

***AGAINST THE POPLARS SPREADING THEIR BITTER SCENT AND
OTHER POEMS***

By Adolf P. Shvedchikov

It is spring again, the ancient round of things...
The nectar of fresh flowers that I bring,
Of newly awakened plants for your delight
On your birthday, my sweetest love, my light!
Once more the fields and groves are greening,
The earth begins to lick old wounds leaning.
Again the poplars spreading their bitter scent,
For the early May morn your laugh is lent.
For us to be together like a reverie,
And air of life is so sweet that it hurts me.
How nice is that each dawning day
I'm more irrevocably smitten with your way.
And if I die once, as die I must,
I'll go in peace to that dark realm of dust.
I'll take with me your birthdays to cling,
And unfinished love's song I still have to sing...

RESTLESS THOUGHT

My restless provoking thought,
You are wandering among contrasts,
You are in doubt, you never trust
You suffer when everything comes to naught.

Sometimes you tell to yourself: you ought
To reconsider everything, to revise,
At times you make an unexpected surprise,
Smiling, you comment: it is finely wrought!
And when you causally are suddenly caught,
Be a carefully disguised treacherous trap,
You try insistently to find a gap,
So you will be a winner, my masterful thought!

PEGASUS AND HORSE

There is some difference between *Pegasus* and horse.
Pegasus, the winged steed, likes to fly.
The horse eats in the stable an oat and rye.
Pegasus neighs gaily, and horse's neigh is hoarse.
Pegasus is rapturous, sensitive and keen,
He likes the bright metaphors, allegory!
As to the horse, there is another story.
She knows very well what terrible whip means!
Pegasus's pompous mane is coiled,
He is so famous, he is too proud
To think about a chattering crowd...
Life for the horse is an endless toil!
Sometimes we try to be *Pegasus*, of course,
To soar on the wings of glory in the sky,
But very soon we find we cannot fly,
We are, alas, only the working horse...

MY NIGHTLY THOUGHTS BRING WHIMSICAL DELIGHT

My nightly thoughts bring whimsical delight
When I by stellar shawl do enfold,
Keeping in hands this spacious hectic world
I sit in the shadow of scattered candlelight.
Honestly speaking I don't like glaring daylight,
And I don't like glorious landscape.
I am glad to find miraculous escape
When arrives an impenetrable midnight.
I like mysterious, slowly moving moon,
I like an opalescent cold moon beam,
When I am at mercy of sweet dream
Stir the black coffee by a silver spoon.
My gentle Muse believes still in my might,
Sometimes she is teasing me, after a while
We are looking at each other with a smile...
I like this sable magic lonely night!

THE MUSE IS MY ETERNAL LIFE

The Muse is my eternal life,
She is my love, my hope, my fire,
She is my comfort, my desire,
She carries me away from deadly strife.
Sweet Muse, how I love you,
You are my best, devoted friend,
Only to you I wish to send

An amorous sigh and my last *adieu!*

OUR LIFE IS A MIXTURE OF HOPE AND FEAR

Our life is a mixture of hope and fear.

We pray in the night when clouds conceal the moon,

We pray to God in the afternoon,

And have faith that despair will disappear.

Yes, we still trust, when we are in tears,

We wait that they will be the tears of joy,

Than our troubles nothing but toy,

We still believe in God and blissful years...

Bio

Adolf P. Shvedchikov is a Russian scientist, poet and translator. He has 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 has also published 17 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.