

*I CANNOT BE NOT POET IN MY SOUL AND OTHER POEMS*

By Lara Ayvazyan

I cannot be not poet in my soul,  
But the loud title is not for me.  
I am able to rhyme these lines,  
While the idea excites, I cannot sleep.  
I do not know how long will continue  
This passionate love story with my poetry,  
It seems that I have caught the bird of happiness,  
And now for sure, I'm not grapho maniac.  
We said to the wise: "Listen to the advice  
And write quietly to yourself in silence. "  
But for what is given this ability?  
Write if you cannot write!  
Well, if I read the interest in eyes of my audience,  
And hear how people applaud,  
It means that my lines are important for souls,  
And it makes me happy!

*A LITTLE MORE ABOUT LOVE...*

There are a little tenderness, romance,  
Curls and bows cannot cheat us.  
The world has become pragmatic to satiety,  
And suddenly we forgot the purity.  
Not all are capable of great feeling,  
To love another as yourself is a great art,  
But sometimes we just love to play,  
Not knowing a lot to lose.  
Nobody can change the nature,  
Someone perverted to please!

And we can safely say openly:

Only in the heavenly rainbow is whole palette!

### ***WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE A MATURE AGE***

What does it mean to be a mature age,

What kind of gift can give you years?

You can become a wise and skillful,

But, unfortunately, not always.

Sometimes in life it did not work out,

Not stuck together and did not grow together,

You do not become isolated, not scrapped,

You do not lost the axis of life.

There is resistance, kindness, patience,

Gone somewhere perpetual fear,

In the eyes, the lips, the hair everyone may see

Easy-tender blossoms...

I wear hat with pompom,

I look friendly, mischievous,

Nobody ask me to sit down in the underground,

My reward: to be young again!

### ***RECIPE OF YOUTH***

You live with the eternal dream

Do not get sick and grow old.

But life is so fast,

With no time to grieve!

I would like not to be in trouble,

And live with the soul that did not cool down,

Before you know it,

Autumn of life occurred.

Tell me how to be preserved

And not to lose yourself...  
Be less quarreling and angry,  
Live honestly, not to play!  
So the fate assigned -  
What do you have in the end?  
Everything what has happened,  
Makes tracks in your soul  
And leaves traces on your face.  
You can blindly believe in fairy tales,  
To smear the skin by creams,  
But no cream or mask  
Do not erase the evil eye!

***YOU CAN WAKE UP A GIRL INSIDE***

You can wake up a girl inside  
And meditate on the eternity in the morning.  
Let stand up until the years on the sidelines,  
The time will come, when I gather them together.  
What do you need that for suffering of your soul,  
Why your heart must become torn?  
You soothe both of them before to start,  
Otherwise everything will go at random!  
Only now comes the realization,  
That sometimes it is better to suppress a passion.  
I drive off remembrance in my memory,  
Oh, it would be better not to know about that!  
Akin to amnesia, disease,  
You are not the master of your own soul.  
And she does not sing the songs freely,  
And, in general, it is not yours already!  
One can only be a consolation,

That it will burn out very quickly.  
As cloying sweet jam  
It is not worth to eat up to the bottom!

***IF YOU ARE AT THE CROSSROADS***

The fate we all agreed,  
I believe the Supreme Mind.  
And everything in life that is given to us,  
I accept at once!  
Fate presents and jolts,  
Wins, defeats,  
Pain of loss, snubs of offense,  
And happiness, without a doubt!  
In life, everyone carries his own cross,  
His path of life.  
And if you suddenly get tired of everything,  
Well, maybe HE will help?  
One who is always with you on the road -  
Mentor, companion,  
With whom it is so easy to go,  
Who is creativity mediator.  
And if I'm writing now,  
And syllable words weave,  
It is because that "watchful eye"  
Looks at me constantly!

**Bio**

**Larissa I. Ayvazyan** is born on September 21, 1955 in town of Borschev, the USSR, Russian, 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 Artists (IWA). In February, 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. She can be contacted at [ayvazyan21@yandex.ru](mailto:ayvazyan21@yandex.ru)