctuations:
Sometimes I don't feel a pulse at all,
The pressure drops to a minimum,
And the body shudders in convulsions...

I resist!.. but the victory is celebrated
(my seconds feel like an eternity)
Devoid of cosmic intelligence
One-day microbes — «humanity».

They breed, multiply, mutate
In a mindless, continuous, greedy orgy...
They suck everything out, parasitizing...
Getting deeper into my organs...

Where did you come from?.. — is it from the sky?..
What's it?.. — the fruit of cosmic pollution?..
After all, they once were not in sight!..
Is it really evolution,

And I myself, — the story is not new,
Although, it should be instructive for everyone, —
By creating favorable conditions,
Have you produced your tormentors?

They are not afraid of pestilence or epidemics,
No cataclysms, no civil strife...
And since it 's too tight for them on the epidermis —
They will adapt to anything.

It's scary to think — even dying —
What, in the end, all this will result in!
After all, soon, an all-devouring locust,

They, having finished with me, will break out into space,

With thoughtless, brazen, shameless greed!..

With a senseless thirst for destruction!..

And not just one system of our solar —
Galaxies are threatened with destruction!

* Singultus - Near-death (Lat).

Yuri Bukov, Moscow

Inside the clock, big and old,
Suddenly in the silence of the night
Someone began to strike,
The hour is beating unearthly.

And this «someone» is invisible,
Groaning and groaning in the dark,
Intrusive and without a hitch
It bothered me to sleep and to think.

Behind the dim dial dial,
Turning on your little night light,
Having moved in unknowingly once,
An uninvited watchmaker knocked.

He was destroying clocks and time
Like an evil sorcerer,
Hours broken by those
Disturbing the silence around.

Mysterious, indefatigable,
He continued to pound something.

And time is clearly and invisibly,
Flowed—scared-away.

Bulyk Sergey, Moscow

Chasing a step, columns are coming

Chasing a step , the columns go
Predestining the run of the Ages,
And no one will stop them...
No way, no way, no way, no one ...

The beginning is the date of our birth,
The end is still the same- until the end.
We walk in orderly rows,
Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand.

Only occasionally do we run away
Get diplomas, a family.
We forget losses very quickly,
Tightly closing the rows of columns.

Only occasionally are screams heard here:
Why am I here? You'll let me go!
And immediately follows the order:
- Atu. Withdraw it, withdraw it! Atu, withdraw!

Everything in order to live in this world,
And there should be no superfluous thoughts
Neither to be born here- nor to arise.
But more often a whisper is heard along the column:

Who are we? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?

And naively, in the answers - we invest
Their nationality, race, craft..
I 'm an engineer ! - a guy is shouting here,
But this is belonging to a professional craft.

A philosopher will say - I'm kind of a person.
But this is just our view - from afar
It looks like a simple biological machine,
For the production of various goods,
Reproduction and ourselves .

The question hung again edge:
Who are you? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?
There was an example, but you understood, all those,
To do ... in the name of his good

Chasing a step are columns
Ending the course of the ancient era.
The question knocks down the step of the columns:
- So who am I? So who am I?
- Who Am I? Who am I? Yes, who am I, - Who am I?

So far and everyone will say in a shout:
Guys, yes, as long as I am a biorobot!
But it seems.... I'm an Angel!
And I was created in the image-likeness,
My lost soul?! Yes!
Yes, as long as I'm half a God!
Very few generations will pass
And everyone will become just a God!!!

Leading a human flock through life
As for the slaughterhouse, we devour the harvest...
while we produce a lot of all
The uselessness of Discoveries -
We line up our emotions in a row...

But it doesn't happen so hopeless
Again We rest against ourselves...

the columns are walking with a step
Predestining the run of the Ages,
And no one will stop them...
No way, no way, no way, no one!!!
We create ourselves...myself... we ourselves,
Myself, so far, just a person,
But the time is coming - God and the Creator!

Vaibhav Sunder, India

Tibet speaks of darker lands,
Vashan Dehlez is now lost to us,
As corruption flows in the lands of spirits,
Scythians hold the golden gates on both sides of the world
Mongols on YouTube in Genghis Khan,
Who knows Kundun moving beads and blessing in a quiet
room somewhere
Blood flows in Azeri and Kobzar lands
Hans wait as Hermann Hesse must write another novel now,
There are glass bridges in Vietnam
Thailand has a lot to complain
Voyager angrily stops sending more information
People sleep in dark cold rooms in Ladakh and Arunachal
Pradesh
Why did Saadat Hassan Manto write on borders with tragic
tales
Because
There, here and everywhere
The recordings of UG Krishnamurti are finally obsolete
And avulsions in Brazil are sympathised by Xi Jinping

One day we all find a way
How many die without knowing
How many rise without knowing

Varakina Tatiana, Likino-Dulevo

We have nothing to share

We have nothing to share in this world.
A mirage of memories? He's under a bushel of years,
What is the fragrance of dried flowers in a bouquet.
They don't sell tickets to the time portal.
We have nothing to share in this world.
And everyone has their own cargo imputed by the Creator.
And somewhere Shambhala is buried in Tibet...
And there is so much you want
to do before your earthly path is completed.
We have nothing to share in this world.
All myrrh flows the Virgin prayerfully for us...
We are the only ones responsible for our sorrows
Have mercy, Lord,
and strengthen the Miraculous Savior!

Vikulov Anatoly. Cologne, Germany

Paradoxes...

How sweet it feels in my arms,
Your soul is mysterious.
And the joy of perception,
I'm being carried away to another world.
All the colors are mixed,

It's like I'm in zero gravity.
Priorities are shifted,
all conventions are forgotten.
My soul ascends,
All the past experience is shattered.
Happiness is asking for freedom,
And I whisper to my heart, don't lie.
Fragments of thoughts are crumpled,
Sharp with awareness.
Sounds are brittle in the larynx,
And the echo of compassion.
And they 're raging in my head,
Only images of the concept.
And there is no logic,
Perception problems.
The meaning of life as a theory,
Actions trace, as practice.
Solid interjections,
Euclid's mathematics.
Prefixes are not set,
endings are forgotten.
The wishes are titled,
There is silence in the lambs' soul.
I look at myself mediocre,
There is an echo of vulgarity on the air.
I suffer accordingly,
Anticipating difficulties.
I've gotten used to paradoxes,
And touched eternity.
As if with the Orthodox,
I am delirious by carelessness.
Suspended animation of consciousness,
To what extent I do not know.
The addictive period,
Fragments of dreams, sticking out like stumps.
The second self is located,

But it is immediately lost.
It is more difficult for him,
the convention does not change.
You're trying to live by Blake,
It turns out, according to Akhmatova.
Everything flows and changes,
And everything is pathetic for me.
Logically, everything is correct,
Without punctuation marks.
The theory of visibility,
Without a drop of hesitation.
Why is all this written,
To whom all this is said.
But I don't want to explain,
It is contraindicated for me...

Vishnyakov Ivan, Yekaterinburg

Miasma

You'll get tired of looking at sand palaces from the
window, At the calm of foliage, the rumbling of waves.
Disappear into thin air. Fly away.
Create a continuous anticyclone.
From now on, do not think about the cold, about longing,
About things that corrupt half-sleep.
Teach us prayers so as not to smolder over the years,
Looking around at the sky.
Something eternal seems so simple.
Primitive as two and two.
In it, words are meaningless and empty.
It's hard to find the words there...
Whoever changes the space will change the world.
We can't turn into the oncoming lane!

Through centuries of corruption, plague, war...
The one who loses will find the essence.

Gavrilova Irina, Orenburg
Pie with tea

One day at dawn in the morning early
Someone knocked softly on my door.
I opened the door: «Happiness?.. So unexpected..»
«I'm just visiting. Have breakfast. For tea!»

Leaving two shoes at the doorstep,
It stomped into the kitchen through the hall.
Got it neatly out of the basket
The pie is hot: «Well, sit down at the table!»

