

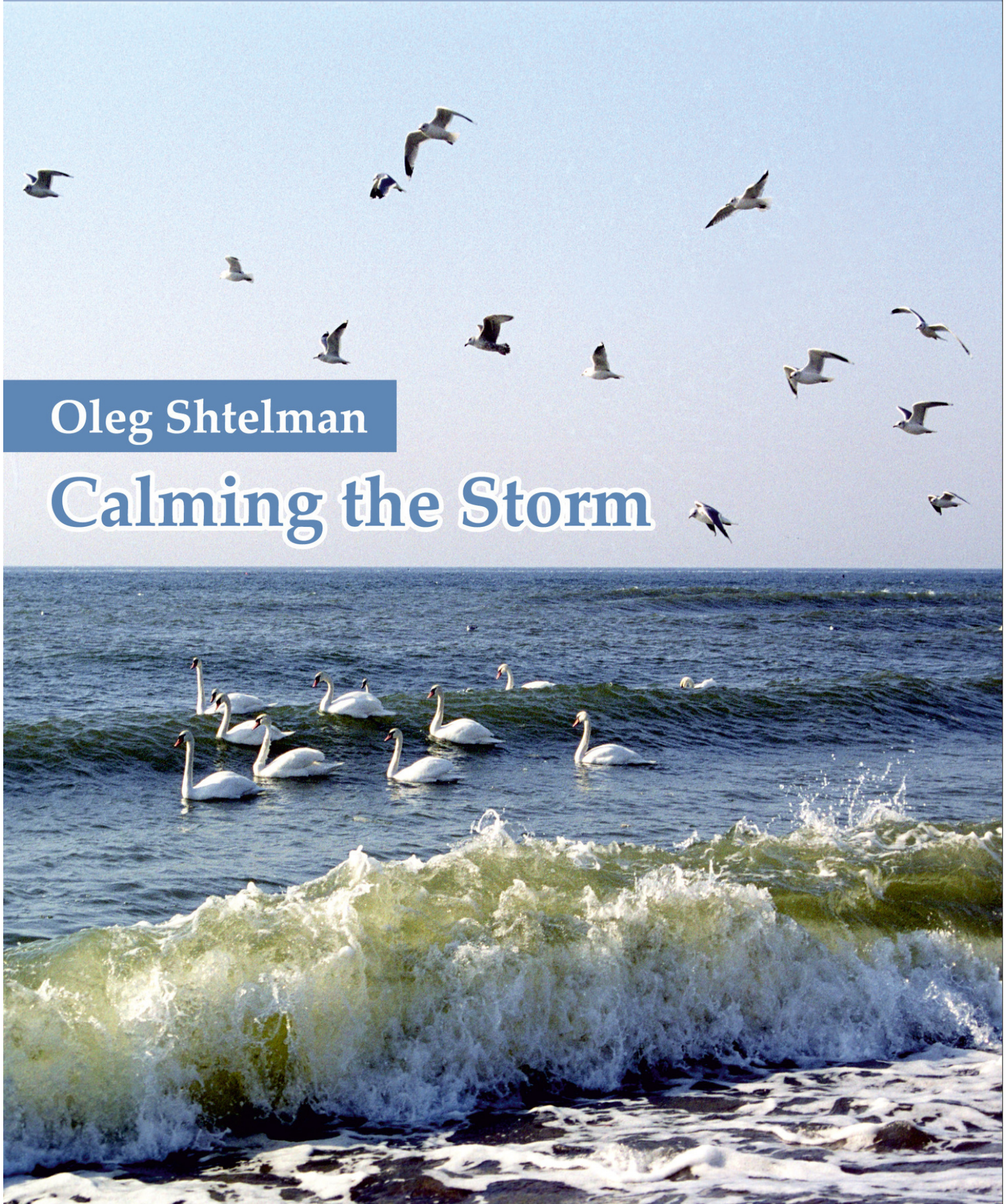


London Prize presents



Oleg Shtelman

Calming the Storm



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Calming the Storm

«ИП Березина Г.Н.»

2020

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Shtelman O.

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This book represents an author's collection. Touching, sad, and faith-filled poetry will help the readers to think deep over eternal, joyful, and beautiful matters. The people who came to God became the prototype characters of the poetry. They live, rejoice, suffer, and still remain human. The rhyme of the verses is correct, well-adjusted, thus reading is not only bringing pleasure, but also makes one think of many things: about life and death, good and evil, the faith and human values.

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Oleg Shtelman

Calming the Storm

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Poetry

The Happiness

A man is born into this world,
It dwells, gets strong, surviving,
Towards the happiness, this road
Is all what he is striving:

Towards the mountains to conquer,
To love, to glory, and the wealth
To force the enemies to fear,
To stay in power's control shells.

Still, there's a problem here today,
This happiness is flipping,
Like water – it just drifts away,
Like sand through fingers slipping.

Is it an enemy to blame,
Insidious case you're fighting?
Where is the safety beacon's fame
From all this mess inside you?

It happens so that only one,
A peak abandoned in thought,
Unbowed, it still stays alone,
Only a soul of it's lord.

And very often, this same man,
It's own enemy becomes,
Living for years, even then,
Misses solution in a glance.

An answer in what Christ has taught,
In simple things He asked to follow,
That's hidden in your heart and thought,
In His to us so humble calling.

And there is harmony of soul,
As being born in heart so pure,
Will thirst for silence of the Lord,
And towards Him will open door.

