

Poetry Series

**Oleg Vorobyov**  
**- poems -**

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# Oleg Vorobyov(05.11.1970)

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# A Love That Lasts But Once

What a sustaining chance:  
A love that lasts but once!

The love I rest in her,  
To whom I life refer!

I wouldn't have survived  
But Love in which I'd thrived!

But now it is gone...  
Seems like I'm woe-begone.

Yet' it's a seeming side -  
With warmth I look behind!

She's like far, far away.  
My hair have gone gray...

Nay! Hold those moments dear! -  
She is not far but near!

A chance in chancy Being  
Is like a sated seeing

With aftertaste of sweetness,  
The mindful backward witness.

One love for life is given,  
The chance fair and even!

Oleg Vorobyov

# A Semblance Of Eden

Inhabiting a perishable canopy  
Wherein all tends to a point- of- no-return,  
I gather: there's somewhere and something,  
Some chimera, some bubble, sort of panoply,  
Where to each thing is ultimately bourne.

It's not milk-honeyed place for chosen few -  
It is for all, who durst to live and die:  
For John, for Lee, for owl, for curfew,  
For lake, for stone, for fire, and for yew, -  
Evanescent and lasting there apply.

Delirium haunts, and I'm harassed by itching  
To sink in my unthinkable creation  
Fed on my most untoward capriccios,  
Kaleidoscopic leas, plateaus, dunes, beaches,  
Unreachable, yet so touchdown station.

And one can spot me staring the blankness  
As if I read some prophesies unheeded -  
In fashion such I handicap my chances  
Pursuing hardly answerable answers:  
Has my entire world slid in that seeming Eden?

Oleg Vorobyov

# A String Of Triolets

\*\*\*

The necklace of the puffed ruff, -  
In a twist the dove  
Courting a female.

\*\*\*

The yellow freshets  
On the malachite swaths, -  
The urban dandelions.

\*\*\*

The leaden skies  
With edges tucked  
In the cheerless sails of the horizon.

\*\*\*

An amulet of my soul  
Like a venerated falcon  
Soaring over the hoary heights.

\*\*\*

Gliding  
On the calibrated air  
A maple leaf's spiralling downfall.

\*\*\*

The semblance of a shrine  
With heather, furze bedecked,  
The baldening hilltop.

\*\*\*

Ambiguity of skeined  
And prickly domed haystack  
Makes me a perfect sky-diviner.

\*\*\*

With deposits of wisdom,  
Through halcyon domains  
Rolls on the river infinitesimally.

\*\*\*

The crabbed boycotted street,  
Thrust in betwixt the thud and clang  
Can be my feeble escape.

\*\*\*

A most cerulean theft:  
The vital moisture  
Eaten by the mackerel.

Oleg Vorobyov

# A Thunderstorm In June

A Thunderstorm in June's

like cluttering in an elbow-room

Bohemian kitchenette,

the seasoning of the ozonized green

on the puddles' scrambled eyes,

short-term.

Oleg Vorobyov

# A Walk In A Dying Glory

As I stroll down the chequered causeway  
With the rolling sunwheel on on my left,  
I pick some bits of snug small talk  
The passers-by trouble to waft.  
The playful iridescent waterglass,  
The ripple holding some jaunt boats,  
The joyful folks bobbing their trunks.

The apple of light's touch of whatever its wish  
Playing with me hide-and-seek:  
Now retreating to cover  
Behind a paned glass and concrete of a high-rise;  
After a while reappearing in the lee of a floating dome,  
Shedding a layer of glow wherever it lurks.

Time to sink in the descendant:  
Precipitation of settingward run.

25 minutes' walk, and the shadowy ambience  
Sheathes all around and darkens the world:  
Just dying glimmer like a thin blue-pink study;  
My resonant footfall beating the flagstones;  
Diminuendo of scouring cars with staring headlights;  
The greenery tipped with a kiss before dying...

So, let's call it a day:  
The Creation's work done!

Oleg Vorobyov



# A Whiff Of Solace

No lumpy bank account,  
No rule over the world,  
Only human solace counts  
Which can buoy up and uphold!

Whispered, breathed, articulated  
With a smile, or pat, or nod,  
Virtuous solace's demonstrated,  
Man's most fairest code!

Simple words like wing-beats able  
Keep your neighbor from a trough.  
Solace stems from our cradle,  
Human heart's ingrained stuff!

So easy for emphatic:  
Breathe a whiff of solace: Blah...  
Feel a savior dramatic,  
Jesus, Buddha, or Allah!

Life's at stake by word inspiring  
Can be saved as oft as not:  
Courage! Right! Well-done! Good, darling!  
(Even verse this to a dot)

Oleg Vorobyov

# All Things Are Founded On Love.

All things are founded on love.  
All things...  
All before it a-shrove,  
and given it their vows.  
From love springs tenderness of things:  
so fine, so delicately cast.  
From love stems ardor of the heart:  
combusting feelings taking wings.  
All words, all deeds, all thoughts, it's true,  
owe love their lives - from it they start.  
Love pushes all, propels and thrusts.  
Love is invigorating dose  
to keep all grow and accrue.  
Love measures all in values full  
to meter out all in faith.  
Love doles out barreelfuls  
of euphoria and good hap.  
Love gaps all bridges, covers yawns  
of deep-dug doubts and mistrust.  
Love keeps all safe and forewarns  
against ill favor and mischance.  
Love's foundation, keep and core  
as ever before...

Oleg Vorobyov

# An Apostrophe To Fear

Drat, Fear,  
approach not that near!

I am Thy escapee, -  
but Thy scope's all-permeate!  
Armed cap-a-pie,  
Thou crawl in field and street!

My fibres are clutched at  
with Thy sleazy feelers!  
Thou, foul Fear, ratchet up  
in exponential pillars!

Mercy, have mercy on me!  
Please, loosen fatal grip!  
But Fear's hardly to remit:  
its noose's strangling blip!

Fear, Thou art a murder incarnate,  
having brought so many to their ends!  
Yet, Thou didst the daring instigate,  
And men can still enjoy Thy dividends!

Oleg Vorobyov

# An Elegy On The Parting

&quot;To what shall I compare this world? A boat that rows off with the morning leaving no trace behind&quot;

(Sami Mansei, VIII c. Japanese poet)

As I stroll home autumn alleys  
Strewn with the rainbow of leaves  
Which float through the gauzy air  
In their streamlined veiny skiffs;  
As I imbibe the tonic ether  
Of lurid, diaphanous skies,  
Its fibrous semi-liquid kefir,  
Some strange ideas me surprise:  
Why human memory that failing?  
What links us to the dear past?  
Why sudden change feels that derailing  
That breaks the bond which has been fast?

\*\*\*

The Human Memory's selective.  
It sticks to things which cost us much  
But overboard with thrust ejective  
It dumps it thinks it's trash as such.  
As age elapses, to oblivion  
Bites after bites it thus commits:  
All's gone to void, - the dead and living, -  
All's nullified, elided, quit.  
It's normal when we loosen grip  
Of what we have so dearly nursed.  
Then ripping twinge and rending flip:  
Lo! Now to it we feel averse.  
Forgetting, dropping off the mind  
Is vital since when overtaxed  
We need a purgative to slide  
Off some odd extras to relax  
And suck some new experience  
To be reborn to vie nouvelle  
It's part of us, our nature, hence,  
These lapses are not nonpareil.

\*\*\*

Now, to prehensile memories  
Which link us to Vergangene.  
Such edit our entries  
To Diaries Past, and stubbornly  
And stoutly we cling to transient,  
Frail, flitting, airy, ephemeral  
So memory's cohesive agent,  
Our humanity's true herald!  
You can be truly called a Man  
If you have past, - existence-gist;  
But if your brain is full of bran  
And sawdust, you become a wisp,  
Bourne by the winds to nowhere  
You are a naught, a zero, nil  
You're not alive but a cadaver  
With no body, mind and will!

\*\*\*

The linkage to the dear past  
Is what we were, or we have been,  
All things that molded us and cast  
And it's projected to the screen  
Of our being what we are.  
Like cabbage made of leaves to peel,  
Or tank refilled, reservoir.  
Composed pasts, we live and feel.  
There's a difference between  
The "was" that's dead, out of reach  
And spanning lenient "has been";  
The first is breach, the second's bridge.  
Each adds up to the harmony  
To pave the path we call the Past.  
Clad in its webby armory,  
We look back placed, not outcast.

\*\*\*

To sudden change, or a U-turn  
That can disrupt the ordered course.  
A revolution, overturn,  
Frustration, and much even worse...

Once great World Shaker Ghengis Khan  
Said: "Have no fear, if you've done;  
If fear, do not even try"  
At changes people got a fright.  
Myself of change has been afraid,  
Stuck in the rut of daily grind,  
But has cropped up my weird dread, -  
I broke loose, none can me bind  
For what I lusted to pursue.  
The fateful step of my design  
Has come to fall. Bright vistas new  
To luring summits me assign!  
We all sometimes must welcome change:  
It brings astuteness and insight.  
To new displays one is engaged,  
And takes a sturdy stand for fight!  
You know, it takes much grit and guts,  
For dear things to be forsaken, -  
You meddle, scruple, hear "tut-tuts",  
And moment comes when all is shaken  
To serendipitous reverse, -  
Alea jacta, no remorse.  
And at a point of no return  
You shall not make a backward turn!  
So, change's like aftermath relief,  
A Promised Land of vital needs.  
Now in a rut, then comes a whiff  
And lifts you up. Sores, ennui,  
Frets, cares, incongruities  
Are left below, yon afar.  
A change is babe newborn. It is  
A kiss of Fortune, Mardi Gras!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Ardour

Peelings of the waning sun,  
Stark fried strips of choking streets.  
Does the autumn have a plan  
To grant us a tray of treats?

Treats of yellowing leafage crude,  
Treats of gossamer adrift,  
Treats of bent wind-ridden wood,  
Treats of craggy clouds swift.

Ardour - autumn's soothing sighs  
To repent of stay futile.  
Summer aftermath's demise  
Lingers now for awhile.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Articles Of Faith

One's heart with faith must outpour  
to grow on something, cultivate.  
Some touchstone in to be immersed  
and fatten on it as a bulwark.  
Faith's covenanted Noah's Ark  
to impregnate and then gestate,  
and be born to imago nursed  
to soak heart in blossomed flow'r.  
Faith is not fickle, tremulous  
but hard-rock firm and adamant.  
Faith won't betray, nor cede, nor fail,  
unlikely change and deviate.  
Faith's well administered dose  
imbuing tonic, bracing grant  
that checks and stems what can one ail  
and keeps one hale and steady state.  
Faith keeps the wolf safe off one's door -  
the incredulity lupine,  
to harbor confidence and trust:  
no oscillations will intrude.  
Faith's rigorous bond and stoic turn  
to encompass one and protect  
from sinking down in the sea  
of raw, unbaked incertitude.  
Faith will include, and naught exclude:  
it neatly holds all fast, précis, -  
all present, future, retrospect.  
It will sustain! It will last on!

Oleg Vorobyov



# As The Night Fell

As the night fell,  
Seductively placate,  
As sweet as caramelle,  
Lay on the world prostrate.

As the night slept  
On silken lulling linen,  
A staggering wonder crept  
Between the form and meaning.

