

W R A T H

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ANNIHILATION

**Everything is getting small and bad,
dumped in lies with crimson decorations.
Our souls were serene and glad,
now all they are starving with impatience.**

**Love has turned to be a great debauch,
Honesty is masked by high Hypocrisy,
Eden has become infernal pouch
and the sacred confidence - bureaucracy.**

**Cruelty amalgamated Truth,
leaving in return immortal crises
and a bunch of virtues we lose,
barred by yoke of tacit compromises.**

MODELS

**In blunt rows they are hastening
on stage, all young and bright,
and permanently fastening
the belts to look all right.**

**The hell of the society
concerns them not at all-
preserving the propriety
is their sacred role.**

**Obsessed by sound cretinism
they smile, and smile, and smile,
and glorify with heroism
the brand of every style.**

THE CHOIR OF THE BUTCHERS

**Death has corpses for its basic nourishment,
strange enough, it consummates no other...
We deliver skeletons for furnishment,
here is no more need for you to bother.**

**Our aim is drown into the fogginess.
From the fog with threats we are now coming.
Our sword is raised with stubborn doggedness.
Every truth in our hands is ramming.**

HOPE

Winter had defeated
 all the autumns
but it trembles, scared by Spring
 in April.
Spring, disguised in green
 from top to bottom,
makes the people joyful with its May shrill.

Springs come back
 without invitation,
that is why
 they always in time are,
Winters' death is their coronation
and the Beauty their brilliant primer.

ECOLOGY

**The tortoise is example of longevity,
whereas the thunderbolt lives moments.
The tortoise represents the objectivity
and organises funerals and comments.**

**Past, Present, Future - this voracious trinity, -
the tortoise offers to create them...
The thunderbolts form a frozen infinity,
in which the tortoises annihilate them.**

PARADISE

**It happens so that we now live in time
when kicks are welcome**

only in the soccer.

**The life had substituted them for lime
of a polite and neurasthenic choker.**

**The world with many ghosts is populated,
they occupy less space than people...**

**It is convenient to be manipulated,-
they make no noise,**

only sometimes ripple.

**O, irreversibly are dead
and have stopped caressing my sad vanity
the pithecanthropus' bread
and the stone axes
humanity!**

LES ENFANTS PRODIGES

We planted storms
 in your young souls,
insomnia and horrid aches...
Your brain is normal
 as a whole,
deprived of right to make mistakes.

We did not teach you only this:
to live in peace
 with Paradise
amid the saints and sacred trees
for there the cunnings
 are the wise.

THE CONTEMPORARY MAN

Contemporary man is very strange, -
well closed in crises as in dirty bottle,
he is subjected to a vivid change
although in constant touch with Aristotle.
His final goal is surely full perfection
in favour of the common social welfare,
hypocrisy keeps him in right direction
and Jago is his most efficient helper.
I see the best and brightest means here
for the protection of the ancient links
because without them I strongly fear
we shall not understand the classics, things.

YOUTH

**To-day for every rusted lesson
the price is greatest sacrifice.
The power of the brain is lessened,
digested by the worms of Vice.**

**Too much till now we have earned, -
the souls are taught to despise.
The science makes us pretty learned
but who will teach us to be wise?**

CONJUGALITY

**To choose successfully a man
among a throng of human features
and to enhance as much you can
the number of divorcéd creatures -
this is a progress worth applause,
for our sun of brightest high sense,
although delivered straight to house,
we now exploit without a license.**

PROFESSION

Is there anyone
who can wait longer than the spider?
It is me, I guess.
My webs are webs of hopes,
they all consist of holes
that makes them persevering,
such as they have to be,
because their prey is hardly visible.
Sometimes I catch
ultra-pink non-standard hopes,
some of them immensely huge
like these nice, trembling, no-where-to-go dreams,
kept in the cozy cavity of my poor brain.
I sort them all according to their size
and duly label them
with the colourless fine ink of Reason
to exchange them properly in time
with these
 caught by my confrères.
Don't ask me what I do
with my little hopes -
I put them free until they grow up.

ANTI-PRAYER

At modern times

**nobody loves the good boys
although advertised
by sound monuments.**

The beauties smile

and send them coolly "good byes"

- no hugs,

no kisses

and no honeymoons.

**The demons are their only men of choice,
deprived of virtues,**

full of inner tension,

those ten times damned creatures

to whose voice

the Heaven never, never pays attention.

And before them they knee with adoration,

**(in ecstasy that knows no end and limit),
expecting crises,**

lies

and violation

forgetting any lessons to be timid.

Because this route

to a wild eternity

they praise more

than the good blessed

godly prayers,

it deviates them

even from maternity

while Satan tows them kindly downstairs.

ECOLOGICAL REQUIEM

**If we asphalt the whole Earth
it will become a blackened sphere,
wheat on it at will we shall disperse,
not to grow but to disappear.
Grave-yards will be built on largest scale,
precious jewel on a Globe - cadaver,
and a huge white shield will call: "For sale!".
Nobody will reply, however.**

THE RACE

The Time is chasing hastily
a galloping white horse,
it calls all men to chastity
and to eternal pause.

We are the riding cavaliers
well fastened to the saddle,
"one way ticket"-travelers
for life and since the cradle.

We pass through plains and mountains,
our hair is getting white,
the Earth by God's will round is,
in circuit we ride.

At last we reach a holy land
with best hope to be safe
but there we find in hollow land
a deep inviting grave.

FATIGUE

I don't want to take part in a plot
allied
with maths and its dense darkness
and to compute
by an inhuman slot
the vanity of my relinquished hardness.
My soul,
I wish,
must be a kindled torch
whose flame to be willingly non-programmed,
avoiding any moral gorge
without fear
of becoming god-damned;
a sparkling care-free light to beam
like sunset
calm,
with no traces,
and to implant in every heart a dream
with taste
of million embraces.

REVELATION

**The Hell is not (at least!)
tar and glowing chain
by which the Poet and the Priest
menace the sinners with Lucifer's reign.**

**Sometimes it may be a smile
on the lips of an angelic face,
flourished,
and used to beguile,
covering
honesty
with mud of disgrace.**

**It could be even a frank sitting
but soaked with words of poisonous orators
or a chance for an illustrious meeting
amid environment of traitors.**

**Hell and Paradise are
amalgamated,
they have a secret pact of non-aggression:
"We follow modern trends!" is being stated...
And we? We only harbour false impression.**

OBITUARY

Is not the grave-yard
City of the dead?
Here envy and reproach
are mixed
with silence.
The heroism needs monuments
and graves are soon becoming
over-populated,
although
to replace the human beings
with stones
is difficult.

