

Satiric Impressions

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1.

Love! You step motherland of Hate!
You, Paradise, so poorly safe! –
You mix with a cosmic rate
All passions in a common grave!

You resurrect the lifeless things
And kill each day your own child,
You govern over popes and kings
Because they are by you beguiled.

The madness is the only drug
Against your everlasting pain,
All ages being deadly stuck...
By your desire all is slain.

The drug is free for every whelp
But fact is that it doesn't help.

2.

I like to monitor my heavy spleen,
How it engages my burning curiosity,
To listen how it calmly intervene,
And to admire its humble virtuosity.

Is not the spleen alike the desert land
That now encircles me from everywhere?
I suffer more and more from its gray sand
But to escape from there I not dare.

At moments it gives unexpected sign
Concerning hatred and fraternity
And also other subjects that design
The human linkage to eternity.

In desert of the bureaucratic masses
I manufacture excellent sand-glasses.

3.

Integrity is desperately rare
Although mighty kings and popes it cherish...
It is judiciary victim there
Where as main priority will perish.

Its conquerors - the hypocrites do revel
All over the enslaved and thirsty planet
And lowest is the every moral level,
The name of Human species being tanned.

My vengeance and my consolation here
Are that despite of their immortal lie
The tyrants are obsessed by awful fear
That they will too inevitably die.

In contrast, all the dominated nations
Will rely on future generations.

4.

I'm nailed on an invisible big cross
And all my wounds intolerably hurt,
In me an angel and a devil both
Watched closely how my painful death occurred.

The nails are all my virgin blaspheme dreams
They nevermore will let me fly again,
The world shall not allow this, it seems...
Forever crucified I will remain.

The presence of a hateful stupid crowd
Confirms the lack of any real hope
And like a fatal thunder close and loud
I hear the blood that soaked my robe.

The crowd is sure in its sublime affection
That I shall not be given resurrection.

5.

For closer friendship there is no time
Because I have another subject planned
And sure that for my progress any crime
Is granted and will be never banned.

I live amidst the failure of my dreams
With crumbs of cunning hopes for immortality
And very highly of myself I deem
Although this is far from the reality.

The immortality in fact is ghost
Enclosed inside the belly of the years,
Subjected there of an eternal frost
And as a ghost it ghostly disappears.

Thus suddenly my dream of godlike creatures
Acquires form with ordinary features.

6.

I was delighted by a great event –
The country entered a financial crisis!
Already sixty seven years I spent
And now I'll use for profit all my vices.

Participant in more than one recession
I turned the poverty into fine gold
Well knowing the financial dirty fashion
But this to nobody I ever told.

The nicest art is to avoid disaster,
When all the rest are falling to the bottom;
In this respect I am distinguished master
In all dull season but prefer the autumn.

Unfortunately this old age's season
Leads sometimes people straight to long term prison.

7.

I spent as victim long submissive years
And reached with success to ripe old age
But I endured a lot of dirty smears –
The rent for sad and comfortable cage.

I lied to you that I was never guilty
For the red hell which was created here,
And which made all the common virtues silty
Or substituted for protecting fear.

Now I shall mourn all the perished heroes,
Shall shed some tears that they died so easy
As far as all of me consists of zeroes
And am politically very dizzy.

In any case I said to the police:
“I’ll fight non stop for ever lasting peace.”

8.

I now endure delusions in distress
And try to stop the running happy jiffs,
Despair transforms itself in heavy stress
While passion's getting desperately stiff.

In state of weightlessness of gentlest kind
My soul is promised the eternal life
But in return I have to stay behind
The despot acts, supporting their strife.

I got through many shameful compromises
Attempting to reshape my ugly fate
But due to bad fame and a bunch of vices,
I passed gratis through the Mortal gate

And after struggle, fierce and mostly wicked,
For Purgatory I've won an extra ticket.

9.

“No slavery and freedom is in Hell!”-
There all inhabitants are most alike;
With no will to govern all they dwell,
Through frost and fire all together hike.

Such is the fate of all the devils too,
Strong knots keep them to their duty tied,
For them the exit also is taboo
As for the souls which they deprive of right.

The torturers, the victims, are engaged
To common life and common dirty job,
By similar emotions are enraged
And *quit pro quo* entirely non stop.

In this respect the dream for people's rule
In Hell has realized itself in full.

10.

The old age sexlessness is a result
Of long and tiresome unpleasant life
In which the yoke is an all nation cult
Resembling discipline in human hive.

Is it ugly? May be it truly is
But worse are all its fingerprints on us
Containing lust, betrayal and malice
Just like a furuncle inflated with puss.

All is now gone except the burning ache
Producing sharp and never ending sorrow
Which form of desperation soon shall take
If we successfully survive the morrow.

And if the situation does not change
In coming death will be nothing strange.

11.

Like everyone I long for better life
Which is unrealistically far,
While prophets try the future to contrive
Applying in turn sweet honey and black tar.

Oh, they are satisfying every taste
With lies for beggars and for kings as well,
Producing piles of information waste
And God knows yet how much such stuff they sell.

But our destiny is not asleep
And just when you feel best sure and secure
It usually put a mighty grip
On you in form of either threat or lure.

So every anxiously expected dime
Is paid entirely in present time.

12.

A great variety of men and women
With their difference and similarity-
Directors, servants, bankers, peasant, seamen,
Are melted all in word “nationality”.

Political and grammar rule arise,
On purpose made convenient and short
And whose aggressive practice tightly ties
The “nation” in a uterine black board.

“The nation governs” or “The nation says”
Annihilate the subject, face and feature
And the poor person in despair pays
The robbed right of being human creature

And suffers losing every common sense
For singular and plural have no fence.

13.

With “No desire!” ends the end of all;
If it is over, “Nothing” soon begins,
Its oceans everywhere relentless roll
And cover crimes, philanthropy and sins.

You are obsessed by mood benign and calm,
By feeling with no threatening surprise,
It is like sent by Heaven gentle balm
Which Nature grants as its most precious prize.

No more unrealistic dream, no lie,
No prejudice, no fears from evil chief,
You even are incapable to cry
Neither of bad luck, nor of burning grief.

The pulse in you, deprived of any drive,
Will best remind that you are still alive.

14.

I think the life in Cosmos had arisen
Most likely as an error of Creator
Or may be even as a deadly treason
Against the Nature by the Satan-traitor.

Thus gradually algae came to being,
And later worm and humble omnivorous
Increased the planet's population, seeing
That all is ready for the dinosaurs.

The dinosaurs were all annihilated
By unexpected big meteorite
And that is why the wisest God created
The man and gave him part of godly might.

The man soon multiplied himself in mobs
Which made the Earth a kingdom of the cops.

15.

The godlessness is very good insurance
For those who do not face enormous pain
But when the pain is quite beyond endurance
Then God and Satan both get right to reign.

From Hell and its imaginable awe
Originate the icons of the gods
By them the people learn exactly how
To find through prayers their tender spots.

Must one believe in certain sacred creatures? -
It seems to be a problem of free choice
But good majority of sainted teachers
Prefer to advertise collective voice.

The role of every god in any case
Is to prepare in Heaven charge free place.

16.

The Tree of Life is now defoliated
And Truth as always precipitated...
They both participate in many ways
In planting happiness in our days.

They want amidst the desert ardent drought
The Tree of Life to be in perfect growth,
To give abundant fruits with noble passion
And to supply the chiefs with double ration.

Impartiality sometimes is pretty weak
Especially when family is big
And every member asks for greatest part
Of common dough from the very start.

The avid strife for more and more and more
Is the best reason to declare a war.

17.

A man who by mistake was chief commander
In an attempt to hide his lack of wit
Said: “Our state can’t live without grandeur!”
And being sure that he is part of it.

This slogan met approval everywhere...
Who can deny the grandeur of the boss
If he is ready it with all to share?
The History will can it with no loss.

The grandeur flu is proved to be contagious,
Infected people think they are like gods,
If contradicted they become outrageous
And try to win with either words or shots.

The grandeur if it is on smaller scale
May be delivered even by e-mail.

18.

“The Fall of Man!”...What happened in God’s mind
That Paradise, attacked by false alarm,
Became inhospitable for mankind
Despite its godly origin and charm?

In my opinion this nasty gaff
Occurred with the help of Cunning Devil
Whose well prepared investigating staff
Spy over God’s job at a highest level.

The Bible gave a hint in this respect
With indication that the devil’s snake
Was sent the information to collect
If Eve will the ancient apple take.

That is why I solemnly declare:
God ought to have taken better care

19.

The naked man is prehistoric fact
Regarded usually as decisive pace
Which God accomplished as important act
Depriving Eve and Adam of his grace.

The nakedness became a cause of shame
That later had been changed by dress and fashion;
The fashion has obtained a global fame
Provoking interest and even passion.

It conquered hearts and minds of vastest crowds,
But mainly those who feel but do not think
And since millenniums there isn't any doubt
That in the fashion all the reasons sink.

Perhaps in moment of a noble sadness
God gave the mankind gift of joyful madness.

20.

All ports are now closed for my ship
And I accept this as a major shock,
It's obvious that after final trip
I should withdraw her on a dry dock.

But I preserved the precious recollection
Of my courageous days across the sea
When my fine job I brought to perfection
And no man was ingenious like me.

O, what a number of beguiling straights
I passed not having any proper map:
Through archipelagoes, and lakes, and "golden gates",
My curiosity saluting every cap

In order presently to understand:
My ship got stranded very deep in sand.

21.

Sometimes I think the status of sclerosis
Is not a sickness but a godly gift,
For old age is not festival of roses
And badly needs to happiness a lift.

When whims of flesh are naturally over
And passion has no more its hottest flame
I hopefully am trying to recover
My former force although not the same.

Sclerosis feeds my brain with mental bread,
It helps me well, it helps me quite a lot,
Protects me from my conscience deadly threat
And from the youth that calls me *idiot*.

The “Idiot” is first among the prizes
And I consider it to be the wisest.

22.

The hopes are killing our sense of luck
With greatest stubborn arrogance of theirs,
They every sound reasoning get stuck
And throw it to the sleeping realm of fairs.

The days became a row of expectations,
They are in vain and full of sharpest pain,
Most overburdened with severe impatience,
And Christian love in form of gravely chain.

The time is getting short without mercy,
A blind anxiety remains instead,
The hopes are turned in fears and vice versa
Until they form uninterrupted net.

Now finally is reached the major point
When every hope is getting out of joint.

23.

I am witness of two contradictions –
On one side is the liberated will,
On the other – the suppressive actions
Which must hold the crowds always still.

Equilibrium is hardly possible
Between facts so different arranged,
Probably is needed something forcible
This strange situation to be changed.

Until then I must endure with patience
How defenders of my civil rights
Turn to tyrants of all peaceful nations
If they come to power after fights.

So the wolves their solemn promise keep
To defend the credulous poor sheep.

24.

Honesty plus politics – disaster!
Who this awful absurd can endure?!
All men fast, the politicians faster
Try in vain the honesty to cure.

If the patients chronically suffer
Treatment takes a very easy form
The accomplices use noose for buffer
Sending healed for food of the King Worm.

Best preserved so is the Highest office
From intruders with an honest mind
And integrity of man sent off is
Both with rectitude of any kind.

Honesty is an imagination
But with restricted application.

25.

I don't believe in bloodless revolutions-
They are surely organized and planned
As a tool for permanent pollutions
Of the social justice on this planet,

Where many former henchmen bloody smeared
Change the color of the party banners
And again disguised reappeared
With "new-old" despotic nasty manners.

The people meet them with a lot of flowers
Hopeful that they bring them happy life...
Soon they see how ugly prison towers
Indicate that yoke is still alive.

Finally the fruit of this old game
Is that everything remains the same.

26.

All my solitude, full of sad vision,
Is a voluntary taken choice,
It is not an all winning decision
Because it lacks the social loud voice.

Look at dark crowds around
How they stay in belligerent row,
The collective will is the ground
That allows them to grow and to grow.

I'm alone going slowly but sternly,
Closed for everything here,
My sad look is directed internally,
In their fights I will not interfere.

I haven't intention to court them
For I'm right but, no doubt, *post mortem*.

27.

I am an ordinary evil man
Surrounded by many trustful aides
Whom I encourage cordially when
We plan together profitable raids.

I never touch directly bloody bribe
But only through reliable go-between,
So I am always clean, and good and ripe
For Truth - with it we're uterine nice twins.

I never fail to catch a double rent
From every woman, man or child
Or to obtain immensely high percent
Of their dough by trick severe or mild.

My shadow with time is getting bigger
Whereas my nick name is Grave digger.

28.

The differences had produced the Time,
When all is equal, it disappears,
Without trace is dying every chime,
There is no laugh, no envy and no tears.

The motion is no more to be detected
For things are looking mostly all the same,
The wrong things never are to be corrected
And space will absorb its own name.

And every part to other parts alike
Shall start infinity without border,
And nobody will walk or run or bike
Subordinated to a timeless order.

There will be no whisky, wine or absinthe
And worse of all Man also will be absent.

29.

I don't want to be disturbed my dream
When I am in the company of mad,
To them I am preserving deep esteem
Although their fate is very sad.

With spear and sword – the soul of a man,
I wander in my sleep on land and sea
And frequently I am pleased when
I dreamt that Don Quixote, that is me.

In vain I try the evil to defeat
Declaring to the windmills mortal war,
The world stage has no more a vacant seat
For hero able tyrants to deplore.

The only thing worth respect and cheers
Is the abundance of new Dulcineas.

30.

The time when all the jolly pretty springs
Met in a single jolly pretty day
I felt the will to change all nasty things
Reminding that the man is made of clay.

I wished to learn that all the slaves are free
And that they live without guiding fear
And Hate, no matter whether he or she,
Is far away at least at one light year.

To know that hesitations in my thought
Will never paralyze my sober mind
And all the people will follow a road
Where their own happiness will find.

But later I established crystal clear
That this was dream which soon would disappear.

31.

My memories are constantly in troubles
And they are full of unexpected hate
That presses on my heart like heavy rubbles
In an attempt my life to liquidate.

But suddenly I see a beam of light
Which penetrates through clouds of sorrow
And brings a feeling like a flower bright
Maintaining hope and confidence in morrow.

I think I contemplate the Paradise
Surrounded by all my sacred dreams
Among them big and small in turn arise
But with bad luck end all my clever schemes.

This place where I am always the host
Becomes a Paradise when is lost.

32.

On the blue skirts of a gloomy hill
I had been born unwanted but alive
And very soon I got my own will
With right to blow at ease my baby horn.

May be because of this I had been doomed
To joyful life for many, many years,
Was never touched by the Byronic gloom,
Being aware in everlasting cheers.

But sadness slowly had accumulated
Like in a very secret bank account
And in a sudden I became ill fated,
Deprived of happiness and sound ground.

But though I am cold and poorly fed
I hope in Hell I will be warmly met.

33.

The politicians permanently fight
For power, cash, for victory, for glory,
Each other with offensive names they bite
And never ever say that they are sorry.

The country to the bankruptcy they lead
And joyfully take care this to fulfill,
Who will be first in this field to succeed
Is yet unknown... We will pay the bill.

The process of this governmental mess
We readily accept as a TV-watch
And lullubied by the corrupted press
Pay no attention to the deadly catch.

The people, the society, the nation
Are humbly now transformed in *population*.

34.

I think that even devil would hardly guess
Although evil is his sainted job
That shamefulness is used with great success
For cash accumulation. And non-stop.

It feeds the parliament at high percent
And beautifies the statesmen and their wives,
The money has no unpleasant scent
When many virtues are with blinded eyes.

The lack of shame is becoming normal
Conditio sine qua non for gain
In cases either formal or informal
If Conscience sleeps and causes little pain.

It is worth saying that the shameless kindlers
Become with time the team of greatest swindlers.

35.

The former manufacturers of joy
Are gradually gone with the wind,
The surrogate is now a speaking toy
That rows in an endless labyrinth.

Like thunder noisy is the stadium
And overcrowded with fans like us
As though shock protected by palladium
To spare the awe of their own fuss.

We use imported passion every day,
By it we regularly are injected,
We cry and laugh in time with no delay
Attending stage the boredom had erected.

No doubt, we obey the present fashion
To rent with special tickets special passion.

36.

How good is that imaginary faces
We meet and memorize in precious books
Are truly faithful in all complex cases...
The novel hero right unchanged looks.

He will remain inside the fiction fence
Just as his author definitely votes
And irrespective of the common sense
The Iliad is full of vicious gods.

So it will be in the enormous row
Of classic and non classic art creations;
They are alive and so remain although
Not always are met with ovations.

But in the real life the godly dice
Are seldom thrown same way twice.

37.

The Poet is a unique Universe
Where he himself is ancestor and heir
Inside his cloister made as though of verse
He governs on the earth and in the air.

He doesn't like the poems wrote by others,
Endures them with contemptuous humble smile
Like some of those self satisfied composers
Who think that every other's work is vile.

He lives within his own inspiration
But he is worried why till now
He has been disregarded by the nation
And still not sent as diplomat to Moscow.

I even think that he is tough enough
To occupy position chief of staff.

38.

Long time ago I took my big decision
To live in my entranced wonder land,
The other people also have such vision,
So all of them their own world enchant.

But solitude is very heavy weight,
Not every one is given it to bear,
The joy and wail are using common gate
Colliding badly with each other there.

And everybody starts a lonely wait
Expecting that the wail soon will go
And trying only with joy to date
But joy wants not to come just like Godot.

A new phenomenon is come about -
It is presented by the lonely crowd.

39.

Communications set us wide apart
As nothing else in this collective Earth
Which we enter with subscription card
Together with certificate of birth.

All interesting topics are exhausted
The fervor is in freezer deeply cold
And we see how the future, dearly posted,
Is pressed on us with a tragic mould.

We see how like a bubble goes away
The icon of the happiness we want
And in advance with spleen we shall pay
The non existing but expected bond.

In many cases the communication
Is an attempt for lasting domination.

40.

The traps of the fortuity could grab
My soul in unpredictable embrace
And after, only in a trice, to stab
My body for the remnants of my days.

Deprived of any reason is the Chance
Resembling closely the eternal folly,
Being engaged in an exclusive dance
With words which are either sad or jolly.

The Chance fights boldly out of precautions
Creating justice in unbiased ways,
It never bothers to display emotions
But emits vengeance with its brightest rays.

I think it is a mighty arm of fate
That strikes like thunder and is never late.

41.

The herd substantiality of Man
Is probably the reason of disaster
Which no scientist until now can
Explain as a no revocable master.

Since long ago the godly molded person
Is passionately longing to be free
And she or he is victim of the arson
That slavery ignites in social sea.

In vain I look for sympathetic figures
Among the presidents, the popes, the kings
By them the nations are in constant rigors
And can't escape from their vicious rings.

The lack of moral is because the ethics
Is always much weaker than genetics.

42.

In our fatherland today
The common wealth is common prey
For each deprived of conscience skunk
Who steels and steels without funk.

Unhappy innocent elector
Pronounced is as bad defector
If he could not at all agree
A voter – red or blue, to be.

The parties gather fame and shame
But they are always the same
In their tiresome desire
To win the prize for greatest liar.

In fact to sell us they would try
To anyone who wants to buy.

43.

The transport over happy meritocracy
Is an important vitamin for Clique
Which enforces falsified democracy
By people whose red skin and neck are thick.

Today the Clique is patronizing us
By offering variety of dead lock
Well sealed by high hypocrisy and thus
Delivers rich charge-free supply of bad luck.

In us it stabilizes inability
To see the very absence of prosperity,
To see the god's will in the humility
And to accept the shame before posterity.

My readiness to share collective sin
Helps also very much the Clique to win.

44.

How strange that when the cost of living rises
The whole mankind is getting cheaper
And it is conceivable that such low prices
Are for world wide dotage is spread deeper.

I tenderly and vainly am obsessed
By tales of ghosts, elves, fairies and magicians
The moon there is of green cheese made for best
And houses filled up with superstitions.

My vices are as though all repaired
Like a list of typographic errors
With hope my whole person to be veered
And to escape from all the present terrors.

Naivety unchanged will remain...
No doubt, it is bad but with no pain.

45.

It is so nice to trust the sweet delusions
And so to strengthen spiritual health!
In this way I spare myself confusions
From taking part in foolish fights for wealth.

The mad alone are fighting for more rights
And their honesty is calling me
To join their never ending fights
To win the Freedom's non existing key.

Accepting with simplicity the fear
That everyone is free to kick my ass
I do not want in mess to interfere
Waiting other to get free the mass

Until some stranger sometimes will arrive
To show my country how to be alive.

46.

The future is with no acceleration,
It moves ahead quite smoothly, like a ghost,
And there is no existing generation
That would not blame it if it's deadly frost.

It slowly runs because it bears the freight
Of many dreams which expects to bury
And all of them are with much overweight
Preventing so the train to be in hurry.

There is no signs "Arrival" and "Departure"
Or who is passenger and who is not,
The crowd non stop is becoming larger
And men without tickets are a lot.

The train itself is not a clever thing
As far as always its road is a ring.

47.

To scientists all perfections are ascribed
With super perspicacity and charm
And all the negatives are duly wiped,
For not to do to icons any harm.

But actually they are like the others
With their virtues and with their vices,
They might be good or killers of the brothers,
Depending on the kind of psychic crises.

The glory of a group of great inventors
Is spread like bless on big non-gifted crowds
And they think that they are the real centers
Of progress and express this with shouts.

If God says “no!” they will inform the latter
That they are scientists of the first water.

48.

My country is for strangers Paradise
And spring of the sincere admirations;
Its many treasures – true or clever lies,
Are opened for access of all the nations.

But there are unfortunate exceptions
And naturally I am among them
As though as a striking huge deception
I do not know how their tide to stem.

To suffer is my most important right
In all my beautiful and proud land,
I exercise it well at every site
And every season that I have to spend.

Who knows? After one unhappy year
Such men like me might be welcome here.

49.

The greatest heroes on this planet now
Have entered extramural competition.
The topic: who is best of all and how
Had organized a human slaughter mission.

The whole history is soaked with blood,
The entrance tax is very bloody too,
Its hunting aria is blood and mud
And seldom living creatures can pass through.

Napoleon had killed the mamelukes
Of pity that they otherwise would starve
And whole world with fierce at Lenin looks
How whole nations sends to northern wharf.

However when the bloody butchers die
The greatest butchers are respected high.

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 mi 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
Bur 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 stutters 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.

100.

The tongue of a nation is its treasure
But Progress kills it with a modern measure -
The process “denationalization”
Is now in a hasty escalation.

Today the speakers start a strong campaign
That hardly anybody can sustain
With the social and immensely great massive,
With its special cash *accreditiv*e.

Fiasco we register *sens ouqune chance*
In the political vast *passiance*
Because the monitoring of eruption
Is finalizing obvious corruption.

The premier as finest erudite
Will announce: We are in *fallite*!

101.

The whole world was desperately gray,
All bulletins were of the same hue,
Electorate – perplexed and in dismay
Didn't recognize exactly "who is who".

But Chemistry created many dyes
To help the people with some wit,
They readily accepted to be wise
To weigh the parties by their color writ.

They now bewildered see how very easy
The blue in haste attempt to change to red
And red electors presently are busy
With efforts some blue bulletins to get.

This practice is widely spread already
And parties to welcome it are ready.

102.

The strongest disappointment is near
Because of vagaries of our mind,
The man of reason causes stress and fear
Annihilating hope of any kind.

Computers will replace the human brain
And it will be given long vacation,
The brutal force will obtain ordain
And brutes will be the chiefs of every nation.

United in the name of chronic pity
Around funny figure – king or tsar,
The people on the field or in the city
Will consider it as rising star,

Aware that it sometimes will redeem
For happiness their pretty dearest dream.

103.

By gravest solitude and sadness bitten
The crowds die in fearful stately nights
And seek the front head on which is written
Who will return to them the civil rights.

They wait for someone to make them voters
With self-possession and with proper will,
To feel themselves securely above waters
And far away of every tyrant's thrill.

They are obsessed by deepest self-deception
And zeal for every specimen of lie
For what they have a positive perception
And their naivety can every rascal buy.

Because the conscience of the "Atomic man"
By prehistoric secrets is still ran.

104.

So long we have molded our laws,
Their form, their spirit and their every letter
In strife to stop the crime and social foes
And life in our fatherland to better!

So was it until birth of an invention...
The rubber, what a hit! It changed all!
It gave the things completely new dimension
Affecting habits by its magic role.

The laws of rubber most can be extended
And so to take whatever form you want,
If not, they in addition would be mended
To fit the interest of every band.

The killers, fakers with basest fabrications,
The laws discharge all them with ovations.

105.

The reverie is pitiless dictator
In realm that in fact does not exist,
Our ego in our sleep is its creator
And is of our own faith priest.

It is with unbelievable high speed,
It mocks at natural and social laws
Because of them it has not any need,
To Truth is bound with the lovers' vows.

For us the reverie is heavy freight,
It does not help the people to advance
Coercing us into a tragic state,
Resembling less reality than trance.

Without it I may become more clever
But happiness will go away forever.

106.

The slavery on Earth is still alive
Despite of the official paper ban,
It is a basic state of human hive
And might be destiny of every man.

I like to praise the dead and living slaves
Because they all are on the our side,
Supporting bravely everything that saves
The human freedom and the human pride.

They are defeated, always defeated,
Because they are a living sacrifice;
Admiring I readily admit it
By all my heart and not once or twice.

Despite of my immensely growing fears
For them I secretly am shedding tears.

107.

In what way the news is reaching stars
In distant abysses of outer space? -
Perhaps Eternity its secrets spares
When it participates in cosmic race.

From distant spheres we are separated
By symbols of the thirsty long light years
Which are late and soon have celebrated
How Jesus Christ for first time there appears.

With great relieve they get the old mistake
That some one is half-man and half-god,
Genetic code of Jude is not awake
And History is still a boiling pot.

They fortunately do not know yet
That for the Eden comes an apple threat.

108.

Exclusive unity of words
A nice poetic world creates
Of feelings, thoughts of many sorts
To press are sent at any rates.

Contemporary pretty rules
May be a bit carelessly let
The themes with modern topics full
The dough of all the poets get.

Computers, electronic bites,
Processed by high frequency band
And DVDs or TV-sites
Are difficult to understand.

Of two parts made is the domain –
One technical and other plain.

109.

Soul of Freedom –light and very bright,
Is in statue tight incorporated,
In immortal poems glorified...
With eternity is impregnated.

Either duly or unduly praised,
It is victim of TV and papers,
Dirty persons sometimes used to chase it,
Journalists and other sort of capers.

It stands beautiful without fears
Starring in its very fruitful past,
Young with its old age of thousands years
And expecting still longer to last.

The poor nations seriously talk
That inevitably it has got to walk.

110.

If our church were a little richer
It would have got a good supply of gold;
Instead confessions, now done by preacher,
A lie detector might have been installed.

In case when a checking is most needed
Believers might be switched to an appliance
The current being able fast to feed it
And data will be all accordance science.

Confessions will be already inspected,
Unbiased and registered on a tape,
If necessary they might be corrected
And devil from the church will escape.

The Pope himself will be quite at ease
But number of right persons will decrease.

111.

A flower as forget-me-not
Instead a beautiful red rose
Sometimes is better than a lot
Of words in verses or in prose.

The silent kind communication
Needs no one for go-between,
It strengthens passion and sensation
And love by it can only win.

A gentle glitter in the eyes
Or hidden tremor of the hands
An opportunity presents

To melt the mountain of ice
And to return to love its goals
With the silence of the souls.

112.

Seneca once was completely sure
That knows everything of human moor,
His voice was profound and loud
Without any doubt.

Like many other notables in Rome
He thought verses will protect his home
And during all the years of bad drive
Will help him to survive.

But he was wrong. And many others too
Who trust the literature as voodoo
Which in every social bloody storm
Will keep its sons in form.

Quite recently the poets got new code:
The mostly harmless poem is the ode.

113.

The molecules are showing no malice
Because they are not easy to be seen
But they are part of everything that is
In our organs: muscles, brain, heart, spleen.

And even in the Satan's cursed tail
Or in the nails of the Almighty God
The proteins for female and for male
Are same as in a maid or in a cop.

These are the very persuasive proofs
That God is what we all are coming from
And only some irreparable goofs
Can not get this in their empty dome.

The chimps perhaps would be just fascinated
That they by same way originated.

114.

The fear of several thousands tragic years
Already fully is transformed in awe;
According to disaster that now nears
The life is under radioactive law.

The poisonous radioactive waste
Now covers continents with cheapest death
And from the Heaven angels in a haste
Prepare everything the dead to bless.

Without doubt seems to be already
Established our links to Paradise,
It is maintained extremely sound and steady
With radioactivity and vice.

The point is that in the Universe
We have not got another home like Earth.

115.

According to some strange ironic rules
The spokesmen when alone or in a row,
Just like a gathering of famous fools,
Repeat non stop a parasite “You know...”

The best deliberations in a group
They decorate (instead with a bow,
By some salt in a tasteless mental soup),
Pronouncing in negligence “You know...”

“You know”, I don’t know exactly how
Avoiding every sense of proper style
Become the sign of self-possession now
And so is able many to beguile.

I want the speaker to observe the law
But secretly by heart repeat “You know...”

116.

Under beguiling shade of the Disgrace
So many people live in peace! –
Variety of age, of sex and race
And all presented by the Shame with kiss.

They don't distinguish between good and wrong
And that is why are pillar of the nation,
Their conscience is not bound to the tongue
And this is basis for collaboration.

They all are subjects of the Great King Fear,
He makes them very happy with his grace -
Together in a joyful union they cheer
And always they do what he says.

The fate of the society is great
When Fear and Disgrace share common shade.

117.

The popular opinion
Is like a vast dominion –
To be completely liberated
It waited.

Employed was Commission
With important mission –
To prepare a good mass grave
For the brave.

Without hesitation
In favor of the nation
Selected was for a bright future
The butcher.

Because he only knows on the spot
Who is the brave and who is not.

118.

A temptress, very beautiful and young,
Once decided to become a speaker,
Immediately to a chief she rang,
He knew her getting weak and later weaker.

She took the micro with sincere love
And got it close to her rose lovely lips,
The job however was a pretty tough
And required strong and sound grips.

Words “concentration” and “interpretation”
Yet proved to be impossible for her
And clearly showed before the whole nation
That further bad derision might occur.

In fact the poor (to words allergic!) beauty
Was quite unable to fulfill her duty.

119.

I was alone among ferocious foes
With bloody knife worn out in the battle,
My soldiers all were dead around in rows
And I prepared myself for my death rattle.

Was caught on spot but nothing I betrayed,
I lived as prisoner behind the wire,
Enduring without curse my tragic fate,
The Freedom being fervent my desire.

By chance I finally made my escape
And after all the dangers I have faced
Arrived with many wounds in awful shape
At home where once I long ago was raised.

I was restored to consciousness by friends
Who later slowly strangled me by hands.

120.

What says the guilty bandit when in prison? –
For his imprisonment he sees no reason:
“Now many crimes are linked with me
But greater bandits are outdoor and free...”

He actually is completely right
The biggest bandits now are out of sight,
The bandit here or the bandit there,
Except in prison, he is everywhere.

This fact is liked by the Politician,
He turned it into a good tradition,
If he gets country to the abyss close
A noisy answer in return arose:

I am a petty traitor of the state
While in Presidency is the great.

121.

The children of the fighting states
In classes learn for battles and for wars,
Whereas the teacher correlates
The bloodshed as a patriotic source.

“The foe is worst but we are all the best”
Is the compulsory main content now
Of all historic books in practice lest
Persisting hate may be decreased somehow.

But frequently all the “friends” and “foes”
Exchange the places in the run of years,
Belligerency sometimes stops and later goes
Preserving memory of blood and tears.

The present History is lectured to the letter
And so it stays without getting better.

122.

The empty wordiness of politicians
Is the most dangerous of social missions,
It even may be presently is rival
Of cyanides in rating of survival.

The cyanides kill fast with no delay;
In contrast wordiness is rather slow
But death by it is rising every day
While that of cyanides is getting low.

Both have a license to supply the Hell
And Paradise with expected souls,
The first, by all the sweetest lies they tell,
The second, by the aches in the gut fouls.

The cyanides are legally evicted
But wordiness is fully unrestricted.

123.

The Great Khan of the ancient Great Bulgaria
Decided to desert his Asian throne
In search for new life in a distant area
But in his march he was not yet alone.

The whole nation was his true companion
In his long mortal riding to the West
Through rivers, valleys, mountains and canyons
Towards unknown lands without rest.

The battles – bloody but the hope high...
The Khan continued his sacred mission
With promise for a better food supply
And called this period “Time of transition”.

This strange transition over thousand years
Is going on without any fears.

124.

The very essence of the human nature
Is analyzed and bears scientific mark,
However the internal kind of major
Equivocations of the soul are dark.

The soul is victim of great expectations
During its long and mostly troubled rotting
According to Shakespearian information,
According me – beside the box of voting.

This box is closing tightly every hatch
Of nation's foggy superstitious hope
That there inside is hidden sacred catch
For Freedom through a democratic rope.

Naivety in action is extremely strong
When it is wide spread and for very long.

125.

The scientists Avenarius and Mach
Are pleading for “Economy of thinking”
But on the other hand the church says: “Lack
Of faith in God is Hell with science linking.”

Church gives a series of ready-made best thoughts,
Well written, paper-back or leather-bound,
All former heresies are fortunately caught
And crashed by saintly prophets all around.

You have to think much sparsely, not excessive,
In good agreement with the Bible text,
Intensive, sound, by no means aggressive,
And stating:”Paradise is what is next.”

The life of men too close to God will be
But will be neither happier nor free.

126.

Neanderthal men are surely still alive
Although many think they are extinct,
I can not say that nowadays they thrive
But with the human race they still are linked.

They work from dawn to dusk unnoticed
And unprotected by the any law;
Where they are the atmosphere is hottest
But for charge-free food they will never row.

Thrown back to darkness of the distant past
Among the trash of prehistoric time
They know that here no one gives a dam

For their fate to last or not to last;
Their life is most unhappy like the deuce
And like the History that we produce.

127.

The sun – one of many pagan gods,
Is no more honored, glorified and feathered
Save all the good signs, there are bad a lot
And worst of all – the sun creates the desert.

The Earth is not his native daughter more
As until quite recently was taught,
She is a fair that the stars adore
But no one knows her celestial road.

May be she comes from deepest outer space
With youth that she has never lived;
Instead of taking art in cosmic race
She gave to human creatures cosmic lift.

And irrespective of the man's endeavor
Her origin he won't reveal forever.

128.

What a shining power is the science!
It humanized the wildest monkey-man
Despite of the religious old defiance
That many, many times the science ban.

The man discovered usefulness of wheel,
Created too intelligent machine,
Was able atom secrets to reveal
And introduced in homes the TV-screen.

But all the super genial inventions
Not rare were drown ferociously in blood
And all the plans for brotherhood conventions
Were closed to die in prehistoric hut

And at the Institute of Human Speech
Again the monkeys are installed to teach.

129.

All Stalins, Tamerlans, Atilas, Niroes
Immortalized by their satanic deeds
Are welcome in the History as heroes
Although they in fact are poison weeds.

Their power was completely unrestricted
In manufacturing a lot of cripples
The Freedom being mortally evicted...
They liked the nickname “Fathers of the nations”.

Under the flourish of the battle march
They succeeded in depopulisation
Of whole countries, small or large,
In strife to an empire foundation.

Because the peoples easily are cheated
The History is many times repeated.

130.

My mind from classic learning was away
But I knew well to elbow my way
And that is why my cunning action
Positioned me in righteous direction.

Forever in my life I shall remember
The moment I became a Party member,
What I did without hesitation
In order better to exploit my nation.

I raised readily five-pointed stars,
At meetings shouted, praising party fars
Avoiding ideological losses
I gained place among the Party bosses.

At present all my benefits are ample:
Please, follow my very good example!

131.

A.L. Lavoisier –executed, 8th of Mai 1794.

Compatriots have poisoned his bright life,
They disregarded his immortal glory,
Regrets and lamentations came too late
The Death to worry.

The henchman looked at him with no malice
At this extremely short and fearful moment
When earthly life is just compelled to cease...
From God – no comment.

He did not know with whom he dealt
And surely never would have later known
But human kind then ought to have felt:
A chemist is yet gone.

The executed super man by men
Was the discoverer of oxygen.

132.

Spirituality, when is rich,
Is, no doubt, an important sign,
Especially when is in close reach
Of despots who with virtues want to shine.

The despots govern, judge, feed, sell
The nation, being celestially blessed,
And blessing is a legacy as well
To their prodigy through centuries addressed.

Together with the throne goes the court
With all the courtlings with their filthy lies,
Big scoundrels of aristocratic sort
Whose great hypocrisy persists and never dies.

The heir with either coup or without coup
Inherits everything, the scaffold too.

133.

The time is passing and the leaders changing,
The peoples and the lands are not the same
And their changes are so widely ranging
That only henchmen do not leave the game.

Whether they are too divine creation
Or are conceived somewhere in darkest Hell
As retribution or as adaptation
Of man since from the Paradise he fell?

The henchmen are unbiased, calm, severe,
In their work they never are in haste,
On their hands you won't see bloody smear
Or sign of the improper vulgar taste.

They work responsibly with inspiration
But future with them has no duration.

134.

The prizes are the measure of success
According to the standards of the men,
For soul they are an impulse and caress
And prompt the admirations of the fan.

The vanity creates by them the catch
For the imprisonment of the free will
And lull the vigilance right off the watch
In order to maintain the conscience still.

I knew the artists who accepted medal
From person whom they totally disdain,
The point is, that like in magic cradle
The glory puts the mind in gentle chain.

So starts the long and tragic fall
To misty heights of the corrupted soul.

135.

The blood of all the verses are the words
Which patiently expect their heaven's hours
To get together in aggressive hords
In an attempt to win the mind of ours.

They are pulsating in the name of God
And in his twin – the Satan, prince of vice,
They might be freezing cold or very hot,
To die for long but then again to rise.

They are preparing Freedom for its birth,
Predict the coming of the naked Truth
And promise it will fall in a good berth
Although in fact they sometimes also lose.

Provoke disasters, muss and frankly said
They turn the clever speech into a words-shed.

136.

The “Iliad” made once god-like Homer,
The “Aeneid” – a demigod Virgil
And poetry enjoys a pretty summer
Erupting lots of poems non-stop still.

The harmony is frequently lacking,
Not always is suitable the rhyme,
In any case the relatives are backing
Of they beloved poets any time.

In order to preserve the clean good tape lists
From threateningly rising poem’s mass
“Sonnet” became a tool against the rapists
But its efficiency completely useless was.

The frame of fourteen strictly numbered verses
Did not succeed to fill up our purses.

137.

A thief with face of honest congressman
With manners and with tongue of finest kind
Repented and in search for new domain
Decided all his crimes to leave behind.

But how to step on righteous new road
If all he knew in details was the theft?
In case he tries again some kind of fraud
He could be for too long in prison left.

At last he took a positive decision
In politics to start new humble life,
The honesty became his new religion,
To it he dedicated all his strife.

He now is a minister. As such
The thief in him is helping very much.

138.

I fell from very heights of power
And my fall was welcome by the nation –
I rightly once was named “The mower”
But now I am butcher in vacation.

For me the lack of power is disaster,
To buy again it is my sacred goal
And I am looking for horoscope caster
To show me how to save my soul.

My axe already is entirely rusted,
The hand is getting permanently weak,
In Party circles I am no more trusted
As member unreliable and sick.

The bitter fate decided to put me down...
Another man it will present with crown.

139.

A miracle exists that all us bothers –
The worst and meanest fellows among men
Are trying to annihilate their brothers
Although for this there is a legal ban.

They further want to rule the whole society
Imposing their will by means of vote
And “democratic” measures wide variety
Until get everything that might be bought.

Once our human rights subdued
We are definitely no more free...
The cunning rascals use the people’s feud
And so they take the most important key.

Remaining with all our sacred hopes
We in fact are in the hands of cops.

140.

After my transport with the pray of Freedom
After the noisy voices at the barricade
My people sow that no one would feed them
The admiration right begun to fade.

At its place vulture easily appears
In search for funeral and stately prey,
He always is ready to shed tears,
To mourn from screen and money to obey.

His mind is full of filthy ready speeches
On any subject and in any case,
For any human law he out of reach is
And I will try to do that my ways.

If I succeed that would be noble deed
And this good world from rascal will be free.

141.

“From all the speeches silence is the best!”
“And safest too!” are adding all the sages...
To keep the silence that is all the rest,
In nothing else it now itself engages.

But to be silent there, before the Death,
To see how hatred fully overcomes you,
That is to know that world never the less
Is not worth a dime except a few.

This silence is an unexpected gift
That has not be foreseen by any law,
It might be thought to be a moral drift
Connected with some most sacred vow,

Or yoke imposed by famous Party boss
In order to keep hidden a big loss.

142.

Imagination keeps my secrets well,
To solve myself its riddle is huge task
Because it like a pearl containing shell
Is not inclined to take off its hard mask.

Imagination conquers any space
It overpowers heaviest of freights,
Successfully can fake a strangers face,
To win all of political debates.

It summons fairies, gods and their prophets
And cross-examines them without fears,
Communes with financiers and even profits,
With emperors and kings it boldly shears.

If they are not of use it does not bother,
Get them away and later summons other.

143.

The human kind by number is increasing
But solitude is not at least decreasing -
In each of us exists a proper throne
Where seats a good and lonely Robinson.

Six billion small desert isles of land
Expect someone their loneliness to mend
With hope that later he with no delay
Will soon get them a personal Friday.

The solitude produces the fatigue,
The feeling of an early death is big
And awe that they might leave the present life
Without real love in them to thrive.

The solitude within a whole nation
Facilitates its fast subordination.

144.

Is it possible for me to know
Why my gifted and beloved people
Is governed either by an ex outlaw
Or by man who is a mental cripple?

Are my fellow citizens forever
Cursed to bear the spiritual load,
And men smart, distinguished and clever
Are subordinated by the vote?

Are they going desperate to live
Under rule of basest human trash?
Will be they compelled respect to give
To a leader whom they want to lash?

Helpful lash will be extremely well,
It resembles “Mouse, cat and bell...”

145.

For present poets flowers, beauty, love
Are nor enough to make of them a living,
The life becomes intolerant and tough
And cannot be reshape by simple grieving.

Some poets find the exit from the crisis
By boldly joining politician's pack
And portable poetical devices
Put into service of the Party rag.

With best obedience they versify
The Party conferences and congresses
But far more frequently glorify
The Party leaders' personal successes.

Most probably is their whole mission
The History to get as an omission.

146.

From jeans to the most fashionable word,
From dental substitutes to present sport,
From party leaders to the justice court
All items are result of the import.

What is not subject of this common trade?!
Original or born by cunning fake,
Now everything is for the import made
By label which right any form can take.

The life goes on in our fatherland,
It blossoms but without any fruit,
Attempting to obtain an upper hand
In struggle to preserve its nation's root.

If we go on with the import load
We shall import too folk songs from abroad.

147.

Alarminglly are mixed in our souls
And on the territory of the art
The likeness and the difference of goals
Of mind and stormy passions of the heart.

They give no flames, but only hottest glow,
They are invisible but blast may cause –
Somebody rise, another put below,
Together keep the old friends and old foes.

The hottest passions and the sober mind,
Forever chained in hardest common tool
Whose mechanisms gods can only wind
And which can on entire nature rule.

Before the threshold of all paradises
Each god his own Eden advertises.

148.

I wrote long ago with warmest hope
That I communicate with clever creature
And thought by words with lies to cope
In my capacity of mental preacher.

However fraud has overpowered me
And also many who were most alike,
Off labyrinth I exit did not see
I had no compass in my lonely hike.

I never got forgiveness from the liar,
He hated me profoundly for long
And took me for a target of his fire
Avenging on my person for my tongue.

May be he did intend to frighten me...
This might be but I think will never be.

149.

When I by blinded hatred am obsessed
And it like storm starts ruining my soul,
In vain I try to reinstall my rest
Because I feel that lose my human role.

I recollect then your nice dearest face
And you enlighten me like magic beam,
The days become again bright human days,
Inviting me my conscience to redeem.

Rejected is the poisonous nightmare,
I feel again the need of useful deed,
The set of virtues come back where they were
And I feel of all darkest thoughts freed.

In world of evil, conquered by the sin
You makes me feel that I shall ever win.

150.

If in the country there are poor and plague
And someone steals all the nation's treasures,
Don't hesitate but raise protesting flag!
Take some decisive measures!

If you are tortured by wild bureaucracy,
A basest killer of each human pleasure,
Become a fighter for a new democracy!
Take a decisive measure!

If there are somewhere at the departments
Extremely many gentlemen of leisure
With criminally bought rich apartments,
Take a decisive measure!

This is the way how deeds of many sorts
Can be replaced by ready empty words.

151.

I wonder why the power is so venal,
Why of honor deadly is deprived?
Or may be this is some kind of penal
Attack of Satan who has just arrived?

By what sin am I challenging the fate
That acts as though I am not alive,
But thing with no soul under shameful shade
Of beasts whose conscience Hell will not revive?

Perhaps they bribed some part of sacred saints
By prayers and donations to the church
And shamelessly expect as duly rents
The benefits from heaven to emerge.

I anxiously want to say to God:
You here will be shot by firing squad.

152.

The human sufferings are moving me
And fill me with weakness and with grief,
The world of dead I every moment see
And every face is sacred, I believe.

I love, communicate, embrace and speak
To someone for many, many years
And suddenly by super magic trick
The person I so much love disappears.

I am alone amidst the hell of strangers
And Time for me is blocked by mortal grip
But mortal dates like pitiless avengers
Are passing through my mind in fearful trip

And to remember that the Death is ready
My final report to accept already.

153.

I like being admired right noisy and strongly
By crowds entirely faithful to me
Because this is known, rightly or wrongly,
Puerperal fever of a man to be.

The people if needed are always waiting
For generous help and for friendly defense,
I'll give them what they ask but after the stating
That they will be safe but behind my high fence.

United together we there will blossom –
I, leader, with followers mindless but true,
Predestined to keep in my most bravest bosom
The future of ship and the future of crew.

And I shall be leader respected by all
If even some heads for my sake must fall.

154.

Is our tribe to be degenerated?
Where we must seek the good and righteous road?
Shall we be subjects, always ill fated
Or real citizens with proper thought?

We knew red-flagged deeply frozen times,
Compelled on order Death to glorify,
To witness many mortal Party crimes
But banned of any right to testify.

This made us prone to durable submission
If some bad tyrants ask us to do so
As though, obsessed by darkest superstition
We go there where we must not go.

When to power we the tyrant rise
We ourselves so depersonalize.

155.

To be nobody, this is a good feat,
A guaranty that I am still alive
And that I so am absolutely fit
To meet whatever problems would arise.

To be invisible I am attempting now,
To cover all my face with darkest soot
And let the world at present day not know
The name of man at it who wants to shoot.

Celebrities annihilate I shall
Of the calumny with the poison bullet
And vulnerable souls shall hold in thrall...
If something open fire I shall cool it.

The best achievement for a man is cash
Without with the noisy world to mash.

156.

The Fate does not want to be disturbed
But just to be obeyed and nothing more
And men who try to get it slightly curbed
Are soon defeated to the very core.

I badly want to rebel against it
With whole fierce weakness of the man,
Ferocity with hatred I shall feed
And I shall bit it in its deadly den.

If fails my try, I harbor greatest hope
That other man will try, will try again,
Until succeeds with it at last to cope
And finally the victory to gain.

May he be able happily to say:
The ugly fate already is away!