As the night dreamt  
Of delectations weird,  
A revelation stemmed  
From blind spots yet uncleared.

As the night beamed  
Her affable opaqueness,  
It looked that true, nor seemed  
In its dispirited vagueness.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Best-Wishing Valentine

To a friend

Ah, how best to readdress,  
To you what can for good impress  
By universal application:  
It's none but amplitude of Passion!

Saints' hairs might stand nigh on end  
Wherever Cupid's shaft might rend  
The Heart's most fine and gentle tissue,  
When it with Reason is at issue.

The bow taut - you've pierced, good odds,  
With Passion wrought - what looks, what words!  
Benumbed poors sank the abyss  
Where art ye go? Stop! Quo vadis?

Unfathomed depths devour them!  
Whence doth this sweet affair stem? -  
From beastly pangs of feeding Cupid  
With sacred blood. To bleed's not stupid

But be revered, heaven-bound!  
So, strive to love to wade and sound  
The dire rapids and smooth raptures  
Since He in new shots life recaptures

To make sublimity and rave  
For you to ride a topmost wave,  
When you are pushed to fly headlong  
To shocks of love rash ere long!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Bogey Man

A Bogey man  
is dancing something  
weird.

A tortous shape,  
thin limbs  
and pasty beard.

Leering  
into my open  
casement.

I am benumbed  
with awe and stark  
amazement.

Has he picked me  
for a free dancing  
teacher?

Can my poor skills  
teach that contortionist  
creature?

Yes, I am convulsed  
like in a break dance  
frenzy.

He's copying me  
like shadowy and subterranean  
denizen.

Does it what I can see  
look like  
an apparition?

Or have I conjured up  
a raucous  
superstition?

Is it mere a play  
of fading faulty  
glow?

Or tis the darkness  
knitting its pale  
brow?

The Bogey man, perhaps,  
my eclipsed  
dreaming? ...

Oh, must be a cloth  
pinned onto a line  
a-streaming!

Living alone  
through all reverberating  
periods,

Take things for ghosts,  
dwarfs, angels, elves and similar  
weirds...

Oleg Vorobyov

# Briar

Briar.

Orange tint, incarnadine.

My brewed tea of wizened, smoky hip,

Flavour. Delectation. Vitamin.

Briar.

At the punctured blood I sip,

Sampled pain of pickers' nimble hands.

Merciless, diminished tangerine.

Briar.

Hips and flanks which brushed off twigs,

Knobbly, gnawed, with stings of thorns embossed,

To put in my mug the bruising jinn.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Can't Be Undone

What is said - can't be unsaid.  
The word is a bird: once flown  
Unlikely to be caught!

Just as it is merely words...

What if you ask of deeds?  
Can these be mended, remade  
So that the lost be restored?

The broken twig's irretrievable limb,  
Fey dusk irresistibly dims.  
A dreadful effect sure gobbles its fill.  
The deadliest slash is unlikely to heal...

However, in our human condition  
One is able the wrong re-condition -  
Scruples, shame and remorse  
To a remedy an initial course.  
Where a comforting word,  
Where help, where support  
Can somehow relieve where it hurts.

You can check then the flying of the bird!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Caring Heart

caring heart's among most precious vessels;  
caring heart with scruples never wrestles;  
caring heart can encompass the whole world;  
caring heart's both vulnerable 'n stalwart;  
caring heart is what against man nestles;  
caring heart with warmth within out dazzles....

Oleg Vorobyov

# Charioted

State-of-the-art quadrupeds  
Usurping strata viae.  
How many natty stupids  
At wheels at mankind leer!

Like deities charioted  
They feel. But it I loathe!  
Here Krishna can be quoted  
Who Prince Arjuna drove,

And biblical Elijah,  
And Phaeton of Greeks...  
They're bourne on wheels like rajas,  
Their mechanized gimmicks.

One thing to see a prophet,  
His charioted flight.  
Than see one's nose toffeed,  
From his supernal height!

The myrrh of foul smoke,  
Incense of rubber burnt. -  
And world with these full-choke!  
I wish such goings weren't!

Autos, of course, are blessing! -  
Opines one. Yes! Thumbs up!  
Yet, world feels more distressing  
At roar and thunderclap!

Who's fond of grimy alleys,  
Befouled boulevards,  
And patina on trellis  
Of groves and vineyards?

How world would feel without  
These myriads of wheels? !  
Much healthier, no doubt! -  
One reasons and appeals.



Oleg Vorobyov

# Cold Fish

Man, should he be a fabulous fish,  
As cold as blood staid in his veins,  
With something which him curbs, restrains  
And keeps him safe, protecting niche?

His pancake face of whiskered gills  
And his amoebous, jelly mind  
A jejune masquerade remind,  
A set of bulging eyes and quills.

Man, does he live in a cauldron cold,  
A watery realm of glass walls?  
No ripples, no gales, no squalls  
Disturb this unreceptive world.

Sometimes, myself, as cold as fish,  
Feel and respond with no response,  
In my reservoir ensconced  
Partaking my cold, lonely dish.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Contemplative Poem

Bent on reflections how I can  
Respond to trammels outwardly,  
The things so crammed in mundane span,  
And couch attitudes towards them?

So many such I have to pore over,  
Like on the Web having fallover;  
So many cares worn to worthwhiles,  
Like swept by floods of no-worth files.

A creature resonant with Reason,  
A chunk of ruminating flesh,  
Which whets his brain on solipsism  
Under the spell of mental trash.

Think twice before you utter &quot;wisdoms&quot;;  
Releasing inner strains from prisons  
Which thinking beasts incarcerate, -  
You've outpoured, at any rate...

No-thinking zone like samadhi,  
Where no one is nowhere,  
Where feeds on vitalising blood He,  
The Absolute with no care.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Culpa Mea

I couldn't check the blow;  
I did allow the tear flow  
I couldn't baulk an outrage;  
I couldn't stop the war some wage.  
I wished I could, but couldn't help...  
What can I do, a miserable whelp? !

Can I undo what has been done  
To straighten arms in dolour wrung?

I wish I could Weltschmerze soothe  
To resurrect the fallen youth,  
To re-enthuse despairing ones,  
Enable one to grasp a chance.

But while our globe is being rolled  
I cannot help. It is my fault...

15/08/2018

Oleg Vorobyov

# Dolphins And Bees

Ay, dolphins and bees -  
We owe them much  
For bright smiling seas,  
And mindsets as such!

How dolphins can chirp  
Like brethren to man!  
How team spirits throb:  
Bees as well-knit clan!

No aliens, (tis true?)  
But humans with fins.  
Like honeyed dew? -  
It's harvest of bees.

Live pilots, (no stars)  
They frolic starboard!  
Majestic as tsars,  
Bees swarm their court!

Cohesive as bees  
In their purposed quests  
You should try to be,  
Not like nuisance pests!

Like dolphins be smart  
In realms of joy  
You should! - Thou art  
Their missives' envoy!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Endemic

I wonder, what endangered species  
She is to smuggle her good looks?  
What habitats and cherished niches  
She shares? Maybe, choicest nooks

Of her dear heart dishearten someone  
To try to find appeal and zest?  
Not me, though I'm to her a jumbo,  
Disdainful Jaeger on his quest.

Uniqueness makes her "rara avis";  
(Am I to get her feathered plume  
To flourish like sheikh of Arabies?)  
Love's also hunting, I presume...

Untoward orbs like vain pretences  
Environ farthest, longed for haunts.  
But what extremes these, what these fences  
To one who boldly love affronts?

Oleg Vorobyov

# Fool's Gold

In searching for some valuables untold  
Your find sometimes is a fabulous fool's gold.

Who is the fool: who hid or who retrieved?  
Who is in gain, and who is then bereaved?

You know what is trumpery, what's bluff,  
Yet fall for this unprecedented stuff.

The gloss bears no aura of sterling  
And brings you neither interest, nor earning.

Look: yonder in the coruscating fold,  
Vaunts that illusionary fabulous fool's gold!

Friend, see, what glitters may not be the one,  
Once you have into such deception run!

Sometimes, true gold is what you may leave out  
Like silver lining hints in every cloud;

Like burnished steel, yet valuable to use;  
Like modest hearts, yet ready to enthuse;

Like humble deeds which never resonate,  
Like deeper feelings never to abate!

To ward off lures, you should look around  
To find true values, virtuously crowned!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Glow And Gloom

No light, no ray,  
looks like inferno.  
Yet, thin decadent day  
can ease it into loom, -  
Here we go: meet the gloom!

Incandescence,  
hot streaks of spray,  
unparalleled halo,  
a sketch of faraway asylum,  
once it diminishes, once grows,  
Here we go: meet the glow!

Two cognates  
on the borderline of dark  
Both spring to life  
and roll analogous track!

The gloom: insight, enigma, calm;  
The glow: birth, eruption, charm.

Oleg Vorobyov



# Hazy Stroll

No leaf stirs,  
the hazy curse, -  
smogged...

Through smothering pall,  
pedestrians crawl, -  
clogged...

The cities' scourge  
pipes a dry-throat dirge, -  
grogged...

Folks sink, nor swim  
in pungent steam, -  
bogged...

Oleg Vorobyov

# Horseshoe Ballad

Last turn of Anno Domini,  
When fireworks and crackers raved,  
My uncle bountiful gave  
Me a horseshoe as a festive gift,  
Handmade when he was serving term  
To pay for th'wrong he'd done to one.

The plastic arc with dotted studs  
Suspended on a copper string.  
None could have brought a plainer thing  
To pass for most endearing boon  
As it was made to touch the vein,  
A spot where vulnerable's heart!

I'm not that moved 'cause of man's ways  
To feel like tender hearts would feel,  
Still the horseshoe gave me a thrill  
As I half-said sincerest thanks.  
So blessed was I with a sign of luck  
My roughly-hewn uncle gave me then.

The delicate clutch for me to yield  
Was out of sense (my digits coarse) ,  
Not for the neck of human horse.  
I brought it to my office home  
And hooked it on the monitor's side:  
White-collared amulet, forsooth.

The tinkered fetish as it is  
Reminds me of the Sylvesterfest,  
And of how the uncle made it thus  
To keep for years until I,  
To him endeared like a son,  
Turned up the horseshoe to receive.

The filigree of copper coils,  
The polished concave with embossed  
Studs of a sort of a metallic gloss, -  
The work of the culpable artisan -

Such trinkets, ornaments, bijoux  
Are manufactured by kept birds.

A piece anticipating luck,  
A proxy bringing a good hap  
To be presented to a chap  
Unlikely deemed as an animist,  
Yet who's got a touch of an artiste,  
An imaginative smattering.

Some good, some benefit since then  
Had come to me in measures quaint.  
And what I hereto had attained  
May've been through doings of the thing.  
Oh, magnet, drawing fortunes thus,  
Providing a propitious chance!

But maybe luck's in what I live,  
Protected and ensconced on earth.  
So, guardianship's its sole worth!  
And what I feel's the protecting hand  
That tapped producing the safeguard  
With warmth and caring and love...

Oleg Vorobyov

# I Can't Help Seeing Things:

I can't help seeing things:  
The splashings of the ling;  
I can't help hearing things:  
Dewdrops and water rings;  
I can't help smelling things:  
The smoothness of the chintz;  
I can't help touching things:  
The reeking licorice, -  
The myriads of everythings, -  
It's me: round, up, beneath!