And there is an immortal love,
That costs much more than diamonds,

And there's eternity's embow,
And passionless talent's finding.

And there is real power there,
As it's a miracle from God,
To stay in control of one's being everywhere,
No greater power man has got.

That happiness – inheritance so peaceful,
The simple things for us in store,
Next to eternity, so quiet and blissful,
It's where the Christ is calling His friends for.

18.08.2017, Šiauliai, Lithuania.

The Christmas Miracle

The Earth has taken shelter of the night
And all the ways drown deep inside,
All voices became silent and the eyes are closed tight
Under the power of the darkness falling wide.

Then sound of the heavens opened doors —
Along to hymn of solemn winds so strong
A glorious angel came to Earth
And many choirs sang along:

– “Oh, people, people! Praise the God!
He came to you with love
To find a way to people’s hearts,
A little child sent from above.”

The constellations move in skies above,
And Milky Way has made a different turn
To city of the Bethlehem it ran
To manger where the baby has been born.

The star has been born in the night to stay —
There is a banner in the wondrous skies,
Kings with the camels are on their way
As every heart to cradle so aspires.

And all the shepherds, next to flocks they sit
Next to a manger they all see
An infant-God and Christ they watch in it
As their lambs so quietly bleat.

And He just watches them with light so pure
And gives the joy He has for all inside.
Mother of God, just like a moon through door,
Reflects all glory with her divine light.

What shall one give to baby Christ,
How can one show the love so strong?
– Live with your hearts all pure inside,
Gifts – acts of faith that come along!

Christ's Commandment

As He prepared the Apostles,
To the covenant of the new Easter,
With love, He tried to fill their hearts,
With fire so bright and blissful.

And knowing that the time has come,
Last moment that's deciding,
And that the light of sun's gone down,
A coming of an hour terrible.

Rose from the supper and took of
The clothes he was in,
And then picked up a towel clean,
And sink with water filled.

And He began to wash their feet,
Of disciples beloved,
And wiping of with towel, saw them sit,
With eyes of so much yearning.

Comes up to Simon Peter as He says,
“Give me your feet, my brother?”
Apostle, hesitating, sways:
“Lord, you do not wash them, rather.

As all the hosts, they have the slaves,
To wash the feet of strangers,
We must respect you, so it says,
And wash the dust remaining.”

“This, what I am doing now,
Will be revealed as time passes by,
If I won't wash your feet by now,
You will not be a friend of mine.

Neither a part to share with me,
That for my children I prepare.
And here is covenant I give,
Accept it free with greatest care.”

And Peter then exclaimed to Him:
„Not only feet, my Lord,
My hands and head can be washed too,
If only you so want.“

„To those who washed only feet left
To wash and then he is all clean.
And you are pure, oh, friends of mine,
Still one of you remains unclean within.“

Since you believe that here I am,
A teacher and the Lord,
Then to each other do it then,
What you have seen and learned.“

By hearing His disciples talk,
Of who has more in acting,
Of who belongs to greater flock,
And thus, should be respected,

The Christ has told, hearing them talk:
„The Kings, – they have the world encircled,
And those who got under this flock,
Are proud to wear the purple.“

Our Benefactor! – people say,
As filled with much delight.
An opposite among you may
Just dwell and live its side.

And one who wants the greatest be,
Just work as less the greatest.
And to serve everyone, – be free,
A chief of all the eldest.

It's common to believe for men,
That one who's put above,
And lesser, what can be said then,
One serving less somehow.

And here I stand among you now,
As one who came to serve,
From God into this world with love,
I speak for you to learn.

Commandment, here I give to you,
Yes, you do love each other,
And they will recognize you too,
As you're in Christ, my brothers.

A foundation of faith it is,
It's where the laws should stand upon,
A cornerstone is what I am —
You're like backwaters to hold on.

And here my love, I give to you,
Inheritance for you it may,
It leads me towards blood and through,
There's no other solution or a way.

And towards death, Golgotha for you all,
And those who come in future days,
My love will die when hour takes its toll,
And will arise on the third day.

I am a Lamb of God for men,
The one that will be slain as time will come,
From power of the evil, judges so unfair,
From those who slyly slander everyone.

All what I do, I do for you,
A covenant, it must be kept in care,
So not in vain, I test you through,
When a death hour will be there.“

By then, the Judas walked at night,
With crowd to Christ in joyous waving,
Executioners by his side,
He kissed the Lord, betraying.

The devil finished with his trap,
Made out of evil hearts,
And in his judgment like satrap,
He fell through his own thoughts,

It is a trap one he will fall into, he made,
Disastrous times he carved,
He walked all time towards his fate,
Golgotha he prepared.

2017.

We are not Orphans

Living with the worldly troubles,
Day by day across may fly,
Feeding from the earthy staples,
We don't see the God in sight.

Thinking that we own the world of God,
As Creator as if put aside,
Not for Him the Lyras play from heart,
And not for Him the souls bloom inside.

And thinking that we are the kings,
By learning laws, as we believe,
Of some unknown nature origins
A godlessness reproach we give.

Out of the soil we are ashes and the dust,
From which the Lord has made us all,
Our merits there are none, see it at last,
Our Father gave it all to people, free for all.

Just anyone of us, if he or she were God,
Would hit the globe with mighty fist,
And filled with fear, in an instant nod,
They would become Creator's slaves, at least.