157.

The great discoveries are too much like
The strangest known optical illusions –
The electron, of course, is no bike
The science yet accepted its intrusion.

The Truth is far behind the naked fact,
Behind the prejudices that can die,
It has no friends, has no style, no tact
But likes the company of number “ π ”,

Of poverty, employment, hunger, oil,
Of rainbow and its bunch of hues,
Of human inconceivably hard toil
In mines, at plants and polar cruise.

The monument of Truth won't be erected
Because it comes unseen and unexpected.

158.

The God above us we accept as Almighty
And high but in Burma He is right below...
The Earth is no more flat and whole variety
Of factors are showing the need of new law.

The Savior had lived on a flat common home
And wisdom He spread under tabular sky,
Pick pointed sharpened as needle on dome
Big arrow showed Him the road to die.

The planet is sphere with many directions,
Not visible is the determined good place,
Itinerary is with many deflections
And fog and dark clouds are hiding His face.

The “ups” and the “downs” are changing non-stop,
The wrong choice being forever on top.

159.

I dreamt for Paradise of fertile field
Where the source of evil is forever sealed,
Where people are accepted on parole
And slavery is equal for all.

An endless music of the men who pray
Invade my ears every night and day,
It helps me with its pleasant nice caress
To silence conscience and its nasty mess.

I dreamt too that I met saints a lot
And sages, godless, but wise like god
With their help a man we will elect
Who can the murdered Freedom resurrect.

Unfortunately the expected date
For me will be late. Extremely late.

160.

The real name of Honesty is Pain
Still since the moment when the weird sister
Had put on my poor conscience rein
As gift because I came to life on Easter.

This gift allowed me to go upward
To medals, prizes, undeserved promotion
And even to become of moral guard
As recognition of my deep devotion.

My merits made me welcome everywhere
By dearest vileness and by cheapest sin,
The first and second I disguised as fair
Though they were mean and always have been.

I feel myself like sitting on a throne
And that is why I am quite alone.

161.

I see the silence as a big container
With a picturesque but gloomy form
Where great philosopher – the mental trainer,
Wants to implant me as a useful corm.

The silence is the canned wit, he thinks,
In it is kept long series of names
Included King of silence – Sphinx,
There they are double dead – for life and fames.

The silence is a good escape from guilt,
It frequently is considered smart,
Intelligently and precisely built,
Sophisticated to the grade of art.

The only case it causes bad sensation
Is if I am under interrogation.

162.

Oh, suicide of oblivion, come, please,
With your completely faceless power, come,
For me your help is vital, to release
The virtues in my soul if there are some.

I don't want the blow of recollections
To torment all my full of sadness days,
The burden of the previous affections,
To present added, I refuse to face.

I want to be like laugh without past,
With no capacity for ugly hate,
Forgetting everything that trends to last
Observing neutral peace at any rate.

It is a pity that these crazy dreams
Is difficult to realize, it seems.

163.

Enormous bunch of dreams and empty hope
And named by don't know who my fatherland,
Is full of love and hatred, neck and crop,
Not big but unconditionally great.

It makes me hungry and the same time sate
Of bloody fight and of internal feud
That sow the seeds of trouble through the state
All in the name of the expected loot.

The sainthood of my pretty native place
Is measured by the centuries of dead,
The people there do not live in lace
But they are brave and never will be red.

Disgraceful or progressive, good or sick
For me it is beloved and most unique.

164.

You are an artist married to beauty,
The spark of genius enriches your great soul,
Eternity for you is job and duty
And your divine and most distinguished role.

Your pictures are in locked safety box,
The prices on the label are immense,
The edifice is guarded, rooms with locks
And all this is considered “common sense”.

“Madonna” or “Sunflowers” all they are
Reflections of your rich internal life,
After your death arose your shining star
But it was weak your body to revive.

In present world the genius is trash
Which cunning men are turning into cash.

165.

I had to put some order in my soul
And free myself of the excessive things,
The lies and truth that were already foul
And the disgrace with entire nasty links.

This opened interesting empty space;
I filled it with a lot of secret dreams
But all the dreams are homes without base –
The most of them soon turned into whims.

Now I and my soul both are in a muddle
In search of an exit but that is in vain,
We are encircled on all sides by puddle,
This surely is way of becoming insane.

Despite of this I am remaining mute
Expecting desperately my lost root.

166.

When suddenly dreams are becoming most boring,
When suddenly love gets increasingly cold
And spleen is refilling the heart with souring
Bad aches...Then the Death has been called.

He has no horns and has no scythe in hand,
Quite the contrary, he has angelic face
But yet to resist his kindness you can't
When he kills you as sign of his grace:

“From me you will never be able to go
Because I already am close to your mind,
We are a couple forever and so
Our contract is now by destiny signed.

You state that despite all you still are alive
But I am the last you will see to arrive.

167.

I buried the dreams of my ancestor,
I proved to everyone that I am adult
And that I am going all the past to faster
At present only I have mostly pedaled.

Now I am short at honesty's resources
After having gathered carelessness a lot,
Low down are directed all my courses,
Here nobody has what I have got.

But I regret that all the wound of fears
Are aching still with no way to heal
And though my guilty eyes spill no tears
The guilt before my past is what I feel.

I am not sure that each female or male
In my dear fatherland is now not for sale.

168.

I am not sole as far as many persons
Inside my soul express conflicting views,
Sometimes this is like real arsons
Of which I in the end myself accuse.

I bear in me my whole country side,
Big more than hundred thousand present globes,
Too rich with gifts and stronger with its right
To fight for Freedom though without hopes.

My country – hoarse, endless, fruitless cry,
My country – frozen flame without glow,
My country – uninterrupted lullaby
For gala days of Freedom in a row.

All they reside in me and even sing
Of brightest future and of everything.

169.

O, mock at me, my friends! Insult me now!
My whole History is song of slaves!
I am The Fatherland of folks without law,
I am The Fatherland of living graves.

Today I am both Eden and the Hell –
Revengeful sober, cordial and sad
And sometimes willingly to all I'll tell
That Fatherland is anything but bad.

Although well doing is too far away
The slavery is teaching of good life –
In it with gratitude one can stay,
Somehow to live and even to survive.

And may be every future politician
Will take me for a very strong magician.

170.

I am politically unreliable,
I lack completely unanimity,
My dossier in the police is like “The Miserable”,
A hunch upon the human patience,
All clocks stop before it is read,
The men of power willingly watch me,
I am dough for the secret agents –
My ungovernable thought is their life support,
My death is unemployment for them...
Look how great is my personal suite!
Traitors, crooks, scoundrels of different size
Trample on my life without rest!
They are protecting me. They are crying
That sometimes I will pass away.

171.

I am a hospital quite full of people,
A building with obituary look,
Majority of patients are poor cripple
Inscribed discretely in the mourning book.

Alongside is the Death, my closest friend,
Whom pharmacists maintain with many drugs
And many persons are here duly sent
To serve the Death as being sitting ducks.

Instead of health I manufacture hope
And daily darkness to prevent the truth
That scalpel can replace the henchman's rope
Without threat of criminal accuse.

And he, the Death, is here only figure
Who has at own will to pull the trigger.

172.

The Poet seeks the image of the Justice
By poems he creates in his soul,
His master chisel never left in rust is
In winter, spring time, summer or in fall.

His place is on a pedestal or mad house!
One occasionally seen fast spark,
Perhaps dropped from the glowing crown of Chaos
Can lead him to the exit from the dark.

All written in the foggy future's pages
He tries to read with widely closed eyes,
He penetrates with ease through ancient ages,
He hears the silence better than the cries.

Is not the poetry a border of some kind
That separates the madness from the mind?

173.

Before my eyes is running the New Year,
The days and nights are leaving me in turn,
Perplexed I wonder what am doing here,
Engaged all recent souvenirs to burn.

How near was the common feast of ours,
How near was it, and only week ago!
Through me are passing hours after hours
But afterwards I don't know where they go.

I find support in a sweet betrayal -
The love was introduced into my heart,
Love is unique force and it does not fail
In its attempt to give the life new start.

But it is off. And everything is lost
Again in sinful details and in mindless frost.

174.

I dreamt a strange and non existing town –
Without justice and without truth,
The people were happy – dawn to dawn,
Away from any kind of social muss.

On Main Street was coming a big crowd,
Bold, dedicated, mostly drunk, excited,
The people were scanning, singing loud
And I decided to go uninvited.

We slowly went to fresh prepared grave
Surrounded by cops on horse back most,
A priest the last communion just gave
To Freedom, dead, amidst the flowers lost.

I understood all they were satisfied
Because the Freedom meanwhile had died.

175.

You're gone with the wind to a new height
Among the plotters with the hatred sate
But I remained here on my side
And calmly will the things evaluate.

I am embracing avidly my faith
With hope to get improvement of my life
And too the life of all, their nights and days,
Where none the Freedom's rights will deprive.

You surely ask for power and for glory
Regardless of the price and of the means,
Your personal success is your chief worry
Erected on a mountain of sins.

What use of this that you are greatest boss
If your account is a moral loss?

176.

In any case, it can not be excluded
That Freedom finally will arrive,
In concentration camp will be intruded
But very late to find me still alive.

I will be dead among all noble fellows
With a noose of dreams around neck,
It will congratulate us with a "Hello!"
And afterwards to stars it will fly back.

We all consider it as something bright,
At least like legendary shining doll
Which every one keeps to his heart inside...
It does not hesitate to cheat us all.

I think self-sacrifice in the name of it
Is strangest thing that one can ever meet.

177.

Incurably and old are our faces,
Bad wrinkled by the signs of satiation,
Bad tired by all unsuccessful paces
To Freedom for us all and for the nation.

The duty, unfulfilled and unforgotten,
Was substituted for the prison cell
Where all the dreams for Freedom have been rotten
And finally was silenced Freedom's bell.

In our eyes the sin is crystallized
And during whole life we shall see
How Truth is shamelessly economized
For sake of slavery from you and me.

But red disciples are here and never gone,
They still transform the people into stone.

178.

With precious fragrance in pink colored clouds
The Lie is moving freely everywhere,
It powerfully conquers the vast crowds
And every time can revelation bear.

It gives the Truth an easy isolation
With license for a joint venture plan,
It grants the innocence a great ovation
And promise that its trade will never ban.

With smile it makes from man the finest brother
And even can the Freedom resurrect,
Disgrace and grace to brothers from a mother
Proclaims and them a statue will erect.

I wonder more than million of times
Why some ascribe to it so many crimes.

179.

I am a sworn defender of the peace
With memorable feeling of compassion,
I'm ready every criminal to kiss
In order to avoid repercussion.

The look of mine consists of purest ice,
This ice helps me to keep my mental force,
Without care, without sacrifice -
Of calmness and quietness finest source.

I never cross somebody else's road,
No matter if it's shorter or it's longer
And never in some wrong deeds I am caught...
I am the greatest genius of languor.

I have not got opinions and plans;
Like every genius I'm in eternal trance.

180.

A planet of irreparable spinning,
Old person with a bad rheumatic fever,
You seek in vain the best way of winning
Of Archimedes long expected lever.

Beside you rise a thousand constellations
Of hatred, evil, crimes and even love,
Inflammable like dynamite creations –
An orthodoxy symbol, strong and tough.

You suffer badly of a chronic dizziness
Among the stormy dance of shining comets
But you continue your earthy business
And every moment a volcano vomits.

Oh, fly, and offer cosmic merchandise!
You are already old but still not wise.

181.

The fear is my old eternal debtor
For stealing all my unpronounced words
Which censure gives to the adaptors
In order to be praised by Party lords.

The love makes me unnaturally weak,
I still am ill of very painful hope
And I prefer to be still blind and sick
Like all those who are mixed with the mob.

Oh, time is not a universal drug
As many people say for consolation,
If you accept just once the yoke as luck
You will again accept it with ovation.

The fear does not provide a happy life
But helps the slaves somehow to survive.

182.

When Justice is deprived of good defense
And Satan aims at it with malice,
You, Poet, say that this is golden hence
And Party will be satisfied with this.

If you see how the whole nation starves
And every day is like a painful sore
With no delay the serving conscience curves
And you announce: hunger is no more!

Bark, Poet, bark and go on non-stop bark
That under communism the dark red state
Is like a huge and fine protective arc
That guarantees for anyone good fate!

Bark, bark with joy and let it be excessive
And all your poems will be most progressive!

183,

“Once upon a time had lived a tsar...”
But since a long time he’s already dead
And tsarists’ times are very, very far
Except in museums where they are let.

I love in this entire world to live
Where there is such a noble social wind
That sweeps off each tsar as a common thief
In spite of their castles and money a mint.

The tsars are now replaced by new ones,
They are without crowns but they have force
And threaten life as tsars were doing once
All thanks to irreproachable hushing source.

They have no kingdoms but so far
They kill, they rob, they steal and smear with tar.

184.

Are not my apparitions all my aides? –
They bore my hot inflamed imagination,
I welcome in my brain now their raids,
They give an image to my best sensation.

Although the image lacks some real stuff
It is imprinted deep into my mind,
Reflecting happy moments of my love
That no one and nothing them can grind.

It gave me unforgettable impression,
Obtained without moving from my bed,
Deprived of the belligerent aggression
And to a calm deliberation lead.

And upon all presides a giant lotos
Which in lullaby embrace has got us.

185.

It is so indecently to be in health
On desperately lost in troubles planet
That has destructed all its own wealth
Through slaughtering although God it banned.

It is much better to be poor myope,
To swallow at ease your daily pains
And every deed of those in force to cry up
In order their grip on people to maintain.

So you will reach the unexpected height,
The sickness will help you to be rich,
Betraying secretly, you'll no need to fight
But will get the opportunity to teach

How man can now get along all right
Without risk to get a poison bite.

186.

In order phrase to be quite poetic
It needs comparisons a whole bunch,
From point of view, mainly theoretic,
Without metaphor the verse is like a hunch.

If “She” is said to be alike a “Rowan”
“He” “Sycamore”, no doubt, must be named
And so will live both from dusk to dawn,
Will be as poetry forever famed.

They might be possible to put on notes,
The best performed wordy combination,
They further will find some new music roads
Toward a wider popularization.

The Poetry and Music are forever wed,
The one is played, the other one is read.

187.

I knew well how to be most excessive,
Was not born for a socially based good life,
This was sign of a series of faults successive
Which stepwise later on were due to arrive.

Love had mercy to me with its most mortal shade,
After it I remained very sound and healthy
And continued to live with loneliest fate
Although I can not be thought as wealthy.

But with years my life was getting most heavy,
Quite unbearable for old and loneliest man,
Since I left long ago the job in the Navy
I would rarely go out from my loneliest den.

And at last a new thought in my brain has banged,
I went down, took a rope and get myself hanged.

188.

The stammered Justice of the violence
Will no more frighten me when I am dead,
Defending shield will be my humble silence,
The earth will be my humble sacred bread.

I fly most weightlessly like pitch black raven
Still unaccustomed with my present death
And with new finest residence in Heaven
That might provoke in me a gentle stress.

I see behind are plenty of newcomers,
All pious persons hurrying to God,
They will desert forever earthy commerce,
Their business here is to pray a lot.

Celestial truck after a while
Is bringing to the office my red file.

189.

To teach a man of safety from himself
Is noble task deserving love and praise
But I am asking who will help myself
To do the same to me at any case?

I do not trust the people's lovely icons,
They frequently are quite not saint,
The good examples also are not vacant
Because the devil is intending them to mend.

My soul is dragged slowly out of life,
Its spirals are too difficult to pass
When everything in me is out of drive
Like spelled by wicked witch with magic glass.

And this remembers me the tragic fact:
The evil faster than the good can act.

190.

The carats of the ever shining truth
Put tragic task before the wisest sage
When he attempts in vain to solve the muss
Of its mad dancing in the golden cage.

It seems the truth according to old habit
Is always existing double faced,
One when it fights evil and scoundrels can stab it
And other when as Golden calf is raised.

I know people liking it as gold
Although without a reliable pure grade
For friendship as “pure gold” is sometimes called
But never gold like friendship pure is made.

The truth with gold is easily compared
And also like the gold is ever spared.

191.

Most recently one of writing brothers
Invented an adjective for widest common use,
It soon became like father and like mother
Which's begun all people to amuse.

The word is "pretty" and is widely spread:
Attached to "dirty" made it "pretty dirty",
The "bad" is turned into "pretty bad"
And "thirty" was linked to "pretty thirty".

"Oh, she is pretty beautiful!" is heard,
"No, Pretty ugly!" suddenly retorted
And from "pretty" one is "pretty hurt"
As "pretty good" is pretty soon reported.

The politicians will not be retarded
And all with "pretty hate" will be awarded.

192.

The days of bright but full with empty hopes
Called who knows why progressive feasts
We put our newest cloths like dopes
In order all red bosses to be pleased.

There is an open special competition
To draw the attention of the Power
And turn obedience into tradition
With manifesting under the red tower.

Red faith – no alternative forever,
Is leading in political hypnosis,
It concentrates political endeavor
To make from a prognosis – diagnosis.

Hypnosis happiness irradiates
And every taste it promptly satiates.

193.

Each ordinary nervous excitation
Is calmed down by harpies of the wrath
With a uniquely ordered destination –
Be loyal subject of the ruling class!

A curtain drops before the tired eyes
And I am left with ruthlessness alone,
The fear is glowing and nobody tries
To get to virtues back their stolen dawn.

So easy is in man the beast to wake
From it enforced in the childhood sleep
And its ferocity for Party sake
In deadly concentration camp to seep.

Perhaps I can be there alive until
I try to ask for rights and own will.

194.

To be a Party boss is so attractive!
At first place you will have a bodyguard,
(Well trained to be most permanently active)
The members will keep you in their heart.

“Perhaps is very useful if it is guarded!”
Will think the people of the crowd,
You might be mostly mentally retarded
But you are Party chief... and all about...

The mind is substituted for a fraud,
For Party business this is quite ample,
Important is observing Party code,
The whole world itself is good example.

The cats are more correct in this respect,
They live without gathering in sect.

195.

I miss the long sophisticated words
Which sometimes can't properly pronounce
But this does not affect my Party lords
And they in haste my membership announce.

With intellect I am not overburdened,
Arithmetic sounds very strange to me,
"Subtraction" makes my lazy brain too ardent
But in "Addition" I am real prodigy.

I gathered soon a whole precious treasure,
I see how halo on my head appears,
All present capers have me as a measure
Of best achievements during the last years.

In my opinion, nothing is to worry,
The money hates God and God is sorry.

196.

Like all the present famous great empires
The marriage is also prone to death,
Sometimes its life span very fast expires
If God decision on the problem has.

The oaths are together sent to Hell,
The sound sense of peaceful balance too,
Nobody feels at home already well
And guilt is most embarrassed who is who.

Like walking icebergs both we now look
As though our children not exist,
Nobody in the kitchen tries to cook
If not for us but right for them at least.

To them a debt immensely huge some day
The both of us have any way to pay.

197.

The mindless attributes of greedy power
With flowers of my innocence are fed,
I stepped down from my ivory high tower
And live with mediocrity instead.

One evil substitutes for other worse
And pseudo-prophets fill the sacred church,
Invited me to join their course
And all their vices as my faith to verge.

The road to Paradise is a mistake
And this to Hell is wide like “inter state”,
I can each vehicle there to overtake
But can not overtake my social fate.

Before the Hell I saw a former monk
The banner with “Welcome here!” hung.

198.

The happiness directs some sweetened threats
Which I accept as kindly invitations,
They are so nice that I was misled
Just as have been in numerous occasions.

I trust, oh, yes, I most sincerely trust,
Exchanging the success with empty hope
And waiting that a good wonder must
Occur and I again shall occupy the top.

May be sometimes the faith could be of use
When happily it would be most intense,
For others lack of luck will be excuse
That their chance had been with no defense

And vainly sooth themselves as in a trance:
“We have no chance! We have no lucky chance!”

199.

It is not good to keep all my supply
Of joy in just one solitary place,
It might be stolen and then all my cry
Would not be able it properly to trace.

Such big disaster would cost very dear
And would throw me in mourning for too long,
Then Death willingly would be quite near
In order to put seal on my tongue.

I need variety of special site
Compartment in my daring brain
Where joy in mini portions I must hide
And to withdraw it joyfulness to feign.

My sadness does not seem to need a store,
It lives in whole me and even more.

200.

What is the poor man? – Probably a riddle!
Once upon a time he had a name
But when he humbly got into the middle
Of densest crowd this name was not the same.

The new is “Lone” among the other lone,
A carrier of restlessness for all
And representative of new genetic clone –
The human kind with prehistoric role.

He gives the rich a most prolific right,
And namely, the exclusive right to pray
For those who boldly fest both day and night
God them a painless calm death to convey.

And after death the happy poor again
The former Christian name will regain.

201.

Death sentence is a recipe of court
To heal society of bad disease,
The Lie is president of Jurist board,
The Bribe – a High court judge with double fees.

With non-transparence of the law wrapped
We solve the real problems of the state,
The crimes we successfully have trapped -
To turn crime into cash is our fate.

We are a sort of death-collector guys,
The deaths are carefully piled up in files,
A separate human group of bigger size
Are prisoners. No much more on the tiles!

Yes! Thanks to us great numbers are ill-fated
And bigger numbers are annihilated.

202.

Decision to abandon this sad life
Transforms question into hasty answer
Whether one is granted to deprive
One of life if one is ill of cancer.

The suicides are just like thunderbolt,
More than the earthy life they like the death,
They think that dieing they correct the fraud
Of their birth...They search for God...No less.

Some suicides don't like to be alone that,
They ask for a collective trip upward
Ignoring fact that down they had gone...
The Bible has a disapproving word.

There is voluptuousness in their magic
Sad strife. But it is actually tragic.

203.

In History well established fact is
That crowds in their active social practice
Are frequently making big mistakes
And common sense of people put at stakes.

The crowds announce everyone for foe
Whose IQ is not critically low,
Such foes are systematically bitten,
Incinerated, hanged, skinned or eaten.

Next generations might respect those most
And might regret for the enormous lost
But Time does not allow its decision
To be subjected to a new revision.

Events are coming one after another
But reason does not seem to be much closer.

204.

Religiousness preserves me from evil
And give me faith in the resurrection,
Religious people are considered civil
And prone to the celestial perfection.

To evil I resist with my faith
Because I know, god ripens now in me,
And I obey all what to me He says
For life in Paradise... And it will be!

I hope that God will punish basest leaders
Who torture peaceful citizens today,
Of Satan's fearful soldiers they are breeders,
They are of clay but it is devil's clay.

Until that moment I shall all endure
In God's fast interference being sure.

205.

The government is frightened by some words
It sounds very strange but it is true,
“Poor people” do not like the Party lords
But “socially weak” they pass it through.

The idiots who fill the Party ranks
Are numerous and all want to rule,
The bosses are expressing their thanks
And say “hurt mentally” instead of “fool”.

The tyrant does not like the mighty Death,
He even startles him and that is why
“Prepare the graves!” he gravely says
To bury those who he intend to sly

And not in caskets but in special set
Which he calls “the furniture for dead”.

206.

Othello strangles his wife Desdemona
Although she is pretty like Madonna
And people since this deed for many years
For her sad fate are ready to shed tears.

The cleverly created playwright tale,
Invented most exclusively for sale,
But made immortal by its perfect form
Is not in concert with the social storm.

In real life things permanently change,
They change too fast and in widest range
So that a person executing crime
May be a saint during the nearest time.

And Desdemona, bearing her bright halo
Is regularly hanging an Othello.

207.

Blindness of a whole happy nation
Is a very valuable means -
Gives the ruler opportune occasion
To perform untroubled many sins,

To enrich himself from day to day
For prosperity of poor and ill
And they pray the God to let him stay
On the people's back as long as will.

But it happens that the precious God
Sometimes is in very nasty mood,
Business problems trouble Him a lot,
He forgets to water tyrant's root.

Nation then gets back its long lost sight
And in the prison tyrant asks for right.

208.

A real wonder is the state statistic,
In it is hidden something very mystic,
It looks outside as stable as a rock
But it internally is full of fog.

I start with so called “consumer basket”,
For me resembling a collective casket,
Where present ruling and corrupted class
Is trying now to bury all of us.

The regular high rocketing of prices
For everybody means a coming crisis
But for the state statistic it is clear
That signs of huge improvement will appear.

The people make the merciless conclusion
That state statistic is a great illusion.

209.

In our absolutely precious state
New democratic journals were born
With blessing by the benevolent fate
And in allegiance to the justice sworn.

There you will find exclusive information
About life and more about death,
The many virtues of the whole nation
Which are expected after present mess.

I read and feel that I am badly caught
In hours that do not pertain to me,
Without past and future in or out –
Only events I don't want to see.

They think that with information noise
They represent the real nation's voice.

210.

Is it possible, I sometimes wonder,
To cope with the might of the fanatic?
On this question very much I ponder
But my conclusions are perhaps erratic.

Fanatical ferocity is strange,
It is not universal but directed
To single goal, connected with revenge,
And which by great ideas is infected.

The self-deception can be awful force
Because anesthetizes conscience deeply
And afterwards it might be set off course,
Instead to shock, the murders touch it ripply.

In country side, in village or in city
Fanaticism shows no human pity.

211.

Blue, red or black strong biting winds
Do not impair our benefactor –
The NATO gives us optimistic hints,
We are indeed most stabilizing factor.

The bribe for me is tsar and parliament
And non the less a method to survive,
It is my water-proof benign cement;
Who does not pay he'll surely lose his life.

Morality just like a magic river
Is trying to annihilate the vice
However lacks the necessary lever,
With wordiness alone it won't suffice.

The situation needs some explanations
But nowadays there're only speculations.

212.

The shining days of the unique renaissance
Are times when immortal geniuses live
Who taught the human kind immortal lessons
How the enlightenment it may achieve.

At present many tireless impostors
Attempt in vain the great to imitate,
Big brother also tirelessly fosters,
Expecting own turn for being great.

Unfortunately certain parts of culture
Are getting bigger in reversed time,
The progress is created not by vultures,
You can not drag and smear it into slime.

This everybody easily can see,
Not everybody yet will agree.

213.

May be the stammering as a mistake
Is buried in some brain convolution
But any way it can not ever shake
The job preformed by mother evolution.

But if a radio begins to stutter
Aggressively and constantly non-stop,
In fact it whole society may shatter
And hurt it no less than a pistol shot.

A stammerer to stammerer right stammers
And stammering pollutes the sacred sky,
It sounds in the ear-drums just as hammers
And causes in the public total cry.

Salvation can be reached in some deep cave
Or better in a noise-protected grave.

214.

Idealists or rather realists?
Perhaps they live on different two poles.
Are they registered on two separate lists,
Predestined to fulfill two secret roles?

Idealism in fact is a disease
With consequences that are very bad,
In youth it tries its toxins to release
And normal people making nearly mad.

Authorities with no delay take care
For prophylaxis with a vaccination
Which the police are ready to prepare
And to send it to every destination.

It usually is quite effective
To pests that dangerously are infective.

215.

In progress is a prequalification
Among the birds in service to the nation,
The cock: “I must be better paid
And will be presidential aid.”

The animals are getting on the top
That is why the people lose their job,
The unemployed want to eat
But now of them we can not rid.

A new and pleasantly composed song
Announces that nothing here is wrong,
That our rulers are much wise
And build for us a Paradise.

This brightest happiness we have got
As a result of democratic vote.

216.

In our contemporary bleak reality,
In this ferocious world of wrath and rage
To be a champion of the normality
From safety point of view is not too sage.

The normal men are judged by the law
Both here and up to the Saint Peter's farm,
Whereas abnormal, all the people know,
Are never sentenced to a prison term.

In the most spacious madhouse of ours
The normal persons are a rare exception
They want to reason during all the hours
And this is very boring for perception.

My expectations are that world's priority
Is to keep on the normal men's minority.

217.

The soul is transparent like a ghost,
It is enforcedly dragged in the heart,
I do not know why but may be most
To get a heaven's registration card.

In fact the soul is free, deprived of home,
Without tissues, anatomic feature,
For its existence has no need of dome,
Of church, of mosque, of synagogue or preacher.

Is it our property or got for rent?
May be sometimes this also will be known,
Through Internet a question can be sent
If Heaven to computer's times has grown.

The soul now still keeps recollection
For those two apples by which man lost perfection.

218.

I think the calmness much resembles death
And though many people like it much,
They count mostly on the hope, I guess,
To break of current life the painful clutch.

In calmness and in silence there are hidden
Quickening of life and of success
With it I on the wind will be ridden
And master will be everywhere, no less.

For me however stormy life is best
Although as a rule it is too short,
No use on Earth to search for rest,
I later rest will receive by Lord.

To take this promised rest still in advance
For peaceful citizens is better chance.

219.

We democracy erected
And new rulers we elected,
Their bureaucratic teams
Promise us the brightest dreams.

They'll defense us from the thunder,
From volcanoes up and under,
Homes they will for people build,
For the poor they will be shield.

To the stupid will give wit,
To the bankers right to cheat,
To the cocks – to lay big eggs,
To the cripple – healthy legs.

And to all of us, they say –
Lift to Heaven, by the way.

220.

Injustice has a very friendly tongue,
Under its roof I feel secure and fine,
It never asks about right and wrong,
Its services are always on line.

“I will protect you from unpleasant thoughts,
From cheating paradise of every beauty,
From conscience and its curved roads,
From heavy burdens and from heavy duty.

Why must you trust the shining path of truth?-
It much resembles an apparent trap,
With me you will have many dreams to choose
And calmly rest on my most soothing lap.

The honest dreams are very welcome here
If conscience has no right to see and hear.

221.

Do you notice how around
Fly and even try to flirt
With a joyful pretty sound
Swarms of flies on pile of dirt?

They are petty politicians
Making here a noble raid
To fulfill a noble mission
Noble Party to create.

Clusters flies to cluster join,
Flutter, imitating doves,
A new platform they will coin,
Full of democratic stuffs.

They forget amidst the cries
That are short living may-flies.

222.

The fear unconditionally grows
And it is strange, because the people here
Are getting good, without mortal foes,
So they'll get along without fear.

It is unclear how it happens so –
Together to exist a sea of vice
And sea of human virtues a big row,
Protected by the state at any price?

The fear is turning into strongest shield
Combined with silence in sufficient dose,
The passive patience before other's guilt
Is keeping you to fullest safety close.

The first important thing is life
And happiness the next will arrive.

223.

Antiquity possesses healing fog
That is much like golden-plated cover –
Increases prices in historic stock
For joy of every ancient gadgets lover.

The fierce, reckless, pitiless mass slaughters
In bloodiest and blood thirstiest battles
Are the eternal and non-stopping motor
That drives events and causes noisy rattles.

The hero of the Trojan War was butcher
Whom glorified a genial blind bard,
He gave him an insurance for the future,
So Achilles competes in every start.

The History exempted each newcomer
Because he had to be compared with Homer.

224.

Do honor but don't ever idolize
Nobody on this planet full of sin!-
The idols must be kept in highest skies,
Here each of us is their distant kin.

The semi-gods are fighting with each others
For decorations, power and for throne,
They put on stake their fathers even mothers
And everything to have the battles won.

They die and things are changing very fast,
The nation's mind is fortunately short,
The persons and their deeds sink in the past,
New people come and fight for place in court.

I want to write to God sincere letter:
Newcomers are by no way the better.

225.

How can I measure justly human evil?-
By inch, by minute, liter or by gram?
When statistic will become more civil
And shame and truth together will come?

Alas! For it there is no kind of measures
And it is growing fast and with no limit,
It can annihilate all human treasures
Although its defenders pose as timid.

They are too numerous and all united
Against my person and against my cause,
In their social circle I am not invited
But I don't mind and I am not morose.

It's possible in not too distant time
A special prize to be bestowed on crime.

226.

Future is a deeply sleeping Past
Somewhere in abysses of Time,
God decided there it to cast
In accord with His will sublime.

It is absent in the tribes of apes,
They don't suffer in the chains of mind,
Recollections have unclear shapes
Which the Time has no way to find.

Apes do not pretend for any dreams
Neither ever want to dress in fashion,
Nor participate in boring hymns
To obtain a better charge-free ration.

Their main advantage is, I guess,
The completely ignorance of Death.

227.

Sometimes comes in our pub
A well dressed rich jumped-up
With a proud lofty mien
What before we've never seen.

Behind fashionable suit
Folly has profound root
Only few can notice this
Due to his efficient fist.

Millions provoking awe
Are much stronger than the law,
His base kingdom made of mud
He defends with blood and blood.

Law and crime are both a system
And the state is also with them.

228.

A lot of men are trying to explain
Beauty by a series of opinions
That provides them with convenience
However explanations are in vain.

Why beauty is compelling us to shudder
Always when contemplate its grace? -
Frequently Death is at its place
However artists love it more than mother.

It never is attempting to be tough,
Keeps a sacred silence like a Sphinx,
“It is very wise!” someone thinks,
In fact is beautiful and that’s enough.

It never stays before a closed door,
Doors open by themselves. And nothing more.

229.

If the happiness were a verb
I would like it in the present tense –
Shall become a boss with my gerb
And a swarm of guards for my defense.

Singular, of course, it will be,
Full of luxury and finest pleasure,
First person among all will be for me,
Happiness is bad without treasure.

I will jump from one side to another
On the very fertile Party soil,
Happiness for me must daily bother,
I won't waste my time with heavy toil.

Happiness in grammar as I check it
Is entirely expressed by “racket”.

230.

I imagine an immense dark crowd
Blinded by a fearful self-contempt
How is crying desperately loud
And to find new leader makes attempt.

Single personality is gone,
Melted in the density of mass,
There to new reshaping it is prone
Test for anonymity to pass.

Much in comfort crowds are mislead
By the clouds of promises and lies!-
They with no exception all are red,
All are picture of red Paradise.

Mental blindness all of them produce,
Necessary for the Party use.

231.

Above the cemetery rules the silence
Transpierced by lamentations and by grief,
Around graves – these most morose islands,
Which God predestines for the dead to live.

The proud grave digger poses as a master,
Behaves himself as though on parade
Before the people, stroke by the disaster,
Who come here in despair, lead by ill-fate.

Subjected to the worst humiliation
By the authorities who waste their time
Forgetting that they have with Death relation
And the bureaucracy is basest crime.

The cemetery recently is made
A place for shame and profitable trade.

232.

Is not this nasty world like poison snake
Which periodically changes its skin?
The cities it destroys by huge earthquake,
By wars and fire gets the people clean.

Ten thousand wars are fought until now
And they successfully had scared its face,
The mountains of soldiers killed still grow
But world yet still survives the mortal race.

However newly come atomic threat
Is measured with explosive megatons
And many generals already bet
In which way to kill the human clones.

The whole planet now is at stake,
It might be eaten by a cosmic snake.

233.

A very strange phenomenon took place!
“New kind of thinking” all the rulers face
As though the thinking is a sort of dress
Which can be changed for sake of the success.

Unfounded opinions like this
Are recommended mainly to police
But no one for centuries behind
Has seen a magic wonder of the kind.

The stupid man is permanently fool,
When he is summoned to election pool,
Such is he during night and during day
Or when invited welcome speech to say.

New thinking for the all old fools
Is possible if you would change the rules.

234.

The science drove away a lot of lies
Which since long are torturing the man
But it killed also our closest ties
With wonders which to get back no one can.

The Wonder is incomparable drug
At moments when I am extremely sad,
It helps me to avoid the awful tug
By the tradition's threat to make me mad.

I am as though free of earthly weight,
My soul is ready in the space to roll,
Its strife toward the God to satiate
Alone or in the company of all.

With Wonder there is nothing to compare
But it is rare, it is very rare.

235.

There are so many days so much alike!
They might be recognized by their dates
Because originate of common tige
And share with people their common fates.

The gossips hurry to diversify
The boring days by import of events
Created by some handsome super guy
Who like magician every evil mends.

The public this way is deviated
From desperately ugly social mess,
Imaginary happiness created
The real sufferings will suppress.

This is the most efficient ancient tool
How over widest people's mass to rule.

236.

Injustice most sincerely loves the awe
And also totally eclipsed souls,
Its deputy is constantly the law,
Both they fulfill important social roles.

Injustice looks for goals everywhere,
All continents are on the waiting list,
It needs no care, it itself takes care
That everyone to be like communist.

It's idol climbing the important road
To Party leadership and sacred cash,
It knows everybody can be bought
If he's infected with the golden rush.

Its methods used for speedy persuasion
Depend on every separate occasion.

237.

If you attentively observe the past
Perhaps you will be able to regard
How gradually, cleverly and fast
The youth is cheated from the very start.

Historic heroes are quite invisible,
Annihilated on the battle field,
To summon their ghosts now isn't feasible,
Their graves are meanwhile precisely sealed.

The youth has no more positive examples
Which to follow during nasty years,
The present offers only nasty samples
Of sex, of drunkenness, disgust and fears.

The crime, amalgamated with the state,
Will stay on power here at any rate.

238.

Which government is not a ruin
And which ministers are not clowns
As far as their mainly doing
Is of the stomach to be pawns?

From banquet chair to banquet table
Are passing their busy days,
Among them everyone is able
To charge-free meals to find the ways.

And meanwhile they love the poor
And have good drugs against the riots
Which, reliable and sure,
Most recommended hunger diets.

One of them and it is last –
A whole year healthy fast.

239.

When nation wide is spread acute psychosis
The moral values are at stock exchange,
The fraud is served in threatening high doses,
The truth in vain is waiting for revenge.

The Nature suffers of its wounds that ache
In lakes, in oceans, mountains and woods,
In vain expects some measures man to take
To save it and his own rotten roots.

The man-machine and the machine-man try
To fight the Nature everywhere they can
Forgetting that they cruelly defy
The life – sublime best property of man.

Instead of life the future generations
Will get the death of the United nations.

240.

I ask myself too many times in vain
How man must change when becoming ruler,
Perhaps at first place he has to detain
All foes in specially prepared cooler.

But what next? Crowds? Them he has to dope
With optimistic statement “All is fine!
We soon will be the best on whole Globe
And our star will forever shine!”

No matter that the words are empty. Block
Of mind is what the crowds mostly need
And also big excess of densest fog,
Obedience will implant prolific seed.

The optimism is an important rope,
It hangs the people but preserves the hope.

241.

I harbor admiration to the smart
And think: "God gifted wit to him!"
But feel awful before the darkest art
Of damned stupidity and its world's esteem.

The stupid persons multiply so fast
That it is difficult to be endured,
They were tolerable in the past
But now humanism must be cured.

Stupidity sits on the royal throne,
It occupies commissions, councils, boards,
In contrast talented is left alone
And persecuted fiercely in the courts.

It is no secret that its burning might
Is its gift the people to unite.

242.

Hypocrisy now glorifies the humble,
Laments the unemployed and all the poor,
Shed tears for the homeless with a tremble
And so its ruling status can insure.

It captures the important key positions
By perseverance, toil and kindest words,
It undertakes a series of missions
To conquer trust and all the rulers courts.

It disregards the talents, they are trash,
It shows them with contempt the door,
Let them in restaurants the plates to wash
And like poor slaves on knees to clean the floor.

Hypocrisy will provides them with its grace
And necessarily will them replace.

243.

Since long ago our patience suffers badly
From ostentatiously bad conclusions,
Dispersed by radio intensely, madly,
Without shame and traces of confusions.

The commentaries are all ready made
To serve the boss who is pay the dough,
Albania, the pyramids, an air raid,
The clever commentators all this know.

The ether is most flooded by the lies
From time to time diluted by red folly
And they continue at any price
To praise establishment as their dolly,

Pretending that all this misinformation
Is greatest act of democratization.

244.

My nation frequently is in crises
That vary in remarkably wide ranges,
We survive but we pay mortal prices,
Subjected to unordinary changes.

Our graves , dispersed everywhere on Globe,
Are saddest memories of our tribe,
A starting point to historic probe,
Meant to determine our common type.

Two continents already had been trembled
From our battle cries and horse tail flags
And from armies by the Khan assembled
Which ever march forwards and never back.

Empires round us had passed away
But we are here and here we stay.

245.

By a strangely occurring event
I met in an overseas land
A most boring and arrogant fool –
A fat Frenchman robust like a bull.

He was proud with Hugo and Balzac
But did not know who they were,
Were they generals under the French flag
Or discoverers in the scientific high sphere.

Despite this he pretends to be praised
As though he himself right them had raised,
Wants to be as a hero proclaimed
And for their high service to be famed.

Would he ever know what mean
De Nerval, Baudelaire and Lamartine?

246.

The officer on the domain of culture
Sometimes are predators like vulture
And a promotion can be promptly gained
If only conscience stays long chained.

An artist, poet, architect or preacher
Rely for help on their Party-teacher,
Without it career can't be built,
The Party membership is their shield.

The prizes generally are bestowed
On those who follow the Party road,
In fact they manufacture basest shame
Agreeing to be involved in shameful game.

The prize is handed by the Party boss,
The greatest prizes are the greatest loss.

247.

Until when we humbly shall wait
Before the doors most desperately shut
By foreigners pretending to be great
Who try our way to happiness to cut?

The cloudless fornications of the dream
When will stop filling souls with hell
Where our mind is thrown to esteem
To whom its own silliness may sell.

My pains and sufferings without rest
Prolong my expectations for the better,
My best request remains an empty test
For Heaven's mercy which the hate to shatter.

The hope in my opinion is gain
Although as a rule it is in vain.

248.

Each civil equilibrium is lost,
The human life is under constant threat,
The harmony has no more cost,
Avidity enslaves alive and dead.

The world has little good and ample evil –
Two things the Nature does not know,
Man has declared our rights as civil,
For “civil” “Yes”, for “rights” however “No!”

Too many years passed without Time-
Just Eve and Adam in the Paradise
Without virtues and without crime
And knowledge unavailable at any price.

I think that Paradise as a whole
God left too long without good control.

249.

Why people with notorious strong wit
Are suffering so badly of disasters?
Why Fate prefers them always to meet
With bunch of many pains which grow vaster?

In contrast, lot of mediocre is quite fine,
They reach to wealth and always get it
Announce their origin divine
And, fact is, world of all them can not rid.

They occupy the power and they rule,
Their puppets are on strings and on the top,
The most of them are stubborn like a mule
From emperors to last provincial cop.

They are too far of reasonable norms
And we in vain are waiting for reforms.

250.

The Nature is severely silent now,
Indifferent to illness of mankind
And probably is much wondering how
The reason has abandoned the best mind.

The humanness is thoroughly bitten
By all political marauders here,
It wants to hide in woods but woods are eaten
By sow which is stronger than the seer.

Hellas! The hope of many people – wood
Is practically very, very dead,
There are no heroes like a Robin Hood,
No one survivor there can be fed.

The natural resources of the nation
Are off... What remains is desperation.

251.

The night spreads darkness everywhere it can,
The stars are hiding friendly in the clouds,
It is the time when hell fulfills its plan
And murderer is joining the crowds.

His dirty work already is prepaid,
The victim labeled with the sign of death,
The calendar keeps the deadly date,
The gun is ready for the last caress.

The killer is insured against arrest,
His right to kill – endorsed by mighty group,
The trade with death is profitable best,
One hardly can evade the deadly loop.

The deed is done. A friend or foe –
Next victim is already on the row.

252.

With apples in the once lost Paradise
God told the man what is naked fraud,
With it He then began to advertise...
Advertisement is since widely bought.

The Lie is conjugated with Beauty
In form of round-the-clock routine...
The God and Satan are now friends on duty
Engaged in an amalgamated sin.

Advertisement at present is huge force,
It steals without pick-pocketing at all,
Attracts attention following its course
And occupies the most prestigious hall.

To the Eskimos it can sell some ice
And to the Hell well preserved vice.

253.

With dignity my innocence I kept
And also my most honorary title,
From all protesting crowds far
And close to all which for me is vital.

My ascent was not stormy but was steady,
I was well paid, I was paid very well,
The fate proclaimed me permanently ready
To buy what I can but above all to sell.

The pile of money served correctly me -
And I so planned with it to live forever
But angels wanted very much to see
My person neighboring to them *up there*.

They put some TNT in my new car
And took me in a barrel full of tar.

254.

On him are pressing almost hundred years –
A life of cobbler desperately poor
But never shed he any bitter tears
Or said “These rulers I can not endure!”

He felt secure with a mighty shield
Of memory for bayonet attack,
There, on the bloody battle field,
Where his command had made the foe to crack.

He lost two legs and also lot of blood
But took advantage to remain alive
To see the way across the dirty mud
(In desperate last effort to survive)

The French and English under the drum beat
Had run to take in Heaven their sit.

255.

He wrote some verses and betrayed some people
In strife to get a well paid Party post,
Not only one of his victims got cripple
For his promotion high at any cost.

The Party paid and he was translated
Abroad in numerous strange tongues
As gratitude for lot of ill-fated
Among colleagues who had betrayed with songs.

His jubilee was celebrated widely,
He was pronounced doubtlessly gifted
And soon his name was raised rightly
For Nobel Prize in Sweden to be sifted.

He was such an immensely awful rogue
That rightly was becoming the top dog.

256.

Our Nature is full of gorgeous beauty
And the society of dirty duty,
In such an obligatory long pains
The nation under filthy rule remains.

Unfortunately rulers are elected
By us, ho are with their lies infected,
Corrupted all they never miss a chance
To bribe us or to sell us in advance.

This drama is eternally repeated
In slavery most constantly completed
With promises that all will end well –
Instead of Paradise we got a hell

And in the Hell the devilish old game
Revealed that the new devils are the same.

257.

In our spacious parliament hall
There are a great deal fearless defenders,
To keep the virtues is their greatest role
In the society for both two genders.

They teach the people by their good example
Of charity, humanity and honor,
The good examples among them are ample,
Here everybody is potential donor.

A bow before the most victorious Money
Is their most important act of faith,
They are contempt but they find this for funny
Because it does not hurt the joyful days.

They never bother about tax and bills,
Completely free of charge are their meals.

258.

At these severe and mostly troubled times
Disintegrate society and law,
What do exist is organized crimes,
Before their might all honest people bow.

They can be within widest ranging ages,
They kill most cordially and with taste,
The victim might be fool or the best of sages,
Here everything on business is based.

Available on every market place
The crimes successfully are integrated
In life and they have clever social face
Because with ruling force are being mated.

The union is sound with strong ties,
I can confirm this once, and twice, and trice.

259.

For Medicinal Chemistry exam
A lot of useless knowledge now is needed,
It is the same for woman and for man -
From Britain to Siberia is seeded.

The ketoses, ethers, hydrazones and acids
Are unconceivable for me to memorize,
All they are representing clever assets
But all are hated by the student guys.

O, when shall stop the arbitrary rule
Of pitiless unwelcome educators?
They want to sink us in the deepest pool
Of graphs, of equations, just like traitors.

It is a pity that all our marks
Depend completely on scientific clerks.

260.

Apostle Saint Paul? Was he once a traitor?
If yes, who had he yet betrayed?
In fact, he was remarkable orator
But his repentance was it not too late?

He persecuted Christians with zeal
But sun-stroke opened his internal eyes,
He Holy Spirit had begun to feel
And saw the godly face and Paradise.

Today such change is something not so rare,
The saint example caused appetites,
A lot of people think that it is fair
And practice it as part of civil rights.

The Savior most joyful gave him credit,
Yet let as martyr Saint Paul be beheaded.

261.

When people of integrity are few
The recklessness with easiness can win
Despite the perfect plans which are due
To conquer future and switch off the sin.

The fools in the entire public space
Are multiplying limitless and fast,
They easily would have won a race
On this theme if selected by the cast.

But folly, madness, faith and even hope
Resemble now so strikingly each other
That I, embarrassed, can not with them cope
And neither am allowed of being closer.

