

50.

In this best freely minded world of us
Some organized societies arise,
The men are there minority and thus
Most valued are the marital gay ties.

The real manlihood is getting scarce
And stubbornly is fast annihilated,
May be in time it will be sent to Mars
As far as here it is most ill fated.

It is not well for man to be a man
But if you are, you will be with no voice,
The gays are all in power and they can
Enslave already continents at choice.

The gay is dominant for he might pass
Through every heavy crisis by his ass.

51.

The man's endurance as a slave is big,
Compared with other living creatures here,
He has at his disposal mighty trick
To live and always to persevere.

If happens so that Liberty must die
The cunning would survive without it,
He easily, if needed, will comply
With everything, including every cheat.

He takes care of the tomb of dear dead
Along the priests, who proudly step around,
The sly is ready many tears to shed
And so to pay respect to what he found.

He never will reveal the satisfaction
That Liberty at last is out of action.

52.

Good education? How to get it now?
Is it a dream to make a perfect name?
Or is a discrete information how
To cultivate good instincts highly tame?

Since childhood you are taught to double standards
Regarding further to the future profit
And you absorb the knowledge of the grand arts
To be high hypocrite and wise like soffit.

And you suppress your realistic feeling,
You look self-confident and self-assured,
Your house is full of lies right to the ceiling,
So that your childhood is forever cured.

You scarcely will be absolutely sure
That you are not machine but man mature.

53.

The thunder like speed of the running news
Is blowing with apocalyptic sound
A list of accidents and perished crews
In air and of victims on the ground.

However of the fate of hungry men
The world is not inclined at least to hear,
Rich people hidden in their castle's den
To hunger feel hereditary fear.

The hungry people are immensely many,
Sunk desperately in the muddy globe,
Expecting every human help, if any,
Not only yoke and noose of henchman's rope.

Tycoons, dictators, bankers, every morning
Must see the hunger as a deadly warning.

54.

The meaning of the words is changing fast,
The justice, faith, love and honest life
With smile before my wondering eyes have passed
And all they to a new commander strife.

The scoundrels equilibrate with them
And lacking every sense of healthy shame
They are transforming tongue in a jam
And fill the words with mud and dirty fame.

Cosmetics specialists begin to act
And give the ugly words some bit of charm
In order clackers to inflict the tact
To make of them a good offensive arm.

Is not it strange? At time of information
Such avalanche of lies to fog the nation?

55.

In this nice Earth of victims and of butchers
The wars provoke a flood of hecatombs,
The nameless have tombs but no clear future,
Especially the killed by megatons.

To slaughter house the weaker has to go
And so for stronger to assure a road,
Who disregards willingly the law
And with ferocity had always fought.

Such is the rule of the gloomy jungle –
The strongest there kills for sanitation
And afterwards the remnants left to fungle
Huge appetite endure annihilation.

But among human species during wars
Best persons are of Death the richest source.

56.

The robots – passionless and full of thought
Since long ago are working among us,
Of various handy jobs they all are taught:
They are in mines and even drive the bus.

And who, except a robot, can become
A cold blood murderer of human creatures
In order to obtain some damned sum
And later to be blessed by loving preachers!

Fanatics with the deadly staring eyes
Are richly fed with special secret food,
They have no feelings, only crystal ice,
And human pity neither sense, nor could.

Protection of society would not be feasible
For difference from us is hardly visible.

57.

Among the Brothers Right and the steel bird,
Built up of love and polished metal sheets,
Are generations – first, second, third,
Of workers with important thoughts and deeds.

All necessary elements created
By them build up ideal airplane
And it is surely high appreciated
As born by human hands and human brain.

Musicians, writers, bankers, politicians
Will fly it over continents and seas;
Some gifted and not gifted rich physicians
Can also pay the terribly high fees.

And there, in an ocean of thin air,
It will be bought by some soccer player.

58.

