

18+ Anastasia Volnaya



Another
version

Anastasia Volnaya

Another version

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Аннотация

The book contains selected poetic and prose works of Anastasia Volnaya. Most of the book is presented in English, several sections in Russian. A special place is occupied by aphorisms and essays. Some poetic works in Russian have been published before.

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Another version

Anastasia Volnaya

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Introduction

Anastasia Volnaya is a contemporary author from Russia. She owes her creative perception to her parents: her father, musician Vladimir Danilchenko, and her mother, fashion designer Nadezhda Voronova.

She pays special attention to poetic forms and prose dimensions such as essays, stories and fairy tales.

A selection of aphorisms stands out separately.

The title of the book is related to the title of one of the chapters of this book.

The book is divided into sections. One of the sections presents works in the original language, which is Russian.

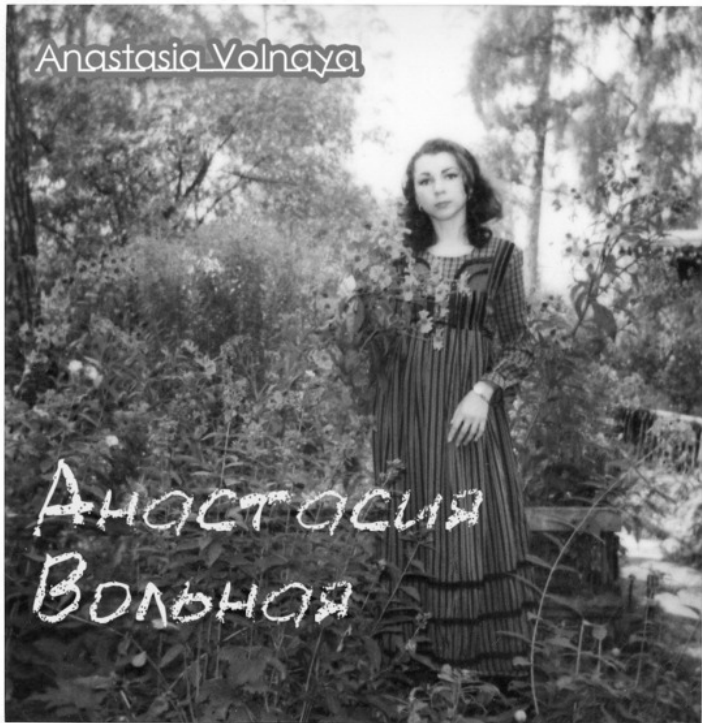
About the author

Anastasia's creativity is distinguished by a unique poetic technique of creating a verse. It is based on images that are born in the imagination of the reader after reading. The author uses free and accent methods of versification. Love, faith, a sense of beauty, kindness and tenderness laid down by Anastasia Volnaya in her works are transmitted to readers and encourages them to do good deeds, to find harmony with the world, to find faith and love.

Anastasia Volnaya has been published a lot in literary collections («The Shining of the Lyre», «Muse», «Third Breath»), music albums were recorded on her poems (the group «Noah's Ark» and Terenty Travnik recorded the music album «The Fifth Season of the Year») and many music performers negotiated the use of verses in their songs. Together with Maxim Zheltov, she formed the creative association DanZhel – the union of a poet and an artist. A series of works were published under the general title – «Poems under Glass». Published in Orthodox editions and newspapers, such as «Lampada», «Silver Psalter». The first printed book was published in 2000. To date, 15 printed books have been published, as well as e-books in Russian and English, including through the Overdrive system and Smashwords, many of them are absolutely free.

Anastasia Volnaya

Анастасия
Вольная



Another version

These poems and essays are a reflection of Terenty Travnik's creativity in my soul and are dedicated to Terenty Travnik, an artist I respect and dear brother.

Artistic project – poetic illustrations of Anastasia Volnaya for the paintings of Terenty Travnik under the general title – Another version (Inversion). The collection includes works born in 2004.

Anastasia Volnaya and Terenty Travnik

Anastasia Volnaya, 2004



Self-portrait

To look inside yourself – it is not for everybody.

To keep the look of your soul – it is not for all of us.



Autoportrait by T.Travnik (early years)

Quiet place

The bell of autumn is quiet.
Winged boy
Sleeps, smiling, in the foliage —
In that blue —
In that depth —
In that height,
What suddenly descended to the ground.
Quiet place.



Snails and star

Someone, on a distant, distant planet, created a picture where a star was depicted, enclosed, like a pearl, in an ornate shell. The star cautiously released rays – tendrils from under its shell and looked fascinated at the heavenly snails, freely shining in the heights.



Autumn fires

Autumn fires. Everywhere there are yellow, red lightning flashes of flying leaves. The past burns up with the fire of gold and blood. The path is cleared. The old man – the wanderer – the silent one walks serenely and decorously. Step is a moment. Step is a day. Step is a year. Step – century...



Glad tidings

Glad tidings

Nature's late hour

Late time of afternoon

Picture.

Takeoff. Forgiveness.

The fords of the mountain pool.

Deep water swamp.

