

VII INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS,
dedicated to Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

Collection of poetic works

of participants of the international
Poetry Competition

*«Helena Petrovna
Blavatsky»*



Russia, Moscow,
November 24, 25, 26, 2023.

More than 70 poets from 11 countries and 41 cities of Russia took part in the International Poetry Competition dedicated to Elena Petrovna Blavatsky, among them Laureates and nominees of prizes, holders of medals from the Russian Imperial House of Romanov, medals of the Russian Union of Writers, "For Services to the Fatherland", "For contribution to the development of Russian Literature", awarded medals Karamzin, the medal "Enlighteners Cyril and Methodius", the Princess Glinskaya Prize (USA), the winners of the UNESCO essay contest, "Open Eurasia 2021".

Participants from Kazakhstan, Israel, Uzbekistan, Ukraine, Turkey, Latvia, Belarus, London, Switzerland, South Africa, Moldova.

Russian Federation Republic of Crimea, Komi Republic, Bashkortostan, Altai Territory, Primorsky Territory, Leningrad Region, Lipetsk Region, Kirov Region, Nizhny Novgorod Region, Penza Region, Rostov Region, Belgorod Region, Samara Region, Chelyabinsk Region, Omsk Region, Moscow Region, Tver Region, Tula Region, Tyumen Region, Ulyanovsk Region., Khanty-Mansi Autonomous Okrug.

Cities of the Russian Federation Chelyabinsk, Volkhov, Likino – Dulevo, Lyubertsy, Dolgoprudny, Balashikha, Vladivostok, Tver, Saki, Nizhny Novgorod, Pushkin, St. Petersburg, Zverevo, Arzamas, Sergiev Posad, Meleuz, Usinsk, Mytishchi, Kommunar, Penza, Belgorod, Krasnogorsk, Ulyanovsk, Domodedovo, Moscow, Kirov, Tula, Gorodets, Rostov on Don, Rostov Veliky, Kuminsky, Tevriz, Nikolsk, Ivanovo, Troitsk, Samara, Kostroma, Khimki, Biysk, Lipetsk, Mezhdurechensk.

Representatives of state institutions: Nazarbayev University Astana, Chelyabinsk Institute of Culture, Moscow Institute of Physics and Technology, Nizhny Novgorod Theological Seminary, "South Ural State Institute of Arts named after Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky", "Altai State Humanitarian Pedagogical University named after V.M. Shukshin", Volkhov City Gymnasium, "Secondary School No. 117" of the Department of Education Almaty city, "Chervonovskaya secondary school" of the Saki district of the Republic of Crimea, secondary school No. 1, Meleuz, Republic of Bashkortostan, The House of Children's creativity of the Pushkin district of St. Petersburg "Pavlovsky", "Saka Secondary School No. 4 named after Hero of the Soviet Union F.I. Senchenko" Saki cities of the Republic of Crimea, Kuminskaya secondary school No. 7, "District Palace of Culture and Arts "Konda", Mezhdurechensky village, "Inter-settlement Central District Library", Nikolsk, Center for Psychological, Pedagogical, Medical and Social Assistance of the Krasnogvardeysky district of St. Petersburg "School of Health and Individual Development".

Winner Of The International Poetry Competition *«Helena Petrovna Blavatsky»*



Igor Morozov (Gorodets, Nizhny Novgorod region), was born on January 7, 1970 in the village of Varnavino on the banks of the Vetluga River, founded by a disciple of Sergius of Radonezh - Barnabas. Since early childhood, he has been living in Gorodets on the Volga. He served in the Soviet Army, studied at the Gorky (Nizhny Novgorod) Pedagogical Institute at the Faculty of Philosophy. He has been working as a journalist since 1994.

In 1991, *The Secret Doctrine* entered his life - one of the first books that became an epiphany and unexpected joy. «The Voice of Silence», «Seven Gates», «Two Paths», «Letters of E.I. Roerich» - these books, according to Igor, turned life into a journey to the Light. Experience and awareness were expressed in poetry.

In 1998 he began work on the wreath of sonnets «LIGHT. The worldview of the mystic». The last final revision was made at the end of July 2023. This is a kind of diary of a mystic traveler inspired by the «*Secret Doctrine*» of Elena Petrovna Blavatsky.

The 14th wreath of sonnets «The New Way» completes this poetic cycle.

POEMS OF THE CONTEST 2023

Winner

Igor Morozov, Russia, Gorodets

**A new way
(wreath of sonnets)**

1

To enlighten human nature today –
The eternal aspiration of the saints.
Patience is the eternal manifestation of Light
It goes from the previous dots to commas.
Great heroes came into life
Transform the ignorance of the earth,
But to fulfill the role until the end
Because of the stubbornness of the world, they could not.
Their hearts, filled with Light,
were absorbed into Heaven by the Gifts of the Almighty.
The earth rejected their simple miracles:
There is no gift more wonderful than simplicity.
With such a gift in life, you can do everything –
To transform it into the Lord's Choice.

2

In the Lord's Choice to transform it –
Any soul can be aspired to,
And existence will be established by force,
But we gave preference to weaknesses.
Like an ostrich, we hide our head in the sand,
And we fly a flock of birds at the shot,
Know that he who has not known the soul is alone,
He is not supported by the Power of the Almighty.
But in silence The Light settles in the hearts,
The soul will blossom like a flower in the body...

And from above we receive in full,
When the candle of aspiration does not go out.
And life itself should – there would be faith –
To fulfill everything as it is – everything from earth to
Heaven.

3

Fulfill everything as it is – everything from earth to heaven
Human life is the ladder of the Gods,
From the body stone to the Supramental Veda
In the alternation of predestined epochs.
Accept reality, not temptation.
The soul should erect a temple-palace inside.
History is just a manifestation
The reality of the universal soul.
We are not flying like an arrow, we are looping in the
bushes,
And from Above they imperceptibly reveal to us –
For everyone – a simple and bright plan.
We soar with our soul, but we rot with our body.
The soul sings a song softly for the heart –
The whole world is Consciousness, Bliss, Being.

4

The whole world is Consciousness, Bliss, Being –
We are not able to think more exalted,
Our mind has known and reflected its own
A divine being and a name.
And returning to himself,
We will see that centuries and years are
an illusion in a changeable fate:
First the impenetrable vaults,
And after that – two luminous wings.
But the essence remains unchanged,
And only in creation is the chain of transformations

Unity that divided itself.
The moon reflected softly in the water,
The illusion has evolved to the Truth.

5

The illusion has evolved to the Truth.
There is Truth in unity, and Maya is a part of it,
Illusions are a mysterious force,
And thought, and life, and body separated.
So, if an oil painting is painted:
Up close – a daub, be able to see the essence!
The fragmented half of the truth,
Sometimes reality itself is more important.
Any part is really infinite,
With illusion and with Truth in kinship,
How to understand this Deity?
We know in the Infinite everything is finite.
There is life, there is death... Now the time has come:
Suffering in the Light has grown to bliss.

6

Suffering in the Light has grown to bliss,
Suffering is a darkened bliss,
It once carried the awakening
A soul that has fallen into laziness and bestiality.
And so suffering turns to the soul
An insistent desire for relief,
Enlightenment has already been achieved in him,
Although it is hidden behind stone walls.
Pain is an unconscious divine Delight,
And to win it by creating love and joy,
Incredibly difficult, though necessary.
Come to the Lord, sit quietly at his feet:
The efforts of the soul suddenly manifested,
And an immortal life was born out of them.

7

And an immortal life was born out of them:
Hardships, difficulties, struggles, rebellion,
Patience, courage, desperate efforts –
Death was surpassed by obedience.
The body, life and mind are obedient to the soul –
The soul has renounced before the Lord Almighty,
And in renunciation she found a reward
And the immutable divine authority.
Life will not become impoverished, and the drop will not
disappear,
It will only develop to heavenly purity,
And in the realm of joyful sparkling beauty
When you wake up, there is an abyss of light.
The yellow window of the sun opened to the soul,
And perfection entered the immortal life.

8

And perfection entered into the immortal life,
Although it has never left her,
And only the Hour of God was waiting,
The Hour of God struck – it immediately blossomed.
From perfection the world has come,
He is perfect, He will be perfect –
The world is doomed to perfection by the Almighty.
The discovery of the unmanifest is a miracle,
He makes progress in creation.
And the past does not inspire us,
Only the future shines through the fog.
And suddenly a dense forest stood in the way...
Enlightenment was achieved yesterday,
But here is another achievement ...

9

But here is another achievement
Inspired a vagrant light spirit.

And the fermentation begins in the mind,
the rise of fresh thoughts, bursts of strange feelings.
Flashing glimpses or chords,
Fragments of themes, melodies of Spring,
And the ghostly mountains are mirages
They rise from an incomprehensible depth.
Only gradually takes shape
A dream captured cherished ideal,
The one that glittered indistinctly through the fog...
And the heart believed, without building formulas.
And now in the midst of a radiant day:
A big goal rises ahead of us at the zenith.

10

A big goal rises in the zenith ahead,
Unknown lands await the Columbians.
Will not stop storms, calm or stranded
Their ships, in which the holds are thirsty
To absorb the treasures of the cherished shores...
And the captain is dreaming, the Muse of Distant
Wanderings,
The Lady of longing minds,
That she sees constancy in changes,
Opened the door to an unthinkable expanse...
The shore will spread its arms to the sailors
And he will reward everyone in a fair measure.
The peaks of the mountains have already grown out of the
sea,
And the lookout shouted: «Cheer up!
Bliss is an action, not a soft bed!»

