

***WHEN I AM HAPPY***

By Adolf P. Shvedchikov

When I am happy, when my heart beats,  
When I am gazing into your blue eyes,  
And see inside the azure balmy skies,  
I don't need words, amazing, fervent, sweet.  
What kind of words do I really need?  
Your ardent eyes say more than a thousand of words.  
Oh how they strike a sensitive chord,  
I am drowning in their dizzy depths indeed!  
Oh blissful eyes, the windows of gentle soul,  
Your magic language doesn't need an alphabet.  
Who has seen once them, will never this forget,  
Inside of your aura he will wander and stroll!

***DON'T BE LONG, MY ARDENT GIRL!***

Don't be long, my ardent girl!  
Your contentment is my wildest pleasure,  
You are my diamond, priceless treasure,  
My unpredictable fatal whirl!  
You are my pale shimmering pearls,  
You are my nocturnal soft light,  
You are my uncrowned queen of night,  
I like each one of your stubborn curls!

At times you are violent, sometimes you purl  
Like a lazy-running rivulet,  
I am victim of your magic net.  
Don't be long, my ardent girl!

***SONNET OF LOVE***

Oh, my love affairs,  
The sonnet of my innermost feelings  
With the indelible traces in the heart!  
I feel nostalgia about my youth  
And still remember the pain  
Of old love wounds...  
There is rainy day again,  
And the sky is full of grey clouds,  
But I don't feel sadness  
Remembering my old joyful days!

***ALL GRASSES OF DREAMS BEGIN  
TO BLOOM***

All grasses of dreams begin to bloom,  
The song floats around the fields,  
Amazing flowers are in blossom...  
Please tell me the tender words,  
I am ready to hear you endlessly.  
Let our hearts beat

In the same rhythm,  
Look at me, love me!

***ARGENTINEAN TANGO***

Argentinian tango  
Is like a bitterness of a faded day.  
I hear the female sad voice  
Singing about unexpected betrayal.  
Argentinian tango is full of tears.  
I hear this melody in Russia  
Near spreading birch trees.  
I cannot see the Argentinian forests  
And fields full of fat cattle.  
A couple of milk-cows  
Eat green grass peacefully...  
There are no more Argentinian temperaments,  
Life is here silent and measured  
Among drowsy Russian fields.  
How strange to hear now  
Argentinian tango here...

**Bio**

**Adolf P. Shvedchikov**

**Russian scientist, poet and translator**

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 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.