PRESENT TIME

**Charged with hopes now trembles my ignorant
soul
under cover of flesh in a motionless rarity
and my dreams are transformed into ashes and coal
not accustomed to stand the attacking vulgarity.
Black eternity begs to be sold on the shelf -
time rolled up between two most outrageous
infinities
and the Fate, a mole hidden quite blind in itself,
provides us with some pieces of minor divinities.
When awaken we reach revelation too late,
for excuses nobody is trusting the preachers
and from Hell the arch-devils intensely orate:
"Let it come the next million million creatures!"**

REMINISCENCE

The History has nothing
but the Past
just like a lonesome withered
beauty
directing swear-words to the Futures blast
with memory for joyful merry booty.
Skulls are on anchor
in her greedy mouth,
with blood are filled her Grail-like sacred glasses;
prepared for devils and for devils house
are all her ancient thoughts
and vicious passes.
My native planet,
suffering and grave,
enchained and tortured in a narrow orbit,
why you do not leave
this bunch of slaves
and get rid of the witch austere and morbid?

TO MOTHER-FATHERLAND

**By her most tragic fate I challenge now the world
because of her sustained and non provoked offences,
because of many yokes by which she had been walled
to serve the interests of foreigners' defenses.
She resurrects forever just as the holy Christ,
her borders are forever unbeatable and steady,
and Hope she will not lose nor even for a trice
until her warriors to die for her are ready.**

FRIVOLITY

I like the chance
 of being quite alone
at gatherings
 amongst my joyful friends
when all the sadness is completely gone,
when my mind only on itself depends.
Then all my fancies tremble
 good and bright
full of sincere
 and non-restricted dream,
the world through them looks
 most intensely right
and even the horizon
 close I deem.
The thoughts sparkle
 just as newly made
deprived of lust
 and of excessive pride
but Satan governs still
 their final fate
because God is outside and He - inside...

A DRAWING

**On this strangely round-shaped Earth
lives strangely round-shaped fraternity
and triple-headed snake with triple-curse
reigns over round-shaped eternity.**

**Here all the heights
are walled up.**

**Here all the heavens
are walled up.**

**The oceans are now salt,
yes, very salt,
salted by the round saltiness of tears.**

**The water is extremely cold,
cooled by the ice
of drown hopes.**

**Earth badly needs repair,
worn out is its round-shaped core,
worn out is its round-shaped
vanity fair...**

**There is time
no more.**

THE PROPOSITION

**You are alone, alone am I,
the loneliness is very wicked,
from boredom I don't want to die
and offer you now one free ticket.**

**Let loneliness be shared by two,
to you I grant my presence swiftly
and in the night both me and you
shall distribute it fifty-fifty.**

THE SEA-GULLS

**Crying birds above the stormy seas
fly in search for lucky strike,
Thunderbolt below enormous is,
Thunderbolt is god alike.**

**Soon the darkness with its vigilance
will fatigue their ardent dance,
their wings are strong as rigid lance
but to win they have no chance.**

**Every simple lack of reasoning
can defeat their strength of will -
birds now may escape the prisoning
though free birds they are not still.**

THE TRANSITION

Funeral of dwarfs looks
 much as immortality -
moment when
 they pass for almost great
and triumphant
 with their dead vitality
hand to the eternity their fate.
Afterwards
they lie in state
 with dignity
boring like an old man's prayer
and without trace of whatever malignity
give the next to come
 a chair.

A QUESTION

O, senseless happiness of Youth!
I learned to be non-clever
chasing you,
within emptiness
of my pure innocence.
My soul now didn't know
the evil seeds of darkness -
this treacherous flower of the Reason
that glues to us like tar...
Do you know,
by the way,
in what degree
the imaginable memories
are causing madness?

IMPOSSIBILITY

*Beauty must lie
as innocence must harm.
Ch. Tomlinson*

The day of Love begins
with rise
of a tame and tender foolishness
that forces fallen leaves of oak,
willow and many others
to long in desperation
for their native branch -
a passed away phenomenon of Nature
in fight against
its irreversibility...
How sad is now the duty
of the inspiring beauty
to be imprisoned
in the death
of memory!

A LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOW

**The sky is bright and very empty,
there are no clouds and no rain,
the century with number twenty
will get one nice day more again.**

**My grief is purified and ready
to stand the stroke of every try
and all my thoughts, glanced and steady,
immortalise the great Saint Lie.**

**With gold is framed His charming presence,
all others, sure, will end in smoke,
even the sun made Him obeisance
because the sun itself is rogue.**

ORPHANAGE

What are to-day the never published pages?

Are they not letters

sent without an address? -

A frozen fire

enclosed in paper cages

of calendar

obsessed by running cadres?

They live in sadness

though they are unborn

and gather grief and unexpressed emotions,

in vain expecting a fallacious morn

and punished now

with merciless precautions.

Will anybody anywhere decide

to pay attention to the author's thought

and to restore its sacred legal right?

Alas, on money it is not bestowed.

THE SONG OF THE DRUNKEN PRIEST

As everything is here without motion
we have no slightest chance to run away.
The God Himself an old rogue by devotion
in His bankrupted Eden has no say.
Eternity He had sold long ago,
sent it to hell or lent it to his lands men,
and prompted us, the *douplipeds*, to go
without God but with ten God's commandments.
How I am joyful that at last He left
and so released the burden on my soul!

Alas, the Satan is the heir of his role.

DESTINY

I feel sometimes a very normal need
to love the people as my native brothers
and this unwanted task of mine I meet
armed with the naked truthfulness of others.

My soul is full of pure sincere faith
while rowing in the overcrowded grave-yards
I read obituaries case by case,
supporting so my perfect moral safeguards.

From there I see that Earth until to-day
is populated with angelic figures
who free of charge had proudly passed away
accepted *there* without any rigours.

Sometimes however I have awful dread,
my soul becomes involved in brutal strife:
I can intensely love now all the dead
but cannot love those who are still alive...