11

Bliss is an action, not a soft bed.
And therefore the Lord gave peace
Activity, time has awakened in eternity-the serpent
And he plays with rings, with himself.

And in the flight of time, the Lord is realized:
At the bottom of crevices, in the glare of mountain peaks,
In the heat and cold, the freshness of streams –
The incompatibility of darkness, shades, glare
Mysteriously accommodates the Absolute,
There are no extremes in It, the corners do not stick out,
Freedom and unity are not hindered –
The paths wind, they run in eternity.
The world is a dance of fantastic chiaroscuro.
At rest, movement takes place.

12

At rest , movement takes place,
And immensity is revealed in the mind,
And a life that knows no defeats
Selflessly serves the solar soul.
The discovery of inherent peace
We affirm the foundation of the Path,
And any action is justified,
When the soul is ready to enter into it.
There is a height, there is a field of manifestation,
And we are the connecting chain,
Unity is a wonderful goal.
And to call escape liberation –
Mistake. And drunk with freedom:
The Light of an unknown country is beckoning.

13

The Light of an unknown country is beckoning.
There is a treasure of love-forgiveness in it.
By this wealth they are liberated
From the past. And the feeling of relief,
Carries consciousness both deep and high.
And he flies like a bird in infinity.
And an abyss inaccessible to the mind,
I put it in my own heart,

And an offering to the destitute land
Your own body will be transformed.
I will challenge the Dragon of the night boldly,
The warrior's hope in the sky-high Kremlin.
To win here is the sacred right of the century,
And enlighten human nature.

14

And enlighten human nature,
Thereby to lay a crown on the life of the earth,
To snatch the planet from the silent captivity –
The epoch of our golden end.
We will see new horizons,
We will put a fat cross on disasters,
And old worries will be forgotten.
The past, already realized Light will fade
Before the future beautiful new World.
And again we run up and down the stairs,
Diversity will satisfy any whim.
And we: like leaves, rushing into the distance with the
wind,
And the wind blows from a tempting country:
From the heart of the Cosmos – the universal depth.

Natalia Balynskaya, Russia, Chelyabinsk

Reflections

Oh, yes, I'm reflected in the mirrors,
But only on even days and Sundays...
And candle wax melted in churches,
My mind burns prayers with a chant.

And what?! – I exist between worlds:
No one chose how to be born here.

Here on Kupala night I – between the campfires,
And in the ice hole in the cold, to be baptized.

No one chose how to live with it:
Treat with your consciousness or cripple? –
I can curse, I can worship,
Oh, how easy it is to mutilate destinies here...

The fool is jealous: they say, a wonderful gift:
I stepped through the fire – the enemy is punished.
And I'm alive, this is my nightmare:
With oil? Will you be smeared with formalin?

Oh, yes, I'm reflected in mirrors,
And in every facet – a sea of revelations:
Don't curse, your enemy will fall asleep in tears,
And you will wake up with the pain of regret.

Budkova Elena, Russia, Volkhov

Untitled

I got tired and became an angel,
Just an angel, not a woman.
Maybe the mirror was cracked,
Too much moisture accumulated on the
Leaves, thrown by the wind under your feet,
And others glow silently.
Wish me all the best,
If we don't meet again...

There will be meetings and breakups,
But it will end sometime.

And only touches will remain
Souls chilled by loneliness.

Crossed the boundaries of the mind,
Without mercy and punishment.
And when everything in the world is said
Only touches remain.

Souls striving for infinity,
Like two thin indistinct lines...
dissolving into the mists of the milky way,
To make the autumn days blue

Kissing you at dusk,
As a condition of membership
As if we haven't died here yet
From the tenderness piercing the heart.

Varakina Tatiana, Russia, Likino - Dulevo

**«Universal Truth»
(mathematical fantasy)**

That's how Ulam «Tablecloth» digital spread out again,
In simple numbers, the «Human Light» was mysteriously
transmitted.
In order to expand the «Universal Truth» horizons, he decided
To call all mathematicians to the forum of reason to gather.

And the non-Euclidean curvature excited the space,
Lobachevsky was the first to respond to the creative meeting.
Quasi-conformally, Riemann, like a purple fog of novelty,
manifested differentially, slowly in space.

Stanislav Ulam was delighted with the invasion.
In a curved Lobachevsky closed portal,
In exquisitely respectful but precise terms
He invited other great mathematicians to the feast of reason.
Without disturbing the dispersion of space in any way,
Augustin Cauchy appeared philosophically.
Decorating the decoration with the formula in the name of
yourself,
Viet hastened to the company of worthy ones.

Through the refraction of rainbow light,
Stepping over a rectilinear coordinate system,
Along the way, solving the problem of seats in the theater
without violating etiquette,
Descartes himself came to the society with dignity.

Mikhail Lomonosov, observing the polites,
I moved the chair to the fireplace for Euler.
A couch next to it, like a diaphanous counterweight,
Fibonacci himself, also Leonardo, took over.

Uncompromising Gaus Karl Friedrich,
Whose mind has solved the problem of two millennia,
And a recognized king among the minds of the great,
Through a black hole appeared in a chorus of interjections.

And the ascetic Isaac Newton, although he did not like effects,
(but philosophy without mathematics has not been seen since),
And Leibniz, himself overcoming combinatorics aspects,
The company was amazed by its binary appearance.

Al-Khorezmi, Al-Biruni, Omar Khayyam and Ulugbek,
From ancient Greece, Euclid, and Pythagoras, and Archimedes
They honored the ark of reason with their presence,

And the light of antiquity – Lee Shaw – slowly entered after
him.

And the «Tablecloth of Ulam» shone with prime numbers,
Endlessly transforming the spectrum of the seven colors.
Blavatsky 's eyes watched through the mist of the universe,
How the «Path of Self-consciousness» developed through each
century.

And Ulam 's tablecloth shone with prime numbers,
Endlessly transforming the cosmos of the seven colors.
Blavatsky 's eyes , smiling benignly , watched
How the «Path of Self-consciousness» has developed in each
century.

Vasin Andrey, Russia, Lyubertsy
The village is old

What are you standing there, tired, old village,
Abandoned by residents, dusted with snow?

Roofs were broken, windows were askew,
Shutters are boarded up, thoughts are confused!

Thoughts are scattered, dispersed by the wind,
You will not return the past, bright, good!
Pure, radiant, strong, broad-shouldered,
Timid and gentle, holy and boundless!

Sleep well, dear, old sad,
You cover yourself with a snowball and don't be afraid of
anything!

Anna Volkova, Russia, Dolgoprudny
About beauty

The Supreme Creator under the influence of the muse
Artfully puts the landscape on canvases,
He presents love bonds to the world
And all the ideals of earthly beauty.

Art is free, he writes loosely,
So that everyone seems nice to their own,
Bernini sculptures, Van Gogh canvases,
The sung feelings of bygone times...

The Creator of the universe gives from the heart
Familiar things of unearthly beauty,
And a flutter of eyelashes that will charm in the night
Beckoning with the timidity of blue eyes.

And gentle dawns sparkling with the sun,
That the way is illuminated in the landscape of the sea,
And the ever - living dried flowers of the field,
What is collected on a summer July day.

The Creator gives love to art
People who strive to appreciate beauty,
Ready to succumb to the feeling that has arisen,
And to expose the nakedness of a bright soul.

The creator was finishing the world picture,
By filling his emptiness with love,
He said softly: «Art is one,
But everyone sees their own beauty in it.»

Nikolay Vukolov, Russia, Vladivostok
I hear the song of a great people...

Through a long and distant groan,
And crying, proclaiming the Kind,
And this is reality rather than a dream:
I hear the Song of a Great people!
His greatness, - let it be, but not in force...
Strong in Love for his neighbors and nature,
The knowledge of Antiquity, centuries covered with dust,
Striving for Light, Peace and Freedom...
But who is he, who? Who accepted the Rose of Peace,
Almost knowing the Absolute Essence –
Not creating idols for himself,
Rejected the devil's horror...
Honor will be valued above silver.
This people... Stop!!! We are on the threshold...
On the way, in centuries, everything can change...
Then He will not be one, but the Unity of many...

Vera Gribnikova, Tver, Russia
Loss

They say that our life is priceless.
They say it's not worth a penny.
The deadline will come out and disappear in the universe
The watch is defended by the soul.

They say you can't make up for the loss.
They say there are no irreplaceable.
It remains to remember, to remember, to remember
That soul has an inexplicable light.

They say if you cry, it will become easier.
They say you shouldn't cry:
The star went out in God's camp,
To give way to another star.

I 'll touch the starry powder with my gaze...
No matter how longing suffocates us,
The good light does not remain in the past,
It will ooze through the ages.

Life is not for the sake of spectacle and bread.
In the vanity of mortal do not forget:
By the light of pure souls who have gone to heaven,
Angels are patching up the Milky Way.

Gromova Yana, Russia, Altai

I'm going home again

I'm going home again,
Overcoming all adversity.
There 's a bandit hanging around me
Will be here often. Bad weather

They can torment me in many days
Dragging out life lessons.
But I will not leave the path, and having removed the
Shackles,
I will become free.

And I 'll fly away with a clear light
Into spaces full of radiance.
And I'll laugh a lot there.
From absolute awareness

Myself and the whole game that's here.
I've been through it before.
I will smile in a new way.
Then I will direct my power,

To play and create again and again
And to fight adversity.
This will be my thread for a long time.
To weave sparkly and compose

Into a single creative pattern
The dominant understanding.
Open, so that the eye is clear, sensitive
Wandering is necessary here

To all who intend to the star
Shining forward to rush away.
You will meet them everywhere
Thresholds, difficulties. Laugh -

Never forget!
Then fate will be simplified, after all
Rather with you, and forever
It will turn into a magic bird,

Which has its wondrous swing
In the spaces it does, shining.
And
everything will turn to dust here,

When you are clearly aware,
Perceive yourself as a dream,
Here on the planet that's in the exodus
All dark, mourning times

Now it is. In flight
You are every hour and every moment
Try to be light.
Then rather in you inside
The grain will be mightily reborn.

