

Alexander Nevzorov

Mean equality

Collection of poems



Александр Невзоров

Mean equality. Collection of poems

«Издательские решения»

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The collection is called «Dirty equality» after the name of the first poem. And indeed, the Constitution provides equal rights for all citizens, but not everyone can realize them. Article of the Constitution No. 40 guarantees the right of citizens to housing. And where is it, is this right? The city line in St. Petersburg has been standing for 37 years, today give (if given, of course) housing for those who stood in line until 1980.

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Mean equality

I went to the store yesterday
The Constitution
Before the fortieth article
Very quickly, I reached

Here about the right to housing
About me, eh-my
Homeless – for life I carry
Proudly your title

There is no roof or corner
The share of the bomb is hard
Without a propiska you're a friend
Worse than any goat

At work do not take
Without a piece of paper,
You can not become unemployed
It is not necessary and here

And you can not vote
You can only chew food
What is given from the TV screen
Yes, drinking wine

And the damned courts
Not syudy, but all the tudas
And the homeless vagabond
Only to wait from them troubles

Constitution, Hooray!
I have long been time
To have any accommodation
But there arose a hole

A small such flaw —
Constitution for those
Who is the most equal to all
Who is the average of many

The rest of all – from the screw
The situation is simple
The Law is
And behind the Right is Emptiness

Homeless unhappy waiting for a corner
Constitution – the needle
Do not sit down better
Wait for the end, everything will hide the fog...

Shotged Boeing

Malaysian Boeing Falls
Beech missile hit
God in heaven at this time
Probably slept soundly

God do not disturb in vain,
Man is just a louse —
Here is your vote
Plus even more lies

Who is to blame for the execution
Can switchman from wat
Or the one from the TV screen
What always screams «Viva»

You just did not say anything.
And your quay is calm
After all, not you then a rocket
The life of people easily finished

There will be a righteous judgment of God
The defendants will be brought to the hall
Scarcity and swagger
They will not be saved from torture

It's your fault, and you and I
We repent, friends
So after all with a black stone in the heart
It is impossible to live absolutely

The Crimea

Peninsula (island) Crimea
A ghost, a ghost, a smoke...
Will you be close and dear
Or will you be a stranger?

Everyone shouted here «Krymnas»
With saliva and squeal as much
Who was silent and shrugged his shoulders
Take those on a pencil

Far, but the output is simple
We will build the best Bridge
To the oligarch – privileges
Ungainly mobile – to the post

Bloom our new land
Enjoy, light up
How to sit under the udder
Desnys in the blood yourself rip off

Crimea you are mine for a long time
And I can say one thing
On you who warms his hands
I probably do not care

The Black River

Do you remember our last evening
How brightly the dawn burned
It seemed like an unnecessary meeting
The words were said in vain

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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