Oleg Vorobyov

## In The Making

The destiny's child summons humours and rheums  
To build more stamina in its flabby form.  
The crust of the planet its innards exhumes  
To posture as shrivelled, contortionist worm...

Who cares for meaning in these frenzied tropes  
To clinch to precision the wordiness rank?  
Perhaps, to resort to vague Logos he hopes,  
Where only soars high an unreachable plank.

The stamper of keys, knows he what's his reach?  
The jumble of fonts and zigzaging flash-thoughts.  
Does have he to teach he's supposed to preach  
In skein of ideas and tangle of words?

Oleg Vorobyov

## Is It Full-Blown Ruddy Moon?

Is it full-blown ruddy Moon  
Rolling augustly nowhere?  
It's hung `twixt horns of god Amun  
Walking the welkin with an air.

In Andromedas of vague clouds  
Now sawn piecemeal, now come apiece.  
Look up and find its whereabouts:  
It's over there on night's lease.

The Moon, a mix of lime and ochre,  
Is bobbing on in chiseled grooves.  
The Moon's like gibbous, buff-clad joker  
For whom the circus thrill behooves.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Juchi

Betwixt the Irtysh and the Ural  
Had lain the stretch of luxuriant plains,  
Be-stamped with hoof, and doomed for slain,  
A living gorgeous crystal  
Set in the grand and lush Ulus,  
With the north bordering on Rus,  
The south on the extinct Khwarezm.

"The Universe-Shaker" Genghis Khan,  
Had granted those new conquered lands  
To his offspring, the senior son  
As far as the hooves of Mongol horse  
Had trodden on the sweeping course  
To overcome the vastest steppes  
Where sun is never at eclipse.

The legend has, there'd been a discord  
Between the son and merciless sire.  
Perhaps he wished to cut the cord  
Of his son's life in a wild desire.  
And, haply, a desperate koulán kicked  
The hunter-son in self-defence.  
So, the son fell, an ominous bird shrieked.  
The steppe turned a shroud, frozen trance.

How break the news to awesome father,  
With any ill sayer put to death?  
No a direct talk, nor a hint, nor a palaver  
Could cover the bereavement underneath.  
And then the train asked a court musician,  
To play his most truthful Morin Khuur  
And thus fulfill a dolorous mission  
To find for the Khan's wrath a due cure.

The old man agreed to list to the tune,  
A most heart-rending allegory.  
(None against sudden losses is immune,  
No man is in a whole life' story)  
As the zither wept, so the great Khan wept

And the hardened heart subdued a vent  
To grief immense, regret inept, -  
The player could the ire prevent.

I live midway where used to be  
The hunting grounds and lush clover  
In a mighty sovereign state to be  
Where used to ride the Mongol rover.  
I feel, I sense, I almost see,  
Perceivably, with an artist's eye  
The koulan kicking in a wind-swept sea  
The son to death and hear him cry...

Oleg Vorobyov



# Just A Sonnet

Amidst the things underdeveloped,  
Raw, crude, and touched with froth of time,  
The current course seems much enveloped  
With gauze of failure and decline.

The ghastly look of unpretentious  
Coldly devouring routine  
Divines no godly interventions,  
When ship of life's laid by careen.

What other course, what tack should lay we  
To reaffirm the worth of life?  
The voyage's long, the Locker Davy  
Nods from afar, yet still we're safe.

Dissembling what we're firm on deck,  
We live oblivious of wreck...

Oleg Vorobyov

# La Mujer Es Siempre

La mujer es siempre  
A denizen tender.

La Mujer es siempre  
A soother and mender.

La Mujer es siempre  
A mellifluous lute.

La Mujer es siempre  
Delivering fruit.

La Mujer es siempre  
An enigma herself.

La Mujer es siempre  
A sumptuous wealth.

La Mujer es siempre  
An adorable client.

La Mujer es siempre  
Stunningly pliant.

La Mujer es siempre  
An abode of care.

La Mujer es siempre  
A hopeful prayer.

Oleg Vorobyov

# L'esprit De Temps

My tan mustang approaching seafront  
At all hazardous speed  
Like a turbojet headlong! -  
I will hold the fiery sunset on my palm  
As redolent star-ball's devoured by the sea!

A stranded tramp amidst the fireworks,  
His tattered frock iridescent with glow,  
Eyes' wondrous focus on the tinsel lights -  
He will catch this aberrant day  
As sizzles out an undulating glee!

We, dreamers of lukewarm, perplexed dreams,  
Suggestions conjured up by glib smartphones,  
Our listless minds - rum dotards on riff-raff -  
We will stay time's grandfather's clock  
As force indomitable will persist l'esprit!

18.04.2020

Oleg Vorobyov

# Let Me Up

Who are those placid people  
with mild hearts and no pretence?  
No turmoil but some ripples,  
passing their minds by chance,  
leave a dent and settle soon.  
They unlikely might be grudgy,  
nursing huffs and minding wrong.  
True and far from being fudgy,  
they are plain as two and two.  
Plain in what they look so natural.  
Claims are lowest are clue  
to an unpretentious patchwork  
of their mould and mental cast.  
So, they're naively innocuous:  
simple, readable and just.  
Who could see a clearer focus?  
So, mild-hearted might be blessed!  
Plainness so sickening  
to me, that I cry: no placid,  
no such dry and tasteless thing!  
Wish I saw their hearts aglow,  
wish I saw them rave and dash,  
wish I saw `em repel not bow  
to what might them grind and crash!  
If they only had a stomach  
live through life of fiery blaze!  
Like a flaming racing comet  
wish they would our skies amaze!  
I, myself, so checked by meekness,  
never striving for the grand,  
to my mould bear witness  
and thus swear as I stand:  
hence, raise fiery motivation  
not to smoulder but glow!  
jumpstart from your humble station!  
claim what high and not what low!  
09.02.2015 ?



# Let!

Let, let, let, let it happen, transpire, befall!  
Let our curbed Pandemonium swell, storm and squall!

Let the gulfstream of raw sense encroach the still!  
Let us have our way, and we've got our will!

Neural nodes in strain like a bowstring taut  
Dream of one strain-relieving strong arrow-shot!

Seas of feelings brim over the law and the norm!  
Let our curbed Pandemonium swell, squall and storm!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Like Two Lost Ships

Like two lost ships  
on the extraneous waves  
at hooting leagues away  
communicate,  
or farther away through frail radiograms,  
my love and I  
are set adrift and head for nowhere.

We plough rough seas  
and anchors cast  
in no-man's lands.  
Our hands in air, we cry S.O.S. -  
...\_ \_ \_and...  
and in-between the punctuated sighs.

Our feelings are  
like filings, peelings, husk  
blown away by disaffectionate winds.

She's got a skipper,  
the keeper of the board,  
the master of the course  
(his own charted routes)

My ship is no one's:  
the barren decks,  
a scary rent  
below the waterline  
where my afflicted heart  
would naturally be.

Oh, bloody metaphysics  
of John Donne:  
strange vessels,  
wrecks, discarded boards,  
frayed sails, reefs, unrelenting seas!

Oleg Vorobyov

# L'orient Vs L'occident

Oh, East is East, and West is West,  
and never the twain shall meet

(Rudyard Kipling)

I live in east, though tend to west,  
For my location's inclination  
Brings my geography to suns sank.

Should I, like all pertaining eastern,  
Smoke some mysterious mist  
Over my parts and claim these rank?

East versus West - a fine equation!  
Which proves the most righteous cause -  
West in crude shape, or East in gauze?

West's logic, boost and interest  
Like overflown jostling cistern  
With most unlikely sinking gist.

East's dim apocrypha and truths,  
Though, everlasting and enduring,  
Beget unthinkable sensations.

So, me, an easterner, behooves  
Stop panic-mongering and worrying  
And be dissolved in vacuum blank

Rather than shoulder the challenge  
And axe the way through, no remit? -  
Is it the western path most meet?

What if I claim, they're likely fuse  
And overlap at intersections. -  
So, turn syncretic both views.

Amidst dissents, discords, deflections



The cosmopolitan mean flaunts -  
L'Orient recontre l'Occident.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Loves Overtime

Loves overtime as junction of passionate strengths  
Lax in its grip,  
The flame turns incandescent, -  
A warm stability in charmed and measured trip.

Lovers are wear-and-tear of the time,  
De-energised and cropped in their forms;  
Lack of stamina with spirits fervid spent;  
Flabbier in flesh and weaker in the limbs,  
No more agile, nor gracious, sprightly, limb.  
And no vigorous days' imps  
Goad them to dance in former passionate storms!

With puckered visages, bald patches, teeth decayed,  
Redundant hairs, odours, desiccated skins  
They are away so long and long and long  
From their being lovers young.

Yet shrunken bodies remember the days of lust,  
Inexorable, ravenous delights!  
Their dear love, despite all this, will last  
In pure endearments of coo, and kiss and hug.  
The lovers never separate like twins  
Subsist on what has-been's kinetic tug!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Man Vs. Life

When balancing a grass blade on a finger  
It dawned on me that frail can be that tough,  
For brittle, weak and scrawny by its fineness,  
And its impaired durables of veins,  
Capillaries, joints, fibers, also textures  
Will power inherent command!

Just rest your ear `gainst the frond of a seashell -  
And tune in home the ocean's puissance;  
Just look the way a drop precipitously falling  
And note how inevitable's its plunge;  
Or glory in a cherry come in blossom  
To witness how mightily bloom spreads.  
No doubt, you can easily break, sever  
A blade in two -  
Flip: and you have two parts;  
As well you can crush the seashell  
With a hammer -  
Crunch! Lo: a mess of smithereens;  
Sure you can dry off the moistened dripping leafage  
By a vacuum-cleaner or, haply,  
Drying machine  
(Or it's dead absurd to try out that?) :  
Or you can easily crush a mellifluous blossom:  
Just squeeze in fist, and petals turn to pulp...  
Yet, there's grander truth that cannot be ignored:  
It beats man how life is so tenacious

In billions of deaths as equal to newborns.  
And what he tastes - the mightiest equation  
That on man cannot mere single stone  
Leave by its rank vitality unturned!

04.04.2015 ?

Oleg Vorobyov

# Methuselah's Age

Nine hundred sixty-nine, -  
Tremendously long,  
Though, maybe, as they say,  
Not fabulously much  
According to our time.

Long record - lasting life,  
The years' passing throng,  
A span of enduring stay  
To a clod of dust attached -  
As mortal as I am?

What passed before his eyes? -  
Destructions and heydays;  
Afflictions and remedies;  
Famines and plentitudes, -  
Thus, he had grown wise?

Did he a remission crave  
To loosen the merciless course?  
Could he woe from joy detach,  
The indefinite term appease  
On a wearied crawl to grave?

I wish I'd climb the tower  
Of Methuselah's height  
To survey what's to be our  
Slim, nascent hereafter,  
So overt, so recondite.

What pictures, what etudes,  
What equivocal ways,  
A Hell, or Paradis,  
Prostrate themselves beyond?  
What mileage arcane?

Oleg Vorobyov

# Microcosm

What is my life against that of a star,  
Against that of the Cosmos awe-inspiring?  
A worthless sec, an instantaneous flash,  
A breezy flop, an innuendo's worth...

