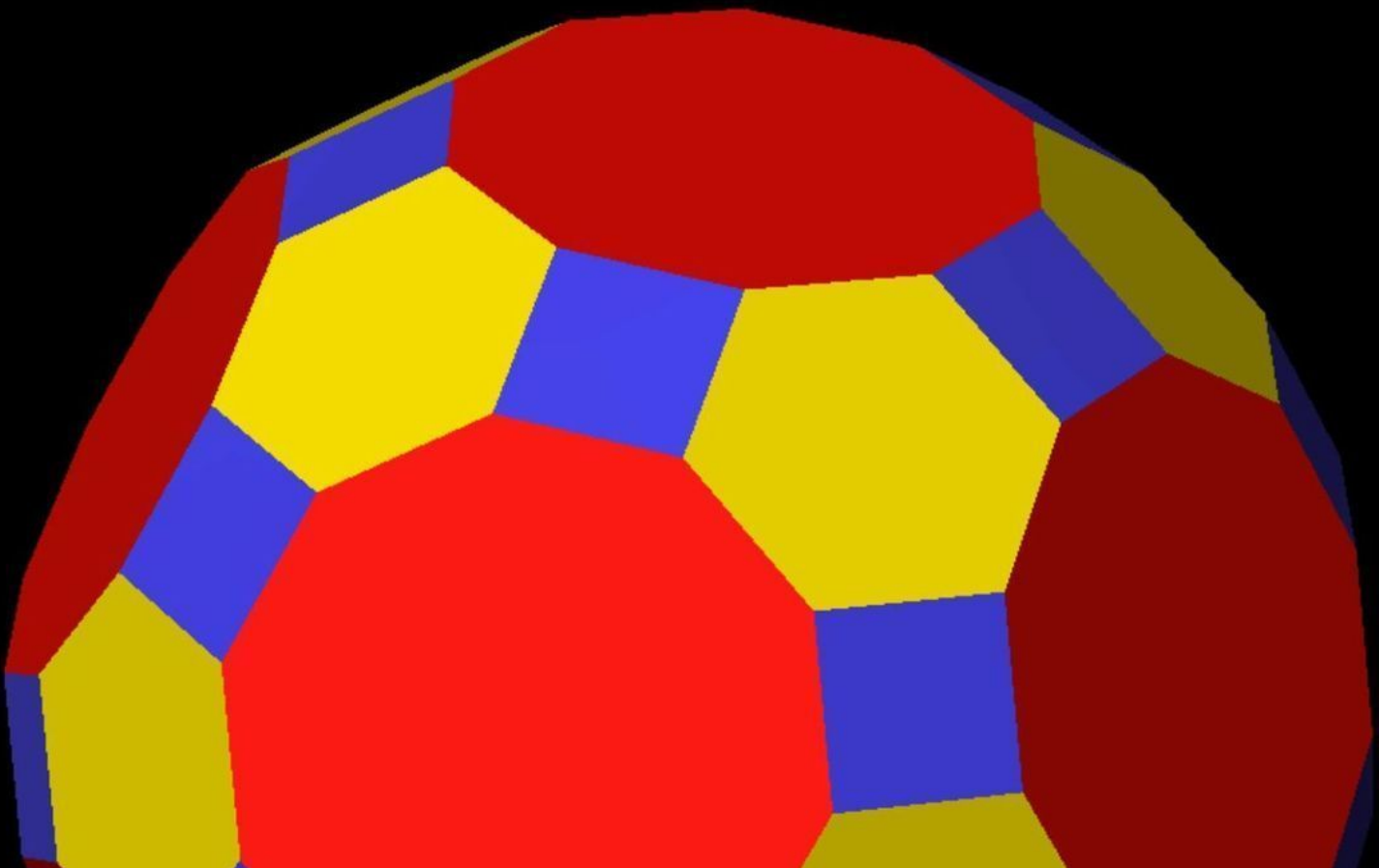


Serge Moskalenko

Polyhedron

HALF-WHISPER:

The translation of poetic texts generates unexpected,
and sometimes monstrous, meanings...