And the house became joyful, cozy,
After all, happiness has crossed his threshold.
Not everyone is brought early in the morning
A beautiful, delicious, festive cake.

Cut off a piece, dropping crumbs,
«He's a little hot. For that, I'm sorry.»
We chatted about life a little.
I told him, «Don't go!»
«But I have to go.» I'm helping you put your shoes on.
«I'll go to another house. Don't be sad.»
It's gone to you, I know for sure.
Open to the knock and let Happiness into the house...
My brother! You're not my brother anymore
My brother! You're not my brother anymore,
Not a brother and not a friend.
You can't fix it anymore.,

And you can't turn back time.

You were shaking hands and hugging
With an enemy behind a stone wall.
He smiled sweetly at you
And he hid a fig behind his back.

You made a wounded sunset
And the winter is red, not white,
And the earth is dead, burnt,
And a terrible snowfall from the sky.

The snow was melting in bloody puddles,
The roar of the cannonade was heard,
And I asked you to: «Don't!
You are the closest person!»

Your hand didn't waver,
When children played football.
You put a stamp: «Die to them!»
Suddenly beat. Certainly.

You have exchanged your children
On the off - the - cuff smile,
On the western gingerbread at a discount.
And he refused me.

Egor Glebov, Kopeysk
Domik

Excess of words and monotony of gaze.
Separation excites a response in the heart.
The pier of screaming dreams is the pledge of the rite.

And the circle in which I stand does not go out.
With my palm to the sky, to the sun, I am with my wrist.
Beautiful rain will fall in torrents
My house will flood. There is no addiction in it.
He is so powerful, a fierce grey chief.
Cardboard house killed by hail
I fought to the last for honor.
Yesterday the law was murderous and angry
Mercilessly failed to save it

Grigoryan Armen, Armenia
Prayer for Forgiveness

Will I find that evening again,
When You are by Your grace
He exalted me with his right hand
From a string of mortal days?

I prayed – timidly, timidly
Sunset before the victory day,
And You showed Your help to me,
Sending me an epiphany day.

But it was believed with the mind – not with the heart...
Doing vile deeds,
Oscillating between darkness and light,
I betrayed You, ascending....

Yes, I continued to pray, to think
About the bonds of corruptible sin,
But the mind was polluted by doubt,
And conscience suddenly became deaf.
And here I am at a crossroads,

Fearing to redeem the past,
About returning to the bosom of Light
Not knowing – is there a right to ask?

...Will I find that evening again,
When You grace
You will exalt Me with Your right hand
From a string of perishable days?

Danyushina Nadezhda, Yartsevo

I am Russian!

Shady forests, open spaces, golden fields.
Let them say: not that,
straw Russia is weak now.
To spite all languages: I breathe my country,

I love Russia!
And everything that is nearby also breathes in it,
I admire and am proud!

I'm Russian!
Me satiety and indulgence
With the blood of distant great-grandfathers, they are
disgusted with sweetness.
I have the spirit of Pushkin, Suvorov
and Zhukov perseverance
Live. No, they don't.
For centuries they have multiplied, they rebel and shout.

I'm Russian! In granite obelisks
I will freeze for centuries with an immortal feat.
I am in every heart, in every name

on the carved lists
And in the burning cold
of a resolutely protective bayonet.

I'm Russian! I have the blood of millions in me
The courage of Nevsky, the greatness of Peter
Maresyev, Matrosov, Gastello
battalions.
A multimillion-dollar country is following me.

I don't want your twisted,
mean «truth»
I'm disgusted by underhand submission and whining.
Russian, I am!
It's just
infinitely expensive and important to me.
I live my Russia,
I enjoy it and I will die for it!

Leonid Devyatov, Udmurtia, S. Selty
There is my village Rus

The world wakes up early in the morning.
Near the huts, to the bucket, a haze of fog.
In this God-created shelter,
The villagers' life is boiling up again.

Roosters wake up sleepy housewives.
Their nurses moo in flocks.
There is a call of local huskies in the courtyards.
Old people are drooling over their cigarettes.
The first shot of the scourge is already heard.
Shepherd's bass obscene or.

His herd wanders vociferously,
To the right, to the left, will not give a «matador».

Here are the geese under their terrible cackle
Waddling to the water mincing.
Fishermen this chorus is odious
They scold mercilessly on the pond.

The smell of bread comes from the houses,
(How I want to inhale again!).
Honey of meadows, intoxicating, in herbs,
They sow sadness in a kind way again.

Rustic life beckons with simplicity,
Nostalgia worries the string.
He's so completely worldly,
I'm going to make it today.

I am writing this world, enjoying it,
I can't get enough of his air.
That I have lived and am living with them, no, I do not repent-
My village Rus is in it

Svetlana Dezhina, Mtsensk
Don't come into my house

Don't come into my house, you tired man:
I want to dance at night to the dulcimer!

Perish in your own way, extinct man!
We're bored together, I'm better off without you.
Don't come in, you wit- is there a buffoon before you?!
Go to the temple, monk, sing for the repose!

Get away, you arrogant man,
Ugly, evil, deceitful, uncivil!..

Don't enter, poor man, with a stick and a knapsack...
even into the attic... what's the use of that?

Don't knock, weakling – is the door for you?
Go away, Varnak, you and I can't sing!
The rogue and the scamp are alien shoots.
Merry fellow, go! You'll blow all the money.

Do without my help, pestilent:
I don't want to beat the doorsteps with you.

Don't come in, wonderful – you're not thinking about bread!
Go away, you fool – you'll break the furniture!
Life will pass, and they will tell me innocently:
Don't come into my house, you soulless man!

Dolzhenkova Natalia, Chapaevsk

I ask you to grant me a bottomless bag of determination

I will tear my soul out of the trenches and under the bullets of
human contempt
I won't break down, I won't prostrate myself.
Touch me with your blessed hand
And thus enlighten my mind, mired in the abyss of doubts,
False aspirations, blind worship of the wrong and the wrong.
I will not lie and I will not betray, just give me a chance to fix it,
For years of hard work for clarity of mind and enlightenment,
For months of fighting for the truth, for the people, for freedom
of speech,
For the truth that is hidden in the twilight from the minds.

You give me the strength and time to manage and overcome
All those fences, shackles and fences that separate souls from
love for you!
I will open the bolts, break all the shackles,
I will open a thorny path to enlightenment!
I will come myself and by the hand I will bring with me those
who are thirsty,
But he was mired in guilt, debauchery, lies and hypocrisy.
Just give me the strength and time to make it...

Doroshko Svetlana LNR, Lugansk
is not a couple

In a boat covered with wet leaves,
In the shifting gray fog,
Dusted with a dream, like behind the scenes,
The prince and the mermaid together.
They fall into the lake with distant glare
The month and the scattering of stars,
The light illuminates with a lapis lazuli wave
Fish scaly tail.
At night , the autumn is long and windless
The forest was motionlessly quiet,
Yellow foliage watching intentionally
The mystery of the meeting of two.
With branches he hides the outlines of bodies,
To hide from everyone
Their kiss and speeches are hot and fiery
Sweet, but still, a sin.
The old crowns creaked excitedly,
In sadness, seeing no boundaries,
After all, they understand with longing all the maples in it:
The prince will ruin the little mermaid.

Nikolay Dronov, Volgograd Region

Life carries us like a crazy troika

Life carries us like a crazy troika,
Over bumps, sometimes straight,
It is ruled by the fate of the bold,
Like a seasoned, real coachman.

And after she so wants to shout,
Well, where are you flying like a bird,
Don't give, enjoy, get used to,
You are constantly rushing to the churchyard.

But she does not hear our cry,
Being carried away by her fun,
Though unevenly, she breathes old age,
He doesn't want to hold the horses.

Our life in this world is not eternal,
And we are given only one,
And it burns quickly,
Like a star falling from the sky.

Life is not like a crazy three of us,
And let it enjoy you,
You are alone and holy as before,
Don't rush to close the door behind you.

