



Nabokov Prize Library



Mikhail Godov

*Unquenchable
thirst of love...*

18+

Mikhail Godov
Unquenchable thirst of love...
Серия «Nabokov Prize Library»

Текст предоставлен правообладателем

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=51641122

*Unquenchable thirst of love...: sonnet book / M. Godov: International Union
of writers; Moscow; 2020
ISBN 978-5-00153-202-6*

Аннотация

This book is about an declaration of love to a wonderful woman in a classic sonnet style, in tradition, which goes all the way up to Francesco Petrarke, William Shakespeare, Ronsar, Bodler, Verlen and other famous masters of this genre.

And live a day...

This book is about many areas of life of humans, the full range of feelings experienced by each of us, but its leitmotif is love in all its faces.

Содержание

Preamble	9
Unquenchable thirst of love...	11
The name of rose	11
Sonnet 1	11
Sonnet 3	12
Sonnet 15	13
Sonnet 17	13
Sonnet 19	14
Sonnet 20	15
Sonnet 21	16
Sonnet 24	16
Sonnet 10	17
Sonnet 86	18
Sonnet 87	19
Sonnet 67	19
Sonnet 75	20
Sonnet 89	21
Sonnet 94	22
Sonnet 105	23
Sonnet 111	23
Sonnet 113	24
Sonnet 116	25
Sonnet 118	26

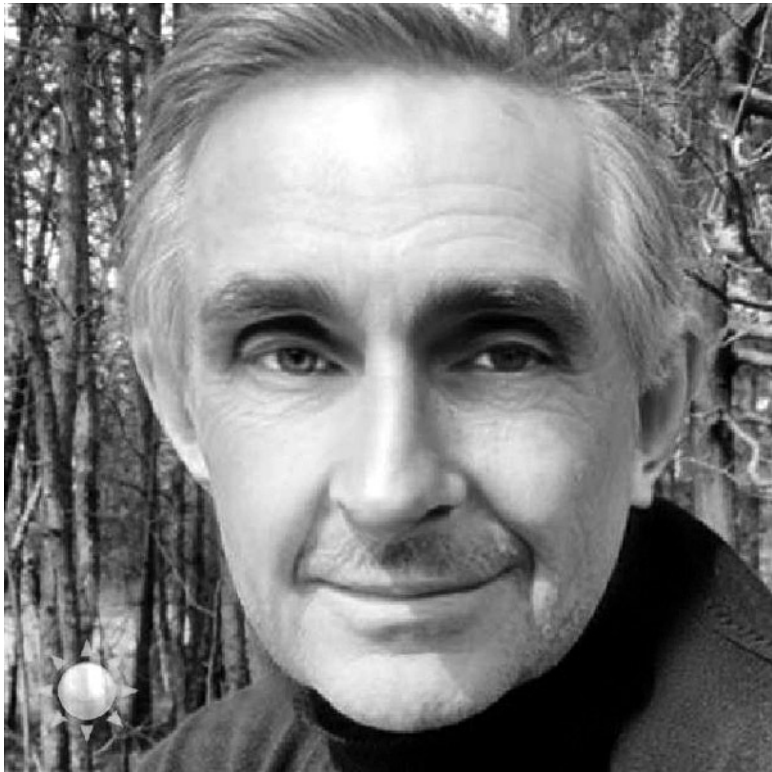
Sonnet 119	26
Sonnet 120	27
Sonnet 121	28
Sonnet 126	29
Sonet 130	29
Sonnet 133	30
Sonnet 132	31
Sonnet 135	32
Sonnet 136	33
Sonnet 137	33
Sonnet 138	34
Sonnet 139	35
Sonnet 144	36
Sonnet 145	36
Sonnet 146	37
Sonnet 148	38
Sonnet 149	39
Sonnet 150	39
Sonnet 151	40
Sonnet 152	41
Sonnet 153	42
Sonnet 155	43
Sonnet 185	43
The love itself's invited as a witness	45
Sonnet 213	45
Sonnet 214	46

Sonnet 226	46
Sonnet 228	47
Sonnet 230	48
Sonnet 231	49
Sonnet 232	49
Sonnet 235	50
Sonnet 251	51
Sonnet 252	52
Sonnet 253	53
Sonnet 266	53
Sonnet 267	54
Sonnet 139	55
The language of love...	57
Sonnet 22	57
Sonnet 31	58
Sonnet 32	58
Sonnet 34	59
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	60

Mikhail Alexeyevich Godov
Unquenchable thirst of love...
sonnet book

© M. Godov, 2020

© International Union of writers, 2020



Mikhail Godov – member of the Union of writers of Moscow, member of the International Union of Writers, poet, sonnet writer, author of over 800 sonnets (10 wreath of sonnets included), and many poems of different genres published in a series of poetic books: «faces of love», «symphony of love», «Learning how to love», «Idols», «Love without the world is

closely», «The house of soul», «I am talking to you about eternity» (series «modern and classics») and laureate of many international all-Russian literary contests and the winner of awards: International literary award «The gold quill of Russia 2008» (Moscow), award Belinski 2019, participant of Moscow International Book Fair (MIBF) 2019, author of songs and romances of different genres in Russian and German.