Сергей Москаленко

**Polyhedron. HALF-WHISPER:
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Words conceal depths and doors. But to decide to look in depth without fear of losing yourself or pulling the handle of the ghostly door should the reader himself. The book uses photographs of the author, which can be ordered in high resolution at: msv-sbornik@yandex.ru

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INTRO

The translation of poetic texts generates unexpected, and sometimes monstrous meanings...

Serge Moskalenko



THE WORLD WAS SUITABLE TO THE WITNESS



* * *

The world was like witchcraft.
It fell and again ascended
At unimaginable spaces.
Then, like a tree with foliage,
He dumped the ages in dew,
In which matured anxiety —
As if the ale with honey...

I KNOW, I WIT, I KNOW – REPEAT TEN TIME

* * *

I know, I wit, I know —
Repeat ten time.
Between words and knitting patterns
A connection is planned —
The triumph of escapes.
Pain. Healing ointment.
Past dragon's teeth of buildings
The blood of the dawn was spilled. —
The carrying souls
On above-cloud bargaining.
By air roads
Beat following glory
At sails or wings —
What to be – to that be
But we just entered
At these waters of fate...
But we just found out
What same main us...
Past dragon's teeth of buildings
The blood of the dawn was spilled.

ABOUT YOUR NAME, BREATHING ALREADY ON INCENSE, ON RICHER WALLS

* * *

About Your name, breathing already
On incense on charred walls
Drill holes in silence
At distant dreams of hungry sirens...

And freeze... And the night falls,
What has risen above the ground on cubit,
Giving all sleepless to get wet...
Part of speech is Autumn. The rain in the Universe...

08.09.07

SNAILS OF DREAMS. THEIR HOUSES ARE EMPTY...

* * *

Snails of dreams. Their houses are empty.
For a long time the vine is already free...
Cold gardens are covered with a haze.
And childish geek dragonfly

Not tingle over the morning soul.
No sparks of the sky – a faded look...
And at memory, pushing the hood,
A figure wanders about ways of loss ...

Squeezing the staff with a wrinkled hand ...
The words – as weights. But where without words? —
The crow's tornado over the dull river
And low-low hum of bells...

08.09.07

THE TIME OF FAREWELLS. ON CLOCKS – THE APPLE SAVIOR

* * *

The Time of farewells. On clocks – The Apple Savior.
At a fragrant flies through the sky.
We remember fights and we forgive each other.
Young maidens, raptures, – no longer about us.

Drink water, shut up open gates,
And smile at the rest – they say, do not miss it!
Somewhere far away voices. – There's noisy gulls
Wait for departure and they urge: "Go ahead!"

The money threw on ground, and everything that he saved up...
The sun is poured in arena as in a stone cup.
Someone else will drink this drunken sanctity —
Time in road. On clocks – The Apple Savior.

23.09.07

BUT PUDDLES IS WINDOWS IN HEAVEN

* * *

But puddles is windows in heaven. —
To step and sink.
And, come true, tired garden
Lazily pulls

Slow, cold smoke —
Gray strands.
And buffoon ice
At noisy spots

Braced for breathing breasts
Hills and logs.
And looks forward to a new work
Contractor of God.

And, busy next spring,
He cherishes the secret.
Green hand of mosses
Embrace the stones

And reflected in water.
Be silent and listen:
Horseshoe leaves and rain
Beat in puddles.

05.10.99

WHEN YOU'LL CLIMB HIGHER

* * *



When You'll climb higher
Than all ceilings and estimates, —
The roofs will break off
And The Light will burst.

And, in spite of the breath, —
Breath, infinite breath, —
Frost of the Universe,
Ambergris, Heavenly Juice:

But look around from Light,
Finally, having become yourself —
Falling down the planet
As cracked shell...

And, on it graves
The grass grows...

At forewings of wings
The head is spinning —

You are or someone new
Looks with excitement up...
Eternity and Chills —
Enough for all, for all...

So smile – and go at wind...
At the sky, in radiance, in laugh —
The Immortality
Enough for all, for all...

11.01.05

ONLY THE WIND IS MY MASTER NOW

* * *

Only the wind is my master now.
I'm flying along the channels of the asleep streets.
I have no one to share the path with anymore.
Only the wind, and a couple of companions:

Yearning and Pain, we are flying forward —
Where time is closing the eyelids. —

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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