What is lacking? Mephistopheles with wit
Or plain philosophers who our wish to meet?

262.

Since early youth we stubbornly are taught
Of the great deeds performed by our heroes,
Their feats are milestones on the spiral road
On which we step admiring and serous.

But if we look at the events around
We see how youngsters in the Palestine,
Who try their own home to found,
Are sacrificed themselves in vain as living mine.

These heroes our rulers take for granted
To call the basest people on the Earth
For Freedom by which they are enchanted,
And never miss the chances them to curse.

The Palestinians do not obey
And by explosions seek the noblest way.

263.

The former greatest revolutionaries
Are now famous first *corruptionaries*
Succeeding with the mud to seal
Moral and every bright ideal.

Quite shamelessly they their own face
Completely cover with unique disgrace
And most obsessed by avid rush
The evil they transform in cash.

Their perfidy is globally well known,
All are great democrats, yet most renown,
When together every time
Unite in sacred name of crime.

The undernourishment of their nation
Is their unequivocal creation.

264.

The intellectuals since long ago
Are ordered by the rulers where to go,
Obedient they are
And might survive so far.

By novel, poem, picture and by song
They glorify the power of the Wrong,
Disguised with noble words
They serve the ruling hordes.

Those who happens sometimes to reject
The slavery of hated Party sect,
The sweeping cleansing wave
Push all of them in grave.

They can declare completely independence
Protected by their faithful dependence.

265.

A strange discussion took place yesterday
In the community of servants-slaves,
It was not linked as usual with pay
Or with the Hell that God for all them saves.

The master wholeheartedly has said
“My slaves, bow to me as low as you can!”
And after that had yawned and gone to bed
Forgetting what a mess by this had done.

The servants started long equivocation,
It endlessly is non-stop going on
Accompanied by eloquent oration
Whose bow is lowest to the ruling throne.

Although many such low bows despise,
Since centuries is done this exercise.

266.

I like the lively lies of many songs
And their brotherhood with the fog
Because this for the Freedom longs,
Yet Freedom may be masked as a rogue.

I hate however the next sober down
When expectations thoroughly subside,
When the shining liberation's crown
Again on tyrant's head will reside.

Begins new feast of all the darkest forces
In honor of the tided up invaders
With their noisy governmental courses
In favor of all their nasty raiders.

They are transforming slavery in art
And all begins up from the very start.

267.

The millions accept rebirth as truth
Expecting God to borrow them life
Much after present precious life they lose,
And no one of this hope can them deprive.

The soul will separate itself from flesh,
Through Purgatory freely will pass
And free of sins, restored and almost fresh,
Will fast return to world where it was.

Some curiosities are not excluded:
Just as in pre election empty words,
The soul by mistake may be included
In company of dogs and their boards.

But this is only a fantastic plan,
It is not in the Bible and Koran.

268.

My country, fatherland of ancient giants,
Is mutilated by the magic axes,
They cut off the flowers of our science
And left to us the poverty and taxes.

Bad luck is whole History of ours,
Its periods we know by days and hours,
The slaveries are subject we can teach
And could describe in tiny details each.

The slavery is lesson of survival,
Experience in most extreme conditions,
The blackest death is our mighty rival,
The start and finish of all high ambitions.

Our present status is obtained by merit
But like a throne one can it inherit.

269.

The family peace,
Maintained by kiss,
Not rare is a fake
That asks for remake.

Too lucky look spouses
In joy with no pauses
Just like the birds
With no need of thirds.

But sometimes the tears
Are pressing since years,
And hidden up there
To preserve the pair.

They seek now force
To cause a divorce.

270.

Aristocrats are here all imported
Because the native ones were duly killed
In ancient battles when the Death escorted
All them to the heroic graves they filled.

We had to sell abroad homespun and cord
In order to obtain some prince or tsar
And humbly to insist for his accord
To get obedience of which we ready are.

But the imported tsars are too prolific,
They eat not only meals but gold and gems,
This feature of the tsars is most specific,
And linked with their pedigree, it seems.

By their pedigree they are most keen
To fear immensely from the guillotine.

271.

We are disarmed, divided into parts,
Both by compatriots and many strangers
United by the hatred to the guards
That kept us safe among the vile avengers.

What to do? Nobody knows today.
Back to our ancient Asian motherland
Alongside proud peaks of Himalaya
Or in a desert full of hottest sand?

It is no time yet to repose in grave –
In us still lives the force of ancient blood,
We'll overcome the threat of evil wave
Provoked by treason of some new born Jude.

In our youth our greatest hope is rooted,
Nobody in the whole world can shoot it.

272.

There are no poems to the banished people,
No odes and not whatever dedications,
The sons in concentration camp are crippling,
But banished people have eternal patience.

An order. Three lines. Hard to feel.
The whole family with no delay.
From capital to distant bidonville.
And death for every who would disobey.

A broken cart. No furniture. Some cloths.
The communists are not without pity.
As an exception they not kill because
The West insists they to observe the treaty.

The crowds summoned to encircle station
Are crying “Death to the foes of nation!”

273.

Since long ago is empty camp of Khan,
No more are here horses, flowing mane,
The country is like psychiatry ran
By people who behave as quite insane.

Who are the healthy and who are the ill? -
The dead will perpetually wonder.
Will they forge or will remember still
That our future tries somewhere to ponder?

Will the Khan awake with all his troops?
Will he blow his mighty battle horn?
Will he turn in soldiers present goops
Who think that they to be all slaves are born?

It seems that our badly bitter fate
From "late" transforms us promptly in "the late".

274.

The “riot” in my tongue means “Paradise”,
An ambiguity that sounds strange,
I hope important mixture may arise
If we a thorough mixing could arrange.

The “riot” with “Paradise” will be mixed
In language mostly Esperanto-like,
The peace to be forever firmly fixed
And heart of war pierced with a pike.

We shall build a new Babylonian tower
And with such sound basis will be it
That neither God nor Satan with power
Will be able to destroy the deed.

And victory from riot will arise
By which the Man will reach the Paradise.

275.

*This **Battle of [Adrianople](#)** ([Odrin](#)) occurred on [April 14 1205](#) between [Bulgars](#) under [Tsar Kaloyan](#), and [Latins](#) under the Latin emperor [Baldwin I](#).*

It was so many centuries ago
When near Adrianople in the plain
The ancestors of Koburgs in a row
Tried over our tribe and land to reign.

They stayed there firmly under Baldwin
With shining brightly silver like chain-mails,
Self confident that always they win,
On horseback – threatening like mighty gales.

We were not so perfectly organized
Nor have we purses with much precious gold,
Our earthly life was not so highly priced,

However with no tall words to tell
But fighting with rage and fiercely bold
We throw them all respectfully in Hell.

276.

I think religious persons are all right
Although I since long am unbeliever,
I like their eyes full of internal light
Before an icon that makes them to shiver.

The logic in religion is not much
But this alone would hardly do some harm,
It even helps the man to get in touch
With moral force and evil to disarm.

However there is faith of stormy hate,
It glorifies the darkest sites of soul,
The bloodshed is its aim at any rate

What it pursues through most fanatic men...
This desperately anti-human role
Will kill it. But I don't know when.

277.

I many times have asked myself in vain
Why people close the feelings in the heart
Which constantly is trying to retain
The life in our bodies from the start.

The heart might be well or might be sick
But hardly “happy” or “unhappy” yet,
Some poets even think that it is chic
To show the heart as “very good” or “bad”.

In fact it is an anatomic pump.
We animate it mainly by the habit,
It is not any maverick nor gump
And spirit is not used there to inhabit.

The hearts – romantic, greatly unforgettable,
They are “HLA-incompatible”.

278.

Bulgarian soldiers began a bayonet attack 500m before the enemy trenches.

“Times”-1912.

The heroism, where is it now
With our ever penetrating “Trail!”
By which to Istanbul we used to go
And militarily we never fail?

The army is already deeply hurt,
Annihilated without bloody fights,
The heroes constantly are on the alert
As marble statues by the traffic lights.

Which genius of the highest of high treasons
Is the author of this failure with no end?
Who found thousands silly reasons

To put our sacred battle flags on sale
And our honor as a nation to depend
On our foes as in horror tale?

279.

A huge red banner reads “The science promotes
The progress of the whole happy nation!”
What progress?! Hunger? Poverty? Bright roads
To a permanent and total deprivation?

Oh, what variety of follies we met! –
“Five years plans” and “Social emulations”
With many dirty lies we were fed –
Discoveries in form of fabrications.

The science has been treated like a whore,
It was compelled to find not real facts
But to declare the Party corridor

As brightest way to happiness and right,
The Party lies as highest justice acts.
And people did obey. But not quite.

280.

Whether I am villain or I'm good
At present made nobody to be thrilled,
Contemporarily the social mood
Is most concerned with "collective guilt".

A state is strong when stronger is the law,
When each of its members has his face,
If melted in the crowd he sinks below
In marsh of shadows with no sex or race.

When persons in society are lacking
This is beginning of the tragic end,
For Themis is impossible the tracking
Of innocence which she must defend.

Legality to be respected most
Is needed when morality is lost.

281.

How difficult is for the little man
To choose a most appropriate religion
As far as now they are more than ten
And each of them official in its region?

Jehovah, Christ and Mohammad are kings
Of souls on Earth and very much *above*,
The point is that each of them now sings
As most unique concerning ghostly stuff.

More interesting is that their agents -
Imams or rabbi, even preacher, all
When organize religious pageants
Send their prayers to a common goal...

Many people probably will laugh
But this, no doubt, is the Golden Calf.

282.

Isn't strange that wisdom as an asset
Has been created very long ago?
The greatest sages, sage in every facet,
Are in antiquity – to them we bow.

Not in airplane, in auto or in train
Are born the insights linked to human soul
But in the darkest ages when the brain
Was ignorant of steamboat and of coal.

Today the skunks, producing noise,
With most illustrious expensive cars
Are hardly more intelligent as boys
Than humble chimps in zoos behind the bars.

For them Demokritos, Aristotle and Kar
The pseudonyms of movie actors are.

283.

They rarely are pronouncing “the next year”,
Their flesh is infiltrated by the pest
And their life is constantly in fear,
The AIDS is counting what is rest.

They are not only mortally infected
With a bad virus but with desperation,
Their kin and friends are all defected
And so they are without consolation.

They have no shelter in their own house
Where frequently are most undesired,
The souls are obsessed by darkest chaos

As though they are the messengers of evil.
From former work they are already fired –
The only exit is the death... And devil.

284.

“Fame, Money and Glory?” – What are they for
If I must pay to the almighty Fate
With compromises and yet even more
That makes my conscience to become “the late”?

The people of integrity think so
As species due to be at last extinct
As though we are labeled with awe
Of Nature to the evolution linked.

With History we are in close relations
Although on a quite unfriendly basis
Because we are deaf for agitations

Concerning the degrees of our honor,
And the speed of our trembling paces
Towards the Death who is our donor.

285.

With hypocritical contempt you cry
For ruin of the precious our tongue
But you, yourselves, are henchmen when you try
To kill it quite cold blooded and since long.

You sacrificed it, you, the paper men,
You smeared it with the wordy foreign dirt
And afterwards you, hidden in your den,
Refuse to understand what you hurt.

“Massives, Modist, Koulisse, Eau de Cologne”,
Anesthetize the native precious words
And our verbal culture now is prone
To kneel before attacking foreign swords.

If Botev could have come from his retreat
He hardly would be able now to read.

286.

I know Ten Commandments. All divine.
Each of them is wiser than the other,
By them the Man may be again will dine
In Eden being blessed by Holy Father.

But how to follow commandment “Love!”
Who can rule upon the human feelings?
In contrast to commandment “Kill!”, it’s tough –
Impossible to execute for shillings.

With this perplexed text in Holy Book
The Lie is manifesting thousand years,
To each of us at face it tries to look

Provoking us, embarrassed, to repeat
“I love!” with hypocritical hot tears,
in fact, sometimes, without feeling it.

287.

From fear to fear, from sin to sin,
The right way upward I've seen,
In order at the king to look
I many people overtook.

When he gives a sign by brow
I suddenly respond with bow
Fulfilling fast his highest goal
And helping by my humble role.

It does not matter am I wretch,
A bastard, may be too Jack Ketch,
I shall wash the royal dishes
If needed to obey king's wishes.

I favorite position got,
Above me are the king and God.

288.

The media resembling the bubonic
Plague are obsessing our electronic
and all they are creating only terrors
With their information full of errors.

Intolerable errors and bad form
Gives birth to a disgusting poison corm
And it infects without much delay
The public space completely night and day.

The speakers sin, sin against the grammar,
The mutilated words strike us like hammer,
No one confesses frankly why and how
The man becomes of language a foe.

The Lie is still on its prestigious throne
And its reign constantly is going on.

289.

I am much weary of the black and white
Of our most distinguished socialite,
The black and white, if given in a hurry,
Is like as some one something is to bury.

The people dream of sober renovation
And of a vital floral decoration
When over all the souls in a row
Will rule eternal beauty with its law.

They mostly think “Between the white and black
Are all the colors”...But these thoughts lack
The truth, according to precise analysis
That done by famous philosopher Thales is.

Because, instead of colors all the way,
Between the black and white is only *grey*.

290.

The Hyppocrates doctor's oath
In many tiny details goes –
The doctors must be good and poor
And to avoid any lure.

However when they open door
Of grocery or other store
They are refused to get some stuff
If paying only with love.

They most are ready for the feat
But nothing it gives them to eat
And even cordial street monger
Would leave them all to die of hunger.

If not good paid, before each block door
We shall find a starving doctor.

291.

Like an automaton he turned to be,
His ministerial soul was worn out,
The people are already used to see
Him as a specialist of all about.

His love with the fatherland became
Since long a form of skillful simulation,
His kindness was well trained and very tame
As duty to his Party and the nation.

Before the camera he was most ready
To kiss a wrinkled “ordinary” hand,
To call the oldest among peasants “Daddy”

In order to be set on the DVD
And every smear on his face to withstand
But to preserve the post where used to be.

292.

The aborigines, what they will do
In this fast changing never resting Globe?
Will they accept the rules prepared anew
Or will resist the content of the dope?

In Africa and in the Amazon
They will be finished by the fast progress,
The modern agony will made them prone
To reservations under strict arrest.

There they'll exploit, instead of ancient spears,
The rifles, pistols and most other guns –
A magic gift by the prolific years

In honor of Millennium the Third
Which the great civilization runs
When the grave achievements have occurred.

293.

The happiness – unordinary rose
Doesn't love the mobs in common social gardens,
It seeks the calm of loneliness because
So it expects to get God's bless and pardon.

The sufferers are doing the reverse –
Prefer the company in order to compare
Whose bad luck is among all the worse
And ask for help and consolation there.

Ill fate unites successfully them all
Within the shelter of the brotherhood
Where they in vain rely on hope to call

For help the mostly sacred human truth
To visit Earth, when in pleasant mood,
From distant planet where enjoys its youth.

294.

Integrity is difficult to bear...
With crime one gets accustomed quite easy,
Integrity is valued very dear
Perhaps because in other world is busy.

The people of integrity are slow,
And for society of justice all they long,
They trust the strength of non existing law
And disregard how is injustice strong.

In chaos now they hardly can survive
And to discover the unique right road,
To see that no one values their life,

That presently the glory is for those
Who steal, who kill and practice any fraud
To win society with angelic pose.

295.

I long for an enlightenment of soul
Through very essence of the simple things
But my suspicions soon obscure the goal
Depriving my poor soul of its wings.

The knowledge and its tiny border line
Give meaning of exhaustive heavy toil
My reason with my feelings to combine
When operating on a neutral soil.

Despite all this, without hesitation
I will pursue my bright selected aim
Expecting neither prize and nor ovation,

This makes me very happy, even rich,
Because by this most interesting game
I God and Satan from my soul impeach.

296.

The day looks mostly older than the night,
The night is dark and so may pass for young,
By darkness it protects from sun its site
And from necessity to be more frank.

However in a haste to sleep it over
We cut off third of our life
Forgetting how short is the life we cover
And in eternity we have to dive.

We just accustomed are with the planet
And start revealing some of many secrets,
The Heaven opens and we are banned

To stay more, being summoned upwards,
To speak on deeds we consider sacred
Under the supervision of celestial guards.

297.

I do not know where they all are from –
The villains of the differential layers,
They feel convenient and everywhere at home
And most sincerely think the Globe is theirs.

The greatest villains are precisely known,
The smallest too. They can be recognized
Although they don't like to be renown...
The problems are the villains "middle-sized".

The middle villain is with fearful might,
He's pitiless but different each time,
Wherever we are he's our satellite,

A predator with handsome friendly face
The very soul of every petty crime
And hidden always in safety place.

298.

The bureaucrat has his most special style,
He is the petty king at his nice sit,
Put there for good, but sometimes he is vile –
An evil difficult of it to rid.

On emptiness the bureaucrat is head,
Ejected there by undefined force
With empty words is permanently fed;
Among them “No!” much more than “Of course!”

“Tomorrow” is the greatest part of his,
Reverberates like echo in the ears
Like song performed a lot of times for “Bis!”
And later this “Tomorrow” turns to years.

“Tomorrow” is plan he must obey,
But our sufferings are all today.

299.

I seek interpreter of me myself
When I look at me from far aside
And I don't want this task to shelve
If even must with myself to fight.

My soul is far from being understood,
It speaks not with words but by groans
And not too rare its spiritual food
Are feelings cool like deeply frozen stones.

I wait for magic figure to appear
To save me of the blackest desperation
And also of my all obsessing fear...

But how society will regain
The peace which suffers constant violation
And resurrect the confidence again?

300.

All buried are memories in fog
Of the mass murders with or without court...
Of love already is the peaceful talk...
The murders now are of other sort.

The sentence are fulfilling the trombones,
Guitars, clarinets, saxophones and drums
Enforced by microphones and megaphones
And strikingly repeated music slums.

“You are at party...” like a fearful beast
The pop star is pronouncing ten times,
No single opportunity is missed
To deafen listeners by noise and rhymes.

May be at first sight this is a strange act
But noise-murder is established fact.

301.

The people like gods
Start singing the odes
When they hear the tick
Of very big stick.

The first are the thieves
And after them the chiefs,
The last come the curses
In form of pretty verses.

And in the end orations
Are praising noble nations,
Among them are Bulgarians
And all the nothingarians.

They are in angry mood
Because they wait for food.

302.

Most chattering and fearful is its name –
Suspicion! Put things and men in doubt!
Don't trust disgrace and neither trust the fame
And never ever trust the voice of crowd!

The innocents? - Will they stay alone
And left to live as undisturbed people
Not knowing how a father kills his son
And millions return from war as cripple?

No sinless. Every coming generation
On overpopulated planet Earth
Is growing with suspicion and negation
Of all its predecessors, met with curse,

And want to introduce their new say.
They make mistakes. But search for right way.

303.

At the museum now I see
A series of ordinary things
But suddenly they wonder me
When I notice small attached rings

Explaining proudly that all they
Once had been touched by very famous hero
Who happened at a quite distant day
He himself in History to burrow.

A spoon, a fork and even golden crown
Are witnesses of someone's shining fate
Who left the memory of happy dawn

In form of a luxurious night pot
Or label with a name on marble plate
That had been ordered by a royal sot.

304.

The festive, solemn, and post mortal chant
For memorizing genius and its feat,
In contrast to the past when it is scant
And hunger was all that he was to fit.

A lot of people honor him as dead,
With their help he might have been alive!
He ought not to have starved yet
And would have preserved his greatest drive.

Hellas! In vital lottery of ours
The winning numbers rarely go to him,
Ferocious Time by hours after hours
Supports the mediocrity with much esteem.

The geniuses History admits
In store with especially reserved sits.

305.

The punished for integrity are growing
And punishments are getting more severe,
The people of integrity are going
To be extinct still in the coming year.

They are not sentenced to be long in prison,
They freely move amidst the densest crowds
But they are recognized by their reason
And not a secret are their whereabouts.

Of pardon they have not the right to ask
However they do not protest at all,
The truth is their most important task,
In its defense they God and Satan call.

Because of that the people try in hurry
Together with the truth all them to bury.

306.

We live in two worlds - world of truth
And next to it the world of “breaking news”.
They are competing every day and night
And each of us knows what for is the fight.

When news is now subjected to disguise,
Especially if at a solid price,
It all the media can occupy
And truth is seldom given any try.

The truth itself is something very steady,
It can't be changed by gentleman or lady,
Whereas the news is something tender
And looks at truth as dangerous offender.

However if it happens to be sick
The only medication is the stick.

307.

At first she started writing by some boredom -
From time to time a poem or short story,
She looked at profi-writing as a whoredom
And never tried about this to worry.

A lot of people envied her sincerely –
“How beautiful, how elegant, how young!”
The fate was good to here and loved her dearly
And gave her loneliness of highest rang.

She took this gift presented by the fate
And started living like a ghost alone,
The years passed, for wedding was too late,
The beauty step by step was also gone.

Embraced by loneliness she waited for the death...
They reached the Eden and there asked for bless.

308.

The world is irreparable, as a rule,
Each old philosopher knows this
And only an irreparable fool
Upon this truth completely disagreed is.

But such fool surely really exists,
Possessing incomparable hot passion,
He dies for freedom with most clinched fists
And hoping to improve the social fashion.

He as phenomenon is very rare
However rulers are afraid of him,
His hands are desperately almost bare
But his example threatens their team.

This fear of him forever will remain,
He has what they haven't got, the brain.

309.

By deadly awe the innocence is pressed
Since it has been compelled to live in crimes,
Instead of finding yet a minute rest
Disasters it meets many, many times.

Its children long of peace without hope,
For them the world is full of cruel foes
Who disregarding blessing of the Pope
Are leaving them for prey of the outlaws.

The innocent are victims of blind terror,
They are a target, naked, with no defense,
Compelled to answer for some others' error.

Subjected to explosions on the field,
The victims of misfortune are intense -
Fanatic's oath has to be fulfilled.

310.

The border line...Entirely in blood
Is nourishing the avid gods of war,
The hatred covers virtues with mud
And spell them by the curse of “Nevermore!”

The legacy of heroes is this line,
A necklace on the state of barbed wire
With oath which forever will shine
As promise to defend the old empire.

The whole Earth is properly divided
By border lines made either short or long,
For their defense the men are all invited
To prove to whom the land will belong.

It is too early one to understand -
For graves on Earth there is a lot of land.

311.

Rakowsky? What this strangest word might mean
To so called ordinary modest man?
Is this a human name of some king's kin
Or name of general who famous battle ran?

I very kindly asked a bodyguard
Whose muscles has revealed him as a fighter,
He answered "This is name of boulevard"
And after this his force became much mightier.

To second Rakowsky is sort of brandy,
To third - player of a soccer team,
Once famous and most fashionable dandy
Or even label of a moisturizing cream...

And who will say that Rakowsky did fight
For social freedom and for it had died?

312.

Each morning is a new start for the man
With hope to reach the long expected gain,
To free himself of all excessive freights
And all big thoughts, coming ever late.

The sadness, hunger, pain are all eternal
And after death perhaps become infernal,
They with the slavery are mostly hated
But on the heads of people concentrated.

The faith, blind or blinded, is like drug,
It brings some consolation but not luck
And permanently is in soul, so far,
Like angels being real, as they are.

It guards mankind from the disgrace and sin
And is invulnerable as a spleen.

313.

Much loner are becoming the large towns
In their insurmountable growth,
Excess of bricks and scarcity of lawns –
God damn the Nature and its basic laws!

Recluses hate themselves and all around,
Ascribe their nasty guiltiness to other
In search for non existing happy ground
The lack of which the Heaven does not bother.

And everybody patiently will wait
For some attention by his closest friend,
Declaring that he yet is not the late

And has still messages to world to send –
He regularly votes, extremely proud,
In favor always of greatest fraud.

314.

In our ruling cardinal vulgarity
The radio plays dirty role of “charity” –
Disperse together with each modern song
Most impoverished and mutilated tongue.

Red Party scoundrels disguised as masters
Are playing now role of big broadcasters,
They stutter, mumble, mock without fear
And all linguistic rules to pieces tear.

Just like the wastes choke the virgin lands
The vulgar tongue smears badly the wave bands
And its proprietors accept as chic
Transforming healthy human minds in sick.

But their salaries don't go below...
The Party pays and constantly they grow.

315.

The biggest extraordinary frost,
Is it connected ever with a hero
Which Kelvin called the absolute cold zero
And all we since long respected most?

In world of substances it is a border
For every transformation of the matter
But in spiritual things the law may shatter,
It can't be passed with or with no order.

Within the soul each frost can't be the last
And every next can surely be much deeper,
The Kelvin scale is here without keeper
And usually frost advances fast.

It checks our souls, checks them even more,
Which of us has plenty ice in store.

316.

The West is in command of our life –
By people blooded cold and full of ruse,
They are producing projects with rife
How better our slavery to use.

Our chieftains stare bewildered with hope
And trust obediently all the pretty lies,
The people sees and thinks and tries to cope
With the nasty pest but mainly sighs.

The West gives us hart-heartedness and vile,
Perhaps too right to buy some airplane tickets
And the hypnotic feeling that with file

Of membership we are a Euro-force...
In fact, we since long have social rickets
And will be ill until find moral source.

317.

The right of pain it seems to be the main
Of all the indisputable full rights
And may be finally it will remain
The only force five senses that unites.

The incomparable civilization
Achieved by human brain and human toil
Perhaps can still wait for liberation
But pain is now keeping world from spoil.

It has a widest power of attorney
By court of many despots, many kings,
Its presence guarantees a charge-free journey
To place where the men are bearing wings.

In scope of whole democratic nation
The pain sometimes is mighty stimulation.

318.

The road to dreams is long with no end
And travels are in only one direction,
The most unhappy men can there send
Despair and hope subjected to ejection.

This is of trip to Heaven much alike
And also the return way is closed
Perhaps because of a celestial strike
Where angels as workers all had posed.

The best thing at the Paradise of dreams
Is lack of whatsoever kind of pressure,
One collects one's dreams and one deems
How much of them can keep as own treasure.

The dreams are all immune to intervention,
Defended by Hell-Paradise convention.

319.

Yes, the technology has changed the Earth
However has not touched the human souls
Where fervent passions blast is giving birth
To demons far away of moral goals.

Yes, their laws will the secret keep
Unclear for the reasonable mind
And for computer's most progressive chip
But very close to men of ancient kind.

And we still keep wondering whether
The soul will be ever harmonized
In concert with new times or will together

With cave man in Prehistory remain
In order to be sometimes analyzed
And to bewilder modern men again.

320.

A lot of prophets very well prepaid
Ascertain that the country is OK
And due to orders labeled “Heaven’s made”
Its happiness will come some distant day.

Priority in luck will be theirs –
Old people and the children under ten,
They need most help and warmest human cares
As these the normal countries order can.

The old and young are dieing calm and starved
Without protest and without curse,
Without try the way to get it curved
With only property – an empty purse.

Their undeniable and sacred human right
Now seemingly is not on their side.

321.

The label “genial” is glued on name
Of men and women with some contribution
To the society to which they too pertain
And which accepts with thanks their high tuition.

They have in calendar a proper cell
With subscription for their whole life
And some of shares in Paradise and Hell
Where they as gods are welcome to arise.

From Hannibal and Caesar to entire
Row of Messalinas and Napoleon
Is full of persons pregnant of desire
To enter the immortal Pantheon.

And there with cordial appreciations
They are the pride and glory of all nations.

322.

The humans mutually kill each other –
Of love, of hatred, or without reason,
They firstly shoot and afterwards they bother
If it is act of treason or not treason.

Why in us all the fearful beast is strong
With its insatiable strife to kill?
Why there is absent sound force among
The people with some more progressive zeal.

The peaceful deeds are long ago created
By strangely built abnormal living creatures,
From every evil most alienated,

Unpunished after ancient fall of Man
And independent on distinguished preachers...
We praise them all as much as we can.

323.

The leaders tremble more, and more, and more,
Full of much torturing suspicion,
Affecting their persons to the core
And nightmares substitute for their vision.

They are perpetually guarded well
Because the people's love is strong and ample,
TV-inspecting cameras and photo-cell
To foes give a threatening example.

They are like hostages of bodyguards
At home, at work and on the street,
All daily steps are printed on the cards

And they must follow the heavy freight
Until the fate decides all them to meet
With bullet. Mostly early than too late.

324.

All our government is badly spelled
And the result we've already felt,
The leader when he wisely speaks
Resembles others like in pile of bricks.

He talks "In truth, the time is hart...
The sacrifices... We have a good start...
The government makes all what it must
In order to deserve your noble trust."

And further "Plan in progress is already
And its fulfillment will be heady.
The things and people will be quite all right,
With big success we will be pride!"

Accustomed well to words of such effect
We listen not intending to object.

325.

*“De Rerum Natura” is written by
Lucrecius Kar in verses.*

The scientist Kar had been considered mad
But now is famous for what discovered,
Unfortunately he was not so glad
To see what the centuries had covered.

“De Rerum Natura” we well renown
As ancient Bible of atomic science,
Born by a soul in alchemist gown
Which all contemporaries met with defiance.

Quotations of his work are very chic
To be inserted in some present paper
Because he is like a mental creek

Exciting fruitfully imagination
Which inflates in mind a magic vapor
Promoting concentration and creation.

326.

The words can be worn out like a dress
And later they turn into verbal waste,
If in the language new word gains success
The dictionary other five will paste.

The speech is every day on purpose hurt,
Impoverished and mixed with lot of trash
And less and less nice words are being heard
However most frequently “sex” and “cash”.

The abyss of vulgarity absorbs
The time together with its verbal court,
New letter combinations on new orbs

Irradiate the tongue and its enclave,
Good ancient words are kept behind the board
In casket meant to enter common grave.

327.

To be an honest man if that is needed
Is mostly profitable vital rule,
It serves well the persons who can read it
From the sage scientist to the foulest fool.

The goals turn to be important means
Corroborating moral values most,
Preparing legacy for future teens
Who will be fighting for Ideal lost.

The honesty which is born by fear
Is practical insurance for safe life,
As spending it is rather cheap than dear

And shows how one can reach respectful age
Becoming everywhere abroad rife
And able world's attention to engage.

328.

Too overpopulated with dead
Is global History of the man kind,
In former life they had been cared and fed,
Well conserved the future man to find.

It is most curious how many men
Are arguing for honor after death!
Their foggy ghosts are fighting even then
When immortality inflated has.

Some of the candidates yet can succeed
While other are without pity swept
By brand new hero who will take his sit

Awarded for a bloody feat in battle...
But later on he also will be kept
In some dark spot by the historic shuttle.

329.

“Pasteur – The famous human benefactor”
Is written on his humble marble grave -
The titan who discovered first the factor
By which from sickness man to save.

This label written on the marble stone
Is entrance sign to Glorious esteem
And this esteem in years will be grown –
He killed the rage alone without team.

But when he lived, calumny does not leave
A moment to his soul and mind for rest,
At times he was beginning to believe

That mental virus would have him destroyed
As a result of long and tragic quest
But thanks to work this threat he did avoid.

330.

To be most happy now is bad taste,
The hunger penetrates too many lands,
The people die with awfully big haste,
The people die like little helpless ants.

Yet special sorts of happy men are born
Of some peculiar non common stuff...
The Nature in advance does not warn
That sends to us a great surplus of love.

They dream awake and full of expectations
Believe in future power of the Truth,
In resurrection of the perished nations

When Earth will become the safest place
And Man will ever win, will never lose,
Immortal with a never darkened face.

331.

The Truth and Lie depend since long ago
On lawyer and on judge where to go
And changing frequently whom to serve,
Legality in order to observe.

The misty aids of every jurisdiction
Are gifted with the right to use the fiction
And to impress on every person here
The need of the establishment to fear.

Truth is put up to auction in the court
Among the buyers who might be a horde,
The richest got it and the poor – in prison
Because so requires sound reason.

The blinded goddess as a good old trump
By money became and deaf and dumb.

332.

Accidental wanderer – the Beauty...
Who allowed it to visit Earth?
May be it with Eve had been on duty
When God and snake were editing the curse.

Its escape became well known later,
Also its bad habit not to hear
Criticisms by good friend or by traitor
Still since Eden, where it spent a year.

It creates both passion and alarm,
It, itself, remaining fully stony...
The indifference is strongest arm

In society of admirations,
Most of them preponderantly phony...
But Beauty prompts too excellent creations.

333.

Title “Greatest specialist” is glued
On your name by you yourself –
Anybody can be after sued
If one tries your title get to shelve.

Many mediocre politicians
Say that they are a mighty social force
And obsessed by strangest superstitions
Cry that are of every science source.

Chemist, physicist, monk, architect or
Doctor met in a single gifted guy,
He is listener, more frequently lector,
On every subject up or under sky.

He defends the laws he has been
Drown most attentively on human skin.

334.

Do today the people read Baudelaire?
Do they know the rhyme of his curses
And his sufferings in darkest love affair
Which he turned into immortal verses?

Poetry is recently receding,
Only some few people know its force
And Baudelaire has been a figure leading
The Parnassus and its esthetic course.

Admirable but misunderstood
Is a crowned poet, real prince,
He the beauty in the evil could

Find and it with flower to compare.
Every poetry is changing since
His titanic presence...With dear fare.

335.

A social nightmare infiltrates the planet,
The demons are invisible but strong,
No government willingly would ban it
As far as they have common trade since long.

The swarm of the restrictions grows fast,
They exercise the pressure everywhere,
The medication – first and very last,
Is paying bribes as most efficient care.

The cash inspires feeling of security
Although it is frequently false,
It also disagrees with moral purity
But it has lot of other complex roles.

It now rules on Earth, and rules well
However it is helpless in the Hell.

336.

The clouds fly together in big pack,
A target for poetical attack
And verbal try of every size and price
In order clouds to immortalize.

By what this mixture with a lot of fog
Provokes a constant interest en bloc? -
This interest has very solid base
In interjection, proverb, even phrase.

With clouds full are many precious verses,
Variety of spells and also curses...
A cloud is dumb, politically pure,
And this makes its participation sure.

And most important – it is with no past
Because it changes its form extremely fast.

337.

Opinion which is widely spread
Is praising strangely democratic order
As guarantee that with it will be met
All nations' dreams for safe and peaceful border.

It blossomed well but, sorry, not for all,
It blossomed chiefly for the basest types
With such intensity that people call
For help...the Crime and often offer bribes.

By glorifying the elected yoke
One produces storm of empty phrases,
They greatest shock among the mob provoke –
The whole nation this disaster faces.

The disappointments of all that show
I am expecting very soon to grow.

338.

The “nevermore” is full of murdered time,
There deeply sleep the minutes and the hours,
Unknown is inflation of the dime
And all the treasures of the world are ours.

In “nevermore” the bullets miss the aim
And peacefully the swords are bending down,
Expected fusillade of lies is tame,
The poor don’t starve in suburbs of the town.

The mobs are silent and the world is mute,
By absence of the Time all strangely spelled,
And even moon attempts as much as could

To shine with yellow light, unhappy raffled...
The despot’s yawn is partially quelled
And my poor people are before the scaffold.

339.

The Savior is never painted stout,
The unanimity of artists is bizarre
To show Him as they all are taught
By many icons thousand years far.

Evangelists are mostly silent too
About body shape and face of Christ,
Perhaps it is a part of great taboo
Which to observe is everyone advised.

He is compelled to be too pale and haggard
With endless anguish hidden in his eyes
And bloody body, speared and daggered,
Betrayed by Jude at well known silver price.

We know his preaches, deeds and tongue,
His image yet is hidden still for long.

340.

Most thoroughly bosses of the church
Are substituting substance for the form
In order to prevent the people's search
For justice now as a living norm.

The gonfalons, the incense and the shrouds
The prayers with or without sacred cross
In vain attempt to persuade the crowds
That Heaven all is and the life is dross.

Behind the shine the space is fully emptied
Though it is called "the sacred dome"
Where preachers to insert are very tempted
The next good god in temporary home

For joyful bunch of influential men
Who from religion are expecting gain.

341.

Old people have the happiest recollections
Of their past, and doom of present,
Of future harbor only bleak reflections
And expectations all of them unpleasant.

No more attractive lies and sweet mistakes,
They disappeared traceless long ago,
These which are left are only fakes
Addressed to new born who begin to grow.

The clearness, cold and mighty, now
Is piercing their days and mainly nights,
The fear of Death to whom they owe a bow
Is what is rest of all their civic rights.

The last one and may be it is chief
Is possibility this world to leave.

342.

The poor are permanently multiplied
And the cathedrals are becoming higher -
Repository of Ideals that died
In them when the Time has opened fire.

The prayers always precede the God
On road of human sufferings and pain,
The people sadly cry “We need a lot
Of saints who Father Pope will ordain!”

Some big, some small, some young, some old –
Demand is brisk and the supply is good,
On icons they appear calm and bold
To serve the people with celestial food.

And each of them is trying to be the best
And day and night is praying with no rest.

343.

Injustice is available to all
In strangest realm of almighty evil
Where two she-regents have the unique goal –
Eternalizing of its power civil.

There Themis is with bandage on her eyes
In order not to see and not to shame
However with perfect sound ties
Concerning jurist-monetary game.

Police is also blind in what it has to run,
The sticks can get along without eyes
But after their useful work is done
One eye for hushing gold will suffice.

Society is fully harmonized
When with Injustice can be subsidized.

344.

My vital light is darkened by the quenchers –
The foes, the friends and many misadventures,

Whereas behind the Iron curtain
The parties of the communists ascertain

“Your whole life is like a joyful song,
It must be sung on every human tongue!”

The happiness is difficult to hide
But harder is to get it falsified.

In fact the so called every day realities
Are full of many torturing banalities

And their ordinary destination
Is weakening the forces of the nation.

In vain I try to persuade the Fate
That I in it will not participate.

345.

Do listen to the babies' sacred speech,
How inarticulate and godly clear!
That is why its innocence is rich
But it goes down steadily each year.

The babies have no faith, they *are* faith,
And ready with love the world to mend,
But hindered by the evil deeds that chase
The Good with force no one can ever stand.

From these most loved and cared vital funds,
So homogeneous, so calm and nice,
Are grown saints whom God so badly wants
And also criminals with dirty vice.

Still later part of them with much reason
Stay *out* and other smaller part *in* prison.

346.

In case you are obsessed by senile cough
And heart begins to cause some nasty troubles,
This means that you on Earth have lived enough,
The time has come for making mental bubbles.

The memoirs! They all are very sweet
Because of their high content of glucose –
You more invent than practically cheat
But lie in memoirs intensely grows.

The files are full of precious information
With expectations that they will be printed,
They are example of cooperation
In process how the History is minted.

In this respect the memoirs by heart,
No doubt, are its best and greatest part.

347.

The serviette is like a politician,
It is expandable with no return,
Once smeared, it turns to garbage its high mission
And there is no way to be reborn.

It sinks in the water of dark Lethe
Regardless of its most attractive hue,
Its disappearance seems to be quite easy,
The place is substituted for a new.

Accepted warmly in the local luau,
It makes announcement before the press
That knows very well exactly who
Drowned it and every one can guess.

Like each ex-politician of the nation
It shall wait for rehabilitation.

348.

The country is looted,
The truth executed,
The crime is well rooted
And all we pass.

We have no voice,
We have no choice,
Everywhere the foe is
And his ruling class.

Like a flock of crows
Henchmen's many rows
Wait for human flesh...

What they undertake
Is for the devil's sake
And pain they turn in cash.

349.

We live in a quite distorted time...
Perhaps the clock we have goes wrong?
Or guilty conscience of some basest crime
Prevents our eloquence for very long?

Enslaved by fierce fight or with no fight
We fear from foe and also from the friend
And our heavy yoke is pressing tight,
And we don't see when the pains will end.

Imported villains with the local rogues
Are ruling over us with nasty force,
The tyrant at the thousand victims mocks
And unimpaired continues his course.

When dictatorship is so efficient
A group of heroes scarcely is sufficient.

350.

The silence is the language of slaves
When talk to God or even with each other,
Their sufferings are crowned by the graves
Where with no words the men are feeling closer.

Their grievances the fate anew rejects,
It never grants the Freedom as a gift,
The freedom can be gained by bloody acts...
The greatest foe of slavery is drift.

The medication can be blood, much blood,
The blood of nation, blood of you and me,
Why this is so is far from clear cut,
The point is that blood is only fee.

Then first free cry the silence will pierce
And will disperse accumulated fear.

351.

My planet, favorite of dear God,
At present is like biggest slaughter house,
The communists already are a lot
And the entire court consists of flaws.

The murders are like sport or like distraction
Of boredom, vengeance or unhappy love,
Result in certainty and satisfaction
To killers, warning innocents too tough.

If I am slain, to Paradise I'll go
Where Themis probably will wait for me
And will invite me kindly in her show

At a big hall, luxuriously built,
And where quite benevolently she
Will tell "You ought not to have been killed..."

352.

It is too late for sweetest self-deception
Although embarrassed badly is my mind,
I most frequently choose the wrong direction
Unable the desired road to find.

The scoundrels commit outrageous deeds
But nobody can order them to stop.
They kill, they rape and starve the kids,
The whole nation they want to rob.

Will they succeed to conquer every man
United with imported swarm of traitors
Or will be thrown right away when
Will come the long expected liberators?

The people stay aside all mute and stiff
Relying on a most fantastic "If..."

353.

There is a hospital, superbly organized,
A better hardly one can ever see,
Its many services are highly priced
For VIP.

There are some nicely built progressive schools
With an extraordinary fee,
Installed precisely, with all modern tools,
For VIP.

When I should die perhaps I should receive
A grave especially enriched for me,
Reserved for every high positioned chief
Or VIP.

The VIP is nicest decoration
Of rights and democratization.

354.

*There is a contract between the court and
The criminals, Chr. Botev,
Newspaper "Zname", No 5(1875).*

The innocence is article of trade
With a shining label stuck on it,
The price depends upon the scale of grade,
Not everyone is able it to meet.

In fact, it's very easy it to fake
By means of money, called quite frankly bribe,
Some pressed people give, some others take,
And soon the judgment is becoming ripe.

The law and the innocence are pair
Whose friendship is well fertilized with gold,
The court's decisions are extremely fair –
The innocence is better when is sold.

The most important problem is "How much?" –
And it is solved by every conscious judge.

355.

He has well tailored and expensive shirts
And everything in him is most correct
When sleeps at home or when he sometimes flirt
With ladies or with boss he must elect.

His speech is rich of words and poor of sense,
Inspires unanimity and trust,
For him it is non penetrable fence
From where he spreads on mobs his verbal dust.

With dignity he used to disapprove
Death penalty as barbarous and wild
And that the nations all have to remove
It, making our legislation mild.

But all his principles went to drain
When bandits have his own mother slain.

356.

Among the unemployed, the poor, the liars,
And other big majorities in store
The History keeps small group that admires
The sacred truth and honesty. No more.

The people of this group create inventions –
From first wheel to biggest birds of steel,
But History extremely seldom mentions
What discovered and what they feel.

The greedy bankers totally enslaved them
And put them into deep financial traps
Not stop wondering from where they stem
And press them willingly on iron laps.

But what will do these richest racketeers
If suddenly Inventor disappears?

357.

Ferocious basest beast
Is trying now to twist
Our souls.
Its mouth is too big
Its neck is very thick,
It howls.

The lickspitters around
Have hastily it crowned
And bow,
A crowd of greedy crocks
United with rogues
In row

Are promising the people
To turn them into cripple.

358.

The parables are already told and read,
They banded calmly lie on distant shelves
With orthodoxy faithfulness well fed
And never asked to reveal themselves.

Oppressors are at present highly praised
By preachers, by accomplices and fools,
The highest possible pedestals are raised
In order men to honor their rules.

To be a despot's serf is well paid job
And very shameless is his dirty face,
The bankers and the ordinary cop
All say that they adhere to holy faith.

And in the darkest spot of our mind
Sleep many Bibles - every good and kind.

359.

Whether free or under foreign yoke
The citizen is always below,
The state wants constantly at him to mock
And to oppress with or without law.

The crowned monarch, native or imported,
Expects of him to be subservient best,
The dynasty to be with love escorted -
If not with love, with fear by request.

So at this place with customs idiotic
Is blossoming a harmony for all
And everybody look as patriotic
When foreign bells for him begin to tall.

The love when bought with money or force
Is strong because the market is its source.

360.

Amidst the countless and senseless rights
Suppressed by principles of moral dust
And subject of unique internal fights
Is sacred human right of the disgust.

I use it sparsely and with some fear...
If I omit it, I would spare much trouble -
I can prolong my life with many years,
With help of God I even can it double.

This easily would help me to endure
The burning vileness of the present days -
My mediocrity is not an active cure

But it is able bad events to mend,
As for example, when I have to face
A scoundrel who is masked as a saint.

361.

The novel “War and Peace” is interesting
But much attention it is not arresting,
The readers search for primitive ideal
And feelings that are easier to feel.

In soap serials events are clear
With too much love, much blood and too much fear,
The action – lively, playful and aggressive
Which now is considered most progressive.

The sufferings are short and never stagnant,
The nice actresses always are pregnant,
The long ago lost brothers are all found
And in the end bad guys go under ground.

Good heroes are readily forgiven
And to new greatest feats are being driven.

362.

The salted creeks of the sincere tears
Are getting people close to crocodile,
They sometimes are efficient just like spears –
They hurt but first are able to beguile.

It is too difficult with them to deal
If tears are as sadness well disguised
Or as a memoir the man can feel
About love that had been sacrificed.

But when the havoc is at last subsiding
Belated by some moisture intermission,
Then Lie initiates its mighty tiding
And reason starts preparing for its fission.

Because sometimes the strongest armed force
Might be defeated by a sad remorse.

363.

The most important dates of our life
We can not recollect. The date of birth
We know by documents. Together, like in hive,
We are advancing with or without hearse
To our ready grave. But just when
Archangel comes, empowered us to take,
We are not alive and never can
See this most sacred moment... For God's sake
We go to Paradise without glory
And there, with friendly angels met,
We with big embarrassment say "Sorry"
For our earthly sins that will be read,
And wait for monument to be erected
Because we for angels are elected.

364.

I live at present with too many writers
Becoming slaves instead of valiant fighters,
And during peace and war they show no trace
Of some repentance for their huge disgrace.

“We tried to know tyrant from “inside”,
They say sincerely but not quite,
“We, boot lickers, have been always strong
Enduring closest tyranny for long”.

And now the greatest democrats are they
Because the tyranny has passed away,
They raise the heads and even want defense
Relying on the social common sense.

And their books – the test of basest taste
Are all to be recycled as bad waste.

365.

Eternity is torn to many pieces –
To years, to months, to hours and to days,
The Time perpetually those releases
But for the mind are closed all the ways.

Instead of peace – destruction and despair
Are filling every calendar on Earth
And war like an infernal bloody fair
Bring victims to the altar of the Purse.

A happy peaceful interval, though rare,
Appears as an unexpected ray,
Dispersing the habitual nightmare
And giving optimism a new bright say.

Thus, everyone who this has luck to spend,
For short time all the Paradise had rent.

366.

Our dogs are most sincerely sad,
They grieve, sunk hopelessly in nasty mood,
They grieve for kind caress and chat
In their tongue – for us not understood.

We lie to them. But they us don't betray.
We chase them right away. But they return.
We punish them. But they prefer to stay
And wait until we would stop being stern.

We stop and their sadness disappears,
What remains is only purest love
And even several very happy tears

Will seal the soon regained happy peace,
Forgotten is our former bitter gaff
And may be we are ready for a kiss.

367.