Eskov Alexander, Gorki

Old Bell Ringer

Praying quietly reading,
Holding on to the railing with his hand.

It goes like the stairs of paradise,
Lame, the bell ringer is elderly.

Climb, only forty steps.
That's just with one leg.
But he is faithful to the service of the Lord,
He calls both in the cold and in the heat.
And the ringing spreads everywhere.
The dew glides on the grass,
In the oak forests, he will wake the bird,
In a blizzard-will not leave in trouble.

And a tired traveler will suddenly say:
- Not a bell, but the soul of a bell ringer.
It stirs the heart with a ringing sound...
His path of God is not in vain!

And the ringing flies in the air,
Sweeping away the spiritual gloom.
And now He has brought us closer to God,
The one with the stick, the bell ringer.

Natalia Zhukova, Moscow

Talking to yourself

Making my way down the street with my feet,
Do you see the faces, mentally exhausted,
The feeling of the body slouching,
But it's nailed to the soul.

My legs are walking by themselves, I have no idea,
Who are led by, and what is the energy.
It is possible to divide perception,

That you have a strong Force inside you.

You go, dividing into three links,
The spirit as a rod is the mainstay of the whole wholeness,
And the Soul can be on its own
Unfolded the Body from fidelity.

You go, collecting them all three,
And you're trying to verify the Truth,
Trusting which I AM will sing,
Forming a unity of Life.

Natalia Zabolotneva, Kazakhstan

1

Time has stopped. The hour struck.
And I, praying in my soul,
Suddenly he turned to God,
Add the last touch to the epilogue:
«Forgive, my God, for the sinful way,
Where I fell and stumbled,
For everything that can be reproached,
For everything I was blindly wrong about.
I'm sorry I didn't know Love.
The one... There was a chance from God.
Yes... to ask for happiness again.
But life is at the bottom line...
What was the main thing, I lost.
Nonsense of vanity! So year after year...
A long time ago, no longer a child.
In whose favor is the account? Mixed the deck.
Eh, I realized that I had lost.
Failed the saint's exam.

He did not live, but only existed.
Now I ask for the forgiveness of the good.
What a priceless and wonderful gift!
A lifetime-long period of time.
But I replaced happiness with a nightmare.
Don't be too angry, my God.
I've accumulated so much junk,
But he didn't free his soul.
At least I did it- I
asked for forgiveness.

2

The world seemed harsh to me until I met you,
Didn't live, vegetated, ruining everything around,
I dreamed of love and tenderness,
I wanted to drown in serenity.
My soul is kind, sweet,
Like a white-winged dream bird,
I was looking for happiness in hope,
And I wanted to make a gift to an ignoramus.
Storms and tsunamis raged around,
I could only brag about my sins.
A broken heart sobbed, -
It lived its grievances.
Then anger, then sadness...
All the crystal is broken against the wall.
I blamed fate before God,
Carried away by my monologue.
He asked for mercy from above
And I was offended at everyone.
He considered himself right in everything,
But in the Divine Light, he was just crafty.
As joy, as happiness, deliverance from evil,
It came into my life, to my surprise,
A bright, gentle, holy feeling -
So complex and so simple.

In the reflection of your pure eyes
I saw myself in the silver rays,
Filled with strength, the desire to live
I wanted to love and create a miracle.
I saw the difference in my life,
In the wilderness, in the dark and in the light of lights.
The guiding star has descended from the sky
It's like she gave birth to me again.
Thank you, the Almighty for the gift of such –
A jubilant song - a beautiful dream.
For the fact that love is now in my heart,
And I sing a duet with her together.

Ilyina Tatiana, Meliuz, Bashkortostan
The smell from childhood

I boil milk... This smell is from childhood
Returns again to my village,
There, in the hut by the stove, the dough rises
On homemade fragrant green hops.

A village morning cannot be compared with anything
- A neighbor's rooster will go rancid at dawn,
And the minutes fly by the chariot of childhood,
Now a barefoot shepherd boy

A horned herd gathers in the meadows,
Behind the shoulders of a knapsack and a flask of water,
After all, from rosy dawn to sunset
For a non-childish case, a small one is taken.

A crumpled mug clanks loudly from the side,
And the knapsack hits the shoulder in a friendly way,

What's inside? A piece of salsa and a rye hump,
After all, around the milk - pour-I don't want!

Grandfather 's hatchet is tinkling under the viburnum,
You can hear: splinters flying, birch bark rustling,
And some fancy music soon
The samovar will sing to all voices.

And changes outside the window are not important at all,
Whether it's torrential rain or an angry blizzard,
Only one thing in this house is always the same -
the smell of fresh bread and the taste of milk.

Here Grandma will put on a colorful apron
Yes, he will tie a handkerchief so that a strand does not get out,
And he will start, as if a mute interlocutor is next to him,
Mumble about the past while cooking at home.

The table will be covered with flour by knobby hands,
Completely covered with a grid of deep wrinkles,
And the hem is being pulled by stupid grandchildren:
«Baba, baba, hurry up, we want buns!»
A large family will gather for lunch,
And Grandma will put cutlets in the basket
Yes, baked potatoes with fried bread:
«Take lunch to the shepherd boy, my son!»
At sunset, a sweet,
Barely noticeable smoke from the melted baths floats through
the village,
The voice of the horned nurses is heard in the stable:
Accept, mistresses, the milk tribute!

This time in the village is a pleasant languor
It will resonate in the soul like a ringing stream,
And the milk foam will be again
This clear image of my village...

Harithaa S. India

The voice of a light ray : The guess

A blank page was opened,
An inky pen in my hand,
Not to get a stipend
But to explore the universal expand,
Can you guess who I am?
From the micro to macro,
All are in the hands of mine.
I will make chiaroscuro,
For to exchange opinions with thine.
Can you guess who I am?

There are seven colours from white.
I use only monochromatic,
Where the entirety will be in its bright,
Making you shift to a fanatic.
Can you guess who I am?

The words from a language,
Whichever the language be,
I will strive to access the possibilities of sharing knowledge,
There is no limit for me unlike the sea.
Can you guess who I am?

The place that you could see me is in the vast arrays,
The wonderful place I am in is:
The best portrays
Of shining and twinkling.
Can you guess who I am?

The blank white comes to life;
With the rays that I send using my typography,
Sometimes you see me pensive;
While the mean times philanthropy,

Using my rays.
Can you guess who I am?

There is nothing which escapes from my sight:
Everything comes under my empire,
By using my might at height,
Well,
I shan't wear those crowns, depicting me emperor.
Can you guess who I am?
A wild river flow in me,
I make sure to emphasize it,
Get the best experiences, I guarantee,
And to make your intellect fit
Can you guess who I am?

I don't see how much I am familiar with,
Because
The aim is to reach the point of layman.
By doing my job with vigour,
Sculpting the sculpture to benefit all same.
Can you guess who I am?

Well,
You may have made many guesses,
May be Sun, or sculptor, or even many more,
You may be right I confess,
We sculpt by taking precious from ore.
We are the Sun to society.

Natalia Kichula, Krasnodar
Embrace me with your truth

Let me warm up in it, dissolve.
No, there won't be a stronger moment
In this life! Mine, new, clean.
Show me how far the right path is.

Let me feel the sweet fears.
I'm not afraid! I won't lose my temper! I won't turn off!
Don't feel sorry, don't keep me! Enough!

I will share my fate with you, my fate,
After all, I believe in you! Do you hear? I believe!
Turn away! Step back if I'm lying.
But appreciate the loss of my fears.

Don't lead me by the hand. Stop!
Turn around! I'm walking bolder,
When you're ahead! Everything is clearer
And it's easier to walk.

Knyazeva Olga. Vladimir/Berlin
Duma

What does it mean to be a Russian in the year of repeated twos?
Look into the duality of the abysses and choose the lesser evil?
And if there is no choice in a row of hospital beds,
Take a painful injection of doubt?
We have hardened the heart with a chess game;
Who goes first is not always the hero at the end,
And not to hide under the divine aegis,
How not to return the decayed dilapidated house-building.

