

## **My Birthday**

Stefan K. Robev

At eighty three one doesn't worry  
About vanity and glory

But full of hope intensely tries  
To book a place in Paradise

Where one is probably expected  
To be an angels' chief elected.

The good and evil are E-mailed  
And if the pretty good prevailed

One could be given rang of hermit  
And get to Paradise a permit.

But if the things were not so well  
One must go straight to Hell

To share the company and missions  
Of generals and politicians.