The Lord has acted in another way,
And sent His only and beloved Son,
A worthy creator of love, He had His say,
Wishing for peace for everyone.

Not to punish or throw in perdition,
But to help us see what we are, why and how,
To serve to people, give a recognition,
To open up the door to Heavens with great love.

No need for slaves made out of fear,
As „children“ He is calling us with care a Father gives,
A heart that's filled with love so dear,
Our Father knows, it is a greatest gift one can receive.

We are not orphans anymore,
We have the Father that's in Heaven,
Just open up your heart's unlocked door,
As your gift back to Him that you are sending.

He is giving a hint on His own,
That anyone who lives in this world,
With a purest heart learns what is known
What Determinant for us all got.

One should learn with his heart to see,
Hearing all words that He says.
Those who seek for truth, he will fill,
Those who thirst for truth – get the ways.

All the answers to the questions are here,
And a different world we shall see,
When in dear God born again,
Then the peace of mind we shall bear.

What Will Save The World?!

It is very often that we ask ourselves:
– What can save this world? in disputing,
We answer in abstracts, wise, as if from book shelves,
In order to let the evil be smashed by beauty.

Even if love can save our world,
What do we mean in reality? —
An earthy love by this world crowned,
With its reveling in fatality.

Forgetting of who this world has created,
And whose laws are existing in it,
Inert people with hearts of dark radiating,
In passions and pleasures compete.

And still, with everything told,
Lord has mercy for all people living,
For everyone's souls in sunrise unfold,
In changes to happen, He is believing.

Let us trace the blindness and the bliss away,
And open up our eyes from this oblivion sleep,
And towards Heavens and the truth, let's have our say,
And leave what should be left and keep what is to keep!

Just like a mother, caring for her little one,
This way our Lord is taking care of men out there,
He feeds, gives water, clothes, we are not alone,
As His strong hand is holding us with care.

Yet, some will say in disbelief,
– I always feed myself alone,
And if my bed, I will not leave,
Who carries food to my own home?!

Of course, it's right, and there is truth,
But hurry up to take a look around,
At all this world so wise, easy to get confused,
My friend, that's where all what we take is found.

How do you really see the God?!
What would you like to believe in:
You're staying upon sofa, deep in thought,
And He's your servant that has to come in.

A cup of wine?! Or maybe some more beer?!
A roasted meat, and lobsters come along,
And you are chewing, drinking, as you steer,
Of what else should be quickly done.

As you are stuck in your TV,
Cheering for your favorite soccer team,
And your harem you cherish with the eyes that see,
Proclaiming: I believe just as I seem!

Alas, the lazy are not in God's favour,
And even the forefather Adam,
Living in Paradise, was hard in labour,
And God the Father always worked along.

In Sacred Scriptures we can read:
That God has worked hard for six days,
Creating world of beauty so complete,
Our Father rested on the seventh day.

Just tell me, isn't it a miracle we see,
That sun is rising in the morning?!
Confess, has it been done by you and me?!
Of course, the gifts from God, as you're learning.

Yet, isn't it just great when evening falls
And when the young moon comes or moon of late,
And all the stars with crystals scattered rolls
Beloved Heavens with rare beauty decorate.

The Earth is growing wheat for you and I,
The beet and cabbages' harvest,
A soil will feed from bits of raining from the sky,
Filling the rivers and the oceans with no rest...

And there it's filled with different fish,
The gifts of Sea are miracles to follow!
All metals to be found inside, turquoise,
As hands of men will seek inside the soil.

One finds the diamonds and the oil, gifts from God,
And gas, the marble, and cement...
Live, love, and work straight from your heart,
Remember of eternity and of its covenant.

Yet, men cannot just live in peace,
And passions of this world cannot allow,
To break away from pride and let it be beneath,
To live free until all these chains fall.

Here is the hatred and malice,
Hence, envy and the slander,
Insatiable maw that's never pleased,
From dusk till dawn, it is pounding.

Giving birth to the wars, destruction, and death,
The tears of widows like a river flow.
But those with money only hear them less,
Of others' grief they never know.

And, therefore, I'm here arguing today,
And what I'm trying here to tell always:
It's only Christ that saves this world, I say,
In hymns to Lord, I'll give my sincere praise.

I'm sure that everything will have another start,
Once our world a call of Christ will hear
Living according to Commandments left by God,
There'll be no pain, no misery, no fear.

Yet, they will ask, how will it happen, whether?
How will it suddenly arrive?
Let's learn to live in God together:
Once there is love, it starts to strive.

A family's father will not fornicate,
One husband, one wife, no betrayal and tears,
No drinking, no fighting, no tyranny's hate,
As Man acts as guardian of family's peace.

And mother with a dove of tender heart,
Living for husband and her children,
With her eye poignant and sharp,
With love of wisdom will obey.

And people with their kindness pure,
Will start to be there for each other,
There'll be no place for grief at all,
All countries will behave like brothers.

An end to war, to robberies just no more chance,
A covenant of Christ, a covenant of love,
For all the Divine Law at once,
Will be for centuries from God above.

The gardens then will start to bloom for joy,
For simple men and those who wisdom hold,
A sweetness of a paradise may then return,

That's what bequeathed to our fathers as foretold.

Then people will hear a voice so eternal,
A call of God's Son, a call of dear Christ,
Immortal call accept as you are turning
And then in Him you all shall resurrect.¹

¹ (Psalm 113, Verse 5, Church Slavonic)

Let's Talk About Truth

I

Every single mind, sooner or later,
Seeks for an essence of earthly existence,
And with a kindness, struggling in waiting,
One thirsts for that truth seen in a distance.