Western culture soaked souls
They will not turn their eyes away from the memorable arts.
Those who have ears will hear the truth,
A blind man will see clearly over the river of spring feelings!
Streams of overseas words I cherish in remembrance,
May they come in handy - God bring me
In any extreme (now in trials)
Where to push the plow in the trenches of the field, feeling the
flesh.
Where the stone is sharpened by a passing comet,
Being a red star out of place,
Where is the crunch of bones, and not the French baguette,
Where the antichrist hell reigns on earth.

What does it mean to be fair in a blackening lamp?
To carry the precepts of the Proto-Slavic yoke,
Only to amuse the ego in a shaking tirade
An aerial temple where common sense has been lost.
Being human is an unsolved dilemma
Or a beast in the skin of buffed sheep.
For whom long live the legitimate thelema,
Those who have corrected the holiness that the Father has shed
into their minds.
Withered fruit in the hands of a hungry child,
Dear brothers, we have left to reap,
A sticky oilcloth will cover the family table,
While the seventh sleeps a deep sleep span.
I am not afraid of the banishment of the herd of idle talk,
What it means to be alone does not mean to weaken,
Around him filling the hedge with love,
I am ready with generosity not to be shy.
That means to be Russian — in a hut of burning knowledge
Save and take out the only treatise:
What will happen, be what you can do without moaning,
From the heart to the sun by the rose of the world exactly.

Beyond time there is a unity of souls

The Mercury shield draws into the smooth surface of the
chained backs:

You look like me - the lamb of Svarog's son;
And neither day nor night, neither light nor darkness,
No land - Parabraman - that's where we are based.
You are one - and the beginning of the divine milestones
of Constructions and numbers is the basis of all.
There are, Horatio, wise men sleeping without dreams
Many: pseudo-prophets-mahatmas and liars,
Neither expand nor narrow the unity of you,
Comprehend beauty, mind, heart - loving;
You are in one being - you cannot comprehend where, how,
Why: you see a fist above your palm.
Out of time and out of place is your nature,
Deep, innermost inside is magic.
And that man was not brought back by the power of the spirit,
You are beyond time, there is a unity of souls.

Logos is the first sound, light, thought of the heavenly Gods,
States of cosmic dust - seven words:
Spheres-worlds - the physical world of matter:
The rest are invisible - in the sonority of the lyres.
The first sphere is God, and the second is the spiral,
The monadic world divides the tablet into five:
Spirit, bliss, mind, feeling and dense zemsy;
The Spirit Mother - the living - is the law of the world.
And under the plans contain seven groups of atomic's:
The first one consists entirely of simple energies,
Combinations of electromagnetic fields,
The third is a complex ethereal light installation,
And the fourth is a fire - a thermal conductor,
the fifth is a pure spring of gas and air,
a liquid water section of the sixth combinations,
The firmament of the earth is the seventh cosmogenic limit.

Kolbas Ilya
Mytishchi E.P.B.

I met you
on the pages of Isis,
but it would be better to live
in sunny Cyprus,
or in Egypt
at the ancient Sphinx.
To hear your voice -
the story of life:
hardships and hardships,
achievements, discoveries
and the triumph of life!

About the young years
in the distant Mentana,
You fought bravely for Garibaldi!
You were wounded,
then you drowned!
But you were not scared,
neither water nor bullets!
Fearless heart,
boundless will!
You have revealed to people
the existence of the «Horizon»

Stanislav Konstantinov, Sochi

And again he is in front of you:
tall, stately, silent.
It is customary to rain at your meeting,
the drains of the plum are rumbling.

The same circular route
and the same number of the ticket
of the lucky one, as last time —
you will consider it a good omen.
The tram finishes the circle,
a short meeting is not enough again.
The wind will touch warm lips,
saying goodbye at the door of the station,
Petersburg.

Kostrov Ivan, Moscow
There is no age in love

In the spring, in the sun in the distance, a smile
He is walking, confidently, but not in a hurry
In the hands of a bouquet, and the cigarette is all smoking
I feel this is my destiny
Lame, gray-haired, not young anymore
And I'm not young anymore
There is no age in love, it seems
In love there is you, in love there is me

Kroitor Elena, Kommunar
Beyond heaven and earth

Beyond heaven and earth
I know there are worlds of insight.
Oh, if you and I could
Penetrate them without delay!
There's an ocean of knowledge there.

Throw yourself into the waters if you are brave.
And Maya's ghostly mist
It will dissipate behind a haze of gray.

There is a wise Naga as a faithful guardian
Follows the look and movement.
Invisibly with him is a faithful page –
Witness every moment.

Having been there, you are not yourself.
You are strange, knowledgeable and wise.
Who took the fight with passion.
And the winner is the most difficult.
But this is not the end of the road,
And the very beginning of it.
Get down to the ground and go
Into the world of grief, weakness, sadness.

And help others find
A world that eludes the eye.
And to gain the strength of the Spirit –
That's the best reward in life!

Irina Kroitor, Kommunar
The inevitability

One wave is running, another
As an inevitability, as a law.
As a good or evil will.
From the depths of what times?!

And the inevitability, like waves
They're hitting on me again.

Then the soul and heart are full
Doubts, fears and shackles.

But only escaping by an old faith,
That the light will disperse the evil darkness,
I can look with a bold hope
To the world and the new wave.

Kuzin Maxim, Izhevsk

First feelings

With your lovely smile
Eclipsed the celestial star
And your sleepy look only repeats
«My soul has been cold for a long time»
Does not sleep, tosses, sobs
And he thinks all about one thing
Oh, where is he, the bright one
The only break
How can I forget him?
Oh stars, can you give me an answer?
I don't have the strength to cry about him anymore
Forget, forgive or write?
Or maybe he remembers too
There can be no end to this
I will take the next step myself
Love has been stronger than words for a long time

Kutyreva Alina, Yoshkar-Ola

Elena's way

We met. Came to me from dreams
You are my guardian and savior.
You tore me out of the ordinary shackles,
My eternal and reliable patron.
I am the conductor of all your plans, ideas,
your capabilities and knowledge.
I have learned the secrets of the whole universe
Through the difficulty of travel and effort.
I learned to suppress and control
Their abilities, emotions, vibes
And began to change the understanding
Not only of existence, but also of religions.
I became closer to the Super and the Deity
Through the evolution of thinking and consciousness
I have known the absolute, the idea, the beauty...
Knowledge was revealed to me in the mountains of Tibet.
From ancient books and human rumor
The oracle of truth and existence has appeared.
And for the followers of my crowd
A chance to know the world has appeared.
I know the power and I own it,
She turned knowledge into theosophy
She wrote her works for people,
For the benefit of society, creators
And peace.

Lanchakova Julia, Nahai Mitya, Saint Petersburg

Thinker

Dedicated to the spirit of Elena Petrovna Blavatsky:
He devoted his thoughts to people,
And he took nothing in return,
He gave Himself joyfully,
But he did not surrender to the darkness.
He was scolded every time,
When he brought the light of fire,
He was always refused,
When I asked to look at the light.
He tried to show everyone,
That the light is manifested right in them,
They wanted to punish him,
To make him quiet down as soon as possible.
So as not to interfere with living peacefully
In the darkness of everyday life,
Used to wander in the cold
And turned away from the fire.
And he warmed by that fire,
Attracted by the big Light was,
When they forgot all about him,
He sailed away from them like a boat.
But as a sign of hope and love
To those that were left to freeze,
Left a spark behind,
So that they have where to look for Light...

Leclerc Sophie, Germany

The Last Dragon

My love! I am the last warrior...
the last orange-colored dragon
I drag out my life – in lonely peace...
I'm weak for the fight... desires, passions...

My heart! Is there any hope –
To rise up and rise to former heights?
And illuminate hundreds of worlds as before
The radiance of love... despite the darkness...

«Where are you now?... I hear the yearning...
the call and the petition—of millennia...
I know you're alive – banish doubts,
And let the spirit out of the hateful cage!»

