

MY HEART SANG AS BEFORE AND OTHER POEMS

By Adolf P. Shvedchikov

My heart sang as before.
Sinking in a semi forgotten dream
I had fallen in love as in my youth.
My old body was young again.
I drank the sweet fraud of illusion.
The sun had dropped,
But the sunset glowed yet,
And I was glad to feel
That I was still alive!

I AM A FLUTTERING BIRD SOARING IN THE SKY

I'm a fluttering bird soaring in the sky
Bringing to you, an unknown soul,
The emerald ring and a priceless bowl
Filled with my love which is constant and shy.
To be honest, I don't know why
I send to you my yearning song,
I never was an idol of an insatiable throng,
And I never have reached an Olympic High.
I don't want to seduce you or to lie.
I came to you to share honestly my creed,
But I don't know, perhaps, you don't need
To hear my song with a delicate sigh.
You are busy, of course, as everyone is.
We have no more time to hear each other.
You don't want to be my admirable brother...
How quickly you grow, misunderstanding's abyss!

PORTRAIT

You are the sculptor, the artist and the poet!
Remember how genius is simplicity!
When you feel that your canvas is ready
For eternity than you may paint your portrait.
Take off everything which is too much.
Let your portrait's face become heavenly
Caring the essence of eternal Harmony!

THIS MOMENT, A TERRESTRIAL RUSTLING

It is everywhere and here,
It is inside of you and me, this moment,
A terrestrial rustling: on the earth,
In the water, in the evening star,
This moment will stay with us forever.
A trembling of leaves, a drop of the rain,
An early spring coming...
You embraced me, you ardently kissed me,
You whispered: I am yours!

I DON'T KNOW MY FUTURE

I don't know my future,
But I am not going to return to my past.
It's impossible to cross again
The abyss of my hard years
By use of this rickety footbridge.
I don't want to promise more a prosperity
And smoothed angles.
I know for sure that free cheese
You may find only in mousetrap!
Don't tell me anything else!

SUNSET

Sunset is burning... The tired poplars whisper.

Another day disappeared with all its troubles.

As in biblical times

A herd of sheep moves blowing clouds of dust

Near the foot of an ancient blue mountains.

I see the same shepherd

Covered by the same sheepskin

And hear the same barking of dogs.

The herd has disappeared in the distance,

I cannot hear the bleating of sheep anymore.

Will we ever understand the reason

Of this eternal movement?

Sunset is burning...

GENIUS TRANSFORMS HIS ABSURDITY INTO A BRILLIANT IDEA

Ordinary people divide the world

Into the natural and artificial categories.

If someone tries to find his own solution

Of generally-accepted problems,

He will be in trouble very soon,

And everyone will refuse to understand him.

Only a genius has enough power

To alter this situation and transform

His absurdity into a brilliant idea

Usable later by other generations!

Bio

Adolf P. Shvedchikov had born May 11, 1937 in Shakhty, Russia. In 1960 he graduated from Moscow State University, Department of Chemistry. He has completed Ph.D. in Chemistry in 1967. He is 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 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 published also 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.