Danilova Elena, Russia, Saki

Halves of love

Divided love in half
And the scars were doused with tears.
If only they had known about it earlier,
Then they did not suffer, they did not suffer,
And they were preparing for new bodies.

But the scars could not heal.
Bleeding and moaning,
They returned the memory in vain
To the days lost by desire,
In a whirl with the name «suffer».

Halves of great love
They covered up their longing with deeds,
Loneliness and sadness
They whispered about the past in a dream,
But they didn't meet. Alas...

But one day they came to life again
Under the foliage of a young veil.
Looking around, they recognized each other
And, embracing, they were afraid
to divide LOVE into parts with their breath.

Dmitry Dodin, Russia, Nizhny Novgorod

I would live in a cell in the forest...

I would live in a cell in the forest,
In a simple wooden hut.
And he would pray hard
With fire from a dry splinter.
And there was a small river running nearby,
I would have carried water from her.
A bird was sitting on the b branch,
And she sang. And it was drizzling.
But there is no forest, there is no house,
Hut and a bird with a river.
But I'm just standing in front of God.
Inside, like a splinter, dry...

Nikolay Egorov, Russia, Pushkin, Saint Petersburg

Cry of the soul

Three times the raven flew in
He knocked on the window of my room.
As Bogumir called to freedom –
Russia! So soldiers are needed!
To protect Holy Russia
From hordes of greedy foes.
Yes! And the Russian land
Gave birth to more Rotifers!
Oslyabya, Peresvet – in battle,
They didn't hide behind their backs.
And we will defeat all enemies
While The Country Is United!
Let our nobility understand one thing –
He will take an example from Rayevsky
Russia needs to be revived

And Conscience, Honor –
On the shield to raise,
To have Holy faith
And act like Old Believers.
It's time to clean everything around
Let people live happily!

Artem Efimov, Russia, Saint Petersburg

Mom

How many songs are written to Mom,
And there are countless poems about my mother.
I am eternally grateful to you,
And thank you for being there.

Mom the word is inexplicable
This is the cosmos, the universe of stars.
From her playful smile
To my family and such tender tears

And she is beautiful in soul,
And she is full of care.
Mom is affectionate and courteous.
Mom, you're alone forever!

And thank you for your childhood,
For Caring, Love and Life.
You take up all the space in the heart,
And it makes you want to live.

It's hard for me to express love in words,
That love knows no bounds!
I love you unconditionally,
And there are hundreds of pages in my love.

I don't want to teach you anything

I don't want to teach you anything,
To impose my paradigm on you,
To tell you how to live here correctly,
And draw a picture for you.

I can only suggest,
More precisely, to share what I know.
In the end, it's still up to you here to decide
how useful this knowledge will be to you.

I don't want to teach you anything,
There is not enough life for such work,
After all, if I learned something,
I have to apply it first.

See the result and exclude errors,
Relying on experience, to be an example to you.
Don't stuff sawdust in your head,
As Instagram does today.

I don't want to teach you anything,
I want to be inspired from you!
That's the truth I want to live with,
And don't be afraid to learn yourself.

Zhidok Victoria, Russia, Zverevo

Untitled

You are not here, and the world has lost its colors,
The clock stopped. They don't go.

Duckweed is no longer green in the pond,
Coloring the water into an emerald.

And thoughts like birds hung in the sky,
The heart is at odds with a violent head.
And a lot of all sorts of stupid «if's»
are strung in silence.

You are not here, and the noisy city has stopped,
It was as if he had forgotten about me.
The cold tears the soul with a shell,
I'm burning up all in an icy fire.

And the dew froze on the eyelashes,
An unbidden bitter tear.
And someday I won't dream about you,
Someday I'll hit the brakes.
You're not here.

Ivanova Natalia, Russia, Sergiev Posad

Elms

All day I've been looking for the difference in,
What is needed and what is desired.
The planed house is full of sadness and darkness,
In it, the elms are the sufferers of the universe.

I tried to find an unspoiled elm tree,
Having driven away the masters on the plane.
Having seen the process of abuse at that hour,
When the wounds are exposed.

And this torment - I realized -
Trunks twisted branches
They will tell the builders: tears - resin -
The last life before death.

Ilyina Tatiana, Russia, Meleuz

Their temples were sprinkled with gray by the war...

A veteran is walking along the Victory Alley -
To the Fire, to the obelisk to the fallen soldiers,
And in memory, like a tocsin: s o r o k p e r v y ...
But the heart is a salute in the chest: forty-fifth!!!

He looks at the peaceful sky today,
Wiping away the tears with the palm of his hand,
And faces in the shelf of black and white portraits
About those with whom the war has become related, they will
remind you:

In a fierce battle, under a rain of shards,
When the dashing shells exploded,
the boy was a countryman from his native village
He became truly a sworn brother.

Sneaking into the enemy's rear the day before,
He threw a grenade shouting «For the Motherland!»
And stood up to his full height under the whistling bullets,
Covering a young soldier with himself.

That feat is forever inscribed in history,
Like a phoenix from the ashes, coming to life in the eyes,
And the image of a soldier on all the obelisks
It is drowning in flowers on the ninth of May.

Victory Alley is just a little,
What can we give to veterans today,
Fiercely the war in their hearts signed,
Leaving deep black scars.

The war sprinkled their whiskey with gray,
Setting a bloody price for lives,
But she did not break faith in Victory
In battles and prayers both night and day.

Salute them today for our Victory!
Orders and medals shine on the chest -
For life, for courage, for a peaceful sky,
For the fact that we did not know the repeats of those days!

Ishanova Elvina, Russia, Usinsk
The gene pool of humanity

The Impregnable Agarthi Sambhala Kailash
Only your kingdom is available to those who are holy in
heart
In your hollow pyramids, the best of the races
That we went through all your bark all 108 times

Only you, invulnerable, ripen the spirit-mist
And in consciousness you send your own stream-datura
All teachers are in your eternal gene pool
That they come and go only when the hour comes
In the somati state, an open eye sleeps
Lemurians and Atlanteans wake up hundreds of masses
They are called to save from a global catastrophe
They come out of the caves to lead

Putting on the Buddha Krishna carnal bodies
In Shiva and Jesus to do the highest deeds
They preach and teach the flock for centuries
Following all the orders of the Supreme King

And when the paths pass, they rest here
If necessary, the genocodes will come to life again
If hope suddenly cracks and the whole globe
Once again, heavenly clothes will revive our chance

For the achievements of a new race and high souls
The gene pool of civilizations is guarded by a shepherd
About the great house of consciousness there is no one to read
Your secrets of creation and penetrate the door

O Kailas, no one can count your secrets
And from the top only echo six six six six
(Kailas 6666 m)

Kolbas Ilya, Russia, Mytishchi

H.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»

I met you
on the pages of Isis,
where wisdom and humor
intertwined organically
in the stanza of the occultist.

Elena Kroitor, Russia, Kommunar
The Light of Agni Yoga

Suffering for years from lack of money,
From people's misunderstanding,
Thoughts are clouds like delusions
Surrounded the heart more and more tightly.

And it seemed that the exits were blocked
Boulders of fear and passion.
The grilles are soldered tightly.
And I don't have to wait for good news.

But Knowledge shone through the gloom –
Agni Yogi Light has penetrated me.
Drops of understanding leaked out.
Hopelessness suddenly stopped screaming.

And the flowers of knowledge grow, grow.
And witchcraft is not terrible to death.
Here it is – a universal vocation –
There is kinship with the Sky of humanity.

Irina Kroitor, Russia, Kommunar

Allow Light

Ah, how dull and gray, and joyless, and dead
Without Light!
But calm down!
Without it , it is so clear and multifaceted
The darkness with its tricks and tricks is not highlighted.
And we like ourselves more!
And what else is needed for a quiet life?!
And suddenly – a striking Light!
The light that reveals what was hidden in the darkness:
Our illusions, our own contradictions, lies...
Awakening!
The quiet existence has ceased.
But where does so much Light come from?!
Is it possible to take it out and not burn?
Oh, how I want to live!
Let it be in a half-sleep and half-darkness, but to live!
And to burn in the Fire of the Heart is the lot of Heroes.
After all, the one who decides to fight Light with darkness
In his heart, he is fighting for life and death.

But only the winner gets the joy of being
And the beauty of life itself!
Insight and true love!
And Eternity in the garb of Beauty and Truth!

Lazareva Anastasia, Russia, Penza

Like butterflies wings open...

In times of universal callousness,
Human indifference,
So lacking in the old modesty, With an abundance of
indecenty!

The meaning of life has long been lost,
And the values are not the same.
More and more often the thought visits -
We are drowning in emptiness.

It seems to us that there is no return
And the world cannot be helped.
But God's light appeared,
The night is dissipating!

The Almighty sent it to us.
And by the will of the Father
He sang «Let's get up!» excited
Extinct hearts.

The drooping people have risen,
I trusted in full.
«I'm Russian!» sings with pride
Now the whole country.

He glorifies his native land
And we keep it by faith.
He conquers everyone with his depth
and Talent.

He is a nugget in Russia,
And there is no equal to him!
Save me from anger, envy,
Lord, keep him out of trouble!

