

Poetry Series

Markelov Vladimir
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Markelov Vladimir(1958)

Vladimir Markelov.

V. Markelov, DM - the modern Russian poet was born 21-01-1958 in a small village near to Finland. His father, the military man, was the participant of Great War with Germany (1941-1945) . Now lives in Kazan, Tatarstan, Russia.

The majority of poems are written in style of irony, grotesque, a joke, basically in Russian. Its known poem 'Helicopter' is written in style of neoacmeism, devoted to the destiny of the Russian families, lost their children in War with Afghanistan.

Recently it is keen by translations into Russian of the American and English poets (Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, Byron, Allen Ginsberg, Wallace Stevens, William Blake and others) , and also wrights the Limericks. The most part of creativity is devoted to poems for children.

After The Flood. Limerick.

Snow has covered all primeval wood.
Shaggy Yeti was just in the mood.
Fresh meat clamping by paw...
(Not such as in a store,
Where he'd worked as a boss till The Flood) .

Markelov Vladimir

Autumn In Russia.

The wood seems to be tired.
Preparation of all alive to the lingering somnambulist.
Disturbing feelings of forthcoming separation, loss.
The last elaborate trees apparel in yellow-orange-purple colors.
Autumn had sewed to the trees exclusive sundresses.
And they flaunt, as if brides at the fair.
But tomorrow they will be shamelessly naked
by the severe husband November.
...Hard, gray-haired tresses of grasses had stretched along
a cooling down body of the earth –
the old mother-wet nurse.
Bustle of all alive. It's no time to run into a stupor
with silly contemplation of the rash nature's changes.
The senior brother of November is even more harsh.
Struggle for a survival comes from subconsciousness...
Cold lead jets flow downwards from the sky-watering can.
The empty, decomposed bird's-nest-caps are based upon
forgotten old pegs-antlers.
Sensation of the cold, the fallen asleep unreality...
Like winter landscapes of Brueghel.
Only fur-trees as an old maidens-votaries are majestically quiet.
The God is mercy.
He had allowed them not to remove the green dresses.
And tomorrow the house-keeper of November will cover
the traces and marks of marriage-night
by white sheet.
Birches, maples, aspens will fall asleep at last...
Till the Spring...

Markelov Vladimir

Commune Of Russia.

Country log hut
Has made itself comfortable
upon a warm belly
of the pregnant mother-ground.
Walls –
a snow-white shirt.
Plain underclothes -
are fragrant lime-boards,
covered by white porcelain clay.
Round eyes-windows:
Surprised, little bit naive.
Unsophisticated, yellow
Straw-cap on a head.
Full log hut of sturdy youngsters.
Cheerful laughter;
Pacification.
Wisdom and calm
faces of inhabitants.
Alarm clock - the Sun,
night-lamp - the Moon.

The Monster, Moloch...
Reinforced concrete boots;
Thick-legs Colossus.
Walls – the bulletproof
kevlar' hauberk-vest.
Mirror-visor
covers half-face..
No eyes...
Flat roof,
coated with tar;
From above - a tiled helmet.
Aggression, alertness ...
Commune of robots.
All are registered in one house,
are working together;
Are divided by a plastic partition;
incompatible systems...
Synthetic voice out of i-pod:

« Get up, the rabble! .. »;
Synthetic noodles from the "hobo-package".
Urgent mastication.
Metal-ceramic artificial dentures.
And, have'nt crossed –
Into a case of the lift, downwards,
hastily having trusted
the iron cable and electricity.
Children from test tubes;
silicone test tubes;
Silicone in breasts;
Breasts at posters;
Posters - above a toilet bowl.
Wow! The golden loo!
Rublevka, Malakhovka, Gorky-The-Two...
In the heart of the garden sits
The old man on a bench.
Once I had already seen these eyes...
Has recollected! - summer of twenty third!
Hi, Vladimir Ilyich! ..
Can't sleep? ! ..

(Rublevka, Malakhovka, Gorky-The-Two: Today - prestigious country settlements near to Moscow, some time before: vacation spot of the Kremlin' elite and V.I.Lenin)

Markelov Vladimir

Demiurges Monotony.

Sometimes it seems to him - he's not flying
between the Heaven, the Earth, the Underworld,
gathering the souls lost the way.
What a wonderful moment to lay upon a cloud, doing nothing!
The heart, like a metronome had showered by the seconds
the White'n'Black wheel of Eternity.
It's boring listen to the wounded bird shout,
Which has got stuck between spokes of that wheel.
Joker, having removed a cap, suddenly became the preacher.
The hornless deer have lost the taste of reindeer moss.
And the brain is blowing on by the bell of mosquito
squeak about 1000 decibels.
By the way, whence in heavens mosquitoes?
Revelation of heat: nor a brain, neither fried eggs.
And not right in the head.
It's a hundred to one you could not have drifted in the pool,
filled with a cold milk of a bat.
' Cause there is no swimming pool among
the heated desert's sands...

Markelov Vladimir

Disorders In Time.

It's not easy to stop the rolling time.
Maybe it's good to me –
to lean over a clock-hand?
In the middle of the way –
to fill a sand-glass by stones?
Eatin' the heart out while meditating ...
Recollecting the past...
To adhere to a pendulum
a burden of all insults gone through
the childhood?
Or it's easier to do nothing,
Having dissolved itself in eternity? ..
To do all it
that on my funeral
Toothless, bald schoolmates
could exclaim:
« Wow! He looks well!
Smooth skin, magnificent hair ...
Doc was born with a silver spoon in his mouth! .. »
...Boneheaded!
But I shall answer them:
« No, guys! I'm so tired as all get out.
Honest to God-
I always got drunk after midnight,
I usually smoked on three packs of cigarettes a day,
emptying a big cup-o-coffee...
Just keepin' the pot boiling
by drumming in funeral orchestra,
forever swore at relatives...
And clock, at last, have ceased resisting me.
All it has bothered it»...
But guys will not hear me.