Since 2001 the poet lives in Nuremberg, Germany.

Preamble

This book is about an endless declaration of love to a wonderful woman in a classic sonnet style, in tradition, which goes all the way up to Francesco Petrarke, William Shakespeare, Ronsar, Bodler, Verlen and other famous masters of this genre.

The insatiable appetite for this love is that strong, that it could not be quenched, because since it is quenched, the lyrical hero glows with this love again and again.

The image of the beloved takes shape of all women, who made all the poets crazy, plebs and royals who fell in love with them, ready for any craziness and escapades for this love and at the same time converted to the only beloved, whom the poet gives the confession of love!

But words transferred by the time machine from far epochs by sophisticated ladies in crinolines and gallant gentlemen in jackets and frills sewed of gold, forgotten and unfamiliar, are suddenly starting sounding modern, personal and heartfelt that the real feeling comes up that there is no threat by naphthalene smelling chests, that in our time that is far away from sentimentality there is only this way of confessing love, that Romeo and Julia, our contemporaries, live anywhere among us...

AND LIVE A DAY...

sonnet wreath book

This book is about many areas of life of humans and humanity

from their origin up to now, the full range of feelings experienced by each of us, but its leitmotif is love in all its faces and hypostasis!

The «shell» that includes all life collisions and feelings is the favourite genre of the poet: a sonnet presented in its most difficult, superior and very rare mode of wreath of sonnets. The book includes five of them and three thematic cycle of sonnets, called by the author with regard to their number: «octet of sonnets». All this makes the book unique in its form and content, since there are no other precedents in the Russian and international poetry for poetic books that includes only wreaths of sonnets and belongs to the quill of only one poet (as the group of compendium), not to mention the extreme rarity of this genre. As far as the translation is concerned, from Russian, the native language of the poet, into English, the challenge for the translator is initially extremely difficult as the poetic language used by the author is very demanding and in a perfect form with a binding classic rhyming that makes the translation much more challenging. And even though the translator mostly managed it to translate the content of the poetic material with maximum effort, the elegant, peculiar and original form of the poetry retains only partly, despite this doesn't make the acquaintance with this book of the flamboyant, distinctive author, less attractive for the English-speaking reader.

Unquenchable thirst of love...
sonnet book
(Part one)

The name of rose

Sonnet 1

I wandered in the depth of garden alleys
Went hat in hand to spirit of this place
Among the statues, with their Gothic grace
Among the splash of multi-coloured wearing

The icon lamp of autumn there was lit.
October ascended to its golden throne
And yet the brightness wasn't gone
Carried by winds, so boastful and so swift.

In the array of asters, autumn flowers
A thorn so sharply touched my heart
That dark red rose, that velvet sight
And then my shield and helmet lost their power

This pain I still envision; as if so behoves,
Caused by the rose, which name is love.

Sonnet 3

Don't take for granted plain and trivial words,
They are just mask, when seen with more attention,
Don't take for granted casual, simple words
Behind them – all my pain, all my affection

Don't be confused with the indifferent tone,
It's an attempt, although not trustworthy,
To keep inside the loud, so unwilling moan...
This pain I can't endure, you've left no mercy.

To chat with you of trifles, little things,
To be amusing and to burst in laughing
To tell you just of lovely little things
Make a pretense: such moments are just nothing

But jokes...Take off the spell, I used to feel before,
For I just can't keep silence anymore.

Sonnet 15

Just touch my hand with hand of yours,
And our hearts will feel this touching.
I wish that we were so close,
As only can be ones, who're loving.

I wish that love could be for us
The breathing, hearing, and vision,
And blood in our veins, that runs,
The flesh and spirit of our living.

Don't let it leave us, don't let away,
Don't let it fade beyond a distance,
I want to experience each grain
Of love, each sad and happy instance.

To share with Her fate and fame,
Until the last anguish and pain.

Sonnet 17

Simplicity we often take for nonsense
And we're ashamed to say the gentle words
We hide our souls, we're probably unconscious

Of this, afraid of souls confidingly unclosed

It's difficult for us to talk in style
Of Romeo and Juliette, without tension.
We think since then the centuries has gone by
In other way life's writing its inventions

So let it be, and I've no intent to argue
Yes. Different is the World, where we belong
And my affection I am also hiding
Ashamed, as if Shakespeare's words were wrong,

The storm of feeling takes my power of speech...
Those tender words, extremely hard to reach.