The folly is like any other gift,
It blossoms and it does not want to wait,
It wanders with or without any lift
And ready anyone and anywhere to date.

It enters willingly the parties clubs,
Among the scientists meets sincere friends
And boldly never hiding in the shrubs
Registers ever growing winning trends.

It can attain variety of forms,
With growing interest met everywhere,
Authorities dress it with uniforms
Diseased progress with it to care.

Especially in our humble state
It is acknowledged really as great.

59.

If Good is very difficult to save,
Then High Commission speedily must gather
To emphasize how much the Good is brave,
And so its place is in the Heaven rather.

The Evil is in fact with no defenders,
Nobody loves it indoor or outdoor,
But it exists, accounts never renders,
And passes freely borders evermore.

It mocks at those who try to stop it right
Because it knows that is strong enough
To crash, to press, to govern or to bite,
Respecting only the severe and tough.

But in the books is very strangely said
That Good and Evil evenly are fed.

60.

Defender of some bipods does exist
Impersonated by a pretty creature.
It's Demagogy – full of densely mist
That makes each politician right much richer.

Half-human Demagogy is half-god,
Created by successful copulation
Of Recklessness and Reason on the spot
To serve the interests of every generation.

Its mighty weapon is the brightest smile
That spreads agreeable but poison smell,
It covers everything intensely vile
As though by means of an exclusive spell.

In all of its celestial hot spheres
It really as superman appears.

61.

My fate predestined my unhappy life,
Presenting me with nice but heavy gift -
To search for Truth with strongest ever strife
And never to be able for a shift.

I suffered with most other people's pain
Just as it were entirely in me
Expecting justice upper hand to gain
And preyed the Almighty with "Let it be!"

Suspicious full of poison filled my soul,
That God with other problems was engaged,
That Truth like foster mother played bad role
And this made me sometimes quite enraged,

Despite of all I go again ahead
And search for Truth although it is dead.

62.

According to a series of chiefs
We all are living in a happy state
But I don't think that anyone believes
This, mainly émigrés, at any rate.

Because the state is only *semi*-state
With *semi*-laws and *semi*-people too,
Our fate in fact is only *semi*-fate
And *semi*-idiots are in presiding crew.

The *semi*-salary is not enough
For coffin found in the garage sale,
The joy is *semi*-joy, the laugh is *semi*-laugh
And man is *semi*-man on devil's bail.

And all big problems are quite in rime
Because the time, in fact, is *semi*-time.

63.

Spiritual torments are no more in fashion,
The time requires firmness in the actions,
Philanthropy must be in smallest ration
In world divided thoroughly in fractions.

Artificial blood soon will be inserted
To run in quite worn out human veins
As far as all the virtues are inverted
In dirty game where no one ever gains.

The men, constructed up of strongest metal,
Will populate entire outer space,
With noble task all arguments to settle
And our race to be the mighty race.

The only trace remaining is the voice:
Shall we sometimes regret for our choice.

63.

Of what the people think and talk
When permanently pressed by their cares?
Perhaps of bread, of the fatigue from walk,
Of the expensive gas and nasty fares.

They scarcely ever would contact the art,
The classic poems or the classic novels
And surely never ever would take part
In spectacle, except on “live” with shovels.

They will not hear of Faulkner and Baudelaire,
They will be blind for the artistic treasures,
Will never learn just how to enter there,
Nobody would take care to show the measures.

In contrast, lots of them to monkey sect,
From Darwin given, have access direct.

65.

Many say that my dear town
For corruption got a crown,
Every man of every tribe
Restlessly is taking bribe.

I, compared with other cases,
Do not change my working places,
With success I every day
Make some people good to pay.

Bribe is given everywhere,
There - here, here – there,
Generously pays the priest,
Socialist or communist.

And for my pure conscience sake
I shall take, shall take, shall take.

66.

The lawlessness gives might to the régime
And so it keeps the people in the cells
Where day and night in single or in team
They prey the God for their tyrant's health.