I am here, and next fraction I am gone,  
To be replaced by fellows ephemeral.  
The substance of my life and coil of thoughts  
Are null and void against the Universe!

The destiny's child is brought onto the earth  
To breathe just once, gasp, whisper &quot;farewell&quot;.  
What orbits it, what shakes it, what transports  
In most awesome maelstrom of the Boundless?

I cry into the face of the Irrevocable:  
Do mind me, I've got mind and will to live!  
I'm worth all infinite space transmutations!  
I am to feel, to love while you destroy!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Morsel Of Truth

A boundless bounty, grace,  
When I was in famishing hard,  
Me granted a morsel of truth!

Eye-opener, hardly ajar,  
The truth did my palate amazed,  
A foretaste of derelict crumbs!

I balked, I revolted, I durst!  
Although the truth rescued me  
From dire famine of neglect,

I cried: I would rather depart  
From this world than bite a spiky truth! -  
A sinister, mean outcome.

The merciless morsel of truth  
Drove home my languid unrest...  
However, the bitter is blest!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Oh, Elon Musk!

Oh, Elon Musk,  
a tycoon of endeavour,  
Thou hast taken on a task  
to scrap conventionalism whatever!

Thy SpaceX Falcon daring,  
Thy breakthrough Hyperloop  
make us think of the cube,  
keep oiling our mind's ball-bearing!

Oh, Elon Musk,  
Have mercy upon us!  
We cannot swallow  
what we have to chew,  
and Thy exorbitant ambition to eschew!

Oleg Vorobyov

# On Silence

A void of silence,  
Bereft of troubles all,  
Where angels dare not transpire,  
Where none's astir in utter self-denial,  
Where drift to nowhere forsaken islands,  
These sluggish thoughts to their fulfilments crawl.

Almighty silence,  
A visitation ever blessed,  
A still, a spell, a swoon, a perfect quiet,  
For wit a most nourishing of diets,  
A temple holy staid on airy pylons,  
A boon of fate with.....impressed.

Oleg Vorobyov



# Organizombie

I am not able to control  
What's going on in my entrails.  
Despite my twitches, moans, wails.  
My body keeps fulfilling role

Of its unmanageable own!  
And each blood vein, vacuity, bone  
Behave defying Self enthroned  
As if they are mere on loan!

It is not I who governs all  
But some foul cyborg from within.  
My aspiration is not win  
But only to regain control!

Organizobie, programmed dick  
With its capacity unknown!  
Thin odds, that I my body own!  
Organizombie does the trick!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Pedaling On A Rough Country Lane

\*\*\*

Pedaling on a rough country lane,  
Grueling path with see-steeps and saw-troughs,  
Running between a small town and a hamlet,  
Imbibing the reaches of pastoral farmland  
Inhaling the herbs were you in a spa bath,  
To ride full-breast August being my aim!

My wheels would be wobbling,  
Sometimes jammed by sand;  
Next time I'd be rushing headlong downslope;  
A bird would shoot up as if slung by a rope. -  
So, rode I heartfelt, evocative upland,  
My cantering bike scintillating and bobbing!

20/08/2018

Oleg Vorobyov

# Placebo

Empty, empty!  
Look, my brother:  
Dust refined  
In dazzling cover!

Substitute  
&quot;Joie de vivre&quot; -  
Man's partaker  
And reciever.

Chewing more  
Than you can swallow.  
But the pill  
Is null and hollow.

Brother, yet  
You feel elated:  
Joie de vivre  
Unabated!

But effect  
Won't last that long,  
And you droop  
Thereupon...

Oh, this surrogate  
Assayer!  
Isn't it your lips  
In prayer?

Oleg Vorobyov

# Radio Mozart

Can marry we music and verse?  
The word's unexpressive or terse;  
The music's eloquent, profuse.  
I have no choice but to choose  
To throw in verbal portrayal  
Of Mozart... I meddle, I quail  
To try imitating his fineness  
With my low-keyed mouthed minus...

Desire to top a magic tumbler  
At one go makes me a mumbler  
Who, stricken by flavour, just splashes  
The mead, - thus Herr Mozart abashes!  
The flow, the vortex, the sweeping  
Stem cheering, stem laughing, stem weeping!  
Clavier, dream views, concertina, -  
Reflex on my mind's eye's retina.

So piano, so forte, so largo, -  
As a skiff laden with an airy cargo  
Wafts midstream a fluted sea route, -  
A mellifluous path of the note.  
The soul, the heart holds the flow! -  
I've tried to transcribe it, although,  
The effort has been a frail wording  
Worthwhile little sweat me rewarding.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Reader's Saga

Saga' s from Old Norse meaning &quot;something said&quot;  
In a broader sense it's a long story, yarn.  
But my cant's of what stuff and how it's read -  
It's saga, indeed, as it hurtles and churns

In your vigil head when you read a smart stuff,  
(sagacious, painstaking, astute, brazen, glum)  
The read's electricity's shocking enough  
To smoke you with an acute fimiam!

Engrossed with a book you lose count of time:  
It steals from you hours which might have been blessed!  
And a giddyng dribble of lines serpentine -  
Unlikely a pledge of a comforting rest!

The reader's ablaze as he flicks page by page!  
It's far from the case when one cuts story short.  
To put in an image: an augmenting acreage  
Of thoughts, thoughts and thoughts, an unceasing cohort!

The longish devotion can irk your sweetheart:  
Go busy yourself rather idly perusing!  
No power to stop as &quot;... beyond the zikkurat  
The sun is emerging...&quot; - It's not of your choosing!

To face the reality: you are immersed  
In a most subtle texture just up to the neck!  
Oh, writers, why write such accounts accursed  
To make one with eyes asusceptible wreck? !

Oh, ye, belles-lettres - thy brilliant glory!  
Perhaps, you prefer an enlightening Classic  
Perhaps, ypu prefer a sensational story.  
Or you fall for Cooper with warpaths and casiques.

Whatever is up, readers drag their hordes  
To libraries, bookshops or browse the net.  
To stuff made of pulp, most inveterate toadies,  
Ye, readers! What 's use is this fret?

The saga addictive, the saga consuming  
Of readership now has come to an end.  
If one who's to read it, has a shade of acumen -  
That person is likely the gist comprehend!

Oleg Vorobyov

## Red Riding Hood (Action)

\*\*\*

"My dear daughter, Riding Hood!  
You'll walk to Granny through the wood  
And take to her my love and cake.  
But mind: your Granny's health at stake -  
She needs attendance and good eye.  
But keep on guard, you know why!  
For brigand Wolf wayfarers jumps  
If one into his ambush bumps  
Such premonitions Mother said  
To Riding Hood of scarlet red.  
And ammunition bade her take:  
"These carry on for your life's sake! " -  
The straps of rounds, fire-arms,  
Grenades, stilettos, as blind chance  
Might have her grapple Wolf perchance.  
"So, farewell" And Mother arms  
Threw round Hood and gave her kiss.  
And set off Hood armed cap-a-pie.

\*\*\*

And walked through wood, sang, picked some flowers  
Red Riding Hood through sylvan bowers.  
(Yet on the guard)She wouldn't be covered  
If she were jumped, for no coward  
Hood was but of the gritty lot.  
Wood alley led her on. Athwart  
The path lay knobbly rugged log.  
Hood stopped and thought: "What saucy rogue  
Could've jammed the path? But if tis trap? "  
No sooner guessed than came rap-rap  
From range afar, and nearer swish!  
Hood gasped for air like caught fish!  
Behind the log she took refuge  
Under the rain of bullets! Huge  
And iron nerve one has to have  
As Hood in such a soup behaved!  
She dared out peek around:  
There was Wolf behind a mound!

\*\*\*

The Wolf was running machine-gun  
Bent on destruction, no fun!  
Hood still dumbfound with defeat  
Rolled off the log and for retreat  
Took some depression, on the edge  
Of tangled copse, and in a stretch  
She had her rifle fire back,  
And came its automatic crack!  
The bark, twigs, splinters crushed to pulp,  
The tree-tops with the bared scalps,  
The dancing sods, the butchered sward, -  
All fire usurped! O, gracious Lord!  
And in the rage of fusillade  
Red Riding Hood flung a grenade!  
Explosion threw the Wolf on back:  
He groaned, crawled off changing tack.  
(His machine-gun left in the mire:  
Went dead for good the Deathly Crier!)

\*\*\*

The Wolf behind a barricade  
Of dry-wood spotted the brocade  
Of the chapeau of reddish pale  
And threw a Molotov cocktail!  
It fell on dampish boggy soil  
And psht! - some grass around broiled.  
The bottle stuck some feet away  
Where Riding Hood on leafage lay.  
Then came a still: no party shot. -  
Some minutes with the tenseness fraught...  
(Of ammunition in default)  
Divided by a pinewood holt,  
Their red-blood eyes each other met.  
Both sprang to feet. A growling threat  
Was issuing from the hairy snout.  
She hollered: "Die!" on foe's account  
And rushed at him! He also rushed!  
Hood jerked a knife: his flank was brushed!

\*\*\*



Then came the paw and clawed Hood's neck!  
She spun on spot. Her rage in check  
She held for second, then threw kick:  
The Wolf flew like a whirligig!  
But back on feet, and on her throat  
Clasped beefy paws the gruesome coat!  
&quot;Where are you bound, Riding Hood? ! &quot; -  
He roared at her, the eyes red-blood.  
She croaked: &quot;To my Grandma! Stop! &quot;  
And threw him off! Wolf down flopped.  
They rolled apart. With gasping breath  
They stared up regaining strength.  
Then rose Hood and shambled on.  
And in a while Wolf limped along  
To overtake wench on the way,  
For Granny foul scheme to lay!  
And gathered speed knockout race:  
Who will be first to reach the place?

\*\*\*

Of course, the Wolf was first to make  
Hood's Granny's hut. &quot;I'll here slake  
My bloody thirst! &quot; - He said ascending  
The porch. And he, by doorstep standing  
Knocked twice. Shots' fiery discourse  
Drew holes three - Grandma's response!  
Wolf sure ducked. His club he led  
Against the pane (He saw the red!)  
And in he burst and dealt a blow  
On Granny's head! Thus overthrown  
Old lady reeled and sank on fours  
By bedstead! What to do? He chose  
To hide old woman in wardrobe.  
Meantime some Granny's things he robed:  
Cap on, drew on a blanket woolen  
And hushed. But who he was befooling? -  
No one but smartest Riding Hood  
Who outside on doorstep stood!

\*\*\*

Reverberating came knock-knock!  
The Granny-Wolf felt little shock!

"Who's there? Child, remove the chain"  
The girl was standing in doorway.  
She came up near, no fear.  
The false Grandmother gave a leer.  
"How are you? Regards from Mother!  
I've lost the cake. Perhaps, another  
I'll fetch on visit next weekend! "  
"Oh, child, could you on me attend?  
Come closer! Sit by me on stool" -  
Said very amorously Wolf.  
She sat and caught the hungry glare.  
"You've got such eyes, so big and rare!  
Why so? " - Hood a question tried.  
"To see you better", - came reply.  
"Big ears? " - Hood another plied.  
"To hear you better", - came reply.