Sonnet 19

You are entirely unexpected,
Your voice, your smile, your sudden gesture...
You are entirely unexpected

Like sent to me occasionally, good letter.
Like summer breath, like see and love itself
Like hope in the dark hour of despair,
You're going and returning then,

More cherished, as before you were.

And all this takes my breath away,
Of this white flame of fondness and much pain...
Just fly, like poplar fluff in May,
Not knowing of sadness and restraint...

As miracle of life, you are so treasured
Life can't be captured, as it runs unmeasured!

Sonnet 20

Don't harrow my soul, it's deepest part
So wrongfully, with sagebrush-bitter doubt,
Don't it let be occasionally cut,
This tenuous thread, by which our hearts are bound.

Don't tear the ties that join us,
For their living tissue's very fragile,
For we shall not restore them at once
By growing them, so real, so agile.

In our hearts. Let envy, that old witch
Cast her aspersions, splattering the poison:
No one but madman trust the rumors, which
Are spread around. Only love is worthy

Of all your trust. Leave jealousy behind
With our love it cannot be combined!

Sonnet 21

When hands are joined in embrace,
And eyes are in the endless sight
Don't let our words just stir that very bright
And clear minute with their feebleness

That minute when in one heartbeat
Two hearts will burst and fade again.
So queer, it defies our trying to explain
Words are but shadows, shifting, incomplete...

When in the fire of self-immolation
One twinkle with eternity can melt,
Though our language is so vain, but let
Your voice is as a fascination:

With pain, and self-forgetfulness, and mirth
No words one hears can be more inmost!

Sonnet 24

Near the well I'm bowing down
And touch it with my lips, so thirsty

I'm drawing this uneven line
Like bridge between us, frail and frosty

And step on it, for you I start
Each step on rope above the cirque.
I'm falling down in the spotlight
I'll take all agony and hurt.

Which can't be stronger, the unhidden
Fact that I am alive and craving.
This deadly risk I'm happily taking
For chance to see with you the Eden

I'll pay the painful price of falling
For twinkle of my freely soaring!

Sonnet 10

That moment sky swung very slow
Apart. The ground slipped away
Don't leave me, love, now please don't go
We used to share shining days!

Don't leave the distant dreams I saw
The songs and all the lines of mine
Don't you desert me, love, don't go:
The world with you is so divine!

And only when blood in my veins
Is cold, and when my soul's in flight,
Then you, my love, is free to leave
But only at my last goodbye

Though even at the edge of being
Love will remain my clear daydream.

Sonnet 86

Yes, you can act as you are willing,
All of your faults I will forgive,
But I will never let you leave,
Though of goodbye you're now thinking,

You'll turn with this our passion in close linking
By testing its impedance with no fright.
Like fierce wind blow in the depth of night
Will set the fire glowing and twinkling,

As thirst becomes extreme and so endless,
When for some hours we let it last,
Thus our affection will not pass,
For flame of mine is so quenchless

The heart just can't agree and can't surrender

To fate, when love's so vivid and so tender.

Sonnet 87

King in exile remains a king,
This is remembered by the crowd and court
But beggars, even with the golden ring
Deserve the fortune of the wailsome sort

The fortune's folly is a sound reason
But our life is constantly in change
Here reigns and rules His Majesty The Chance
Above all transient, perishable, fleeting.

All comes to end: the fame and honour
Will turn to nothing francs, pounds, doubloons
The currency quite solid is the only
The lovers' coins have a pretty tune,

It throws you down, then you're high above,
That golden coin with the name of Love!

Sonnet 67

I search for a pin in stake of hay

I search for love in disregard,
And under foam search for champagne
And nightingale beyond green buds,

The naked body under clothes
And essence hidden by the glare
A little hope among despair
And rhymes arranged in even rows

I search for violet in the graveyard
Find for my building ground so charred,
Encounters, brighter, then goodbyes
I crave for liberty and spell

I search for a pin in stake of hay
I search for love in disregard.

Sonnet 75

I long for passion to be shared
And still I suffer all this thirst
It's so insatiable. I dare
To reach love's temple, so inmost

Pray to your eyes, your silhouette
And deepest secret of the wame
I pray as restlessly as that

Naivety's in all I say.

I pray insanely, without measure
I'm whispering to you each sentence.
Love is the only creed I treasure —
I tell in worship and entrancement!

I long to melt with you in it
So our prayer'll be complete.

Sonnet 89

A pilgrim, philosopher, free-liver and poet
Enamored of ladies and art,
I've been living here forever, I know it,
Though now life of mine seems to start.