Without arbitrariness it's weak,
It is exceedingly afraid of justice,
Most when democracy is sick
And even more if Liberty in rust is.

To meet with "Yes" or "No" a supplication,
That is to have a pendulum of life
When you are governing a whole nation
And you decide who will or won't survive.

It is a pity that in such a mess
The problem is obedience or death.

67.

The tolerance is not a virtue only,
It is reliable defense of men -
Especially when they are poor and lonely
Before to act they count up to ten.

And that is why in a new edition
Of human species our God decides
To make to Man a special proposition
Concerning his exclusive civil rights.

The new Man is obedient and meek
And sits before the golden throne of God,
He neither Freedom nor Peace wants to seek
And so for patience he has time a lot.

But I don't know if he ever learns
The Paradise or Hell he now earns.

68.

You might be crowned on a throne
And many battles you had won
But you will contemplate defeat
If you and skunk would ever meet.

A mighty power has the skunk,
He everywhere provokes a funk
Because he multiplies so fast
That no one has him ever passed.

He registers immense success
Before authorities and press
And that is why he thinks already
That he for president is ready.

He meets respect and even honor
And of morality is donor.

69.

We have some very interesting leaders,
Successful hybrids, bought for much cash,
Worked out by world famous breeders
Between the pumpkin and the calabash.

They cunningly are rolling everywhere
With emptiness precisely calibrated,
Of their vacuum state is taking care
Because of fear it to be outdated.

In politics are readily accepted
And run on an important party ticket,
With great majority they are elected,
Against them people never dare to picket.

Democracy today is so arranged
That places have sometimes to be exchanged.

70.

The crystals mostly love to be alone
When dressing their beauty with light,
Forget that they originate from stone
And play with colored fires – hot and bright.

All flowers meet in their shining bosoms,
Reflecting dreams all over whole Globe
All in a very hasty strife to blossom
Before the night will switch off their hope.

All they for life are sentenced to perfection
That is, they do not long for something more,
Like every perfect thing show self-affection,
Obsessed by own beauty to the core.

The Man in vain tries them to imitate;
He only can admire and contemplate.

71.

The crock some citizens decided
To be for president invited
Although he became a pity
For every town and every city.

But in the High Life of society
He had supporters wide variety
Who are awaiting their turn
Because of him much dough to earn.

The world watched him with awe
How he interpreted the law
And hardly trusted their eyes
When saw his every day's surprise.

May be you now clench your fists
But this man really exists.

72.

Are not the gods with blasphemous bad role
Against the dignity of the saint Man?
They sacrifice the treasures of his soul
With promises fulfill they never can.

Through gods the person is becoming calm,
Immobilized amidst the peace of pray,
Beguiled by feeling of celestial balm
And nourished with sermons every day.

The man is getting selflessly quiet
And disregards his own vital might,
He never dares to organize a riot
Relying on his faith in eternal light.

If God once created him of clay
As twin of Man he can forever stay.

73.

The nation with success is getting old,
There is no more a carefree children's laugh,
The souls are becoming sour and cold
Instead of songs one hears senile cough.

The ancestors were having many children
And they well knew them boldly to defend,
Their hopes are now all gone in a chill drain
And nothing more on them will depend.

The sound virtues of the nation fail
To resurrect just after the red hell,
The customs are becoming badly stale
Allowing men to buy child and to sell.

Decrease of the newborns is an arm;
It operates not fast but brings much harm.

74.

My thoughts are not immune against mistakes
And this becomes most clear every day
When my poor conscience currently awakes
And all the bitter problems has to weigh.

If so, why should I trust them and obey
To their equivocal sad decisions?
Although respectable and bright are they
They do not help me to improve my vision.

In contrast Pain is true and undisguised,
Too far from any deep deliberations,
To keep me never ever ill advised
Right with direct and indirect orations.

The thought is weaker if it day and night
With strong and penetrating pain must fight.

75.