It's a crucial matter for one's heart and a mind,
To learn of an essence of things in each fashion,
By opening door of a knowledge to find,
To choose only truth, avoid capture in passions.

A lot of roads to walk on Earth with different labels,
Yet towards truth, there's only single road to learn.
„Will seek to enter in, and shall not be able“,²
Even though road of truth, it takes no turn.

And every day, by fighting just like on frontline,
By making choice through all what is around —
Upon the scaffold standing with the truth alive,
Or standing with a lie, stuck in a feast of crowd.

A year after year, through cold and thunderstorms,
We shall meet our time of wisdom as we learned a lot.
Not as the ones who cherished dreams in hearts forlorn,
But as the ones who have been tested by satan and God.

II – A Lie

A lie, it's alike to a poisonous snake,
Just like rum, man's mind intoxicating,
Here gives a birth to children without break,
In passion's heart, it finds it's home awaken.

A lie, it always hides the first birthright,
And strives for power, never taking turns,
By hiding ugliness beneath the face of light,
It twirls everything inside just like a storm.

² (Luke 13, 24)

It always slanders against truth
„Just look how holy is I am!“ – of herself she's screaming
For bloodshed battles, it confuses,
Calling along „for truth“, it sees, life has no meaning.

And now, as she is ready for sweet speech,
Lie always has the lips of sweetest honey,
Adroitly weaving traps of words unreached,
To nowhere it always beckons so many.

And then, as always, rivers made of blood are shed,
And through the ruins all great minds cry,
And at the broken trough we shall be always sat,
Forgetting once again, now who are you and I?

III – The Truth

The truth without a colour or a taste you're feeling,
Like water from a purest source,
This is what makes it mighty and so healing,
With power of a greatest Doctor's worth.

The truth is modest and unselfish as it is,
Only a heart of pure it all can comprehend,
A gaze so sober always finds and sees,
The silence of this secret understands.

The truth, it does not ever need crusades, The fire and a sword are far
from truth.
He quietly says: „Put up again thy sword into his place,“³
Be strong in Truth, and faithful may you be”.

The truth does not hit, it does not demean,
A shelter of love there may everyone find,
It only gazes through, the silence from within,
So bitterly, for all upon the Cross it's crucified!

Truth does not smolder, won't grow older for a fact,
Sometimes for three days it may fall asleep,
And on the third day's coming it will resurrect
The ones who chose the road of truth to keep.

³ (Matthew 26,52; John 18:11)

IV – The Aim

The lie has an aim, just like always before,
In Paradise once towards people it came,
Sweetly deceitful with hope's taste in store,
With deadly plaque it came engraved.

Since those times and even still by now,
Inside a dream in vain, drunk way through,
They dream of being God without God somehow,
By marrying satan in spirit as they do.

By fireworks, mirage, and by the smoke,
All stupefied with beauty that is false,
In pulls one to an edge of an abyss within a stroke,
By covering the path to Heavens with it's stance.

To deprive the saint sons of all inheritance they have,
This good stepfather knows what he is doing:
Throw them into despair of abyss's endless well,
To shut them in abyss forever, dark and looming.

V

The aim of Truth is same as it has been before,
In Paradise so sweet He told Adam to live,
And told him just to keep in hope and therefore,
With heart of wisdom faithfulness to give.

Despite so many fallings,
Malice, the slander, and the fuss,
God wishes good for all the children fallen,
And let them call Himself just when they're confused.

So people, as they see the light once more,
A light of divine truth, of love, and simple things,
Are living full of courage as they seek the answers for
In a refection of God's beauty, each of them may cling.

Here, in such a holy union with God,
Renewing inner harmony of soul,
A man adores fully with expanse at heart,
An immense height of God he is to follow.

To taste infinity's eternal gift we're having,

God's filial power to feel through as much,
And once for all to step from century into forever, —
A depth of immortality to touch!

Šiauliai, Lithuania. 2013.

How Many Times by Now...

How many times by now they told the world:
A string of death is in a sin of man;
And do not make yourself an idol, we are told,
Otherwise, a misfortune comes up then.

Yet, little man is just like fly,
It strives to get into with head apart,
Ears do not hear and cannot see it's eye —
A Covenant divine, given by God.

Dumas at Tsar Nicolas II's Portrait

A portrait painted in gray that's getting less,
With wonder loving, simple and with care,
A great King with a fatherly caress,
Is looking at you, the spectator, through his stare.

The military uniform with aglets,
Honour rewards – the orders that he wears.
Of him they sang the hymns, cantonic outlets —
The times of gold those were, I must confess.

Yet, in a moment, like tornado, in a crowd of people,
A proud ardour of the mind has played it's role,
And holy son, just like a rootless slave is weeping,
Got drunk with sin and mind has lost it's call.

The oath upon allegiance is trampled down
Slyness, cowardice, and deceit
Have brought the death, destruction, poverty all around
Enveloped in the lying charm inside.

A buzzing crowd threatens strictly with a fist,
With dream insane their eyes did shine,
They wish to live without God, no least,
And without Sovereign King they want to strive.

The speakers hover above crowds,
With playful lies the souls they beckon:
“We walk so free, we are allowed!” —
With words of fables they reckon.

