FALL FOLIAGE

By Adolf P. Shvedchikov

Fall foliage, fall foliage, autumn leaves spin again,

An ardent wind pulls them stubbornly from the frozen branches,

And the poor leaf whirls, no one needs it anymore,

And it lies on the ground, forever akin to it.

Every day is colder, and in the hollows fogs are gathering,

In a gray haze hiding an old abandoned garden

And in the autumn life lies again,

Only every person stubbornly does not want to believe in them.

Why do we remember in vain?

Why do we remember in vain about the long dead springs,

About fragments of silver mirrors that run along the river,

We are sailing on a boat, dropping lazy oars,

We are wondering about the years which the cuckoo predicts to us.

All that the memory keeps forever floating somewhere,

And the soul longs for something unrealizable forever,

It is impossible to return what was with you once,

Only the years stubbornly pace themselves leisurely...

How quickly our days flew by

How quickly our days flew by,

How many times does autumn fall again,

Soul, we are alone with you again,

From life we ask nothing more.

A sad line flows down from the pen,

Simple speech, not at all for the parade,

Clouds float across the sky,

Autumn day, as the highest award...

I have been digging for a long time

I have been digging for a long time:

Layer upon layer of past days,

Stand out all the rubbish

Out of the brackets of my poor memory.

There is a lot of litter,

Belief in the wisdom of being,

Mirages, illusions, nonsense,

All that is, from A to Z.

It is evening, and I want to go again

It is evening, and I want to go again,

I walk on a stubble stems of yellowed field

At random, without a road, without knowing the way,

I'd like plenty to breathe the air of plenty!

Not to think about anything, walk and walk,

With a boot, crushing all the withered herbs,

And feeling in my heart the grace of the earth,

Forever renounced the poison of daily life.

The hour will strike, and the last sunset will burn off,

The dying light flashes for a moment,

The night sneaks, the star says with the star,

And my soul is looking for a way to discernment...

Bio

Adolf P. Shvedchikov was born May 11, 1937 in Shakhty, Russia. In 1960 he graduated from Moscow State University, Department of Chemistry.Ph.D.inChemistry in 1967. Senior researcher at the Institute of Chemical Physics, Russian Academy of Sciences, Moscow. Since 1997 - the chief chemist of the company Pulsatron Technology Corporation, Los Angeles, California, USA. Doctor of Literature World AcademyofArtsandLetters.He published more than 150 scientific papers and about 600 of his poems indifferent International Magazines of poetry in Russia,USA, Brazil, India, China, Korea, Japan, Italy, Malta, Spain,France, Greece, England and Australia. He published also 38 books of poetry. His poems have been translated into Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Chinese, Japanese, and Hindi languages.He is the Member of International Society of Poets, World Congress of Poets, International Association of Writers and Artists, A. L. I. A. S. (Associazione Letteraria Italo-Australiana Scrittori, Melbourne, Australia). Adolf P. Shvedchikov is known also for his translation of English poetry ("150 English Sonnets of XVI-XIX Centuries". Moscow. 1992. "William Shakespeare. Sonnets." Moscow. 1996) as well as translation of many modern poets from Brazil, India, Italy, Greece, USA, England, China and Japan. In 2013 he was nominated for the Nobel Prize for Literature.