



*Muratbek Rusbekov*

# The advance to Heaven

extracts from modern Kyrgys poetry

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from modern Kyrgys poetry**

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According to great Russian writer Anton Chehov, brevity is a clear sign of gift. Muratbek Rysbekov creates poems in such brevity and instant reaction to the life like Basse, Ishikawa Takuboku, Paul Eluard, Sapfo, Garsia Lorca. Ernis Tursunov, famous Kyrgyz poet.

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## Содержание

The poems of Muratbek Rysbekov	6
The fight between tenses	6
The birches of Kara-Kulja	7
My sun	9
The chapel of yours beauty	10
The shameful easiness	11
How we get there?	12
The method of self-foollation	13
Hope to miracles	14
The purposefully hardwired humanity	15
The symphony of Kyrgyz Mountains	16
What are we looking for?	18
The abundance of beauty	19
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	20

# **The advance to Heaven**

## **Extracts from modern Kyrgys poetry**

**Muratbek Rusbekov**

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## **The poems of Muratbek Rysbekov translated by Zamirbek Osorov**

### **The fight between tenses**

The growing advanced mind  
attracted by future  
often sealed up  
by the present time's tough rule and rigidness,  
which was jealous to progress  
fight and fight  
tooth and nails  
against the very progress  
and after the truth become apparent  
and when the outdated finally loses this fight  
it denying this fight  
and then plagiarises the winner.

## The birches of Kara-Kulja

The old birches,  
like the old aksakals  
recalled about far gone young years,  
with the picturesque Bregel's trunks  
obliterated and engraved  
heavily by times.

Two days ago  
one of them fell down at night,  
crushed by a strong wind,  
and now all his survived comrades  
looked so solemn  
in deep mourn,  
shocked by this tragedy.

This old forest  
deployed on the bank of mountain river  
is going to extinction  
in our eyes,  
forgotten  
by friends of nature  
ecologs and fighters with Global warming,  
left along unprotected  
into the depth of the countryside

And time is progressively  
stealing from that birches  
their youth, maturity, memory about happy days  
of old generation  
and coming offspring,  
and even wiping off this crumbled world  
from the crumbled memory of locals people.



## **My sun**

You made me happy and warm  
exactly like rising sun everyday  
I am singing and dancing  
at this marvelous morning  
blessed by yours kindness and love.

The demand of revolution

Those who eating and drinking  
and feeling happy,  
let them,  
those, who singing and boasting  
and bragging —  
let them.

My mission in revolution,  
which I bringing to all of them,  
as a heavenly honey and nectar of reviving and resurrection  
to those, who able and ready consume them,  
and as poison  
for those, who don't do that  
so until the day which coming  
let people to live  
as they can and want  
My mission —  
to bring them revolution.

To gets all things done  
which brood into a coming generation  
and new era,  
the new sense of reality and revolution demanded.

## **The chapel of yours beauty**

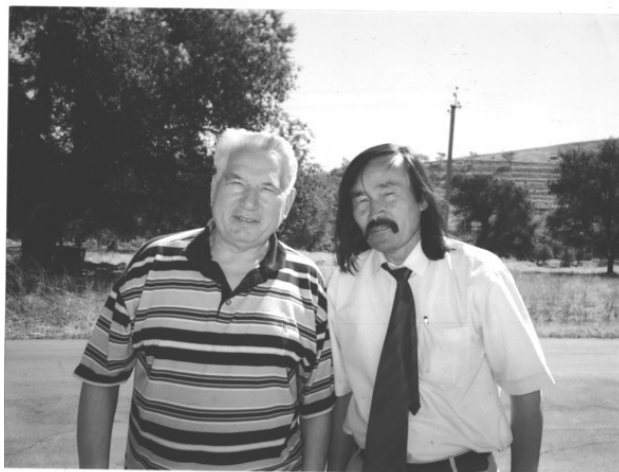
You broke down and crashed  
all others believes, hopes  
and idolatries,  
which so long nurtured and lived into my soul,  
instead on ruin and ashes of them  
you do create an mighty altar  
of own beauty and pristine excellence  
and put them into my soul,  
so I am now yours avid disciple or priest  
you call me as you like it,  
because you are my angel, savior and God.

## **The shameful easiness**

The easiness with which  
the Russian experts  
enforced to believe our numbskulls in power  
that creating railroad  
between China and West  
going through Kyrgyzstan  
not answered to our national interest and strategy  
and might be harmful for our independence,  
just witnessed about the greatest betrayal potencies  
of our governing elite,  
which long ago acted and lived and replicated into body of our state  
as the pure canserogenic sells.

