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EVA

Breaking the bans of Indigo



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«Издательские решения»

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O WOMAN, Keeper of dreams...! I am lured by the madness of sadness And under your touch of the veil, I will Bow before the caress of silk shackles..

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Oh, woman keeper of dream!

About WOMAN, keeper of the dream..!
I'm beckoned by the madness of sadness
And under your veil,
I'll bow to the weasel of the silk shackles.
Wanting life? Ready to give it away..!
In the name of the blazing heart,
And if you're going to sell your soul,
I'll give my soul just for a moment. Bliss.!
And you're saying, "What about it without HER?
And LIFE IS TO THE WORLD OF THE WORLD OF YADOM...
I'll tell you, I'm all lies!
I'M POISON, THEN WHEN YOU'RE NOT AROUND!

My fig tree.

Wait, I guess I'm drunk today.
I'll have your lips open with mint.
And silk to the point of insanity is desired,
Your hair, in the color of a pointy sunset.

Freeze and stand!.. let the birds shut up,
The heat of the sun will calm down I am fascinated...
No! I'm re-crucified by you,
Traces of scarlet are forever bewitched.

My Fig Tree, every gesture
In your captivity and captivity I wish
You, under your "arrest-wedding cross"
I doom my body and love!

Flamenco fight.

You're on fire dancing "flamenco"
Balancing in thin faces.
And fake your record.
A gentle squeak of the subcutaneous wound.

Senorita, please be quiet!
Your pace is elusive,
Slowly takes away the roof
Exhale, smoother back!

I love the eroticism of dance,
This intimacy is in one touch.
You're not giving me a chance.
Absorbing absinthe desires.

Give in, not a white dance,
My burning paranoia.
Exposing the prop of gloss,
Be my eternal war!

I'm not going to give up without a fight,
To die only in rhythm with you!
In the nudity of a hot night
Adored by mine, Tsunami.

post scriptum: Dance, it's war.

You're smoking me slowly.

You smoke me slowly, I give myself heroin on my lips,
Devils dotted from thin lines on a damp body.
I want to be extremely, internally rude today,
Conquer the turns of your – my mayhem.

I want to enjoy the movement of the crushed flesh,
To penetrate, to dissolve to the edge of the bottom.
To bring to the limit and feel the body on a platoon,
A loud volley – a sip to drain your cup of wine.

Intercepted throat, scorching, hot desire
The veins are cut and tied with a tight knot.
I immerse in the madness with a velvet, gentle touch
And breaking down the bans, indigo... I'm going for a break!

You called me My Dear Gette!

You called me, "My dear Gette!"
In German, relishing the rhymes on the flight.
I don't care where you live.
You won't come, but you'll understand.
My woman, are you afraid of the sun?
You're worthy of the hottest, Grazie"
But i'm not like it or drinks."
I wouldn't kiss you and others!

Drinking Cuban rum, fools will fly to Cuba.
Or to the States for paprika, chilli pepper.
Why would I want to do that? If your lips are dry,
They burn so that the heart beats in hysterics!
I wouldn't call you beautiful at all,
Sharp prof and ridiculous-funny bangs.
Just know, without you I can't stand it!
I'm missing, honestly!.. You're going to hell.

This girl is "for-tamed-not-in-the-response"

This girl
"for-tamed-not-in-response"
And kissing lips
she forgets quickly,
the thin thread of her monist
will retain names
In an envelope.
Every abandoned
was marked
and we love to the pain,
to the first blood.
Only 'chet' for her
It's the same 'odd.'
And she collects
handfuls of palms
all recognition.
Everyone has arrived,
"Ofobes"
And a ticket to the station,
"Goodbye"!
Her way alone
on the other road
from the rains, the squares,
intersections, streets.
And she's in English,
slightly slouching
not saying goodbye to them
goes into eternity.
Leaving the past on the doorstep...

Poison under the skin.

I'm going to put my sting in you.
Immobilized with poison and glued tightly with saliva.
Whatever you've never run away from me,
She gave herself up and fell resignedly into the abyss with me.
I'll savor you like a slice of lemon.
Squeeze and juice in a glass dilute a strong gin.

I've been calculating you by your suits for a long time.
Among the thousands of eyes and insistent glances of men.
Waiting... excruciatingly cuts and moans with foreplay nerves,
I inflame the desire for prohibition and molasses melts the brain.
You'll find out today my revelations of a,
Receiving the long-awaited by you, poisonous love" overdose"!
Like a loving executioner, making halos under beads,
It's a velvet, gentle ivy.
You'll get tired of screaming from the influx of countless numbers.
Irrigating a sheet under my multi-colored cloak!