The stupidity has no high picks
But for compensation is too deep,
Always can find with what to mix
And admirers a lot to keep.

Precious emptiness it can implant
In important persons' golden heads,
Giving them the perspective to stand
Any danger normal reason spreads.

An administrative ecstasy arises
As result of its efficient work,
Many leaders of extensive sizes
Surf on life's waves as a piece of cork.

Suddenly the world becomes outrageous
That stupidity is most contagious.

76.

To know how to govern over crowds
Is most important task in life for me
And using for this reason even frauds
I think that everything fulfilled shall see.

I readily expect from them to get
The power, their trust and admiration
And in exchange I have to give instead
Protection, faith in me as head of nation.

For them I shall become the first of best
By means of forces born from many lies,
In this respect, I swear, shall never rest
Until supported by the crowds' cries.

The road to the power is not steep
If only conscience can be well asleep.

77.

The drunkenness is blast of strange emotion
With strong and durable reverberations,
It is a funeral in the brain's ocean
Of all the live and dead imaginations.

It is weaved of hate and gentle madness,
Deep rooted in uniqueness of the man,
Its fruits are mostly graves or gravely sadness
And visions mighty gods for others ban.

The darkness rises – limitless and pleasant
In clouds of vapors full of magic sins
Available for baron, king and peasant...
The drunkard thinks that he forever wins.

If for a moment vice can be forgotten
This does not mean that it becomes less rotten.

78.

The sleeping nations are like sleeping beauty,
They patiently are waiting for a kiss,
Forgetting their most important duty
To be awake when the foe too closely is.

The slavery has deadly lullabies
Performed by centuries with deadly lure
As strongest seal on the unlawful ties
Which tyrants think will be forever sure.

The Charming princes are already dead
But nations still believe in them and wait,
Encouraged by the parties, blue and red,
And even celebrate a special date.

The History continues to mock
By promising to give them alarm clock.

79.

In the sublime scientific learned club
We see a group of arrogant invaders
Who are, instead of going to some pub,
Proclaim they are the new scientific raiders.

They name themselves most clever and most wise
And creators of the greatest book
With an enormous and impressive size
That show us how for our past to look.

There they describe of what we are alike,
These vices all we have to share together
And which roads are bared with greatest pike
By History before our shining weather.

They are producing high sincere cry
That echoes back “They lie! They lie! They lie!”

80.

It is our television
That is hurting our vision;
Almost illiterate staff
Regularly serves a gaff.

Partisans right bold and keen
Fill completely our screen
Where they capitalist sectors
Crash with help of film directors.

It is ill and red of lies,
Pity is that never dies,
All the staff contains relations
Of the “leader of the nations”,

Gathered in a common herd
And producing lots of dirt.

81.

For sin a single man is insufficient
And that is why he, Adam, has no sin,
A crowd is needed sin to be efficient
If not it never ever is to win.

A butcher and a victim are the cast
And further it is easy to compute,
The innocence has perished very fast,
The butcher is away of every suit.

The bribing now covers all the Earth,
It is completely wholesome and strong
With it the sin is given a new birth
And obviously that will be for long.

Society will itself prepare
These interesting challenges to share.

82.

Shall we at last succeed to be right free
By means of changing our dirty masters,
To bribe the fate with a generous fee
And stop the present flow of disasters?

It is a pity that we are born
To search for enemies but not for friends
And further we are solemnly all sworn
To fight for freedom to the very ends.

In faith we'll find the fruits of safely glory,
It will conciliate the souls for short
But later all of us will be sorry –
Obedience is faith of finest sort.

With bulletin and pre-election talk
We shall at last find out our yoke.

83.

Oh, the Egyptians are completely right
To look among the beasts for their gods,
Beasts never mix malice with their might
And being gods ensure the heavy crops.

Erected are the monuments of cattle,
Of birds, of cats, of snakes, of dogs,
Because they help the soldiers in the battle
In concert with all what the high priest talks.