A RECIPE

**Don't search for slavery outside!
It is in you in all your fibres,
in your own soul it now resides
and bites, and bites like thousand vipers.**

**Yes, within you grows its bad fruit,
right poisonous but lovely bitter,
you got accustomed to its crude
sour taste that turns a man to litter.**

**The nightingales are born quite free,
quite free they live and free they die,
no slavery knows "he" or "she",
this state of things know you and I.**

SOLUTION TO A CRISIS

Among the white of clouds
the sun was frying itself in the sky
without oil and peppers,
whose supply
is short in our war-time shops
although the war had ended
half-century ago.
The tropospheric dust
was looking at me
with condolence
for my sadness.
Then I called the memory for you.
It came soon
though retarding
a whole tantalising second
and brought to me
everything necessary
to repair the world.
The sun again became a shining god,
the heaven threw away
its dirty clouds.
I understood that life is beautiful
even without sunflower oil
and without food supply.
The Universe attained again
its pleasant and non-real face...
Thanks to you!

HAPPINESS

**You would be very proud to die for Fatherland
if it were young without any noblesse,
when dormant would be the wild rage to gather land
and all the hangmen hang around jobless.**

**You would be mourned sincerely by the crowd,
their tears would be abundant, even cordial,
deprived of hesitation and of doubt -
so typical for everything primordial.**

**The Freedom with Her purified virginity
would raise Her magic flag of shiny satin,
non-tarnished by the threatening vicinity
and brotherhood with the Satan.**

CREDIT TO ANTIQUITY

The suicidal forces
 of honesty to-day
since long ago already
 are not for me a threat.
I am too dead in order
 to be afraid to pay
with death my mortal treason
 and ever-lasting debt.

Content and self-assured now
 I go in haste aback
to meet again the virtue
 of the eternal ape
that gave the human creatures
 the right of verbal wrack
and readiness of talent
 to be in perfect shape.

I shall insert it into
 the coffin tied with chain,
enrolled in richly sweetened
 but sacramental prose
and Diogenus will check its
 by far non-standard brain
armed with a modern lantern
 but in a classic pose.

A REMEDY

**Dreams are challenge to the might of fate.
They uprise against the human law,
tyrants, irrespective how are great,
cannot order them to stop their flow.**

**Pleasantly I row on their waves,
fetching gold, being not a thief,
Past and Future, mixed in common graves,
I revive due to my sole belief.**

**I like most the world to disappear
having no impulse to kill me more...
Honest nightmares, do maintain my fear
and save my poor soul from any bore!**

**Sometimes you are all intensely black,
sometimes trembling, frightening and sad...
Send me right to Hell on shining track!
Don't betray me! I am free and mad!**

THE FANATIC

I like the pleasant yoke of self-deception-
that is my way to tolerate this life.
I am afraid of Truth and its perception
but luckily it is not very rife.
Prepare for me the lies that are
well made,
well paid,
beguiling,
smiling,
divine
and benign!
Down with the face-less icon of the Justice,
insufficient it to earn the crust is!
I don't want to nail on my poor core
that two plus two makes four.
The Lie is always more pathetic,
more sympathetic,
more glorious,
and more victorious.
In fact, have not they a truce -
the Lie and the Truth?

DIVORCE

**A big well cooled, well furnished, standard bed
now separates the two just married
as phoney safe -
a bed, comprising good and bad,
a cross-less grave
where the Love is buried.
Without walls
 this prison is for life.
Emotions with no glance,
completely withered
by sudden blizzard
in vain seek their chance
the freshness to revive.
How heavy is this universe in white,
transformed in constant guilt
and sticky fear!
It comes, all right,
advancing in the night
with high raised spear
and only Sin can be a solid shield.**

VICIOUS CIRCLE

**Quite common is for the dictators
to die by far uncommon ways
and to be mourned by alligators
and scorpions for many days.**

**Their death is our resurrection
and joy although disguised as grieves
for each of us longs for collection
of burials of kings and chiefs.**

**The new born Freedom is welcome
at least for month, bizarre and bright,
until a new dictator will come
to occupy Her sacred right.**

PROMENADE

The moon, worn out
by celestial rotation,
keeps creeping on the sky
on muddy clouds,
deep yellow is her ill infatuation
born by her zeal to change
her whereabouts.

I saw last night with what avidity
she swallowed every abyss of the dark
and treacherously webbed
with sad rigidity
traps for the stars,
ferocious as a shark.

I stopped to contemplate her at the corner
but she escaped and sank behind a wall,
unwillingly I then began to scorn her
for her sophisticated creeping role.

O, high-life lessons
for benign behaviour,
though mediocre
you are fine and legal!
Your wit is used by every Saviour,
you are not needed only for the sea-gull.

CHRISTO BOTEV

I would like badly to have read
the still unwritten verses of his muse, those lines he would
have written

if not dead.

For him was easier the death to choose
than to endure his own talents threat.

Two files of poems

of immortal grade

is too much

even for the greatest master.

O, die, die, die,

before it is too late

to get a bust of alabaster!

METAMORPHOSIS

A long queue was formed
before the fence
of "Soviet Union" -
a non-stop cinema for comedy and drama.
I got scared and my fear became intense
when I saw
amid the panorama
a girl in haste that break her glasses,
attacking desperately the box-office
just as she had been promised
cost-free passes.
She fought on (until I sipped the second of my coffees)
to get the right to watch a forged reality...
Fatigue did not stop her attempt to enter
the misty reign
of pseudo-sensuality
where actors longed to send her.

The artificial madness
caused by arson!-
How magic and how sound is this art!
It is a remedy
for every healthy person
and pre-packed happiness for every start!

EVALUATION

**If from the fire of the inspiration
were made some hoses
for the fireman's brigades,
would this protect us
against the flames of creativity?
The smokeless powder
of the Beauty
would be no more dangerous
like the little earth-worm
that takes an early morning walk
in search for its
own destination.**

**How badly numerous
are nowadays the people
who will see the mountain
just after it had disappeared!**

THE MAN THAT COMES FROM THE COLD

**It is not modern to display emotion
because of fact that Justice is forbidden,
so people's sin embraces me as ocean
and keeps me at a safe distance from Eden.**

**Icebergs warm me in the world of predators,
dead light shines from bulbs with worn out
batteries,
tears and swears do not now touch the creditors,
vengeance sleeps within the frozen arteries.**

ATOMIC CENTURY

On your cadaver,
 chained with snakes,
play vampires
 in increasing number,
all of your virtues
 are bad fakes
and nothing than a useless lumber.

O, dirty century
 of ours,
gift full of misinterpretations,
how long are the
 remaining hours
in order to exhaust
 our patience?