“It is an end, you holy” – enemy rejoices through fire,
In the alarm it shouts: “I captured you all!
The Tsar, a heart of Russia entire,
Will die... and all his people then shall fall!”

And someone's hand, so ruthless and so cheeky,
With iron muscle upon death it stood,
Wishing for blood to see, in final clicking,
The thirst has been fulfilled to see more blood.

And Tsar has asked: “Have no revenge, my friends.
I seek my only merits before God instead
I'll finish deadly bowl to a bottom's end —
A crown I shall wear upon head!”

He prayed for them, eyes full of tears:
“Forgive them all, they are deceived,
Lured by sweet speeches in their ears,
May their leaders be forgiven”.

Monarch has loved it's people and the Mother Russia,
With much more passion than he loved himself
For them he prayed to Christ, asking Messiah,
With love, he drank the bitterness of sufferings he had to dwell.

He knew the Scriptures, knew the words of Christ so well:
As soon as seed will reach the soil at feet,
Then it will die just to arise from soil again,
As much more grains will grow out of it.⁴

The Russian field will spire from then on,
According to the kind of given seed,
And just like sea it will roam strong,
With flocks of gold, without chaff in it.

Without chafes, it still cannot be there,
As Christ has told in Parable of seeds in words alone,
A field left alone in immutable care,
For time of harvest before Judgment will be done.⁵

A century has passed already and the field marvels on,
The domes of temples in their glory,
The people with the Walk of Cross move on,
And to the Russian Tsarthey give their glory,

A portrait for an icon they are changing,
Singing the prayers of a beauty pure and strong,
All by the holy prophecy's foretelling,
His family is gently glorified along!

And faithful ones who followed the King —
For death and truth who always stood their wages,
Have fallen towards ground with gift unseen,
By shining with immortal light through ages.

A lengthy path of victory achieved,
It seems it should be like a dawn rising high,
Just like a banner for all people that have ever lived,
The truth that's one for all, for you and I.

Yet, there are strange things we can see:

⁴ Evangelic Parable of Seeds (John, 12, 24)

⁵ Evangelic Parable of the Sower, of wheat and chafes (Matthew 13, 24–30; 36–43).

The portraits of the ones who took the lives before
Are hanging honoured right where the people sit,
And in the rooms of government and then at every door.

And in every town and every place,
A great genius and a villain can be met,
Watching from monuments always,
Calling to Mausoleum with his cap hung from head.

A lesson from the history has not been learned,
Yet, still the dawn comes so soft and tender,
A time will come, God's name they'll carry on,
And Russian Tsar will be remembered.

Without chafes, it still cannot be there,
As Christ has told in Parable of seeds in words alone,
A field left alone in immutable care,
For time of harvest before Judgment will be done.⁶

* * *

Together with the Virgin Mary,
A Mother of the Earth they call,
They pray to her Son in a glory:
Oh, dear Lord, forgive us all!

Remember us the sinners,
Protect the ones we love,
The souls inconsolable
Give us the strength now from above.

By faith and by the prayer, —
We shall keep the world good,
May it will sound will love —
A hymn of Motherhood!

⁶ Evangelic Parable of the Sower, of wheat and chafes (Matthew 13, 24–30; 36–43).

A Prayer to Virgin Mary

Oh, Mary, a Mother of God,
Say a prayer for our world!
It forgot a covenant of love,
With the son of darkness it has got along.

It hates and slanders against each other,
It kills or it cripples all in half,
A son rose against father
It poured a golden idol-calf.

There is no Motherland or church,
As all Ham's children have been born,
A bile and emptiness in words they touch,
Their hearts with awful deceit burn.

Oh, Mary Virgin, Mother of God,
Say a prayer for our world, we call,
Ask the Holy Son from all our heart,
To send us peace, once and for all!

The Cook

In one monastery of the saints,
Which are so many through the world,
Worked special cook, he was not faint,
With eastern blood in every thought.

He was all pleasant with his soul,
He cooked so fine and baked the bread,
Ways how with four he there followed, —
Was something that nobody ever knew or had:

Pancakes, the cakes, and loaf bread,
An Easter cake, – he could persuade,
Whatever's called, it wasn't bad,
Without books, he cooked so great.

A merry one, he liked the jokes,
And always spoke without angry speech,
And just like vegetables stewed in oven he would poke,
He clearly knew the borders he should never reach.

And then they suddenly announce to me,
That he is buried in a ground, he is gone.
In his last journey they have sent him
And it was only me who wasn't timely told.

I was away from home and way too far,
And even though I was no relative if ever,
I still felt saddened with a mental scar,
As soul of cook was gone forever.

I went to church to light a candle,
And asked for funeral service,
Sat on a bench at the door's handle,
And our talks saw through my eyes.

The way we sat in this same place,
The way we spoke about life,
Discussing all the worldly ways,
For sentence for an evil we both strived.

I asked him, where you're coming from?
And how did you come up to God?
I lived my life and I have found my home
With those who came with Moses and apart.

Across the Black Sea full of wonders,
For forty years walked on straight,
I was with God as grief would pounder,
Striving to live in new world's shade.

In Belarus I have been born,
And right before the war would start,
I suddenly became an orphan,
As my own home was torn apart.

I lived with very distant aunt of mine,
A little village, not so far from Minsk,
I got along with family of hers so fine,
And there I went to school to study.