\*\*\*

"And why such big and slashing teeth? "  
He roared: "Child! To eat you with! "  
And jumped at her with might lupine,  
But missed: flung arm sent him supine!  
And on the floor the girl him squared -  
Pinned down Wolf could hardly dare  
Shake just a limb! She cried: "Enough! "  
And thrust grenade into his mouth!  
(It was the last retrieved from grass)  
And slid through window at once!  
A burst! (Who could have seen the worse? !  
Who thus dispatch a foe durst  
But Riding Hood, of all Wolves Dread!)  
Flew round tatters, slips and shreds!  
And all was over. Just wet stain  
Remained in place where Wolf had lain...  
Half-choked Hood groped back to room  
And saw her Granny: wooden womb  
Of strong thick walls had warded off  
Explosion's lethal shredding wrath! -  
She came to senses at the sound  
With bruise on head but mostly sound.  
Then hunters came and took them home  
To live as family with Mom.

THE END

Oleg Vorobyov

# Reflection

While browsing the streets  
of one smug transit town,  
with my train due  
at half-eclipsED sun,  
I read on th' wall  
of some neglected workshop  
(the brickwork crumbling off,  
the finish d'seen its better days)  
that &quot;death is promise,  
your life's a f.....g lie&quot;

I paused at the insightful  
and ill-omened idea,  
reflecting on how such  
thrashing and insightful scriptures  
strike their incisive  
and thought-provoking notes,  
and life seems that a-ripping  
at its unseeming sides...

Oleg Vorobyov

# Rivaling Caedmon

The shepherd comes to mind  
Who sang Creation Hymn.  
No rival, axe to grind,  
I am to echo him.

The legend has its truth  
To meet canonic codes;  
Its word's precarious proof  
Might've been a theme for odes.

Just driven by the Book,  
Which origins are laid,  
My retrospective look  
Uncovers gems inlaid:

The first gem was the Word  
As coming from the mouth  
Of all-pervasive God  
In west, east, north and south;

The second was the World  
Inspired by the One  
As multitudinous horde  
Sprang forth out of none;

The third was wrought of Clay  
In outline divine, -  
And thus is sung my lay,  
A biblical Auld Syne.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Robbed Of My Self

Robbed I am of my Self (The Robber can be none?)  
So I e'n deeper delve to see who could have done  
The deed.- To my dismay the answer's on display:

The robber's vacuum of my unmoving heart  
With its light-barring gloom, whence all calousness start!

The robber's merciless, has severed me of sense:  
I'm naked, shorn of dress, like overpolished lense!

He's flung me rags instead, the rags of listless wake.  
I've to asylum fled for stupefaction's sake

The sanity of heart, the sanctuary of soul  
Unviolable? Drat! - They're rotten, not that whole!

The robber's me derobed. Nonentity I am  
With heart which never bled, (in my severe rhyme)  
Like gaunt and maneless lion...

Oleg Vorobyov

# Round The Rugged Rocks The Ragged Rascals Ran

Who are these gruff wretches  
that are on a tongue-twister?

These may 've been be a bunch  
of downcast ronins  
in a search of a master  
who'd deign to dispose  
of their mean lives,  
and rule them, and guide them,  
and awe them, and claim their  
wholehearted allegiance.

These may 've been a gang  
of pirates marooned  
in a grip of the island,  
who looked like dead walking,  
who ran wild much helpless,  
mad, frenzied to seek an escape.

These may 've been a field team,  
detailed on a wild goose chase,  
a task horrifying  
to measure the Earth's speed  
with meters attached to  
their chests, panting, sunken, -  
a race of some 300 laps.

Perhaps,  
none of my conjectures  
will suit to the purpose  
to find out what for  
these rascals were running.  
However, my fancy  
is tapping on a query,  
my peckish desire  
to slip into weird  
expression of man.





# S.N.O.W.

Sugary, nebulous, opulent white;  
Silvered, neonic, omnipresent wight;  
Sanctioned, narcotic, oleaginous wine;  
Sebum naphthenic, oscillatory, /waind/.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Scud

Who's raved to tear these to shreds?

Who's catapulted these to flee?

-The leaden skies?

-The bristling climes?

-The drunken dreams?

/The riven escutcheon going piecemeal.../

Of whose unvalidated gracing

Their urge to move?

Yet, how these move,

If they're not stuff?

As made of none,

To be undone,

After their precipitous racing

Oleg Vorobyov

# Seeing

What an invaluable artifice, our eye!  
Receptacle of light in variegated spectra,  
Perceiver, blinker, squinter, and lots of -er,  
The one that sucks in the visionary nectar!

At maddening speeds, precipitous photons  
Ride eons just to sparkle on the iris.  
As the eye's bombarded, it recognizes once  
The existentialism of the luminaries.

The colour, the shape, the motion feed  
To film their beings in the fairy eye.  
What's all this Universe's use and need,  
If not for the eye, its seeing satisfy?

Oleg Vorobyov

# Sketch

the butterfly,  
the oily wings,  
the gazing admirable eyes  
like pencilled oculi of god,  
is fluttering its court-stately waltz  
towards  
the lilac bush's exploding view.

the artist  
who has sketched his chance  
of the aesthetic l'existence,  
could he envision  
through the eyes  
of frail  
but most tenacious sylph  
that path  
leeway of th' luring bloom?

Oleg Vorobyov

# Sober

One says, - It's malfynction, drawback  
In our days existing sober.  
Adding, - sane ebriety  
Keeps afloat society.

Yea, perhaps, a shot of liquor  
Makes your bloodflow running quicker.  
But it's not just for the flow, - -  
More advantages in a row.

Drunk with life which's like a spirit  
When you're downtrodden, wearied;  
When you're run over by thorny,  
Rugged myth on your life journey.

Drunk with kava of illusion,  
Which elides as kind of a new gene  
Drunk with mess and disproportion,  
And enmeshed in non-reversion.

Lo: sobriety's Nemesis...

I'm drunk and cut my thesis...

No more...

Oleg Vorobyov

# Somewhere

I

An edge of all things. Dim here.  
A pack of dogs' dreams. Whine low. Somewhere.  
A coil of stars' tracks. Lit glow... Sombrero.  
Ahora, hola! ¿Dónde estás, mi compañero?

II

Somewhere to the right of Paradise,  
Somewhere to the north of Palestine  
Find, please, do find a silvery seashell:  
Its whorly ear resonates the sea,  
Its marbled harp commands an icy sheen!  
Hark, please, do hark to the murmur of the brine!  
Grasp, please, do grasp the science of the depth!

Somewhere where the cardinals conjoint,  
Somewhere whence uncertainties spring,  
Comes to the fore the stuff to make you man...

04.19.2020

Oleg Vorobyov

# Soul's Quest

I want to share a dream with you,  
a true one, by a daemon shaped.  
I had it on a dreamer's lease  
two velvet-padded nights ago.  
I want to share a dream with you,  
nor sell it like in a Persian tale.  
So, come to my quaint dreamtime shop  
and have it, gratis, takeaway!

Now, here it is:

We walked along the waterfront  
and headed for the mooring place,  
me, and some two nondescript pals.  
(it was daytime, an early spring)  
A skipper in a moleskin aboard  
a petty pundit fishing skiff  
accosted us as we trod past.  
He welcomed us to try the main,  
perhaps, occasionally, fish.  
We did assent embarking her  
and swam beyond the purple seas!  
See-saw-like, undulating sea  
swung us, tossed us, affronted us!  
(as any dream, mine's got blind spots)  
I don't remember how we caught  
two fish: one weighty, black and smooth  
rapacious look, like a porpoise;  
another not that long but lean,  
like a corrugated silvery pike.  
We trawled them both on the line.  
They, neither dead and nor alive  
beat their oscillating bulks  
against the stupefying board!  
The skipper said: Let's homeward!  
There we'll find a cozy bight  
and lay hands on the restive catch!  
So, duly we made to a nook,  
at a stone's throw from the shore,

the hull being lapped by the foamy tide.  
Whatever we tried to finish it,  
(the fish still tethered, water-washed)  
the bigger haul survived our blows!  
The skipper cut the line and off,  
an offspring of deep seas thus made,  
that damned cartilaginous freak!  
-The other's yours! - the skipper barked  
and handed me a lethal sting,  
the rugged steel of the harpoon!  
(was I remorseful, pitiful  
while dealing that life-rending lunge? -  
I now can hardly recollect..)  
My coup-de-grace drove home all right,  
just in the spot where the opaque head  
with the languid sinuous body met!  
I sank the sting deep in the flesh  
and heard it crunch and saw the blood  
tinge the effusive, murky wave...

My friend, a copy of my dream,  
a poor verbal fantasy,  
smacks of a screwball poesy...  
However, tis my shared hoard,  
a true imagining, nor fraud!  
What's killing of the fish entails,  
what implications, tricky trails  
for me? - Let dream-diviners test!  
Tis just a dream, my soul's quest...

Oleg Vorobyov



# Survivals

/A visionary glimpse/

As sun goes out,  
Leaving cold  
Our dear globular abode  
(Such fate awaits all sequence stars)  
Will dynamite us and explode  
Consuming earth by flame, no doubt.  
An imminent death's inflicted scars  
Will make our minds with fright enthralled!

And it will happen:  
Billion years  
Would fly like leaflets in the wind  
As Doomsday will be ticking last, -  
All what has been foretold by seers!  
And every man will feel discrepant,  
Lamenting life and all his dears  
With sun on us nearly collapsed!

What wondrous ship  
To flee Tanatos  
Would be like dart shot in the void!  
Aboard will be a triplex clan  
To save the race fleeing the geoid  
To navigate in raven deep.  
Would it be an effective plan?  
Would be "in-flight" our human status?

Yea. Though we can't  
Envision future.  
There is a picture, make-believe:  
The human exodus on move  
To run for life from Bursting Butcher,  
Our seeds in novel home plant  
And settle peacefully, forsooth,  
To heave our breasts in blest relief.

What would be like

The promised earth  
Is to the taste of grand-grand sons  
Who would be treading the new body,  
Who would be basking in new suns  
And covet fabulous Klondike,  
And on fat milk and honey toady!

And what of memories of earth?  
Would those recall  
The sumptuous lap of brown soil,  
The heavenly blue, the fragrant green?  
Or would they find another solace?  
Nay! Can you slip the quiet stream?  
Can you forget the murmuring grove?  
Can you give up your human soul?

Oleg Vorobyov

# Synergy

Shall we upgrade togetherness,  
weld up cohesive joints,  
fuse into one dissociative fugues?

A mass of folks can be a patchy mass,  
a rabble, a discordant pack  
of different walks and antipode views.

To make their mass a team,  
unique and bodily knit,  
they need to forge an aim,  
they need to fly a flag,  
they need to strive and reach,  
while poisoning self-esteem.

The mass should be c-squared  
to be a resultant force, -  
the golden frame for Space.

Live folks,  
nor a straggling flock of sheep,  
their coherent work,  
as most human acts,  
can yield an output  
never before declared!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Teutonesque

The sound of German and its look,  
The way its words are bent and talked,  
Oft makes me think as if of spook,  
A doppelganger, &quot;doubly walked&quot;.