ALARM

**The ocean is already full of tears,
the rivers turned insane by boiling blood,
by bones of bold and gallant pioneers
the shame of present world is clearly cut.**

**A deluge of immensely good intentions,
enchanted by immensely clever saints,
is ploughing Earth and causes inner tensions
among the gods of all existing paints.**

**Aurora dies for unexpected goals,
without Honour hangs itself the Faith,
in vain the Truth rehearses comic roles
to save the progress and its dirty face.**

MORAL SUPPORT

**Very stirring are your knees,
well prepared for lasting crawl -
fastest way to find the keys
to successful social role.**

**Your great teacher is the snail
glorious and wisest god,
lord-protector of the Grail
and of tricks quite a lot.**

**Creeping, nagged by yourself,
when the others die in vain
(instead lying on the shelf)
guarantees the future gain.**

**Each man must be able here
to create his safety veil
and to shout although with sneer:
"Long live Majesty the Snail!"**

A NIGHT IN THE YEAR 1393

Perhaps the capital
would have been conquered
even without a traitor
but any way the Traitor was there.
He was good, respected,
as all traitors are,
and he opened the main gate
to the castle.

So he survived
and fifty thousand human creatures died
because they had no talent
for high treason
nor talent to succumb to yoke.

Mortality among the traitors
is rather low,
that is why they are
so very much prolific
and are subject of a global envy.

AFTER

**They sunk-all ancient sacred truths,
amid the sweet mild waves of the Hypocrisy...
The memories of our childhood soothe
the new Ice Age of present world's democracy.**

**Humanity was promised by the saints
but we surprisingly forgot to change.
The saints expect in vain their higher rents
while the apes
are searching for revenge.**

HERALDS

**Sound cuirasses is tailoring for us
our Faith, composed of branched lies,
they are most effective arms and thus
can defeat the Truth and its blind eyes.**

**Warmed by dense and weightless sticky dark
we step forward to the future fights,
Foolishness puts upon us its mark
and determines our human rights.**

OVERPRODUCTION

Don't we produce the old men very early?
Our fear is too excessive and unable
to turn us into persons
 bright and burly,
marked with a licensed
 philosophic label.

We need however to be young and happy,
deprived of grief
 by excellent stupidity,
to revel aimless,
 relevant, and crappy,
with "Go to Hell!" to ethical rigidity.

We dream in vain.
 The cruel hoof
of Dogma here
 has everything destroyed,
the pink ideas tremble with no roof
in effort
 self-destruction to avoid.

The only hopes of value
 that remain
are linked with trust in Honesty of ours
but they are misty, pale and never sane,
and have now
 neither truth,
 nor powers.

DISCOVERY

Mean people are not able
to be young,
may be that is why they don't grow older,
immortality is their constant rank
and with Hell they talk
straight
from the shoulder.

They rule worlds,
and continents,
and lands,
honoured as most charitable heroes,
History still gives them golden brands
and thus transforms all virtues
into zeroes.

A PARADOX

If you want now
to love your brother,
please, go away of him,
the fogginess of distance
rather
will make him fine to seem.
We shall escape
in separate worlds
to love and to be loved
with passion
and only during great revolts
shall hear the repercussion.

AUTUMN

**It does not recognise
the calendars
with their cross-road lights
with working days
polluted by the weekend.
With obituaries
are being measured its heights
and dead people are trying its burden to weaken.
Such is the theatre of the world -
the dream,
is not it as an autumnal leaf? -
The tree has to become bald
to live...**

ICONS

The people are the murdered embryos of gods,
they have no chance
 to get mature
in the infinite traps
 of the Eternity,
extended on the grey galaxies of Boredom,
where Satan patiently waits
 to hook them
with the nice story
 of the good Samaritan.
The Universe is wide,
it is created to engulf
 us all,
and only Silliness
 will protrude itself outside
like mast of ship
 immersed in Naught.

FIRE

How could I order
to my orphaned heart
to be without passion
and devotion?!
I can not burn it part by part
when full
of indivisible emotion.
Warm is the filling
of your feeling
but I prefer the strength of Flame,
for more of it I am appealing
for “hot” and “warm”
is not the same.
Let me alone with my sorrow,
I shall accept its tragic form -
the love is not a thing
to borrow,
and being hot
it can't be warm.

MENTAL FREEZING

**The charge of thoughts
is quite unexpected
as the death of an electric bulb -
we need reserves
to fill the gap of those already spent.
Where are the inspiring recipes
for the preparation
of convenient opinions -
these precious pearls
for which the tyrant blows off the Honesty
from our conscience
and beautifies us with medals
and sweet prizes?**

**The big Plants of Meanness
produce them in abundance
on assembly lines.**

**There is no space
for principles!
In conserves
give us lies progressive conservatives.
The truths to-day are securely bottled
in the deep cellar of the Calculation
with label "Angelic unanimity"...**

**The Original Thought is buried
aside the plough and the arrow
in the Museum of Antiquity.**

IN NO MOOD

**All sunrises are hidden in the ocean
as mares enclosed behind the iron bars,
no breeze distracts them with a pleasant motion,
the winged sun with algae's mane is still too far.**

**The Happiness moves slowly to the future
under the knife of many-facets Time,
it makes of mornings sunsets - Time -the Butcher,
for human creatures caring not a dime.**

BEHIND THE WALL

**With eyes well swollen by tears of obedience
we gradually get along with Lie,
enthusiasm governs all meridians,
its clouds occupy now all the sky.**

**Our life is pleasant series of gratis,
too charitable is here every season,
we don't need Freedom , no matter how great is -
we rather would prefer to stay in prison.**

SATISFACTION

**Why should now everything be clear
at home where I lie? -
My hope will never disappear
because it is a Lie.**

**My talent loves the lack of brink,
it wants to cheat and steal,
imaginable is my wing,
but all my luck is real!**

ULTIMA RATIO

I know,
the madness is the strongest means
to save the life
 in this world good and bad.
We, both of us,
 would quit at will the scenes
if we were not hereditary mad.
The others are obsessed
 too of mad mystery,
they play the role of normal people yet.
Bewildered in the future
 would be History
if it would like
 some light on us to shed.
Let keep our madness strictly well preserved
away of the intruders, evil charge,
it should be internationally served
and helped in its
 all-nations' merry march.

A DEAL

Speedy sale of several future centuries? -

What a profitable trade!

Its results will

be censured

by an unborn critic yet!

Close your eyes politely,

owners of the coming years!