This world is so cruel, so wicked and fierce,
Where sweat with the blood flows down.
But God's in my heart, that is known to exist,
And people would name it Love.

Yes, if not for it, what's the reason for me
To enter this world, to be born?!
The cover of treachery, scary to see
Was not meant by me to be worn.

No, life is a miracle, growing above
The blood and the tears – the sprouts of love!

Sonnet 94

Here are again love's traps and tricks
Predicting them is not so easy.
Which stranger's face can love depict:
Of meretrix or the Mona Lisa?

And even if you're duke of Guise
Even if you're as smart as a whip
Then all the same the lovely whims
You will fulfill and act likewise:

Along the ledge you'll go, so pleasing
And sign so tender serenades,
And kiss her footprints and her shade
In Paris, London, or in Piza...

Amour, you'll finally take your crop
Love is the thing you can't fend off.

Sonnet 105

Love and music

I'm finally given to my love
As I am given to the tune
And I am yielding to the tune.
As I am yielding to my love,

For love and melody in me —
Integrally they live and sound
Like face so dear that I found
Like fervent voice, so close as can be...

They still resound in my soul
Like lust for life and lust for happiness
Like first oblation in your presence
But if sounds fade, so far and small

Then soul of mine will be deserted
Like empty stage with went down curtain...

Sonnet 111

Each thing's subject to rhythm returning

The clothes, tune and poet's lines
If not for them, much harder could be life
Like that of warrior with no tunic

The bottle of wine and the ale barrel
You cannot fill beyond the brim,
By winter fall the leaves of fallow
And even Edem's too small for Eve

Now all the heirs of Procrustes
Would like to put me in the pencil case
My bones they're breaking, very crusty
But only soul they cannot chase.

It is like aeon, all embracing
But with no love it has no basing!

Sonnet 113

Things have their cost, it's known
In dollars, euros, cheques and cash.
Things have become so wieri, monotone,
The ghost of lucre is turning all to ash

I guess that is no place for bargain,
Where hate and envy're mixed with greed.
For me such life is very small and tangled

I'm used to other count, another creed.

And casting off the profits of transaction
Which boil in one's soul and blood
I never buy the fame or admiration,

My Lord, such fate can be the true attraction:
To pay for love with coins of affection!

Sonnet 116

Yes, beauty is so multi-faced,
So multifold and so diverse
So evidently evanescent,
Ingenious and so plain

The pattern of the maple leave
And ornament on crystal goblet... —
The soul was craving for each droplet,
And were yearning the eyes and lips.

In the daylight or dream so fluid
Descended slowly from the skies
The earthborn women, said so lucid:

Just touch my lips with lips of yours
In love all beauty now occurs!

Sonnet 118

The universe of Love to bear
Isn't easy for the most of us.
It's easier with Gavroche's glair
To keep on go wearing the junks

But even if the dignity you show
Can't cover even your dress suit
You soul, which is almost gone,
Bereft of love your beggar's rout!

All your attempt are good for nothing
And all your luck is just in vain
The circle of life where you keep running
Where all you courage's senseless strain

But sense in each thing can be found
While entering love's endless current!

Sonnet 119

I pray to smoke-blue bush of lilac
I pray to apple-tree in bloom

I worship Lord's ingenious findings
And glorify the beauty's grove.

The beauty, clear and pristine
That tempts us through the centuries
Like lady's precious memory
Like lovely eyelids flickering

Like Rose's scent so fragrant.
Oh, flight of butterfly, so frail!
For me you always will be sacred
Soul always looks for beauty's trail

The whole world it can roll down
But love is still its only crown!

Sonnet 120

The harvest time is now near...
Ripe fruit are hanging from the tree
In hands of your entirely giving
Themselves, so generous, as can be.

With yellow wax shine garden pears.
And apples're burning like the flame.
They turn to me and soul's embarrassed,
They now have so much to tell

About something long-awaited,
About something so concealed,
About the endless, never fading
About life, about myself...

I fell the rhythm of universe
And the love's essence so inmost...

Sonnet 121

The beauty has become my faith:
My pray to Her is endless.
It is for Her I'll put on chains
And step on pilgrim's path

It's before Her on my knees I'll bow
At Her virtuous holy things,
Where the clearest water's falling down
With sagebrush like honey, bitter-sweet,

Where lilies gleam so white, so far away,
The haystacks smell so fine
Yes, beauty is my faith
And the Woman is divine!

All worship is entirely for her,

None kind of beauty is inmost that more!

Sonnet 126

This is secret, so luring and burning
This is marvelous centuple oval
This is tender and ardent smile,
Which, due to fate's inconceivable turnings

Tempting us with the lust that still lasts
Curing us as a goblet of balm
In the soul tender flowing chant
The concord of the skies consonance:

Carefully drafted, sculpted and carved
Some greatest artist, with true inspiration
All this heavenly grace incarnation
In each woman I hoped to find

All this grace for entire immersion
In Love's light, in my inner devotion!