As war came, I have only turned thirteen,
Fascists are everywhere with awful grief at feet,
They took us boys and there we were, fifteen,
To dig the soil next to forest as they always did.

To dig a trench so much deep,
To cover the ones killed right there,
They lead someone, I turn pale and weep,
The Jews for the death they prepare.

They lived in a village next from there,
A community whole and a Rabbi then.
They put them. Veins shake in a stare.
When suddenly German comes up to them,

Beckoning Rabbi with his finger,
He said: "You tell-them-any-word!" in barking voice,
He looked up all with awful fiery ginger,
Gave sweets to girls and all the little boys.

And as behind the Rabbi he then stood,
I thought of teacher right away:
What out of his heart he took,
What precious he'd still carry to this day.

And then a world, just like a diamond shone,
Flashing with priceless single line of word,
Arrested spoke like thunderstorm,
Shining like lighting, like an arrow's cord:

"The friends of mine, my fathers and my brothers!
The sorrow came here for a reason bold,
Misfortune comes from times that are much farther,
And comes from hand that has been dealt by God.

Because back then our ancestors,
Have crucified the Christ of God,
Our branches have been cut from nesting,
By Father from the common rod.

And may today with our blood,
Baptized in God, baptized in Christ,
Forgive us and accept our love in heart,
Accept our souls in the Heavens high”.

He pulled the trigger, one who stood behind,
And quickly bullet flashed so near,
The Rabbi fell, only his curls' strands few high,
They played with wind knowing no fear.

His eyes have flown far into the lands unknown,
Where he has found eternity to bear,
As if they welcome him so far in purest love,
And God Himself appeared in front near.

The bullets few, ripping the flesh apart,
The bodies rose, then fell into the ground,
Filling the pit we made right from the start,
I closed my eyes in fear with each clicking sound.

So many years have passed since then, but still
I can't forget the woes of war survived,
And those who died there against their will,
And Rabbi still enchants my aching mind.

I take him as my own God-father since that time,
Because with word of faith, he gave me light,
With fateful act he did, he made me feel alive,
Waking me up for reason that has source deep inside.

I ran away to Monastery here back then,
Throughout entire war I stayed there,
I worked hard as if minister, and when,
They gave me my own Monastery's cell with care.

Of course, I was baptized right away,
The scriptures I would start to learn,
I learned to cook by then in my own way,
A censer in a temple's kindle I would burn.

Carpenter's work I did and sew the clothes,
Chopping the wood without being proud,
A little joke at times without being nose,

Some use in everything in life somehow I always found.

The war has ended, then it went for once,
I fell in love with girl I came to know,
By tasting sufferings and sweet of thirst romance,
I took her as my destiny to love.

The children have grown long time ago,
And through the world they have walked away;
And drinking wine of life to end, my love,
She went away to God, to Light, in her own day.

A Monastery-pier is calling me once more,
To come here every time and then it feels so true,
Now I shall leave, – memories will open every door,
So I shall end my destiny's telling here for you.

The tears have covered the shapes of churches tops,
And then I thought that maybe it is he,
In Heaven's temple made of apse,
Along with Rabbi give a stare at me.

I know for sure – there in Lord's Home,
He and the Rabbi met again.
Listing through pages of my memory alone,
Of all the earthly days I think.

They thank the Master of this world,
For giving light through their way,
A lyre of God the hearts have touched;
Enlightened with the truth each day.

Remember them in our prayer,
As they will pray for our names,
For standing through each battle's layer,
For all beloved and for every hour that came.

Our Heavenly Father, in a light so full of wonder,
The souls of rebels, give them peace,
And show to all that through the Earth still wander,
A perfect craft of divine, I ask Thee please.

November 2016.

Eternal Spring

The Spring, it caresses with light,
And then the blood so young,
Shy with a bouquet kept so tight,
It meets the love so strong.

Along with singing of Spring birds,
The gardens in full bloom,
The priceless whisper and the thoughts,
The gifts of moment's loom.

Towards the summer leaving,
Into the meadows wealthy cling,
All dressed in shades of greenest,
As nightingales will sing.

It strengthens, it grows, and it bestows,
It feeds and shares the gifts it has,
It comforts and enchants with love,
And towards Autumn lays its path.

In beauty transcendental,
A gold will scattered fly,
With widow's tear not mending,
At times it sometimes cries.

As gracious as pavé,
Like parade it will flow,
With cheers and shouting "Bravo!",
With star, it will then fall.

A nature in quiet hover,
With emptiness of trees,
With snowflakes it will cover,
With blizzard suddenly sings:

That snow is melting soon,
Earth wakes as droplets ring,
Creator rules the world —
Where there's eternal Spring.

The songs, ballads

Taming The Storm

The shores are fading in the distance,
A boat serves them well and obeying
It floats towards blue all so blissful
A middle of the East it is being.

The speech of Apostles as they sail the sea,
Are quietly murmuring like brooks in a fold
They marvel at miracles that they all see
At all of the glorious acts of the Lord.

The world of the sea comes alive all around,
And God, the Messiah, it meets
And cries of the birds in the skies make a sound:
“Hosanna, our Lord, and the Christ!”

The waves are like hands of a Virgin, the Mary,
So lightly that small boat drove,
And sun is like mother that kisses the baby,
So gently it caresses Christ, our Lord.

He sleeps ahead of boat at top,
Head bowed at the stern,
As in the sleigh, the Lord, our God,
So humble lies just like poor kern.