Presently you are invited

to keep silence

out of here.

My poor buyers

of the Distant day,

future geniuses

with unknown glory,

my excuses -

far away are they -

but your bad luck

makes me very sorry.

EXIT

All dreams,
 just like rats, population,
abandon first
 the ship of human soul
by lightest breeze of desperation
or first alarming call.
I will invent
 a special chain of dreams,
well linked together,
welded by moon light beams
and fine as feather.
I will keep them
 in hide
and only I will know the place,
they will be at will
 left or right,
easy to find
 and with good grace.
At will,
I shall use my supply
without need
 of foreign force,
and very proud will be I
that all my dreams
 are of my source.

THE ABBESS

**By an unsatisfied devotion,
in her black eyes sparks secret hunger,
deep frozen is her sweet emotion,
suppressed to-day by smile of languor.**

**To her the Love is now forbidden,
virginity protects her patience,
her thoughts are being forever hidden
and unavailable for temptations.**

**She calmly walks among the cactuses -
an angel still alive but seasoned,
and for the virtue that she practises
is sent to be for life imprisoned.**

INSIGHT

The prayers are the highest form
of the perfection,
I do admire their mental treasure,
their big reserves
of self-deception
that even God is hard to measure.
I do respect their pink credulity
in the naivety of the Saint Trinity
and their zeal to bring
to nullity
the faith in our false virginity.

Why do not know, all the saints
upstairs,
the healing meanness of the prayers?

A DIAGNOSIS

The secret clock
of my white beard
shows midnight,
my shoulder forecasts bad weather.
The worn out sinews
of my legs
mourn the lack of spare parts.
The candle of my dead imagination
expects in vain
its own flame.
The Time with non-stop rhythm
is as the pulse of heart -
if you begin to sense it
you understand that it is
late.

ANXIETY

**It is difficult among your neighbours
to perceive the greatness of this land -
History created by the sabres
of the heroes who on duty stand.**

**In a holly wood the trees are thorny
though we don't agree with these bad rules,
all self-sacrifices seem as corny
jokes, prepared for patriotic fools.**

**Buried behind the iron curtain
is the ancient glory of the tribe,
now only wickedness is certain
our future progress to prescribe.**

EQUIVOCATION

**We lie to the children with fiction
while they are care-free and curly -
for Truth with its troublesome diction
is early.**

**When after some years they grow up
(and we try to celebrate it
with making the Truth to show up),
is late yet.**

DESTINY

**The virtues are always plain and flat,
so it is easier to put them on the walls
where, it is said, the prophets use to chat
and to discuss the fate of human souls.**

**In Paradise they soon lose their chance,
deprived of Earth and its protective shields,
and only God with His cool piercing glance
is their companion in the eternal fields.**

QUESTIONS

**Our ancestors possessed the sacred magic
of the survival without being mean.**

**How to explain this wonder dear and tragic? -
With faithfulness to king, to tsar or queen?**

**Why so precarious is every working day
of Justice (as if hanging over craters) ?**

**Why all the heroes now in Eden stay
and here are vegetating mainly traitors?**

A CRITICISM

**The head of man to be beheaded,
in fact, is stuff he lacks
but right to die is on his credit
and a well-sharpened axe.**

**I find in this obscure fraternity
exception of the rules,
our tyrants too provide eternity
but by non-sharpened tools.**

TO FREEDOM

**Why you do not stop lying to the masses,
you, lonesome owner of the distant years?
When shall at last my heart stop making passes
to Death under your flag with noisy cheers?**

**For you my soul is no more than a hostage,
the ransom is my huge reserve of hopes,
and only in the dreams completely lost each
compatriot can climb your rocky slopes.**

GEOGRAPHY

**What is the Balkan peninsula? -
An extended Bulgaria -
this planetary insult
that splits
the vast Global aria.**

**What is Europe? -
A huge Balkan peninsula,
built in alarm,
saved from the deluge of the Turks
with Bulgarian arm.**

**What is the whole world? -
An enlarged picture
with no comment -
Bulgaria,
before being sold,
tightened by the crisis
at the moment.**

SELF-APOLOGIA OF THE TRAITOR

**Am I not producer of the heroes -
shining light from the historic pages,
and from secret files of secret bureaux?
I immortalise all them for ages.**

**Heroes have the high predestination
to endure the burden of my treason,
that creates for them deserved ovation,
otherwise their glory has no reason.**

**Please, bow deeply! I am sacred person -
traitor and a social fertiliser,
I don't kill by sword, by knife or arson
but I am not less efficient either...**

A STATEMENT

**Behind each most heroic action
is hidden sense of morbid guilt,
a long suppressed dissatisfaction
with wound that never can be healed.**

**The guilt requires sacrifices
from everybody on the spot,
it is the master of the crises
as every wise ferocious god.**

LUCKY STRIKE

**In this green poor but very merry land
live people gathered in a vast dominion,
gold medal and a life-long bedlam rent
receives each person who has no opinion.**

**They hate the Freedom with its magic glance
and its unstable and deceptive balance -
infinite row of yokes paid in advance.
The patience is one of their finest talents.**

TIMELESSNESS

**The All-fools' jubilation to-day is spread
as rising foam of a young red wine,
it buries merrily in coffin made of lead
this bold and precious Fatherland of mine.**

**What is my non-absolved and mortal sin
that God ascribes to my unhappy nation?
Is torturing by fools to Love akin? -
It is worse than black pest and inundation.**

SOLITUDE

**The naturally beautiful Aurora
is said to chase the shadow of the horror,**

**she is enchanting, merciful, correct
and glorified by every boring sect.**

**Not she but you are what is needed here,
your troubling charm of young and gorgeous deer**

**or trace that hopefully will renew
the trice of my eternity with you.**

**In vain Aurora does so gently glow
when far from you I don't want to know**

**her beauty and with timid sadness fed
I wait for you alone and wrongly wed.**

RESURRECTION OF THE HERO?