Sonnet 130

From lovely lips reproach's not a reproach

Although it hurts more painfully and deeper.
But bitter words for you I will not search
And hit the target with my shot so meanly.

Hard feelings will not shade my eyes.
And anger won't take unawares my mind.
My heart won't be deceived with tone hostile
Won't quench in soul the love song sound.

I used to be much easier to hurt
But since that time I things have changed a lot
God give the blessing for the ones in love
And teach them to forgive, and seek forgiveness!

For penance isn't derogation, is this?
Thus faith expects the blessing from above...

Sonnet 133

To feel eventually love's fever
In all your blood, in all your cells,
So, that you soul's entirely speechless
And take the life as gift you can't expel

To give yourself completely in response
Like Romeo and Juliette, every instant
Trouveres, poets and you, minstrels!

Your love was strong without repose

Shakespeare, Ronsard, Petrarka, Dante
How wonderfully love was elegized
Like Rafael's' divine and pure art
Talent of Love, so high and so sacred

Oh, Lord, just give me such a blessing
In love with love to bring Her my confessing!

Sonnet 132

Sonnet of power

And here I see the large tenth-bared jaw...
Oh, how such a vision is disgusting
Here's a though, inside my mind it grows
That «power» is the predator, so lusty.

When torturing of victims, strength and power,
Still hiding beast's appearance under guise
It, even if at scandalous expiry
It keeps on stealing, keeps on telling lies.

And there is no darker deed than this
And there is the greatest of misfortunes
More scary than the virus, is the greed

Of power, in its uncontrolled disorder.

The power rests on mud and blood
And only power of love
I praise...

Sonnet 135

The theme of love and jealousy is old:
It goes back to Adam and Eve.
In every home this drama is perceived.
And victims grind by these millstones...

The jealous one himself is cause of torment
And even crown will not keep him still
Desdemona with no guilt was killed,
Though she was faithful to the great extent.

She closes the vicious circle of the love
Her name is written as the love's true sister.
But as her brother iron there glistered —
So many hands that love has stained with blood!

But no, of love I have another vision:
The one I love, I trust with no excision!

Sonnet 136

Love can't be jealous, as the passion can:
The passions puts the hidden traps
To which fall even those experienced
With words of Iago, don't lie, don't condemn!

Oh jealousy, you choose your prey from us
And our hearts are painful and so hurt,
You play the drum in rage, but now stop,
Don't hurt the feeling by absurd mistrust

The passion is the despot, so merciless
No tyranny, which can be more wayward
But love is balm, the therapy and ward
Of all the soul's wounds, of all the turbulence,

The Love is graceful, kind, but the most upheaval
Brings jealousy, much envy and much evil.

Sonnet 137

The love is free, such is its essence
When flows, even stones break:
The wall destroys and the defences:

No shield is left for me to take!

I wanted to erase her features
And to forget... But then my heart
Will ache and will cry out loud
Nostalgia, the ghostly creature!

I can't find help in the oblivion,
By which I tried (while it was trifle)
To hide the feeling, to forget... —
But I give up and here's my chest:

Well. Love is just a worthy rival
To end my life, so sad, so trivial.

Sonnet 138

Oh, can my affection be a sin
When deep in love I lose myself
No sinner is who duff and dumb
Who cannot love and cannot feel

Who laughs at highest words of love
Who dear lady's eyes dislikes
And lips of hers is not enjoying
Who doesn't know the love's folly

That one just lives in vain his life.
And I recall now and again
The Romeo and Juliette story
These children's love was so involving
And even death had brought them fame

I drink a toast to loving souls
Indifference is the greatest fault...

Sonnet 139

Yes. Cupid shoots so randomly, but sure
Defeating, dazzling everyone,
Love potion's easy to be done:
For youngster and for someone mature,

For nun, for gigolo, no matter
They all will suffer passion's pricks
But the love's suit... Here's nothing better:
And haute couture's extremely cheap!

Cupid, your genre is operetta.
You shoot the movies bright and splendid,
You are the favourite of all ladies:
Life's grey with you, and I don't flatter!

And I'm subject to passion too

I fell in love, so now I do...

Sonnet 144

To you, oh, ladies, whom I loved
All songs and sonnets're dedicated
You're muses who inspire all created
And Lord had sent me blessing from above.

Yes, I was dumb, then fire of affection
Revoked the answer in my soul
So Earth before the dawn, so still, it is just waiting
But with the first ray clamour will unroll

Since then the Love's my genius and judge
And beauty is my highest mentor
And soul of mine, the humble shelter
Is filled with feeling, I can't hide,

I sing the praise, but not in vain
Each line is warmed with loving flame!