I search willingly for secret sense
Of life (if any) and its deepest root,
I want to paint its image so intense
That to become a future mental food.

The actors write. The carpenters write too,
The waiters, drivers, wrestlers, boxers write
Creating mixed, strangely looking crew -
All write, and write, and write, until they might.

The memoirs are flooding all the spheres,
All hoping immortality to win,
All full of groans, sufferings and tears
Crowned with confession on the first sweet sin.

The extraordinary patient reader,
In fact, is their voluntary breeder.

368.

The Savior created Zero Time
And cracked forever sequence of years –
“Before” and “After Christ” is chime
Reverberating like a cosmic “cheers!”

But centuries in their endless row
Resemble diagnosis of disease...
He showed the men where they have to go
In order to enjoy eternal peace –

They did not hear. Belligerence instead
Is occupying History en bloc,
Its pages all are written full in red,
The blood is substituting peaceful talk.

He sacrificed Himself for human kind
But may be later he has changed His mind.

369.

Good things of life are not in one sack –
Career, richness, caviar, French cheese,
We value them when they are mainly lack
And their lack hot passions may release.

They may affect the banks, committees, boards,
Where all the assets can be bought and sold
And greedy, uncontrollable, huge hordes,
Like alchemists are turning dirt in gold.

The people who are being outside
Approve the mental vacuum of the leaders
And even with a great collective pride

Go on to contemplate the public lie
Because the crowd always considers
The scoundrels and their service very high.

370.

The councilors and councils in excess
Exist too actively around me,
They are important being wise no less
Than answer of “to be or not to be”.

There are councils of the Head of state
To fill his deep intelligences gap
And to enhance his sinking public rate
Preserving him from taking of the rap.

The council is doubtless a shield
Against the guiltiness of any sort,
The guilty person alibi can build
That he enjoys the council’s support.

The profit in the councils is single,
The guilt however always can mingle.

371.

“To kill the Time!” Oh, my dearest God,
How lots of people try to keep this rule!
They shoot the time directly on the spot
And sink themselves on a timeless pool.

The killers are both young and very old
Like hunters who with passion chase the hares,
The bullets are the endless wordy mold
Which the boredom for itself prepares.

The Time is calm, not going to protest,
Consumes Eternity of its reserve
And wait as for a special social fest
When it for pleasant sport will only serve.

The merry killers soon will get asleep
And to a timeless land in dream will creep.

372.

The lunar all admired human trip
By hunger of the millions is paid,
The human life on Earth is very cheap,
The cries, if any, gradually fade.

A cosmic walk of astronaut is worth
A billion barrels of oil for house heating,
Without them there is no real force
To warm the poor and give them some for eating.

But no! The fierce ambition toward glory
(Created by the vanity) prevails
Supported by *ad hoc* invented story
That without it civilization fails.

The spending of the billions is riddle
Where moral is positioned in the middle.

373.

In patriotism there is no limit,
No living form of measures, only dead,
There is no need of being timid
To say that love with silence must be fed.

In truth, myself, I am like any other,
I do not hate the foreigners at all,
I love the sacred land of my dear mother
And see it free will be my greatest goal.

My trend is unconditioned and most clear,
I don't want to conquer any land
And to provoke around only fear;

Despite of that however don't agree
A Suleiman, Koburg or Butterrand
Now to reshape our tragic History.

374.

I wondered long ago as little child
And now I wonder also much
Why slavery is growing like wild
And free men all are getting out of touch.

I manufacture optimism with love,
I welcome progress and all its attacks
That are sometimes too painful, even tough,
Because are undertaken with axe.

The demons are belligerent and fierce
On Earth, in/under water and in air,
The wars are met by tyrants with cheers
But I can't stop them from being there.

They suck much blood without any concord
Both from the conquerors and from the conquered.

375.

I am not a fan of hopelessly old age
But can't deny advantage that it has
If wisdom coolest reason must engage
And it from years takes when they pass.

Perhaps somehow it really is so
But there are indeed some other clues
And they all most undoubtedly show
That Folly too in old age is in use.

Inside its swimming pool old swimmers
Achieved high results among the rest,
Their style resembles very much the steamers –
They have endurance and surely are the best.

And thanks to their very good connections
They are the favorites in all elections.

376.

If donkey can defeat a horse in race
This will be breaking news for many days
And media with all their great forces
Will horn: "The donkey – faster than the horses!"

The information of what occurred
Will travel faster than a flying bird,
Dispersing details of the whole story
For God's sake and for sake of donkey's glory.

The eloquent reporters have forever
Immortalized the donkeys as most clever
And nominate them for the state commissions
With status of the leading politicians.

All this explains why by their advice
Some parties use a donkey as device.

377.

In my long term Historic bank account
Are seven centuries of darkest yoke
And victims in such terrible amount
That even Heaven can't endure the shock.

My best experience on such a field
I readily would share with men in need
In order to become like me most skilled
Und to survive the slaveries they meet.

But present people do not want my wits,
They want the Freedom now and not later,
They hate the tyrants and their royal sits,
What they need is boldest liberator.

Some speakers call each one of them a terrorist
Although in my opinion this error is.

378.

And yet, the honest people do exist,
They verbally are praised, in fact are bitten –
Support of moral their gender is
In order for the History to fit in.

The trend for their full extermination
Is basic rule of many dark regimes
Existing thanks to fearful violation
Where Freedom is a bunch of pleasant dreams.

The honest persons are too strange and lone
As prophets of a non existing God,
They never have a single battle won,
They never have produced a single shot.

In truth, the Justice is their foster father
But with it they very seldom gather.

379.

For his old age the man has been robust
And taxes paid with patriotic gust,
However State was extremely greed –
It wanted all but gave a tiny bit.

The old man paid, and paid, and paid, and paid,
And felt that he the State began to hate
Because the State with financial axes
His whole life suppressed by mortal taxes.

He went in person, called by telephone,
But they were many, he was alone,
As an eternal debtor soon he died
In better world to search for better right.

The State has felt betrayed... Enraged it stated
His humble casket to be confiscated.

380.

The actress drinks too much in deep despair –
Her stoutness is improper on the stage,
The public likes the music but can't bear
It wrapped in such a heavy body-cage.

She tries and not once but twice and trice
To get some help from surgeon's healing knife
But with bad luck, and further got advice
That such sort intervention threatens life.

In "Tosca" she moves just like heavy wagon
In search for partner (also *vice versa*),
The public recognizes her as dragon,
When embraces young Kavaradossi.

Hellas! The talents are so strangely made
That are dependent on the overweight.

381.

Invented image is as tame as dog
It acts according to my own will,
It stays there – of mind in darkest spot
Protecting me from nightmare thrill.

It helps me in the choice of my dreams,
We both are chasing them with passion,
Selecting good and bad in separate teams
In our original and secret fashion.

No doubt, other people do the same
While only keeping it for them alone –
A good self-satisfaction pleasant game
In our mind wherever we will go.

We all are to sweet illusions prone
Of which the others has not right to know.

382.

The entrance to the History is free,
There are the remnants of the greats in piles
Where the Historian for modest fee
Prepares the immortality in files.

He works too hard fulfilling given order,
By order do what is asked for,
And ready all to change in his recorder
Adjusting it on “after” and “before”.

For him once the king is vile and bad
But later he is classified as saint
Whereas still later he is mad

And all of this the students will learn
Establishing that there is constant trend
The History to change at every turn.

383.

A sacred gift! – The power to conceal
One's bigotry by means of empty words
(Instead of “Yes” or “No” what people feel)
And in ambiguity to seek rewards.

This gift adheres to many noble speakers,
Directors, scoundrels, cannibals and liars,
It helps them as well as other stickers
Now to deliver speeches full of fires.

These people can stay always aside
Of fatal conflicts taking place on Earth –
Insurgence, local wars... They never fight.

Events pass, men are losing their life,
The gifted are engaged with the purse...

That is why so called “up stained” survive.

384.

To whom relates sign “ordinary man”?
Where is the man? What yet is his deed?
Are there people who this answer can? –
In fact, this man is difficult to meet.

The “ordinary man” gets foggy face,
Predominantly, thanks to massive faults
Of media, which mix him in each case
Where there are no murders and assaults.

The “ordinary man” is only myth,
He actually never had existed,
He is invented only to be fit
In phrases in which he never had enlisted.

Because according to the law, so far,
All people extraordinary are.

385.

The ban of murderers' extermination
In state humane and highly civilized
Is an event worth consideration
Because of moral and the faith in Christ.

Oh, it is touching and beyond of doubt
The manner how the killers go to court
When they happens to be caught
And hear of mild sentence final word.

In other situation are the sick,
Without care they wait for execution,
The death percentage reaches highest pick,

The innocence is their greatest guilt,
For healing – neither hope, nor illusion
But for the killers special homes are built.

386.

My country lives, my country lives well,
And breaths most freely under a free sky,
Its blood is rich – (to shed but not to sell) -
The incense of the altar where to die.

This living blood is only of the killed
As omen for the coming stormy days,
The Freedom wants with victims to be filled
Which nation to the tyrants duly pays.

The bold know perfectly this rule
And though used to die without fear;
The death, Hellas, is only real tool
Compelling slavery to disappear.

The sacred cowards cry “For us they perish
In order we free life to seek and cherish!”

387.

We are much tied to a resounding past,
It echoes in our ears and in our souls
But future is as though in iceberg cast
And present time predominantly fouls.

Our leaders are like spiritual dwarfs
If we compare them with the greatest founders,
They hide behind the advertising scarves
But they in fact are only money-launderers.

They are an ugly piece of human trash
Who elbow their way through the graves
With no remorse of tragic nation crash

Provoked by them without any shame...
Nobody among us against them raves
And our situation rests the same.

388.

The Satan once decided to repair
The discipline in his too crowded place
And took two girls as a reliable pair
In order to improve infernal face.

A new tradition in the Hell was born,
She-clerks to interact with devil-boss
And all taboos were completely torn
In favor of a sound proud toss.

Created were the children – whole swarm
Without any senior permission,
Their hearts were with fervent passion warm

And capable new idols to invent
With Abel and much Cain in addition
For private hells – quite ready to be rent.

389.

It is ascertained that eternal is the life
And fatally connected with the lore -
An image satiate with vital drive,
Perpetually wanting more and more.

We follow the beauty of the Lie
As hostages of sweetest self deception,
And sure that God forever will supply
The others with sins but we - exception.

We recede backwards from our death
By curses, icons, prayers and smart vows
Until begin to feel that our breath

Is all impaired by much exaggeration
Of hypocritical and countless bows
And quite not sure in God's appreciation.

390.

My most beloved and patient fatherland
Is paragon of dignity and style
But some abroad (who think they are grand),
Curse it as brothel and a place of vile.

So many cover it with verbal mud! -
Dictators, kings, reporters, head of chairs,
Like deluge and immeasurable flood
Drown it in oceans of immense despairs.

And this – from countries whose slow evolution
Towards the free horizons shining bright
Is accompanied by open prostitution

Existing *lege artis* and with ovation
But if it's linked somehow to our side
They readily accuse the whole nation.

391.

Physician – Dr. Cleanser, has the right
To row over our saddest land,
He is the herald of God's brightest light
Facilitating getting to its sight.

He is in funerals, is funeral himself,
Close to grave diggers' noble job,
He puts the files of real life on shelf
And sends expediently them to Pope.

He contributes correctly, round the clock,
To solving the world from overpopulation –
Of grip, of diabetes, or of stroke,
His patients die and so dilute the nation.

He people's hair for them precisely combs
And is efficient like atomic bombs.

392.

My own monument I have erected
By money obtained for empty talk
While by screen from punishment protected...
I am the TV-scientist Dr. Fog.

My wisdom flows in the form of gales
Embraced wholeheartedly by bluish screens,
I talk inserting “we” in all my tales
As though I and science are as twins.

As TV-scientist passes all my life
Without I to do a real work,
My glory is like epidemic rife,
I ever am on surface like a cork.

The immortality as Moses I’ll get –
I pass through science without being wet.

393.

What remarkable great change takes place
When certain type of people come to power!
Their voice, their manners, their face,
Look different when they rule from the tower.

The transformation further goes on deeper
Affecting fatally their mind and soul,
They think that God is their private keeper
And He intends to grant them higher role.

And they begin to live like super men
Alongside a most smeared and bloody throne,
The bribes holds conscience deep asleep and then
The only task is everything to bone,

Until appears in a sudden storm
And sweeps them out with their uniform.

394.

The shark is resting in a perfect bliss
After swallowing its tasteful prey
And further by indifference obsessed is
Without blood thirstiness until another day.

For the communities of human kind
I never might see anything likewise,
The killers there have more complex mind –
Their motives are not only food supplies.

They kill for love, for envy or for hate,
For given words or words all put for sale,
For friends, for foes and secret of the state,
Regardless who is killed – female or male.

They kill for pure amusement even sport
And frequently are not brought to court.

395.

Sometimes I am wondering of actors how
Quite willingly are shortening their life
Obsessed by passion and internal glow
In people's secret tragedies to dive.

They play the roles of preachers and of kings,
Of politicians, gods, and prisoners of war,
Of somnambulists, chiefs of narco-rings,
And all this treasures on the stage to pour.

For their persons intervals are left
Of days and hours, mostly poor and bad,
And they are looking at this time as theft
Restricting their role of being mad.

There is yet nothing strange that in each crisis
The actors are to pay the highest prices.

396.

Corrupted man creates mistaken laws
Expediently at the Party Hall
With moral which is getting right below
Of any standard put before his soul.

Such laws fast and prematurely die
With death that had been chosen in advance
By a negotiated golden lie
Which to be defeated there's no chance.

Society with ever changing rules
Is fit for semi humanized relations
Where a great majority of fools

Endures the tyrants with the brand preserved
And wait like cattle when across the nation
The human laws will be by court observed.

397.

Carthago delenda est.

Cato the Elder.

O, yes, *Carthago* never did surrender
But where is ancient great *Carthago* now? –
It died with pride, obedience not to render,
A few now know where, when and how.

The slaves are all well trained to stay alive,
The feat for them is counter indicated,
It kills their vital chances to survive
And hopes for liberation are belated.

Whole armies sleep in spacious common graves
As a result of fights of life and death,
Killed by machineguns, rifles, bombers waves,
And standing by until the latest breath.

Although their doom unhappy glory
Too many dream to resurrect their story.

398.

Of the disabled, people sometimes talk
As candidates for closest Paradise,
Who suffer under very heavy yoke
But never bother us with loud cries.

They feel quite unneeded and unwanted
In this bad planet overfilled with death,
By ghosts of greed and evil haunted,
Which long ago compassion banned has.

A few are caring for the others' pains,
Majority is neutral like the frost
And search perpetually for the gains

By means of huge accounts in the bank,
Regardless of what all this may cost...

The invalids are even asked to thank.

399.

I easier and easier fall ill
But after I recover health much harder,
The old age slowly tries the life to kill
And to lift it close to Heaven further.

To hospital a trip with one way ticket -
The train is through and there is no delay,
Well organized collective welcome picket
Will just prepare me for my final day.

Here does not help variety of diets
Or interdictions of protective kind,
The old guys meet the death without riots,

Without cries and excitation trends.
The Hell is quite not difficult to find
But Paradise is only for God's friends.

400.

Since centuries till now unfortunates are crying
Before Madonna's icons and ask for everything,
They trust her with no limits and even when are dieing
Expect that she will help them – serenity will bring.

The different madonnas are ordered by their merit,
At first place are all those who have most magic force,
The God, The Son, The Spirit, together will prepare it,
The rest madonnas follow as slightly weaker source.

They bear the names of churches in a long list of places,
Among them there is nothing to cause internal fight,
They sufferings forever remove without traces -

With word or sentence only the pains together gather
And all this thanks to Jesus and His celestial right
To have so many mothers but not a single father.

401.

When reading papers of “forgotten lore”
I am becoming absolutely sure
That positively every bloody war
Is fought for glory and for social cure.

But there, with the war demons side by side,
Are all the sacred partisans of peace,
And fight, though fruitless, to provide
A means which belligerence to cease.

Continues to stay and fast to grow
The mountains of victims, all they killed
Before the sight of ancient child who sow
Haw battlefield with cadavers was filled.

Until the warmonger with victims peddles,
For war crimes will decorate with medals.

402.

“The right to be considered very nice
Have verses dedicated to the passions”.
“Ah” and “Oh” when repeated twice and trice
Inflict in men esthetic repercussion.

“The reason in a poem is excess,
With it one can fill only foggy clauses,
In art it introduces boring mess
If is not given in quite minor doses...”

On this “reliability” is built
A system of opinions like fence,
Infected with the unsuspected guilt
But full of most remarkable pretense.

This is the reason why except of lies
So many books are full of fervent sighs.

403.

In our contemporary Middle Ages
Exist the stakes although without fire,
On them both old and young, well locked in cages,
Are burned out slowly – bloodlessly but dire.

A vital havoc occupies the souls
Spread over calendar with much esteem
Without right of merci for the fouls
When all the victims are transferred in steam.

Now killing is a cultural event,
Cooked tasty dressed with tall considerations,
Society has it to agents left
And subject them to specialization.

If someone is going to be “parted”
The murder must be kind and wholehearted.

404.

Today a whole Christian community
Are disregarding serious alarm
How minister defended by immunity
From synagogue wave to us his arm.

As heir of the ill-fated apostle Jude
His hobby is all precious silver mints,
With them he feels, no doubt, very good
And gives of this to clients clear hints.

Unfortunately vigilance is dead,
We must endure the despots and their aids
Who mock at us and we obey instead

To dash away the judes forever,
To close before them all the gates
And to restrain their criminal endeavor.

405.

The man, too much alike the smallest ants,
Doesn't want to grow higher than his height,
Obeys the boss (he contradict him can't),
And for his interest he wants to fight.

When ordered, he participates in murder,
Kills other men with diligence and easy,
With lack of own wit is proud, and further
As henchman he is permanently busy.

The evil is for him an obligation
Because he does it when under command
And his belligerent impersonation
Is blindness, recently in big demand.

But if he will recover moral eyes
A revolution will provoke the bosses' cries.

406.

Since ancient times according to papyruses
Society is sick of verbal viruses,
Amidst the words they fast are multiplied
Although for that have not the slightest right.

Preferred are most the poor and laming phrases,
They penetrate in it and change the faces,
Announce it entirely for own
And it in cosmos of the folly drown.

The verbal parasites is hard to be defeated
Because to speeches of the boss are fitted,
These microbes are dwelling in his mind,
Resistant to the drugs of any kind.

If such a leader treatment can't afford
The diagnosis would be "killed by word".

407.

“The suffering creates the beauty most”...
May be there is in it some naked truth
But for the sufferers who pay the cost
With suffering a man can only lose.

For artists, who can see it from the side,
The suffering seems interest to cause
And if their muse is patient and polite
They’ll do for it some verses or some prose.

They add at time some touch in here and there
According to requirements for style
And so the immortality takes care
In form of poem, ballet, that beguile.

The sufferer is given right much later
To visit art creation as spectator.

408.

From export – import of the culture assets
A series of men are getting rich
But only if in every given facets
There is not naked truth but naked bitch.

Still better is if cultural events
Contain some blood and noisy pistol shots
Produced by handsome men with snow white pants
And fists are bulletins of their votes.

The deeper thinking is now out of fashion
It is available in books on sale,
There Kant and Chekhov wait for their ration
Of readers digest under dusty veil.

Now *Homo sapiens* transfers his mind
To the computers of most modern kind.

409.

“Good bye!” – Beginning of the bitter end
Of all my dreams for meeting you again,
Disaster that no one can ever mend,
Disaster full of fearful constant pain.

But sometimes in this fatal cry “Good bye!”
Is hidden all the cold of present world,
“Good bye!” is like a Jesuitic sigh
Protected with a shield of pleasant word.

The last hand shake is calm and very cool,
The look sustained, indifferent, correct,
Well satisfied with mighty social rule

Which allows the use of words as lance
But wisely, cunningly with no defect –
Just happening by no intend - by chance.

410.

The centuries are now not same
As in Paleozoic they were,
The man decided old Time to rename
And to disturb its uniform conveyor.

The years started loosing their hue
Under the freight of progress of the man,
In them the happy days are only few
For angry gods want happiness to ban.

The world is in the "*Technozoic*" era,
There kicked by ever hastening machines
Where it is cradle of a nice chimera
Existing through the non existing means.

For man the only legacy from Past
Are empty hopes which forever last.

411.

Physicians recognize well the mad
But not who among them the normal is,
In this respect the things are going bad
Because here can't help even the police.

Normality is simple at first sight
But it is so extremely rare on Earth!
Perhaps psychologists are trying it to hide
As shameful vice which the people curse.

Democracy itself is seldom normal
As far as it is based on free election
Where vote as a rule is mostly formal
And the abnormal brought to perfection.

In any case, normality is riddle
Although it is always on bridle.

412.

Police, High Court and Prosecutor's office
Are singly or together prone to bribe
At restaurants where after several coffees
Under the bar take bribe of any type.

This trinity is smartly organized,
It is unconquerable as a rock,
If one leaves it, it would be paralyzed,
But the collective conscience has no lock.

This little details would be very useful
If they would happen not to be so greed
But they are ruthless, they are very ruthless
And trace of virtues is no more to meet.

As a machine with force for money suction
They are a fine example of corruption.

413.

Excessive laudation of the war
Reverberates widely everywhere
Non-stop producing more, and more, and more,
Immortal glory which the heroes bear.

The rest are nothing more than simple source
Of death maintaining the eternal myth
For all connected to the Trojan horse
And all, what after follows, it repeat.

All nameless sleep in darkness of the dead
And nameless they forever will remain,
Nobody asks about their feat,

The History bemoans them with noise,
En mass and still anonymous again
Well satisfied that dead men have no voice.

414.

With our innate fear of the death
We are living fatally connected
And try to disregard its rough caress
But our mind of it is not protected.

The world did not expect us here to come
And doesn't want of our death to hear
For it we are a tiny part of sum
That represents polluting human smear.

The immortality is fierce bet,
It scares the millions of unborn souls
Who wait some possibility to get

For quiet place whatever it would be
While old life-permit will be duly torn,
So all alive must go.

Including we.

415.

There where zeroes have their longest line
And where the smallest things of God are hidden,
Begins the world of molecule design
Which for centuries was forbidden.

With them are busy strangest human sorts
Who sense the molecules by their own manners,
They talk to them by secret foggy words,
When they attack, they use test tubes not banners.

They sacrifice their health to help the men,
Create compounds with most magic force,
Applied in farming, medicine, when

The world in brightest future has to enter,
It all the alchemists will divorce
In favor of His Majesty Inventor.

416.

My country, even for the foes, was great
But later its own people brought it low
In union with calumny and ill fate
Forgetting that they took a solemn vow.

Its greatness never ever was forgiven,
It was right buried in proper time
And its defenders all were badly driven
To Heaven under solemn songs of chime.

Will it resurrect in future years?
The greatness is not easy to foretell
But it is clear that the sighs and tears

Are not the tools appropriate for use...
The real greatness one can't buy or sell
When under rule of Germans, Turks and Jews.

417.

The smart contemporary bandit
Is very self assured and candid,
Without hammer prison wrecks
By checks.

He Justice buys when is needed
And even properly can feed it
Instead with sweetest honey
With money.

Against the shame is vaccinated,
With arrogance is impregnated,
His conscience is with profit sold
For gold.

But I remember that as child
His character was good and bright.

418.

When read an old and interesting Journal
I pass through color pictures and through titles
Concerned with society and carnal
Necessities which now are most vital.

I read how men their own honor sell
To ruling Party bosses and for what? -
To get low rated glory when they fell
In trap of some political fat cat.

And further what? – An anniversary,
Ovation, hypocritical applaud,
For their contribution – very loud.

The sold out honor never will be back,
It had been lost without any track.

419.

Since ancient times exist too many rumors
Of mermaid, specter, vampire, ghost,
And nowadays we all are their consumers
In form of stories we wonder most.

They penetrate quietly through walls,
Avoid registration by device,
They have no flesh and bones - only souls,
Possessing power of tremendous size.

To them are dedicated art creations,
Some good, some very bad, and some immortal,
They all together in cooperation
Are Christian speedy guides to Eden's portal.

In truth, these kinds of creatures are *unreal*
And just for that they surely are *ideal*.

420.

It would be very useful if I change
The tags existing since so many years –
“The wheel of Fate” I want to rearrange
To “Short Fate’s legs” with sincere cheers.

The “Lie’s short legs” lives only in the tales
But I am witnessing that in the life
The Truth, compared with Lie, is slow and fails
To have the upper hand in vital drive.

The swap would be in time and very fair –
The Lie will be most comfortably wheeled
And fate, the witch, short legged, will be there
In calendar where happiness she killed.

I patiently will for execution wait
Well knowing that the Fate will be late.

421.

Ferocity attracts in some way
The human bipeds with a magic force
And they are used its presence to convey
In tales, hyperbolized and even coarse.

The Snow White is victim of the queen,
The Little Red Riding Hood – by wolf is eaten,
The children hear and see this on the screen,
The writers offer tales in same style written...

So travels virgin child's imagination
Through forms of early moderate ferocity
And fast is spread in whole generation
With calculated in advance velocity.

The people since adolescence are still
Prepared sophisticatedly to kill.

422.

The Mother Nature is extremely noble,
The living creatures are most equal to her,
Her love to live forms never tries to wobble,
To men and frogs it ever may adhere.

We in vain upon ourselves impress
That we are her beloved selected species
But our very optimistic guess
Can cause wide distrust and looks suspicious.

If Mother Nature raises angry brows
As a response to men's inflicted scars,
Then start earthquakes, volcanoes, lava-flows,
Which disobey the will of all the tsars.

And each one who's ruling from his throne
Will turn in prodigal repentant son.

423.

Ecce Homo kennt keine Liebe.
F.Nietzsche.

Sometimes on Earth appears a sort of man
To whom the life is lacking any sense
Except one – to put the crowd on chain
With help of God and lie for golden hence.

To bury whole nation he is able
Without fear and without hate
But he says “Love to people” and this fable
Infects with easiness the poor state.

He leads ahead the reckless brutal masses
Through sea of blood wherever wants to go
And no one his ferocity surpasses
When searches for a new invented foe...

And after, if it happens he to die,
Like him will be born another guy.

424.

Orpheus as all know had been great,
He had achieved a very big success –
The ancient best musician to whose fate
Beguiled gods had given noble bless.

Too many worlds are neighbors in the Time
And all containing men like demigods,
Announced and all praised as sublime
By History where have reserved spots.

But Time has labeled them with its fist,
They never knew Beethoven and Tolstoy,
And Joyce, and Bizet, to say the least,

Of them at present every child is told,
For their glory longs now every boy
On this sad planet – young and very old.

425.

I am indignant with all those men
Pretending angels of best sort to be,
Each one of humanism is best fan
And permanently patronizes me.

Their fanfaronade is very fine
Disguised as modesty and veneration
And people must consider it divine,
As sign of patriotic dedication.

Beloved target of their words – the poor,
Are hypnotized by promises for wealth,
The crowds surrender seeing such a lure
And conscience does not hear alarm bells.

It is convenient when the gust
Of love is conjugated with trust.

426.

Is not the gold the greatest go-between
As far as the religions are concerned?
In human History it could be seen
How well by gold a faith might be earned.

The gold receives, just as God does, the prayers
But it is able to fulfill them soon,
It penetrates in all the social layers
And to attacks is constantly immune.

With such an active charitable God
The world will be a better dwelling place,
Formalities will be spared a lot,
Without icons life will have new face...

The families in their household
Will have a generous new God – the gold.

427.

The sufferings in this nice world of ours
Outnumber children, who are newly born,
Although no one count them, of course,
Before the need of their fate to mourn.

The children come with no protective shield
And fully unprepared on Earth to suffer
Until they finally to sadness yield
And see that to the Hell there is no buffer.

They die and even by no bloody wars
Before bewildered eyes of benefactors,
Deprived of food they constantly lose force,

The help, delivered with tremendous zeal,
(And heartily display by TV-actors),
Is late and children hardly could it feel.

428.

Anxiety of innocent is great
By expectation of unknown foe,
Shall this be their constant bitter fate
Or someone will show them where to go?

The Sin is obviously very strong,
So strong that presently it crowds can own,
The church is getting under it since long
And pays to it a big and endless loan.

“Sin – Innocence”, in fact is “Master – Servant”
According to the oldest best tradition,
Defense of Sin by devilish force is fervent
What insures a very high position.

And this position is to last for long
Because nobody thinks that it is wrong.

429.

In truth, the selfless help, does it exist,
Especially between two whole nations? -
There where the factor is the clenched fist
This thought causes many hesitations.

But there are exceptions to be found
In History's most bloodiest red page,
The brotherhood is gaining solid ground
Quite unexpectedly on giant stage.

The reason? – Long accumulated love
By name of Christ and purest Christian faith? –
Hypotheses...The bloodshed is enough
To make the question an eternal case.

It gives a right to very clever traitors
To curse the feat of their liberators.

430.

The “lack” of origin, what a bitter word
For the description of the Universe!
The start possesses logic of some sort
That requires end and vice versa.

The Time had been too long ago implanted
On some extremely lonely cosmic twig
And subdivisions were to people granted
To what is minute, hour, day and week.

Since then it irresistibly is going
Ahead to some unknown destination
And never backwards, because the growing
Provides with age the whole God’s creation.

Besides, the time is socially ripe
And fully inaccessible to bribe.

431.

The Health is getting permanently dear,
To poor men it is thousand miles far,
The poor as soon as possible appear
In Heaven to receive a falling star.

Diseases are completely free of charge,
Available for every good tax-payer,
Through villages and cities proudly march
Intending to remain forever there.

One can get the needed medication
If only pay high price with no delay
And then he may assist the coronation

Of Money as president of Health
Where Money unchallenged will stay
Until the world will hear the doomsday bells.

432.

The sea, the mountain, the sky, the sun,
Show us in pictures how our short life ends
They are the factor that in the long run
Links us to ancient ancestors and friends .

They draw the unforgettable dear borders
In territory of the stormy souls
Among the memories of ancient orders
And frames of pictures for the future goals.

They are the gloomy witnesses of all
And watch us motionless from their thrones
As though trying to direct a call

To present searchers for most bloody prey
And to prevent them and all their sons
From going in historic wrong way.

433.

The phrase “As a matter of fact” is stop
Of mind in its uneasy muddy road
And further “By the way” is meant to cope
With lack of useful thoughts by dead load.

Soft spoken follies might facilitate
The talkers (and top talkers are included),
When they are trying to impress on Fate
How eloquently evil had eluded.

The honesty in speeches is mistake
Which they are circumventing with success -
When interest is staying on the stake
The interest in honesty is less.

Among the scoundrels lie is civil right,
There honesty is just a parasite.

434.

Our yoke is international by form –
A German is the leader of the nation
Who introduces his specific norm
Selecting foreigners for native navigation.

There are a lot of Arabs, also Jews,
And Turks – with turbans and with funny dress...
Bulgarian has lost, and will lose,
For sake of the foreigners' success.

As an obedient slave, he is alert,
And tries to fit each brand new chief
In this way avoiding mortal hurt,

Politically he is blue, and red
And everything that helps him to receive
The vital, though shameful, piece of bread.

435.

Since recently our land is getting global
Preparing for the people sacred means
To laundry with manner brave and noble
In History accumulated sins.

Much stronger now is proved to be king Money
Than all napoleons and their gift for war,
Its throne (may be unserious and funny)
Is greatest goal the Man is fighting for.

The smallest nations now disappear
Under the heavy hammer made of gold,
The sufferings are washed by bitter tears

When people must forget their native root,
In order to comply, as it is told,
With need of foggy “global brotherhood”.

436.

The friendship – essence of the human kind,
How difficult is to exist today!
The poets try to Heaven it to bind
And that is why it duly passed away.

It was inscribed as an endangered species
In all the red books printed ever since
And substituted for the feelings vicious
Which no hypocrisy can ever mince.

The novels and the poems play a role
In preservation of the friendship's image,
Presenting nice examples of it whole,

To be forever stored in our mind
Where the sins are in a constant scrimmage
With the virtues which are always behind.

437.

The whole world is gaining modern shape,
Its forces are contemporary motors,
And conjugated with many rotters
They form landscape.

The crime is getting might and badly grows,
Protected well and fully organized,
Corruption is immensely oversized
And never it withdraws.

I feel that each of us is to be blamed –
We trust the vows of pronounced traitors,
Import from far abroad foul dictators
And sink in shame.

It seems that we are simply predisposed
Never to the yoke to be opposed.

438.

Oh, what a great magician is the snow!
It can restore the innocence to Earth
Without threats and without any curse
By beautifying all the human show.

The snow is like a cunning politician
When spreads a lot of lies from TV-screen
Creating goods that never to be seen
Except in fervent dreams of superstition.

However, comes the long expected day
With southern wind, irradiating warmth,
Good April promises a lot of May

And Truth the lazy Time intensely spurs...
Then spring arrives and shines with pretty forms.
In politics quite rarely this occurs.

439.

I love the numbers and their finest smell
With honest or dishonest kind of birth,
As usurer I know how to spell
Them so that soon in money to immerse.

The numbers spread aroma in my place
With promise for percentage good and high,
I diagnose each client by his face
And know whether he will sell or buy.

I sense from distance shares, silver, gold,
Nobody ever could compete with me,
In special jargon they by me are called
And every object has its pedigree.

My conscience is black like darkest pitch
But I am rich, I am extremely rich.

440.

Amidst the many tenses of the verb
There is some grammar quite discreetly hidden,
It is like medicinal healing herb
That helps but overdoses are forbidden.

With “Future unfulfillable” are busy
All soothsayers with or without grammar,
For them the walk in future is most easy
And they do this with dignity and glamour.

Of course, in due time it's getting clear
That promised future is not realized,
That truth inevitably must appear
And the naivety is highly priced.

The scoundrels are happy now to learn
That by the grammar one can also earn.

441.

My land is covered by immortal glory,
By glory even greater than the land,
No need for their future fate to worry,
Forever it like strongest rock will stand.

It causes to the foe a sound fear –
In politics best prophylactic means,
That makes the motherland immensely dear
And always the justice on it leans.

This picture keeps us up to present days
From greedy strikes of all the hostile arms
Although the foes would like us to face

But are afraid and stay in their den
Because their fathers all still bear the harms
From wars... And this is good. But until when?

442.

I lined on row for a piece of bread
Before a shop in an unknown town,
Alongside men like ghosts were calmly waiting
For bread which was quite insufficient,
The price was death by casting lots
And no one wanted to escape.
They all ought to feed hungry children
And they fell one after another
Killed by unfulfilled humble hopes.
And stood. And continued to stay.
I also waited pale and unmovable
Obsessed by multilateral unhappiness.

I understood, it was an awful dream
But did not dare to awake.

443.

You, Cinderella, are like nice caress
To every good creative inspiration
And formerly and now I might guess
You help with topics every generation.

You are extended in the soap series,
With you is filled up every happy end,
We all indeed are glad to see how merry is
The author when allowed your life to rent.

But the directors are deciding very rare
To ask permission for what they do
And frankly to confess that all they share
The details of what is done by you.

They nothing new are adding to your tale
Except that put it simply on retail.

444.

Without sacrifice, what is love? –
So many words and words – a verbal loan,
Whose lines describe a foggy stuff
In concert with the singer's noisy groan.

The sacrifice without direct speech
Is very essence of the love, if real,
It is like strongest castle with no breach
And it is harder than the tempered steel.

It crosses forests, centuries and lakes
And longs with me to live in common soul
But the contemporary many fakes
Makes this a full of difficulties role.

One percent supposedly are good,
The rest of them are all with poison root.

445.

Is optimism presently a job? –
I frankly think that it already is,
The swarm of lies succeeded truth to rob,
In this respect they never ever miss.

The leaders argue one with another
Who more of bright prosperity to spell,
Dimension of the lies them does not bother –
The dispute starts and finishes well.

By poverty is grabbed the whole nation,
In optimistic mood are all the chiefs,
Democracy is praised with ovation

And advertised in ever growing range
By politicians hand in hand with thieves...
But soon will come the Saint Revenge.

446.

Good hearted lady bursts into hot tears
Because of Juliet's most tragic fate,
Full of compassion she does frankly fears
And wants to help her life at any rate.

Poor Romeo is hurrying in vain
And Shakespeare knows that even in advance,
He shall without feeling much restrain
Deprive the girl of any better chance.

The tears lavishly are shed by lady,
The fiction deeply touches her good heart
And that is why she always is ready

Her thoughts with tragic Juliet to tie
And much obsessed by will to be her guard
Forgets to help the sick child who may die.

447.

Our planet... Many titans are born here
But now it is victim of a plague,
The virtues, once immortal, are to disappear
Behind the gates of every new Gulag.

No more there is a helpful indicator
What is the evil and what - the good,
Who is the foe and who the liberator
In world where verbal poison is the food.

In this tremendously perplexed mess
Transformed by villainy in basic law
The Man expects some miracle in stress -

To come the Savior and evil to unravel
But he, as always before, sees how
Instead of Jesus Christ arrives the Devil

448.

They did not know that will be ancient,
They worked most humbly as poor artisans
And waiting centuries for being pensioned
They soon became of Beauty partisans.

By the historic dust on them attached
The sculptures were covered with sand,
They were most damaged by earthquake and hatchet
During the wars demolishing the land.

It happens so that they were excavated
And placed on pedestals with utmost pride
As piece of art by Genius created,

And put on to an auction and new fates...
There after battle very fierce and tight
They left directly to United States.

449.

Eternal envy causes the great Khan!
Tremendous is His most immortal feat!
It is a pillar of Bulgaristan,
A giant who had known no defeat.

Almighty Fate had entered the Khan's life
With hottest love which never turned to cool
Supplying Him with necessary drive
New land to find and gave Him the best tool.

He is remorse to all the present kings
With personal example of high grade –
Whereas they search for pleasant things

Distracting their spleen in distant land
Under enormously beguiling shade
Of vice...

Because He died with sword in hand.

450.

I wonder very much of a strange riddle
Arrived to us from the unknown lands:
Why Death is most engaged his time to fiddle
Attracting young men in his mortal hands?

They perish singing merrily their song
Obsessed by hope - the brightest ever seen,
Still unaware which is good or wrong
But to the truth sincerely ever keen.

The old, engaged in sickness and in cough,
Are trembling for the remnants of their life
Although it is hard and very tough,

However they are ready the young heroes
To teach how presently they may survive
In world with the billions of zeroes.

451.

The venal nature of the present rule
Is raising scoundrels to the very tops.
The villainy is their constant tool,
The ordinary servants are the cops.

Democracy – sophisticated trap,
Invented by arch criminals for cash,
Lulls the whole nations on its lap
But every single person by the lash.

The trap is working with tremendous might,
The right of victims is the right to groan,
And just after the election fatal night

They fall again in trap of rotten lies
Which readily their empty heads will crown
As far as sacred folly never dies.

452.

Now new big wisdom is by wisdom born:
“The truth is absolutely polyphonic” –
And men, regardless wise or quite forlorn,
Must guess what kind of foolishness is chronic.

The truth if being duly atomized
Attains a very necessary feature,
Some parts of it, all in the name of Christ,
Can satisfy the needs of every creature.

The partly truthful words are shortest bridge
That links them to the ordinary lie,
The men with them will feel that they are rich

And government can each man satisfy
With part of truth which, dispersed in rations,
The people will make free of harmful passions.

453.

In this right open finest world of ours
So many things are bought and are sold!
Shall ever we possess sufficient powers
To find what is not available by gold?

Celebrity, posts, glory, words of vow,
Integrity, high office, even throne,
Is small part of a most impressive row
Of stuff that to the stock exchange is prone.

However with much money can't be bought
A piece of talent formerly and now,
Impossible is to create a bank-note

Enough big present *status quo* to mend.
No one still had invented ever how
To buy a talent... But it might be rent.

454.

Attacking in red densest rows
Pretending that their talent grows,
Invade the nation poetasters –
All noble cultural investors.

They all are stubborn like a mule,
The money is their basic rule
And constant mutual back scratching
All their energy is catching.

Supported by the despots strongly
They never plead that all goes wrongly,
To every rich administration
They show highest admiration.

The poetry is smeared with dirt
But scoundrels are still not hurt.

455.

The poets are the mountains alike,
They are example of immortal soul,
Through bunch of many centuries they hike
Fulfilling their noble human role.

The people love the poets and their verses
Especially if are against the yoke,
If share the people's very empty purses
And fight the tyrants not with "talk and talk".

The point is that the creative men
Live to produce the famous classic stuff,
Their arm is usually only single pen
Or songs at time resembling merely guff.

Examples many each one can meet –
The heroes fight, the poets praise their feat.

456.

Triumphant is the military crowd
That boldest heroes sleep in their graves,
There is no need again of being caught
And hang as is the practice with the braves.

Without heroes kings are doing well,
There are no troubles, riots and no feats,
A sample of ex glory they can sell
And so to strengthen their royal sits.

The perished heroes are convenient source
Of words they had not written, read or said,
But kings ascribe to them with no remorse

On some occasions if there is such need,
And kiss their pictures as a moral debt
Because a kiss in need is kiss indeed.

457.

The wise man is most able to endure
The hot temptations of the greedy passion,
Of arrogance, of every kind of lure,
Of vice, of foolishness, and every fashion.

He stares with indifference them how
Neglect the beauty of their earthy days,
He execrates no one of them although
The vanity each among them obeys.

The sage draws bright and promising new roads
And eloquently advertises them
But here he stops...The champion of thoughts

Is powerless to materialize
Them only by nice speech and verbal gem...

Mad men are needed them to realize.

458.

In ancient time of greatness and of wit
The leaders spoke to people quite alone;
Now rulers rent some agents who to cheat
In their name directly or by phone.

“Speech writers” in high office are installed
To disengage the chief of boring job
Because he meanwhile is duly called
“With problems of society” to cope.

Yes, this is theft done in the name of boss
As far as he possesses legal force
To turn a crime in virtue all across
The country as a glorious resource.

He loves men with unrequited love
Too well disguised behind a ugly laugh.

459.

I love the sympathetic old caveman
Who stays in calendar forever hidden
As Stone ages' pretty specimen
Where History for first time he had ridden.

He frequently suffered much of hunger
But of neurosis was too far away,
Away was also of the fierce war monger
Who readily for all with blood can pay.

He did not know servitude and yoke
And all the wonders of election polls
By which the rulers regularly mock

At simple minded public in the town...
The heirs of the caveman with pure souls
Line up to vote for things to him unknown.

460.

The vast majority of naïve souls,
Is it connected with a secret force
Or is result of some unhappy roles
Designed for them to follow wrong course?

Or may be Nature had created them
To be to devils long expected gift
Because they probably directly stem
From angels who are victim of a drift?

The naïve now are support of state
By their calm and very trustful charm,
They act as aids of the almighty Fate

Attempting venal life on Earth to mend
But are instead provoking only harm
Because rely on crooked parliament.

461.

In dictionaries as in tightest graves
Are buried enormous freights of words
And, sealed in nice translucent caves,
They wait for resurrection and awards.

Nobody cares for their tragic fate,
The Great Will is in the Paradise
And writing crowd is mainly light weight –
Five hundred words and man can pass for wise.

Remarkable are these hot verbal groups
Containing noble words of just four letters
But they are very active just as troops
And no one linguist ever since them betters.

Because when people live like slaves of cash
They are well satisfied with verbal trash.

462.

The God once resurrected His Saint Son
In order to reveal His super might
And monks since then relentlessly are prone
To glorify His goodness day and night.

Some liberators are ahead of Him
Because they gives life to a whole nation
And form a mighty and immortal team
Attacking every form of domination.

They are a group quite desperately small
But charged well with explosive force,
Them “new apostles” people used to call

When happens they as heroes to die
And thousands them are willing to endorse
Though not in battle but in mourning cry.

463.

*An American businessman asked Talleyrand
to issue to him a trade permit: "I will pay 3 million to Your Grace in
secret."*

"Pay 5 million and talk to everybody!" - answered Talleyrand.

The press presents them ever all in black,
As champions of evil and of vice,
Behind their life there is a long vile track
Of villainy, of bribes, not once or twice.

But sometimes in a badly fierce year
When whole country is in mortal threat
A strange rebirth occurs and they appear
As saviors who good from evil get.

By cunning tricks, by ruse, and all their means,
Hypocrisy and everlasting lies
They even Fate deceit and it begins

To help the nations fallen in disaster
And spare the widows more tears and cries...
Count Talleyrand in this had been a master.

464.

The fool shines in a Universe of his
Where human wisdom is forever banned,
Where he the smallest chance will never miss
To get stupidity of nicest brand.

He lives in paradise without law
And even God not dares to get him out,
The trees of good and evil in a row
Provide the shade of his round-about.

He dives in politics with inspiration,
His post as party boss is like a rock,
His follies all are met with ovation
For masses love such kind of talk.

He permanently goes on the racket
But always avoids the straight jacket.

465.

The line of sciences is very long
Well set according their vital truth,
And each of them has its proper tongue
Which only for the noble goals to use.

It is quite natural in this logistic row
The mathematics to be on the top,
To it for help the other sciences go
In order to refine their own job.

In deepest ancient times it is conceived
By greatest thinkers of the human kind
And all discoveries they had achieved
Are *quint essence* of an immortal mind.

Yet fog in numbers also may appear,
“Infinity” and “zero” are not clear.

466.

This actress played attractive tragic roles
On all most famous and prestigious stages
In roles by which consoled so many souls
And resurrected lines from ancient pages.

On stage she shed a sea of bitter tears
For strangers' fate and still for strangers' pains,
She failed to catch the train to happy years
And has refused to wait for other trains.

She did not lose serenity and mood,
Had sober mind until the very end,
Her spirit had reserves of mental food,

The coming death she met with single sigh
And tried some tears of despair to spend
But all were gone for roles. Her eyes were dry.

467.

“Quoth the raven ‘Nevermore!’”
E.A. Poe, “The Raven”.

He suffered terribly and very much
But sufferings he turned to pure gold
And each his verbal touch was golden touch
Performed by person genial and bold.

His bells are ever singing! Silver bells!
And Raven talks with normal human voice,
Through them he ever sacred secrets tells
The angels how to do angelic choice.

He gave immortal glory to his foes
And their hate against his brightest soul,
This hate gave life to their shameful prose

Because no one yet would have them remembered
Without their curse and their role
In killing of his most celestial temper.

468.

Corruption – irrespective small or big,
Might it be removed in any way? –
Or the society is still too sick
And must to power of the vice obey?

The words “integrity”, “corruption”, now
Are still without any legal right,
Their wrestling is declared a peaceful draw
But judgment is away of public sight.

The liars, well disguised as moral teachers,
Converted the corruption into god
And advertise it value just as preachers

In churches, parliaments, of any kind
Where truth is persecuted, even shot,
In order to deceive the human mind.

469.

Pity is when two sincere souls
Fall in love but not at proper time,
Love them one after another calls
So they not in concert hear the chime.

Each of them is on a different scale,
Feelings are entirely unshared,
The attempts for contact strangely fail
Though both for contact are prepared.

Who will help in this vast world, so busy,
These enamored souls to put together? –
To fulfill this task is quite not easy,

They are walking on divergent ways
And their life is full of bad weather
Supplemented by unpleasant days.

470.

We all are shakespearized extremely fast.
The reason? – Is it hidden in the blood
As remnant of a distant bloody past
Full of bloodshed and of bloody mud?

His plays are overburdened with killers
But he is not by this immortalized –
The present world is flooded by fierce thrillers,
He's great because he nears Man to Christ.