A sip of love.

A sip of love! Oh no.! Take a sip!
And the lips freeze in singing.
Trembling under the fingers of a stubborn curl
And she pours to his forehead in treacherous humility.
From the half-open lips, a moan flies off,
Breaking the secrets with heather and wormwood.
A bud is bathed in the morning ross,
And the sky says Latin is with me.
Not understanding the sweet words,
You kiss the thrill of silk, chest and shoulders.
I breathe, I feel dizzy
And a quiet evening is snoot.
Soaked in the air with a gentle aroma,
I'm inocuarating with divine joy.
And I'm getting sloppy.
Whisper: "Love, I don't need any more!"

And I'm a mile away with the lights and smells of Paris.

And I'm a mile away the lights and smells of Paris
Your fragile profile and graceful mill.
Behind the windows of Moscow, the hare breathes,
And I cherish the taste, sweet mouth.

The Breath of Love and Ravel's Music
I'm trying to catch the bustle of the capital.
Rebellious wanderer and gentle minstrel
The fantasy stream carries me to you.

To the radiance of lovely eyes with shades of dawns,
To touch the hands of loved ones, to the curls of hair.
I'm my sensuality. You're in my sonnets.
I will be able to bring to our garden of marvelous roses.

I'm running away from you.

I'm running from you to the contousable fogs of Paris.
And behind the glass I hide in the autumn cold rain.
I'm running away from myself, silent foreboding
Our horizon is far away, we'll wait a little longer.

And behind the windows, summer replaces the cold cold
And lovers breathe and catch the lips drops.
I let you into my tender soul with warmth,
And I hope that one day our April will come!

Waiting for spring and wandering along the shady alleys..
I remember our garden, the quiet maple over the tired river.
I'm not sad at all and believe me i don't regret anything.
Leaving you, I will stay with you forever.

A sonata of tenderness.

To me your tenderness,
Like a balm for wounds.
Knowing love
Attracts...
Silent understanding,
quietly promises bliss.
And I'm silent and crossing
In silence fingers.
And I freeze in the volume of joy.
I'm just a simple poet,
My poems.. Oblivion..
I pour feelings on canvases.
But they are also subject to smoldering.
When the hand can't take the pen,
And lips whisper love treatises..
Rethink all my goodness,
Leave your hearts crying and serenades!
No gold, no silver.
All the ashes,
except true
Sonatas...
Sonatas OF THE WORLD!

I'll come to you with a berry in the fall!

My quiet, gentle woman
The youth is smared with sadness.
Winter wind on the eyelids is crowned,
In his ghostly crystal castle.

My snowy, sensitive, glorious
Where do you hide your anxieties?

My sweet, kind, main
Show me my heart dear.

I'll come to you with a berry in the fall,
I'll kiss you with a leaf- and a like...
I love your thin sagging,
I'll charm you, i'll split you up!

Let's sit in silence.
Spread your braids long, blond.
And by the sunrise, you'll be
Kiss love. Aftertaste.

Heartfelt conversations.

Sheltered by the gray plaid of the sky,
And by ruining a glass of wine...
Let's talk about autumn
And let's drink her sadness to the bottom...!

Let's talk, dear!
But sadness at the bottom,
And the joys pour to the edge,
Into our fragrant wine.!

And let's dissolve over the conversation
Anxiety, everyday life of our days.
Let autumn not look reproachfully,
We won't forget about her!

What if, dear girlfriend,
Are we going to invite you to visit in the autumn?
And we're going to pour the wine around the mugs,
We'll sit in the autumn circle.

And Autumn will tell us hops,
That there are many bright days in life.
And what would we do in the dawns of May,
They didn't forget about her!

And seeing off our Guest,
We promise to remember...
In the rains, the groan clusters,
Fog, lilac surface.

Yes, May hops us with flavor,
I'm dizzy and dizzy!
But autumn is a kind of sunset,
You're the silence of your family.

Let's run to where the evening is quiet.

Let's run to where the evening is quiet.
And seagulls in the surface of the waters caress the dunes.
Where the last touch is on the sheet
You remember a windy young man.
You're going to have a smile on the sky,
Let us be carried away by the winds of space
Like a stroke of a pen, prayers, amen
Singing multi-voice minor..
To the sound of the surf, let's dissolve there
And the drop on the sand with you is careless,
We won't give love to the raging waves,
Capture and save it forever.

I want to be in pain with you.

I call you the wolf's cry,
I'm flying through the stars!
My wings are breaking under the key
I want to be painful to you!

The current in the temples, it moans consciousness
Distraught- thirst – you!
That I'm in the world. I left him.
For you, she burned the bridges.