Here's &quot;Federmesser&quot; for a pen-knife,  
And &quot;das Vergangene&quot; for &quot;past&quot;;,  
And &quot;untertauchen&quot; for &quot;dive&quot;;  
And for &quot;he ate&quot; you say &quot;er a&#223;t&quot;;

And longest &quot;hippos&quot; pull their trains  
Like &quot;Impulspruchnahme&quot; for &quot;voltage&quot;;,  
Like &quot;Thoraxschmerzen&quot; for &quot;chest pains&quot;;  
And &quot;paydays&quot; read as &quot;Auszahlungstage&quot;;

And verbs, the way they're conjugated,  
Like &quot;schlang - geschlungen&quot; for &quot;to creep&quot;;  
I can't resist the way they're conflated:  
Like &quot;unterhalten&quot; for &quot;to keep&quot;;

Oh, changelings, you, Umlaut and Ablaut,  
You give me creeps, when twist you &quot;Worte&quot;;:  
&quot;Die M&#228;nner riefen&quot;; - plain or clout?  
Als ob pl&#246;tzlich tauchte Unter-Boote!

Nevertheless, these aberrations  
In no wise, demean you, Teuton!  
Our English's tongue of German fashion,  
It used to be as spoken, written.

All short words, strong report and import  
Owe to the common German time:  
Lust, king, god, three, bush, bake, red, dimple,  
So self-sustained, so fit for rhyme!

And German also trains your logic,  
Your mathematical insight,  
You love the language (philologic!)  
Die Sonne dir sehr freundlich scheint!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Affair Of My Temperate Heart

The affair of my temperate heart:

Come, come, sweet lass!  
Yield to my half-careless caress!

Might have been her dad,  
Who bore her being young.

Yes, in age we've got a span apart,  
And in her view I seem a proxy-monk,

What she is abundant in, I am that scarce  
Where I am in sadder vein, then she is glad,

Frolicing by me like a lithesome hart -  
It is my affair of my temperate heart!

Worldwise Theocritus and fluorescent Chloe,  
Love that vivifies and seeming most.

Oh, her hugs and cure of tender breath  
Make me feel like heaven on plain earth!

She's thrilled in my protective arms,  
As under the buck's patronage a doe!

Drunk on her nectarine ruby lips;  
She - inebriate on my male charms!

We are androgynal being of two parts,  
This is the affair of my temperate heart!

I have known women when unchecked,  
Her restraint - my word, or an outward palm.

Though, can a boulder prevent  
Being hurled by a cascade downwards?

Like a cock at dainty millet pecked,

I measured love, imposed haram.

Were she a Sappho, she'd couched it in words,  
Yet she's all poetic - it suffice for me!

Where this affair lead us? A few roads.  
I don't care, so does chere amie.

Patronising love. Can have it issue just?  
Is it souls' affair or mere a bodily lust?

Reader, of what judgement Thou art?

Oleg Vorobyov

## The Blue Yurt /From Bai Juyi/

The wool shorn of thousand sheep,  
Ten scores rings forged to equip  
The round dome made of osiers,  
Can't you find home finer, cozier!  
In the Northern blue auroral  
Used to set up yurt a warrior.  
Now like azure haze,  
He's brought yurt to South amaze.  
Yurt can't be by gale suppressed;  
Hit by rain its tautens breast;  
No niches, no corners,  
Yurt can snuggle, yurt can warm us.  
Having fled from ridge and steppe,  
Yurt has come to my doorstep.  
Moonlit, beautiful and vivid,  
I can spend whole winter with it.  
Felt walls out hoarfrost,  
Bars it snow at its worst.  
Sateen furs, yurt's cushioned wings,  
Cover resonating strings.  
Here a bard would sing cross-legged;  
There a dancer would throw a leg.  
Entering yurt prefer to hut,  
Drunk I'd sleep on dry felt mat.  
Burning hearth's vermillion flames  
On the walls entwine in games;  
Embers, within heat is hid,  
Redolent of morn orchid.  
Slowly above the dark veil dense,  
Trails off smoke sacred thence;  
Melts the frozen ink, and, oh! -  
Verse like vernal cascade flows.  
Garth, where there are orchids flock,  
Won't entice from yurts the folks.  
Since, who dwells in huts of rush,  
Think mild winter even harsh.  
Monk can be by yurt entrapped,  
So be scholar when bankrupt.  
I receive in yurt my guest,



To my kids I'll yurt behest.  
Let a Prince have palace etched, -  
To blue yurt it'll pass as wretch.  
I won't trade my yurt to nobles  
For their castle, save them troubles.

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Cat Shapes My Forensic Soul

The sinous smudge of the tensile  
Afflicts the core of soul mine.  
It paws the fibers soft, - cat's paw,  
And soul mine avers dim lore.

The lore of sin and theft bereft,  
With truest pith's survival left.  
A lurk, then freeze, and springy lunge -  
Oh, Soulcat, on world revenge!

Yet, grace insane in claws retracts  
Fulfilling carnivorous acts.  
The cat shapes my forensic soul.  
A puffball's likely life to maul...

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Chalice

Once when alone on a hike  
In the purlieus of Rainbow Ville,  
As a stark, belching drizzle slashed  
The frigid plain from leaden sky,

A fuzzy spot some furlongs off,  
Encroached my eye, alluring sight:  
It was to traverse my pathway.  
I never slackened in my course,

And on approaching the form  
(It grew as a cloaked figure dim) ,  
I seemed to face someone distinct:  
An old man, shaggy mane and beard,

As he walked leaning on a staff.  
I wondered, whether in our time  
Of bold advances of high-tech  
Such antiquated personage

Can one encounter in faith?  
As if he stepped out of a fairy-tale,  
A Gandalf, or a Nibelung!  
Here we go! Well, we met!

I bowed my head and welcomed him  
Respecting his prophetic age.  
He greeted, his palm on the chest,  
And benevolent, radiant look.

I asked the man what his name was,  
And what had brought him in our parts?  
The old man smiled and said: "Abbas  
Is how my parents christened me.

I am bound to Stephanos Hall  
Where a congregation me expects"  
I introduced myself as Knut,  
Of Rainbow Ville, on a hiking tour.

"Oh, let us rest, my reverend Sir!"  
I ventured pointing to a rough slab,  
Some yards away from our rugged path.  
"With pleasure!" he replied, "Let's rest"

It's impolite to start a talk  
On an inclement weathered day.  
So, I produced from my backpack  
A corncake and a thermos flask

To share with the traveller old.  
The treat partaken of, the warmth  
Began enlivening our limbs.  
We were prepared for the talk.

I said: "Good omen when one meets  
A sage on most propitious terms,  
To garner wisdom from his lips,  
The wisdom earnestly revealed"

"Yea" he consented, "Purposeful  
As it's inscribed in destiny's slates  
When two, heretofore unmet,  
Converge and cross each other's paths"

The old man went on: "Glimmering  
Of an astounding portent  
That soon is due in Stephanos Hall  
Has taken me to make the place.

There's a swarm of worshippers  
Whom I have summoned from precincts  
To see the Chalice, of crude make,  
And reassert their allegiance"

I thought: "To worship sanctioned shrines?  
Isn't it a sort of fetishism?  
Can our pragmaticists fall for  
What is unlikely benefit yields?"

However, hovering on the edge

Where reason slides in prejudice,  
I am inclined to somehow believe  
That there is some spirit absolute.

Next I inquired: "Must be filled  
The Chalice with some nourishing drink  
For those eager to imbibe.  
What nectar that fabulous goblet holds?"

Abbas, with searching deep-set eyes,  
While stroking his snow-white, coiled beard,  
Spoke gently, yet with perseverance,  
As if he tallied the value of words:

"It's empty, Knut, never been filled.  
(As I drew up my quizzical brow)  
It's just a token, cenotaph,  
A sign that great thing implicates:

The meaning that is unattached  
To things could be a prodigious fact!  
Folks strive to see what them unites,  
Brings them to Hall to contemplate

On their life journey and look back  
On what has shaped them and pushed on.  
It's rare vision of the stuff  
And fabric of what we are made!"

"Indeed?" "I quoth, with doubt gnawed.  
That was a mockery, a quirk!  
You'd better strive to knowledge gain  
Rather than tamper with a vague lore.

The old man, rose, shaking hands  
With me and said he had to leave  
To go on his strenuous way.  
So, off he went. Set out I

On my sophisticated hike.  
Nevertheless, a haunting flash  
Of what Abbas told me of late

Was chasing me like a nasty pest.

Now, I see, the man was right:  
Communion is truly blessed gift!  
Hence, symbols, whatever they might be,  
Are just enshrined to folks convene,

To make them a coherent host,  
Bent on to pull their efforts stray  
To feel togetherness, concord  
In making purposeful their lives!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Chinese Squash

He takes a wok  
and goes to the stove, -  
Wan Wei a squash to cook.

The ingredients:

one hexagram,  
one gramme of chi,  
one stratagem of Sun Tzu,  
one droplet and one whiff,  
one brick from the formidable wall  
one gasp of the traversing taikonaut,  
one belt,  
one road,  
one dumping,  
one African concern,  
one training shoe of rubber sole,  
one recycling plant,  
one coal-mine,  
one panda,  
one yuan.

And he begins to churn  
his squash with meddlesome chopsticks, -

Wan Wei

serves

a-la-carte

for the blues.

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Covered Hour

A graceful form in a hidjab  
from Gujarat, Kerman, Punjab.

Just eyes, just flaming pencilled eyes!  
Oh, temptress, devil in disguise!

She whisked by me, a silken touch:  
my hand caught fire, burned as much!

The eyes read passion's throbbing verse!  
My wound was smarting like a curse!

She dissipated in thin air  
and left me murmuring a prayer:

"Oh, Kama, grant me fruit desired  
to quench my thirst in Thy vilayet! "

What odalisque divine in wrapping  
surprised me by an ingenious trapping?

Zuhra, Jasmin, Leila, perhaps,  
how clever you at setting traps!

The lover's sensitive acumen  
can't help interpreting a woman!

The eyes, the silk, the gait, the stance  
had left me least, however, chance!

Am I to turn a mad Madjnun? -  
By nights aware is the Moon

Oleg Vorobyov



# The Crow And The Fox (Translation A Fable By Ivan Krylov)

The world has known many a time  
That flattery's bad and vicious trick!  
Yet, all in vain, since flatterers  
Will ever have their way, indeed!  
Once Crow got a gift from god,  
A chunk of cheese. She soared and perched  
A twig of fir to break her fast.  
She paused a bit. But scoured past  
The Fox - a stroke of bad luck!  
The reeking smell made Foxy stop!  
She gloats at it -  
She's charmed, that's it!  
Fox on tiptoes walked towards,  
Lo: to and fro the bushy tail,  
The Crow firmly held in view,  
And said sweet words with bated breath:  
You, honey, what a tempting belle!  
The neck, oh God, what eyes you have!  
As if you stepped from a fairy-tale!  
What feathers wondrous, what a beak!  
An angel's voice you've got, I bet!  
Sing me a song, don't be so shy!  
Having such charms about you,  
You must be soloist, good odds!  
I wish you'd been the queen of birds!  
Crow's head went giddy at the words,  
The thrill made her breathe hard and pant,  
And she crowed out hoary chant  
To Fox's inordinate laud.  
The falling chunk -  
And off with it  
So made away the Flattering Sly.

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Dame Of Vichy

I was conjecturing her name  
(it must have been as sweet as she)  
She was a most alluring dame,  
a blessing on the spa Vichy.