## How we get there?

How we get there,  
how we are sagged  
into such wasteful  
and ravishing style of life,  
and dwell on it so long  
dear brethren?  
How we collectively get here,  
dear relatives,  
in our countryside,  
how we cut sheep and lambs  
and ate them  
in the sad scene of our brutality  
and barbaric self degrading fatality.  
The best things for us now —  
keep our mind occupied  
with something more serious, healthy  
pragmatic and productive,  
than ate and ate freshly cut and prepared lambs, caws, horses.  
Yes, it would me much better  
if we are just eating up our livestock at all  
and left our nature for wild animal,  
but millions offspring of sheep and gouts, caws and horse  
multiplying instead of eaten animals  
on our degrading pastures  
destroying last bastion of our ancient forests  
and making significant impact  
to Global warming.



With Chingiz Aitmatov

## **The method of self-foollation**

There are severe flaws in augment  
of all our so attractive theoretical conceptions and conclusions  
who takes this mistakes and ramifies them in the whole,  
creating a universe of illusions and blunders.

We get some wacky questions  
like who created God?  
Why the theory of Multiverse  
not logged scientifically  
in way checkable by experiences?  
How we get sagged in  
and dwelled on it fatally?

The best thing for us now —  
to keep our mind with something serious,  
much more serious  
then wandering in pure dreams and phantasies  
without being hardwiring to reality at all.

## **Hope to miracles**

If our world has not any purposes,  
why our science and methods have to be inflicted to this  
things,  
which we called as experience and being prove for our thoughts, theories and suggestions?  
If everything around us disliked proofs, aims, purposes and precise calculation, measuring and  
registering,  
why not to hardware just for pure miracles  
into such uncertain environment and universe?

## **The purposefully hardwired humanity**

We are all hardwired to the purpose of life  
from the beginning  
filled and overfilled with the aims, missions and ambitious plan.  
It good for great men, scientists  
and for the other exceptional persons and events  
but how about the grey majority  
that filled up the backbone and the skull of humanity?  
Maybe for them, it needs just to live,  
to be alive – for all of us  
and enjoy with that reality as it is  
into the much more relaxing state and mode  
and it would be better for exceptions,  
when such passiveness of majority  
created the condition of superconductivity  
through the hollow coolness of our relaxations,  
through our empty heads  
they reached miracles much fast and sufficient?  
But think about  
what happened in the world  
when every nerve cell in the head of humanity  
awake for active life and creativity —  
It will be a fantastical superconductivity  
of superconductivities  
when absolute majority  
awakes for creativity!

## The symphony of Kyrgyz Mountains



With friends – poets, writers, philosophers

Look for countless snowy peaks, eminences, ridges  
one by one stretching to heaven.  
covered by slopes, furrows, clefts,  
divided by canyons and valley everywhere

Where it all is going  
and what about telling us —  
the mountain grandeur infrastructure?

For what aims and purposes these peaks  
have matched so and fought eagerly?  
what about this fight revealed and predicted us —  
about happy future  
or about new round and circle  
of 100 years stretching suffering  
and calamities.

So many things  
have kept these peaks  
intercepted by valleys,  
canyons, slopes,  
which crossroads by deep furrows and stone ravines  
and bordering by great ridges?

What the secret they are unraveled?  
What the dastans, tragedies, love stories have kept  
into this grandiose geological convolution?

The Kyrgyz mountains  
have often resembled the site  
of some divine extraterrestrial activities  
bearing hidden marks of superhuman  
forces and wonders,

like matrix and patterns of greatness  
looming from future,  
far above our mind, imaginations and labyrinths

## **What are we looking for?**

We don't know yet  
what are we looking for  
amid so many revolutions, plots and overplots,  
which had been engulfed in our country  
all these 30 years of independence,  
why our politic  
so tormented our people  
with the everlasting run  
for the lust, richness, and power?  
mister Trump, when you will stop this worlds cacophony  
of the biggest, middle, small and micro hegemonies?  
And what will be happened the next  
if all these which we about to witness  
is only a beginning?  
Our planet has sucked by the vortex whirlpool of Hell  
undoubtedly.  
O come on!  
Snap out of it!

## **The abundance of beauty**

Every year of my life  
I grow more and more convinced,  
if the wise is the best  
then we have to fix our attention of a good, of a beautiful —  
to all that things  
with which so abundantly filled  
all corners of our dear Kyrgyzstan.

Yes, the best thing we can do  
to fix our attention and respect deeply  
all the marvels around us,  
independently  
which one of them clearly depicted  
or not so  
have been hidden deeply  
into hardened face and heart of reality —

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