Suddenly a wind has been picking,
Chasing the wave after wave,
The bottomless waters awaking,
With natural strength misbehave.

The sky so harshly has frowned
As lightnings are flashing from eyes
A terrible word came like thunder
My mandate – get Him crucified!

And waters from the deepest kyle,
Has spattered the boat with saliva.
And waves like the armies of vile,
Was ready to swallow alive.

“Oh, Lord, save us, from dying!
The boat is in deathly cadence” —

Apostles in fear are crying,
As depth in its roar triumphs.

King – Pilot rebelled from His sleep:
– “Where is your faith simple as rule?”
That fear you the waves wild and deep
And souls are filled with murmur?”

And then with His power appealed to the storm,
At Him, the entire world trembled:
Calm down, the wild waters, and waves take a turn
Calm down the wind – turn to amble!”

The silence has fell all around,
The wind became calm from the shame,
Got quiet and does not make a sound
And sea hardly breathes, all tamed.

And those who were sat in a boat,
Are asking each other: “Who is it?
Dictates to the nature within single thought,
So humble, the world one is claiming”.

The oars are playing and creaking so lonely,
Raking all water in circles,
Coming to an end of an uncalm journey,
A peacefulness now it is searching.

A moon has already arrived at the shore
And everywhere stars shine so bright
And shore meets them all with so pure
And solemn silence inside.

The Holy Spirit Monastery. 2000.

The Ballad of the Vilna Martyrs

*Dedicated to the suffering of martyrs Anthony, John, and Eustache
(names in paganism are Kumets, Nezhilo, and Kruglets).*

In Lithuania so ancient and wild,
Where the thorns and thistles have raised,
Where sacrifices were made to demons of vile,
Where the pagan ancient gods have been praised.

A priest-monk appeared out of the blue,
In a prayer and labour he truly believed,
The weeds he destroyed all way through,
An example of life of a saint he lived.

And in the good soil he sowed,
Not sparing all the sacred seeds,
With faith the harvest he brought,
Before sunrise he stood on his feet.

And the Orthodox Faith grew,
Attracting hearts from inside.
And in King's yard he would sew,
A monk of a pure divine light.

Two wondrous fellows so great,
In their hearts grief quickly leaked,
The large feast they kept in a shade,
Those who kept the Fasts truly strict.

Yet, then an unrest at the court
The pagans would rise one by one,
To King in a crowd they broke to behold:
“You answer or your head be gone!”

And King, he was lost in a fright,
Has captured those saints in prison.
He kept them for more than a year inside
And dreamt to break down their will and a reason.

In prison he often would come just to see
And gently he went as he says:
“My friends, you have to be simply like me!
Where Christ in my soul I praise.

This mystery I keep so deep and always,
I hid in my heart with no struggle or worry.

For idols they have, I give them my praise,
And honour them all in a glory.

Listen to the king, my friends!
Olgerd is wishing you only the good,
You'll have reward and honour at hands,
A sacrifice waits at the idol's foot."

They answered then without fear:
You're fearing no Christ in your heart.
Realize it at last, good King, our dear,
That the Universe has been made by God.

A praise just for him should be said,
Forever and ever with love.
Yet, idols to praise, cold and dead,
Is demons so sly, make them laugh.

And glory in time will collapse,
And body will crumble to dust,
Eternity as a strict judge,
Will make final judgment at last.

In chains, with Christ we all learn,
Dreaming of world of another.
With freedom our spirit burns,
In joy of eternal like brothers."

The rustle of magnificent oaks,
Like hymns of the winds in reply,
Of wondrous saints it spoke,
They hanged them on oak in a while.

Anthony was name of the one,
Who was the strictest of all in his heart
For glory of Christ, so great he would call,
Became first to appear next to God.

The other, called John, like a fighter
Inherited glory of crown,
Holding a victory up, bright as lightning,
Peace and a happiness our brother has found.

Eustathius, a relative close,
By power of saints surprised,
Baptized and sang to the God,
And all the vile idols despised.

The sinister people were mad,

A court of the vile appeared,
A judgment of truth should be laid,
For Christian people to fear.

“Beloved, courtier, the Kruglet! —
A pagan priest then has exclaimed, —
You’ve lost love of King that you had,
And with awful death yourself claimed.

Lithuanian gods did not follow,
And found the rage in their eyes.
Think twice with your mind so much shallow,
Are you wishful to them sacrifice?

Receive all the love from the court,
We are sorry for you, you can trust.
Repent! – we shall do as foretold,
In our arms we’ll accept you at last.”

“I choose to suffer with Christ,
Than brotherhood next to a demon”, —
The young sage instantly replied, —
“Our Heavenly Father, I’m dreaming,

A love so much sacred will rise,
In exchange for curse of the priests.
Your gods, you should soon realize,
Are sins and the vile, none the least.

The Holy, in Heavens, our Lord,
He is everywhere, always with me.
In chains, broken, poor and unheard,
I’ll praise him for as long as I’ll be.”

Beaming in his face like an angel,
Eustathius was crowned with a crown.
Among brothers he was the youngest,
And wisest he was among all men around.

An innocent heart that he had
He sealed for the Christ so much wise,
His beautiful youth of a lad,
He changed for eternal life in Paradise.

An ancient oak so heavily cried
A witness of their latest times.
And long time since then after while,
Upon tree, the three of them hanging.

They hung. Not allowed to put down,
So that beasts could tear them apart.
But the Lord who created alive, all around,
The saints were protected by God.