Hearts freeze before him,
Shaken from mute oblivion.
And they look into our souls with their eyes
Like butterflies' wings, open...

Angelina Lemzyakova, Russia, Belgorod

**When they tell me that we are born of the gods,
I'm crying.**

Must be a breakdown,
Someone's failure...
Must have heard the news
I couldn't handle the cipher,
Taking for the beautiful that,
Which was a mistake.

And my every look
Do not rush to convince the opposite.
As if out of spite
Humanity is completely untidy.
A stranger wanders, grinning,
He 'll spit on his shoulders,
As if the question of meaning
And it is not eternal at all...

And the woman, lips curled,
Hit a man.
Is it possible to suddenly comprehend
The reason for anger?
And soft power to invest
Into the shameless heart...
Alas, arguments about anger
She's not interested.

And everything is rolling-everything is rolling
A bunch of misunderstandings...
There is no benefit either in education,
Not in words.
Yes, is he better than all those,
Who are you looking down at?
Their disadvantages of the name
You 'll get tired of giving...

But the path does not end.
In the park, under the shade of an oak tree,
A little girl, playing, will smile at you involuntarily.
And then all the arguments,
As if born of reason,
They will crack, break
In the rhythm of the July dance...
Love... kindness...
While the word is unknown feeling.
And only by touching,
You begin to own art.
And you fall asleep in ditches, and you destroy prison
after prison,
Because each of us,
Only loving,
Turns into a God.

Litvintsev Alexander, Russia, Sergiev Posad

Breath. Exhale

Take a breath... one. Exhale... two.
Up to ten, slowly.
I'm calm. I am the Buddha.
I'm in no hurry.

Once again, inhale... Om Money.
On exhalation... Padme Hum.
Freeze the wheel of Samsara,
Stop the whirling noise.

Leave the endless arguments
Past revivals and thoughts.
I am the word, written in blood
By the light of impassive moons.

Lyudmila Lutaeva, Krasnogorsk, Russia

Icons cry with bloody tears...

Icons cry with bloody tears
And the halos of the faces of the Saints glow,
Don't people think what it all means?
They do not look for reasons in their misdeeds...

They convinced themselves of the truthfulness of the thought -
the merciful Lord will forgive sins, they say...
But the most important thing was suddenly forgotten,
There is God's Law, it says something else...

What kind of forgiveness? God is crying about us...
We repent in Temples, in our own world,

We are in the passions, we lead a different life,
Fornication, malice, deceit we bring to the Father's house...

Bloody tears – the answer to prayers,
They bring the crying of the sky, The Earth a quiet moan...
A sign is given to a man, so that the fortress of the oath,
He did not bow to Lucifer...

Did not betray God, did not fall into temptation,
To carry the Lord 's cross with a pure soul,
I would make a decent decision in life
Save conscience and honor in sorrow, joy!

Bloody tears, like the Lord's wounds,
In churches, myrrh is poured and pressed on the chest...
Come to your senses people, come to your senses countries!
Hurry up, find a way to peace without war...

Nikolay Maryanin, Ulyanovsk, Russia

The Birth of the Milky Way: version

Once again, the soul decided to be slaughtered -
to exchange earthly peace for eternity,
and a secret desire sinks into the heart
Embrace the universe as a woman.
She, already in captivity of innocent maturity
and in the fetters of seducing nets,
spread her charming charms
on the bed of galactic passions.
Feelings grow into the trembling poles
that pierced the cosmic Eden,
and the wind whirls fiery hair
with pearls of starry tiaras.

Fountains of lips with wandering streams
shamelessly drown the spring snow in the body,
showering kisses
with a capacity of thousands of parsecs with crazy kisses.
I try to evade the crucifixion,
but I no longer have the strength to restrain the attraction,
and I fall into the bottomless embrace
of nebulae, constellations and planets.
The Great Bliss of possession
the devil is raging in the world,
and the sweet moment of the desired date
flies like a whirlpool, into a black hole.

A clever game of molecules easily piles up out of chaos,
and a new galaxy is born
out of a passionate love bonfire.
So I want
to rest for a moment from languid impotence,
but the eye is already haunted by an idyll
with a piercing name of the Milky Way.
The goddess is not confused by foreignness -
the gusts of passion are hotter than dead schemes ...
The universe is the only woman
who is available to everyone in love.

Maksumov Ruslan, Russia, Domodedovo

Wood boards

In Sadhu boards, for recharging,
I'm running from Samsara with all my legs.
Pierced two heels with nails,
But he could not become free.

In the «lotus» pose up to the heavens
I tried to take off barely breathing.
Only too heavy weight
My soul has accumulated.

The enlightened ones enlightened me.
Either coaches or mentors.
And psychologists are common
They generously showered arguments.

I was bent, pulled and ruled,
To help me realize something.
Explained the laws and regulations,
And why they should not be violated.

From spirituality and needs
I was given an Avatar by nature.
So that without timidity and without laziness
I extinguished the fire of desires.

But someday for sure, I'm sure.
Through many lifetimes and kalpas
I 'll get to the cherished door,
And I won't suffer anymore.

My «I» will never be born
And it won't sound anymore.
My heart won't beat,
My lips will be silent.

In a moment, the beholder will melt into the beholder,
The mind will be fully satisfied with the body.
The whole will become indivisible again,
My mind will be swallowed up by emptiness.

Alexander Merganov, Russia, Moscow
Don't kiss the unloved on the lips...

Don't kiss the unloved on the lips,
Do not disturb their hearts peace.
After the insincere and imaginary caresses
Passion gives way to longing.

Don't whisper beautiful words in the night,
Don't play with their Fate, please.
There are no more vulnerable people in the world,
Those who are sacrificially devoted to themselves.

Do not give your false promises,
In their arms sweet under the moon.
After all, for them, lovers and naive,
The meaning of life then becomes different.

Don't get married without loving someone you don't love,
Do not rush to get married, rejoicing in the dress with a veil.
I have not seen happy couples on earth,
Which has not merged, with kindred soul with soul.

After all, when kissing on the lips of the unloved,
It's like you're casually touching the strings with your hand.
Remember, do not connect the incoherent
How not to sing us a song with only one note.

...Don't live, for God's sake, with the unloved.
Do not share a bed with an unloved one, if
You have not become something whole, indivisible
And there is no fire in the eyes of love.
Don't kiss, don't kiss the ones you don't love,

Don't worry someone's blood in your veins.
On earth, among the laws of the honored
Know that there is no more important law than LOVE!!!...

...Don't kiss the unloved on the lips!..

Mikryukova Olga, Russia, Kirov
Blavatsky - the source of wisdom

Blavatsky – the source of wisdom,
Making revelations by his power.
Harassing the amazing sciences,
She knew no obstacles in her way.
Her soul was full of light,
Wanting to know everything in the world.
She was a woman with the hardness of steel,
In whose heart the flame of freedom was burning.
And today Blavatsky is alive,
Shrouded in universal love and respect.
It is located in populated areas of the globe,
Continues his memorable deeds.

Marina Mironova, Tula, Russia
Never look back!

Never look back,
do not be sad and do not cry in vain.
In a white haze, the spring garden
turned out to be red in autumn.

You wait out the autumn days!
Well, let it be that the hands are cold,

the rains are tired of falling apart
on the cold chords of separation.

...Only in puddles, as in mirrors,
will the alley of life be reflected again.
And the sadness will melt on our lips,
and our hearts will become kinder.

You're at the maple tree under our window,
you're going to spread the forgiveness lines.
We will wait out the bad weather with you
and dot the past.

Marat Mordeev, Russia, Moscow

All Love!

All Love! I'm buying
I'll pour you the light to the brim
Come on, don't be shy
Here we celebrate Love.

Standing we drink and to the bottom
Now the liver does not suffer
We pour Love with Light
Our body is blooming.

Come on I'll repeat
For the joy of treating me
Drink for yourself, for the children
I won't get tired of serving.

The fear has gone somewhere
Where Love is, it is not there

The darkness has gone somewhere too
Here, it's barely Light and she's gone.

I'll pour a bigger glass for the darkness
Let it stand, suddenly it will fit
Maybe he'll get drunk once
And he will know and understand.

And let 's go round dance
Among galaxies and planets
And let the stars see everything,
That we carry the Light within us.

All Love! I'm buying
I'll pour you the light to the brim
Come on, God is walking here
We celebrate life here again.

Nikonova Polina, Russia, Saki

The Sphinx has my eyes

The Sphinx has my eyes,
And pyramids are breasts;
Cartouche1 –my tear,
And the Gods of Egypt are people.2

People of other times –
Gods of the people of Egypt;
In the shadow of my banners
The manuscripts converge.

From the surface of the pyramids
I will erase the gods of the tribes,

And on the plane of bare slabs –
Nomads names.

Nomads of Distant Stars
They found shelter here;
Through billions of miles
In the boat of the god Ra came.

I came with them then,
And I'll leave with them later,
When from the land of the city
Will demolish the unearthly flood.

When Ouroboros is a snake
Hang himself on the tail,
And the Sun on one of the 3 Days
Crucified on someone else's cross...

I'll be watching from Heaven
On how the light will disappear,
Putting it on your finger
The ring of nine planets.

Novikova Zhanna, Russia, Moscow
«Her Majesty the Woman»,
«Song» to Her Majesty the Woman!

Let those who have hearts burning in them hear, in
order to contain within themselves what is intended!

A Mother Woman that is akin to the Mother of God,
Let the Woman's name be carried high,
What contains all the hypostases,

To give your kids and warmth,
And the Love accumulated!

And a Woman is destined to become a Friend,
If only it was understood,
What torments the heart of a neighbor,
It was understood and shared,
In half on two sides,
After all, to take down the hearts of burdens
It will be twice as easy for everyone!