And every word is readily accepted
As purest Truth beyond of any doubt
With faith to the Heaven's king directed
In order to prevent the summer drought.

But later pest among the godly beasts
Delivered gods with human face to priests.

84.

The life in fact is sentence on appeal
Which is a threat to all the living creatures,
Almighty either real or unreal
Communicates with people via preachers.

In vain we seek in life a hidden sign,
It is quite meaningless and great,
We are with an intelligent design
To live and die and always to wait.

Between the intervals I have to dream
With no restriction of the right to pray
And even, if I possible it deem,
To sin but days of sins are passed away.

The theme is great and cannot be exhausted
By any. That is why I humbly boast it.

85.

The Honor now is honored by dishonored
Who bury it with great respect and love
Considering as though it is goner
And its humiliations are enough.

Impatiently Saint Peter waits in Eden
To give it shining halo of pure gold
Which for any others is forbidden
And it forever there will hold.

And close to the Almighty it will stay
Quite motionless at the celestial court,
A deep respect to our God will pay
Without care for sins of any sort.

How strange! – The people with prayers fed
Its absence meet without much regret.

86

Bulgaria – Balkan country, 111 000 sq.klm

I love you with a humble abnormality
Although you are captured by the thieves
Who praise your forcedly divine quality
Before a bunch of scoundrels – their chiefs.

I love your lust to suffer as a slave
And your great potency to stay alive,
So many try to lead you to the grave
But you are always able to survive.

Your fate creates a lot of resurrections
And after them you rises still again
To stand the challenge of the tyrant's actions
In our full of History domain.

You may be weather bitten, poor and small,
For me however you are best of all.

87.

Forgetfulness is something most divine
By it Almighty God protects the mind;
All recollections are on steady line
To be forgotten and some peace to find.

In our heads are memories a lot –
Events, and feelings, happened long ago,
Persisting that are still alive and hot
And by no means they must forever go.

Forgetfulness however is on watch,
It gets the mind repaired with it broom,
Preparing our knowledge for new catch
Because the mind needs further wider room.

The possibilities become more even
All men to stand the information leaven.

88.

In Universe are plenty of avengers
And they are waiting for their evil hours
In order to proclaim that they are rangers,
Defending sacred civil rights of ours.

The vengeance is an overwhelming force
Since the Creation to the present days,
It gets its strength from the moral source
Maintained by novels and by many plays.

But why the Honor has to be defended
Through murders, mutilations, bloody tears?
Why guns to the avengers should be handed
Instead all men to live in lasting peace?

The vengeance has widest application
But presently with no justification.

89.

It is a pleasant thing for me to know
That precious people make the laws good
And so the evil is compelled to go
There where for it is no more charge-free food.

Their most creative action is the draining
Calumny and its full of poisons lake
And to enthrone the justice and its reigning,
So every lawlessness to overtake.

Their life is hymn of very high ideals
Whose goal is the final big success;
In unison the whole country feels
That this will be a triumph and no less.

And waiting all this sometimes to be real
We first have the society to heal.

90.

Who is to be remembered most today
And whom the media are glorifying most?-
These are the bandit, politician, gay;
The wisdom seems to be forever lost.

Kapitsa, Newton, Galois, Loran,
Pasteur, Curie, Galen, Descartes, Dirac,
Somebody scarcely them remember can
Except of text books the most boring pack.

On theory they are the mental castles
Of human nature and most sacred drive
But they lack roughness and enormous muscles
And all forgotten is their noble strife.

Sometimes in crosswords they might appear
As a poor sign that science is still here.

91.

My country is betrayed by many allies –
Celestial and local,
Until at last it can just realize
The need to see bifocal.

Instead of gaining former self-possession
With no excess of fears,
Announces: “I shall resist aggression
By peace for many years!”

The peace may turn to be disaster
Without force behind
Especially if the ally is master
Of lies of every kind.

