



Galina Intunshina

RAIN

СУПЕР Издательство

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Intunshina G.

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«I sealed my morning in the envelope It was nice and now is absent I will meet
horizon with clear thoughts I pass the envelope mentally To the last season...»

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* * *

Morning In The Envelope

I sealed my morning in the envelope
It was nice and now is absent
I will meet horizon with clear thoughts
I pass the envelope mentally
To the last season

* * *

Hours is not time for me
Compass is not pointer
Wanderings are loss
I have many of them
I wait for my little benefit
I have almost lost myself
But I will live

* * *

Who said that it would be easy?
To all narrow-mindedness I say no
I'm lucky to have much patience
My pain has gone away
There is only shadow from it
I must thank my guru
He advised to hold my tongue
And to go as the wind blows
Moreover I love bliss
When everybody is all right
It is difficult and at the same time easy
For me to understand myself

* * *

I gave back keys-sadness,
– Take!
The closed doors waited for me,
I'm still on the way...
There is no way back.

Stop at nothing...
I can't go roundabout way,
Perfidy.

* * *

Swords are laid on the table
The heads are bowed,
Nobody is equal to them in the battles,
Followers of monarchy.
They comply inviolably the law,
For one king. They are unconquerable!
He is accountable to nobody,
except God.

* * *

Insidiousness is a fearful woman
It is a little wise because of happiness,
It is ruined by omission.
Robing in the haughty mask,
Looking at the crowd proudly,
It smiles viciously,
Hiding its nakedness

* * *

I love who writes
Me poems about love,
And who shares pain with words,
Who laughs at me,
Plays in pair,
Who is free, easy and nice,
Serious and self-confident,
He is well-meaning.

* * *

You are my best – adviser
Without you I disappear...

In despondency I lost mood,
And with you I find it,
It is not important that everything is not at once
I keep ambitions,
I was sent to you twice,
But I look at the distance...

* * *

I went away. I don't need
Greedy eyes of yours.
Useless toy – for two of us,
Smoke in form of plait will direct thoughts,
Into divided hearts
I go by, smile:
Don't show face!

* * *

I didn't know before,
That so lively, restless:
I have almost guessed:
With coming hope is
Always emptiness.
I am supported with tender playful word,
With a short letter from my old friend.

* * *

Shorten words,
There is sadness from thought.
One man can risk,
Somebody thinks basely...
Can tell lies.
He hopes that he comes closely,
Like wolf to a sheep.
At first he looks slowly,
And later attacks abruptly,
The sheep looks and goes away.

* * *

I like the result of understandable thoughts
Sincerity is simple.
I like as you
To read beautiful words.
And French texts like
«Parle», «Parle vu»
I let you go in peace!
And let me go.
Two egoists – too much
«Au revoir»

* * *

– Do you accuse me?
– Of trying to laugh,
– What silly words!
– You only want to mock,
– Give occasion only
– Later sarcasm will be:
– Who is right, who is guilty?
– We don't make decisions
– Let people judge...
– They know more,
– They beheld in the day time and at night.

* * *

You are not worthy of my words...
Promises, smile, love
To write to you – to pray for forgiveness of sins
I go to the cathedral and there I pray forgiveness of them,
I don't write a line about you.

* * *

No, don't persuade,
I don't come back.
I feel sadness with you,

But I need love
Which catches, takes me away,
And don't let me go for a long time.
As in tango! lovingly,
Passionately and easily.

* * *

Somewhere I have read...
A love spell.
I passionately dreamt of it ...
Used again.
I almost felt all amenities of secret,
Which fate presented to me.
I forgot grieves, hardships and misfortunes,
Which were yesterday.
I was flying as a butterfly in summer,
There were moths around.
I didn't know that fairy tale...
In which it's dangerous to ask for love

* * *

I won't admit silly conjectures
The old torn jacket.
I want to get rid of trash,
I don't need an attic for it.
I throw out everything or burn
It's impossible to do it in another way

* * *

Sometimes I don't know what to write
Perhaps I'm not so modern.
I like to read Dostoevsky, Lermontov
Inks and a white sheet help me when I am bored.
There are people for whom I can write...
I don't need praises or good words
My soul writes: ready!
Criticism is self-destruction,
Almost without words – to armoury,
Less for myself, more for others

It is not a poem, it's an aphorism

* * *

You say the name in a whisper...
The wind reminds me words.
A boring autumn passed,
Winter came.
Winter returns me to life!
I'm covered with hoarfrost, silver
I didn't gamboled so for a long time,
With white linen.
And ice shades around
Snowflakes – a beautiful pattern,
Stars became brighter,
The Great Bear sleeps.
I like summer and autumn!
But winter is a fairy-tale home.
I taught you the beautiful
And you must take a dare,
I want to fascinate you.
Step by step, mildly and quietly,
Treading on the old tightrope
Carefully, looking,
Being afraid of height and moving aside,
I almost hold.
I need go a little to the end.
I hold my breath and then I take a run

* * *

You are sad – but I'm fine,
No love – it doesn't matter,
You know the truth, but I keep silence,
If you want offend – I don't forgive

* * *

She is red-haired, beautiful, flying through waves
She throws open a white-wings shining dress
Has a smile, there is a flower in the hand,
Angel for darling,

Demon for masters.

* * *

You are somewhere near...
So not far from here...
In open written note
You are as the wind now here, now there,
Playing with sound «half-and-half»
You were almost caught up...
We stumbled early,
Deciding together – overseas,
Somebody more and somebody less...

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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