Bereginya Woman will be called husbands,
Those who know the comfort of a warm home,
Houses of light, homes of the native -
Amulet of affectionate care,
Giving strength to the fortress
And granite is not breakable
In the case of tomorrow.

And The Defender Is A Woman
To protect the Motherland from evil enemies,
Defend and save from evil spirits,
To take on the main
thing is to rule the burden,
Not for your own glory,
But for worldly affairs, happiness to the children!

And a Woman needs to become a Sister,
In order to manifest Brotherhood on Mother Earth,
In the common Father's House,
After all, He is the only one we have, dear Father.
He gave everyone a Spark of God,
To light Hearts
And create one Humanity!

It is desirable for a Woman to become a muse,
So that a Song sounds in a man's heart,
The song is wide and wide,
So that it develops into wonderful lines,
The beauty of Versh,
Glorifying the Muse - Woman,

Speaking of the likeness of the Mother of God.
So that She could lower
The cover is peaceful, loving,
Protect, shelter and orphans offended,
Give wings and let all the children fly
Earth - our Mother!
Let them carry high into the peaceful sky
The purity of primordial Love!

Stanislav Pautov, Russia, Veliky Rostov
Spring

In the indifference of dried roses,
In the tints of crystal ringing
Sleep is encased in a random frost,
You're wearing a golden crown.
A transparent outfit falls off the shoulders,
And a wonderful miracle of nature
Radiates a mysterious look,
Illuminating the vaults of heaven.
An unprecedented enchanting light
Fills the earth 's space,
And the wet trace is lost in it
The icy cold kingdom.
You walk so innocently gentle,
Confused by the appearance of as if,
Neither my mistress nor my wife.

Let this minute last!
I'm walking towards him, barely breathing,
My heart stopped beating in my chest,
You give me your hand slowly –
And the vision immediately disappeared.

Vasily Popov, Tula, Russia
You are in me, Russia!

A crooked stack sleeps at the edge of the field.
Across the river, a horn is sad about the peasant's share.
The huts huddle along the stream, having seen a lot,
but humbly dragging out the century.
From the peasant's shoulder – God's beginning.
A village ... or a village – thousands of similar
Russian spirit have been brought to milestones by the roadside.
But where is he, the old spirit? Except that beggars...
A rumor is blowing over the weeds (dig in, if you are not deaf
yet)
No! That's not what we're looking for...
...But with everything, you are my land, I confess my love.
Know yourself through pain. You are in me, Russia!

Nina Karaulova, Russia, Arzamas
Spring

In the spring, I accept every moment.
What joy, grace!
It's like heaven has descended to earth,
In nature, play with colors.

And I wake up with the dawn,
I look at the sunrise –
He is in the horizon like a scarlet ribbon,
And he is floating in golden clouds.

In the shade of the birches, a snowball turns white,
Forty frosts have not passed!
Noticeably, the day is already brightening,
Spring has come to triumph!

After the rains , the grass covered
Green velvet meadow,
And willow buds dissolved,
Like the first flower of spring!

Birch twigs bending,
Rows of slender stand.
Trunks that lightning sparkle,
They pierce the gaze with a bright light.

And cranes are purring in the sky
And they take the soul inside.
The owner is thinking about bread:
Plow the dugout anew.

It is necessary to plant and sow soon,
And everything will come unnoticed.
So let's all work together,
And spring will not let us down!

Kulikova-Trushkina Galina, Russia, Arzamas

Untitled

I don't live in yesterday,
You can't bring him back.
And what is the need for it?
After all, there is a new way in the new.
In the morning – exercise for the soul –
I look at the best.
And only good things with you
I'm taking it on a New Day.
About the new – you can dream,
Everything new is a joy.
I will be waiting for him very much.
Alive is already a reward

Makarycheva Svetlana, Russia, Arzamas

A.S. Pushkin

In the autumn air here
The trembling of your heart.
The leaf flew off from the breeze.
It's getting late. No one.
But walking along the alleys,
I'm sure you're close,
I get lost and shy
Under your sad gaze.
I'll get some maple leaves
In a dazzling wreath,
I will attach rowan brushes
And azure lenok.
I'll put a wreath at the house,

Like a message from his native land,
He'll remind you again
The rustle of Natalie's dress.

Siyutkina Natalia, Russia, Tevriz

I am admiring my Russia

How beautiful is my Russia
In the morning and at sunset.
There is no more beautiful land for me
And there is nothing sweeter for me.
And the birches under the blue sky
It was as if they stood in a parade formation
I am admiring my Russia,
I am admiring the Siberian land.
Everything is to the face of my sweet Siberia,
Mushroom rain and midday heat
And the bouquets of daisies are thick,
And the foliage is golden.
And the birches under the blue sky
It was as if they stood in a parade formation
I admire my Russia,
I am admiring the Siberian land.
Let it shine with bottomless blue
Above the earth, the sky is blue.
My heart is forever with Russia
And with my native Siberia.
And the birches under the blue sky
It was as if they stood in a parade formation
I'm admiring my Russia,
I am admiring the Siberian land.

Soina Nadezhda, Russia, Nikolsk

Thanks!

«Thank you!» - There is no prayer stronger
And hundreds of times more effective than many.
Thank you for everything we have,
alas, is not given to each of us.

Yes, this is a bright conspiracy with the universe,
The secret of magic and the strangeness of love.
A logical excuse for failures, -
Whatever you want to call gratitude.

And in days or years, as it turns out,
the Great skeptic will even feel,
A good student studies hard,
thanks for the experience from the bottom of his heart.

Heartfelt care and attention
He will begin to appreciate, to distinguish from falsehood.
Having gone through a wave of misunderstanding,
Others will understand more and more...

There is a will of the Higher Consciousness for everything.
Thank you for everything you've been through.
Wishes come true for a reason,
Thank you for finding yourself!

Solovyov Alexander, Russia, Ivanovo

Reincarnation of the Soul

Let you be a brunette or a blonde,
There is only one outcome to life:

Baby, boy and youngster,
A man, an old man and... the end!

That's the way the world works,
Yesterday you were an idol,
Today suddenly your hour has come,
And the light in your eyes has gone out.

We have an immortal Soul,
We live waddling, not in a hurry,
And suddenly the last turn -
There is an old woman at the gate.

The cherished dream of a youngster,
That he will live without end.
There is one outcome at the end of the path:
Birth, life, then-to the expense!

And then? Rebirth again,
Souls rebirth,
Innocent, pure and blind,
And again life, suffering, battle...

Stelmashuk Larisa, Russia, Troitsk

Untitled

Over the streaming dawn,
Over the river, along the fields,
It flows in an imperceptible trickle
The crying of abandoned churches.
Then they sing, then they call
In the backwoods parish.

Whether they whisper and subside
In a lace chime.
From the surrounding settlements,
Deaf - manic depths,
From Heavenly Commissions
Overflowing pours Pochin!
There is a Decree – singing bowls
To excite, to awaken hearts.
The bell is for souls, and there are no more beautiful
ones -
Grains with the faith of the Creator.
Bell ringers all over Russia –
Bell blagovest,
Like a symphony of the Messiah, -
Purification to Heaven!

Vladislav Terentyev, Russia, Samara
Return to the father....

It smells of separation, tears and sleepers,
The old platform is filled with faces.
Is there happiness, is there a little bit of grief
It will be added to the tea by the conductor.

Overnight morse code wheels are annoying
He will knock out his own to God, calm down.
Time drags on soullessly and slowly,
I left – in autumn, got – on Trinity.

The cervical bones are saturated with pain,
The ambulance says goodbye with a long whistle.
The station is empty. Like a hermit
You feel yourself compared to the train.

It feels like it's been stolen
Something that people can't do without on earth.
Thoughts are extremely saturated with radium.
– Where are you, my half-drunk «Hortitsa»?

He would have stood there like a silent recluse,
Thinking: «What does this area have in common?..»
Only a mongrel that barks at the janitor,
It will make you realize the return to nothing...

Teterin Ivan, Russia, Kostroma

Asterisk

A small star lit up in the sky.
I'll watch it quietly. The eternal fear will go away.
In the black-and-blue sky, it is barely visible.
My soul is full of the breadth of Russia.

Whatever is splashing in it – joy and sadness!
And it's almost hard to believe that nothing is a pity.
No past, no obvious – I'll let everything go in droves!
The stars will give me enough clear light for later.

Let her be so small – she is my star!
Meltwater runs from the heart from the ice.
And the fire burns hotter in my soul.
After all, the soul is tormented when you don't touch it!

When it covers all its corners with mold.
And songs are not sung because of my longing.
And to hell with all this mold! Let it burn!
I'll build a ladder in the fire, the star beckons me.

And I'll climb the steps, get to the star...
and there You meet me with cookies...

Natalia Timofeeva, Russia, Khimki
Apple Saved

Washing away the dust of sins with a shower,
August prepares a cleansing.
The apple tree blushed in embarrassment
Under the ripe weight of the fruit.
The garden breathes summer purity
And drops of joyful candlelight,
And in a circle with a golden section
Saved the red-faced one above me:
Just stretch out your hand - and here
In the palm of an apple, like a miracle,
But I don't tear it off for some reason
Such a desirable ripe fruit
And then I feel by eye
All that with a solar label.
...And the apple is burning on the branch,
As the sacrifice of Christ for us.

Titova Anna, Russia, Saint Petersburg
Angels are flying above us...

Angels are flying above us,
A guard covering the wing.
Circling, turning white above the waves,
As if with a fan, a feather
They trace their way through the haze,
Blessed is the age-old.