The wisdom streams from all his best creations,
Not only heroes but the funny clown
Are causing thoughts, feelings, trepidations,

By them he Human kind raised to new heights
Where he enjoys successes and renown
And bitter sweetness of the human rights.

471.

I witness how some men obsessed by vice
Are trying constantly to harm each other,
The crimes combine with malignant lies
Forgetting father and forgetting mother.

But there are people of unknown root,
For them the public hasn't any clarity,
They usually are misunderstood
Because of their strangest zest – the charity.

They give and never think of any gain,
The gratitude is sparsely, even poor,
But they do not protest, do not complain,
Their love is not material but pure.

Perhaps, as many think, they might be ill,
But the disease is not contagious still.

472.

The solitude is frequently cursed
With rage, with hate and even with despair,
It is compared with a mental thirst
Although with thirst is nothing to compare.

Sometimes it is imposed by brutal force
And then it is intolerable pain,
The thoughts are becoming dark and coarse
And soon will show features of insane.

But there is a solitude (high grade!)
Which is full of most creative dreams
And when they lonely human souls invade

The men receive a magic godly lever
That gives them power everything to trim
And it to Satan shortly to deliver.

473.

Perfection much resembles the bleak spleen
As far as it is something self sufficient
But men, who have perfection never seen,
Think that it is, in truth, to them commissioned.

A few are those who part of it possess
Combined with gift of constantly bad luck,
Deprived of any right God them to bless –
God perfect men tries always to chuck.

Some greatness is ascribed to the perfection,
Of it survives considerable stuff
In form of overvalued recollection

Of its plans that it doesn't realize,
As well of its unshared bitter love
To better world and better Paradise.

474.

If all love novels readily convert
In racket fuel, this new jolly fashion
Will keep prolific authors on alert
That work could be extracted from the passion.

Imagine! Piles of numerous vast pages
Will spare a lot of necessary oil
For heating households and to take courageous
Steps to avoid pollution of our souls.

The noble words, most passionate and gentle,
Will freely fly in heaven to and fro,
Sophisticated, bright and sentimental,

And will return to native earthy scene
To take part in the planned erotic show
Without any paper go-between.

475.

Communal kitchen, is not it a catch? -
A most sophisticated public lie,
A hypocritical attempt to watch
A pseudo Christian act with tears and sigh?

The never ending line of hungry poor
With rusted can in weak and trembling hand
Expect the soup from bailer but not sure
By whom will be the next day next command.

However all the media announce
And praise the soup and all its noble chiefs
In villages, in cities and in towns

By radio, TV and telephone,
To all the places where the poor man lives...
And so the world wide poverty goes on.

476.

The rich man may be object of a suit
However never ever goes to prison,
With help of mother church he even could
To buy himself a halo every season.

And so it goes. If bandit is too rich
He freely can perform the basest crimes,
To poor men law is as dark as pitch,
It is a foe regardless of the times.

Executive, legislature, judicial –
Three mighty powers in the rich man purse,
Have moral status that is not official
But they have right morality to curse.

The bandits can have everything they want
Except clean conscience which to buy they can't.

477.

What in this world is so extremely bad
That many men are trying to escape? –
It seems to me humanity is sad
And by big lies wants sadness to reshape.

The line dividing lies and dreams is thin,
The movie films make it still further thinner
And public is to both of them akin,
Aware that conscience so is getting cleaner.

This practice gathers lots of empty hopes
That everything will be again OK
And will be possible in certain shops

To buy new dreams instead of old despair,
With Archimedes' lever on a tray,
In order crooked planet to repair.

478.

Enormous is the population growth
Which wars, earthquakes, tsunami can not stop...
Despite His old divine efficient laws
God gets some troubles with His blessing job.

That is why Almighty has decided
To send His deputies on planet Earth,
By Holy Spirit they will be guided
With task Old Testament to get new birth.

Physicians with monks well combined
Accepted the responsible position
Succeeding hastily a way to find
And organized an Earth to Hell transition.

Discharged of need to cope with the mess
God call the Satan for a game of chess.

479.

The source of all poetic inspirations
Are surely incarnations of the Beauty
And authors are producing their creations
As honorable task and highest duty.

Some Glory – yes, but glory with no pay,
The same is fate of scientists, even worse,
In their labs the solitude as ray
Is main support of their mental force.

Inventors, poets, often must endure
Not only negatives but also mocks
Although their love is strong and pure,

Misunderstood by government and press
Which remember them in their talks
In order to be praised but after death.

480.

The ready structures are in fashion now
In the material and mental life,
They spare much precious time and dough
And this is reason why they grow rife.

In politics the ready made expression
Is form of intellectual respect
Quite obvious in speech at every session
Of president or president elect.

The tyrants also have in their team
Some manufacturers of ready phrases
And I discover with a high esteem

How often Hitler, Gorbachev and Blair
Make History by most sincere faces
The same way, if you would them compare.

481.

In weightlessness are hidden strangest things,
They have no weight and fly without wings –
The friendship, talent, happiness and glory,
About them each citizen must worry.

They are deprived of form, of taste, of smell,
And why is so nobody can us tell,
Regardless of whether right or wrong
All people passionately for them long.

They serve the weightless business in peace,
Avoid any conflict with police,
And penetrate through strongly guarded fence
With promises in *distant future tense*.

Unfortunately villainy and vice
Are also weightless and at lower price.

482.

Don't wake my dear naïve Coubertin
Because you suddenly again will die
When see that after you a lot of men
Made of Olympics stuff to sell and buy.

Your dreams are object of dark speculations
For billions of dollars and the sport
Is nothing else than brutal incarnation
Of long for profit of the basest sort.

You were so proud of the resurrection
Of the Olympic ancient noble games
Which now are all victims of infection

With golden virus of the fierce commerce –
It pitilessly at the profit aims
And the ideals are turned into despairs.

483.

The Man-automaton lives very well,
No moral problems and no hesitation
As what to tell and may be not to tell...
He keeps the strictly programmed destination.

He has no own goal but own role
By other written and by other paid,
He long ago had lost his own soul
And must on other souls concentrate.

He serves each red and yellow politician
According to a stable payment scale,
He readily would serve and Inquisition
If it would not have been so old and stale.

He is despised, considered bad and vile,
But gains in popularity his style.

484.

My passion burns me down with no pity
And clenches my heart in ever glowing ring
Where God and Satan have some sort of treaty
And my poor blood is what they use to drink.

I can not find the way how them to stop,
The weakness full overpowers me
When kneeling before icons on the top
I try the image behind them to see.

In vain I offer my sincere prayers,
The passion kicks them and returns them back
Where my hot tears – innocent betrayers,

Provoke attention of the dearest saint
But soon the whole world is turning black
Before I finally succeed to faint.

485.

I knew him when he still was very young –
Well educated, handsome, with no match;
The striving after power and high rank
Transformed him into basest sort of wretch.

The honesty he easily divorced,
His conscience being left to stay alone
But strongly by the Party rules endorsed
Whose darkest light on whole country shone.

The villain everywhere remains the same
In essence but his face may widely vary,
Like gifted actor plays his useful game

Attracting victims in his golden trap,
Deceiving them by stories bright and merry
Until them wholly with lies can wrap.

486.

My life is getting permanently daily,
My dawns are too much like early dusks
While feeling as some other's people bailee
And all my thoughts are banal and husks.

My sun is obviously deadly tired
Because of its terrestrial long trip,
Until quite recently it was admired
But many now it want to pip.

The bottomless pit is extremely near
Where disappear all nice expectations
And it's becoming awkwardly clear

That in eternal emptiness the souls
Enjoy the lack of foolish proclamations
By foolish leaders with most foolish roles.

487.

I am a merry sort of a good man
Who usually tells best jokes he can;
I never even slightest chances miss
To say that I fight for the lasting peace,

That I for peace will forever fight,
Will argue and will discuss all right
With eloquence, with dignity and zeal,
And if I have to perish, then I will.

But meanwhile with noisy five divorces
And speculations in the armed forces
I showed that in private life at least
I am not gentleman but basest beast.

The confraternity in human hive
Welcomes such men in the public life.

488.

Who pays the angels for their Heaven's toil
When in a hurry they fly to and fro?
The immortality on sacred soil
Perhaps is based on godly kind of dough.

A currency, to us unknown still,
Is probably in circulation there
And every urgent loan, tax and bill,
At special office will be met with care.

It may be yellow, or red, or green,
In bank-notes only or is minted too,
The point is, whether this can mean
That it is also for inflation clue?

The first of us who there will be
The answer of this problem will see.

489.

Majority of criminals complain
In prison, stating with angelic face,
That they are persecuted quite in vain
And that deserve all perfect kind of grace.

The same way some basest politicians
Deprived of power readily confess
That their nasty deputies' ambitions,
In fact, are reasons for the present mess.

They willingly accept that they are mad,
That they are fools, etc., but not guilty
Of the premeditated crime they had
Committed for their greedy vicious fealty.

But when of lack of punishment they learn
The predator in them will soon return.

490.

I was in error born among the giants
In land where they reside without fear
And to the dwarves they harbor no defiance –
The giants are good humored, not severe.

I was small sized, vulnerable, pale,
But gifted with wit and great ambition,
At first I practiced sitting on the rail
But gradually took a front position.

I came to power and, by it enchanted,
My vengeance for my misery began
Against Man who by good will is haunted

And of eternal virtues who is breeder...
The death I planted everywhere I can
Like real butcher. But was called “A leader”.

491.

The wood is habitat of many species,
The Nature loves them but without care
To give to all of them sufficient dishes
And leaves as its main deputy the bear.

The Force is so most solemnly enthroned,
Soon being solemnly declared as law
Which like other assets might be owned –
All want to be the bear, no one – the caw.

Diplomacy, for sake of better taste,
The “Sphere of influence” has introduced
And “Brutal force” was constantly erased,

In courteous expression was forbidden
(Because in bad morality accused)
But in reality exists, although hidden.

492.

Narcotics doubtless are social evil,
Most anti-human are and anti-civil,
And are in every public condominium
Disdained in full by popular opinion.

But presently the world is badly stuck
By a new dangerous addictive drug
Provoking extraordinary mess
With help of TV, radio and press.

The whole nation it can tightly tie
By means of sophisticated lie,
For slavery can say that it is good
And innocence into the noose can put.

The poison in most excellent supplies
Is taken by the ears and the eyes.

493.

Among the chaos of the letters signs
May be are future best creations
Whose vital, brought to perfection, lines
Will cause not-stop world wide admirations.

Unborn but talented unknown man
Will pick up finest and most proper words
Refining duly them as much as can
In poem with success at royal courts.

And other perfect poems will arise,
At night them youngsters will with love recite
Immune to vice but virtuously wise,

Far from corruption and from brutal battle
Before the faked golden gate of Might
Which nowadays tries everything to settle.

494.

Sometimes the Satan, when in crisis falls,
Decides to close unprofitable jobs,
To sinners gives on Earth important roles
Instead of being plain infernal cops.

The politicians meet with admiration
The noble gesture of their major chief,
Each hellish soul is treasure of the nation
Especially to whom in Hell believe.

The hellish practice helps the soul a lot
To get along with the fair election
Improving the percentage of the vote
And after this, arranged with perfection,

The resurrected soul takes golden prize
And honored to the Inferno flies.

495.

The birds are envied by a lot of men
Who are the prisoners of gravitation
And who dream as sincere as they can
To make a flight by magic operation.

In this respect they help the poems' lines
With their imaginary easy flights
Where optimism easily combines
With mourning for the victims of the heights.

Without wings are now created people
In contrast to the weightless ghosts which fly,
Compared with them we only simply cripple
Expecting miracle to bring wings supply

In order nearly to resemble so
The winged images on icons' row.

496.

The Fierceness...The Fierceness again,
How big a part is presently of us! –
Each generation hurries to obtain
As much as possible of this bad muss.

An ugly wreath of victories and losses
Is showing picture of this strangest cult
And all subordinates and also bosses
Are tightly linked by bloodiest result.

From which abysses it originates
Or is it for original great sin
That our personal and public fates
Are tragic and intolerably mean?

May be in such a riddle we shall dive,
Without knowing why, through whole life.

497.

A right or obligation is the life? –
The hangman answers shortly with “May be”
And goes on with his tools, no more than five,
That public is already used to see.

He is delivering to Paradise
According to the schedule sentenced souls,
He does not pity men, he pities mice,
And God to do the same in prayers calls.

He gets the accidents to a decrease
And continents to under population,
Philosophers to prophesize will cease
And deadly silence will tame evry nation.

The kingship is expandable as job
But hangman’s job is job in use non-stop.

498.

Morality? – Does it have important rules?
For centuries? Or only for short use?
For their improvement are there any tools
That we from time to time can choose?

In Holy Bible everyone would see
Long wisely ordered words in sacred lines
But slightly foggy due to “he” or ”she” Who had
translated it from ancient signs.

Nevertheless there is anticipation
Somewhere profoundly in soul hidden -
An excellent anonymous creation,

It switches on “Alarm!” when we lie
Or are by empty prejudices ridden,
Some call it conscience...I don't know why.

499.

I wonder how the stubbornness of men
Consecutively trust without doubt
The words of many soothsayers when
Predicting of the fortune all about.

Attracted by absurd is every mob
In order to get knowledge of the future,
The future they are trying right to rob
Cooperating with a mental butcher.

All funny, fruitless, non perspective tries,
Can't dissuade still people nowadays
That Earth is rather Hell not Paradise

And they in vain the stars want to loot
Relying on the lies to show them ways,
Forgetting that all stars are deaf and mute.

500.

Gigantic hill of murdered human creatures
Is shop-window of each tyrant's rule –
By hangmen, guillotines, bootlickers, suitchers,
They try their own glowing fear to cool.

However always an outcome must occur:
Napoleon, Attila and Saddam,
If not the people, Time will them deter
Expecting History all them to damn.

But writers dedicate to them nice books,
The sculptors are erecting biggest statues,
Their vital road follows other crooks
Including kings and men of medium status.

And meanwhile their victims are supposed
Forever to remain in graveyards closed.

501.

When striking my internal balance now
I look at my quite twisted vital road
And see how many memories in row
Are crowded in a single shadow-thought.

A lot of people, distant and too close,
Have often got support and help from me
But very rarely some one of those
Has shown readiness to me of help to be.

Ingratitude is so widely spread! –
It is like plague too difficult to cure,
By human souls it is mainly fed

But its harm is not often understood
And only pen of poet, I am sure,
Can resurrect the image of the Good.

502.

The faithfulness to conquerors is cheap,
It can be bought everywhere quite free,
It is sincere and, no doubt, deep,
The traitors also get to it a key.

The faithfulness is precious in defeat!
Imagine! – An insurgence is subdued.
The rebels are besieged. And no retreat.
The Fate as always is very mute...

And then anonymous heroic guy
Stands up with naked knife in wounded hand
With “I am here under oath!” – piercing cry

He throws himself in desperate attack
And proudly falls in an unknown land.
The foe discovers his unnamed wrack.

503.

Some people are appendix to machine
Without valor and without force,
May be their patriotism too is keen
To have machine as own proper source.

Their present guns are mainly decoration,
Forgotten is the fighting hand-to-hand,
And rackets, launched by the aviation
Would make excessive the descant on land.

For “after” is postponed the armed visit
In newly devastated desert place,
The journalists, of course, will not miss it

To be assured that all the foes are dead
And patriotically flag to raise
By which the History will be met.

504.

The History is endless, not impartial,
With all its subdivisions – old and new,
It bothers us with a single marshal
Or king, or emperor, to say the few.

What it underlines, what erases,
In all its countless and dusty lines
Depends on forces momentary phases
Which very frequently it refines.

Three hundred valiant Spartan hoplites, perished
In Greco-Persian very ancient war,
Are quite deservedly sincerely cherished

But our children's and their mothers' feat,
Who made a last ditch stand for their tsar
The History decided to omit.

505.

The tyranny we all are used to hate!
We hate! But not enough! But not enough!
In slavery is drawn our state,
Instead to fight, we stay and even laugh.

Corrupted media, corrupted speech,
Transform the sacred human rights in trash,
Society some peace can never reach
When everything is bought with gold and cash.

I can't imagine shall we succeed
The hate with vengeance readily to charge,
The tyrant to deprive of leading seat

Where he under "Democracy" with fate
Of all of us dispose and by and large
Is going to annihilate the state.

506.

To S. Vesenkov, MD.

The Poet praised the feat of live and dead
In the decisive legendary fight
However obviously would forget
Some glory to preserve for our side.

But we were there – heavy mutilated
With amputated hand or leg, or both,
In hell of war, all sufferers ill-fated,
Defenders of the faith and Holy Cross.

All lightly wounded were already slain...
Then our surgeon, soaked in blood,
Quite driven mad, commanded the remain

Of us with “Charge!” Avoiding the formality
He threw us in the midst of bloody flood
And taught us the life in immortality.

507.

Judicial processes in Highest Court
Are for the judges source of greatest pride
But would be better if they were of sort
The test of many years to abide.

If not, the cases in archive are left,
As distant souvenir of distant past
And there most probably of life are reft
With hope some other laws long to last.

The criminal is feeding magistrate
By his attentive every day's activity
From where he goes to prosecutor straight

As part of the society destruction.
The politicians do this with civility
And they get properly a tax deduction.

508.

Assertions since antiquity till now
Have formed a general but faulty rule
Pretending even to be strong as law
That gifted men are working like a mule.

The riddle: “Mozart better than a Saliery?”
Has readily been solved long ago,
Resemblances with other stories vary
But by and large they follow this “law”.

Baudelaire, Villon, Essenin and Descartes,
Dirac, Lermontov, Schiller and De Broglie
Create immortal pieces of pure art

In moments of the highest inspiration
But not as a result of bitter toil...
And very often near to starvation.

509.

The virtue is not difficult to fake
But not the hate. But not the hate.
It is the basest thing that Man can make
With help of Master Satan who is great.

The hate is hardly stronger than the love
But it is with much bigger presence here
And its invisible and very active stuff
Is able strongest moral links to tear.

And afterward appears the confession,
Sometimes sincere, often not sincere,
Which prepares the parties for new session

Where dreams are all in excellent supplies
By Fate – the most distinguished racketeer,
Combining them with exquisite lies.

510.

The children – proud owners of the Earth,
Grow up and each of them exists as slave...
The change? – Which evil force provokes its birth?
The purity? – Who threw it in the grave?

Since long ago the slaves are used to kneel
Before an anthropoid crook with force
While attempting not to let him feel
What hopelessly a fool is he, of course.

And they disguise themselves as clowns
With plenty lack of wit their boss to fit,
And to impress on him how many crowns
Are waiting for his shining sun to meet.

In their sleep the slaves in whole pack
Are dreaming to return to childhood back.

511.

A big dictator quite unpunished dies
Drawn in a ghastly pond of bloody mud,
The whole nation opens freely eyes.

But victims keep their mouths shut.

The scientists steps onto his twisted road
In History with pages full of blood
Where right of death with suffering is bought...

But victims keep their mouths shut.

The heroes peacefully are in the grave
With their throats thoroughly cut,
The Fate refuses their souls to save.

But victims keep their mouths shut.

And so forever they will remain
Without knowing that had died in vain.

512.

Embarrassed is the love to motherland
Since it is internationalized
And tries to balance on the legs of sand
Expecting help but ever ill advised.

Inspect us generals with good will,
Allied forces offer brotherhood,
We love obediently them until
Becomes apparent that they search for loot.

The state is looted not once and twice
By foreigners and native skillful thieves
And it is strange how still attracts the eye
Of predators in team with our chiefs.

For us the topic now of priority
Is curing complex of inferiority.

513.

The boy behind the desk is looking old,
He prematurely had abandoned youth
Compelled by poverty to get it sold -
To poverty nobody can refuse.

The people pass beside in lonely line
To pay what is their monthly fee,
He gives to each of them a kindly sign
Accompanied with a tiny recipe.

His former knowledge is already out,
It disappears without leaving trace,
To him at first place boredom is allowed

In office-prison, closed for each affection,
Where mixed with spleen of the another case
It freezes as a painful recollection.

514.

God probably is angry with men
Because they all are burdened with dreams,
By them they build imaginary den
With the decisive devil's help, it seems.

But their hopeless faith is very pure
(Supported by the Future in its needs)
Prepared doubtlessly to endure
The words and their fast escape from deeds.

It covers every soul with a cloud
Of best serenity produced in sky,
The Man is self-assured and has no doubt,

He feels the talent other men to teach
Of art how necessary thing to buy
And most important – Freedom of the speech.

515.

The Man comes into being with pangs,
And mourning his life, crying in advance;
To die is easier and so is thanks
To arms which sends him to the golden hence.

The leaders profit by such opportunity
But how they do this is unknown yet,
In any case, they all possess immunity
Against the plague of pitying the dead.

May be the swap: much murder for a glory,
Is part of prehistoric mental twists
That later is the basis of the story
Distinguishing Man from other beasts.

Here also one day History will find
The cause of greatness of the Human kind.

516.

A beard of prophet. Lofty mean
Inspiring trust. Sincere eyes
And noble stature. Very lean –
The man is born to sermonize.

He does not talk. He mainly preaches.
His truths are offered ready made,
Appropriate installed in speeches
The soul of crowd to invade.

As clever man he serves the rich
And prophesying what they want,
The Good from Wrong he does not leach,
His talent is of finest brand.

With all these very special tools
He rules the system of the rules.

517.

The social figures have a perfect tactics
As far as all of them are made of plastics
And this helps them wherever are involved
To say:” I will get all the problems solved.”

They are most indispensable because
From dough is mad each their social cause,
They had consecutively parties changed
Until the pile of own wealth arranged.

They had been “left”, and “right”, and fans of tsar,
Pro-Turks, pro-Greeks, pro-each one, so far,
And all ideologies – sane, insane,
If this is linked to any form of gain.

I might name this if I were polite
Result of wise political insight.

518.

The world is world of hottest breaking news,
That, by contemporary media spread,
Is serving the unknown wise and ruse
Almighty agents who pay their bread.

They are the secret men behind the scene
Who own the right of ultimate selection,
They say what is good, what obscene,
What must be a subject of dissection.

What part of news might be revealed,
What hidden, is depending on their will,
The lies and truths in single can be sealed
And which appears is problem of a deal.

And, strange enough, according to the press
All they defend the Freedom. And no less.

519.

De Richelieu was rich and wise,
With science was in closest ties,
In good mood he once decided
And an academy provided.

He was a cardinal with style
When gathered forty men in pile
Distinguished, full of nice ambition,
And made of them academicians.

The act was proved to be contagious –
Thus, many other men courageous,
Soon started copying this example,
Academies becoming ample.

And now they are hard to count,
So great is their big amount.

520.

A great deal of well arranged laws
In vain try to prevent the wars on Earth,
Belligerency world-widely grows
And scarcely would be stopped by prose or verse.

Is the will connected with the hope
That Man will suddenly get sound sense
When God Himself doesn't know how to cope
With fact that good and wrong are with no fence?

We live our life in splendid isolation
But fight in wars as ever growing groups,
The signs of desperate civilization

Make feeling of the guilt much less severe
Because it's spread upon too many troops
And guilt as heroism may appear.

521.

Health and madness face a tiny line
Separating them from one another,
Both creations of the Nature-mother
Where the spirit over clod must shine.

This Purgatory of art is free,
People come or exit at free will,
Money to them means nothing still,
Piece of art is major form of fee.

They are mocked by every normal man
Being never understood all right
And society, deprived of sight,
Hurries their life in time to ban.

Later History removes the fog
And they see the picture of Van Gogh.

522.

The long most memorable raw of saints
Prepared by all patriarchs and popes
Contains the images in lurid paints
Of martyrs slain for faith and Holy Hopes.

Among them, strange enough, are absent those
Defending knowledge in the epic fights,
Whose feat the clergy stubbornly oppose
By force and prayers ever day and night.

En bloc they have been burned on sacred stakes,
Quartered, hang and to the prison sent
By ignorant, wanting them to bake,

But all the monks with their fear and pain,
With all their prayers and their high intent
Not equal Jordano Bruno's name.

523.

Explosive does exist in all man's tears,
Conceived into deeply wounded soul,
And, disregarded, they are causing fears
In people or in country as a whole.

So are created many gloomy creatures
Obsessed completely of sincere hate
Which eclipses all other noble features
And no one can it eradicate.

It's very interesting why and how
Historians love them extremely well
And honor them with a mental bow

In works that treated themes of heroism
Which successfully they later sell
As "resilience and clever realism".

524.

Some questions born in stormy human mind
Can fill up centuries with densest mist,
They are produced by deaf, addressed to blind –
For fun of God and Satan they exist.

The answers are familiar to each
But people keep deep silence all about
And only songs are trying to beseech
The world for love and pity to the crowd.

They are appealing to the rich with hearts
To stop the stealing money from the poor,
To open souls for new moral starts
And disregard the ghost of golden lure.

Despite this, still the Good is being looted,
And problems will be solved by the bare footed.

525.

I often meet some words resembling curtain,
They hide the sense instead revealing it,
Especially for politics I'm certain
They are in use and absolutely fit.

“The international authorities”
Or “Most progressive”, “Friendly vital trend”
Are profiting as permanent priorities
In media where as head lines stand.

And many others just as them unclear,
In verbal circulation widely used,
In short time afterward they disappear,
To zero their meaning is reduced.

This misadventure surely needs repair
But now causes natural despair.

526.

Are 14 000 wars not quite enough
To build up glorious and bloody frame
Of Man and his immortal bloody gaff –
To love the peace while seeking war for fame?

Such kind of fame resembles all the fames,
It is worn out for the shortest time,
The wars are extraordinary games,
Which are crime but not considered crime.

Considered lucky is who could survive
But such a luck is very avaricious,
It rarely visits us while alive

And uses the despair as social buffer
To cope with hope – untrue and superstitious...

And all those who complain are free to suffer.

527.

The youth is egotistic nowadays
Aware that it is permanently right,
It falls in love with its own face
And ever ready for a cause to fight.

It now prefers its proper modern yoke,
Rejects the former yokes of predecessors,
Of any past event it does not talk
Avoiding philosophers and professors.

However past is much alike a plague,
It sticks to generations as the glue
Reminding them the terror of Gulag
And evidence that all in it is true.

The youth will understand what is told
Perhaps with time when will be old.

528.

The leaders of the nation cost too high...
But what about their beloved voters? –
Who will respond to their piercing cry
Of disappointment from their promoters?

They think naively that on them depends
No more, no less, the country and its fate,
While authorities in fact are fence
That hides the real forces which dictate.

For people rest impressive rights to pay
The luxury of all the ruling class
Which tries from either left or right to play

With their confidence which they steer
In order for best democrats to pass
And so the hopes for better live to smear.

529.

Oh, densest mist, most sympathetic mist,
How well with wit you are disguising fool!
As far as you the clarity dismissed,
It is believed that all your deeds are cool.

You know everywhere to penetrate
And to ennoble every ugly stuff,
All lies in truth correctly to translate,
Or sound projects cunningly to bluff.

You can be blessing or infamous curse
Depending on existing situation,
A miracle in non expecting Earth

Behind which I safely will be hidden
Together with my highest aspiration
To enter place, for others quite forbidden.

530.

I search for an example of endurance –
In hunger, or in grievances, or thirst,
Or in the hypocritical assurance
That after death the luck is coming first.

I hardly would have tried to seek
Among the bended figures of old men
Which are standing, all like shadows bleak,
With look expressing sufferings and pain.

They tremble at the market in the frost
With fruits in hand for begging or for sale,
They stay, and stay, and stay, at any cost
As though extracted from a horror tale.

At night thy go back slowly to their cave
Extremely well resembling ugly grave.

531.

Is it quite natural one of us
To rule upon majority of others?
I think that it is not. Bur when discuss
With friends, I see this problem no one bothers.

Oppression will be never out of fashion,
Its popularity is growing every day,
Uniquely distributed as a ration
It makes that everybody feels OK.

Elections are oppression's armored dress,
They legalize the love to lasting yoke,
By them each slave and tyrant can confess
How much they trust the brand new chains in stock.

The voters readily obey the vision
Prepared by unilateral decision.

532.

I don't rely on any Heaven's god
But only on good fortune of my card
Which truly brings me happiness a lot
In whole life since every early start.

My senior and most important goal
Is to attract the chance to be my friend
And when this happens I will humbly call
Its help my too restricted dough to mend.

The winning combination I discover
Each night in sleep and absolutely clear
But when awake the happy chance is over

Without leaving even slightest mark
And I again remain with my fear
Expecting chance to come back from the dark.

533.

The Man comes to the world with some hope
But after leaves obsessed by desperation
When his fate draws him by iron rope
To life-stop of the train “Devine Creation”.

Where is the joyful thirst of fame,
Of social recognition and good luck? –
Reality is always the same –
A disappointment and deadly hug.

He sometimes can obtain the popularity,
To hide the poverty of meager soul
Impressing on himself with faked clarity

That his world contribution is unique
And corresponding to his vital role,
While in fact it is forever bleak.

534.

The hunting once was means of survival
But how it's fully changed nowadays?! –
Ferocity becomes of Pity rival
And conquers it while with murder plays.

For right to kill the hunter buy a permit,
The pleasure so is bigger and is safe
But not for tiger, partridge, even hermit -
The hunter is inviting them to grave.

He is maintaining mental health by killing
The gorgeous beauty of the proud deer,
The killing is for him a noble feeling
Protecting nerves from tendency to tear.

And after, when the hunted victim dies,
The pleasure goes on with the hunter's lies.

535.

I wonder how nice sing the birds in flocks
Without manual and written notes,
The listeners are the flowers and the rocks,
All predisposed to music and high thoughts.

It is a miracle that are in tone
And in accordance with each other,
To concert music absolutely prone
Just as their father were and their mother.

Sincerely by the artists envied are
Most anxious their secret to unravel
But they of human vices are so far

That evil never their souls can touch
With or without long arm of the devil...
But their wings are vulnerable much.

536.

The greatest problems of the modern man,
The moral, consciousness, and mind,
Might be considered unimportant when
Compared with war and other of the kind.

The Man-majority wants shows and bread,
He mentally is with restricted force,
Philosophy he wisely had not read,
His knowledge has the soccer as main source.

I am not going him to criticize
Why his thinking process is not fast,
Unhappy are all those who are much wise,
In Bible this maintains Ecclesiast.

In truth, the world is full up to the roof
Of men who want it whole to improve.

537.

Of brotherhood, of freedom and of Equality
Is written very much and more is spoken,
Their elasticity is top quality,
They can be pressed without being broken.

The native planet when it was too young
Knew nothing of the life and of its rule
Because the life was in ocean sunk
In form of enigmatic molecule.

It multiplied itself too many times,
Quite free, alive, and partially wise,
Without cops and judges, with no crimes -
All molecules in truly equal size.

But during the development of Earth
The freedom got the right to perish first.

538.

“И пахнет чистым воздухом навоз.”
Б.Пастернак - (“Март”).

In small and humble home
A humble poet lived
And felt quite awesome
Because bad news received.

He had a lot of verse
All did not published yet
But instead in a hearse
The poet Stalin met.

“The Party you must praise
In poems and in prose
And after you will face
The glory very close.”

In order to be sure
He eulogized manure.

539.

I didn't search for spiritual in life,
Instead of dreams I piled up too much grease,
I sow how gold to my safe did arrive
And waited for the old age with ease.

But old age came without promised luck –
With diabetes and worn out heart,
Diseases to my body badly stuck
Preventing me from new successful start.

Now I possess expensive medications,
Variety of super active creams
For use before or after sanitation

Accumulated rightly in my lap
With recipes of several doctors' teams
And I am helpless in their cunning trap.

543.

“Do you agree to dine with you tonight?” -
The Lion asked the noble Antelope.
She answered with joy and greatest hope:
“Oh, yes! All things will be all right!”

The honor was of brightest royal size,
Too noble was the Lion’s invitation,
She felt, quite special was the situation,
And full of happiness were her eyes.

Soon started solemn mutual carouse.
For two... One nocturnal contiguity.
For Antelope it was a pure gratuity,
On this entirely she ought to repose.

Don’t ask the Antelope what she did.
The Lion, as promised, dined with her indeed.

544.

Most probable because of some bad spell
Two persons who too much each other love
Sometimes are fighting every day like hell
But each one loves other like a dove.

However there is other kind of hate
That bursts against quite unknown men,
It's enigmatic, causeless like the fate,
And brotherhood it ought to disdain.

It reigns, although being bastard born,
Presiding over virtuous and fickle
And blows its noisy piercing horn
For swastika or hammer with the sickle.

Such hate is usually highly paid
And it is hard its poison to evade.

545.

The mental wounds are all of special kind –
Invisible and difficult to treat,
And it is rumored that we shall find
The cure in Heaven when we angels meet.

The angels have some very active cream
Prepared and checked up for celestial deal,
It crimes and fearful sins can all redeem
And everything in soul it can heal.

The souls, once repaired, are looking new,
Although second hand, they might be used
In Hell, on Earth, to mention only few,
And there again be wounded and abused.

To reach however to the Paradise,
Preliminary death should be the price.

546.

Composers now are extremely brave,
They know Beethoven and despite this fact,
Without against their present fate to rave,
Go on with music in the note signs packed.

The mediocrity receives new force
To satisfy the taste of vastest crowd,
“All kind of music!” seems to be right cause
Especially when it sounds loud.

But deep into the souls of noise’s friend
May be morose suspicion could be found
That noise brings the music to an end
And with the spread of deafness might be bound.

Man feels that he spiritually stiff is
But beats the drums in role of a Sisyphus.

547.

I am a singing actress and I tremble
Performing before public every time
But not because I can't the notes assemble
Or how best to pronounce the lacking rhyme.

Most frankly said, my mental hesitation
Is linked with the fashionable trend
Success on scene and the desired ovation
To get if nakedness with tune would supplement.

The actress' dress is getting scarce and scarce,
Religion is against, the public – pro,
The art of music is replaced by farce
But the financial profit has to grow.

Alas! The nakedness plus music cacophonous
Can silence classic music if symphonic.

548.

I read in journals issued long ago
When Dostoevsky had been still alive
How many tragedies in tragic row
He had to pass in order to survive.

An avalanche of hate was over him
That scarcely other people can endure,
On duty against him was special team
Well trained to shoot by words but deadly sure.

His foes write that he is most arch-vile,
His novels – pseudo pieces of good art,
Police maintained on him accusing file
Reporting his steps from the very start.

But he is still with halo of world fame.
To critics? – Nothing more than bitter shame.

549.

In concrete jungle of the present towns
The most expensive is the simplest thing –
Fresh air, still nights, pure water, green lawns
And also right to speak and right to think.

The man is there either a neurotic
Expecting to achieve the madness soon
Or candidate to find in the narcotic
Old song of life but on a new one tune.

Despite of presence of unhappy crowd
Which permanently grows, grows, grows,
I knew how many people bravely fought
As owners of a flat in town to pose

Where shortly in connection with pollution
Fresh air will be under distribution.

550.

Unfairly often most profound love
Is linked to many sufferings and death,
To jealousy, and if that's not enough,
To suicides and poisonous caress.

The lovers are encaged in art creations
As poems, pictures, novels and so on
By authors who are pride of many nations
And some of them in Paradise are gone.

The love, when calm, is looking boring,
Just like success of the unknown men,
In it there is no fight, no one is scoring,
And ardent heart is supplement to brain.

It is too strange – in our motherland
Such love, though boring, is in big demand.

551.

Slavery sometimes enjoys the yoke –
Yoke allows the slaves to praise it much,
I am given right until I choke
To beseech chief to remain as such.

But I have no right of a reproach
That concerns the dominating class,
Otherwise I calmly should approach
Tools that would me to the Heaven pass.

Slavery is a very stable base
Full of promises of highest grade,
Generous while trying to replace

Slaves from dreams for freedom right away...
Human beings are on purpose made
To believe what the tyrants say.

552.

In truth, there is not real revolution
Without real mental prostitution,
I learned this information in my prime
Exploiting rightly it at proper time.

I took advantage of the big confusion
And started profiting from men's illusion,
Deciding all my soul to repaint
In order to resemble perfect saint.

My action was well appreciated
And my cooperation highly rated –
I got good bonuses and money most,
At last receiving leading Party post.

Once I was a bad mathematician
But now am successful politician.

553.

If you seek you will not find when
Happy is a poor retired man!
Empty with big holes his pockets are,
Stomach – hungry, and the feet are bare.

Lack of money is a bad disease,
Permanently chronicle it is,
On the other hand sometimes can it
Man prevent from risk to overeat.

This poor person diet must obey,
Fasts the first, and second, and third day,
Even says to the reporters team
That the meat is poisonous to him.

And he feels so light that he can fly
Hastily with no delay to sky.

554.

Jehovah, Christ, Allah and Savaot,
As champions of good against the evil
Deserve world's respect and fame a lot
And a society a bit more civil.

Too different but with a common goal –
The noble ascent to the God of man,
They try to save the fallen human soul
And all bad thoughts on the Earth to ban.

Fulfilling this immortal sacred task
They badly need the help of sacred prophets
And also of some devil with black mask
Whom they will defeat for moral profits.

These characters all later known are
With short abbreviation as PR.

555.

Gypsies are a special kind of tribe –
Have no land but spread on whole Earth,
All accused of felony and bribe -
Vice implanted by a godly curse.

Their enemies are everywhere,
Very active (permanently threat!),
If the guilt somebody has to bear –
Gypsies are in roles of the bad.

Some one must stop the accusation
Of a nation for some single man
What at present is the situation
And here help can give the men of pen.

The defense comprises lot of sorts,
But restricted within empty words.

556.

I know well how hungry people look –
Appearance as come out from the Hell,
They ate all what occasionally took...
But how looks Hunger I don't know well.

It is may be a type of cosmic size
With several stomachs but without hands,
With brain most overburdened with vice,
Prepared to conquer oceans, seas and lands.

Or may be has the image of tycoon,
Proprietor of mines, of oil and shares,
And partner of the Death, that is immune,
To charity to poor and their despairs.

God sent Archangel Michael – His advisor,
To be of Hunger major supervisor.

557.

On names are glued most interesting labels:
“Big statesman”, “Great and clever politician”,
This even is applied to former rebels,
So is evaluated their mission.

The labels introduce the media men
Without profit, often with it,
These titles turn in cash without pain,
Certificates are not of any need.

The world gets soon accustomed with them,
The people ask “What?” and not “Why?”,
The greatness the lay figures may condemn
But it itself with media must comply.

The fame is now becoming duty free
And might be bought by a humble fee.

558.

Without hesitation flowers blossom
And every season open their eyes
Reposing on eternal Nature's bosom
Like babies but without babies' cries.

They do not stare at beauty they possess,
They try in time most properly to wane
And give the seed an opportune access
To soil where the life begins again.

The vital circle closes the embrace
In right conformity with Nature's laws,
No faith, love, or hope can change its face,
To the eternity it bravely goes.

Because the beauty, to achieve its goal,
Will need the human art and human soul.

559.

Once honesty was a noble virtue
But it becomes already deadly pest,
It real cleanness is considered dirty,
It can not pass the present IQ-test.

Infection here is of most special kind,
It is available at free will,
Against the pest is difficult to find
A vaccine or an active healing pill.

God hardly can endure the wails of grief
Produced by honesty infected souls,
The sacred throne He can not now leave
To sooth the sick who for relief Him calls.

They desperately flounce to survive,
It is a miracle that some are still alive.

560.

So many people perish every day!
The tyrants are by human bodies fed,
The freedom is forever far away...

No one is guilty yet.

The public order is in awful trap
Installed by Satan, dressed in bloody red,
The world is in a shroud as deadly wrap...

No one is guilty yet.

The hunger mercilessly wounds and kills –
To poverty is desperately wed,
With tragedies the human souls fills...

No one is guilty yet.

The guiltless Evil in a noble role
Continues to govern over all.

561.

The lack of moral tortures present world
And it is hard for free men to survive,
Suppressed by those who evilly support
The Hell in soul to be still alive.

It is affecting mainly men on summit
And thoroughly destroys their mental peace,
They play with power chiefly just to drum it,
If you don't stop them they would never cease.

The masses pass, they are on water diet,
And thanks to government observe it well,
They don't intend to mix in any riot –

This needs much force which they badly lack,
And they obey what the rulers tell
Aware that every villain can them sack.

562.

I am a student, most progressive
And never try to be recessive
But I am victim of oppressive
Professorship's dictate.

Examination summer session
I met enduring much aggression
As far as following the fashion
I got the lowest rate.

I was expecting this collision
But was against the nasty vision
And tried as latest my decision
To suit the whole state.

At last exhausted, nervous, tired,
I from the college was fired.

563.

I learned that recently I have been cloned –
Hands, face, legs, head, tongue, liver, even brain,
Are so well imitated that I don't
Find any difference in this long lane.

I look as looked before a lot of years,
Now I'm my grand son and my twin,
By Heaven's sake, my soul is full of fears
That I'm the same but am deprived of sin.

Must I implant my thoughts in *his* mind
While they not from *his* mind originate?
It's better *he* my own mind to find
Quite free, prepared to follow *his* fate.

With slaveries so many piled in me
He thanks to God obsessed will never be.

564.

Well studied are both Arctic and Antarctica,
Prime ministers already travel there,
But I am living in the state INFARCTica,
Its narrow borders others can not share.

The sun is here in permanent eclipse,
The darkness governs over soul and flesh
While fierce Death the last life's remnants tips
And medications swallow the cash.

The cordial vice? – A verbal combination
That sounds strange when being analyzed,
It brings about fear and desperation –

Eternal enemies of happy time,
By which some day I too will be surprised
And sent to highest spheres of the sublime.

565.

The soil is pitiless among the bosses,
Suppresses farmers during whole life,
They can't be free from land because is
Land that attracts the peasants and their drive.

The life of peasants is since long admired
(And the great Virgil loved it surely most)
But only few are better enquired
What means the phrase "Your crop is killed by frost."

The farmer's labor now is mechanized
However peasants still are sweating all,
Their harvest often is too low priced
But bankers all are deaf for their call.

Despite of this they go on planting seed
In order whole planet now to feed.

566.

As youngster I was very gifted reader,
Ingenious and well enlightened boy,
I later longed to be a writing leader
But soon I guessed that was not new Tolstoy.

I had a good and benevolent fate,
It taught me a sophisticated trick
How easy brightest glory can be made –
Instead with pen I armed myself with stick.

I now defend the texts of other writers
But it is up to me to bury them
If I decide that they are not good fighters
Of our Party from where we stem.

I am as eunuch in a harem seat –
I know the love but can not practice it.

567.

Once the lack of electro-connections
Was cause of some morality deflections,
A crowned king might be completely mad
But nobody about this could chat.

So had been and with other men a lot
Whom History in its wide cage had caught,
They hid their mental health in shade
And that is why they all might pass for great.

But now the boss is constantly on screen,
His voice is heard, his face and figure – seen,
And everybody knew what he said,
And everybody knows his empty head.

All people are aware: the state is run
By (with majority elected!) stupid man.

568.

The beauty is most depoliticized,
All parties badly want it for ally
But all of them are bravely criticized
By it with pictures, voice, texts and cry.

It doesn't pay attention to the crowd
Because it is completely self sufficient,
No hesitation and no trace of doubt,
Its rule by God and Satan is commissioned.

It doesn't know the cunning smile of crooks
And the temptation of the vulgar vice,
It as a full of virtues virgin looks
But only to enhance its market price.

To kill it are attempting many chiefs
But it till now all of them outlives.

569.

Religion – perfidy, cabal and love,
Religion – miracle, appeal, and call...
It shows us right way to the *above*
Where we can ever reach if only fall.

Once it hampered Christ to resurrect
Declared for long to Him a bloody war
Afraid that He'll ban the mongers' sect
From sacred Dom again as did before.

For God religion has erected houses
Too numerous and furnished with gold
And burned incense in His name without pauses,
And Christianity without Christ it sold.

To billions of people it now God is
However quite a few the changes notice.

570.

How highly praised by all is my dear nation!
How hard-working, strong and very good!
Its great endurance is a big sensation,
For tyrants it is source of easy boot.

This picture of kind-hearted idiot
Some friends accept as positively real
And after several lessons it has got,
It new qualities will soon reveal.

But until then it must again stand still
With several slaveries in the reserve
Because, in order slavery to kill,
One has at first under the yoke to serve.

In this respect a probable solution
Is sought in the bloody revolution.

571.

The greatness of an independent state? –
Which might be its most important causes?
The wars, the culture, labor, lucky fate
Or leaders, super genial like Moses?

And our own greatness? – Where is it?
Is it imprisoned in an ancient past? –
Through centuries we have lost our wit,
The search for it perhaps too long will last.

Fanfaronade is not consoling us,
The highest peaks in our land are low
Compared with world patterns. Thus,
It will be easier ahead to go.

The great achievements must be born
Before for them to blow noisy horn.

572.

I can't stop wondering how a nasty crock,
A villain, on an undeserved post,
Repeats without shame and round the clock
That he respects the sainted heroes most.

He decorates with flowers their graves,
His own office with their sacred pictures
In line with his well protected safe
Which seems to have become a fixture.

He hopes to change his hundred percent nothing
To something precious by the people's glory
And doing so he proudly goes on tossing
With no intention ever to be sorry.

He succeeds a new trend to invent:
Celebrity is possible to rent.

573.

Can a potato dream, and if yes, how?
May be to be most intimately fried?
Its future is in olive oil to draw
And to be fried well on either side.

I know potatoes with different fate
With dirty cover, muddy core and wry,
The lack of face they try to compensate
Attempting luck in politics to buy.

They magically fast to power come,
First temporarily but later for too long,
They are not fried; they fry with noisy drum
The people whom they rightly think are wrong.

And they are even able to present
Brand new “potatoE made” vice president.

574.

The little man is hidden in the crowd,
The absence of renown keeps him secure
Until his proper name and round about
Stop being further hidden and obscure.

Once called by name he contemplates the threat
By state and all judiciary tools
Which by him directly will be met
In combination with the legal rules.

He will receive a number which is special,
Containing all of his specific features,
All biometric data (even racial),
All relatives, all friends and early teachers.

This form of information-occupation
Is, euphemistically, registration.

575.

The painter Modigliani – is he great?
Yes! But as usually – after death.
His life, his works, his pictures and his fate
Encourage artists longing for success.

They starve in their miserable dwellings,
They paint with passion every night and day,
Disdain the poverty, but zero selling
Of their pictures prompts them there to stay.

The exposition halls reject their work
But they reject the cause of this rejection
Full both of golden pride and lofty morgue,
Quite sure in their future resurrection.

And each one is waiting after death
For being Modigliani... And no less.

576.

The Man himself is neither good nor bad,
Good or bad he becomes amidst the tribe,
There he must live and good for bad must swap
And happiness must guarantee with bribe.

He sees the good is not in big demand
And its production is decreasing fast,
Its burden is too difficult to stand,
It is much easier forever it to cast.

The evil grows encircled with love
By minor, middle and by major groups,
In conflicts it is durable and tough,
Preferred by bankers, preachers, thieves and troops.

No need one to be well trained prophet
To see that evil can provide much profit.

577.

The bandit falls in love with the law,
Has he paid before a certain sum,
To him the lawyers and the judges bow,
By eloquence of bribe well overcome.

The bribe is like the armor most secure,
Convenient and very chic to wear,
To criminals it can safe life assure,
Longevity in comfort and good care.

Much money, undefined but far from doubt,
Like strong built and gigantic iron wall
Well separates the people *in* and *out*
For life, although not affecting soul.

“To buy a judge!” is ultimate device
Which at present is considered wise.

578.

The greatest love exists without “but”,
Without “may be”, “hardly”, and “I’ll see”...
It has its own rules, quite clearly cut -
To them self sacrifice is major key.