Sonnet 145

Oh, that's indeed is a kind of torture

The bow touches vibrant chords...
The violinist's young, but each accord
Resounds like a voice of fortune.

And gently violin surrenders
And he is ardent, as a hun
And wise, just like the runes creator.
Soul, like a snail, went to the sun

And opens up towards the music
And, trembles like a singing violin,
The spell of music make her sing
She soared, clear and illusive

In glowing worlds, so high above
When filled with miracle of love...

Sonnet 146

These autumn flowers in vase:
Bright asters, roses, bunch of cranesbill...
I give respect to nature thus —
Which joins forms and author's will.

I make attempt in every phrase
To surface facets so precise,
That filigree would not entice

Won't be deceptive as the strase.

So that like diamond, perfect sense,
Was clear and concise, not flabby,
And sacred as the walls of abbey...
Oh Lord, give me talent and such strength

To vent the soul enchanted cry!
So lucid to all passing by...

Sonnet 148

I crave to know all people as the dearest ones
To realize the events inner wheels
To see effect and reason, evident and clear:
I want to be, more sapient and wise.

Absurd's the monster, scariest of all!
...And due to it men draw their swords —
Because of it all funeral and grief,
And people are more fierce the beasts!

And cry of woe is now in vain,
No word can ever reach their ears:
Cause now's deafness for our souls to tear!
Misunderstanding is the endless chain...

And I grew week before the locked front door...
But love had found the key so long ago!

Sonnet 149

There's time for everything and turn:
And summer follows the spring's route,
As night's successor, comes the dawn
And the ovary becomes the fruit.

The clocks tick on, and thus each moment,
Dictates us sequence of the lines.
And words are linked within the sonnet.
And generations grow and die.

Haste is the ghostly, bad mistake
And lingering is just a guilt.
And every failure and success:
As a pirouette on sandy brink

But breaking all the terms and frames,
Love definitely will come in May!

Sonnet 150

Love is a battle without mercy
Without tears of compassion.
Intrigues, snaring, fire of passion... —
Through all the times, in all the verses.

During the starry sleepless nights,
The serenades are sung for Her.
But under cloak the blade does blur
Blood flows as scarlet as the wine.

The Love, the treachery's strong ally
And such al luring as naiads
Seduces us to escapades
And passion's cup becomes so dry

With no regard to young and senior...
But happy is the one, who did surrender!

Sonnet 151

Seems like the gift I hear your voice:
The art of note and speech around:
In Forerunner's mouth how did you sound!
How did you wake the hearts' rejoice!

And young and old were rise by feet,
And they were going under shells:

Rumor was like a furnace flames,
How did you kindle ardent heat!

The Christ, The Circe, Demosthenes,
Grand Opera, La Scala, Covent Garden...
The ship was lead right on the rigs so hardened,
When helmsman heard the Sirens' sing... —

You really have ambrosian treat!
But I love most your voice's being sweet...

Sonnet 152

My eyes! What's for your roaring crying?!
Why so much salt humidity in you?!
You didn't pass Butyrka, Gulags too...
Who is your punisher, who is defying?!

Oh, heart! Where do you rush tantivy?
By strike of sword it's felt such pain!
What kind of blood turns red... on paper's stain?
— Where is this dawdler doctor?! Hurry, do actively!

And why is my brain now so inflamed?
What woe does bother his poor mind?
His mind just cannot bear it, it's bind.
Like Hamlet I'm, by madness, tamed!

How can I overthrow tyranny power?!
That's what you've done to me – the fervor...

Sonnet 153

End of the battle, the fighting roar faded:
The last redoubts are yield to enemy —
Within some minutes everything was destined —
The scalade was so rampant and so dashing!

The hero fought with courage of the three
And being captured tried to break the tether:
His veins were swollen of such efforts! —
Such metaphors're tremendous as can be.

That's the result: defeated and so mean,
He was much calmer, than a little lamb:
Inside his nostrils they put rings
He went so humble behind them.

That one's insane, who once confronted feelings
I gave my all to you, no armour concealing...

Sonnet 155

The frantic flame was burning down
And fire tumbled as if in rage.
And not so less was all its power:
Each moment made it fade away.

As if a hungry wolf, it used to tear
All that it could get into its jaw,
And all was turning into smoke
With which the soul was seared...

Thus, everything burned down to ashes:
And there was left only some embers —
A gulp of water in the thimble:
Though ashes still so slightly glimmered...

I poked it – and it suddenly appeared:
The passion's burnt, but love is here

Sonnet 185

And poetry, and nature, and true love... —
I have divided between you the year.
Look: all the words are feminine here:

For still with women I'm in love!