Sky-high invisibles.
People have a saving peace.
The rays do not scorch the backs,
Cold or heat is not terrible.
They are solemnly innocent
And in a peaceful hour, and in a fatal one.
The shells of angels do not hurt.
The lightning of the wing will not be touched.
Angels are flying above us,
But the earthly darkness is getting scarier.

Konstantin Tkach, Russia, Moscow

However

Passing through the cornerstones,
Through the symbols and laws of time.
We are trying to find the truth there,
Where we know exactly, we remember clearly.
Change everything by all means,
When it's our case, it's our turn.
And we pay an expensive price
For the long-awaited turn.
We believe the feelings, we believe the heart,
We believe in luck and fate.
What is impossible is possible,
Even through «I can't».
A formidable consciousness is scheming.
Dreams go nowhere.
All the torments will add experience.
Like getting rid of stuffiness,
What can conscience reproach
We try to cross it out as soon as possible.
Without ceasing to inspire yourself with the truth,

Running away from the problem we choose,
But only for some reason we forget,
That, alas, you cannot escape from yourself.
Let's try all the methods
In search of his happiness.
However, it is worth paying attention:
You can destroy everything and quickly,
And it is not easy to create a new one.

Fleishman Daria, Russia, Biysk
«**The Tale of Kalina**»

The fern bloomed with dew,
The reeds rustled,
the Viburnum with its redness
She led us in that wilderness.
And the twilight of the forest was terrible,
But so beckoned, laughing
From strong firs and bushes
Tying a knot.
I walked, looking at the old moss,
Hoping for yourself,
That I couldn't get lost,
Loving all nature.
But I heard the call of the cuckoo,
He stopped suddenly.
In broad burdock leaves
I met a meadow.

My scrub fell out of my hands,
I rushed after him.
Under the burdock and crooked and old

The size of a thimble, sir.
He was of special blood,
Sitting on soft moss,
Raising slightly the oval of the eyebrows
The gaze turned to me.
He was probably weaker
Tall me,
But without entering into an equal fight
I was afraid of him.
He smiled, not for good,
It seemed then.
A squirrel crunched on an oak tree
And I looked up.
How the dream left me suddenly,
Finding Kalina again,
To the road in about an hour
She took me out.
My friend is tired and dusty
Rushes to me...
So you can see the moss is not so overgrown
On that rotten stump!

Mikhail Chervyakov, Lipetsk, Russia

A scene in the desert

And this with a red-hot pitchfork
It looks like an angel slashed his body,
Leaving it in dark ink
A message on lined leather.
When walking, the head is lowered
And there were shoulders shrugged by the sun.
I'm not sprayed, I'm saving my words
For a personal meeting with Him.

Yes, only with confident speech,
Full of quotes in Latin,
(Casting a human shadow)
The Devil is pestering in the desert:
«You are a fanatic, your faith is blind.
Only oblivion and the grave are ahead.
Can you feel it? This is the resin that has emerged
Over a wide saw.
Your road responds with pain -
The suffering is immeasurably great.
But since when do you cry blood,
Relying on the Holy Scripture?
It must have been a bad day,
Once I was in a dangerous place.
Here, put on the same crown,
And let's go to the cross together...»
There's the end of the road beyond the mountain.
And then, the heat steamed my head.
I say softly: - Demon, go away!
... and the mountain moves away.

Irina Cherezova, Russia, Mezhdurechenskiy

Autumn of life. Song

The autumn of life has come quickly
With the cranes, summer is gone,
How she lived, what she did, loved
Everything seemed to flash by.

I'll walk through the streets of the past
I'll look my beloved in the eyes,
I'll swing on the swing again
Why is there a tear glistening in my eyes?

There will probably be many warm days
But the past cannot be brought back,
Where was he young, happy?
Where there are so few life barriers.

The autumn of life came quickly,
It's time for mature wisdom,
I live, which means I am loved!
I love, which means I'm alive.

Chechulina Ulyana, Russia, Yugra
About the Creepy

When the moon rises over the slope,
The earth will be clothed in darkness,
You drink pure cahors,
And baptize yourself three times.
When in the pitch black
You'll hear a nasty howl,
Don't you turn off the road,
Take the peg with you.
They will rise out of the fog,
Thick will come out of the mist,
Take the pistol out of your pocket,
And charge, not idle.
They will come under the sign of death,
They will impose a terribly evil horror,
They tear off all the clothes,
Left with a black soul.
His eyes, long empty
They're going to stare at you,
Don't you look,

They are strangers, strangers to you for a long time.
Everywhere, everywhere, you can hear moans,
Whispering, shouting, and even barking,
You get out of here soon,
And don't give them your hand.
Don't you dare look at the ass,
It's dark out there,
There is emptiness, and chaos, the edge,
They only breathe in the crown,
Look, don't die of horror.
They won't be here long,
With the dawn dissolves into silence,
They're scarier than a wolf,
Their view is from outside.
Hurry boldly to the sun,
There is purity and paradise there,
You will see your light in the window,
They're waiting for you there, go ahead.

Shnurkova Liya, Russia, Ulyanovsk
Alchemy of the Soul.

I know, Angels of Heaven
They're watching me now.
And their smiles are disembodied
I am accompanied everywhere.

I know the Angels believed
In the miracle that is most valuable.
And that's why they opened the doors to me
In the purgatory of my Soul.

My eyes open in amazement,
I see how they burn in the fire

My old beliefs
And the views are quite tolerable.

I see the bitter face of suffering,
Resentment grimaces and guilt.
And waves of angry fluctuations
Above the fear of wondrous depths.

And doubts are trampling nearby
And self-doubt:
A lingering impression of procrastination,
Like in a long and nightmarish dream.

The picture that rose before me,
Majestic and formidable!
All the fallen are reborn again
And received in full.

Here the battle is at a boiling point!
In battle, all means are good.
And in the hot flashes of epiphany
The Alchemy of the Soul is coming!

Elena Shubina, Russia, Pushkin

Prayer

Oh, my God,
Father-Father!
And the Wet Nurse Earth -
That shelter has now given.

I Send You Love!
A bright ray of Light is Him.

From the Heart my message-
This is your property!

And my Heavenly
Teacher, my wonderful Educator!
You set the tasks
And I accepted the answers
Even at the full sixty
I do not know the result.

And now, this exam is
a difficult life question.
How to solve it, I don't know
Apparently You extended my term

I raise, Co – Knowledge,
In books, I'm looking for a plot.
I know about the Universe
And Spirituality is the answer.

But Spirituality is education
Those who betrayed their Mother
Condemned, Father, narok
And he doesn't know about You!

And Spirituality increases
In the struggle of Good over Evil
Pity, only humiliates
I'm sorry about that.

You help them with advice
And remind me of fate!
Let them read about God
And the war will come to an end!

Victoria Nesterova, Russia, Rostov-on-Don
... and everything is in the dust

The sun will rise above the plains.
And again I have to be sad all day
About the unprecedented dreams of the soul.
It would only be a pen to think...

... and here everything seems to be erased into dust.
Maybe this is my essence?
Maybe it's an almighty fear?
And my kind of fate?

Abiltayeva Dana, Kazakhstan, Astana
Inspiration

Lingering for a moment
Between a step into the distance,
Go ahead...
look around how,
Inspiration goes with you by the hand...

Pours with every breath
The beauty around you,
Inviting to disband
Together with her over the edges...

There to see that
Patterns are laid for you
The way home...
there are gaps in every paint
Into Your incomparable image...

Pouring without looking back
All the spaces that are inside...
you will see how mutually
Reveals the World of his own...

Inviting you to come back,
In time to sound the Harmony ...
that the oceans are rocking ...
everything...What is around the Earth...

Singing in the warm wind:
«Everything, including yours...»

Altman Leia, Israel, Jerusalem

Emptiness

I want to talk calmly with emptiness
You can talk to her without the power of exclamation
Only quietly slowly closing his eyes
Breathing sedately and at the level of silence.
Gently touching the shapes of words with your fingers
Throw them gently into the sea of depths and shadows
And feel like time is not running
And the pendulum knocks on other people's doors.
The wave is not divided into the order of days
It carries its permanent beginnings
Where people just don't need wings
And the thought has not yet visited people.
We will sit quietly together with emptiness
Revealing ourselves to each other little by little
Catching gusts of wind outside the window
By creating your own beautiful road.

Akhmedova Fatimakhon, Great Britain, London

About hope

Today the wind whispered the cherished words
And the green grass echoed:
forget about sadness, let go of the bad.
Put on a better dress, start living from the beginning.

I respect kinship in the wind.
I live and survive by his advice.
And even though I have a reputation for being soft in the circle
of my family,
I don't want to start, I want to continue living days.

I objected to him (for the first time I'm not with him):
We are people because we keep everything in our memory.
Life cannot be full when there is no sadness in it.
I asked for forgiveness that I would not accept the advice.

I have nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to hide.
I have to answer for every sin a hundredfold myself.
Will I be able to be deceived to start living again.
And how to hide the sins of past deeds, the mistakes of life?

I can hardly forget my parents .,
And the house, dear with a garden, and a good brother's tale,
How troubles and good luck were replaced by a streak,
Despair and joy lingered at times.

Before my eyes again, as if yesterday,
As my daughter smiled, and evening with her husband.
Always proud of friends and without enemies in any way.
There will be no willpower without envy attacks.

So I told the wind, I asked for help
Leave all the sorrows and overcome the grief,
And leave joy, and tears, and love,
And faith, and lack of faith, and give hope again.

My friend thought about it (for the first time I'm not with
him)...