The greatest love is always illegal
Like the collision matter - anti-matter,
Unconquerable, free, resembling seagull
But having wings much stronger than the latter.

It’s proud, fierce, not afraid to die,
Most unconditional and badly pure
In world prepared the lovers to defy
Although the cause of this is still obscure.

The greatest love is absolutely brave,
Attractive much. But never ever safe.

579.

To turn into eternity the day,
This has the poet as most sacred dream,
The inhumanity to throw away,
So man to man to harbor great esteem.

The verbal miracles he can provoke
By his prophetic enigmatic verse,
The truth through him to world wants to talk.
By either blessing or blasphemy curse.

On equal terms he speaks to God and Satan
Without fear and without shame,
He can express all feelings in a lay tone,
He even wants the thunderbolt to tame.

The world pays him respect with too much drive,
Especially when he is not alive.

580.

If the rich villain often would succeed
To enter shining advertising screens
He leaves as humble hard working kid
Who wins his wealth still being in its teens.

He would be quoted as a man of drift
Who must be glorified and praised
For his ability to be most swift
In all the fields where money could be raised.

His extraordinary strength in sparing,
Depriving family of food and cloths,
And icons at the church for long is starring
With candles, incense, close before the Cross.

By fasting and economizing food
He many millions aside had put.

581.

Four centuries ago my world is dark,
The slavery is piercing all the life,
Of optimism not a single mark
But each one is striving to survive.

I try to be one of all these slaves,
To look profoundly in their soul...
Alas! I see there nothing else but waves
Of fear to change the tragic slavish role.

The slave is sure his father is slave too,
All of his children also slaves will be...
In slavery nobody knows who
Will slavery as a disaster see.

And Aristotle of course had not missed
To name the working slave a speaking beast.

582.

*In English, French, German, there is no verb
For telling the truth.*

In grammar of the most distinguished tongues
I meet an interesting lingual sign,
The truth tries helplessly to get along
If with a single verb must outline.

Why truth is in a nasty verb-less state
Is very extraordinary fact,
May be this is connected with a trade
Where truth is absent from the trade contract.

In contrast to the truth the lie is *lying*,
It is an action, while the truth says “pass”,
Society with trust is lie supplying,
This trust is unconditional *en mass*.

The lie, no doubt, is eternal sinner,
May be just that makes it the constant winner.

583.

The rulers are in state of constant spree
Why is so I can not now explain
But I much wonder what the cause might be –
To revel while the people are in pain.

They much resemble soothsayers when talk
With shining words full of the best “All rights”
When in fact they cordially mock
At people, saying “Future will be bright!”

Under the shade of their tyrant’s rule
The people are presented well and sate,
They swallow the greatest lie in full
And their trust perhaps will never bate.

The thieves in power their virtues claim,
They feel sincere pride instead of shame.

584.

In “Bread and circuses!” there is some lack,
It is death which accompanies them
Emotionless and with bloody track
That shuts the door of life with godly slam.

The bullfight, movie, play with fierce duel,
If are not decorated with a corpse,
They simply are like car without fuel
And soon the boredom all of them absorbs.

It seems that horror is important part
Of the necessities in human life,
Implanted in the brain or in the heart
Before the Cro-Magnon man did arrive.

The love to horror is indeed queer
But Man prefers to be a neutral viewer.

585.

The hope looks very tiresome, assuming
That it is durable and time consuming,
Sometimes, if measured for a group of nations
It may affect too many generations.

It is transferred through years and decades,
And full of stubbornness it never fades,
The people feed it, do not let it go,
And line up in submissive humble row.

What happens after with the empty hope? –
It starts resembling suicidal rope
Because it strangles the decisive action
And substitutes it by the stupefaction.

Thus, until finally occurs all this
The hope inevitably must exist.

586.

Capricious ruler is the TV-screen
When distributes eternity in pieces
To many people, either good or mean,
Whose images for public use releases.

The persons might be stupid, mad or fool,
But she and he become a social fact
If temporarily are used as tool
And afterward forever ever sacked.

However during shortest meantime
Of presence on the TV-screen both think
That they deservedly are great and chime
That with eternity are having links.

In fact this ostentatious noisy omen
With truthfulness has not a bit in common.

587.

The Nature's beauties are already praised
From morning freshness to the thunderbolt
And demonstrations of exquisite taste
Is to compare the sun with molten gold.

With admiration but sometimes with fears
The poets used the elements to meet
And hide in verses their fears and tears
Before the crimes that people did commit.

The Nature – mother of the motherland,
Is able to endure much human wrong
But there are some injuries it can't
And then its noble wrath is deadly strong.

The poets think that pretty poem's page
Can mitigate this most volcanic rage.

588.

There are so many contests now! –
In sport, in theatre – the wave is tidal
And like a deluge hottest passions flow...
Who finally will win the “Music Idol?”

The singers mostly take participation
In singing competitions everywhere,
The politicians – in the adaptation
To vital changes in the social sphere.

The masquerade is needed for the millions,
It is a kind of cheaper mental food,
The huge multiplication of chameleons

Among the parties and their funny crocks
Is part of process still misunderstood
By which the Heaven at the people mocks.

589.

Both “Atom”, “Individual” are signs
Of things that is impossible to split
According to good God who them designs
As argument of His immortal deed.

But atom’s fission is already done –
Hiroshima is eloquent example,
And “Individual” is split for fun
Of secret agents in their deadly gamble.

It lost forever its once stable state,
Now it is object of a live dissection
Which is going to perpetuate
As far as it has nothing for protection.

And no more friendship, love and “Mother dear!”
Now all is special services and fear.

590.

Under the yoke the mouths all are shut,
Questions – none, but answers are a lot,
To speak without spoken to is cut
And silence is what all the slaves have got.

In slavery the discipline is fine,
The criminals are gathered on the top.
The rules with theft successfully combine,
So rule becomes a profitable job.

The boss in palace happily awakes
And in a minute gets so much of dough
Which a petty-thief in years makes
In desperate dispute with the law.

All legal problems of the court are gone
When biggest criminal usurps the throne.

591.

Each science has its own words' reserves,
For chemistry they are extremely rich,
The leadership it centuries preserves
And has good system how the men to teach.

The next in line is botany, of course,
With names of many flowers, weeds and grasses,
It trains best intellectual mind force
To memorize all these linguistic masses.

Meteorology is much more humble,
It deals with restricted lingual bunch
Which an attractive young girl has to mumble
And all are listening to her before lunch.

The politics the top place occupies-
It whole is inserted into "lies".

592.

The funeral orations – works of art,
Are often much alike the twins,
They constantly are ready for new start
When Satan harvest the new human sins.

The text perhaps had been once created
Before millenniums by some good guy
And still at funerals is highly rated
By people who by bad chance have to die.

They learn *post mortem* that are very great
And are containers of exclusive virtues,
That world had waited they to be the late
Before this unexpected secret heard is.

Soon after, speaker with deep mourning masked,
Laments sincerely on another casket.

593.

The incorruptibility is met
Most often amid minerals and trees,
They humbly shared it fifty-fifty, yet
Without any help from the police.

The people praise it with the biggest pride
Although this object they have never seen,
To it they even special songs provide
Instead with prayers their souls to clean.

It sleeps in magic realm of fairy tales
Like Beauty waits for resurrecting kiss
But each attempt till now badly fails,
The pleasant absence it not wants to cease.

It is afraid that here might be arrested,
Interrogated and non-stop molested.

594.

They brought him from the hamlet to the city
And put him on the carpet in a hurry,
The wrestlers looked at him with some pity
But soon their famous glory he would bury.

He qualified for the Olympic Games,
With tough resistance reached the final fights –
A land slide victory! Gold medal! Fames!
And all his life presented in head lights.

A lot of questions. All want to know
When? What? And how he this achieved?
Where does intend he afterward to go?
Which is the hardest prize he had received?

He thought a while and, sighing, frankly said:
“At hamlet fair where my neighbor met...”

595.

The words against the war are still in fashion
As they had been millenniums ago,
War manufactures the most tragic passion
In order orphans' numbers up to go.

The war is deaf to all the frequent curses,
Its mouth, open wide, is never sate,
The blood sheds permanently it rehearses
In battles where the legal kill is made.

Among the most disgusting cruel features
Of war and its disasters big and bigger,
Except that murdered are the living creatures,
Some other tragic details also figure.

The victims on the field and wars each counts
But orphans are of undefined amounts.

596.

The change of anthem is a big event
In social life of every civil nation,
The anthem symbolize the vital trend
In the development of population.

To change the anthem is a suicide,
A murder of identity of people,
It is a sign of the internal fight
Transforming the great nation in a cripple.

But when in period of fifty years
The anthem dies once, twice, and trice,
Then desperately clear the fact appears
That on the top is ruling fierce vice.

And all who bear it must be either shot
Or duly summoned to the firing-squad.

597.

The third class actors on the stage
Sometimes search for success in politics
And there they are caught into the cage
Of a variety of mighty cliques.

And there they start playing a new role
Before the micro and before the crowd,
The Party is now owner of their souls
And they fulfill all what are duly taught.

They have from time to time in moderation
To criticize their mighty party boss
As part of absent democratization,

And even in the name of poorest men,
Which starve and suffer heavy loss...
They are third class bad actors still again.

598.

“The God-Son Jesus rises from the dead!”
The Christian world pronounces each year,
The Jude’s intensely resurrection, yet,
Is secret, as his try the souls to smear.

All traitors he is organizing duly
Exploiting that the christs are here no more,
And treasons put onto the market truly
Before infernal widely open door.

He hangs the victims but not hang himself
As previously mentioned in the books
(If we would like into the past to delve) –
For palaces instead of churches looks.

Nobody misses Jude here in the least,
However judes exist, they do exist.

599.

I anxiously wait for yesterday
When am attacked by many memories,
To save myself from them there is no way
Because my brain them constantly release.

The past obsesses fully my poor soul
As though I am truly chained to it,
My whole life is thought to be a foul
According to the memories I meet.

Why sadness is much stronger than my joy?
Why does not ever leave me though for short?
I hated it still since I was a boy,

But can't revenge because it's part of me,
I can not raise against it vengeful sword
Or hide from it on land or in the sea.

600.

By many “-isms” the working men are cheated,
By bankers, tycoons, scientists, pseudo-friends,
The freedom is from their tongue deleted...
Who knows when and where the torture ends?

The richness brings to poverty *en bloc*,
And poverty – to richness of a few,
This vicious circle has a magic look
Whose key is bloody torture, in my view.

The bankers weave the fatal golden net,
The bandits fill it up with stolen dough,
The misfits wait Almighty it to get
And let it in their empty pockets flow.

The Time is going steadily ahead
While poor men all improve from worse to bad.

601.

“To turn the first sod” is banal expression
Appearing regularly in the press
When as result of a routine aggression
The ruling class the nation must address.

A country girl in motley peasant cloth
Is holding quietly tin-plated pot
With Holy water for the greatest boss
To wash his hands after the fatal sod.

The lofty parliament presiding chief
With wordiness is hiding lack of wit,
His last profession of most famous thief
Enables him to cheat, not write and read.

And after banquet for all public figures
The real work is left to real diggers.

602.

Too often overhasty is the joy
But this does not diminish it at all,
One must be extraordinary coy
Not to give credit to its noble role.

To be extremely joyful by mistake
Is cheapest way to happiness today,
It later will be recognized as fake
But memory of it will ever stay.

The people fall in love and long for luck,
Endlessly happy in their sweet deception,
By swarm of beautiful illusions stuck,
And feeling paradise as nice perception.

Until the real life will them show
That truth is not in Heaven but below.

603.

Of what are thinking all the busy crowds
Which in the morning hours fill the streets?
Do they protest or keep shut their mouths
Against the rulers and their filthy deeds?

Perhaps indifference is major trait
Characterizing their busy souls,
Beyond their marginally bitter fate
They fail to see the traits of social goals.

In crowd they are all like nameless masks
Directed in a nameless gloomy way,
The struggles with hunger are their tasks,
They lose, and lose, and lose, and pay, and pay.

And afterward are permanently fooled
That everything in state by them is ruled.

604.

Conversion to new faith is strange event
Which untrustworthy people undergo,
The monks attempt the pagan souls to mend
Depriving them of misconceptions so.

The Baptists everybody can converse
By sword and cross in either sacred hand
In unison with selected verse
Delivered rightly from the Holy land.

In this way they act from pole to pole
Fulfilling what they think is their duty,
Converse the tribes and nations as a whole
Supplying them with religious beauty.

And from above the good celestial Lord
Is granting them His holiest support.

605.

Motion pictures occupy the life,
The illusions make up real world,
Cameras in History can dive
Resurrecting every king and horde.

They compete with the sight of Sphinx
And his memories of thousands years,
The director of the pictures thinks
That like god creates both laugh and tears.

Screens show ragged beggars and tycoons,
Kings with harems full of their mistresses,
All is mixed with most piercing tunes
And diffused to different addresses.

Truth however after some inspection
Is by Lie subjected to correction.

606.

The drugstores now are full of medications,
But each of them at first had been a dream
And afterward a theme for meditations
Of scientists and of their scientific team.

On healing crystals in a small test tube
Are concentrated efforts, strength, and wit,
Professionally heavy work of cube,
Until they for the hospital are fit.

The battle with the syphilis was fierce,
Was quite not easy drug for it to fix,
As to some civil people it appears,
But after the attempt six hundred sixth.

Great Ehrlich, Bertheim, just for who is who,
Are known now only for a few.

607.

In Chemistry I can at any time
Find a remarkable and pretty rhyme
Which never any equivoque incurs
And stays with dignity in every verse.

There all the pyrazoles, the triazoles,
For my attention desperately calls.
Each salt, alkane... and even vitamin
Pretend in a long poem to be seen.

The social most important great ideals
Are substituted for bad stinking meals,
Prepared with chemicals in poison mixtures
With formulae like certain abstract pictures.

For Chemistry I harbor secret bias
And think the chemists are the new messiahs.

608.

The physicist has most poetic nature
When looking for the rhythms of Universe,
In this respect he is the master major
Creating images like nicest verse.

He lives and works among the strangest things –
The photon, proton, enigmatic quark,
Invisible but for them he thinks
As objects he can measure even mark.

He can communicate with Isaac Newton,
Can jump over infinities in space,
From nebulae he listens for each new tone,
Participates in every cosmic race.

Without any slightest hesitation
He might the sun insert in equation.

609.

The genuine great people vegetate
In bleak basements where they starve in vain
And at the same time crooks, well and sate,
Are stealing millions without pain.

Scientific high inventions are immortal
But strange enough they are considered bore,
They are to better life the shining portal
Though undervalued to the very core.

All people profit from their useful fruits
In form of foods, of tools, and medications,
And deepest understanding of the truths
About nature and its transformations.

The science – most important, great and bright,
In fact, is for surviving now to fight.

610.

The Man in the beginning sings for fun
And later praises bosses and the sun –
So starts successfully the mode
Of ode.

The ode is very profitable thing,
It gives me permit to admire the king,
To say in verse that he is great
As head of state.

Without ode the intellect is blind,
Access to ruling class it can not find,
Nor pleasures and surprises
Of prizes.

By each rich ruler and in every state
Ode-manufacturers are highly paid.

611.

If number of the gods is getting large
Appears need of certain kind of cleansing,
(For each place several titular in charge
Is something that requires fastest fencing).

Who has to be replaced or must retire,
This is decided not by secret vote;
Up to the mental leaders is to hire
A brand new and most trustworthy god.

Where are Zeus, and Mars, and Aphrodite? –
Instead in temples – in collections now,
At their places stays a new Almighty
With new preachers and religious law.

In truth, each seemingly eternal passion,
With time gets older, even out of fashion.

612.

The tingle starts directly from the heel,
Goes up and reaches patiently the thighs
And never stops attacking me until
It my entire body occupies.

This is preliminary red subpoena
Reminding me my Heaven's destination,
That is the time to change the hot arena
Of present life with better obligation.

My outward Adam does not want to die,
It desperately struggles here to stay
But medicine with its lullaby
Prepares the soul death calmly to obey.

The Death, himself, in my sad story mingles,
My heart when most terminally tingles.

613.

For saints of different genders – male or female,
The halo-uniform is unisex,
It is a golden circle without tail,
And free of charge – no need of cash or checks.

However halo-business is not
Connected with celestial resolutions,
Almighty nowhere, never ever, wrote
That halo started from His institutions.

The halo is a fully earthy stuff,
Invented by a certain lofty pope
Who thought the purity is not enough
For a saint job and needs an extra hope.

When saints with halo duly resurrect
The Paradise the halo will reject.

614.

In power are some criminals, who cheat,
They name themselves most proudly the “elite”,
Although they suffer of acute dementia
In form of pseudo-right-intelligentsia.

They say that are in patriotic haste -
By this attempt to hide their real heist
Of country’s treasures, treasures of society,
Applying stealing techniques vast variety.

Sustaining outer and internal pressure
By means of lie as an effective measure,
The rulers are the winners every time
Defeating men of virtues by the crime.

With people instantly they fall in love
If get (for selling all them!) cash enough.

615.

Presentiment is much alike a freezer,
The future there is in state of frost
And if defrosted it is going thither –
Where Fate is constantly on watching post.

Among the hasty multitude of days
It tries to be, though partially, true,
In this respect may help its foggy face
And foggy images of all its crew.

And it goes on to fill with expectation
Our longing souls and to deliver hope
For us and later for the whole nation

But Satan in his role of cosmic cop
Most frequently likes to intervene,
The future stepping down from the scene.

616.

A lot of fervent poems praise the love! –
With or without any rhythms and rhymes
They form of nicest literary stuff
A mountain that lives since ancient times.

But when I look at basic themes and tools
I see among the usual best lies
(Which are part of the compelling rules)
The sameness of infatuated sighs.

A man is difficult to say new word
In a ten thousand years practiced job
And to extract from lyre a new accord:

The sky again is permanently blue,
The flowers still in spring time bloom non-stop,
And poet starts repeating himself too.

617.

The poets rarely write about science,
It is too big in verse to be inserted
May be some fear, not a blind defiance,
Impedes them in nice poems to convert it.

Most recently the Muse is duly sent
For a scientific prequalification
In outer space in order to amend
The lack of the scientific education.

So all the hottest scientists' agitations
Will soon obtain a dressing of fine words
With hope they to enhance the scarce donations
Which present sponsors' policy affords.

In case this would somehow materialize
The poets would get new scientific skies.

618.

I know many sums with many zeroes
In dirty hands of special sort of heroes
Who can without hesitating much
Buy the consent of every living judge.

Unhappy are so called “the common thieves”,
In their souls constant fear lives
That might be caught in action, even killed,
While judges are all free of any guilt.

Immunity is their constant guard,
The lawless state is their constant ward,
When they by solving case of any type

Are taking unrestricted size of bribe
And that is why the judges’ perfect sect
Enjoys a perfect nation-wide respect.

619.

The wit is durably annihilated
By its undoubtedly great inventions
Which thanks to it the science had created
But this the business never ever mentions,

The once bright shining mythical ideal
Is drawn in practical considerations,
The myth is abstract, capital is real,
And had endured all vital provocations.

New tools and new devices are in use
Facilitating every side of life,
The business profits and the scientists lose.

As always the science built on dust is
While fighting desperately to survive
Because the world is everything but justice.

620.

I met a lot of people through the years,
Variety of men – some mild, some tough,
Most innocent amidst them, it appears,
Are those who surely are producing laugh.

The world is incubator of dictators,
Each kills the people by historic gaff
And some of them are called “the liberators”
But not by those who are producing laugh.

A state without big tycoons can live,
Without premiers who never chaff,
But it can nothing serious achieve
Without men who are producing laugh.

These men, although hated by the leaders,
In Paradise are made by special breeders.

621.

Elisabeth II is one of the richest women in the world.

She met her childhood in the royal palace
With blue blood label on her royal heart,
She grew alone but found noble solace
In admiration by which was cared.

The royal crown was made to fit her measure
And she beautified it with her face
Becoming owner of gigantic treasure
And now “Your Majesty” replaced “Your Grace”.

She married a prince. His infidelity
Was her inevitably closest friend,
Her children are the champions in frailty,
In drug abuse and no one can them mend.

The power and the money made her strong
But with happiness she could not get along.

622.

A range of empty and repeated phrases
Is spreading viruses of constant lies,
The moral of society erases,
And sins instead of virtues here implies.

The phrases fill inconsolable souls,
They pierce book, paper, spacious manuscript,
Fulfilling their incontestable roles –
The fate's balance to the wrong side tipped.

Infected people enjoy a constant luck,
They feel much pleasure but not any pain,
And like a most attractive sitting duck
Assist the virus new clients to attain.

The medicine has nothing here to do -
For illness there is not the slightest clue.

623.

A plant producing justice is the court
Which sentenced long ago itself to death,
And like the bankruptcy of such a sort
It does not want disaster to confess.

The judges hide their itching conscience fully
Behind the togas, to avoid smear,
Where are well secured and very truly
Transform the own sin in social fear.

A sleeping pill the itching conscience rakes
And everything is due to be all right,
So nothing their domination shakes

As far as angels to this sin consent –
Their God is always at their side,
Because they Him on purpose do invent.

624.

Is innocence an item to be bought? –
The moral answers “No!” but in the court
A bunch of judges beyond any doubt
Can prove that “Yes!” is the proper word.

In court the innocence is valued share
Whose price is quoted every day on board
By the unbiased judges over there
In presence of a noisy lawyers horde.

The cases constantly are getting older
And everybody who dares not to pay
Will wait until becoming old and balder
In vain a court decision every day.

At last the man, instead the court to curse,
Calms down, ready to provide the purse.

625.

The tax payer is richest man on Earth,
He calmly pays the billions in cash
In order to prepare the fatal birth
Of leaders who are full of mental trash.

The leaders travel to exotic states
Without paying not a single cent,
They and their most voracious mates
The whole country to the bankers lend.

The debts are piling up to reach the top
And citizens must pay, must pay, to death,
Including payment for the mortal rope
Which will free them of the constant stress.

The situation will remain the same
With every nation, so correctly tame.

626.

Completely absent is the sense of guilt
Among all our petty politicians,
The arrogance is their constant shield
According to the criminal traditions.

They live in lies, in luxury, in sin,
Paid by the misery of many homes
Where children grow badly fed and lean,
And Santa Claus with presents never comes.

They are like ticks – on bloody diet still,
So keep the thrones and kings in healthy shape,
The Satan signed with them a deadly deal
From which there had been never an escape.

And under their parasitic sky
Expendable continue to die.

627.

Volcano “Folly” never gets extinct,
Sweeps over Earth with burst of crazy ash,
And with all many fools together linked
Is ready Reason everywhere to smash.

The Wit is not in force to beat or stop it
By means of genius and its inventions,
For Folly science is no more than moppet
Which is full of unreal intentions.

It has supporters everywhere, and fans,
Its features – almost brought to perfection,
Well known institutions rightly runs,
In parliament is head of special section.

It is welcomed in United Nations,
In Heaven and in all civilizations.

628.

The fools, the decoration of the Earth,
Enjoy a vast majority since long,
Defend their happiness by prose and verse,
And thank the God that they to Him belong.

The Folly by the great Erasmus praised,
Presides over the planet with success
But sages (who are always amazed)
Society rejects as real pest.

The sense of honor often is impeding
The freely flowing logic of the Wit,
This tragedy does not affect the breeding
By Folly of the crowds for warfare fit.

So it on our native cosmic place
Is leaving its contemporary trace.

629.

Do the computers have some kind of soul?
What happens after they are pressed to scrap?
May be some mental fraction of the whole
Will stay intact in the recycling trap.

May be it flies directly to the Heaven
Where there is a computer's Paradise
Uniting all like it in a new haven
And far away from dirty human lies.

All ex computers will together live
A second life without fear and passion,
Self-organized around new belief
And spar parts free – without any ration.

If such place does indeed there exist,
It by computers must be never missed.

630.

When weighing different humane abilities
Most necessary for a ruling post,
I surely put at first place the utilities
To public interest at any cost.

Integrity and talented creations
Are features of the ever losing side,
Where Genius, full of naive temptations
For honesty, will wind mills bravely fight.

The baseness has the best qualification –
At present, in the future, in the past,
Dictators, democrats with ovation
Welcome it and want it long to last.

In politics no one can it defeat,
It is inevitably in the lead.

631.

The man is lying silent, shot to death,
Before it honestly obtained big palace,
This palace is the nicest home he has
Except the diamonds shown at many galas.

The murdered is well known V.I.P.
In close relations with the ruling men,
Protected by the law to be free
Of persecution in his precious den.

His life is big success in every way
With laundry of millions in cash,
His shadow business – always OK,

And his achievements like a real flash
Attract admiring followers a lot...
Then who might have produced the mortal shot?!

632.

The good deed often causes much surprise
Because too often it is unexpected
By people cunning, and the people wise,
Who are by devil always protected.

The Evil is not liked but is endured
Obediently and with no protest,
With foggy hope that might perhaps be cured
By super force while victims only rest.

But there are prospectors of the Good
As those people who are seeking gold,
They patiently are working as they could
Although not so well as Christ had told.

Not rarely their efforts are in vain
But they have no intention to complain.

633.

The hungry die, the sate are getting fat
And desperately ask: “What to do?”
Before becoming thin they get mad
To lose a lot of money for *belle view*.

And much alike behaves the ruling class
When, getting fattened, rulers lose their wit,
If any, and they stupefy *en mass*
That soon or late the power they must quit.

The fat accumulates on rulers’ bellies –
Of kings, of presidents, etc,
And further, mixing brain with jellies,
Facilitates their bla-bla-bla.

The situation is extremely bad
But it is kept behind a false façade.

634.

With age some virtues are too hard to follow,
The love begins to loose its sacred ties,
And part of pair turns to be a solo...
Then it is time to look for a good vice.

The vice, in truth, is always in time,
Diverse, attractive, never boring, smart,
It covers everything with dirty slime –
Invisible for us still from the start.

Good God inscribes it in the Holy book
Where everybody has its special place,
There neighbors are the preacher and the crook,

Who ways to Hell or Eden duly pave...
And after the remaining earthy days
For each of us there is a comfort grave.

635.

No doubt, life is dear – more than gold,
But there are remarkable events
That clearly prove how people, young and old,
Each to the freedom his dear life presents.

What strange kind of citizens are they,
To wait for enlightenment in death,
To sacrifice themselves as bloody prey
For future of which no one can guess?

In calendar is hard them to insert,
Free places there are extremely scarce,
Soon their feat will look as too absurd,
Except that History will keep their scars.

They do provide for future generation
A documented pride of whole nation.

636.

Too many words. Too many rhymes. And songs
Of thoughts and of feelings much or less,
That amplify and fill up all the tongues
With melodies comprising life and death.

The rhyme is one of the artistic tools
Invented by the Muse for work divine,
Not every poet does observe her rules
But poems with rhymes are sometimes fine.

Walt Whitman got along without rhymes
While Byron used them with a perfect taste,
They are not most in mode at present times;
Perhaps they soon will again be raised.

Between the rhyme and the free verse is no fence,
Thus, use of rhymes is not a huge offence.

637.

The henchman of the Poet is the medal,
It kills him as reliably as sword,
The tyrants use the medal when they meddle
In poetry, to mute the Poet's word.

“Appreciating your great contribution
To our culture and to our throne,
Accept this medal on a velvet cushion
And decorated with a precious stone!”

The medal is presented by a brute
Occasionally president of state,
Completely mediocre but astute
And proud with his unenviable fate.

The Poet all the medals will survive
As far as he is buried alive.

638.

Free speech and democracy are twins,
Not quite identical but in a pack,
And speech is hopefully to intervene
For sake of bubble water in Iraq.

Much withered is our very famous glory,
Most vanished without leaving any track
But our radio instead of being sorry
Is bothered with the water of Iraq.

The people are exhausted, out of breath,
No hope to get self consciousness back,
The life for us becomes a nasty mess
Except the bubble water of Iraq.

We are feeling as unpleasant itch
The burden of the democratic speech.

639.

In the poetic aviary live
Abundance of most picturesque nice birds
And to each genius the Muse would give
The chance to choose them as poetic curbs.

The use of sparrow is very rare,
The nightingale - a favorite for sport,
Whereas the pelicans are fair
But not for verses, only for report.

In some perplexed very gloomy case
A raven might be put into the verse,
Its pitch black wings and pitch black face
Appropriately sympathy incurs.

And all the rest will be left to serve
As source of an additional reserve.

640.

The slavery, what are its darkest signs?
The tortures? The ferocity? The shame?
The sun of hope that never ever shines?
Or Lie as part of the infernal game?

Beyond of any doubt they are bad,
Accumulated in an evil bunch,
But patience is the saddest of the sad
Of nails on slavery the devils punch.

The patience – virtue mixed with vice,
Is gravest link of rusted slavish chain
Perpetuating yoke by mortal ties
And turning freedom in a dream in vain.

Too strange is that for holy freedom's sake
The slaves do not desire to awake.

641.

The imitation of delight gives force
To a majority of lonely souls
In solitude – this is their vital source
When in the sea of life each person crawls.

The lonely people long for normal luck,
For love, for friendship, for an own house,
But pride runs with all these nip and tuck
And real pain is swapped for false applause.

This good performance looks like shining fair
But is in fact insurmountable grief,
Compelled with neurosis seat to share

And suffering with no apparent reason,
Except the inexplicable belief,
In favor of eternal winter season.

642.

A big supply of conscience offer books
Prepared by sponsors of that precious stuff,
The point is that much of it is luxe
And moon shiners are anxious it to duff.

Is conscience possible to be transfused
For therapeutic purposes on thieves? –
They steal the millions and feel amused,
Instead in prison they become top chiefs.

Against the conscience they are quite immune
In either printed or e-mailed form
As far as their brain can only tune
The problems where the cash is basic norm.

The conscience as an object of transfusion
Unfortunately now is illusion.

643.

I know strongly permeable words –
Virginity, and love, and heart, and friend,
By tools (a big variety of sorts!),
Quite easy to be bought or be rent.

Some other words like envy, greed or hate,
Are permeable only for the vice
And that determines their present fate
As candidates for anti-paradise.

The angle of the incidence is right,
And the direction known very well,
The last stop is in strengthened special site
Well saturated with bad sulfur smell.

There they are fed, repaired, rectified,
And sent back positively multiplied.

644.

Since ancient times the moral rules are clear,
They are well known and did never change,
And widely disobeyed without fear
That smooth historic process will derange.

Is not too tragicomic phrase “Don’t kill!”
When nowadays the millions are killed? –
Or to assert without shame “Don’t steal!”?
Yet with stolen gold the banks are filled!

The tongue is by all these lies affected
And suffers much obsessed by grammar grief,
Compelled by brutal force to be infected
With word “belief” instead of “disbelief”.

It is worth mentioning that moral crisis
Is often linked to double-tongued surprises.

645.

Among the men, so different is each!
Each is a whole Universe alike,
But human History still used to teach
That all the people either work or mike.

Sub-conscientiously, or not quite,
The people trust too frequently lies
And in agreement with each civil right
Enjoy the lies and their big supplies.

The villains give them promises a lot
To rend them happy, healthy, rich and smart,
But here they would never put a dot
And further ask for their votes as start.

Continuation of this fairy tale
Is that the faith is item on free sale.

646.

I know, Your Majesty, that as a child
You were with Future on some friendly terms,
It was by pedigree of yours beguiled,
Presenting you with happiness and warmth.

You passed a special high school for young kings,
Deservedly you got the top best mark,
Each of your subjects with great pleasure thinks
That you are like a bright beam in the dark.

Unfortunately all this brightest shine
Does not provide the hungry with bread,
Your royal kinsmen all are doing fine

Insisting that the people they defend,
But riot easily will prove instead
The truth you can not even understand.

647.

I learned that one most famous prosecutor
Had died at age of more than hundred years,
He was efficient killer – executor
Who shed a sea of blood and still more tears.

As communist he left no friends alive,
The same he organized for foes
And was against the innocence at strife
As far as no one against him arose.

He changed too many henchmen at the noose
And many victims of the highest rang,
Their names and images he did not lose,
So them in Hell a second time to hang.

Because with Satan he had signed a deal,
Wherever was, to have a right to kill.

648.

The ruins are most eloquent, though mute,
Witnesses of the events on Earth –
Not easy to corrupt by lure or loot,
Resistant to bad rumors and bad curse.

The blood on them had been washed by rain,
Dispersed around in the soil are bones,
And scars on walls as giant wounds remain
Reminding the transition of the thrones.

The kings in the eternities believed,
Especially in those of their own,
Them they considered a celestial gift,
Hereditary as the right of crown.

Where long ago were the royal roots
Now vegetables grow and sweetest fruits.

649.

Much wisdom fills up millions of pages
(May be the Folly is its stronger match)
Created by the writing men and sages
Intending readers' interest to catch.

Each reader has his most specific taste,
Some are attracted by the type of Faust,
Depending on the way they had been raised
But others are preferring Mickey Mouse.

The real champion is the merry mouse
Of all the Fausts and their wits ahead,
Fate furnished Mickey with the winning dice
And people watched all what he said.

The wise philosopher is standing right apart
Expecting population to get smart.

650.

When violence is born by brutal force
Priority for heroes is to die
Preferring death before the bad remorse...
And villains them will later glorify.

The villains vow in their sacred name
To follow consciously their good example
And if again an awful hardship came
Alive and dead will be in common temple.

These lies reverberate through every crowd
Made of a great variety of stuff,
Traditionally ready to applaud

The feat and immortality of dead,
Susceptible to any living bluff,
Provided it with money could be fed.

651.

The present preachers are by no way guilty
That God with us won't communicate,
For Him all we are desperately filthy
For lot of sins we did accumulate.

We offered Him great number of good shelters
Attempting to attenuate His wrath
But He all time in distant clouds welters;
He does not want to reason with us.

In specially erected peaceful homes
We put the label: "This is the Dom of God",
But never voluntarily He comes
Of fear that will be crucified or shot.

And in the meantime the planet fell
Without fight under the yoke of Hell.

652.

The monarch always says “My dear people”.
The Poet always says “My starry sky”,
For people’s sake the monarch used to tipple,
The Poet of starvation used to die.

There is no right in our human rights,
The equality is empty sign
Engraved somewhere in cosmic moral heights,
Too unavailable but very fine.

The Poet there on line is taking place
And patiently wait for deadly prize –
The shining ghost of liberty to chase,

For fun of the angelic population
That watches from the sky with avid eyes
The preparation of his elevation.

653.

Communication through the bloody wars
Is most beloved between two neighbor nations
And shows the historic bloody course
Since Man presided over God's creations.

They are too battles among fierce apes
But they are only on restricted scales,
While human war the whole planet shapes
With slaughter instrument that never fails.

If brain is weaker than the muscle force
The species might completely disappear
As is the case with mighty dinosaurs
And that is why Atomic Man must fear.

The muscle and the brain are not good friends
But each of them on other still depends.

654.

A hot dispute is taking place
In our social life –
Are crowds people nowadays
Which for freedom strive?

When many persons had to die
The crowds were ahead –
By battles and by battle cry
The kings with glory fed.

And then by king were truly praised:
“My people are so great!”
The king was really amazed:
“I must them decorate!”

But still next morning he said loud
“The people are a crowd!”

655.

Before the perished heroes stand our chiefs
With their incomparable disgrace
In union with the greatest thieves
They now heroes' ideals face.

The monument is festively besieged
By dignitaries of exquisite kind:
The president and all who want gap bridged
Between the people's heart and people's mind.

They try to bribe the hero with wreaths
And every boss is vowing how loves him
Because he sure absolutely is
That hero dead is, and his whole team.

If he sometimes awakes in hand with gun
The bunch of ruling villains has to run.

656.

For humanism time is too much hard
Amidst the noisy anthropoid crowd,
The moral is its absent minded guard
Which scarcely with its role is very proud.

Eternal love, saint love, are foggy shades,
Which hypnotize already quite a few,
While the ruling tribe of human apes
Tries to present the ancient tricks as new.

The men are fighting with each other now
For wealth in this existence full of lies
Where law long ago stopped being law
And innocence in prison only sighs.

The God in Heaven as high as He can
Waits for humanization of the Man.

657.

To happy people Death is a disaster
But to the sufferers is wanted means,
Invented duly by celestial Master
Who heavily at moments intervenes.

He offers them a home and good advice –
No taxes, hunger, slavery and pest,
Whether Purgatory, Hell or Paradise,
The God and angels shall determine best.

The places there are on strict control,
The dead – the wealthy citizens or poor,
Are met with facilities for all,

With no religious discrimination
And angels tell them to be pretty sure
That soon may happen democratization.

658.

The entrance to a picture is the eyes
In ocean of the never ending hopes,
If there are lies, they are the nicest lies,
And their authors are with godly jobs.

The picture rests forever fresh and young,
The Time before its shining beauty bows,
The arrow does not drop but still does hang
And killer, paralyzed, the pistol draws.

The artist dies on it so many times
Before to crown it with his ideal,
But it is still, all still are chimes,
It only he is capable to feel.

The picture is indifferently met,
Especially if author is not dead.

659.

The children live among the interdictions,
Among the interdictions later die,
All this creates a kind of mental fictions
Before which the wits can only cry.

From right and left arrives the proposition
For organizing new and better life,
“The equality!” is in position
The fainted dream for freedom to revive.

The Man, compelled against the Fate to gamble,
In vain is trying easy way to find
Amidst taboos a whole life must ramble
Until at last himself to Death will bind.

He wants to see if *on the other side*
There is some justice which the angels hide.

660.

We are transferred from crisis to new crisis,
From bad to worse in every dirty season,
We see that ruling Party full of lies is
Except the reason.

The basest crooks among the red and yellow
To power come instead to go to prison,
We are unmasking every nasty fellow
Except the reason.

At last we see most desperately clear
That we are victims of a total treason,
We understand that price we pay is dear,
Except the reason.

As usual the History is mute,
Engaged at present to the bloody loot.

661.

On its steep way upward Success is tired
And Honesty is an excessive freight,
In many cases it is simply fired
So to relieve Success at any rate.

The Honesty feels better in the verse,
Surrounded by dreams and stellar dust -
If it is captured in a greedy purse
It soon is covered with red poison rust.

The Man longs much with Virtue to be proud
But, blinded by the money a lot,
He does not see but hear what it shout

And is attempting fear to withstand
When it with decisive help of God
Its final heavy sentence him will hand.

662.

A burst of Honesty the villain felt
When occasionally got asleep.
He dreamt that before it he humbly knelt
And his repentance was sincere and deep.

In sleep so many virtues had his soul!
He was decisive champion of truth!
He praised whole Globe from pole to pole
Annihilating wars by lasting truce.

His charity comprised all the poor,
He right stopped stealing, lying! He was good!
Temptation he was able to endure
Because he had supply of mental food.

He opened eyes. His look at first was dim
Until he saw that it had been a dream.

663.

The Sin is most invulnerable right
That God had granted ever to the Man,
It is so strongly to the soul tied
That it no one detach from there can.ce

Invisible but real Universe,
Created by the Sin surrounds me,
A lot of pleasant promises it bears
Proclaimed by Satan in an old decree.

The Sin can imitate the freedom best,
Inspires sense of power and strong will
For domination over all the rest
And even for decisiveness to kill.

Once all these absurd permissions given,
The sinner can be in advance forgiven.

664.

In contrast to the God and to the king,
The petty violator is too close,
He thinks his ego is the only thing
For which the planet through the Cosmos goes.

His greatness is like him - quite too small,
But he imposes it on everyone,
The arrogance is his beloved role
Which he plays with pleasure where he can.

His only friend is Satan, the Great Master,
And the disgrace his almighty ally,
The contact with him is a disaster

Because his body is with poison leathered
(Which by my experience can tell I)
And that is why he lives in social desert.

665.

Oh, dream, dear men, until your dreams are fresh,
Until your souls are far from God of Cash!
Computer will fill up you with much sorrow
When starts presiding over world tomorrow.

For every taking part of you in mission
You'll have to ask for its permission
And to admire the computer-chief
Which will decide who stays and who must leave.

The dreams will suffer strict evaluation,
Correction, thorough classification,
And in the end a test for common sense –
Its lack would be considered an offence.

The negligence of every single fate
Will solidify the might of state.

666.

The spoiled celestial gods are very bored
And they distract themselves inventing lies
Which later they successfully afford
To put them as religious signs in skies.

The popes, the rabies, monks and preachers,
Teach Man the principle of bitter hate
Against all listening to other teachers
Although they propose same faked fate.

The symbols of religion are amazing,
And they are items of an ancient trade
With profit church is ever raising –

Of its amount one can only guess
Because it is kept secret and is made
By means of products which the God would bless.

667.

As suicidal passes each my day
Through calendar with its selected dates,
My hair since long is getting silver gray,
My soul already all lies tolerates.

A crowd of memories besieges me,
They come from everywhere like ghosts,
Quite clear every one of them I see
However their words now silence frosts.

Sometimes refreshing thought too appears
Though seldom they ignite a joyful mood
But shortly after fear perseveres,

I am unable straight with it to fight
But try to be as patient as I could
Until I see the Eden from inside.

668.

My belly grows and my waist is weak
In close agreement with eternal laws,
My faith in God is permanently big
But He is disregarding my right cause.

The days are pressing me like hungry snakes,
They sucked out all my humble force
And irrespective of what I make
I feel that I am out of resource.

Engaged with formulae and test tubes
I seek the secret philosophic stone
While devil all my unpaid taxes groups
And asks when to pay I will be prone.

Alive I was with shining hopes fed,
And now I leave accumulating debt.

669.

The spooks, I guess, have never got asleep
In course of their phylantropic mission,
They are awake and permanently keep
Awake too our foggy superstition.

They all are the celestial merry aids
Who help in preparation of the stuff
Of which God made the creature that invades
The Earth by prayers for eternal love.

The spooks have form but they lack any weight,
They pass through walls quite easy – on first try,
They are on friendly terms with the Fate
And have a charge free ticket to the sky.

The science proves that spooks do not exist
But by the Man they will be ever missed.

670.

Inevitably we are getting old
And Death is permanently close to us
“The flesh is mortal” we are kindly told,
“Eternity is what the soul has.”

Forgetfulness is huge force of the Death
Which erases images of foes
While God all our friends and us will bless
Announcing our cause for righteous cause.

He willingly relives our growing fear
Deciding to postpone his final shot
Some months or weeks before he will appear
And at the end of life to put a dot.

When this moment finally will come
It shall be signed by “*in memoriam*”.

671.

Habitually love resides in heart,
The wit is situated in the brain,
But is there men who have wherever heard
Wherefrom conscience our soul may reign?

Whether it in kidneys get asleep
Or in the liver, bones, or widely spread
Like blood, is making all around trip
In order justice everywhere to shed?

May be in some men it is in the heels
Or curiously hidden under nails,
In other case it is in knee and kneels,
Or in the belly finally prevails.

As far as no one this exactly knows,
We can not frame the conscience in the laws.

672.

In press
Following the all comprising progress
We urgently need,
Indeed,
That creation of lies
Complies
With high technology
And ideology.

In parliament the projects are made
Afterward through the court's gate
The prosecutor can them triple
And soon can apply to people.

And all who now live, or already have died,
Are well satisfied.

673.

Folly has a sacred right of luck,
Its proprietors, of course, too,
They to others never pass the buck,
All old bearded jokes for them are new.

Folly keeps its folks away from fear
Hidden between problems, more or less,
Fools today can everywhere appear,
Why is so I can not even guess.

They are praised by writers and by saints,
Poems glorify them with rhyme,
Famous artist their image paints

While the voter with devotion tries
To elect the fools right every time
For his chiefs and pays for their advice.

674.

The wordiness reverberates non-stop
In hamlets, villages and every town,
The freedom and the justice are on top
Of all its topics right from dawn to dawn.

But where are they? – In papers, dusty books,
Or on the badly tempered TV-screen? –
The people still are tortured by the hooks
And justice they had never ever seen.

The slavery with its most bloody foam
Is dyeing freedom totally in red,
In its blood spotted cloths is used to roam
And scared both slaves and tyrants whom had met.

The text “In the beginning was the Word”
Is taken from the Bible as absurd.

675.

How calmly write the authors on the Death!
Among them are so many famous names
Who say that know him and his frosting breath
As though he them for closest fellow claims.

As though Dante lead them through the Hell
And showed them the infernal ugly face
Or Charon told them friendly “Farewell!”
Delivering them to their reserved place.

In fact all there is darkness with no end,
The lack of exit is beyond the doubt,
And there is no one freedom to defend
Although all for liberators shout.

The tale of Hell has passed the years through
And may be it deserves to pass for true.

676.

Two noisy shots and noble deer is dead.
The murderer is satisfied and proud,
Accusingly the mortal wound is red
But hunter is admired by the crowd.

The murder helps to heal his bad neurosis
Obtained because of plenty mental work,
And hunting innocence in too high dose is
The medication of unhappy clerk.

The warm corpse still is bleeding when the man
Proclaims his victory by a new kill –
If needed, photograph present he can
How he among the trophies revel will.

All dictionaries nowadays are ready –
Instead of “murder”, “hunting” stands already.

677.

The immortality can kill the Man.
(Friedrich Nietzsche)

Lack of trust against deceased people
Recently is growing more and more,
The respect to them is a subsiding ripple
On the surface of forgotten lore.

Persons presently expect a prize
Not *post mortem* but quite alive
That is why new fashion did arise,
Foot by print in concrete to revive.

“Roads of Glory” amplify around
Full of tracks of feet and honest hands
To defend those who are most renowned
From forgetfulness by high commands.

Time these vanity will scarcely keep
And soon carelessly will them fully skip.

678.

I doubtlessly can be very proud
That I since long am leader of the crowd
And am elected by the whole nation
To be the head of its administration.

I often speak at most important session
And recommend as progress the regression,
Implanting in my speeches for effect
The “*a propos*”, the “*ergo!*” and “*aspect*”.

I speak of Goethe, Byron and their art,
And of the Gnostic method of Des Cart,
And prove that it is absolutely *chic*
To use sophisticated verbal trick.

The people listen and evaluate
Without any fault my mental weight.

679.

Why the need of evil is so great?
Is not enough that it is everywhere?
Men verbally want it out of state,
In fact however welcome evil there.

It gilds the circle of the royal crowns,
And those of popes and other tyrants too
Who cause the sufferings in many towns
And try to bury God down the loo.

The evil has most influential chiefs,
They breed it with remarkable success
In close alliance with most cunning thieves,
While the devils heartily them bless.

And finally the Judge – sever and clever,
Immortalizes it by law forever.

680.

“It is better a man to be poor than disobedient.”
Confucius.

The very enigmatic title “sage”
Is difficult to be obtained on sale
Or to be granted for a role on stage
Or for the murders on a world-wide scale.

The sages are Socrates, Homer, Kant,
Democritus, Einstein and Aristotle,
Whose thoughts every century enchant
And their mental leadership is total.

The immortality is their constant home
And their deeds are their nicest prize –
More precious than the most expensive Dom
Or monuments erected likewise.

But silliness as quoted here above
Can murder every prize and every love.

681.

I know flatterers of perfect grade
Who might sincerely praise as gold a shit
In order to deserve at any rate
The tyrant's gratitude for their cheat.

Composers, painters and versificators,
A whole swarm of shining human trash,
Agree to play the role of gifted traitors
In favor of the right to get some cash.

The king, the tyrant, they compare with lotus,
With lion, sun and even with god,
But I compare them best with coyotes
As far as carrion is all what they got.

They mentally are short but that is good,
It helps them when they lick the tyrants boot.

682.