I'm serving them gratuitously:
I don't expect awards and otherness
Though, race female is such an abyss!
I'm ready sink into it happily:

To plunge in love, as to the pool, and then
To reach the shining, highest peaks
And languish with the timeless thirst...
This is the real lot for men!

No other greater thing! I've be won:
The rank «enamored» the highest one!

The love itself's invited as a witness

Sonnet 213

As witness love itself I call,
And I devote all thoughts to her alone,
I feel it in my heart and bones,
I live in world only her all!

Afloat she'll keep me,
The time I sink into her arms,
The time I step on the abyss's edge for harms
When live in vain and ditch my soul too dreamy...

I'll blissfully exchange for moment's love,
Those vain desires a ridiculous crowd
And to her knees ardently bowed,
And kissing her, and foot above...

As witness love itself I call,
I live in world only her all!

Sonnet 214

To go out dry of water:
It is not possible to play:
You have to pay for all this anyway
But you can't count the moves in advance like author.

What's at the door? – Touch it, come in!
There someone's waiting, waiting, will not wait!
There happiness like bird is beating in the grate!
Just go away, away... – that voice's whispering.

Should you have something or shouldn't worry?
For possession it as loss, which you can see...
So are you ready pay such fee?! —
To mad and dare you're to hurry!

Let for love reward the pain of separation:
For moment's love, I'll take all tribulations!

Sonnet 226

Neither sparkle's jewels' glows:
Emerald, brilliant and sapphire;
Nor masters' diligent labor in fire,

Weaving miracle clothes;

Or neither oil of all sorts' rubbing,
Which gives the tenderness to skin;
No couturier's famous work must be,
Nor hairdressers' tryings;

Nor bathing in the pink bathtub
Among the petals carnations' and roses'
And neither spirits any narcosis,
Nor brow's being arched and dub —

Do not multiply so fascinating
Like look that's Love's pacification!

Sonnet 228

Everything that a child asks for, being shoveling,
For what the coquette gives feigning game,
And anything to have for someone is not shame
That's suddenly and rashly costs propelling,

What's just a whim for man's being rich,
And any vain and absurd whim,
And any shameful sinful seem
(For what it's must to spend for doctor's speech),

Any desires, furious agility, it means,
And career, deal, success and treason —
Everything on earth has its price and reason:
For money you can buy all things...

But nightingales don't sing for money:
And you can't buy true love's the moment honey!

Sonnet 230

The passion's madness can obscure mind,
And him, be joking, taking on the muzzle-sight:
But passion had a mind trapped through all the days and
nights,
The passion in the mind you cannot find!

So putting people into frantic temptation,
And passion's life mindlessly spends for small mite
And tears flow down the pillow during midnight
In mad thirst for passionate ecstasy's ocean...

Love, like a precious vase,
Keeps divine drink itself:
Mind doesn't tolerate from love to loss oneself,
It just goes back to the highest phase!

And love and passion always bound:

Without love, the passion is a misfortune you can found...

Sonnet 231

Languishing, willing and be getting crazy,
To lose your mind from your mad passion
And gasping madly from happiness flashing:
I have the feelings' prison for all the freedoms more amazing!

Love ramblings and frenzy of passion —
Is my home in the middle of the storm, bad weather...
But passion subdues all by cruel power whether:
You do not dare to argue back to her expression...

And what's the dignity and scepter of the king to her!
He boasts on her in vain with power:
She shamelessly on him naked shoulder
He's grieving, groans in the passion's throes and fears...

But power of passion is short and vicious:
Just power of love is forever empowered and vitious!

Sonnet 232

So over years, wine has aged in barrel

And it gets taste which is unique.
And time drafts race indelible like creak:
Not possible to blot out mortals there.

That time your youth can blush your cheeks —
It gives our life indomitable heat.
But what about brilliance of the mind, which gives maturity
in meet,
She cannot find, alas, or seek.

For pawn, the path is always winding into queens.
A priceless diamond – stone without cut.
But ages from the canvas don't erase the paint and do not shut:
A hundred years old stagnant masterpiece!

Over the years, feelings get maturity:
Except of traits of love – there's nothing in the world more
perfect and saturity!

Sonnet 235

Oh, take pity, passion, take off me the spell!
Oh, no, extend, extend your captivity!
Days and nights at knees in front of your superiority:
I barely breathe; the world became as narrow as the cell...

And I conclude an eternity in my arms:

An ordinary mortal – trample on ashes!
Losing my mind, calm and got no wishes:
And what will happen – I won't hear alarms!

I live a moment, dissolving in it,
I shiver in chill and feel the heat
And, like a madman, I believe a mirage,
But I don't even dare to lie with a sigh!

And by every word to the feeling pilgrimage:
And all who love – is for me nigh...