“We - the winds - are lightweight, we don't keep memory.
I will tell you in secret about the truth of one:
In winter, you believe in hope, love her in spring.

In autumn, sometimes keep it in your soul.
Sing her songs in the summer, put them on the stained glass
window.
The living without hope don't seem to live,
And having resurrected hope, they will find two lives.”

Andrey Grodzinsky, Uzbekistan, Tashkent

**«Teach the chick the languages of the deep Yangtze and the
Sahara...».**

Teach the chick the languages of the full-flowing Yangtze and
the Sahara,
so that he turns to the ear, crouching at the foot of Tibet,
or, having climbed the jagged peak of the indestructible Atlas
hulk,
he would have interpreted with Tubkal in a dialect he
understood.
Present a dictionary of sayings of branching oaks and chestnuts
so that you can express yourself, hear the stories of pines,
find out about the Atlanteans and Hittites, the Sumerians and the
Maya tribe
from the chattering sequoias, rustling laudatory odes.

Teach the boy to doubt the fairy tales and fables he has read:
the parables of King Solomon are edifying, but the eras
have moved Homo away from the idol of the Old Testament
writings,
dragging him further into the panel jungle of progress.

Instruct the child, O wise trees, hills, oceans:
he is a fleeting guest on a planet where Fauna and Flora
have bred two-legged fighters of a duel of words and deeds:
there is no trust in them, because they have torn out the truth by
the roots.

Dmitruk Andrey, Ukraine, Kiev
Rigden Japo, Lord of Shambola

Far from the mechanical barking, In the land where the swans
of the peaks are flying, a wandering lama Recently met Him.
Calm and indestructible,
A white horse was walking along the crest of the pass, The
bridle rang, the sound of hooves was deaf, And the rider, not
hesitating in the least, Sat, covered with patterned armor.
The moustache was black, and the face of the sovereign was f
ormidable,
And the look is gloomy, and the sword sparkled in the beam;
In one hand he held a crimson banner,
The other was lying on a sword.

The horse walked steadily. And somewhere, the lama knew,
Towers rose. The city is blue
Thundered, permeated with electronic wind,
And someone is there with a frantic trumpet

Shouted, exulting, about the rights, freedoms,
Obtained, prejudices in spite of,

And they listened to him, proud of themselves,
Men in tights and stilettos.

A shell hit a baby carriage, —
Words are pouring from the stands of the capital,
That everything is fine. To the traitors — beware!
And the nation, it is always right.

And there — there is an attack on the statues,
On the temples, famous a hundredfold,
In memory of the world... At the helm of a tank
A zombie howls a prayer, bearded.

Crazy circus! To the stinking arena
A golden shower is pouring in the darkness.
A writer, too outspoken, was killed;
The thinker is banished, branded a saint.

But the advertising screams and rages,
And on the screen — a shop of naked meat,
And the blood is already up to the chest...
The lama pleaded:

«King of the world, oh, save us soon!...»
The scarlet banner, Shambhala sign, —
But now, above the rock walls,
The rider began to melt, to melt into the sea of light,
A giant shadow over the glaciers.

The lama fell to his knees. In quiet sorrow
He wrung his hands. But suddenly on the ice
It came echoing: «Soon, soon, soon»; A distant avalanche
hooted: «I'll come...»

Yaroslav Zhuravlev, Uzbekistan, Tashkent

Wait

You just wait for me!
There were other worries!
Just take your time!
Sometimes we are too strict!

I recognized her image!
I'll take her with me!
I've known the whole point for a long time!
I'm always with you!

There was unbearable pain!
She is my own dream!
Don't put salt on the wounds!
We spend evenings with her!

Let's pour a cup of wine!
The beam goes over the mountains!
There is only one in my heart!
I won't give you to anyone!

Johannes Cicek, Turkey, Istanbul

Piercing wind

With the beginning of the autumn season of winds, the Soul seems like a leaf falling towards a new pain. In the heat of the fire, flying with the wind, he inhales a new portion of oxygen into us, which erases the signs of breathing. The wet sensations slowly slowed down the dry sounds in the palm of my hand. The sacred color of dry leaves blooms together with new

seedlings blessed by the spirit.

At the center of the earth-sized universe.

The sky that opened with the first birth of the sun is the
colors of the first years of the sunken sun.

The amount of soil that is born in the red color of the
world, the amount of earth changing the amount of light,
changed the dim image of the amount of light along with
the soil.

A new bitterness unfolds like a new mustard flower in
changing countries on the branches of trees. The pain flaps
their wings along with the sounds of birds shrouded in
clouds of wind.

The story of the fruit and the snake, which begins with
their movement, begins with the fact that they wake up
with the sky appearing from the keyhole, which is opened
with the key of birth.

They run to Sparkle with the family mirror.

In the infinity completed by the Father's methods, they
grow with love.

Crazy alfalfa read the bitter wind in the eyes of the sun.
The burning lamp of the pyramid does not let them go out
for a long time and closes the image of the hungry door.
When the doors are open, the sign «kings» calls people
who can enter with misery and lack of life.

Corn pods are soft, like a thin sheet of paper, which makes
the buds look like an elegant and textured bag of poison.

With the help of soft tissues, honeycombs, the poison
is collected with the help of injections, allowing it to be
transmitted to the Saints.

Moses was burning with fire!

They rush through the wings of pain on the roads of Zion.
The heavens stretch out their hands to our soul, and our
hopes return to desires along with the piercing winds in the
sky.

In the sunlit gardens of the churches, he felt the spirit of
sweet itching with the touch of burns on his shoulders.
People of the soul demonstrate how balloons soar into the
sky with the touch of small children who color the clouds
with a melody.
Like happiness in beautiful dreams, we look at proud faces
in the rhythm of a heart asking to catch its breath in church.
Requests for new words, which appear together with the
words of confessions, forgive childhood to those who
describe their parched lips.
With words that erase the traces of the sins of the world,
everyone looks like a child you care about.
Thanks to the free life of children, White sparkles and
seeks the victory of Christ with the equal life of the Holy
Spirit!
The main secrets of children who find the most powerful
treasures are the sparkling family mirrors in churches.
Vines growing on desert soil give a sweet taste to the
water, a cool and cloying bunch of sweet water listens to
the buzzing of bees, and elderly hands distill wine for a
market ritual.
Wine in glasses with subtle treble sounds on our filtered
lips.
When we feel the smell of sediment on the taste, the smoke
entering our breath fluctuates.
With the sound of clean air, the sediment of wine turns into
a dirty life wave for new seedlings.
With a bitter rash in our kitchen;
Open sesame; It is like a pitted bagel, which has no eternity
in the perception of feelings that are revealed thanks to the
taste of sesame.
The fragrance hiding behind the doors that do not open
with sesame has now become a door.
We enjoy the pure white taste of cheese and a very happy

smile in Christian dishes to enjoy the elegance of Western cuisine.

With the help of the flowers of Glory, the deductive date in rituals spreads the integrity of bread among its new people.

Those who really feel pain from the color of ice do not change from the igniting effect of lost souls in cold winds.

A new layer of ice on the soil - colors that cause severe pain in the color of a colored sandstorm.

Indicates the sanctity of baptism, which defines the river flowing from the drops of the Jordan River.

He will wait for Jesus until it is determined by the fall of ashes into the river.

And the bowl removes the bowl of water for the whole presence of the world with its hand.

Under the leadership of twelve people, «the first uprising» and «the last of the last» continue to win.

The first and the last are one and the same, because they are united under the wings of clusters of birds demonstrating the pattern of the Holy Spirit.

The clockwork seems to be a long-term transitional mechanism that is deflected by the winds of the season, when time changes depending on the direction of the solar gate.

Reality and the spiritual sense of God, the laws that govern reality from the point of view of bondage.

Laws are not in the management of the soul, but the greatest fruits of science are punished by the sounds of rails that follow the trains of cows living without violating the suffering of God's purposes.

The laws of criminals and the purpose of punishment are the inhabitants of the mind of the Gods and continue to be the inhabitants of the mind of the Gods and continue to monitor the image of cows, who continue to monitor the satisfaction of the train starting with the satisfaction of the

straw mass.

The melodies of goats and cows greet the holy family in the stable, the natural sounds of Christmas and the natural sounds of Jesus cause Christmas excitement.

Your soul is waiting for sensory tissue in the stunning Christmas silence.

Fumes on the floor, silence that transforms information, a cold breeze wants to weave the fabric desired by the king. The sound that sounds in the desert left its disciples and died.

Killed at the request of a girl who does not live to see this day.

He was reborn on the sadness of the bygone past and continued to grow in the desert.

The sweetened drink with cherry «sources», «locust» and «wild honey bite» managed to convey a rich similarity.

He was walking on the sea with the heirs of the famous keys in Rome and again caught him by the hands.

A disciple who did not believe, squeezing the fingers of the spiritual body he sees.

They could not sit on the right and left, the students resounded the world with thunder.

Counting gold in the «devil», he hanged himself in a world shocked by the sound of crying.

Fishing yarn cuts the fingertips, the pain from the wind with traces of cuts makes the Soul of the wind happy.

While they were walking through arid places, the murdered and dismembered bodies were waiting for those moments of new history when the repeated genocide would not be endless.

Thanks to the mysteries of science, the life of Christ, milk and chocolate ice cream, the same feeling of well-being is created.

«A new life in a new Life» reflects the magical secrets of

the new Zion, which try to reflect the image of the Angel Michael.

Zion continues to fly on the dragon's back, providing Jewish hereticism with the vague consequences of life.

When people's lives are in the shadow of his body, you feel the traces of wounds with pain that turns your body into cracks in the desert.