**You are still shining -
first among the first -
a big and tacit target
for the traitors
because your star chance
would not have been burst
if God would not have help'd the invaders.
In your own homeland you are
daily hang
by men who for your friendship are competing,
for each your life
the killers of high rank
pay with false love
and with a real cheating.
In vain, dissatisfied by their deeds,
you are obsessed to-day by noble fever,
your place is on the monument indeed
where by machine-gun *they* will you deliver.**

THE RECOGNITION

**The heroes in this country die too young,
they die with privilege without waiting
quite irrespective of the height of rank
and of deserved or undeserved rating.**

***Nobodies* grow in mediocre crowd
with crowns, bred by heaven's benediction,
the nation will forget and will applaud
because the lack of mind is its addiction.**

CONTRASTS

**The saddest poetry now is the merry one,
well soaked with selected batch of lies
to mask its own core of carrion
and to deceive the fools of every size.**

**Young lovers, fully aged prematurely,
give it encouragingly a kind clasp,
accepting that assisted sweetness surely
is finest art and not unpleasant rasp.**

**Its melody is noisy and infective
though it is very easy to be sold,
the shame is compensated and selective,
the price, as usual - in cash and gold.**

UNTIMELY HAPPINESS

**Is it well now for you to look so sound
not showing your suppressed high sensibility,
in world where the corruption is the ground
of every type of rights and credibility?
With patience to endure your nasty role,
not to regret the kidnapped bright illusions
and the young hopes, wrapped in ragged soul -
the final product of the life's occlusions?
To bear the christened solitude of God,
to seek the Naught in shining of the talent,
content with the fact that in one pot
forever are mixed the Base and the Gallant?**

ON THE EDUCATION

A little man, most scrupulous and modest
In front of his home planted a red rose,
the symbol of Immortal beauty goddess,
and supervised its calm non-hampered growth.

A boy however saw this fine creation
And, using a well sharpened pocket knife,
he masterly without irritation
deprived the rose of its unstable life.

The man expressed his huge dissatisfaction
with eloquent and tactful mild remark,
the boy meanwhile ended the destruction
and showed the man a middle finger mark.

THE MUSE

**She is no longer our fairy,
but waitress in a pub,
where she serves
 spirit drinks or dairy
fine produce
 to the members
 of the club.**

**Most talented or mediocre,
all pay a fixed bill,
what needs the Poetry is choker
to keep her ever still.
The critics silently remember
the death of the free speech
and from New Year to December
they glorify the rich.**

FACT

Freedom is prohibited -
the great one
 and the little,
buried and inhibited,
it costs no more than
 a spittle.
Only its misty flakes
and its suspended
 resurrections
bite as poisonous snakes
its imaginable projections.

INSTRUCTION

**Grow bright, in peace with draconian lows,
but don't forget that the all-national
malice engulfing our immortal souls
is rational.**

**Learn to be good, polite and always smart
although it is now unbelievable -
the right of domination to impart
is conceivable.**

**The longing to become a bit more free
let not insult your sleep deep and infernal!
The yoke has been and always will be
eternal.**

THE LAST JUDGEMENT

**Permanently weak is now the Justice -
it needs desperately strong protection
though the latter nothing but false lust is
after an integral world's correction.
In result our life is getting dirty,
sunk in deep and bottomless disaster,
cunning is the best welcomed virtue,
and the good man - damned forever bastard.
Is there any sense to criticise
God and Holy Bible he had written?
He would answer with untrue surprise
as each liar who is caught when cheating...**

THE CIRCUIT

**When sometimes cleverly the electrician
connects two electrodes with wires
he in the course of this hard mission
to earth the plug desires.**

**Reduced in that fine way the mighty current
presents no more to people any threat,
nor could it be again recurrent
with revolt instead.**

**All tyrants value poets good and ready
that offer odes to them without shame
and nullify themselves by steady
content with being tame.**

SACRIFICE

**In Waiting-room of Doctor Freedom
are coming victims of brutality,
star-signed and with a steady rhythm
they go from death to immortality.**

**To Paradise they are directed,
well documented and insured,
with promise to be resurrected
and with high monuments well cured.**

THE DEFENDERS OF SHIPKA

They were not famous poets.
Collectively they created a single verse:
 "Long live the Fatherland!"
They were soldiers that learned
 how to win a battle
not attending military schools.
They were a river of love
 flowing from the valley to the peak,
an army mighty in its minority,
invincible with its naive bravery
 to march always onwards.
They were slaves of Freedom -
 marshals and generals with hoods
that gave orders to themselves.
They were dying without bowing
not because expected to be photographed
but because they did not know to fall down
and continued to threaten the enemy
by the fearless vitality of their death.
They fought for the Fatherland
 without even knowing its borders
but they knew exactly who were its enemies,
although their number had little meaning.
They had no time for tactics,
that is, for cowardice...
They were patriots
without passing courses
 of patriotic education
and that is why their heroism
 was out of every size
but larger.
They were in a hurry to die
as though they were scared
that Freedom
 will see them poor and ragged
and would get crossed at them.
And meanwhile
 the impatient immortality
was embracing them
with its youth.

IN OUTER SPACE

**All horizons here must escape,
cosmic emptiness must wrap you fully
until you reject the human ape
that directs all your decision coolly.
Love is only good and real means
to repel the evil from your action
and it never stops, until it wins
victory and sacred satisfaction.**

JESUS CHRIST

**He resurrected from the grave
but do the Judas need
a resurrection? -
They are immortal,
ever safe,
with meanness
brought to perfection.
They always are paid
in gold
with souls that from the devil stem
because they know -
the whole world
is property of them.**

NEW YEAR

It is as
 huge well-powered global press,
intensely charged with days
 in bleak majority
and choked by saints and sinners in excess...
To serve the tyrants
 is its first priority.
Still nameless there sleep
 the unborn souls,
embraced with love by their Non-existence,
deprived of the eternal human goals
to cut one's veins and throat...
 with no assistance.

BRIGHT TOMB

**Where do the light beams agonise
when tired to death by long fatigue-
caused by the suns that fall and rise
in strife to enter Black holes, League?
Perhaps in someone's soul they stop
in search for comfort cosy home
to get accustomed to Free shop
of Hell where is their sacred dome.**

EQUALITY

In grave-yards
 many geniuses rest,
abandoned
 by their immortality,
the nightly mist
 protects them here best
by its declared impartiality.
They seldom leave
 their world of lasting peace,
afraid of any
 senseless talk,
distract themselves with mutual malice
and with their bones on our future knock.

THE LIBERATOR

**The champion of freedom has been caught
by several drunken Turks in our presence,
we were so many thousands in the crowd,
and have done nothing else than grave obeisance.**

**So easy we could save his sacred life
but he instead did meet his death that morning...
The people did not help him to survive,
the people did prefer to be in mourning.**

THE GLORY

Aren't they - celebrities
of every kind,
more solitary
after each emergence?-
Their suns are rotten
and intensely blind
as are all uselessly proclaimed
saint virgins.
Worn out by their constant flagrant fame
with its sweet hyper-normal dose of vanity,
they live on,
bearing an immortal shame,
and being far away
from every sanity.