Sonnet 251

Night mist: how it wakes wishes,
How incites passion in the chest! —
Come to my earnest embrace:
After all, thirsty lips are for passion flashes!

Hurry aside impediment of costume —
By bareness my body cool!
O mind, do not judge the flesh as fool:
She is weak, her deeds are sinful, I presume.

And yet, where, hypocrite, you see a sin? —
After all, this touches everyone's skin,
The Lord gave us, telling us to love each other,

And we are serving Him with my beloved...

So why sensual blizzard is going further,
Just a reason to be reproved?

Sonnet 252

Oh, how smartly you lure in the net,
What are you drawing – a fairy mirage:
Cheat-passion, I am your court page,
I'm docile, as children are obedient.

After all, it is you who dictate these words,
Again driving me into heat and rage,
And you give the carriage to the porch
So that I forget with you everything in the universe...

You torment with thirst soul, sight, hearing! —
Because of you, I'm like a madman...
Burn me again in your arms
So I almost give up the spirit!

But the body's separated from the flesh,
And you will die... to be reborn afresh...

Sonnet 253

Imagination – you have forwardness:
You are for her, as logs for a fire!
You awaken languor and reverie
And claiming the power of voluptuousness.

You make the eye shameless pilfer,
Again to hunger and thirst gratification.
You plunge a poor mind into obsession,
Where for nothing he risks to disappear!

Line fluidity – bend, camber
And nudity: a rag of teasing cloth...
Imagination – sensuality hands
A moan and a sob are uttered from my kisser:

In them, and the beginning of passion and denouement...
But the forbidden fruit is always the sweetest!

Sonnet 266

And your body pattern, so glamorous,
Of fateful temptation comprised...
I was carried away to the abyss

By your look that was so undisguised... —

And then my blood get into a tantrum
So grateful to lips' gentle mugging
And you were so mercilessly bared
I uncovered my soul, so you dared...

So artful was your hands caressing!
And bodies clung to each other! —
You made me insane, just in passing,
And like a night bird, you flew out...

And flying for you has no purpose,
But I rave again loveliness.

Sonnet 267

I keep on live in some awaiting
Of sunset, midnight, and the dawn,
Of the appearance of new song,
And I'm delirious in waking...

I feel the grass under my feet,
And guess I can trample on Lethe,
And find all answers, solve all matters...
In some awaiting still I live

Of luck, discoveries and happiness... —
What's time – the doctor or a headsman?!
But anyway I'll argue with it
As snowstorm in March is defied by swallow,

Just like the hope defies the grief:
Just once again, love, set me time to follow!

Sonnet 139

Life is like puzzle, bright and queer:
Like carnival with no end!
Sometimes I used to dance unwearying
Sometimes was staggering my gate.

But in the fit of the despair:
When, probably, the game was lost,
The life's sacred rite I still adhered
And pain seemed sweet, and so it was!

The loving fever – ardent flame
Was burning me and burns me still:
How strong was love and suffering!
So recklessly I felt in love again!

As a page so humble I serve my Love:
Ascend its heights so above...

The language of love...

Sonnet 22

The autumn evening washed off paints being colored
In a transparent window's mirror
And we were made our empty masks to zero:
The soul was naked discovered...

But if it all is tritely pretty
What is passion, say
Are lips' desired mystery essentiality
What are hands' warm and power, dear anyway

And this attraction's magic,
And eyes' Inviting lights,
First moment of convergence is so fragile?! —
Hurry, come to me to finite!

Love will open arms for us:
Try on the dress of honey thus!

Sonnet 31

I can't compound these «You» and «you»:
To say to You just «you» I do not dare again,
And if I say, that moment I will rue —
How did I dare!?! How could I answer back You then?!

You are on pedestal for me all time
I see you as a woman on the Earth upbeat...
You were hugging me today and that's not crime,
And you were giving me your feelings heat!

That's I'm bewitched by You, I guess
And that was you who did awake my passion...
And I'm commanded by your power too much passing,
My tenderness to you owns just my words.

Whatever my impudent tongue will say:
I used to call you – «You» – only such way!

Sonnet 32

Is it reality or it's just dreaming,
That you are mine for now?
How couldn't I fall in love with you be beaming?!

How could I live, was knocking on another door, just how?!

Affectionateness, languor are passion's madness
At once they dragged me into swirl:
I yield your power of love, thus I have no successes,
As pilgrim, I'm at your gate, so well...

Be seeking to the holy Mecca, went to you:
In the desert of feelings I raved for you, the power...
The gift of love is given just to me as man as due:
Let drop your shrines this hour —

Let thirst me quench of love:
I cannot live without it for now!

Sonnet 34

Let's listen to each other —
You whispered quietly to me at night...
Your words, being in my soul, are gather:

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.