The last soldier... he was tired... don't need...
let the long-awaited call be heard!
I'm thirsty... may you wake me up
The fire, which is now flickering slightly, is breathing...

You know my name, do you remember
How I warmed the whole world with bonfires –
Call! You will fill the warrior's spirit with yourself,
And I will rise above the Earth, worlds!

«Beloved! In the final of the last battle
For life in fullness, beauty, freedom –
We are bound, wounded and defeated,
And the forces of the future are running out.»

My soul! In your defense
I want to fly through the abyss of night,
Your rays are only open to them

Eyes... love prophesies a new rise for me.

In that world – gone mad, in the eclipse,
I will pave the true path with lights,
Believe in my strength, my aspiration,
And know that the light of victory is already behind us.

«I believe! Soar into the sky fearlessly,
I'm waiting for you! Hurry up with the dawn ...
the mists of evil – dissect bravely,
Save our world with warmth and love.»
I hear you, Angel! The Last Warrior
Brings a message of rebirth, flourishing:
He will be worthy of trust and love –
As a red symbol – the victory of light.

Lutaeva Lyudmila, Krasnogorsk
In the universe, all thoughts are born...

In the universe, all thoughts are born,
The Muse descends, weaving words...
Freethinking ..., is considered nonsense -
From monism * a headache...

The morphology of the forms of presentation,
In rhyme, I do not take miserly flour...
I accept it as a gift - inspiration,
I will touch..., mundane to the pen...

I understand the sounds of the universe,
I repeat prayerfully.. - OMMM...
With all my frank soul,
I communicate invisibly with the Creator...

Mazmanyay Valery, Moscow

Golden grains of lime adorn the routine of the years

We said goodbye - I have to forget everything.
Under the rains, the unceasing chorus
turned gray, unnoticed by the
dandelion's eye, a red tuft.

But dreams are not vetoed,
you fall asleep - and in another world,
and a flowering cherry branch
raises a blizzard outside the window.

I drank all yesterday's puddles
, the May dawn turned red,
the golden grains of lime
adorn the routine of years.

The past returns with sadness,
not to go on the run from yourself ...
if the river forgets where the riverbed is,
she will be reminded of her shores.

Alexander Merganov, Kostroma

Kindness...

Don't be afraid people say
kind words to each other more often;
and to pay for good with good,
and to do your good deeds
with good and without bragging.

To joke, to laugh, to humor more often

in a kind way, without vulgarity, without evil.
To dream, fall in love and love,
so much so that you soar in the clouds,
and from Love, so that the Soul bloomed ...
And smile more often, and give to others
smiles are kind and kind hearts.
to pray more often, to repent, to ask
forgiveness without shame, to thank
for the Kindness and condescension of the Creator.

I know it's very difficult to live kind -
because Kindness is not worth a penny.
It cannot be borrowed, bought,
sold, borrowed, or saved up -
it is as naive as a baby's smile...

...And don't be ashamed to be considered kind people.
Only Kindness is a sister to all Angels,
who can comfort in grief, encourage,
and give hope in a moment of despair,
and warm up like a traveler at her campfire;

sadness and joy with someone to share someone else's,
and to let someone else's pain pass through yourself,
and to justify betrayal and lies to forgive,
and even to tame hatred with malice,
instead of reproaches and insults only by enduring.

Let people cherish Kindness, appreciate it!..
Believe me, Kindness as a daughter, beloved of Christ, is
able to return Peace to the World, stop the war, reconcile
people with each other on the whole Earth,
and be merciful with everyone, and as a tear is pure...

Let's do it, People! – say
KIND WORDS to each other more often!..

Mikryukova Olga, Israel, Tel Aviv

Moment

Conquer for me,
the most mysterious island in the Caribbean!
I know it's going to be fun today.
You just need to wait for the right moment.
I can see you. It's useless to sneak up on me.
I am mercilessly armed.
That's my essence.
Truth is a unique thing.
Dance, love, frolic
while you're young.
And don't forget! Who does good,
he instills beauty in the soul.
Give a piece of uninhabited paradise -
the smell of pleasure.
And bring
the improved totem to the main place.
I love you in reality
and day by day more and more.
When I see your eyes,
my heart explodes in an instant.
Take whatever you want.
My soul is separation.
Wake me up in the morning.
Live in your moment of life.
Promote and create.
Moment. Moment. Moment.
You and I are the moment.

Mikhailov Georgy, Tula

Kaluga

Kaluga is the cradle of space discoveries —
Gave us millions of new news.
As monks from the cells, we went into orbit
On vortices of vertical velocities.
We are Humanity! Winged Perseis!
We have rocket fever in our blood and in our family.
We have scattered the smoke of the Fatherland around
the Earth,
Protecting this Ball.
Seconds before, seconds out, in and beyond
Seconds stretch forward and upward.
Thank God for the flying sandals:
The Motherland is behind us, the risk is above us.

What was the Angel singing about in Tsiolkovsky's white
thoughts?
What did they talk about with him?
Where is the Great Russian Dream now
Building us up? What are we doing?
Give, Truth, to us with measured strength
Be able to manage as they should.
From the frontiers most highly entrusted to us,
Further to outline the frontiers.

Igor Morozov, Gorodets

AUM

The voice of Silence hung like a thin spider web,
The essential root of a person's desire to be.
He, homogeneous, contained many-faced forms —

Thousands of people, raised to a megaquadrate.
And on the border of matter fused with spirit,
The eternal Guardian is pulling a long OM,
To separate eternity from eternity into nothing,
Rushing rapidly from nothing to nowhere.
The sound will not stop while the Universal Sun is shining,
The ashes of a man will scatter — will form into a temple,
It will flash in the sun and disappear again in Akasha,
Where the golden horizon runs away from the eyes.
The voice of Silence is louder than the call of the underworld,
And on the scales the spirit swings of manifest forms:
Wings of deeds and heaviness of deeds, and thoughts...
And deep down, everything sounds incessant OM.

Alexander Nikutyev, Balakhta
The night stupefies me...

The night intoxicates me with sea buckthorn paradise,
To forget and not remember what happened yesterday,
Something is waiting ahead, beyond the unknown edge,
Whether it's a fire in the sky, or the coals of a campfire.
Behind the back of the whole life, it will not be the same,
You won't understand: either a dream, or a bitter reality.
I can no longer master these disastrous straws,
But please, you're luck, don't leave me.

We're all in a hurry somewhere, but there's not much use,
Winds, miles and stars, so as not to disappear into the night,
And on the exhale of years, as a creation of God,
I would like to fall to the ground gratefully.

Polovinkina Irina, Krasnodar Krai

I need to stop loving

At arm's length
You're from me, but I can't reach you.
I think I can hear hearts pounding
In your chest, but it will drive you crazy
Easy...It's like I'm not here.
It was as if my mind had split in two from the pain.
And I tightened the tourniquet with a smile
On the heart...So that you don't get established.
At the expense of me, at the expense of my love.
I'm not a dog, as it might seem.
For the loyalty that's in my blood
I won't let you laugh at me.
You're close, it's worth taking a step,
But I won't move, I'd like to turn away.
Your look is like that ravine
Deep, but empty...Oh God touch

Alexey Ponomarev, Krasnodar

Optimistic philosophy

Let life not favor me, so far, and God be with her
Let sometimes the ends do not converge with the beginnings
And yet I still hope for the best
And I say thank you for that Lao Tzu
I keep myself openly straight, on a par with everyone
I'm ready to swallow bitter pills like lollipops
And yet I still hope for the best.
And I say thank you for that Lao Tzu
Let every day seem to me the last day of Pompeii
Let the traitors fools and scoundrels around

And yet I still hope for the best
And I say thank you for that Lao Tzu
Let in hopeless poverty alone all their lives will be stunned
Others buy yachts and palaces for themselves
And yet I still hope for the best
And I say thank you for that Lao Tzu
At least I have no right to complain about fate
We are blacksmiths of our fate and our happiness
And yet I still hope for the best.
And I say thank you for that Lao Tzu
Let me break my neck completely someday
We will all die someday, the wise men are right here
And yet I still hope for the best.
And I say thank you for that Lao Tzu
I will lie there without moving like in a mausoleum
Until I'm forced into the cemetery by the youngsters
And they won't have long to wait, I hope
And I say thank you to Lao Tzu for this.

