

COMELY DAUGHTER OF CRIMEA AND OTHER POEMS

By Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov

Maybe the light and fire were your mother,
Perhaps you've rose from the marine foam.
Nobody knows, but you are quite another,
Crimea will be your eternal home.
Your roots are here, it must be understood.
Here is everything yours: the mountains blue serene,
A crimson poppy, a scent of bitter wormwood,
The fatigued Black sea, and sunset scene...
There exist another continents,
But you will stay forever here,
In my unforgettable happiness' land,
You are comely daughter of blooming Crimea!

SILVER WEDDING

Time runs, the thread of life still spins.
I comprehend a solemnity of the moment.
By every corpuscle, without any comment,
I grasp this impulse, I know what it does mean.
We spent our days of wedlock like human beings,
It's time to drink wine from a silver horn.
My love, how fragile and sacred you were born,
Oh God, grant heavens will be blue serene!

YOUR EYES

Your eyes look like a expanse haze,
Your eyes look like fresh ripe grapes.
I'm ready all my life to gaze,
I'm ready all my life to wait.
When your eyes will lose last trace of sadness,
When your eyes will call: come and take,
When the love in your eyes will awake,
You'll be mine forever, in grace and gladness!

BEAUTY

Do you like to watch the ballet "Swan Lake"?
Are you sad holding the faded roses?
Are you amazed looking at the wriggling snake?
How unusual are feelings that beauty arouses!
Beauty is phantom, a gem of your soul,
A domain for your heart, unforgettable sunshine,
A Roman amphora, a splendid bowl
Filled with essence of old Italian wine.
Beauty is something exotic, unseen,
A magic connection of bliss and chord,
An exquisite play on a heavenly scene,
The perfect and crowning handwork of Lord!

BACKYARD SWING

Goodbye, cold winter, welcome, spring!
Sparrows chirp, heaven is bright.
I hear the piercing scratch of a backyard swing,
I watch the first swallow's impetuous flight.
How strange the music of these various noises,
When a baby cries, and a happy puppy barks,
Somewhere are quacking a clamorous ducks,
Crows are croaking...There are meowing voices...
But suddenly the sky is becoming dark.
There is bright lightning, and the heavy fall of rain,
The mighty symphony of a thunderstorm's strain!
I am like Noah during the Flood in his Ark...
At last the downpour is finished. A rainbow's arc
Brings our souls into a delightful spring.
Birds twitter... Diamond droplets spark...
There is again the scratch of backyard swing!

IT'S NOVEMBER AGAIN...

It's November again...
The trees are ready to sleep under the snow.
There is wind, chilly rain,
All in nature gets slower and slower...
I look at the tops of birch trees,
They think about lost summer,
How short was the tender breeze,
How long will be a chilly newcomer.

I'm wandering pensively alone at random,
Where once we ambled along familiar paths.
Destiny divide us, this is requiem...
Farewell, lucky days, you'll never come back, alas!

SILENCE...

Silence... I'm afraid to frighten away this silence.
The forest wakes up and looks around in surprise.
After a killing frost and snowstorm's violence
Early spring days come with a clear sunrise.
It's fresh in my memory, dreams of a long night,
Cold, shivering trees under endless snowfalls.
But spring breaks the chains of winter's might,
It's thawing slowly, the icy snowballs...
Spring is coming, and all life is full of glee,
Nature is waiting for a necessary quota.
But only lifeless is black oak tree,
He looks gloomily at his reflection in the water.
He grows side by side with beloved rowan berry,
The beautiful tree with bright red hair.
Last summer he whispered: marry me, marry,
You will never forget that love affair!
They were delighted. But life is so fragile,
The rowan berry was broken by terrible gust.
And suddenly vanished the happiness isle,
A slight hope to live went into the dust...

GLORY

To set out in pursuit of fickle glory
Is a common purpose of conceited people.
These restless runners are getting hoary,
But their goal has vanished like a morning ripple.
Perhaps one will reach the desirable throne
Decorated by precious stones and gold.
Euphoria has passed, he is forgotten, alone...
The yellow devil is heartless and cold!

THE LAST DAY OF WINTER

There are no more winter's chains,
The old ice slowly melts,
There are no more shackling belts,
There is drizzling of the first rain.
And a cheerful brooks drain
Through the heavy settled snow.
How pleasant to hear droplet's refrain
From thawing icicles in a row.
I like this turbid flow
Of violent spring's reign,
When a weakened winter wanes,
And proudly caws the crow!

THROUGH SHIFTING SANDS OF REMEMBRANCE

Through shifting sands of remembrance
I sneaked back to my childhood.
I found a familiar path...What a dissonance!
But my cuckoo no more cuckooed.
My copse is withered, my brook is dry,
My ravine is overgrown with weeds...
This picture only makes me cry:
Where is my childhood indeed?

RUSSIAN ARCHIVES AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

I walk up to the tall tower
Of Russian Archives at Stanford University.
I feel its magnetic power,
I am full of immense curiosity.
I am putting away for good
All the books and poems I wrote.
It's an extraordinary mood
With tears and dry throat.
Who knows, maybe an offspring
Will open my yellowed book
And find how bewitching is then spring,
How babbling is silent brook...
Unhappily, there is another way,
That nobody in the world
Will care about my humble stay,
Will never exclaim: behold!

BARBARA

When once Russian editor
Printed your smiling face,
Nobody knew how many solicitors
Would ask for your help, Your Grace!
It's hard to imagine how many souls
Need your generous Love.
Unbelievable how noble are your goals
To comfort them like a cooing dove.
It is not usual or easy
To find a key to every heart.
People are very busy,
And each one cannot be smart.
You know where the well of health is
With crystal water for friends.
Give us your trusting hands!

CALIFORNIA

We are driving day after day
Along the ocean, among dry hills,
Changing cities, crossing freeways,
Turning tirelessly our wheels.
We forgot about tourist guide—
Golden Gate Bridge, Disneyland.
I discover a primordial, wild,
Unpredictable desert land.

Oh, my dream, realized El Dorado,
Everything in your life you require.
But there are earthquakes, floods, tornado,
Even a dangerous brush fire...
San Diego, Santa Barbara, Santa Maria,
Sacramento, San Francisco, Santa Cruz...
How different you are, California,
You can be violent or you can soothe.

PALM SPRINGS

There lies an oasis in the low desert,
The unforgettable paradise, Palm Springs.
An endless song about a lovely flirt
Of violent winds with Aeolian harp's strings.
Invisible hot currents of passionate air
Furiously tear palm trees with a hiss.
You're giddy with happiness and plunged in despair,
You are sinking inside a glowing heaven's abyss.
Twelve bold eagles slowly glide in a row
High in a vivid turquoise sky.
In a lilac haze sleeps a pensive plateau
Listening to an eternal desert's sigh.
Sun, wind, mansions, golf courses,
Shops, tourists, restaurants, crush,
Swimming pools, casinos, cantering horses...
That's Palm Springs, welcome and flush.
We are sitting in "Banducci", an old Italian restaurant,
You came back to your youth, remembering with tears...

Palm Springs, Unforgettable, extravagant.

To your health! Be happy! Cheers!

Bio

Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov is Russian scientist, poet and translator. He Born May 11, 1937 in Shakhty, Russia. In 1960 he graduated from Moscow State University, Department of Chemistry. Ph.D. in Chemistry 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 Academy of Arts and Letters.

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 16 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.

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