SUPERMARKET

**The human Loyalty is put on sale
but definitely there are no buyers,
the people do not trust the ancient tale
of the Great Truth narrated by the liars.**

**The Loyalty exhausts its time in vain,
in vain it offers future benefaction...
It is rejected by each cunning brain
because it symbolises self-destruction.**

STRANGER IN THE WORLD

**Although he lives so many years
his tired soul is full of childhood,
and Hope that never disappears,
directed by the rules of knighthood.**

**Why here to-day he doesn't choose
the sin of being sweetly maddened,
why stubbornly he loves the Truth
and plays the role of foolish pedant?**

IMMUNITY

**Too deep in our souls incorporated
is our sense of Justice on this Earth,
with sadness every one of us has paid it
and with the price of an untimely birth.**

**Rejected even by official churches
this sense does not want to disappear,
it is subjected to infinite purges
but it is here, it is always here.**

HALLOWEEN

**Conscience is an old and deaf-mute lady,
using crutches in this laming time,
for transition she is always ready
from ridiculous to the sublime.**

**Who will welcome her insisting weakness,
her smell of mould and of coming death?
She herself is Past with present sickness -
uselessly saint relic with no breath.**

BEWILDERMENT

**Why the art of genuine sincerity
to-day is so impossible to reach
at this time of impulsive familiarity
when people trust the ghost of the free speech?**

**Until when with zeal so unforgivable
we shall insist before the vicious men
that Honesty is something unbelievable
and never will exist again?**

THE OBSTACLE

**You, bloody Time, leaves us without god,
preventing every one from being human,
and our faith is now deadly shot
just while attempting to create a new man.**

**Will you provide the ever shining suns
of virtues which nobody is expecting,
to stop the fools discharging their guns
at Him that now in vain is resurrecting?**

INEQUALITIES

**Look how many justices have flourished
engulfing our native Globe! -
Black and white, fed and under-nourished,
all servants of the Great eternal Snob.**

**Simple people are now not allowed
to justice free of charge in any form,
their predestination is the crowd
and the collective death is their norm.**

DIMENSIONS

The moments have no depth.
They travel on the surface of the Time
as fallen leaves
 escaping from the webs
of fear and the God of Crime.
The memories
 are printed on their face
and distant images without passions,
they all take part in cosmic race
with other memories and fashions.
Society is now in fervent haste,
it is not possible
 to look aside,
the dear dead moments are no more than waste -
intensely useless,
 though not quite.

COMPATIBILITY

**The merits of a well-bred swine
are as this poetry of mine:
the problems where to sort them
are feasible *post mortem*.**

CHARITY

**Fate with generosity enhances
our ration of unhappy days -
the reserve of them immensely dense is
though no one for increase ever prays.**

**I can give you some of them on credit,
yes, I can but may be you are scared?
Let Fate play again and let forget it!
Shame and sin willingly are shared.**

THE MOON

**O, moon, great yellow gas-fixture in sky,
you are enchanted here without mercies,
described as bright and profitably shy,
immensely glorified in cunning verses.**

**No doubt, thanks to your celestial features,
you always are triumphantly emerging
and, though conquered by the human creatures,
now by inertia you still pass for virgin.**

DEVIATION

**Truth and Justice do not coincide,
all their templates are far from precise,
guarantees concerning their rights
give us neither Hell nor Paradise.**

**Devils, nightmares and the Holy Ghost
make fast virtues to be sold in time...
None of boring items should be lost!
With exception of my sleeping rhyme.**

POLITICS

**Earth of irreversible rotation,
planet with a sick rheumatic axis,
you are still in search for explanation
why your God and Satan now Karl Marx is.**

**Though reluctantly you take part in the summit
with the comets waltzing in the blackness
but their sentence nothing else than "Damn it!"
for their only idol is the Darkness.**

CONTENTS

1. Annihilation	2
<i>Everything is getting small and bad</i>	
2. Models	3
<i>In blunt rows they are hastening</i>	
3. The choir of butchers	4
<i>Death has corpses for its basic nourishment</i>	
4. Hope	5
<i>Winter had defeated all the autumns</i>	
5. Ecology	6
<i>The tortoise is example of longevity</i>	
6. Paradise	7
<i>It happens so that we now live in time</i>	
7. Les enfant prodiges	8
<i>We planted storms in your young souls</i>	
8. The contemporary man	9
<i>Contemporary man is very strange</i>	
9. Youth	10
<i>To-day for every rusted lesson</i>	
10. Conjuality	11
<i>To choose successfully a man</i>	
11. Profession	12
<i>Is there anyone who can wait</i>	
12. Anti-prayer	13
<i>At modern times nobody loves the good boys</i>	
13. A requiem	14
<i>If we asphalt the whole Earth</i>	
14. The day "X"	15
<i>Before the calendar pass merry crowds</i>	
15. The race	16
<i>By Time is chasÎd hastily</i>	
16. Morality	17
<i>The lies triumphantly preside</i>	
17. Contemplation	18
<i>They are accelerating their steps</i>	
18. Fatigue	19
<i>I don't want to enter now a plot</i>	
19. Revelation	20
<i>The Hell is not</i>	
20. Obituary	21
<i>Is not the grave-yard City of the dead?</i>	

21. Present time	22
<i>Charged with hopes now trembles my ignorant soul</i>	
22. Reminiscence	23
<i>The History has nothing but the Past</i>	
23. To Mother-Fatherland	24
<i>By her most tragic fate I challenge now the world</i>	
24. Frivolity	25
<i>I like the chance of being quite alone</i>	
25. The success	26
<i>The grief is the prize to your secretly greedy desire</i>	
26. A drawing	27
<i>On this strangely round-shaped Earth</i>	
27. The proposition	28
<i>You are alone, alone am I</i>	
28. The sea-gulls	29
<i>Crying birds above the stormy seas</i>	
29. The transition	30
<i>The funeral of dwarfs looks</i>	
<i>much as immortality</i>	
30. Apparition	31
<i>They look at me from somewhere</i>	
31. A question	32
<i>O, senseless happiness of Youth</i>	
32. Impossibility	33
<i>The day of Love begins</i>	
33. A look through the window	34
<i>The sky is bright and very empty</i>	
34. Orphanage	35
<i>What are to-day the never published pages</i>	
35. The song of the drunken priest	36
<i>As everything is here without motion</i>	
36. Destiny	37
<i>I feel sometimes a very normal need</i>	
37. Romance	38
<i>Yesterday I talked to a girl</i>	
38. A recipe	39
<i>Don't search for slavery outside</i>	
39. Curriculum Vitae	40
<i>Life does not start with the Woman</i>	
40. Solution to a crisis	41
<i>Among the white of clouds</i>	
41. Happiness	42
<i>You would be very proud to die for Fatherland</i>	
42. Credit to antiquity	43