After a while I go by the smell,
I remember him to the smallest detail.
Through the thorns to a light rainbow,
I love my family.

I've squeezed my heart down to a drop.
Expectation.. Fingers in the blood!
So many years without you. barely survived,
Love has found you!

The captivity of Love.

She's got pain without her.
The sweaty glass of the tram.
She's got no one.
On the lips and love is inanimate.

She's got Scream Without Her.
The gray city was covered with snow.
She's got a mig without her.
One sigh, one step before the escape.

Hearts captive and tried to escape
When I knew the wings were burning.
But love does not kill, do not break
I understand – love does not run away.

Let such love be mad,
But like a phoenix, she's resurrected.
It leaked through a drop in their blood
And under the skin long sprouts.

Do you know I've been unconscionably missed?

You know I missed me shamelessly,
Wandered among the streets of old Arbat.
I've been thinking about you for a long time, and I've been waiting
The call is probably like a May roll.

Like lightning in the pouring rain.
Let him ring right into the soul!
In longing solitude, we wait
Armageddon, capable of destroying walls.

You know, I still loved
And reread the letter insanely often.
With puppy tenderness in his chest kept,
The remnants of half-life-high happiness.
You know, I'm lying to myself again.
And she's a useless hope.
That you'd be back sometime in the morning,
When I kiss your clothes at night.

Vain love.

Did I say I pray for you?
Where do I take sincere feelings?
Lobzai's mentally beautiful fas,
slightly touching the phrase artful.
Pen devilyour your mill
and breaking the lines at a crossroads,
in the captivity of magic hands...
Did I say that? It's all nonsense! Please forget it!
Why do you need this sincerity of the pen?
You have dreams of cloudless dawns,
and I've been in the captivity of my sonnets for a long time.
You were held silent by answer,
Pinning your mad Fleur in the palm of your hand.
Get out! Your intimacy is like poison to me!
And I would have left the stage a long time ago,

but the charm of your thin vein
and a pulse, I'm going to be captivated.
You are the pain of my loss, my poison...
Vain Love – it's all the fault
and I fell on my knees before her...

Mavi.

Let the note of a thin veil of love,
It touches the body with a marvelous veil.
From tender lips, long groans" Mavi!
Melts with a kiss of bright scarlet.

Making a brush in a prelude of ink,
The artist will draw an image of a cute one.
Pomegranate bracelet, painted in vinyl,
The wrists, neck, shoulders of the young Diva.

Strand, hair color and marvelous slender mill
There will be an image as if there is nowhere.
Ancient hall, melody, organ.
A miracle is born out of the watercolor of the senses!

I write the manuscript on light skin.

Why would I want heaven if you're not here?
I've been measuring the star paths for hours.
Eating dampness time portrait
And the haze sways in the stalls.

Treat me with my tender sleep,
My heart is sad.
Let fate be separated from you,
No one can take away your love.

I'm not giving it up! She's been with me for ages!
I write the manuscript on light skin.
Take a tear from my sad age,
No one can take away my love!

My dances are not for the weak.

My dances are not for the weak.
Are you ready to step with me in the captivity of my madness...?
Barefoot feet on a thin sharp edge
I have a compressed nerve spring...
To the groin. to the wheezing of getting stuck in the throat.
Don't exhale, don't get out, don't run away.
Palm in the palm of the hand and lips to the lips. Dancing

Sticking spikes under delicate skin
Sounds of rhythm. Passing through the heart
And the melting brain. to the state of mercury.
Dancing crucifixions and resurrections,
Falls and takeoff, flames and ice.
Dancing One Us on the shards.. broken illusions
Out of time and space.
Are you ready? If not. I'll stop the music.
And you're going to get out of the vicious circle of my dance.
Maestro... Curtain.. Your way out...!

Muse... Quieter!
Count to three...
I am.. I'll pay off the candles.

Under the flutter of velvet wings.

Lips are tender. It's like lilies,
Whisper ingsinating in your stomach.
She came to life by bathing in vinyl.
So exquisite in the snout.

She shuddered, fell on her shoulders
Fragile, tiny moth.
I invited you every night.
Into an uncomfortable, deserted house.

Long, long stood by the fireplace
Waiting for your rustling steps,
You were almost innocent.
From my erotic dreams.

Dissolved lovely braids
Silent wings folded on the table.
And your smell is honey dew,
Confused thoughts in purple jelly.

He hugged me in a gentle whisper,
My extinguished fervor warmed.
And in the soul blossomed snowdrop
Under the fluttering of velvet wings.

Whip and gingerbread.

Whip and gingerbread – you, my fairy girl!

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