Wheat Vita, Pskov
My century

A century like an orphan without God,
even though there are domes everywhere.
And pierced the ray-touchy
the murk of the window glass.
Gulena-Autumn has faded,
steamed, called off.
The cold wind blows
and rings the bells.

My century, the named brother, the elder,
as a confidant of Fate.

It's not given to me to know what's next,
so, so be it.
Named brother... The dome is copper...
The cross reaches all the way to heaven...
the hour of dawn is approaching,
sowing grace around.
Hold me tight,
let go of yourself.
My century... Life, earth, adverb...
means together.
On the way

Dmitry Rakhmilov, Derbent
Don't rush, it's all the same

Don't rush, you can't beat the time anyway,
Not to rain, not to keep up with the wind,
Do not rise to the stars and do not burn with fire,
Your business is to live as a human being one day.
You didn't just get to a solemn feast,
Coming into the world by the will of the Creator and nature,
Why is this world divided by you
On religion, race, color and breed

Extracting resources from the womb of the earth,
You burn forests and rule the current with platinum,
And you have been named the king of nature,
You've forgotten about your appointment over the years.

Generations are passing away, the century is changing,
Even the rotten virus has got a crown,
Only you are the king of nature, wake up, man!
Don't let disaster get close to the throne..

Elena Romanova, Voronezh

The bird of the amazing world

Floating in an instant of space
among the heavenly Olympus
is a radiant torch, unquenchable
from an amazing world.
And this torch, invisible
to an alien bird, looks like it
hovers invisibly over the purity
of the soul with the truth from God.

The deep absolute of the sign favors
the love of the universe and,
illuminating the souls with a clear sky,
elevates enlightenment.
The great spirit of rebirth reigns
in the innermost peace
and transforming the current
will reveal the truth of the teaching.

Alexander Savastyanov, Klinty

The ballad of a closed time

My soul is with itself
In another reality I met,
I rotated in a completely different environment,
So far away and alien.

My soul didn't like it
My worn out body:
Passing eternity, every now and then
I was looking for a newer body.

Where time is closed in a ring,
And there are no coincidences,
I was on the path of rebirth,
I was looking for a new face.

From world to world punching a hole,
By opening all areas of space,
She didn't know constancy,
And I was afraid I was going to die.

The soul aspired to the depths of time,
The sleeping baby was possessed by...
Oh, my God! – How she laughed.
As it turned out, I was saved.

The influx of energy from the outside,
All the wonders of migration,
Where there are no random coincidences,
They gave me a second life.

It's like being reborn...
Why all this futility of disputes –
There are no parallel corridors
In the space of closed times.

...My soul is with itself
In another reality I met,
Then she came back,
Shining with the morning star.

Valeria Salmanova, Kaluga

Before God

How often do I hear: «God will always help»,
«In the salvation of God», «God is the judge of everything»..
And as for God, you are in creation too
And do not take responsibility from yourself!

I often find joy behind lies,
The eyes speak of a greater life,
And the warmth in the chest can not deceive
And only with this – they work, they create.

And to be honest, the truth exceeds
And you don't shout about it to anyone.
That's the only way, you mutually accept
In the natural connection of light and heat.

Alexey Sakhatsky, Ussuriysk

Accept it! You 're even ashes
You will never in the end,
You will not resurrect what you lived with.
Everyone will disappear, and you are no exception,
Who is earlier, and who is later –
And is this our century?..

But despite what you –
A grain of sand on the palm of God,
So I want to walk again
Through fresh and melting snow,
Breathe the winds from the sea and watch
Into the bottomless blue sky

With fancy clouds,
And feel that those who have lived in love,
They couldn't disappear.

Vasily Selivanov, Tambov

The version about where the famous riddle came from

The overgrown park is dark and boring.
The trees are entwined with crowns.
A pear tree was hanging on a sturdy branch
And looked down in despair.

She was forgotten, as everyone was forgotten,
People don't come here now,
The body is covered with a crust of dust,
And someone cut the wires...

On the shore of the age-old quagmire,
Among the green, dense thickets
He didn't seem to be a stranger very much
A beautiful, old lamppost.

Once he was in the middle of a routine
In the night he pointed the right way,
He threw big shadows behind their backs,
Beckoned on the bench to relax.

But the times of Change have come.
The park was closed, the network was severed.
Only the steel frame remained.
After all, light is not needed. Who to watch?

What is written in oil on the picture -

To break and take out everything, in full!
Only the light bulb was not twisted.
Who needs such a thing?

And now I was left alone in the desert,
Don't get away, yellow, anywhere,
And she was sick of the light outside,
And it doesn't burn from the inside - trouble!

The lamppost is not shaken by the winds.
When will the last hour come?
An apple tree broke through a couple of meters away,
And intertwined with him by the roots...

Years have passed. The crown blossomed.
Nature knows its circles.
They looked at the apples in surprise
Something that was so... different.

And only one repeated: Listen up!
Don't you dare be sad, hanging over the ground!
After all, you are alive! After all, you're... a pear!
But you can't be eaten!

And it was so nice to see - A spark was born in the cartridge,
And shone, and lit up,
Dispelling both darkness and dirt for a moment!

Already that apple tree has withered,
And how many years have fled into the distance...
When you get insanely ill,
When sadness pulls to the bottom,

You just remember the good...
Look - the sun rises in the morning!
A little wind - and the way is paved

From a small spark to a bonfire!

It's dark and boring in an overgrown park.
But there are rumors that sometimes,
At the crossroads it shines brightly
Lantern, on cut wires...

Skiba Andrey, Taganrog

Just to know that you need me

I'll rush to you right now,
not finishing my cooling dinner,
if you hint, without hiding your sadness,
that you need me.

I'll come in a crazy taxi,
famously jumping over frozen puddles,
even if the driver is a psycho,
just to know that you need me.

I will rush into the entrance with flowers,
despite the terrible cold,
if only you don't say no,
just to know that you need me.

I'll freeze at the doorbell,
not daring to press the button,
fearing for sure
that he got back on the wiring.

You open it, take the bouquet,
and slam the door in your face.
And again, you won't say no,

and you'll leave everything in question.

I will return home dejectedly,
I will throw the cooled dinner in the trash.
I really want to be with you!
Just to know that you need me...

Smekhacheva Natalia, Torzhok

Temple

1

Draw me, artist,
A priestess in a white peplum.
Copper-red tripod,
The snake is an ancient body.
To the mighty rings
They breathed warm life,
And scales bells
They were trembling in the semi-darkness.

2

Shadow Spots - like mice
In the golden buzz...
help me hear
Slender choir of capitals
And the breath of centuries,
And the birth of the Word -
The ringing of crystal inflorescences
In the dark heart of the past...

3

...The priestess laughs softly,
The Dragon sleeps soundly.
The flame of the torches curls
At the emerald horns.

And on the stone slabs
is the Shell of a lunar cancer
And mysteriously merged
Signs of light and darkness...

Soina Nadezhda, Nikolsk

Gifted

Under the protection of the night luminary,
A starry placer in the cosmic abyss,
A spiritual force was born
In strengthening physical strength.

She spread her wings-feathers in the rays,
Inspired by the power of light,
Filled with the midday sun,
Its planetary advantage.

What is given by birthright,
It will not be taken away by cunning money-grubbing.
The luminaries continue to move,
Fulfilling their obligations.

They direct who hears their whispers,
Along the path that was intended only for them.
Glorifying the daily chores.
What is given will not be lost.

Sysoeva Nadezhda, Ugra

How fleeting life is!