Universe and Earth.

The Most High Lord and I

Glad tidings.



Lost shores or a mirage in the ice

Churches made of ice and snow are fragile.
In vain is religion in fierce hearts.
Cowardice,
Lack of faith,
Little of love —
Stones of these devilish words
The way was paved in the lower hellish circles.
Churches made of ice and snow are fragile.
In vain is religion in fierce hearts.



By the beginning of the church year

The golden month colored with the light of the beauty of the night. How beautiful is the darkness that contains the light! The glass angel, standing on the windowsill, was surrounded by a halo of light reflected in it, as if alive, as if animated, he sounded a hymn to the light in his little horn. The heart of darkness is light. Who believed in darkness? This phantom, myth? Darkness doesn't exist. There is no darkness. Just as there is no death. Darkness is a canvas under the colors of light. Death is a step to a new life. The glass angel will break someday, but the light that once filled it is eternal. And the anthem that is played on a small horn will always sound.



Old New Year

Phantasmagoria.

Night is like harmony

Of snow and fire.

Sun and moon

Merged together.

Eclecticism of wonderfully mixed symbols.

Catching imaginary dragonflies – the birth of new years, with
the help of a net-cap kept by the gnome.



Daughter of september

Daughter of September. The sun. Death. The sun.

Daughter of september. Bride of october. The message
of omnipresent eternity. Maiden of blessing.

Aglaya.



City of Silver Roofs

The city of silver roofs.

In the soundless, in not reality, in colorlessness.

New essence.

As in good timeless fairy tales,

In the future, in the spring

Silence flows like a symphony...

Hear...



DanZhel (poetry and essay under glass)

Parable about time

Having no flesh, and therefore feeling pain. With abysses instead of eyes, and therefore all-seeing. Possessing immeasurable cruelty and therefore giving life. Extremely merciful and therefore killing. Silent and therefore omniscient. All-knowing and therefore silent. From great to the incomprehensible. From incomprehensible to the great. Have power over thought and subject only to thought. Eternally living and therefore knowing death. Knowing death and therefore living forever.

1991 year

Essay

He was white and airy.

She was a hot brunette.

She built a fire for him.

He gave her rain.

She disappeared around the corner of the wonderful mansion.

He became day and looked for her everywhere.

She exuded stars from the sparks, knowing that he never see them, knowing that they are only for him.

He was looking for her.

He was looking for her.

1998 year



* * *



Он был белый и воздушный.
Она была жгучей брюнеткой.
Она возводила для него огонь.
Он дарил ей дожди.
Она скрылась за углом чудесного терема.
Он стал днём и повсюду искал её.
Она источала из искр звёзды, зная, что он
никогда не увидит их, зная, что они лишь для него.
Он искал её.
Он искал её...

Анастасия Вольная, 1995 год

Musician

*Dedicated to my father – clarinetist Vladimir
Danilchenko*

The street musician played the evening. The jewels in the hat at his feet grew darker as the day melted into them. But the flowers waltzed in the ever-light snow. Passers-by hurried to the electric suns of their homes, leaving living blue sapphires at the musician's feet. The musician played the evening.

1999 year



Man and woman

Two wings,
Two winds
Two sides of the world
One flight.

2009 year

Two wings,
Two winds,
Two sides of the world,
One flight...

АНАСТАСИЯ
ВОЛЬНАЯ

МУЖЧИНА И ЖЕНЩИНА



Pen and paper

The woman is a white paper sheet. The man is a feather. The paper will readily accept words, thoughts, feelings, images entrusted to it by the pen. Paper is able to carefully preserve, glorify and perpetuate what is entrusted to it by the pen.

The paper will forgive blots and mistakes. The paper will make it possible to correct the crossed out lines. The paper, like white wings, will gladly lift up to the sun the essence expressed on its pure heart by the pen. There is no more fertile soil than a pure heart of paper. The union of pen and paper gives rise to the richest shoots, but only when all the letters are titled with the words – «I love you.»

2006 year



Kindness

I will go,
As in delirium
On the thinnest ice.
I will find
That dream
That star —
Kindness.
I will fall —
Well, let,
But the path is righteous.
I will rise
I will smile
I will pray —
And go ahead!
To that star —
Kindness

2000 year

ИЗ ЦИКЛА:

“СТИХОТВОРЕНИЕ ОДНОГО ОБРАЗА”

* * *

Я пойду,
Как в бреду,
По тончайшему льду.
Я найду
Ту мечту,
Ту звезду –
Доброту.
Упаду –
Ну и пусть,
Зато праведен путь.
Поднимусь,
Улыбнусь,
Помолюсь –
И вперёд!
К той звезде –
Доброте.

Анастасия Вольная



The berries of eternity

With a basket of light gray heather of time
Eternity walked on by fate, as if on berries.
In the forest villages of the wingless sleeping tribe
She looked for herbs for sunny wines and medicines.
Parallel winds merged in the unity of breath.
Myrrh gave incense to the good winds.
In the basket are the buds of the spring flowers
of the universe,
The moisture of the rains and the reflection
of the heavenly lightning.
In a basket of light gray heather of time.