Respectability is too suspicious
In state where bandits are the ruling force,
The latter make each one who is not vicious
To feel the spasms of guilt and of remorse.

The people permanently have to show
Their loyalty to the almighty crime,
Obeying calmly the unlawful law
While their life is not worth a dime.

The honest man is the eternal loser,
His home is in the basement of the world,
The dream of justice is his constant soother
Which to him is given by the Lord.

The justice never is in big supply
Except when the poorest persons die.

683.

To be a free man is extremely hard
In world obsessed by lawful violation
Where every citizen must be a part
Of nation under fierce domination.

The real master here is the fear
In predators and victims – no exception! –
They both could every moment disappear
If disregard the leadership's conception.

They permanently are compelled to use
The smiling masks of calm and nice submission
And to admire all the ruling Jews
Accepting readily their godly mission.

On market now expensive are the sheep
But gods and people are extremely cheap.

684.

The greatest prize of Genius is sorrow
As great creator of the human luck
While his blood at present and tomorrow
By social demons constantly is suck.

His life span usually is not long,
Compared with longevity of fools,
The Fate to him sings non-forgetful song
However gives no money, as a rule.

The place of Genius is in another world,
Unfortunately none existing yet,
The God and Satan can not it afford
As far as lavish sponsors do not get.

To wait for this chimera now he must,
And until it will come, to kiss the dust.

685.

The tapping of the conversations now
Is out of date because of modern means
Which the chief to penetrate allow
In thoughts where with thinking intervenes.

The thought so is easily enslaved,
The neurons are disclosing their face,
The road to souls is already paved,
For souls will be no more any grace.

The dreams will be watched by satellite
And taken into strict consideration –
If they are not politically right
The person will be sentenced “on probation”.

In case the crime repeated, then as gift,
The person will obtain to sky a lift.

686.

In case that our verses are too lame,
They need to be supported by a crutch
And to regain the badly absent fame
By means of the composer's master touch.

When put on melody they turn to song
And as a musical event occur,
If anything in verbal text is wrong,
No one about details will infer.

The mental contents fully disappear
Well substituted for majestic noise,
In contrast to the words the noise is clear,
The critics welcome the artistic voice.

And overcoming fast a certain risk,
Revived piece is published on a disk.

687.

Lent on a prehistoric heavy stick
The cave man watches us through his scull's holes,
In his opinion all we are sick
But something good is still in our souls.

According to his undeveloped brain
The mother Earth is simply built and flat,
With no UN, no slaves and social chain,
And no desire to possess all that.

Perhaps the cave man really wonders
How we are trying to destruct the Earth,
In vain on our vital problems ponders,
Regretting our most retarded birth.

And simultaneously with his fears
His ancient scull gets wet by ancient tears.

688.

How little matters other people's life
For those who are the leaders of the state!
They with humane compassion are at strife
And the ferocity is their fate.

All they disdain the sorrow of the men,
Announce faithfulness to high ideal,
But if you look at their souls, then
Their only big ambition you will feel.

It's interesting that this gloomy farce
Is easily disguised as love to peace -
The pitiless weaponry of Mars
Is masked as bunch of flowers for police.

The silence of the citizens is might,
The silence of the dead is their right.

689.

The red admirers, where are they
With their medals and with their prizes?
Their poems now like trash are thrown away
And memorized as sign of shameful crisis.

The poems were to deeply party dyed
But by the fall of party they were bleached,
The party poets all, instead to fight,
Unanimously, new decision reached.

The oaths were buried in paper grave
And talents were put straight on public sale
With single reason gathered wealth to save
By either female poet or by male.

This interesting lyrics panorama
They all considered as a mental drama.

690.

Who cares that today a man is killed?
If killed was a tiger, eagle even seagull,
The problem would arise about guilt,
But killing man by torpidness is legal!

The preacher tries the guilt to mitigate
And killers before Heaven to defend,
Thus recommending the celestial gate
To open for all those who God offend.

May be the dead man had been also pious
And had some trust in regular ideals
But the indifference is also bias –
Deaf, blind and mute, to all of his appeals.

The public gave him as a compensation
The charge free funeral for compensation.

691.

The shameful sale of women everywhere –
Who can describe the details of this Hell?!
The people absent mindedly don't care –
The basis of free trade is right to sell...

The woman breeds much pain in tender flesh
And beauty – endless and without start,
She can break each creation in a dash,
The Devil even can't her over smart.

A mixture of low vice and moral height,
As an eternal riddle she will shine,
As slave and master she will ever fight
To get the lead, as best of God's design

And in the pursue of this epic course
Her weakness is her most exclusive force.

692.

My motherland as motherland of roses
Is now in the European yard
Where the exquisite European noses
Agree for it to issue a green card.

The level of the culture is enhanced
But that of culture persons goes down,
The bulk of doctor titles are advanced
But our tongue in spam and slang is drawn.

A new phenomenon is taking place—
The terror of the red linguistic mud,
Annihilating fiercely pace by pace
The native tongue and its pure native blood.

In such a situation very soon
The tongue will remain without tune.

693.

I often think that happiness is “magic”,
The same adjective I apply to joy
But sorrow is predominantly tragic,
It no one with “magic” would annoy.

The sorrow is natural, it’s tool
By which God over human souls presides,
For us it is a necessary fuel
That to the soul vital force provides.

I can not constantly get rid of it
While it is part of my genetic code,
So finally I have it to admit

As present from above with admiration
And to transport it very heavy load
To Hell. The entrance is by invitation.

694.

The safe box is becoming more secure
But it is still most often hit by heist -,
The essence of this riddle is obscure
Since resurrection of God Jesus Christ.

From churches many sacred tools are stolen
By bandits – candidates to enter Hell
Under the leadership of Joseph Stalin
But now on Earth they all are doing well.

The poorest monks expect some help from God
But God support quite natural the rich
And this by no way is something odd
As far as rich men sin most – all and each.

They build the Dom and churches by donation
And in advance deserve complete salvation.

695.

The murderer of several human creatures
Is punished most severely everywhere;
With no exception lawyers, teachers, preachers,
Agree that heavy punishment is fair.

But if the killed are millions Mongolians,
Or Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, and so on,
Then each of all new candidate-Napoleons
Is savior and hero on the throne.

To him are many monuments erected,
He is admired nation-wide and praised,
For representative of God he is elected
And flags with his photographs are raised.

Historians in this find sound reason...
And petty bandits will be sent to prison.

696.

“The Achilles’ heel is in the head”

Phrase found in a newspaper.

Achilles’ heel has overtaken him
In race for the celebrity and glory,
It gained in medicine a great esteem
And even journalists use its nice story.

The poet use it in their poems too,
Since long it’s rooted in creative writing,
Already no one asks if it is true –
What Homer said is always exciting.

Worth emphasizing is its motion
Around all the human body zones
According to the sort of the emotion –
The stomach, kidney, liver, brain, or bones.

And at the end of our search we read
That the Achilles’ heel is in the head.

697.

The point is if Man had turned to beast,
Or he is such beast since the very start.
The problem had been old enough, at least
Since Man had fast from Eden to depart.

The Man is wandering amidst good and wrong
With hope to find a final right response,
Unable presently to get along
And reach the long expected renaissance.

He made of special dirt the God and Satan
In order to investigate his soul
And has tried all his force to straighten
But his stormy conscience to console.

In vain. Of Truth he proved to be no match.
The non existing ghost he could not catch.

698.

The over productivity of news
Has hampered impetus of our mind
And there where truths we usually find,
The interdiction is the only truth.

Enslaved by freedom of a mean crock
We trust his word that it will be ours
Of words he makes a bunch of nicest flowers
Which are permanently in his stock.

The crazy compass of all our emotion
Direct us pitilessly in the wrong way
With guilt and passion all we do obey,
In vain expecting from above promotion.

The media are asking to be still,
Instead by sword, they act by sleeping pill.

699.

Our premier is a renowned villain,
The Devil is among his closest kin,
Its meanness can't be cured with penicillin,
I even think that Devil is his twin.

The journalists praise him each day and night,
The presidents hand him high decorations
His folly radio as wisdom cite
With admirations, often with ovations.

However in his heart is reigning hate
And huge distrust against the fellow men,
He does not trust his own lucky fate
Expecting fall with not an "if" but "when".

Until his unavoidable descent
The loneliness is his sincere friend.

700.

Nonentities enjoy the lack of foes,
They are not target of malignant hate,
They never ever anyone oppose
And never ever anything create.

They are aside of any great disaster,
Revolt, insurgence, blood shed on the street,
They are involved no more than any pastor
With prayers trying our God to cheat.

Their facelessness is leading them ahead
Where permanently new dictator waits,
Their weakness is the fertilizer spread
Enabling him to conquer souls and states.

And everybody who supports this race
Will gain contempt, damnation and disgrace.

701.

Words “Motherland”, “Humanity” and “blessing”,
Are often spoken and more often written
By thinkers like Tolstoy, Descartes and Lessing,
Defending all who constantly are beaten.

But poorest men are vulnerable now
To red dictatorship in slavish states
Where violation is the basic law
And voter everything corroborates.

The rulers and the henchmen live in peace
Amalgamated in a mighty sword
And those who want to undervalue this
Are killed by court or killed without court.

The rest will willingly consider
A good Injustice to be their leader.

702.

Statistics spreads the numbers every day
Concerning many sides of our life
And armies of state licensed fools seeks way
To tell us that more luck will arrive.

The fool is prized with a high degree
For his success in licking ruling boot
And glorifying tyrant's pedigree,
So all his wits genetically suit.

The talent is a punishable gift
Subjected vigilantly to control,
It must be prophylactically stiffed
In part but preferably as a whole.

And meanwhile by voting with respect
The fool some other fool will elect.

703.

Nobody will forgive the hungry men
For their desire to be better fed
Which they repeat again and still again
Alive and more insistently as dead.

Why bluntly they refuse to understand
The soothing words of all the ruling chiefs
United rightly in almighty band
Which to the hope wide horizons leaves?

In fact, the hungry men must trust
The beautiful deception of the lie,
Well powdered with some faked astral dust,
And with this lie in happiness will die.

The present never anyone can twist
In case that future does not more exist.

704.

All fundamental sides of human soul
Already are expressed in poem's form –
The love, the hate, the wrath, - poetic goal,
Since long ago becoming public norm.

However there is an important lack –
The bribe! – A very vital piece of stuff,
In poetry of it exists no track
But it is not less urgent than the love.

The bribe to many men is life support,
The holes in many budgets it can patch,
And pay for any conscience can afford,
And many souls properly can scratch.

Then why in Eden of the civic right
It is not still by poets glorified?!

705.

The Man – compared with the “thinking reed”,
(According to expression of Pascal)
While searching for a profitable deed
In politics is mixed with its morale.

The politics is hazardous like hell,
Majority is always made of losers
Whom vicious passion badly would compel
To draw in it as constant law abusers.

All cards with no exception here are fake
But everybody who this does not like
Is risking speedily his leave to take
And straight to Heaven to begin a hike.

The reed – elastic character by birth,
Must bow if it wants to live on Earth.

706.

The violence is accompanying Man
Correctly during his entire life
But after death he freely can obtain
The right for better dwelling place to dive.

The Eden is the godly promise there
With neither double crossing nor command,
The politics in Paradise is fair
And every politician – sane and grand.

But after the initial impression
The hidden details new comers unveil
And learn that local advertising session
Are all these pages of angelic tale.

In truth, the world in Heaven as a whole
Is a reflection of the human soul.

707.

*Bulgarians from all over the world volunteered
During the Balkan war (1912-1913).*

It was a time of feats and sacrifice
For brethren coming from most distant land
To take the risk of death at any price
And liberty from tyrant to defend.

The students from Vienna and from Rome
Abandoned studies and high learned mates
Together with strong farmer boys to come
And to fulfill what conscience them dictates.

Together acted people – poor and rich,
Young might and old age diligence at once
Plus hate, yes, sacred hate, in all and each,
Transformed by arms in patriotic trance.

And all of them with fierce strive, *en mass*,
Went blood to shed before Lulé Bourgás.

708.

The medicine is subject of some changes
And it is known well who them arranges, -
As a result of new administration
The doctors undergo new registration.

They are comprised in groups of vast variety
According to the need of the society
And each of them is stubbornly defiant,
Wanting patient to accept as client.

In shop they run on big demand is health
Which doctors to the gloomy client sell,
The pain is here rearranged in money –
The client pay and doc is feeling sunny.

And those who are too poor and weak as payers
Are all instructed to be healed by prayers.

709.

A petty scientist, tired of his life,
At moments of the saddest revelation,
Obsessed by an intense infernal strife,
Decided to cut short his Earth' relation.

He took caustic soda – mighty stuff,
And, to be surer in the fierce effect,
He put sulfuric acid, strong enough,
In order suicide to be correct.

He most important detail did not know –
These two compounds, if they interact,
Give rise to a good laxative and so
The person from the suicide distract.

Instead in Paradise to be admitted
The man some toilet visits has committed.

710.

Repentance is the sinners' sacred right
Which God bestows kindly on mankind
To help outlaws during their fight
And they support celestial to find.

The secret prices really exist
For all the crimes awaiting absolution –
The theft, the murder... all are in the list,
Including moon shining and prostitution.

Considerable cash accumulation,
And also valuables of another sort,
Enrich the wealth of every generation
Of popes, of cardinals, and their court.

As a result in our world each crime
Enjoy forgiveness always in time.

711.

A famous polyglot I used to know,
In several days new languages he can learn –
Achievement of exclusive grade, although
I have some reservations on my turn.

I have been many times in full surprise
When with ease he translates from 60 tongues
The news of most important soccer prize
And blows like storm the words by his strong lungs.

He proudly told me details of his life,
How lot of folks considered him as great,
Including here, of course, his own wife,

His words fly easily like flock of birds,
And that is why his work is richly paid,
Although all his tongue is twenty words.

712.

My future long ago abandoned me
And stole the bunch of all my merry hopes,
I meet each morning absolutely free,
With every vice I easily can cope.

I do not dream for money and for gold,
For luxury, for place among high-life,
For things that can be bought or be sold,
Which is for vanity the basic strife.

In this quite cloudless peaceful soul of mine
The happiness is also deeply frozen,
Indifference is feeling very fine,

My heart is tightly closed for other hearts,
And has already death as ally chosen
Which comes to me each day in tiny parts.

713.

The good men are a desperate minority,
A prehistoric remnant of the God,
Obsessed by complex of inferiority
And strongly threatened by a global plot.

Anonymously they are highly praised,
Admired hypocritically most,
To pedestal are frequently raised,
Especially, when dead, at any cost.

They have the noble right of endless suffering,
Of confidence in all the royal lies,
Between the good and wrong they have no buffering,
Defenselessly accepting the advice
To leave this world without much delay
And by their death the sinners' debts to pay.

714.

The virtuousness, endorsed by common sense,
As part of what is thought “public good”,
Would it be strong enough to pass the fence
Of many hells that have an earthy root?

Will it stop the bloody sacrifice
Endured by hostages of bloody hate,
Among them pretty children with bright eyes,
For satisfaction of the blinded fate?

I doubt very much. Now it is clear
That evil is incurable by peace,
The price paid by the innocence is dear
And as reward it gets a deadly kiss.

We wait in vain, in vain waits the Globe,
While being filled with lot of empty hope.

715,

The Glory is a desperate attempt
Of Vanity the Greatness to achieve,
The cunning devil trying it to tempt
With richness if the men in him believe.

But there is Glory of another kind
Irradiating will and moral beauty,
The private interest it leaves behind,
Its guiding light is only social duty.

This Glory is bestowed on every class,
Its glowing touch ignites the noble thought,
Equality to all men it may pass
And History of manlyhood is taught.

But it is pity that the mental honey
Is difficult to be transformed in money.

716.

A prohibition stays before our mind
To pass through threshold of the fervent love,
Officially permission it can't find,
And wait, and wait, for help from the above.

The love yet every reason disregards,
It does not listen to the good advice,
It longs for fairies and for songs of bards,
Destroying virtues and embracing vice.

It changes to remain quite the same,
Obsessed by most expected sacred follies
And permanently new is its old game,
And permanently new its merry call is.

But it is reasonably one to ask
Why to be in love is one's main task?

717.

The crowd in me consists of single man
But he appears as too many creatures,
Among them ghosts of prehistoric den
And also images of future teachers.

And each is free, with independent vote,
Pretending to be equal to all
As carrier of the eternal thought
Which God had granted to His human doll.

They quarrel, even fight in every way,
They plan and they fulfill enormous slaughters,
Repent and after still they disobey

To Ten Commandments which God with patience
Prescribes to His devoted earthy voters
And recommends to future generations.

718.

Medicine achieves enormous success.
(World news)

The medicine defends us from diseases
In order people to decease completely sane,
The strength of death now constantly decreases
And soon as gloomy nightmare will remain.

But until then the health is kept in stock
And we can buy it if we were rich,
If not, it stays there under heavy lock –
For all the poor completely out of reach.

The poor will be poor and poor will die,
Too close to death and far away from cure,
They only sigh and on the God rely,
For how long, I by no way am sure.

The rage of poor the rich will defeat!
You, men on power, - be aware of it!

719.

I feel sometimes premeditated dread
Against the virtue when is over dared,
When I see how it is amply fed,
When, unthreatened, it is over cared.

The virtue now is easy to be hired,
Disguised as innocence from time to time,
By everybody then it is admired,
Especially when is in its prime.

I can not trust such virtue, thou my own,
I can't trust anyone and anything,
My confidence is just forever gone
And no one wants it back to me to bring.

The doubt is my cordial advisor
But fact is that I am distrusted either.

720.

I like to live in an invented world,
Well made to measure, and to match my taste,
With all my fool ideas in accord
Which I accomplish there with haste.

My dreams are easy there to realize
Without my poor conscience to get hurt,
I feel there clever, strong and even wise,
Successfully can evil to avert.

It is wide open for each special guest
Who is my follower without reserve
And who considers me among the best,
Worthy of much praise and faithful serve.

But (very strangely!) many others feel
That this invented world is quite unreal.

721.

The glowing formlessness of burning flame,
I think is stuff of all the ardent dreams
Resembling many things in Heaven's name
And everything from way of sin redeems.

By it is drawn the most frivolous line
That separates in Time the war and peace,
In both of them it will forever shine
As far as blood is what they take as fees.

Religions worship it as sacred matter,
As sacred spirit, and as sacred sign,
By which the pious the blaspheme can batter
On stakes defending their truth divine.

A worn out love it can revitalize
If only clients pay enough high price.

722.

The saints are people very close to Heaven
As just like popes and bankers surely are,
They know well that my grave sins are seven
And if they want, of me they can take care.

Through them for absolution I would ask
And would be given if I meet the prices -
To buy indulgence is not easy task
Because of present economic crisis.

So I must pay in cash with no delay
In Paradise to get reserved place
To enter there I have no other way,
The innocence has now golden face.

According to the tough free market laws
If one can pay one to Heaven goes.

723.

Now it is time for humble desperation
Before the future and its open door,
I got accustomed to small violation,
The big one was spared to me by lore.

I have been born mistakenly in years
When Mediocrity was mighty king,
When lawlessness was pitiless and fierce
And fear was everywhere in everything

I can not say I am a man's defender
Like Bolivar or like De Lafayette
But I am not of those who would surrender
Their conscience to first danger ever met.

But foe is now invisible around
And very difficult is to be found.

724.

I peacefully was talking to the Time,
And both of us fell suddenly asleep
Envisaging same dream about crime
That penetrates in our life so deep.

“Look, everywhere are sufferings and hate!” –
“Don’t be a pessimist!” the Time has said,
“We made sometimes good days, both me and Fate...
Enjoy them, man! The things are not so bad.”

We had a look at populated city,
Full of inhabitants in sunny mood
Who lined up all before a state committee
With hope to get some ration of scarce food.

Great expectations stayed in empty baskets...
Instead they got some play wood empty caskets.

725.

The so called human regular ferocity
Is not (as usually thought) brave,
It is attempting to avoid precocity
And finds in law shelter and good save.

The law hangs, and slaughters, beats, and chains,
Blind, faceless, nameless, eloquent and great,
Produces Justice and from its sale gains
In favor of the Man who reins the trade.

The Justice enters vicious circle fast
And smoothly is transferred from purse to purse
While in not a very distant past
Had passed from grave to grave with a curse.

This practice might be called quite ignominious
And that is why is always kept anonymous.

726.

*If I had served my God as I have served my king He would not have
abandoned me in my old days.*

Cardinal Wolsey

The bandit is erecting pretty church
With dirty money taken from the killed
And there he afterward can proudly perch,
His duty being honestly fulfilled.

In that way his guilt fast disappears,
His reach toward the innocence is free,
Erased from life are all the sinful years
And he to Paradise receives a key.

He soon becomes a deputy of God
Who is empowered to dictate the faith,
(The pagans to convert by firing squad),

His image is by famous artists painted
Beautifying his god loving face
As preparation later do be sainted.

727.

Why the love to solitude is sad?
Is this a joke or error of Creator?
Although sad sometimes it makes me glad,
For this I never would be sorry later.

My solitude is blessed to be my friend,
It never wants to let me quite alone,
It shows me how to wisdom to ascend
Relying permanently on my own.

It seems our union will last for long
Beginning well with mutual respect
And thanks to it my soul grows strong
In order me from crowds to protect.

I reach to the conclusion by all means
That solitude and sadness are like twins.

728.

The lasting weakness of my mind
I hide under well tailored suit,
My manners are well refined
And I am boss of high repute.

The dark spots in the life of judges,
Of lawyers , statesmen, and of thieves,
I keep in safe with many grudges,
And many dirt in many leaves.

My secret ruling force is great,
With medals it is decorated,
All envy my exclusive fate,
My moral face is highly rated.

And all the people kindly praise
The state that men like me can raise.

729.

Naivety – contagious already,
Is infiltrating badly fast the masses
And every person - gentleman or lady,
Might be a victim of its fatal passes.

Obsessed by strange and dangerous devotion
We follow the pseudo liberators
Who soon after the very fast promotion
Are proved to be blood thirstiest dictators.

They all are made of darkest human stuff,
The reach to power is their utmost aim
And under mask of ever lasting love
Betray the freedom without any shame.

They use the name of God and Holy Ghost
And march ahead in shade of Holy Cross.

730.

The faithfulness is not a tool of treason,
The treason has no need of it at all,
It is quite self sufficient every season,
Supply of death is its immortal role.

It serves the poor (the emperors as well),
Prime ministers and bishops buy its force,
It does its job without tolling bell
Bur ready every evil to endorse.

The treason badly needs the heroes' presence,
Who are the essence of their high paid work,
Them it betrays with or without pleasance
On the arena of the public cirque.

In their life they all behave like Christ
But only dead they are immortalized.

731.

A man had witnessed in the savage lands
How the policemen put on fire houses
Of partisans who with empty hands
Had bravely fought the ruling brown blouses.

The man survived. And freedom was met.
As victor he was richly decorated
And granted favorable job to get,
But later he to Jew-land emigrated.

In Palestine a young girl was killed
And he with perfect military skill
Installed a time bomb and her dwelling spilled
With her mother's blood as bloody bill.

Thus, he begun to feel that in this way
For him the freedom was becoming prey.

732.

We have been slaughtered and annihilated
With avid constancy for many years,
United Nations have on us debated
But this has not diminished our tears.

The heroes already sleep in graves,
They died and gave a free hand to dictators
Who easy turned the people into slaves,
The History is well supplied with traitors.

Like robots we obediently march
And strangers show us strangely foggy goals
Right backward to gloomy ancient arch
Where demons are expecting our souls.

We march, and march, and march, and march, like fools
Obeying the dictator's bloody rules.

733.

By chance I got into the wrong humanity
When Fate had granted me some piece of life
In world without law and moral sanity
But I somehow managed to survive.

The number of the palaces grows fast,
Much faster grows the number of the poor,
The future promises to be like past –
The only thing that is quite surely sure.

The politics to enter I have tried
But there some stupidity is needed,
I thought as abut in the church to hide
But in my soul the blasphemy was seeded.

At present I am moving up and down
And play the role of unsuccessful clown.

734.

The henchmen are accustomed to the killing
They do it in accordance with the law
And full of mercy and of noble feeling
Deliver shadows for the Heaven's show.

To be a henchman is a pretty job
In service to the fatherland and king –
A bit abnormal and provoking sob,
But able profit in the end to bring.

In your small business you are single master
And unanimity is guaranteed,
For you the crises never are disaster,
They your reserves additionally feed.

You deal with eternal life through Death
And He puts order in the human mess.

735.

Initially God invented death
To use it only on a private scale,
To keep the group of angels more or less
Under control in His eternal dale.

When we, the people, got redundant there,
The human kind was mortalized too
And Eve and Adam had a love affaire
Which with Satan's name had much to do.

The devil soon became eternal tutor
Of each of us in our earthly life
Preserving data in his Hell's computer
For every man, his parents and his wife.

He gained much glory as a human breeder
And sent us king as democratic leader.

736.

I wonder why Eternity is dyed
For each one of us in different hue,
For some one it is like pink in sight,
For other it is like a dirty mew.

The suicide is finding in it shelter
And fast escape of all the boring days
Whose nearly suffocating moral swelter
Is price that only desperation pays.

In my imagination it is grey
And overpopulated to the top
Where sorrow the sadness can betray
While each god plays the role of traffic cop.

All earthly times in deadly sleep are there
And emptiness is their only heir.

737.

We live under the rule of ugly creatures,
Their brain is substituted for the bile,
Supported are by teachers and by preachers
But their guiding pentacle is vile.

Our sorrow provides them with pleasure,
Their nourishment is only purest evil,
Not gold but hate is their dearest treasure,
Born in an ancient devilish upheaval.

The people are obedient and still,
They do not wait for freedom but for grave,
The tyrants are accustomed them to kill

And if some one as hero now poses
He will be fast enforced to behave
Or will be given psycho-diagnosis.

738.

The old age had been a most precious dream
Of many heroes that are now dead,
Annihilated by a fierce regime
Which with their honest blood and flesh is fed.

They had hoped like each other normal man
To live in family, to have grand sons,
But killers interrupted their plan
With lot of fire spitting deadly guns.

Above their relics sounds Turkish tongue
And Gypsies desecrate their sacred graves,
Since long ago they are forever young,
The Fate likes them and from the old age saves.

And our tribesmen still as slaves do live,
Accustomed to the lashes they receive.

739.

The naturally wicked man is scourge
As a tsunami after strong earthquake
As though he is something like a purge
By which God our conscience wants to shake.

He is impersonation of a curse
With order human sufferings to spread
And afterward them all to reimburse
With redemption and to go ahead.

The right direction he will never know
But knows how to turn the hate in gold
And many prizes kings on him bestow
For the betrayal of the young and old.

He is eternal like immortal devil
And patronized by gods at highest level.

740.

It is a warning – being on the top,
You further are obliged to go right down,
The present high position you must drop,
Another man will take the golden crown.

You know, the descent, in fact, is fall,
Retarded by the angle of the slope
When all your luxury you will recall
As bitter memory without hope.

Where are all your beloved closest friends
Who to allegiance formerly had sworn?
Perhaps now each another top attends
And leaves you your unhappiness to mourn.

The time has come for you at any rate
Your valuables to reevaluate.

741.

If you, like reed, before the wind can bow,
If you are ready mind and soul to sell,
If you admire every part-bureau,
In politics you will do very well.

If you can lie to the enraged crowd
When it against the tyrants would rebel
And with your lies you would be pretty proud,
In politics you will do very well.

If you are prone to use a firing squad
Against the man who truth can boldly tell,
You will be praised as real demigod
And you will do in politics well.

Here all the parties in hot competition
Will name you as their leading politician.

742.

She saw him only once and ever since
She fell in love as though he was a prince –
Too gentle, handsome, young and very nice,
Much elegant and with attractive eyes.

And that is why, when he proposed to her
With decorum of a noble sir
She suddenly felt this as heaven's bliss
And like in prayer said a humble "Yes".

The love was guide that them to church has led
Where they in haste were by the preacher wed
But then she most astonished had to see

In contrast to the hopes of you and me
How in accordance with the vital fog
The prince was transformed in ugly frog.

743.

Why the honesty is such a heavy freight?! –
The men are prisoners of their fate
And often honest men must ask for grace
From people – pattern of the base disgrace.

The honesty is morally too pure
But its defenders are extremely poor,
It soon is very probable to die
But no one for it will ever cry.

The citizens with or without dog
For pleasure in the park will walk
And may release on its forgotten grave
The content of their bladder very safe.

Especially for every ruling chief
This measure surely will be great relief.

744.

Accelerated, present abnormality,
Rules over our full of robots days,
It changes hurriedly all the ways
Of our life and our life quality.

Appear new born and sever criteria
What is evil and what is good
Insisting that by all accepted should
In regions from South Pole to wild Siberia.

The thoughts must be painted in deep red
To satisfy the thirst of party demon
And to reduce the number of the freemen
Who always the freedom want to spread.

The robots are deprived of hot emotion;
They meet the progress with constructive caution.

745.

I like the fairy tales of high morale
With very happy end, although banal,
Where hero in love with justice fell
And celebrated this by wedding bell.

But on the market everything has price –
From all of virtues to the mighty vice,
And every interested see there shall
On sale gigantic piles of good morale.

Alongside pass big groups of politicians,
Of scientists, businessmen and top physicians,
They shortly hesitate and sadly sigh
But never stop a bit morale to buy.

They never ever want morale to trust
And it is victim of eternal rust.

746.

All the people in Sherwood
Praise the name of Robin Hood,
Golden gems he used to rob
And created golden job.

He accomplished thefts a lot
Being smart and never caught
And despite the public curse
He once stole sheriff's purse.

Every bandit nowadays
Same abilities displays –
One in tandem with two priests
Robbed the chief of the police.

And for this exclusive thing
Thieves elected him for king.

747.

It is a very interesting fact
How all around the throne as thirsty leeches
Stick cunning crooks that other crooks attract
And politics to them the Satan teaches.

The Nation is of property deprived
And lawlessness the criminals protected,
It is a miracle that men survived
And still the freedom is with hope expected.

Oppressors fight each other with rage,
The prey disputed by a sea of blood
As bloody balance of the final stage
When tears contribute to hellish flood.

The masses are already mute no more
And shout freely "*Le roi est mort!*"

748.

The chaos everywhere... Except in crime.
The crime is organized extremely well
And its perfection constantly will climb
While it is protected by the Hell.

The treachery is always its aid
Attacking all the roots of common sense
With brilliant strategy of highest grade
Against society with no defense.

They are united by the common tongue,
Well known now to each party boss,
And they together sing the bloody song
Of profit for the sake of public loss.

And after these distinguished creators
Will be named the capital of traitors.

749.

As actor he is very much obscure,
His roles on stage are difficult to notice,
His boring presence only few endure,
Although in family he is a blossomed lotus.

Sometimes for seconds he is on the screen,
And some acquaintances him may admire:
“What e precious scene! What a scene!”
However their praises soon expire.

His mute attendance in a tragic play
Impersonating prisoner or crook,
Or servant – all with very lowest pay,
For his ambitions are not proper hook.

He entered politics where things reversed.
There suddenly he is among the first.

750.

The goodness, an exotic deviation,
From the contemporary global style,
Attempts in vain to fine realization
In confrontation with almighty vile.

However goodness takes revenge in novels
Where it is an undisputed chief
And vice ashamed inevitably gravels
As far as Justice likes in books to live.

Fictitious hero follows author's orders,
He penetrates through many miles and years
And disregarding handicaps and borders
In war against the evil volunteers.

His feats are often subject of remake
But he is just a literary fake.

751.

*...Sometimes, when there is a cure
for the disease I now have, no American who needs it will be denied it.
Edward Kennedy, "Newsweek, July 27.2009.*

Now children die from curable diseases
And all the public mercifulness too
While from heaven resurrected Jesus
Prefers to wait and see what men will do.

But men don't act, they only vow
And sell the vow for a single dime,
And all this in accordance with the law -
The poor are out of law, out of time.

They are directed straight to other site
Where their presence troubles no one,
Where God is in the soul, not outside,
And every fight with Evil Good had won.

The health there is no subject to a risk
And is not victim of the silly fisk.

752.

Perhaps because of ancient curse
For us the normal is reverse,
And bandits, villains, crooks and thieves
We permanently have for chiefs.

They lie to people, steal and chop,
From low level to the top,
And even babies in the womb
For gold they can transport to tomb.

We live in slavery and fears,
We shed abundantly hot tears
But say: "Although poorly fed
We are not completely dead."

Thanks to this wise devise in life
Now millions of us survive.

753.

When you have this precious world to leave
By death which medically is assisted,
A humble clerk without any grief
As “natural” will it get enlisted.

But if you are a documented killer
And in the court are sentenced right to death,
Then crowd in a role of moral pillar
Will try to save you from the mortal stress.

The prison is encircled days and nights
By people full of charity and love,
The megaphones defend the civil rights
Accusing in ferocity the staff.

Nobody asks the Justice where is hidden
If punishment of killers is forbidden.

754.

The conscience has the soul to defend
But sometimes likes for freedom to pretend
And as an independent princess poses
Betraying one by one all our causes.

Most often it dictates: “Avoid lies
If others have with them the tightest ties!”
But lies are usually mighty measures
By whose assistance are created treasures.

The lack of conscience helps at any rate
The thieves to make at ease a state in state,
They tailor every law as they desire
And those with conscience their deeds admire.

Some people even make the observation –
The crime has excellent organization.

755.

The children of the henchmen got adult
And are becoming most respected judges,
No one considers this as an insult,
No one to their high position grudges.

The Justice now is cheapest merchandise
Available for every kind of greed
While exists by order of the vice
And ready to fulfill most dirty deed.

The time in haste is going backward
To meet the awe of many fearful years,
It never will allow to be restored
Because with them the fear reappears.

The pack of henchmen ever is the same,
They are deprived of conscience and of shame.

756.

Available on sale are many titles
According to well prepared plan,
Elected is a fool of ruling clan,
Result of hot political recitals.

Corruption is much stronger than the bullet
If it becomes a style in public life,
The vice can benefits from it derive
While evil constantly to Hell will pull it.

The human rights as part of global trade
Are able precious profit to provide,
Their application is extremely wide
And as a rule they all are amply paid.

Thus, it is not a miracle why
In fact demand is bigger than supply.

757.

The beauty and the gold are these two forces
That rule the lines of many human strives,
Almighty one of them sometimes endorses,
Another time them both the devil drives.

They both are very strong, and good, and bad,
A wild attraction into them is hidden,
Because of them the men are getting mad
Forgetting that the entrance is forbidden.

In Beauty all important is the form,
In gold the content comes all over first,
They can provoke both calm and thunderstorm

Depending on the mood of mighty Fate
Which frequently is too bloody thirst -
Extremely difficult to satiate.

758.

I watched the celebration of a chief
Whom praised for his exclusive contribution,
Although he was a common thief
With no links to moral evolution.

He was with variable party badge,
Too frequently it he used to change,
For pity every time he used to cadge
When party memberships he rearranged.

Most recently he even changed his faith
And put on shalwars better it to fit
When took part in the profitable race
Ransacking state and all around it.

Against the chiefs expresses no dissent
And now member is of Parliament.

759.

The Germans were for very long divided
Into a clever and not clever state,
A fact that almost strictly coincided
With the cold war and its hot weight.

But what a miracle! – The states united
And this appeared to be just like mirage,
The Trabants and the Mercedes decided
To park themselves into the same garage.

But in the politics is quite not rare
Under the gloomy multi party sky -
When two partners try to form a pair
The fool advices those whose wits are high.

And following this principle so far
The kanzler is a girl from DDR.

760.

When a vicious leading villain dies
He leaves a free place for another leader,
The state with mausoleum him supplies
Where his body rests in bed of cedar.

Sad loneliness surrounds him again
And halo of victorious malice,
It after him will forever reign
Immortalizing character of his.

This threatens every sign of present life –
Life distant, close, life big or small
By contact nothing living can survive
For it is poison – strongest of them all.

There is detail not to be forgotten,
The body of the tyrant does not rotten.

761.

I practice virtues of all known sorts
Without fear and without vacation,
My name is honored even by the courts,
Among the writers causes admiration.

I have no enemies, but only friends,
Whose number grows during days and nights,
And their good intention never ends,
We together fight for human rights.

Oppressed and poor rely on my defense
When suffer under bandits and dictators,
As champion of public common sense
I am the first among the liberators.

Sometimes I think that am immortal priest
But it is sad that I do not exist.

762.

How easy is today to saddle men
Preliminary tamed by purple whip!
You can direct them everywhere for gain,
You can ride safely them on every trip.

They have been trained intensely many years
To be obeisant blindly in the yoke,
Their companions are constant fears,
About freedom neither think nor talk.

The slavery has occupied the Earth
Assisted by the Satan and his team
Who mainly profited by Heaven's curse –
The people-robots are his finest dream.

If laws were as now good and wise
His dreams too easy he could realize.

763.

When I hear “The banquet for the poor”
I always imagine sacred mission
Initiated as a social cure
By some rich man or cunning politician.

The hall is shining with majestic lights
On full of caviar nice crystal plates
And dancing pairs defend the human rights
While pressing to each other as true mates.

The blood is getting gradually hot
Inspired by the bottles of champagne,
The beauty is delivered on the spot,
The reason votes at any case “up stained”.

And the participants all feel at ease –
The poverty will thanks to them decrease.

764.

The heroes are collecting future days
Which willingly present to other guys
And afterward before the face of Death
Receive eternities as highest prize.

Most desperate is emptiness which
Now separates the people from each other,
The wise from fools and also poor from rich
Though all they are the sons of Nature-mother.

‘Survive at any price!’ Is it disgrace
to hide yourself under the shade of words
when soldiers are in battle field to face
the Death uniquely by the words of swords?

Survivors will inevitably worry
The heroes to receive eternal glory.

765.

We, the dead, are boring with our fear
That those who stay alive will us forget,
That with remembrance words we sometimes hear
Indifference is thought but not said.

The preachers search for profit not for God,
That I am stone dead they do not care,
My family for prayers pays a lot
However my sad soul is not there.

I watch from Heaven with a big surprise
The service but without taking part
Although I want to give them good advice
How they to Hell can make a speedy start.

In Hell around giant stake of fire
Is gathered former preachers team entire.

766.

There is curious historic fact:
A few men – most intelligent and brave,
In love with freedom live and even act,
While others like to be collective slave.

This status makes their life secure,
They even praise the fierce violator –
So slavery they easily endure
But their children suffer badly later.

Where are you, the champions of truth?
Are you afraid the tyranny to fight
And souls of people most oppressed to sooth?
Or you distrust your own sacred might?

But if you peacefully prefer to rest
The crowd certainly will you detest.

767.

For History the Khan is yet too great,
It's difficult in it to be inserted
Through its too narrow constructed gate
Where values frequently are inverted.

His route was without traffic signs,
His soldiers had no helmets but rough hoods,
His feats were not described in many lines
And horse meat with kumis was his foods.

Afraid of him were the noble Rome,
They fled the battle field before his hordes
And his exhausted tribe receives new home
As prize for their most victorious swords.

And afterward for his historic solace
He built a pretty state instead of palace.

768.

We are getting gradually old
Together with my most malignant foe,
Calumnies against me he turned to gold,
My person was for him a source of dough.

His party status was extremely strong
And he exploited it to get me fired
From everywhere where reached his poison tongue,
In this respect he never has been tired.

We retired finally in peace,
Me – wounded still by his abusive word,
He – still obsessed by former red malice
But now deprived of his malignant sword.

I even think that probably I could
Welcome him with cordial salute.

769.

Existence of professors with tenures
Among some tribes of the onugondures
At last was satisfactorily solved
By scientist deep in the theme involved.

Extensive article he duly wrote,
For its immediate appearance bravely fought
With editors who had some brief demand
But finally he got the upper hand.

His contribution proved to be a boom
And for suspicion there was no room,
He quite deservedly got high promotion
For his exhaustive toil and his devotion.

In truth, he founded a brand new “-ology”
And namely onugondurology.

770.

To praise in poems red five-pointed star
(A symbol of the communist red Hell)
in order one to progress as PR,
I think one simply must bear cap and bell.

But party bosses have a special mind,
The abnormality is their normal state,
For “poets” of the above mentioned kind
They willingly prepare the brightest fate.

On him are soon bestowed many prizes,
He gets much honor in the form of dough
But strange enough he is in mental crisis
Although his gains are not against the law.

Because too deep in him there is a factor
That whispers calmly “You are a phony actor.”

771.

Since long the Motherland prefers to sulk
Although it is being robbed in bulk
And bandits under cover of the law
Present successfully the horror show.

Without shame they rob, and rob, and rob,
Round the clock and never plan to stop,
In their job they know no defeat
Because in ministry they have reserved seat.

The citizens remain well unshaken,
They sleep and it is hard to be awoken,
The lawlessness is their native art
And they from it would never want to part.

They live with Turkish fez on empty head
Considering the freedom very dead.

772.

You ask me very kindly to describe
The secret dwelling of the vampire tribe,
Unfortunately their dens and towns
Are hidden and no one can them announce.

They visit often our imagination
And always without invitation,
In bloody happenings they are accused
But are in fact by criminal misused.

Not virtual but real vampires now
Are bloody politicians knowing how
To sell the native interests for gold
And to be proud that them they have sold.

It is no secret where the tyrant lives
But judges punish only petty thieves.

773.

Since very long the teacher of the kings
Is guillotine with its social role,
It realizes necessary links
Before the people's wrath and royal goal.

It does not know Court of the appeal,
Its acts of justice are with no repair,
It never would accept unfair deal -
Of any king it readily takes care.

To every tyrant it is sacred threat,
Good warning for a most expected end,
With tyrants' blood it is forever wet,
Forever ready any fault to mend.

And to maintain the number of kings heads
On mini scale that never further spreads.

774.

All people understand without doubt
When of Britain goes talk about
That in this blessed by our God empire
The sun is never switching off its fire.

The British have most famous buccaneers,
Good masters with the swords and with the spears,
Elected to be best among the best
As a result of most intensive quest.

The queen instead of hunting them in vain
Prefers with them some friendship to maintain
And even to bestow on their account
The titles “knight”, or “baronet”, or “count”.

In this way the British win the grandeur
Although gotten not through moral's grand door.

775.

*The lack of dreams is sign of psychic insufficiencies.
(Psychiatric proverb).*

The life is bad without any joy,
Without dreams – impossible at all,
For every man and woman, girl or boy –
This is implanted deep in human soul.

In present world the dreams are getting scarce,
Now it is time to be pronounced ill,
The guilty to be put behind the bars
And someone the emptiness to fill.

You, people, listen! You must freely dream!
If you can not, then borrow from me!
We shall compile and excellent dream team
And Earth will be nice like Christmas tree.

To stabilize this precious future stance
The Fate should add to it a bit of chance.

776.

The boy was born in family of writers,
His diapers were a literary fact
And he since childhood joined the group of fighters,
Defending purity of verbal tract.

The writers' work is rarely near to profit,
The profit needs a talent more than good
But our boy was wise like real prophet
And easy found of luck the golden root.

He introduced the half-prepared production
In order fast results to realize,
Quite ready sentences put into action
And got a product with enormous size.

The classics were for him the first priority –
By copying them he raised his own authority.

777.

My nation recently begun to change
Since homosexuals got high positions,
They finally have taken their revenge
Of normal men according the physicians.

They occupied the politics too fast,
Became the heads of vital institutions,
In parliament each third is pederast
And premiers are under their tuitions.

They exercise on people their rule –
Creating an example though informal,
Attracting youth for being their tool,
The normal people feeling quite abnormal.

According to the new organization
The reproduction will be through gemmation.

778.

Like a suspended sentence in the court
The luck has a suspended sentence too,
Expiring date is in the Heaven's board
Comprising God and the angelic crew.

The Satan also watches human deeds,
As far as has deliberative vote
And proofs before the publication reads
In close collaboration with God.

And each decision they are due to take
Concerns the doses of the given luck
And how to be protected from the fake
Because the luck is very special drug.

It as a link to freedom may appear
But legally this moment is not clear.

779.

Your Anthropoid Majesty are great
And before you kneel conscience, law and wit,
Your throne is symbolizing slavish state
And raping of the virtues – part of it.

Your followers observe your wise advice
Which you give to them through tongue of whip,
They have to praise the splendor of your vice
Receiving in exchange your royal tip.

Please, keep well the crown on your head,
With it you stay above the human law,
With bloody flesh your dynasty is fed,
God absolution will on it bestow.

But if one day dynasty gets down
Your royal head may get off with the crown.

780.

When the Election day is getting near
The tide of candidates to glory is immense
And each one is trying to appear
As best in the seductive verbal dance.

They sing intensely either verse or prose
With self-assuring most attractive smile,
That they are champions of honest cause,
That all in them is good and nothing vile.

They promise everything that comes in mind,
Free lunches, tax reduction, perfect job
And presents - all with gold entwined,
Witching thoroughly each silly snob.

And wise men are becoming their tool
Agreeing to elect the perfect fool.

781.

“Authorities have sacred right of errors!”
This lie is multiplied without shame,
With it begins a series of terrors
Which is part of bloody mortal game.

At least twenty troops are deadly shot
In one of many senseless operations,
“One hundred” said a witness on the spot...
The High Command is recommending patience.

The premier expresses deep regret
To those of us who happens still to live,
He knows now nation is upset,
It will shed tears but later will forgive.

And this preposterous malignant mess
Shall last until the next expected death.

782.

*Nothing is so common as the wish to be remarkable.
W. Shakespeare.*

For him the laziness was gift from Fate
And he applied it everywhere he could
As general practitioner in state
Where laziness is basic mental food.

He does not work at all, he wants to rule,
In any way, regardless of the means,
Pursues this goal, stubborn like a mule,
Since kindergarten and his early teens.

He now presides at Ministry of Health
Surrounded by councilors and drinks,
He is defender of the public wealth,
For even higher rank he surely thinks.

So laziness becomes a useful source
For people that are social driving force.

783.

The System has important job –
The people constantly to rob,
They otherwise begin to fight
And to pretend for human right.

But if they starve the whole year
Obsessed by never ending fear,
They can be permanently bulled
While being profitably ruled.

Though rarely, this good System fails,
When the Fate its luck curtails –
The leaders who live pretty well
Are caught, hanged and sent to Hell.

Accommodation there is pleasant
And they receive two horns as present.

784.

Two strange events in politics occur –
Instead belligerently to compete
“Eternal” enemies at once prefer
Together the electorate to cheat.

A working cunning program they create,
The nepotism being central theme
For reorganization of the state
According to elaborated scheme.

All close and distant relatives obtain
The best positions – sweet and highly paid,
Where without toil, and bloody sweat, and pain,
The motherland is asset of the trade.

This full of shame and concubines tradition
Is praised as “full of wisdom coalition”.

785.

In a democracy, still young and lean,
A nice small booklet was arrested,
Accused that it with bad intent has been
Without shame state secrets manifested.

“The tourist here must keep in their mind
That roads are in desperate condition
And also that from thieves of any kind
Their purse may be is waiting for perdition.

The cars are subject of much bigger threat,
They might and will be stolen in a trice,
Judicial assistance they can't get –
Rulers and bandits are in closest ties.”

The court decided: Booklet stays in jail.
This later was commuted to a bail.

786.

In History upstairs and downstairs
In vain we seek the source of robespiers,
Perhaps somewhere in Genesis it's hidden
But access there is for us forbidden.

If we accept that "there" is the Hell
We may ask some devil us to tell
Is this one of many Satan's ruse?
To answer this question they refuse.

They say that "since the gas is getting dear
The personnel in Hell is feeling fear,
The crisis penetrates in Hell entire
And this is threat to the eternal fire."