How fleeting is life!
Therefore, go ahead!
If you dream up –
Don't pinch your wings.
If you want to sing, then sing,
Laugh, dance, write!
Rejoice, be yourself,
In order not to regret – look.
We are each our own power,
A friend to himself and an enemy.
It's not a sin to fall,
It's scary not to take a step.
Life is a brief moment,
a unique gift!
So take it and
drink the wonderful nectar.
Take a big sip,
Take a deep breath!..
Life will sum up,
Whether you were a slave in it or a god...

Tebloeva Alina, Vladikavkaz

I am everything

I am light and darkness, fire and ice
confession and deception
I am stranded, wave, whirlpool
and childish sadness
I am a puzzle, a painting,
a canvas rim, paints, glue

I am a wall, floor and ceiling
newspaper, bread and hops
I am snow and rain, fog and ray
I am drought and heat
I am very strong and powerful
I am very weak and sick,
I am laughter and joy, pain and cry
I am the sound of the cymbal and the string
I'm static and I'm tick
I am a starfall, I am the moon
I am death, a blow, an anxious dream,
an exciting moment,
I am life, embraces, sweet moan,
a tangle of ribbons,
I am he, she, it, they,
I am silence and noise,
I fill the world with myself
I am the beginning of thoughts
I am nobody's, I am not,
I am everywhere and nowhere
I am a reflection of new films
I am yesterday
I am in a lump in my throat and crying in my hearts,
I am the joy of all love
I am the sun's bunny, the Father's light,
I am all outside and inside
I am everything, nothing, I am the light of the night,
I am what is outside of me
Me and the tide, me and the surf,
I am where the darkness of the day
I am nakedness, I am silk, chiton,
prayer speech,
I am a tenor, bass and baritone,
I am the one who carries the sword,
the executioner and the victim, the court, the judge,
the lawyer, the anarchist,

I am a cage, a knight, a king, a rook,
I'm a blank white sheet.

Tevtueva Anna, the Eagle
Mill has ground its wings...

The mill has ground
Wings —Ya.
Over an ocean of stubble.

The crucified flesh is spinning,
Creating a raft
In the wind stream,
And in her lungs
Autopilot.
There is no me.
Feathers are ringing
On the threshold of the gate.

Not seven grams,
Not twenty-one.

Heavenly amalgam
Doesn't know the score.
And what do I care
In this cross?

A randomly hung Sign.
Gathers onlookers
And sinners
(and mockers).
I'm under
An ocean of stubble.

Harvested fruit
Under the ant's paws.

Tikhonovich Aksana, Belarus
Dedication of the daughter

The ocean sings about dolphins,
He prophesies about deep corals,
Swallowtail Night opal
The news about Lemuria brings us.
The power is hidden in the radiance of the waves
Silvery knowledge of the world.
The sky will be warmed by the star whistle,
The luminous manifestation of the ether.

The call of astral beings in the sky!
Angels treat us lost.
The crying of dolphins flies in the blue
About universal love we tremble!

The East is burning, a wave of flame,
The snow is singing mysteriously.
We are putting knowledge into stone
Let's go...
They'll recognize us by our clothes.

Diamond, illuminating the peaks,
Charming with the dewy silence,
The Mirror ether faces
Call...
So the mountain garden ripens into battle.
Swords are drawn a hundred times,
Meeting steel pale light,

Eyes in the dark sprouting,
We will find...
So the ark sees a new trail.

Toral Munshi, India
Rainbow of Humanity

As in white
These are the seven colors of the rainbow.
In the white lotus of theosophy,
These are the seven colors of humanity

Religion of the Color of theosophy
It has the colors of world religions
The color of their brotherhood
Draws all the world's religions in one.

The Color of theosophy's Karma,
He teaches everything about his own karma,
Don't worry about the fruit
Karma is our Dharma.
The Union Color of Theosophy
Uniquely distributed around the world
Knowledge is shared in each lodge
The color of meditation sparkles uniquely

Humanity the color of theosophy
Paints everyone in its own color
As soon as someone gets painted with this
Stays with them forever

The Comradely Color of Theosophy
His strength is unique

Every theosophist, holding hands,
becomes everyone's friend

The color of knowledge of theosophy
Spread the colors of theology
Teach and offer to the world
Wisdom, Truth and brotherhood
Service to the Flower of Theosophy
Active in every theosophist
is the love of helping those in need, serving all who suffer.

As in white
These are the seven colors of the rainbow.
In the white lotus of theosophy,
These are the seven colors of humanity.

Tyagusheva Ulyana, Krasnoyarsk
Don't they fly?

Why do they say that penguins
And the chickens, in general, too
Don't want to lift their backs
And take off... It's not good for them!
Who came up with these prohibitions
The flight is brilliantly good,
What did athletes do before them
And not those who didn't come out with a mug?

Maybe everything is in pledge
At the behest of soulless nature,
The one who knits legs,
It does not allow you to soar into the firmament.

But among any gray mass
There are sometimes individuals,
That sweeping away boundaries, classes
They also fly away from Antarctica.

And they say about them: «A renegade!
He is whiter in color than a crow!
He is also a native of ice,
Because there are freaks in nature!»

But these chickens are flying
Or chickens or penguins,
Not caring about anything that is biased,
Striving to reach the top.

They are being watched for their flight
Those who want to too,
But out of fear of falling, they don 't fly,
Condemning daredevils more severely.

Olga Uvarkina, Moscow
At the edge of the radiant sunrise

At the edge of the radiant sunrise,
Where clouds and waters are golden,
Heavenly, earthly... (Is the essence?)
An empty boat is getting cold on the pier
At the end of the road (or at the beginning)
Between two worlds a canopy...
There are no oars visible on the ghostly side.
And how many winters have passed and warm springs
Without passengers in the silence of centuries?..
But it seems that the wind will hardly blow,

And the sun will not illuminate the world of illusions,
The boat will glide easily through the waters

And he will sail to a country where everything is different:
Life is immortal, and no one cries there,
And does not yearn for an earthly hell...
Listen up... how Chronos will touch the boat,
And waking up the sleeping Charon,
Extinguish a dead star in the sky...

Elena Fadeeva, Saransk
A symbol of unity in Christ

The introduction

«Acquire the spirit of peace and then the souls around you will
be saved» -

So the highly revered Seraphim told all the laity.
I have chosen the path of humility, deprivation, and suffering,
In the name of the Lord he suffered, the light of happiness
radiated to the world,
He loved everyone around him and worked miracles.

Part One

1

Prokhor was born in the family of a merchant,
He was the third child of his father.
I didn't like children's fun, I didn't play,
Since childhood, I was serious, I read a lot.
Everyone noticed, from the evil of everything
The Mother of God guarded him.

2

Once the fool met them,
he suddenly said to Prokhor's mother:

«Prokhor will appear before the Holy Trinity,
He will pray for the whole world, he will soon become for us.»

3

So it happened that he said
that his son asked for a blessing.
The merchant's business, worldly life did not tempt,
Prokhor chose the monk's path for himself.
The son bowed to his mother at her feet,
He attached himself to the icon of the Savior,
Mother of God, and then
Mother christened the copper cross
And she blessed me on the way of the cross.
The cross that his mother gave him then
He didn't take it off and wore it to death,
Blessed was that cross to him.

Part Two

1

Prokhor got into the Sarov desert,
The elder pointed it out to him:
«The place of salvation will be yours.»,
Here you will end your life.»

2

It took me a long time to become a novice,
To work in prosphorna, to cut down trees,
In carpentry, on bread, sawing wood,
To be a cell attendant and to wake the monks.
He was ill with a serious illness for three years,
He was almost motionless, did not drink or eat,
Then he asked to serve the liturgy,
He asked me to confess him, to give him communion,
And soon the disease receded from him.
Holy, truly, the power of the Lord!

3

At the age of thirty-two,
Abbot Pachomius revealed Seraphim in the «angelic rank».

That name was given for his love for God,
For warm affection and help to the people.
For believing twice and sparing no effort,
Theophilus grants him the rank of hieromonk.