Markelov Vladimir

Epitaphy (Amphybology)

The famous Poet here's lying.
Only but now his Masterpiece's dying.
You WILL not be at all forgotten,
And now your Dreams are in the Sky; well, go to'em!
No critics there are, no ratings.
To Paradise your Soul is flying.
And there, Last Terrible Court pending,
I almost know - it begins to cry.
Really if YOU will turn to ashes,
О h My The leader of the Liars,
Without your blue tattoo moustaches -
Sunset's not pleasing wetty eyes!
Key to your verses I shall eat,
You're slow-wided bag of meat!

to Yan Tairowsky

Markelov Vladimir

Is Night Gentle?

Night closes doors forever
Night cures my soul as a medicine
In Night should'nt be doubted ever
Night sense increases to everything
At Night you can shed your tears
At night we are flying to planets
At Night always deadens fears
At Night we are full of violence
At Night you will close embraces –
And Night this caress will cover
At Night you'll remove your dresses
And God blesses you, my lover
In Night rises dizziness and passion
At Night you're with itself alone
At Night - reign, you're free in action
At Night nothing keeps in your soul
Night reconciles spirits, right you're
At Night it is useless to wager

In Night it is stuffy and frightful
Tonight I shall leave you like voyager...

Markelov Vladimir

Ladybird

... Break a small stalk
which the ladybird's scramblin' on.
and, during that moment,
when it assiduously clambers,
spread her wings,
just now will fly up, -
you could change the top with a bottom.

Poor!

It again clambers upwards
endlessly...

people are the same....

It seems, the top is so close,
alas...: someone's severe hand
overturns your stairway.

creep again upwards,
if could remain on your feet at all ...

Markelov Vladimir

My Wish.

Please, don't create to itself an Idol
In freakish dreams, in the Universe.
Your lyre will fly off at the handle
Like blind Mole made a shitty verse.

Don't pick at wreath upon gravestone:
Perhaps, it's lovely to someone;
In night, having heard a spiteful howl,
Recall – d'you washed your anus in the morn?

Don't blow your nose a scarf so gloomy;
Though, influenza fries a brain.
Don't sing falsetto to the loony, -
Prefer him singing of the rain.

I know – may be it's very knotty –
From toilet bowl - to float clear stream.
It's silly, when you're more than forty –
To wind on distaff - your life string.

Markelov Vladimir

Return.

Desert all in blossom in September - -
I'll not meet with marvel face to face.
I shall pass out, reeling from the bounties
Of burnt, dry, and penetrating faith.

The grey thoughtful dust of rain is clinging,
Snugglin' up to my so fuming cage...
Rustling, as a feather-grass, and grieving
At the grave-yard - - silver steppe-n-stage.

I shall peer through autumn twilight frame,
Bit by bit remember, fate has willed ...
Night is fading; and disturbing flame - - is
Tossing his black mane upon the hill.

Markelov Vladimir

Simple Formulas Of Happiness.

BIRTHopen your eyes - beside the mum.

The CHILDHOODyou loved, surrounded by care.

ADOLESCENCE you loved, you love.

YOUTH dad catch the meaning at once.

The MATURE AGE here is someone about whom to care.

The ELDERLY PERSON ...You understand.

The OLD AGE here is someone, who cares about you.

BEFORE THE DEATH beside - someone from relatives.

Markelov Vladimir

Sleeplessness.

I'm very, very tired:
Helped the Moon to eat the Light.
First we bit it,
Soon completed,
Yawned...
...Have wished grandma good night.

Markelov Vladimir

There Is A Love...

There is a Love that lives in us and never ends.
There is a Love, by which we breathe and sing, like bird.
It's Love, when both of us are fallin'In love;
And when the other heart we've heard.

There is a Love that treats the soul by pleasing sound.
There is a Love that gives a life.
There is a Love - that tears can dry.
There is a Love that will not let ye down.

There is a Love that tenderly takes care of a dream.
There is a Love that saves you in your life-way.
There is a Love that gives a Wings.
There is a Love that inexhaustible.

There is a Love in stretched hands, gives birth to hopes.
There is a Love, that - in a pray before the night.
There is a Love that warms us in a snow.
There is a Love - that is the last and slender try.

There is a Love that banishes a fear when it's dark.
There is a Love - saves our life, to Hell we bring.
There is a Love - as bright a rainbow-arch.
There is a Love - a bloomin' of a garden in the spring.

There is a Love that is the Light, which to the eye is pleasant.
There is a Love that can restore a Faith -
And even Death is weaker than the Love....

And there is - an irreal Love, which is'nt present.

Markelov Vladimir

Upon Irene.

Gentle face bewitched me so:
Clear look, eyelashes a veil.
Years untimely was failed.
All, that earlier troubled soul-
You'll dismiss a grief to go,
Like a simple letter's mail.

Start ascension of exulting.
Threw away the yearn from heart,
And a languid days regarded,
You will smile so good, so mildly,
Brush off cheek a tears salty,
Squash in me the boiling blood.

Be aside of qualm, alarm.
Now you are one year wiser,
Purely, beauty and more nice.
And the aura of calm,
Like a warmly, wonder balm
From the depth of soul is rising.

Life is wonderful, and mainly –
All the days are not lived vainly!
Life's complete as honey-bowl, -
My Irene: I love you all! ! !

Markelov Vladimir