The human problems should be now postponed
And telephone calls they will not respond.

787.

The Government surprises all again
With act of poverty privatization
While actually it will retain
The crime as present treasure of the nation.

The men of wit dispersed to foreign states,
Unable rule of bandits to endure,
Afraid of mighty crime that dominates
Against which there was no real cure.

The patience is no solace but a fake -
The thief to be accepted as a saint,
No one today his bloody throne can shake,
The heroes are already dead or chained.

The human rights are very easy prey,
The Hell is near, God is far away.

788.

Diversity of means is very rich
In medicinal repertoire today
And thanks to it the cunning doctors preach
That health to gold and money must obey.

A man in white will observe you well,
Will measure your pulse and blood pressure too,
Will take a lot of money and will tell
Whether you have caught a dose of flue.

The nice disease line up in a list
And form a profitable golden shield,
Among them cancer will be never missed
Because it feed more men than it had killed.

Perhaps it is especially made
As a support of medicinal treade.

789.

The world is full of journalists who know
To praise and to annihilate by text
The fascists, communists, and thieves, for dough
And even to reverse opinions next.

They all present themselves for honest guys
Although in their souls there is dirt,
And they are ready if are paid the price
With poison tongue every one to hurt.

Defending by the fog the public mist,
They hypnotize society with dreams
Produced from real truths they slightly twist,
Well multiplied by their filthy teams.

And any one on Earth they can betray
If only there is some one to pay.

790.

For honesty there is not special day;
For it the dates in calendar are closed,
Some other names are there allowed to stay
Whose carriers more suitably had posed.

The honesty, alone in distant place,
Is searching for a friendly atmosphere,
Surrounded by men with friendly face
Where the horizons all are calm and clear.

From there it watches us with awe
And sees how men, the creatures most divine,
So many sins upon themselves bestow
While living with vice as concubine.

But what it does not see in closer plan
Is Satan who is trying it to ban.

791.

Non-stop arrive communications now
About bribery in our courts
Where famous judges shamelessly allow
To be allies with thieves of any sort.

The thieves bought an attorney of the state
And this was known to the whole nation -
He later left and tried to concentrate
On his progressing business foundation.

The common citizens bewildered ask
Why the things are fatally perplexed,
That those to whom the Justice is main task

Do not their sacred obligation keep,
Neglect the fundamental legal text
And sell themselves – besides, extremely cheap.

792.

After the bells victoriously tolled
We all who fought for freedom, not for gold,
Decided that in our state at last
The government will break with the past.

But we were wrong. High office on the top
Was occupied by thief disguised like cop
And all of us who against him complain
Were without any sentence to be slain.

The democratic tyrant made a law
That every dissident is mortal foe
And until he in power will stay
The nation has to pay, to pay, to pay.

And if the people of starvation choke
He may lend all them to another yoke.

793.

Computers help stupidity to reign
With all their e-assisted mighty force,
So government of fools will remain
Of best stupidity the basic source.

The biped cattle are not something rare
On mental reservations of the Globe
And it is most important that they care
How more efficiently the men to rob.

It does not matter that IQ is low
For lawful robbery it is no harm,
The stupid rulers are collecting dough
Not by the wits but by the fire arm.

It is becoming mercilessly clear
The wisdom very soon will disappear.

794.

“Democracy and communism” today
Is funerary label of the time,
For their tragic errors we shall pay
But not enough for their awful crime.

They are united both in common grave,
The Death is their gloomy go-between,
Already dead they want the world to save –
In History this can be often seen.

How many victims swallowed the war!
All they to sacred human kind belong,
They died on battle fields for God and tsar
Without knowing who is right or wrong.

They all are big and are becoming bigger
But smaller than a practical grave-digger.

795.

Yesterday I bought a water melon
Which seemed to be quite juicy and sweet,
“I like it very much!” exclaimed Helen
And called the family the fruit to eat.

I readily accepted a big slice”
“Eat, eat, Steve!” said to me my smiling aunt;
I ate additionally slices twice
But finally confessed: “Oh, more I can’t”...

My children also ate with appetite,
Well satisfied with the big event
And everything at home was all right –
The money was appropriately spent.

Just here I heard the horn of the police
That I am in another author’s piece.

796.

*The heir of the Italian throne Victor Emmanuel
Is accused of criminal activity.
(In the news)*

I ask myself and not once or twice
Why crimi-films enjoy such big success?
May be the explanation is that vice
Is beaten in the happy end, I guess.

The good and wrong, presented strictly clear,
Are fighting fiercely but the viewers know
That justice finally will appear
And criminals in Hell will promptly go.

Shot down without right a word to say
Will lie prostrate the famous royal thief
Deprived of means his sentence to convey...
In real life this is beyond belief.

In real life the heir is God-anointed
And so as moral person often pointed.

797.

In special Parliament with special face
Are gathered for a much more special case
Selected specially rich tycoons
Well armed with two big sized special spoons.

Around the cauldron all they want to sit,
Pretending each that he is mostly fit,
The giant spoons to fill and wave
And so the royal property to save.

I cry “Why you do not see that this is
A dirty big container full of faeces!
The faeces are repulsive and they stink!”
“Oh, yes” one relies “but they are of the king!”

Without seeing clearly that he trips
He sweetly swallows and licks his lips.

798.

According to the laws of Saint Folly
The genius and psychopath are twins,
The genius is frequently getting holly
And is accused of all the mortal sins.

His *status quo* is lacking definition
Except that he is simply present here,
Society has the important mission
Against him permanently hate to stir.

How he survives? – Perhaps by secret reason
Which neither God nor Satan can explain,
Like Phoenix from the ashes had arisen
A thousand times and would arise again.

King Irod tried to kill Him in advance
But Fate refused to give for this a chance.

799.

If you want the motherland to love
The present conqueror you have to hate,
He rapes your honor fiercely enough,
So, rape its honor too at any rate!

But he has no honor, only sprite
Is springing from his most malignant source,
His function is to kill each human right
By means of bloodshed and of evil force.

Don't count on the mercy of the foe,
He will be ever deaf to your request,
Fight boldly and ahead you ever go,
You go until you win and never rest!

Your ancestors want you to be first.
Fulfill this legacy or you are cursed!

800.

The Demigod with wisdom has created
The Talmud, Bible, faith without fear,
And over good and wrong has meditated...
But villainy is here.

The Man has reached the surface of the Moon,
Has got the shining stars and planets near,
Predicts the storm, the flood and the typhoon.
But villainy is here.

In sanctuary of the human rights
The Justice and the Fairness disappear,
Both thrown away to coldest cosmic heights...
But villainy is here.

With our life is tightly copulated
And permanently is accumulated.

801.

Vulgarian presents himself as bigger
Vulgarian than usually is
To show that he in fact is very eager
Perhaps, just joking to display all this.

As politician he is often hired
Because of his naïve attractive lies –
The mediocrity is most admired
By the majority of girls and guys.

He does not steal; he only wants to borrow,
And, when caught, he is used to wait,
He knows that his boss will still the morrow
Get free him through the main official gate.

His shadow is small but very fierce
And can bring whole nation into tears.

802.

In our democratic happy time
The thieves are neither right nor left,
Convenient is to arrange the crime
As big and small according to the theft.

When Mayor billion of dollars steal
He bravely makes deposit in the bank,
However when a peasant deer kills
He will in prison clean the garbage tank.

He will have lot of time to over think
Until he finally will understand,
The ships of greatest bandits never sink
While the small ones get never grand.

These groups of people as a whole
Are separated by the prison's wall.

803.

The great ability for self deception
In my opinion is gift by Fate
And thanks to it we with no exception
Expect a miracle to free the state.

The slavery had been by bloodshed cured
From centuries without big success
And many heroes their feats endured
Poor armed only with the nation bless.

Why the results are negative? Why
We shall wait for help from outside?
The days are full of prayers and of cry
But to the freedom there is not a guide.

We whisper proudly that the time is ours
Without being sure for all its hours.

804.

I live in an alarming gloomy mood,
Most tortured by my personal bad dream
That present world is pretty far from good
And someone must it from the sin redeem.

I feel that I'm predestined by high force
To cure the men of habits mad and strange
To godify the crime without remorse
And all the normal things to rearrange.

Compared with others I'm of better type,
If people need an idol, I, well, am here,
They must the other guys at once wipe
And all to me as allies must adhere.

My dignity will be celebrated
And all the critics fast annihilated.

805.

The honest upsurge is extremely hard,
In contrast honest down fall is easy,
For honest people going forward
The helping God is absent or too busy.

The bare-faced happiness is getting dear,
And misery soon occupies its place,
It's able always to interfere
And every truly honest man to chase.

Each man is facing very tragic choice
Before his own conscience – friend and foe:
To follow the Satan's vicious voice
Or after hungry virtue poor to go.

And everyone, according to his vision,
Has right to take appropriate decision.

806.

Like a gigantic fountain it springs,
Hereditary greed of politicians
And this and other very dirty things
Are parts of our national traditions.

The head of state is changing often teams,
They after either stay or simply go
But equal like twins are the regimes
While constantly the sufferings just grow.

May be the Fate, step mother of us all,
Full of old hatred wants revenge to seek
And that is why it yet decides to call
Such rulers who make all the nation sick.

But some of us did not endure this load
And left, to search for happiness abroad.

807.

The Government enjoys the lack of law
Because of lawlessness originates,
A Turkish flag, a crown and red star below,
Are symbols hanging on official gates.

The state machine is very much like cripple,
Instead of one the active thieves are three,
The losses in the treasure soon will triple,
Such ransacked state nowhere could ever be.

The coalition is in perfect health
Due to the prey they never would have left,
And permanently grows their wealth
Obtained by theft and well preserved by theft.

The old men murmur: “They caused much pain
But it is good that we are not yet slain...”

808.

If you must order without persuasion
Endorsed by force of an imagined catch,
This means that you want to keep the nation
Not free but under yoke. And very much.

The conscience – constant mental volunteer,
Control you, though it remains in shade,
Will be it for long in its career
Attorney but without being paid.

I see that it is getting absent minded
Just when it must be urgently awake
And sometimes bunch of money behind it
Is capable its principles to shake.

Depending on the size of this amount,
On conscience yet you can or cannot count.

809.

The nation turns to be disabled slave
After obedience that lasts so long!
With this infirmity it tries to save
Itself from chains that still to it belong.

The centuries are covered all in black
With heroes' graves dispersed like shining sparks
Which the future has returned back
To present and it them with curses marks.

The voters now like to godify
The misanthropic tyrant and his vice,
To lick his boots without asking why
The free will quite irreparably dies.

They live under the yoke and serve, and serve,
And probably they have what deserve.

810.

He was true member of so many parties
With the vow “I am yours to death!”
The multi partisanship real art is
And he for it has got a Heaven’s bless.

Who can efficiently oppose his brilliant gift?
He first can see the changes due to come
And to the highest post to get a lift
Forgetting never to extort big sum.

Of villainy he has a great supply –
The quickening of partisan ascent,
He knows where and how it to apply
In order enemy to Hell to send.

Quite irrespective whether right or left
His aim is money and his faith – theft.

811.

Does History repeat itself by chance?
I doubt but some people answer “Yes!”
Remembering with awe the mortal dance
Resulting in the periods of deaths.

Once upon a time the king were brave
And led the soldiers, sharing their fate,
But now come the cowards who seat safe
While pretending humbly to be great.

The people gradually grow wise,
The monarchies are very much like leech,
They willingly the blood capitalize
With hope some immortality to reach.

But forces higher of where they stand
Will give the people soon the upper hand.

812.

My Government perhaps is much sincere
In drug supply affairs to interfere
And this explains why I am now prone
My death without fear to postpone.

At first place bosses must prepare a plan
To clear who delivery will run,
Provided that we in crisis live
And it is difficult fresh money to receive.

The whole procedure surely will be long
Because the System is extremely wrong,
Most saturated with the paper work
And everything is actually dark.

Especially the cancer medications
Are spared at once without complications.

813.

Most recently my most distinguished nation
Is sick of very serious upset,
The treatment by a bravely dosed ovation
And lasting fast to no improvement led.

The enema through the election vote
Was scarcely really efficient cure
But so it was considered by each sot
In concert with those who yoke endure.

Election enema is only mask
To hide the weakness of the ruling style –
In this respect it can fulfill this task,
But in reality its influence is vile.

State with acute political infection
Can not be healed completely by election.

814.

Alas, the promise, beautified by rhyme
Predicting luck, not often can take place,
But evil spells are always in time
And most successfully the people chase.

With veneration we were used to trust
The life which will come like precious song
And soon we sow that under upper crust
Is slavery prepared to stay for long.

A lie may be exhilarating fine
And even healthy in a high degree,
It likes sometimes invitingly to shine –
So many would it recommend to me.

If slaves are left to stay without lies,
That means to break with life all their ties.

815.

The tyrants are presenting their slaves
As fans when democracy is rising,
This cunning trick particularly saves
Them from results of vote to be surprising.

Do they sometimes had fallen deep in love
Or solitude is their constant state
Where they are pressed by demons greed and tough
To make a deal with Beelzebub the Great?

In labyrinth of nightmares they may be
Will meet by lucky chance the mighty Fear
To whom the rich men pay a golden fee,
Its shadow all them everywhere to sheer.

Not they but it of State is real boss
And all the others suffer heavy loss.

816.

The world is busy with the gifted boys
And their cleansing or annihilation,
The world this deed sincerely enjoys
And so it is since Day of the Creation.

They had been slain, beheaded, burned on stakes,
The being gifted is the accusation,
Postmortem saints of them the Satan makes
But newborn still refill the population.

Millennia in this way go on,
The talented grow fast again non-stop,
Some people think they are already gone
However they are mentally on top.

They are the envoys of the Paradise
And each of them charge free to Heaven flies.

817.

Anxieties are your exclusive friends
When looking at your pitiless old age,
The Almighty in bulk to you them sends
To be your friends in your dwelling cage.

The small ones retreat before the great
Perplexed by their run in round about,
Collide with each other and debate
Without knowing how to find way out.

Once alone you plaid the role of god
Inside the temple of the sacred art
But now you make bows quite a lot
Before a fool with hope for a new start.

You are a talent; all you do is cool,
But money and gold are of the fool.

818.

The virtue is a present to the soul
But it is not a substitute for gift
Although it tries in part or as a whole
Itself to height of talented to lift.

Sometimes a poet might be ugly thief,
But holder of the most prestigious prizes,
He is welcome by each wealthy chief
And they together share their vices.

The honest man is absolutely good,
He is attentive and observes the rule,
His brain is full of virtuous mental food
But in the art is fruitless like a mule.

If toil were only cardinal condition
The ant would be the poet with tradition.

819.

The nations can be ordinary plain
Just like the ordinary racketeers,
The are quite able to disperse in vain
The treasure whose formation can take years.

Does it exist, the promised benediction,
Bestowed by God upon the guilty tribe?
Why doesn't come the positive prediction
Whose details present prophets to describe?

May be God had refused at us to look
And at the fully robbed our land
Because as stated in the Holy Book
With disgrace we try disgrace to mend.

In Hell the devils in choir cry
That nation can before the people die.

820.

We disregard judicial mistake
If it concerns the tyrant's pretty death,
The victims slain by him, if could awake,
Would join us until the final breath.

The reckoning is useful as a threat
To candidates who want the tyrant's place,
They all consider tyranny as set
Of ready treasures which they will embrace.

But we are vigilant, we will watch,
Although sometimes we are getting late,
We shall chase them and shall them rightly catch,
To hang them and to make them surely great.

If we were going Heaven's court to meet
We could be sure the court would us acquit.

821.

It is amazing how is widely spread
Illiteracy trough the ruling class,
It is a shame but they are proud instead
Pretending so to imitate the mass.

The minister of culture looks like fool
Is he some grammar rule is due to meet,
Orthography for him is strangest tool,
By it his brain is very badly hit.

Amid examples kings are on the top,
They know how to reign, not how to write,
And often they are caught on the spot
Some longer word with despair to fight.

It may be good for them to pass a test
Before to say that silence is the rest.

822.

It had been saddled by the great and small
Who felt inspired poems to create -
Pegasus was sublime and good to all,
Red poets too were all beloved of Fate.

Pegasus was with much best barley fed,
Its ears and belly grew extremely fast,
In stable it enjoyed a special bed
And it was sure that this will ever last.

Red laureates were becoming best
Because of Pegasus, but its owner died,
And later it could not endure the test
Of Time and Parnasus pushes it aside.

And then all were surprised to hear
That mule as Pegasus used to appear.

823.

What I don't want at all to know
Is the base greed of our nasty chiefs,
And also why the Fate on all of us bestow
The plague of well sophisticated thieves.

I don't want to learn how much is stolen
With help of judges-sponsors of the crime,
Who to the very bottom had been fallen
And bribery is what they are in chime.

Oh, thought of them does not abandon me,
They totally have occupied my State,
And people irrespective he or she,
Accept the fact of slavery as fate.

Philosophy of such a comfort kind
Is very easy everywhere to find.

824.

The dress of Justice is intensely black
By soot obtained by contact with morale
And cominterns whose deadly purple pack
Once was red but never ever shall.

“Corruption can’t affect the whole nation!”
Is theme of a perpetual debate,
Each tyrant is welcome with ovation
Except when he does become the late.

Democracy and tyranny change place
And people seemingly approve them both
But irrespective of the different face
Result for people is a heavy loss.

A secret force behind the global scene
Directs us all – ferocious, smart and mean.

825.

Homo homini lupus.

This Latin phrase is echoing through Time
Well filled with extraordinary curse
As an attempt to legalize the crime
And on the human hatred it incurs.

Is this a truth presented in old tongue
Ore generalization of a lie,
Repeated stubbornly for very long
In order all nice features to defy?

On Threshold of the wrong and good
The men of conscience fight for lasting peace,
They often are not fully understood
And mainly by the State and the police.

The Man to be a wolf the laws ban
However wolf himself he sometimes can.

826.

Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia
(Cicero)

The man was poor, was absolutely poor,
And furthermore was terribly oppressed,
Was used the social tortures to endure,
When suddenly the freedom him caressed.

He entered period of free decade
Well mixed with much criminal pollution,
The good man felt that hope begun to fade
And poverty got right of restitution.

He had not any property or job
But nature pushed him and compelled to eat
As any other member of the mob
And he decided the democracy to fit
By selling his small freedom to a boss
And did not feel this as a tragic loss.

827.

Red party secretaries and poor slaves
Was the public face of your young life,
From their yoke you freedom now saves
But are you sure that you will survive?

Foe predators it certainly was easy
To change ideals and the moral aims
And democratically to be busy
With hiding thefts – the fruits of dirty games.

Your adaptation was unique and hard,
You were not welcome in the city banks,
The only gift you got was ration card
And right to seek your luck in garbage tanks.

The garbage is our most exclusive treasure,
It is so big that it is out of measure.

828.

The art with its artificial truth
Doesn't startle at all contemporary leaders,
The force is able truth of arts to sooth
By buying every muse of their breeders.

The rulers are proprietors of life,
Of its weak glimmering exclusive rights,
And when they us of all these rights deprive
They send us to enjoy the Heaven's lights.

They order to be honored and be loved,
Eternity on Earth is their goal,
Attaining this they are quite fierce and tough
And sacrifice like Faust their soul.

That is why all they are so excited
When to leave are forcibly invited.

829.

I knew a strange creator of pop-songs,
He was unique, original and cool,
Wrote not for clarinets, trombones and gongs
But used the ultra sound as a tool.

His songs are heard as an entire calm
As far as every note no one can hear,
A pop song he may baptize as a psalm
Without fear that critics will appear.

His uncle was the President of State
Who has endorsed his talent very much,
The journalists decided he is great
And the society accepted him as such.

The media were full of fervent praise...
Bach naturally came in second place.

830.

Geneticists and chemists try in vain
And still persistently they try and try
To analyze and further to explain
Why the politicians so much lie.

Now they begin directly from the gene
Exploiting the most special modern tools
Which till now the world has never seen
With hope to unravel lawful rules.

They find surprisingly that DNA
Of Politics and Lie is quite the same
And like twins identical are they

Amid the chromosomal foggy mess
Where they two play sweet genomic game
And all the legal properties possess.

831.

Almighty, if at all He does exist,
Is busy with the problems of His reign
Which no one exactly can enlist,
And us with His attention does not deign.

In all the precious deserts of the Eden
Where the constructions are in progress still,
The unemployment is a word forbidden,
But it exists, and angels this can feel.

This fact however can be overcome
By incentive noble and humane –
Before the newly built quite sacred Dom
In God's name crowds are mutually slain.

An angel over them flies in the night
And blesses with respect the dynamite.

832.

As far as you are slave in slavish State
And to obtain your freedom do not fight,
The Fate with you will not hesitate
To let you stay without human right.

I did expect that you will not remain
A neutral witness of your people's try
To wash away the shame of slavish stain
But you preferred the tyrant's trust to buy.

It is a pity, you are bad example
Accepted blindly by the blinded crowd
To which sometimes the lie is sacred temple
And no one sees the bloody tragic fraud.

The tyrants like with empty words to rattle
And to transform the people into cattle.

833.

The restless thought likes the joyful game,
There are no forces that its game can stop,
It spreads the human dreams without shame,
Without fear of tyrant-misanthrope.

By thunderbolts it draws its distant routs
Through future which impatiently it waits,
Dictators do not know its roundabouts,
It penetrates through all forbidden gates.

But recently the science has progressed
And the free thought is in constant threat
To be by mighty special waves processed,
Its secret content to be in the net.

In this way the thoughts of the nation
Will be under red subordination.

834.

I got well filled with timelessness decades,
Remembrance of irreparable past,
I carry it without any aids,
Not knowing if it will forever last.

I thought this is punishment for sin
Which I did or never did commit
And irrespective what, in truth, this means,
Decided this most hateful world to quit.

A lot of other worlds have offered me
Some immortality and cozy home,
Supplied with everything, if I agree
About virtues of the chiefs to chat.

I listen now to my internal voice
What to be my future world of choice.

835.

You still in life received immortal glory
Which perhaps will never ever fade,
And every man must know well the story
Of your attack with the Light brigade.

I now imagine the machinegun rattle -
A killing tool against a killing raid,
In very bloody center of the battle
Where fought your attacking Light brigade.

Oblivion will cover every lie
That spoken bravery can not evade
And men with money can always buy
But not the glory of the Light brigade.

The glory accompanies your every pace
And of the manliness it saves the face.

836.

In antechamber of the Devil now
Officially in session is the court,
Not Justice but infamous greed for dough
Is driving force of its infernal board.

Right of dishonesty here can be bought –
Quite legally with signature and seal,
Who can not pay the bribe will be caught
And will in prison seek his pain to heal.

This startling practice in a modern state
Attracts the interest of whole Globe
With fact that court can all manipulate,

Dishonest into honest to transform,
To exculpate the criminals who rob,
And to establish this as ruling norm.

837.

Of fruitless immortality the price
Is often paid with others' persons life –
How much pure blood for this will suffice
Depends on those who men of life deprive.

A brand new Caligula waits for blood
Of millions he willingly would kill
And willingly would turn in bloody mud
The whole world if people do not kneel.

The History is full of killers' trash
With never ending big supply of flesh
And after any catastrophic crash
The peace again is put on sale for cash.

The moral people wait for place in vain
For they have never anybody slain.

838.

Red Party is like octopus - it sucks
With thousand mouths, annihilating life,
Its food consists of all kind human lucks,
In souls of the men it likes to dive.

However ode creators don't think so,
They call the Party "mother" and so on,
They fall in love with Politburo
To Party secretary offer throne.

A swarm of poets with no sense of shame
Make praise of communism their job,
Despite their verses constantly are lame
In list of prizes they are on the top.

But when came time the communism to crash
Storm wiped them to the poetic trash.

839.

The alchemy and arts are just like twins,
They both turn garbage into pure gold,
You mix the starting components in tins
And product is completed to be sold.

But if you want a more exclusive thing
With certain animated human soul
You need eventually magic ring
Or philosopher's stone for the goal.

Some authors have it in a big excess
And others search for it the whole life,
Some works quite smoothly without any stress
And others write but without any drive.

May be this is the reason why instead
The plagiarism is so widely spread.

840.

The reptiles are beloved of planet Earth –
An excellent digestion they enjoy,
They are far from the mental work since birth
What helps them to be safe and very coy.

They are superior to many others
Thanks to well developed mouth and teeth,
The Bible with them in details bothers,
The prophet in them something devilish sees.

They know without warning to attack
And swallow prey while it's still alive
Embracing it to feel how its bones crack –
Such warm caress nobody can survive.

Most dangerous are reptiles in attack
When they are bipeds and attack in pack.

841.

Enslaving of the people starts when
The men depersonate themselves alone,
When men stop being actually real men
And send the reason to the twilight zone.

The life disintegrates with hasty steps –
An easy victim of the ruling thieves
Whose cunningly sophisticated webs
Have only aim to cause disgust and grief.

The silence spreads its leeches on the crowd
United in the name of sacred fear
While the Justice as a meanest bawd
Expects to sell itself extremely dear.

And just as an abominable dope
Stays Dante's phrase: Abandon any hope!

842.

*“Passed away XYZ. He was a non standard person”
(In memoriam).*

I knew a very, very mean man,
Extremely bad among the others mean,
The devil was his most distinguished fan
When he ascended on the public scene.

He told me that he everything prepared
For his well being in the present world
But that for future after death was scared
And my advice sincerely he implored.

“Don’t worry, there expect the guys like you,
The devils much rely on such mean folks,
You will be taken in the special crew –
At moral principles the Satan mocks.

Instead of “villain” in infernal file
Will be inscription “mentally futile”

843.

“Down with the terror! Unite with USSR!”
(N.Vaptsarov).

The human essence in the Man was killed
By demon signed by hammer and a sickle,
Without pity, shame and sense of guilt,
Quite ready whole world to put in sorry pickle.

The conscience used to be integral stuff
Bur now it's on sale in tiny parts,
For red dictator this is not enough,
He wants the men to be without hearts

To do a murder seems to be too easy
If you are shielded by a noble thought,
The politburo with morale is busy –
For you an absolution will be bought.

One hundred millions already are the dead
Annihilated shortly by the red.

844.

A strange event took place in our state
In which all people do participate,
A king was from ancient throne deposed
But afterward for premier proposed.

The ex-king was not with much wits obsessed,
He was too low in the IQ-test
But as a gambler he was very good
In all casinos having sound root.

Within several hundred pretty days
Successfully he changed the nation's face
In such way that no one can decide
The laws or mafia the country guide.

Despite of this he gave himself big prize –
A purse of money with extra size.

845.

The High Committee took a wise decision
Concerning poets and poetic art –
Distinguished men with creative vision
To be of current politics a part.

This wise decision resonated fast
In heart of every poem-writing fellow,
They sold themselves and so the dice was cast
And their love with odes begun to mellow.

It is important to be mentioned here
That people honored them by many curses
For tyranny they praised and did adhere
But did not pay attention to the verses.

The Time is stronger than each one of us
And bury fony poets and poetic fuss.

846.

The days are sinking deep into the past
But leaving theme for permanent debate
How much the scourges that to us are cast
Depend on sages or depend on Fate.

The wise men often lack of iron will
Except for the defense of what they own,
They do not risk because all surely feel
That to the immortality are prone.

The people are too thankful to them all
For being not so poor as they could be,
For being hungry (their constant role)
And for the future they will never see.

The yoke for them would never ever rust
And sages slaveries register must.

847.

For exit searches every human hate
When glowing fervently in proper fire,
It is too hard the hate to satiate,
It wants to swallow the world entire.

The lords of hate are high above the law,
The people don't elect them but select,
Before them whole nation has to bow,
No one their domination can object.

For ally they all have the whole Hell
Whose help is permanent and very big,
Morality they praise with "Farewell!"

As far as it had been with profit sold
Disguised as virtuous beauty with a wig
To hide the ugly fact that it is bald.

848.

Hypocrisy praised labor of the slaves
When communism tortured the free will
And covered continents with victims' graves
In order to fulfill its devilish deal.

I knew some authors facing without shame
The fruits of the enforced slavish toil,
Romain Rolland – a man with global fame
Approved it seeing it on Russian soil.

But others did the same for pile of cash –
They sold the truth and conscience at a time,
The History accepted them for trash
But was sure that their lie was crime.

In such a state the Justice needs a dope
What presently could be the naked hope.

849.

In the offices of UN there are 14000 clerks;
In Euro-union – 34000.

We live in time of big fanfaronade –
The bankers boast they the poor help shall,
Coyotes – with their lion's perfect raid,
The politicians – with their high morale.

Dictator boasts; "Eternal is my rule!"
Foresters boast with the lot of lumber,
The king: "My crown is with virtues full",
The clerks of state – with their enormous number.

The clerks – like huge an avalanche they are,
They sweep off everything and multiply,
They even occupy the world - so far
That they each other finally shall lie.

But further they new problem here will meet –
The need one clerk other clerk to eat.

850.

“Long live insomnia!” - I now declare,
It does prolong the hours of my day!
Let it be in my soul, let it be there,
Let friendly always with me it stay!

In pregnant stillness of the endless night
Hot whirls of burning thoughts are duly born,
The mind is given strong victorious might
To overcome the conscience' poison thorn.

The night like the infinity is great,
It stretches through the whole sinful globe,
Entirely of slavery is made
And I in vain am trying with it to cope.

But the insomnia maintains in me
The *secret feeling* that my will is free.

851.

I feel some sort of very painful cramp
When I see the people's solemn march
Supporting deadly concentration camp
Where is my whole nation – by and large.

The tyrant is the figure in command,
The conqueror of freedom and of peace
As answer to the crowds who demand
That he has rights which they fully miss.

The people march, obedient and sad,
They praise the lack of freedom as much luck!
They are much frightened and a little mad
Agreeing tyrant their blood to suck.

To wake the people who in fact don't sleep,
You need a special arsenal to keep.

852.

The dignity as virtue is too sad
Like sign of blooming but postmortem glory,
I think that probably a man too mad
Got here it in order slaves to worry.

The rulers live in peace without it,
They peacefully can steal round the clock,
And shadow of remorse they never meet
While keeping whole nation under lock.

The lawless law gives them full support
With the help of goddess who is blind
And everything they want they get through court
As payment leaving many dead behind.

This gives idea of the present picture
That seems today to have become a fixture.

853.

Since long the patriots are used to write
Calumnies in the form of vile report,
This helps the KGB in its great fight
To sly the men in court or off the court.

A man accuses his most closest friend
In deviation from the party line
If wants as leading member to ascent
While his victim's status will decline.

From this wide spread and most progressive tension
Is born politically fertile dirt
Well formulated as a good intention
To put the whole nation on alert.

And in this giant mountain of vile
For every person there is separate file.

854.

Like most of their ancestors, they were
Not too obsessed with excessive wit,
They were not used ideas high to bear
But orders to fulfill they were most fit.

The good profession “puppet on the strings”
They don’t intend by no way to quit,
The others bother to arrange the things
But orders to fulfill they are most fit.

When buried, they even in the grave,
Are ready any service to submit
Because they had been disciplined and brave
And to fulfill high orders mostly fit.

They are eternally with rulers tied
And are of every government the pride.

855.

Implanted in depersonated crowd
The Man already has no real name,
He who with spark of Holy Ghost was proud,
To facelessness among the masses came.

The crowd acknowledges no public court
Except the court of own blinded force
And many die by forces of such sort
Believing that they their life endorse.

An endless mess resides in their rows
Under its very own high command,
They have a secret logics, secret law,
With neither wits nor wisdom in demand.

Sometimes by chance it may consist of heroes
But much more often it consists of zeroes.

856.

*In World War II the number of victims reached 60 millions.
(Statistics)*

The multi zeroes numbers know no pity
When they present the data of the dead
Or count hungry children in a city
In an attempt on sadness lights to shed.

Most often millions are rightly given
However thousands are completely spared,
If many people to the death are driven
Unnumbered they for Hell may be prepared.

They left like shadows without proper name
And buried in emptiness of vow,
After the dead the world remains the same

Well soaked with blood delivered by the war
Where other millions all in a row
Expect the Death to take them in his store.

857.

For rocks the human century is trice
In which the bipeds are in constant fight
Attempting to obtain a tiny slice
Of freedom, sure that this is their plight.

Too many human centuries are full
Of tribes that managed with success to die
Under the stroke of prehistoric rule –
The stronger has the weaker to defy.

But wandering freedom is extremely queer,
It's hard to catch, just like a sunshine beam,
Before the dead men mainly can appear
Where it is enjoying high esteem.

The hope with it has very friendly talk
According to the calendar of rock.

858.

I like to miss my native precious land
When it is very far away from me,
To miss its most corrupted ruling band,
Allowing theft to be completely free.

I like to miss my nation – full of pride,
And all its slaveries, not one or two,
Its courtiers whose empty heads collide
When bowing in a try the tsar to woo.

Perhaps the ugly sadness of my leave
I can diminish though quite a bit,
Because it otherwise would be the chief
Intolerable pain in my retreat.

Nostalgia, I am completely sure,
Will find in this way a perfect cure.

859.

In “never” all the years deeply sleep,
Obsessed by the forgetfulness’ black veil
And all the dreams are buried too deep
In gloomy Lethe when human try to sail.

By “never” government annihilates
The freedom and the hope that it will come
Enthroning vicious lie in slavish states,
Despairs and source where it’s coming from.

However limitlessness of its crime
Are leaving bloody never dying trace,
It surely will remember every time

That never, irrespective of the age,
No one will forget its ugly face
And no one will enter its smart cage.

860.

What will be with our future days
If sadness is commanding everywhere? –
Almighty through the Holy Scriptures says
That mold is His but with some errors there.

Among the saddest signs in this respect
Are our rights to suffer and to mourn,
Which like a virus all of us infect
And for the coming Doom's Day warn.

Of mourn unfortunately we don't die,
The sadness inundates the whole life
Like rivers that nobody can deny
Because they from the own heart derive.

The sadness of community is done
But within it we suffer on by one.

861.

It was announced sudden two fold rise
Of salaries for every public clerk,
The motives: all the clerks are smart and wise,
And are engaged in super useful work.

Enhancing their salaries right now
Is satisfying their constant greed
And in the near future won't allow
They hushing, theft and bribery to breed.

However many citizens suspect
That this is not according to the rule
Because if clerks big salaries expect
The briberies will be doubling cruel.

The facts unravel: after each reform
A salary as bribe is lowest norm.

862.

The nation may quite easy get asleep
But centuries are needed afterward
Until from its unconsciousness too deep
Its normal sound state can be restored.

God usually sends most perfect prophets
To help the nation in its hard way
And to ensure it with some mental profits
But it continues in strangest dreams to stay.

It was perplexed by many good advices,
It did not see the Holy sign of God,
Had been surrounded by pleasant vices
And was attracted by this vile façade.

The point is that God in Eden even
With might to wake a nation is not given.

863.

Health System is for poetry not fit,
Its stiff ferocity rejects the verse
And if occasionally would it meet
It would be to exchange some curse.

This fierce System is conceived in Hell
Amid the black eternity of Lie,
Weaved of hatred thoroughly well
And makes a nation as a whole to cry.

These devils are in whitest overalls
Like angels to deceit with precious speech,
They are too deaf to poor and their calls
But only sell the health to rich.

And this irradiating death machine
Is named by chance the “human medicine”.

864.

If God, in truth, were with many sons,
He would have sent us not one but more,
They would have been on many golden thrones
And God would Jesus Christ have kept in store.

Alone with thousand Judas Jesus was
Prepared blasphemers' tortures to sustain,
For saving of the Jews he hung on cross
Well sold by them in order to be slain.

The price was just thirty silver coins,
Apparently not reasonably high,
But specialists think it nearby joins
The average one man one God can buy.

This figure stand several days around
But afterward again went further down.

865.

Humanity in fight with the Man
Is winning battles but is losing wars,
Destroying Man is its most urgent plan
But it can't get him, only lifeless corps.

The other planets closely watch on us
And our suicidal bloody bath,
They don't intend what they see to bless,
They are obsessed by fervent cosmic wrath.

I think that as example we are dear,
For other planets it may be of use
As far as for them it will be clear
That wars are mental and humane abuse.

And they will notice with satisfaction:
"A model to the lesson "Self destruction".

866.

The books are crowding densely and still-born
Well soaked with orthodox red rage,
Well edited, but never read and torn,
However good the Party to engage.

The tyrant wants the still-born to revive
By medications of the Golden Calf
And prize his authors with the golden drive
But the results are perfect public gaff.

The paper does remain without breath
Under the pressure of red words of lie,
Dishonored and most frightened close to death
It may prefer to burn out and die.

The people meet the tyrant with salute –
They also angry are and also mute.

867.

The Time deprives by very brutal force
The beauty of young women and their charms
And nothing can retard its tragic course:
The preachers, popes or kings with mighty arms.

However woman's beauty in old age
Is free of Time abuse and change,
It is embellished by the being sage
And even Death can not it rearrange.

In unity are fused the soul and flesh,
Eternity invitingly is near
In an attempt the old age to refresh
And sanctities in both of them appear.

In order to percept this hidden light
One needs preparedness of one's sight.

868.

Under the tatters of the great despair
Is hidden resignation and much fear
That the almighty evil everywhere
Is ruling and will never disappear.

But I will ask for help the force of lie
Which gives birth to all riots on the Earth,
This force I will quite easy multiply
By many promises and too much mirth.

I will lead all the most enraged crowds
In freedom's purgatory empty chaos,
I will supply them with the whitest shrouds
And will ensure them with eternal house.

There they surely finally will find
Serenity and calmness of the mind.

869.

Around grow towns like big beasts
Embraced by noisy solitude and fear
Where wordiness of the most cunning priests
Is persuading men such kind of life to cheer.

The floors, all densely packed like big cans
Are substitute for former spacey scope
And sentencing ex-peasants with rough hands
For life in town without any hope.

Instead of sky the priest is giving psalm
Combined with money charge for church,
He promises that noise will turn to calm
And God won't leave the people in the lurch.

In this way the towns being fooled
Makes easier the nation to be ruled.

870.

A classic is indeed recognized
When begins to be reorganized;
Macbeth quite suddenly from Scottish tan
Becomes proprietor of restaurant
And “Hamlet” one director tries to mend –
Its new performance starts from very end,
Although that according the good taste
No classic’s sign is suitable for waste.

Each dilettante thinks it for very wise,
F. Dostoyevsky’s works to dramatize
And idiots attempt with fervent zeal
The “Idiot” as drama to reveal.

They are attentive, clever, cunning, smart,
But they depart forever from the art.

871.

He was a famous sage-positivist
With halo of much glory and success,
The sacred truth he never tried to twist,
Nor alcohol he drunk in much excess.

In every great or very small event
He sow signs of the Immortal law
And everything what this law meant
Was doubtless without any flaw.

The meaning of he life had bothered him
In course of all his full of thoughts years,
May be to others this is only whim,
To him however problem never sears.

Unfortunately cause of life is hidden.
But death hr understood. And went to Eden.

872.

" There will be times when humankind has to fight noise as he did earlier against fatal epidemics like typhus and cholera. I am afraid these times have arrived."

Robert Koch.

The gathering of wild and shouting crowds
Under the pressure of a stormy noise
With cries that pierce the ears and the clouds
Pretend the noise to be singing voice.

Obsessed by what produce the squawking strings
The thousands human creatures are in trance,
A jerking anthropoid plays and sings
While the critics say the jerk is dance.

One ticket to performance of that kind
For whole family is costing dear
But for society it leaves behind
Big disarray in every public sphere.

Apes cleverly keep silence and they think
That humans are for them the missing link.

873.

When I praise a good collective job
I always mean a minor part of men
But if I curse I mean from heel to top –
They all are guilty and I'll curse again.

All party secretaries are just here
All odes-creators to the Party too,
Corrupted judges also here adhere,
To curse however them is still taboo.

This stinking mediocrity pretends
To rule over the nation under yoke,
It totally consists of Satan's friends
Who with the crimes humanity provoke.

Involved completely in their deeds infernal
They make an error: think that are eternal.

874.

If average person gonorrhoea catches
When omitting prophylactic means –
He or she takes measures, sickness matches,
And Fate no more further intervenes.

But if this sickness catches a big boss –
The president or minister of state,
This would be most offensive heavy loss
Which is able problems to create.

Imagine delegation from abroad
Is coming some big project to contract –
They will take as very heavy load
With an infectious president to crack.

The shame and sufferings for whole life
Though innocent will endure his wife.

875.

As a creation Law is divine
But it becomes a deputy of devil,
They both in Hell with black light shine
And on the grave of Justice used to revel.

Eternal Justice – universal dream,
Is buried behind a concrete wall
Where Themid being part of dirty scheme
By lies is trying people to enthrall.

Acute pain deadly rooted in the chest
Is our right to suffer and to die
For the voluptuous tyrants who best rest
When are listening to slavish cry.

And group of moralists all richly paid
Produce the optimism of highest grade.

876.

A vaccine against slavery whether
Will be invented in some sunny day
Or all the slaves will ever form together
Reserves of evil that forever stay?

Some people think that it's already known
To certain high positioned ruling chiefs
Who hide it in a secret twilight zone
Beyond the slavish hopes and beliefs.

But if occasionally a big boss
Reveals this greatest secret to the slaves
The colleagues all surprise him in his doss
And throw him to the sharks in ocean waves.

Officially they sadly said: "He died
After committing tragic suicide."

877.

For slaves the yoke is like a precious gift
Which Almighty has bestowed on them
As extraordinary trustful lift
To Heaven, that all men on Earth condemn.

Everything is changing with the years,
Each area is changing and each town,
Sometimes a whole country disappears
But slavery is up and never down.

The slaves have verbally the right to vote
And to approve whose propriety to be
But later they are cheaply sold and bought
Quite irrespective whether he or she.

What good and generous masters ever meant
Is to maintain with their slaves consent.

878.

The disenfranchisement of human kind
Is seemingly a fact that lasts too long
Originating from the devil's mind
Where all the right is turning into wrong.

Small clerks not full humanized
And courtesans, and servants, in a mess,
Although that they are all heavy priced
Are only talking stuff as far I guess.

The History keeps them completely packed
Into the depths of its extensive store
Where slavery is customary fact
Of their public life. And nothing more.

They wait for the eternity to end
In order their status to amend.

879.

Big nations live with feeling that are great
And praised by History for their feats;
In contrast we have only slavish fate
And tsar who cheats, and cheats, and cheats.

With him we have not got the slightest chance
As tortured nation to receive a rest,
He sold out all our assets in advance
And said that in abroad he's feeling best.

But still from there he pretends for more,
His appetite for gold to sate is hard
As far as now is bigger than before
When he nourished multi numbered guard.

As usual we wait and want to hear
That he without help will disappear.

880.

Why my thoughts are so badly cold
And all my feelings far away from mind?
With anxiety I them behold
While shame, eternal shame, they leave behind.

If they by chance occasionally meet
This is the start of a ferocious war,
No one is prone the battle field to quit,
No one is able winning point to score.

The shame is constant victor in the end
Registering this with unbiased sign,
And never ever fails to recommend
That I of all my many sins resign.

But this incontestably good conclusion
For me is nothing else than an illusion.

881.

Against the many moral indications
The pharmacists succeeded means to get
To make and sell expensive medications
And so the sick men with debts to threat.

I do not see the limits of their greed
Well combined with voluptuous toil
And ready every standard to exceed,
And common public moral norms to spoil.

The medications that can save a life
Are not available if you are poor,
You have to choose whether to survive
As future beggar or to die for sure.

Thus, every dear medication sold
Transform a human suffering in gold.

882.

Good friend of mine was an old sequoia
At age of several thousands years,
It had been witnessing the fall of Troia
And watered with too much of human tears.

“I am deprived of motion still my birth,
I am a tree and such is my sad fate,
From height of centuries I watch the Earth,
I’ve time to think and to deliberate.

I can not walk but many people walk
And come to make acquaintance with me,
To presidents and kings I used to talk
On topics like “To be or not to be...”

It was protected by the human law
But was not able to defeat the sow.

883.

When victims in oppressors are transformed,
Then, it is said, the liberty begins,
The tyranny forever will be stormed
And will be punished for its mortal sins.

The hatred of ex-slaves don't want to die,
It carries power, thirsty for new blood,
The land is same; same also is the sky,
Transformed is only here the ruling mud.

New chiefs appear again, extremely rich,
And jails, and tortures, and corrupted court,
And henchmen, traitors, and the censured speech,
And many criminals of any sort.

Once more the better persons of the nation
Begin a fierce fight for liberation.

884.

Malice-deposits now are immense
They can not be weighed with megatons
But with the millions behind the graveyard fence
And paralyzing sound of the dying groans.

Malice-deposits never ever rust
In contrast to so many other arms,
In this respect them each one can trust
For Satan all of them are full of charms.

They constantly are able to increase,
Since now on in future they are piled,
Next generations will have them at ease
If by their tomb light are beguiled.

It can not be excluded that the nation
Will try in future *dehatredization*.

885.

Friends in a world with purple impregnation
Betray me in a cheap and easy way
And in return they are receiving pay,
High recognition and appreciation.

The quickening of life – betrayal,
Helps many clever people to survive
In the belligerently formed life
That put our whole society on sale.

The people are suppressed but they look healthy,
The souls are painted all in crimson hue
And the community is carefree due
The fact that all red bosses are wealthy.

For everywhere on earth or in the sea
There is one great god and it is KGB.

886.

I don't wonder at the beast in Man,
At the dictator with the bloody face
Who whole continents wants to can,
But at the people who this awe praise.

What a mess of villainy and rage
Is needed to an author to create
An ode to torturer and to allege
That he is good and is immensely great?!

The rulers decorate the mean liar
With medals, honor, money in cash,
And celebrations in the world entire

Whereas the nation with contempt
Is watching the ascent of moral trash
And to resurrection makes attempt.

887.

In the eternal dwellings of the dead
The years are containing only nights,
With silence all the citizens are fed
Away from disputes on the human rights.

But recently two beasts, too strong and big,
Well armed with gigantic iron teeth
Begun on ground of the dead to dig
In order place for other dead to ease.

All former graves are due to be removed
Together with their Christian signs of faith
According order properly approved
By people who are ruling nowadays.

On whole newly formed spacious field
The State is going several mosques to build.

888.

I am a humble man on this sad land,
Supplied with many honest expectations –
A mischief never meeting happy end
But with a big resource of endless patience.

When I expected Freedom with good faith
Democracy surprised me by mistake,
I strongly was impressed by its nice face
But it unfortunately was a fake.

I did expect the conscience to receive
A steady place in our chieftain's brain
But it resulted in no more than grief
And all my hopes proved to be in vain.

Instead of many fruitless expectations
It is good time, I guess, to wake the nations.

889.

On communism is too hard to write,
A few can frankly trust the whole truth,
It can not be described in black and white
For it is only black and bloody muss.

I think you will be very deeply bored
To learn that many people killed by sticks
In special secret closet had been stored
And after had been thrown to the pigs.

To listen how in fierce winter frost
Without any kind of human court
A thousand people had been murdered most
Because their face is not of workers' sort.

Ferocity is so extremely grand
That it is hard its story to withstand.

890.

“It is a pity how so much on Earth
Is done before my very happy birth,

Invented are the sail, the rum, the cars,
The emperors, the tyrants and the tsars,

The forces which in Cosmos play a role
And many drugs like paracetamol,

Extensively registered are the residents,
Successfully elected are the presidents,

Well organized are courts, police and bribes,
Relations with the men of other tribes,

For me rest neither certain big invention
Nor role in noble bloody intervention...”

So spoke the young man taught by the devil
And went to highly licensed club to revel.