4

And Seraphim goes back to the ascetic path.
Alone, a hermit, in a dark forest, to rest his soul.
While spending time in prayer, he does not notice,
That I haven't eaten, haven't drunk for a long time and sleep
doesn't come.

The animals will come to the cell, they are everywhere here,
They will always receive affection, bread, protection and
shelter.

He raised his hands to the sky, prayed on the stones.
So the hieromonk spent a thousand nights and days.
He prayed with all his strength, he cleansed his soul,
received laypeople, monks, pitied them and comforted them.

5

Robbers somehow attacked the cell,
They wanted to rob, beat, tied up,
But of course they found the money
And having given it to death, they left.
But with the help of God, Seraphim stood up,
We keep the Holy Mother of God sensitively.
I thanked her for saving me
And he asked for the forgiveness of the villains.
Since then, my back has been hurting because of the injury,
He always walked leaning on a staff.
The Lord God has punished the robbers,
The smoke of the fires devoured their homes,
But Seraphim did not ask for such punishment,
He always prayed to God for forgiveness.

6

Then the Monk became silent,
He stopped communicating with people at all
And soon his house in the dense wilderness

He changed to a cell in the silence of Sarov.

Part Three

1

After the shutter , the gift could manifest,
The gift of a miracle worker and the gift of a visionary.
He cured serious illnesses
And he predicted the fate of the sovereigns.

2

He passed away in the cold winter.
A gray-haired old man was kneeling,
He crossed his arms and put them in front of him,
Head bowed low to the lectern
Before the icon of the Holy Virgin
Father Seraphim completed the earthly path.

3

To acquire the Spirit of the Lord he bequeathed to us,
He called us to goodness, to God, to peace
And the voice of those praying is heard everywhere:
«Holy Seraphim, pray to God for us!»

Fedina Lyudmila, Belarus

Be able to cherish love...

And I dreamed about Love.
She stood on the edge of two worlds.
With my generous hand
She gave herself to all people!

All the pigeons were flying over it,
Surrounded by a beautiful halo.
And the angels stood at her feet
And they sang the song in chorus.

That the world is so beautiful,
Once given to us by God.
The elders stood with songs for the lyres
And everyone sang along with them.
There was such grace all around,
That my heart was beating sweetly.
It was a joy so full of happiness,
When the Mother appeared to us from heaven

And this generosity should be cherished by everyone,
Don't think about money and fame.
There is another value more expensive than this...
Love, which has no higher reward!

Shakes the mother from the birth of the child,
Showering my son with love.
And the daughter stirs slowly,
Affectionately calling love.

There is no greater holiness on earth,
Where the mother's heart «does not smolder»
It 's for your child
He will overcome all difficulties!
Holy mother love.
She's like a walking stick.
He will come, hug and immediately again
He will relieve pain with his heart!
What a pity that not everyone is given,
The mother's love is noticeable ...
But there is still a God in the world
And it will be necessary to answer everyone!

Well, in the meantime, the trumpeter is blowing,
That angel. And fanfare sounds,
So that we have more luck,
I will give you generous rewards with love.

Today I dreamed about this Love.
She stood on the edge of two worlds...
With my generous hand
She gave herself to all people...

Khayelihle Bhengu, South Africa

Rain from the top

It is a sweet smell of soaked loam,
Fresh zoysia and lilies quenching thirst ,
Each leaf gulps every drop that trails from the rest
The wondering drop skating the leaf top,
Sliding toward the poor beneath,
Each leaf of the branch, one small sip at a time
Quenching thirst before the sun peeps the skies above.
Sunrays sift through opening of each branch of every leaf
Tender leaves on the top to ragged below
Piercing light that gleam so bright
Like a second chance, a fresh breath of life
An ever-rotating wheel of life that sun comes after rain
True wonders of nature descend from top to ground below
So that vulnerable can transcend
and reveal majestic beauty as they ascend to the top
Then Wallah
Earth is renewed

Nikolay Khripkov, Kalinovka village

Angel

Despair covered the Wave with a head.
And everything around was dumb,
As if inanimate.

«Why should I live in the world,
When there is only darkness around,
When I got online,
And there's no way to escape?»

And the bridge is so high.
And dark water
It will drag you into deep darkness,
From nowhere.

He climbs over the railing
And wants one,
Grave black What
It will get rid of everything.

«Wait! – he hears from behind
At the shoulder.
«For God's sake
Don't do it in a hurry

The fact that you can not return.
And there is only one life.
When you want to die,
Satan rejoices.»

He went back over the railing
And he wanders across the bridge.
His soul froze
And ice instead of a heart.

I didn't know that this evening
The date will be with her.
And sweet on the shoulders he
He will press it to his chest.

Shatalov Vitaly, Orenburg region

A Conversation with God

An old man came to ask God:
«Let me live a little longer
In wealth and without troubles.»
But God, looking at the elder sternly,
He left me standing at the door,
Saying to him in response:

«You lived in sin without getting tired,
Without noticing other people.
He lived only for himself.
I didn't see the edge in the streams of lies,
A flock was circling around you
Similar to you.
Now you're asking for forgiveness here,
But here I am in doubt...
And from the heart are you
Are you aware of all the sins?
And here's my solution for you -
Plant flowers!

If the flowers all bloom,
Will you come to my court again,
And I'll forgive you.
But if all the flowers die,
The flowers and leaves will fall off,
Then I will charge you.»

The old man planted, planted flowers,
But I'm not used to work,

And I did everything wrong.
His flower garden is empty,
Before the eyes of God is the face,

And there is only darkness ahead.

And I realized that this was not how he lived,
He's only made enemies for himself.
There are no friends at all.
Riches are not dear to him,
And the gleam in his eyes cooled.
Why did he live like that, WHY?

And in an instant the face of God appeared,
The whole old man stands drooping,
Couldn't look up.
And next to it is an empty flower garden,
But at this hour and at this moment
A tear dripped.

A tear got into the seeds,
And she gave life to the sprout.
One flower has sprung up.
There is always hope in life,
And life will change sometimes
Remorse sprout.

Shubina Elena G. Pushkino

Life

Life and Death –
One coin,
And the Earth is one planet
Where are you a guest,
And the Image of a man!

Your flesh
Creation of God
And we have one road
Creating evolution!

- What kind of block?
So, where is God?
And scientists looking for
Haven't found the creator yet

— This is nonsense
And there is an answer –
Or a bacterium living,
Your body furrowing,
Does he know something about you?
And, of course, about the dream?

Let him create – at least a telescope
Maybe even a microscope
She won't understand you
While it will be so small.

Only you know about her
About his bacteria.
Can you take it –
Help the body
Or drink a pill
To completely expel.

Your reflection
is the way to know Him
Can you ask Father,
To study the universe.

And one more lesson –
There is a lesson in matryoshka dolls –

You and me in one volume,
But everyone has their own
The Accumulator is the Soul

She travels,
Furrowing through the universe.
Then he falls into a bad sin,
Then it becomes different.

Can you understand her,
If you know a lot.
After all , her energy –
The path of development is yours.

Everyone can become a god,
Only observe the laws.
Their fathers left them,
Patrons of the Soul.

You can join the devil
And suffer with him to the end
Not to be seen then –
The Heavenly Crown!

Once you've come, live beautifully
You shake a friend's hand
Take care of the Mistress of the house
Let's bow to the old people!

Shunin Dmitry, Bogorodsk

Grass

The night spoke of winter to the ice at the pier.
Deciduous copper was thinning... The grass was silent.
Dreams broke away from the moon and floated, floated.
Both crucians and swimmers were dozing in the mud.
Cold darkness flowed into a thick morning.
And my heart was pounding in time with vague desires.
Children were playing bast shoes and dolls on the grass.
The grass has a stake on its head, but the grass doesn't make
a sound.
Time composed through the years seasons into eternity,
It broke bird cities and human cities.
And it broke the thread of life, demolished the roofs...
the grass could speak, but I didn't hear...