The peace at any price may duly render
The peaceful nation ready to surrender.

92.

Variety of gods is sometimes good,
It gives religious people much more chances,
More democratic prayers are for food
And many other assets and finances.

The monuments of gods are made to measure,
Their statues all are pieces of best art,
When found in ruins they are real treasure
And permanently under heavy guard.

Such gods are themes of Ph-dissertations
Where richest terminology takes place
And, as expected, after some ovations
The science is enriched with new grace.

Conclusions of research that has been done
Is: All the hearts of gods are made of stone.

93.

How much exhaustive is the present faith!
The prayer is so tiresome with hope!
It sends as signals penetrating rays
To angels who best know with them to cope.

The prayer bears a swarm of nicest dreams –
Obedient servants to the self-deception,
They reach the God and line up before Him
Expecting entry to the “Earthy section”.

But nothing happens. Eden is a myth,
Well built but very counterproductive,
The food which it gives no one can eat
Although the promises are most seductive.

But after well prepared tasty meal
The soul is ready for a prayer still.

94.

The workers with the big toil-hardened hands
Are praised by many party versifiers,
Accordingly for them the Party stands
And keeps them go through the frost and fires.

Their face, the face of very noble winners,
Are everywhere on banners and on walls,
Impersonating soldiers or mariners
And everything of what the Party calls.

In fact they live in awful gloomy houses,
Suppressed by badly paid and heavy work,
Exploited fiercely without any pauses
Whereas ruling scoundrels freely walks,

Unreachable for court and heavy sentence
Without any sign of true repentance.

95.

Great mediocrity is pressing us
By the majority of its election's vote
And by the party monopoly, plus
Support for every lack of proper thought.

The talent is miraculous disease
With no perspective for a vaccination,
Affecting gifted people, mainly these
Who are acknowledged after the cremation.

No matter where they live they are
Considered foes to the present system
Which sends them so desperately far,
Aware that here the people will not miss them.

Moral: If Fate presents you with a gift
Preserve it secretly with greatest thrift!

96.

I wander over places, roads, lanes,
I visit valley, mountains and seas
And I am sure that everywhere the pains
Are with abundantly sharp biting teeth.

They fill with many sufferings all towns
And give profession to a lot of people,
God even had included here the clowns
Who look gay but their souls are cripple.

The Pain is courted by most famous preacher,
Physicians put it on a pedestal like god
As though it is real sacred creature
By whose help cash and honor they have got.

Because quite in shape or not in shape,
From pains no one is able to escape.

97.

The radio is an acknowledged leader
And most beloved as noble virtues breeder,
It is a friend, a councilor, a preacher,
Betrayed, educator and best teacher.

It substituted every printed book,
And hands with all celebrities it shook,
Gave stuttered a chance for new profession
And boldly broke the peace with noise aggression.

It chased people in the coach stations,
Crossed borders, serving all the waiting nations
With information either true or false
Subordinating all by finest goals.

And when becomes unpleasant like a cough,
It has a button to be switched off.

98.

They introduce themselves as rights defenders
And as the seeking vacant thrones pretenders,
Their number shows permanent increase,
In every continent they feel at ease.

“Your Majesty” is the communication,
Preferred when addressed before the nation
And every day awaking after dawn
They see themselves presented with crown.

Sometimes in searching for a right solution
The people start a bloody revolution
And the amount of the living kings
Considerably and correctly sinks.

The rest continue their pretender’s mission
According to the royal old tradition.

99.

The outer space is hard to be described,
Its history is silent, even mute,
Its misty words are on the vacuum typed
In absence of The Time, the Bad and Good.

What a miracle! From this dead matter
An unexpected clever life is born,
A carrier of secrets is the latter,
It soon will put the nature in deep mourn.

The man – this fierce and successful mixture
Of dreams, of passions, memories and mind
Is little part of universal picture
But match to him is difficult to find.

If you in history want to delve
You will discover he can kill himself.