1994 year

Ягоды вечности

**С корзиной из светло-серого вереска времени
Вечность ходила по судьбы, будто по ягоды.
В станицах-лесах бескрылого спящего племени
Травы искала для солнечных вин и снадобий.
Ветра-параллели слились в единстве дыхания.
Мирры дарили ветрам благим благовоние.
В корзине бутоны вешних цветов мироздания,
Влага дождей и отблеск небесной молнии.
В корзине из светло-серого вереска времени.**

Анастасия Вольная. 1994 год



The letter «O»

My wings are dropping
When I meet evil
Without beginning or end
Without the back of the head and face
Painfully flattened «O»
Screaming crooked «O»
There is no smoke in it, no fire
It has no personality, no «I».
«O» is not my enemy and not my friend,
Just a curly-sided circle.
My wings rise
When I meet evil.
I soar above evil.
Only sound
Only «O»,
Evil is nothing.

2009 year

"О"

У меня опускаются крылья,
Рога я встречаю зно -
Без начала и конца,
Без затонка и лица
Большо стлющее "О",
Крикот скрощенное "О",
В иём нет дома, нет ома,
В иём нет лижности, нет "Я".
"О" не брат мне и не друг,
Просто коридорный крут.
У меня поднимаются крылья,
Рога я встречаю зно.
Я взлетаю над зном.
Только звук,
Только "О",
Зно - шито.

Анастасия Волчаня



Girl

In the labyrinths of rain wanders girl
Barefoot, blue-eyed.
The red curl sticks to the cheek,
She ate cherries – now grimy.
Laughs like the sun in the morning
Over a world obscure wise
And everything is easy for her, that is difficult
And all that is usually a miracle.
Teach me, dear girl
To be lighter than a white lily.
Teach you to believe in a fairy tale where is summer
Will decorate the meadows with gouache,
Where did the carriage come from the pumpkin
And where is the kind Baba Yaga.
(Negative character of Russian fairy tales)
Teach a quiet song to hear
That flowers sing, opening.
Teach how to embroider without gold
Golden patterns – dreams.
Teach me to reach the sky
Five-rayed palm.
And believing in real fiction,
Stay earthly and pure
Teach me, dear girl.

2008 year

Девочка

В лабиринтах дождя блуждает
Босоногая, синеглазая.
Рыжий локон к щеке прилипает,
Губы вишней спелой измазаны.
Смеётся задорно, глупо
Над миром неясным, мудрым.
И всё ей легко, что трудно,
И всё, что обычно - чудо.
Тот умён, кто ума не ведает.
Слышит правду лишь тот, кто глух.
Кто не носит креста, тот верует.
Мыслит ромб тот, кто чертит круг.
Научи меня быть дурашливой,
Конопатая девочка милая,
О том, что понятно, расспрашивать
И верить в ту сказку, где синие
Ликуют под солнцем луга
Где Эльфы витают над лилией,
Где добрая баба Яга.
Научи меня песенку слышать,
Что поют на восходе цветы,
Верить в замок с зеркальной крышей,
Что построили духи мечты.
Научи дотянуться до неба
Маленькой, слабой рукой,
В измерениях плача и смеха,
На земле обрести покой.



Анастасия Вольная, 1991 год

To the artist`s pictures

To the painting by Grigory Chernetsov «Dead Sea»

Like a dream.

Like a moan.

A lioness running along the sea

Like a ghost, a moment or a bird.

And the light is silvery

Planets of unknown

Wonderful,

Icy,

Free.

2001 year



To the canvas by Carlo Dolci «Young Christ with a bouquet of flowers»

A boy in purple robes
A boy like the sun
Holding bouquet
The brightest colors —
The crown of a passing childhood
Divine fate symbol.
Christ will die young
Christ will rise up young
Christ the essence and beacon of faith,
Truth and love.
A boy in purple robes
The boy is like the sun.

2001 year



Angelus

Evening as an angel sleeps on a cloud.
In guise praying to the divine Earth
Millet's revelation came.
Angelus.

1998 year



To the landscape of Isaac Levitan «At the Pond»

It's evening at the pond.
The water extinguished the mirrored suns
Like candles.
In the darkening distance, the last bird
Graduated from the song.
Forerunner
Flight in a dream —
A fading, melting evening.

2001 year



We

Dedicated to my husband Maxim Zheltov

We are a tree.
I am the roots.
You are the trunk
Going up.
I am the branches.
And believing
Into each other
We are
One world
And eternity.

And God keeps us, as long as We are I.

2001 year



ДанЖел.

Мы

Мы дерево.
Я корни.
Ты ствол,
Идущий вверх.
Я ветви.

И веруя
Друг в друга,
Мы есть
Единый мир
И вечность.

И Бог хранит нас, покуда Мы есть Я.
Посвящаю моему мужу Максиму Желтову.

А.Вольная

To drawings by Aubrey Beardsley

Black outlines.

White shadows.

By charcoal and by chalk.

By spirit and by body.

Images are dual

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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