She stood apart among her peers:  
her fitting figure, full-blown lips,  
her deep-set eyes, her delicate ears,  
cheeks like vermilion-pink tulips.

One of the poet's caste can lavish  
on a love epithets, much ornate!  
Thus, go berserk and turn a hellish  
buff of her beauty incarnate!

My bark was heave-to the above course. -  
My passion scribbled fancy notes.  
Most time I was wandering outdoors:  
the esplanades were my picked routes.

Once on a mellow evening spell  
I spotted her in a bowered arch.  
I melted at the sight and fell  
enthused with tenderness as such!

(occurs to one as if he's known  
someone in person for a lovetime)  
She sat invitingly alone,  
clad in her Aphroditian caftan.

The dame looked up and nodded smiling  
at me. I blushed and sat by her.  
Meantime, with our time beguiling  
we knew what next the pause deferred.

I took her hand in mine and kissed it;  
she stroke my hair with another.  
Neither of us to that resisted  
as we became avowed lovers.

I to the dame my poem recited;  
she listened heaving shapely bust.  
We both were so delighted  
at the success of our tryst!

The dame was called Eleonore...  
Of her I saw then final last.  
Oh, mon Dieu doux, oh, mon Amoure!  
Love's ephemeral, short-lived gust!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Desert Caravan

Oh, Mr. saxo's syncopated span!  
The viscous pull of the desert Caravan!  
The cello's tremolo does emphasize  
What Thou strenuously improvise!  
The piano's luscious turn electrifies!  
The drumbeat magic sticks the rhythm supplies!  
The trumpet does foreground the elan! -  
The fluid crawl of the Desert Caravan!

04/21/2020

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Dog's Loving Eyes

The eyeballs' jet, nielloed depths  
With shining glint of vital life within,  
With trust-reposing and faithfulest abandon.  
They gaze at you serenely,  
The dog's resting its muzzle in your human hands.

What can I find there when plunging in the depths? -  
Innumerable ages of pristine and brutal strife;  
Pursuits of savagery in desolate terrains;  
Lupine persistence, perseverance and grit, -  
And now dogged love for bipeds as I am.

What bonds, concatenation and rapport  
Has made me a true apple of its eyes?  
I've never met a truer brother-in-arms,  
So helpful, so obedient of grace!  
So buckled, fastened, glued to master-man!

There must be some divinity canine  
Who's made us, humans, worshippers of dogs!  
Wherever place you walk, whatever clime  
You'll find the eyes, so staunch, sincerely pristine  
Guarding your composure, and industry, and sport!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Four Smarties

I

The ignorant be blessed!  
And so the one who at things dabs!  
My girlfriend never guessed  
Where man has got his abs...

II

I had a big laugh when I supervised  
A student's paper (only then I durst!)  
As on the title page ingeniously devised  
I eyed instead of 'Course Paper' the elided 'Curse';

III

Buffoons in their drollery revel! -  
Let them do so at our expense!  
As some cut poor figures like stark hell,  
To droll in their wake, does it make sense?

IV

I bet you cannot count to a billion  
As you can't send a manned probe to the Venus!  
hey, Philistine, on learning you can turn vermillion  
That such on record of Sir Alec Guinness!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Last

Only a hidden camera tapped on  
The high-flown rocky tuft can have a peep  
Of an endangered eagle of the sturdy beak,  
Jet-black eyes, steel claws and grimy wings,  
Perched on a sheer shamrock shelf.

Somewhere between the sky and the earth  
The eagle is the last of his kin's line,  
But of this saddest fact he knows not!  
Why trouble over what has come and gone?  
Kings of birds take pride in solitude.

This rugged, most familiar expanse  
Can feed the lustre of the eager eye;  
This wind will carry ever on and on;  
This score of days will run without fail!  
He feels a total sovereign to last  
Forever or as time would him allot.

Yea, for conservation chaps he is the last  
Of the species long believed to have gone extinct.  
True, their cam has spotted him by dint  
Of a haphazard observational luck.  
They gonna trap him, settle in a cage,  
Find him a match. If none, by an artifice  
To resurrect the line with him as a stud. -  
It's well-intended plan, egad!

However, while the hidden eye is up,  
The unmindful eagle's happiness of free,  
Untampered with, though stark lonely life,  
Is of an uppermost, paramount worth,  
A boon of Mother Nature to vain man! !

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Late Spring Sketch

The fish are playing on the rippling glass.  
The gulls are swooping taking their chance.  
The dandelions are etched against the green.  
Time in abeyance: the incumbent spring.

Oleg Vorobyov



# The Leaning Tower

O, Pisa, somewhere on the stark Ligurian shore,  
Almost reaching the flap of the High Boot,  
Thou flauntest your ambitious zikkurat,  
The medieval few-centuries of drop!  
I wonder when it going to flop?

How can it be being ever about to fall?  
The gradient to mete eternal slide,  
Galileo's ninepins game,  
Like a howitzer  
Howling!

Were that Babel somewhat of horizon of events,  
Then matter would be sinking slopewards  
Into the innards of its gluttonous trap  
Never to be ever retrieved...  
Beware the Thief!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Letter To Sasha

Ill fame spreads faster, one believes.  
And that is true, a notorious image  
Edges in and good opinions cleaves,  
And reaps the target a due homage.

A homage of a questionable grade,  
Which brands the one, rather applauds.  
Yet, he's not a mar-ridden jade,  
But someone harvesting some laud!

With our country it's the case:  
Since then you've botched your Borat  
We have been losing our face  
Before somewhat unscrupulous art.

Hail from the coutry of Borat!  
We greet you saying: Yagjimash!  
We like peacocks on sidewalks strut;  
We talk to you incoherent trash.

Let this illusion go to hell!  
It's just what shapes a perverse art,  
And all that its conventions tell  
To ones with most credulous hearts.

We have been put on the Exchange,  
A marketable bid, a laughing stock.  
You've been the instrument, mon Ange,  
It is your doing, it's your work!

In private, and in public too  
Some folks in reference to us  
Repeat "Borat" as cokcatoos,  
Which is annoying, teasing, crass!

Can a counter-argument produce,  
Dear Sasha, that you've parodised  
Without hurting global views  
On our country? - Comfortably nice!

We bear you no malice, so did you  
When acting your guffawing role.  
We claim you are among a few  
Our chosen pals who us 've extolled.

Even our President OK-ed:  
Ill fame our nation thus promotes.  
You've never such a limelight claimed  
(And never read true moral codes!)

Come to our place, and walk the steppe,  
Enter a yurta, being our guest!  
Enjoy our cordial percept,  
And never be in your thoughts oppressed

That we're as such as you've portrayed.  
Yea, being hurt we can forgive!  
Come any time, don't be afraid  
That we just by a revenge live.

Come to our mountaneous terrains,  
Enjoying heights where eagles dare;  
Come to our plateaus, meadows, plains  
Enjoying naturalness rare!

On coming you will change your views  
On what a venerable nation means, -  
Thus, it will bring for us good news:  
A former scoff us a new friend wins!

Then, that is it! Expecting you  
To come repentant and reformed  
Tremendous love! See you! Adieu!  
Our most sincere wishes warm!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Lilac Of My Heart

On this dreary day of leaden sky,  
Of moistened fabric of the soil,  
Of withered, straggling, shredded leaves,  
Within my heart's another clime,  
Serene against a fall turmoil.

The heart is lined with lilac smooth,  
Imperiously fine, embroidered bloom  
So that the lilac with its wreaths  
Might pour entire warp and woof  
And leave unhallowed no room.

The fragrance emanating forth,  
The silken tassels' winsome grace  
Enshrine prosperity and peace  
Such as unbounded tenderness doth  
In most propitious time and place!

The lilac's flooding serenade  
With warmth the heart within rewards  
So that warm glory might caress  
The world without with brocade  
Of lilac love's unspoken words!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Masterpiece

Someone would say: There's no safe  
Benchmark to claim a thing chef d'œuvre.  
Yea, this is true, I do not chafe,  
Almost agreeing to whatever...

The plain, the dull, and the opaque  
Deflect no lightness of the Being.  
Oft things wear off for what-not's sake  
And vanish, faded, disagreeing.

The mediocre pleases not,  
Nor does repetitive, annoying.  
But what with sensual soul wrought  
Seems grand for seeing and enjoying!

The masterpiece - time-tested pledge  
Of greatest strivings' light eternal,  
To dwarf man, make him feel as wretch  
In a coil of vanities diurnal...

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Missing Rib

We know from the mankind's crib  
That all men 've got the missing rib.

The truest story ever spoken,  
Or written.. The rib was never broken:

It was removed to make our half,  
The gentlest one, nor rude, nor rough.

And what of the bone(Y) part we miss  
Appears as a Madam or a Miss.

Our better half's the God's device:  
The sensuous forms, the lips, the eyes;

The half that fills up what we miss,  
The one creating heavenly bliss!

I feel the void, the missing rib,  
And say: My honey's not a fib,

Since flesh and blood of warmth and love  
Men in my shoes want both by Jove!

The myth has trailed off in black hole...  
Still he, she: one integral whole!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Naturalist's Eye

A man with an abated breath  
Is watching through his socket's breadth  
The centipede's contortionist crawl  
Across the leaflet's ribs, green vital sprawl.

The wavy thing is pushing its fey body forth  
Traversing the greenfield from south to north.  
The man with th' view transfixed is watching still,  
His mind's eye taking its most primal fill.

The naturalist's eye plays in stereotypes  
As it is fed by standards, patterns, types.  
Alas, the man's conjecture fails him: why  
That very species would be a butterfly?

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Ocean Of Hope

Good Hope's just around the cliff.  
We, oarsmen, cannot see beyond,  
Yet, with our hearts anticipate  
What imminent good's round the turn!

Being ridden, beaten by the main,  
Mauled, crushed and wrenched by elements,  
We, oarsmen, fortitude maintained,  
Ply, fling ourselves against all odds!

Our muscles weakened yet made strong  
By dire strain at breaking points;  
Our thoughts are whetstoned by the goal,  
A goal fed by the fire of Hope!

The vortex of the yawning blue  
Now is impotent in its rage!  
The Hoary Ocean is our balloon:  
Upholding Hope's wavy pledge!

Oleg Vorobyov



# The Permutated Green

the chill, the leaden sky  
and a touch of spleen, -  
the yellow infiltrates the green.

despite  
the opposition of Érin, -  
the yellow saturates the green.

the trees can in  
bichromatic robes preen, -  
the yellow suffocates the green.

stop, globe, please,  
thy axial careen! -  
the yellow has absorbed the green...

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Poet's Got The Claim

the poet's got the claim

2 unconventional - - -

2 controversial- realm

2 uncontrollable - - -

The claim's megalomaniac

2 make the dream

that real!

&quot;.....&quot;

the poet's got the axe

2 grind with the unknown

4 him true pattern own

2 hack alchemist's stone

the axe's wild attacks

2 his &quot;vague view&quot;

disown!

&quot;.....&quot;

the poet's got the word

2 voice what's to be mute

2 make the dull acute

2 play the sonorous flute

The word's ingenious hoard

4 him, at heart,

takes root!

&quot;.....

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Satchel's Verse

With my interior packed choke-full  
I travel pick-a-back to school.

My bearer is a school-kid en passant,  
With wisdom on his back would-be savant.