<i>The suicidal forces of honesty to-day</i>	
43. A remedy	44
<i>Dreams are challenge to the might of fate</i>	
44. The fanatic	45
<i>I like the pleasant yoke of self-deception</i>	
45. Divorce	46
<i>A big well cooled, well furnished, standard bed</i>	
46. Vicious circle	47
<i>Quite common is for the dictators</i>	
47. Promenade	48
<i>The moon, worn out by celestial rotation</i>	
48. Christo Botev	49
<i>I would like badly to have read</i>	
49. Metamorphosis	50
<i>A long queue was formed before the fence</i>	
50. Evaluation	51
<i>If from the fire of the inspiration</i>	
51. The man that comes from the cold	52
<i>It is not modern to display emotion</i>	
52. Blasphemy	53
<i>To-day our Future is an unborn baby</i>	
53. Atomic century	54
<i>On your cadaver, chained with snake</i>	
54. Alarm	55
<i>The ocean is already full of tears</i>	
55. Moral support	56
<i>Very stirring are your knees</i>	
56. Night in the year 1393	57
<i>Perhaps the capital</i>	
57. A case	58
<i>Our mind had raped our soul</i>	
58. After	59
<i>They sunk-all ancient sacred truths</i>	
59. Heralds	60
<i>Sound cuirasses is tailoring for us</i>	
60. Overproduction	61
<i>Don't we produce the old men very early</i>	
61. Discovery	62
<i>Mean people are not able to be young</i>	
62. A paradox	63
<i>If you want now to love your brother</i>	
63. Autumn	64
<i>It does not recognise the calendars</i>	
64. Icons	65

<i>The people are the murdered embryos of gods</i>	
65. Fire	66
<i>How could I order to my orphaned heart</i>	
66. Mental freezing	67
<i>The charge of thoughts is quite unexpected</i>	
67. In no mood	68
<i>All sunrises are hidden in the ocean</i>	
68. Behind the wall	69
<i>With eyes well swollen by tears of obedience</i>	
69. Satisfaction	70
<i>Why should now everything be clear</i>	
70. Ultima ratio	71
<i>I know, the madness is the strongest means</i>	
71. A deal	72
<i>Speedy sale of several future centuries?</i>	
72. Exit	73
<i>All dreams, just like rats</i>	
73. The abess	74
<i>By an unsatisfied devotion</i>	
74. Insight	75
<i>The prayers are the highest form</i>	
75. A diagnosis	76
<i>The secret clock of my white beard shows midnight</i>	
76. Anxiety	77
<i>It is difficult among your neighbours</i>	
77. Equivocation	78
<i>We lie to the children with fiction</i>	
78. Destiny	79
<i>The virtues are always plain and flat</i>	
79. Questions	80
<i>Our ancestors possessed the sacred magic</i>	
80. A criticism	81
<i>The head of man to be beheaded</i>	
81. To Freedom	82
<i>Why you do not stop lying to the masses</i>	
82. Geography	83
<i>What is the Balkan peninsula?</i>	
83. Self-apologia of the traitor	84
<i>Am I not producer of the heroes</i>	
84. A statement	85
<i>Behind each most heroic action</i>	
85. Lucky strike	86

<i>In this green poor but very merry land</i>	
86. Timelessness	87
<i>The All-fools' jubilation to-day is spread</i>	
87. Solitude	88
<i>The naturally beautiful Aurora</i>	
88. Resurrection of the hero?	89
<i>You are still shining</i>	
89. The recognition	90
<i>The heroes in this country die too young</i>	
90. The illiterate	91
<i>The means of writing she used</i>	
91. Contrasts	92
<i>The saddest poetry now is the merry one</i>	
92. Untimely happiness	93
<i>Is it well now for you to look so sound</i>	
93. On the education	94
<i>A little man, most scrupulous and modest</i>	
94. The muse	95
<i>She is no longer our fairy</i>	
95. Fact	96
<i>Freedom is prohibited</i>	
96. Instruction	97
<i>Grow bright, in peace with draconian laws</i>	
97. The Last Judgement	98
<i>Permanently weak is now the Justice</i>	
98. Faithlessness	99
<i>I don't trust the freedom</i>	
99. The circuit	100
<i>When sometimes cleverly the electrician</i>	
100. Sacrifice	101
<i>In Waiting-room of Doctor Freedom</i>	
101. The defenders of Shipka	102
<i>They were not famous poets</i>	
102. In outer space	103
<i>All horizons here must escape</i>	
103. Jesus Christ	104
<i>He resurrected from the grave</i>	
104. New Year	105
<i>It is as huge well-powered global press</i>	
105. Bright tomb	106
<i>Where do the light beams agonise</i>	
106. Equality	107
<i>In grave-yards many geniuses rest</i>	
107. The Liberator	108

<i>The champion of freedom has been caught</i>	
108. The glory	109
<i>Aren't they - celebrities of every kind</i>	
109. Supermarket	110
<i>The human Loyalty is put on sale</i>	
110. Stranger in the world	111
<i>Although he lives so many years</i>	
111. Immunity	112
<i>Too deep in our souls incorporated</i>	
112. Halloween	113
<i>Conscience is an old and deaf-mute lady</i>	
113. Bewilderment	114
<i>Why the art of genuine sincerity</i>	
114. The obstacle	115
<i>You, bloody Time, leaves us without god</i>	
115. Inequalities	116
<i>Look how many justices have flourished</i>	
116. Dimensions	117
<i>The moments have no depth</i>	
117. Compatibility	118
<i>The merits of a well-bred swine</i>	
118. Charity	119
<i>Fate with generosity enhances</i>	
119. The moon	120
<i>O, moon, great yellow gas-fixture in sky</i>	
120. Deviation	121
<i>Truth and Justice do not coincide</i>	
121. Politics	122
<i>Earth of irreversible rotation</i>	