

FATE

By Lara Ayvazyan (RUSSIA)

Fate prepared something for me there,
It is not given to us to find out about this.
I lived for myself, did not bother,
Without breaking the seal of secret.
I didn't sit in the silence of the cabinet,
Not cunning to make it easier to go,
But some signs are cherished
Always come across on the way.
I noticed them, feeling with my heart,
These signs are not given to me simply.
All my life flew to the rhythm of the scherzo
And autumn has already come.
Is it possible to control fate
If the character is suddenly weak and dull?
I tried to always be myself
And my angel did not forget me!

HOLIDAY

December rushes like Russian "bird troyka",
Excitement again and hope:
Let's celebrate the New Year as before,
And the joy of childhood will be repeated.
Again you look forward
The aroma of Elegant Christmas tree...
And the frosty day is so good

That even nips the nose nicely!
Doesn't leave a feeling
We can return to childhood again
For a moment, for an hour and for a minute
To wake up updated.
May all the temptations, entertainment
Beckon, entangle, tease.
There is always salvation for you -
You have kept your holiday in your soul.

LIGHTHOUSE

The coastal lighthouse is like a guard
It put to save travelers.
Piercing by beam the pitch darkness
It gives hope to the lost in the darkness,
Do not lose the road.
Lighthouse in fate is father's support,
I'm sad for her, I call her.
Will give childhood serenity
Will lift you to the surface
Always keep afloat!

A TOY

White tiny puppy,
Pocket friend on the couch.
Cheerful animal
Having fun on the screen.
He is growing, not knowing the problems,
In the tender hands of the owner.

Receiving admiration collects his “likes”.
May not be poetic recall the "despicable metal",
But the puppy is cute
Will become a precious treasure.
Grow up, get dressed
In a fur coat, hat and boots,
And seriously, but not in jest
He will wear earrings.
Submitting to stupid fashion:
The owner wants to be a "star",
Forgetting the taste and call of nature
The dog is painted "under the raccoon"!
But he is your friend, not a toy,
And devoted like no one, forever...
And you, like all glamour - are soulless,
Oh, people, people, people!

Bio

Born on September 21, 1955 in town of Borshev, the USSR, Russians, femail. In 1978 graduated from the Moscow State Institute of Culture (specialization – foreign children’s literature). Worked at the State Library for Youth and the Russian State Library for Children, Moscow. As a singer appeared with concerts in Russia and abroad (the USA, Sweden, Bulgaria). Released 12 musical albums. Her songs are on the air at various Russian and foreign radio stations. Along with musical career has been writing poems. Her pieces of poetry were printed in internet poetry magazine “New Literature”. She is the Member of International Association of Writers and Artissts (IWA). In Febrary, 2016 her new edition of poems “Age of Happiness” was brought out. Lara Ayvazyan has been appearing with her songs and poems at a number of stages of Moscow.

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