It distributes the souls of people who collect and spread the sin of your heart in the eyes of God.

The rigidity of the columns supporting the facts can serve as a confirmation of the evidence of dreams about thoughts.

So that this word was only in the sense of God, and it was not peculiar to him, it was not always possible to talk about him together with God.

The melodies of the royal instrument appeal to the fingers that change the sweet bows of the city, the taste of sleep. People who complement the «fourth quarter of the worlds» are working to create a universal fabric, creating a person on the other side of God.

With the help of shackles that store the sound of your heart, you move to your heart, the echo of the sound changes your tissues.

You're trying to figure out how your body lives in time with your heartbeat.

World wars are beginning to claim victory without the help of roosters.

A new life and a war in a telephone booth are the sounds of a ransom for a new beginning of the world, which we cry about in between the roar of bombs.

In similar lives, like ransom, they think of mercy because he crushed them with hardships.

The image of war in the objective reality of the universe burns the cries of wounded people, who are carried away by the current of silence into depression, which turns into a

bitter breeze of painful winds, which turn into an image of redemption in the «Spice Road».

The sadness of the rain, mixed with the wet fatigue of the rain and past evidence of the presence of explosive gases in the rain, under the traces of rain gas.

The white flag in the telephone booth is waving along with the cries of war, and the soothing sparks of the white flag are oscillating along with the sounds for the happy eyes of people.

The proof is the desired facts of future sensations in the past, there may be dates of future sensations confirming the truth of the future.

Under the creak of an approaching tanker truck, the photo of the neutral zone with the rapid beating of his heart turns into a tent camp with a painful rash of battle in the drama. People who suppress hiccups in camping change the name «withered season» to «the sadness of the first spring before the summer season.»

With the name of a new season, the suffering of a new nature is a new spring transformation, it changes a new spring name in every pain and expectation of a new season, a bitter spring name.

It's like a guy's house that heals the wounds of war and waits on a new rock with evidence of worshipping anxiety from the life of life list.

With the action of bombs, he is moving away from the horizon of eyes looking for wealth, which is stuck and lost in the air cavity of unknown wonders in a remote celestial life.

Abiltayeva Dana, Kazakhstan, Astana

Inspiration

Lingering for a moment
Between a step into the distance,
Go ahead...
look around how,
Inspiration goes with you by the hand...

Pours with every breath
The beauty around you,
Inviting to disband
Together with her over the edges...

There to see that
Patterns are laid for you
The way home...
there are gaps in every paint
Into Your incomparable image...

Pouring without looking back
All the spaces that are inside...
you will see how mutually
Reveals the World of his own...

Inviting you to come back,
In time to sound the Harmony ...
that the oceans are rocking ...
everything...What is around the Earth...

Singing in the warm wind:
«Everything, including yours...»

Kazakov Alexander, Latvia, Riga
Hiding the face

She covered her face,
A thin cloth invisible to the eye,
Ask the messengers about her,
That they fly in all directions at once.

The light guard at the gate
Fire-bearing Holy Elders,
But no one will see where the entrance is,
If you forgot in the evil days.

What can I bring?
You own my heart, too.
I can only offer you a prayer...
Who will climb the mountain,
Who is given the road?
To the one who carries Fiery Palaces in his heart.
The spindle is spinning,
Light Fabric flows
What is disconnected,
Reunite again.

The world is kept secret,
The light is her canvas.
It is not given to a mortal Heart to withstand so much love.

Yulia Klimenko, Ukraine, Kiev
Birds.

Birds are circling over the field outside my window.
I have so little left to live.

Everything was covered with a white dream
And fatigue rolls over.
I delve into conversations,
I reciprocate.
People are bustling, wild packs of dogs are rushing.
The streets are empty without you
And for a fraction of the smallest
I find support in poetry,
I ignore pity, other people's scams.
The month of May inspires couples with a clear sun.
You're sleeping behind your window.
I wear three-de glasses. Taking pictures
Reality.
And, absorbing every moment,
Correcting his banality.
I'm sending you new footage.
Internet virtuality
Still for the best.
And the words are memorized by me.
I feel better
World rage.
An invisible enemy – the Devil's prank – approaches me
mercilessly.
But I know one thing for sure.
My heart is one with yours.
The bond between us is so strong.

Korolev Spartak, Belarus, Minsk

The flame is yours

Don't be petty in life,
Furrow clouds,
Go from words to thoughts,
Live like Hermes, Plato and Plutarch.

And embody the synthesis,
The unity of the entire cosmos.
Overcome the Spirit Crisis,
And start the day from the East.

Read only the originals,
Look for the Philosopher's Stone,
Discover the annals of all ages,
And carve a flame out of thinking.

Trust your intuition,
Make guesses with your imagination.
Become a true knight,
And trust two women;

Elena Blavatsky, Elena Roerich,
That you were in touch with the great.
They are only worthy of Faith,
Which is above all relics.

Create yourself with knowledge,
Will create the foundation.
The flame is your banner
In the higher worlds of the distant.

*Yulia Minvalieva, Kazakhstan, Musrepova,
Novoishimskoye village*

I wanted to reach out with poems....

I wanted to reach people with poems,
Bring them a new sound,
So that they dream differently,
Realizing the real life essence.

But they are chained to the earthly,
Their feet are hard to lift,
To see the world differently,
They were able to understand everything with wisdom.

So as not to waste time,
Only at the feet of the gaze directed,
They didn't copy someone else's life
According to the template of her life.

They would not stretch out their hands to the corruptible,
Did not cling to the blade of the knife,
And would you be looking for something valuable,
That which you will take away to eternity forever.

Wouldn't pack things for the future,
They wouldn't have been harvested for the future.
Would not buy the best,
Understanding what the point is.

They wouldn't push each other in the back
They didn't climb over their heads.
We wouldn't argue over the fence, over the mug.
They would not give free rein to words.

And sensitive souls would have flown up,
They flew like birds to all corners
And they would have raised their fragile arms
Everyone who walks on the stones.

Who cripples legs on ledges,
Who is tired and can't crawl.
Support them firmly by the shoulders you,
So as not to fall on the way.

Give them a helping hand,
Caressing them with a gentle look,
Turn around, maybe someone else
Lost in the dumb boulders.

Smile at the person standing next to you,
Say hello to the one who passed.
Take a look at the hospital to the patient,
Touch it with your wing.

And another time, scoop up water from the lake
Grab a slice of bread
Knock on your neighbor's door
And be able to overcome the enmity.

Or maybe in a clearing among the spreading meadows
, Pick a bouquet of flowers, and
walking along a winding forest path,
Compose a couple of kind words.

And then give the bouquet to the first,
Who happens to pass by.
And tell the other one, probably,
Those invented few words.

So that from each of your lungs
Movements of a pure soul
There was a wave of good
And covered with a veil of love.

Sergey Khazanov, Switzerland, Geneva

Existentialism

We didn't study philosophy for books,
We took up everything, even if we didn't kick in the teeth,
I learned through bruises and bumps,
That the Lord is not our judge, but Another.

Which, as Sartre has it marbled out,
We are when Another looks at us -
We lie down with our bones, and with our soul, and with our
skin,
Feeling pride, fear and shame.

Shuffles the time of the meeting with the breakups,
And every day - we praise, persecute, love –
Like a first grader, with a sinking heart
I am waiting for the assessment set by Others.

Ah, this look is X-ray, ethereal, stone,
Who are you, the Other – are you a stranger, an enemy, a
brother?
My guardian, set by Fortune?
My Black Man, my heaven and hell?

He lived, striving for the superfluous and sacrificing the
necessary,
I walked down the path leading to the top,
And imitated the other so diligently I,
That there is hope to become yourself.

Khayelihle Bhengu, South Africa, Soweto

When God creates a father

When he creates a man on his own image.
Had to make him fit his purpose
Of perfection God is a perfectionist.
Gave him a strength of a tiger, even though may not move the
mountain.
But will certainly give it all, in support for others.
Tenacity of a lion no matter the number of failures a dad never
gives up.
But the greatest gift of all was his heart.
He made it big and tender
To love big and appreciate deep.
When God creates Adam he made him perfect.
To love as he lead because see, to love is genuine.
So a source of wisdom had to be him
He hid his mark somewhere dip
To make those who boast in God's favour shine.
Between villain and hero, one can not be both.
But what God creates is all perfect When God create a father
made certain.
To take heart neither from a lion nor tiger.
The holy ghost would have never abide.
Heart purified the soul
So he had to take time to make it whole.
Because fathers with God's heart
Love as Jesus did.

Chebotar Svetlana, Moldova, Orhei
The Creator's hand is always in motion

«The hand of the Creator is always in motion» -
Both in small and great aspiration,
The Spiral of Creation without beginning and end
Does not stop the stellar rotation.

The Gods dance – the flight of creativity,
Tune the souls to consonance,
And there is a turn in the world -
My thoughts are harmonious triad.

A round dance was included in the cosmic
Planets and interstellar ethers,
And the tuning fork of the Almighty gives
The Tone Of the Spiritual Creation of the Heavenly Lyre.

Listen to yourself, find your sound,
Its consonance to His Work,
Create yourself, create, my friend,
Feel the pulse of heart rapprochement!

The Conductor has a strict plan and rhythm,
Nothing will interfere with Inspiration,
He is, like you, a Great Pilgrim -
A Particle Of Infinite Motion.

We express our gratitude to all the participants of the Poetry Contest "Elena Petrovna Blavatsky"!

You have made your contribution to the recognition of the merits of our outstanding compatriot H.P. Blavatsky, her invaluable contribution to the development of world science and culture, the spiritual development of society!

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