Then a cloud pillar has lit all from the shade
As the glory from Heavens revealed.
Our Lord, with His hand so glorious and great
To the Heavenly throne them concealed.

Oh, marvelous pillars of faith!
Through centuries faith Orthodox,
You would so faithfully claim it always,
Like golden ark built by the Noah.

Your bodies that will never perish
With no words, the praise to dear God they are giving,
A wondrous glory they sing to Creator,
Inspiring all good men that are currently living!

The Holy Spirit Monastery, Vilnius. 1997.

A Parental Hymn

The stars in the sky are shining so warm,
– By Lord, the Creator, these candles burn.
For souls of departed, for souls of the living,
Big, famous, simple for God, and poor even.

All world so much infinite, – a Divine temple
Wise and eternal, a God's gift example.
And this Milky Way will remind to each other,
That souls of departed are forever with Father.

The moon as a priest, may with smoke to them censer,
And voice full of joy may through Universe descending:
No names are forgotten ever by God
In that world each person in Him significance's got.

Dedicated to the 1000-th Anniversary of Russian monasticism on Athos

Those whom this world did not deserve,
Hid in the precipices deep,
Those sweet hymns world did not observe,
The God has heard the saints speak.

No higher music that our God can hear,
Born with a song in silent peace,
Where purest heart is ringing free,
Far from the sinful bustle bliss.

Chorus:
Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Have mercy upon us and keep us all safe,
We are walking through path that we've got,
Sanctify our path with Thy truest fame.

In mountains, the deserts, crevices so deep,
A judgment of world has reached its cadence,
To prayers so long, to an infinite weep
God heeded so gently with His providence.

Then prophets were born to the world,
The heroes, the kings, and even geniuses,
According to faith, their fateful lot,
To ashes with troops their kingdoms have perished.

Chorus.
Standing for the truth to death A birth where there is no perdition ever.
God's Spirit in the holy nests
Has taken them towards Eternal Light in Heaven.

And we shall learn by their faith,
The patience, courage, and the love,
Rejecting body passion for always,
Let's glorify till down, our God above.
Chorus.

Siauliai City, 2015.

Parable of the Hermit

There was a prisoner, the priest,
In walls of body all enchained,
A crate for all the rest restrained,
Only to God sings this artist.

Chorus:
Lord of the world, my Creator,
Your God-God-worshipersings to Thee,
With living water, please, refill me
And doors of heart reveal free.

As harp of heart is gently turning,
The strings of feelings gently touched,
With Godly memory he's burning,
With purest prayer mind attached.

Chorus.
This singer dwells in world another,
Although, at times we all can see,
A citizen of World, this brother,
A master of his own came to be.

Chorus.

April 3-rd, 2018.

Dedication

Dedicated to the Metropolitan Joseph Semashko (1798–1868) and 1.5 million uniates converted to Orthodoxy

For ages and ages our people in pain,
Have suffered from delusions for a while
The Latin roots kept them in chains
Under the yoke so strong and so vile.

The Byzantine is long time gone,
Only the crumbs remaining.
There's only thing in their eyes, a thorn —
The Slavic prayer's reigning.

But providence of God's love and will,
His only Holy Son,
Was just like "salt" to them revealed,
A quiet light, shining like sun.

Upon the Holy Christmas Eve
In Little Russia, as we learn,
Along to wondrous bells that ring,
The glorious shepherd's born.

Joseph was born by destiny
In gentry roots concealed
Doomed as a uniate is he,
As told by father's will.

But honey bee collects always
Nectar from fragrant flower's bell,
And then we know that there are days
When poisonous ones are met as well.

And as he studied, as he grew
In Gospel science he has found use,
Prelate of Christ, he then came through
In Spirit and in Truth!

Rejecting faith of princes that they tried to hang,
Along with traps of them so sly,
A nightingale of Spirit sang —
A song of Truth inside his cry.

And once upon the ship he came,
As helmsman tall, ascended on

And people called after his name
To reach towards the father's home,

And with this truth omnipotence
Connected by the love
"Rejected by the violence
To heavenly powers above.

They told us: guard it with no rest,
This Holy Faith we're given,
An Orthodoxy serve each breath
To Holy Truth as we are living.

Oh, our faith of glory great,
The greatest of the ruling ways,
Inside the spirit's strength you find,
Oh, Orthodox, it's our Faith!

A strength of spirit lies in it concealed,
In Orthodox ways, all of you may live.

In Glory of Boris and Gleb

Of whom shall we sing, oh, the children of Rus,
With pure love, fraternal and great,
Whose souls to us like the dew drops come through,
With history so sweet relate.

This story is both very bitter and sweet,
Up to the Heavens has reached their glory.
A great example for saints, it serves, indeed,
To the glory of Gleb and the Boris!

Two Abels – the brothers of an innocent fate,
In wickedness of Cain, the brother,
You are salt of the Earth, so endless and great,
With honour so holy and quiet like no other.

The Sons, the Peacemakers, the covenant of Christ,
You are the martyrs so great,
Warm hearts of the people in prayer that rises,
And may all the wars in oblivion fade.

Mother – Byzantium! Daughter – The Russia Holy

The spring has come, the church bells are ringing,
The temple is hearing an Easter's call singing.

Chorus:

Mother-Byzantium! Daughter – the Russia Holy.
Upon the ashes of Faith, on my path I walk only.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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