Remember &quot;the whining schoolboy&quot; of Shakespeare?  
So, I am his satchel at the peak of my career.

The maths, the reader, the pencil-box, the ruler,  
Some exercise-books, the snack transports der Schuler.

To his uniformed back I patronizingly cling.  
He's plodding on to hear the bell ring.

To set me heavily onto the polished board  
And then produce his ostentatious hoard:

The glossy sketchbook of maiden whitish sheets,  
The catapult, the yo-yo and some smuggled sweets.

Half-emptied I am set into the desk's dark hole  
And wait to be re-filled - it is my humble role...

\* \* \*

But as time wears, so I would also wear  
To lose in my master's eye my flair.

My skin would wilt, my straps would also be gone,  
I'd be neglected, wretched, woe-begone.

My end's a dump place amidst forsaken odds.  
Things utilized unlikely deserve odes...

Oh, poet, thanks for crediting me a verse!  
(From sow's ear one cannot make a purse)

You have contrived to sing a trivial thing,  
Thus, to the fore my tribulations bring.

The poetic brain and a schoolbag are akin:  
Both higgledy-piggledy like a notorious dustbin.

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Solar Jazz

The fervent glorious sun  
has granted us the warmth,  
Long-awaited, so longed,  
of which we've cherished hopes!  
And we've stepped out of lanes  
of dreary sulks and mopes  
To bake our sullen limbs  
in sun's relentless oven!

Look at yon filtered clouds,  
the fleecy things across  
the diaphanous skies.  
The April sun is large  
in its increasing size,  
and shedding on the town  
the calorific mounds.

There's hardly a burgeoning leaf  
on trees of latish spring,  
Just dirty sprigs of grass  
on hardly moistened soil.  
So many harbinger birds  
sing chorused turmoil! -  
Oh, syncopated beat  
of th'April solar jazz!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Sweat Of The Brow

Work, travail, chore, grind and drudge  
Man. your haggard mechanics nudge!

To be busy to wear-and-tear  
Seems a very distressing affair!

Man, you wish you would dally, have manna,  
Loaf idly like a eunuch in a zenana.

It's, of course, would be welcome and nice  
In your sluggish, futile paradise!

But to be a true man yoy must know  
How to earn bread by the sweat of the brow!

Be bread-winner, your courage, man, muster! ...

Alas, only for me, -  
I am a tampering rhymester...

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Time Of The Sphinx

The yellow lion, watchful and intent,  
against a sere backdrop of the veldt,  
before his strenuous spurt and fatal spring  
onto the hinds of the grass-grazing spring-  
-bok

The clock  
is ticking seconds of the sphinx,  
time-stricken at the serendipitous brink...

I wish it would be never &quot;afterwards&quot;!

But what's to be cannot be stopped by words...

Oleg Vorobyov



# The Valley Of Desire

The lilled valley, silken smooth flanks,  
The streamlets sweat through their courses,  
With shrubbery wild along their banks,  
With eddies sucking their probosces.

The grassland's rife with furze and heather  
Which yawn with emerald-deep curves.  
The beauty strikes, you look wherever,  
And its profundity unnerves!

Winds ruffle treetops, leafage rustles  
Of harboured dreams and cherished haunts,  
(All's tense composure, none bustles)  
And untapped bliss with triumph vaunts!

The wings and feathers glide the sky-loft:  
Swifts, swallows, larks and ravenous kind,  
The air is diaphanous and so, so soft,  
So juicy as the pomegranate's rind!

The hamster, ground-squirrel, lemming  
Whisk off with their daily chores. -  
Goes of free will, no jot of hemming,  
The valley's world like ordered course!

The beast, the bird, the bush, the brook  
Foreground a stable universum.  
Entire span, each stretch, each nook  
Pertain the naturalness in blossom!

So peaceful, thrillingly serene,  
Environs majesty acquire,  
As if a shrine behind the screen  
Excites unwarranted desire!

Desire's a vassal of man's heart;  
Desire's a vessel to be broken;  
Desire's whence all stirrings start;  
Desire's most reviving token!

With flame and ravishing embedded,  
So crude, inherent volition,  
Is wild so that it might be dreaded  
Beyond all logical cognition!

Expelled from reason's hemming bourns,  
Bereft of sickening truism,  
Desire, clad in natural forms,  
Enshrines the Valley as its schism...

Man, make a dive and get your fill  
In lustful and extraneous valleys!  
Yet, mind: fulfilled is only Will,  
That never with the Reason dallies!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Walker Of The Dawn

He, (pardon, ladies, she, perhaps?)  
With backpack swung with shoulder-straps  
Of deep vermillion, buckled belt,  
And baseball cap, bent on advent  
To reach the dawn's outre extremes  
Walks on as being lost in dreams.

Utopian dreams to seize the dawn  
Until is on awakening morn!  
How stop the sun to steep the world  
And dawn ephemeral to hold?  
What can a man of weakness do  
To dawn's evanescence undo?

The walker, none afraid, persists  
To seize the thing that can't desist.  
Auroral heights engulf the wight,  
A-washing with its rising bright.  
The eyes iridescent with glide  
Of wantonly angelic light.

Now all environs are in paint  
Of pink, so eerily quaint,  
So tender, smooth, yet, cutting edge  
On slope, hilltop, shelf and ledge.  
Now colours climbing lower, beneath  
Now touching crown, stalk and leaf.

The walker, arms in air, cries:  
I wish the sun would never rise  
To lit my fey, phantasmal world,  
Of sleepy dell, canyon and wold,  
With fingertipsof gentle dawn,  
With morn about to be born!

The walker, mind! Without sun  
There would be nullity and none!  
No dawn, no light, no warmth, no life, -  
Since sun's true breeder, makes all rife!

Since sun as aftermath of dawn  
Can power vital stir and churn!

The walker plunges in the dawn  
This time of genuine glory shorn,  
Immersed in hope of last touch  
Of dawn's thin fingers' final clutch.  
Ay, such illusions' grip and hold  
Perhaps, still roll our racy world!

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Wardrobe Saint

Please, fancy dreary evenings prowl  
On us when we sat cheek by jowl  
By dying embers in dim hall,  
Beguiler was our tepid drawl  
Of things befallen, prospects slim,  
Debacles past and looming dreams.

Jake said: Immunity thrives ever  
To souse a man with no endeavour.  
The daring fall by hand of hardships.  
The idle live off their rations,  
With no goals, no dividends.  
In desecrated no man's lands.

Rejoined Sue: Such a paltry view  
Reflects how things uphold with few.  
I daresay, some efforts huge  
Of the majority deluge  
Those few no-doers. Damn the lot!  
Perhaps, it's not my final point.

Vladimir voiced another concern:  
Yea, fellows these deserve our scorn.  
Yet, think about renovation,  
New modes set for our nation.  
The guide to lead us is cohesion  
And future's bright and clear vision!

Easier dreamed than done, - said Anastacia, -  
To be a cohesive single nation!  
Though shower's integrity of drops,  
Each is unique in form and flop!  
It's true we need the guiding cohort,  
With bows aimed, not loosely lowered.

I said: But guidance, lodestar  
Sometimes's misleading, too afar!  
Our fresh look should be self-reliance  
Employed as most stable guidance!

As well, in maximalism we're steeped! -  
Tis younger hearts' toning receipt!

So, words, words, words, we drawled to wear  
Our drowsy evening with a flare.  
The bedroom's door being ajar,  
We heard some whining creaky jar,  
Some stirring, somewhere in the niche,  
A poltergeist (a fitting cliché?)

We started all, and jumped from seats.  
Vladimir: Who, heroic deeds  
Wants to partake of? Go and beard  
That something troublesome and weird!  
The girls screamed themselves to the corner!  
Jake indecisively: I wanna...

No sooner had he entered the room,  
Than rent the air a crashing boom!  
Jake hollering curses out rushed,  
And with general uproar ushered,  
The shaggy boo stepped from the wall  
Usurping the view of dim-lit hall!

With our jaws dropped, our party fell  
Benumbed by the creature fell!  
The hirsute blabbed in pleasant tone:  
For a scary uproar I do bemoan.  
I've never meant a harm or jinx  
I'm a saint, an angel with no wings.

Please, cause me not displeasure yours!  
I'm not an evil idol perverse!  
I'm just a humble wardrobe saint,  
Though you can find my visage quaint.  
This even was apt time to emerge  
From my abode, a rude botch.

(Indeed, the thing's of granddad's time  
Was roughly hewn, ingrained with grime.  
Some odds and ends of faded stuff,  
Lace, pumps, top hats and fancy ruffs, -

All left from the grandsire renowned  
Who used to be a circus clown)

On hearing the message benevolent  
The party from their hiding crawled  
The smiling saint sat on the sofa.  
Our party plucking courage so far,  
Resumed our seats with eyes on him,  
That was unlikely cherubim.

And Anastacia: Has sent us dizzy  
Your corking visit, dear grizzly!  
Sue, scare over: The wardrobe saint,  
Though shaggy, but without a taint!  
Jake: He's nearly slammed the door  
Into my face in boo's uproar!

Vladimir: The skeleton is out,  
Of which no family can do without.  
The creature sat, the smile ironic  
Twitched his plump lips, - ways histrionic  
Are not unknown to imps as such.  
(Or I am ignorant that much?)

The wardrobe saint: Just right in time  
To give you piece of wisdom mine.  
Let my appearance betoken  
That if not joined, we're always broken!  
For I come oft to hope enthuse  
When folks have some discordant views.

I've heard the gist and ken the drift  
Of your palaver. Time is swift,  
And catching it by coattails  
All us, presumably, avails!  
No doing's good to some extent  
When on reflections mind is bent.

Since thinking over how to act  
Is what how a strategy enact.  
No blabbing idle with no deeds  
Uphold religions all and creeds.

Yet, dispute cute begets the truth, -  
Opined the wardrobe saint uncouth.

The piece of mind increased our youth's  
Belief whatever forms these truths  
Might loom from unexpected sources.  
(Ay, thorns have got most truthful roses)  
The wardrobe saint reclining facing,  
Jake: What we've heard might be a blessing!

Then, unabashed, all greeted the creature,  
Shaking its hands, no discomfiture.  
The wardrobe saint with a broad smile:  
I've just an urger for a while.  
The rest lies singularly with you,  
When you start acting on a cue.

Now as the morn approaches us,  
I must be gone to fall in trance  
To sleep away the course of days  
In my wardrobe's resting place  
Before a term me would arouse  
To saintly vigil over this house.

Thus, he was gone, as dawn wore on...  
Alas, no vignette to adorn  
The end of my ungainly yarn.  
And you cannot suppress a yawn  
Perusing over a quirky tale...  
But such can some subtexts entail!

Oleg Vorobyov



# The Wicket

All men do batter on the door  
and try to force the lock,  
their efforts outrageous, wicked,  
though noble ends in view.

Just some ungainly few,  
of unpretentious stock,  
know surely what's the lore  
and enter a small and inconspicuous wicket

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Wintry Window View

a teacher has to sit  
much.

On listening to kids  
he slips in reveries, -  
such  
is his custom set.

once captured I myself  
at liking a wondrous view  
commanding from my seat  
in my euphonious class,  
just a slice of a framed nook  
between the coordinates stuck:

a smug construction site  
with a half-erected gym  
and a bayonet of a crane;  
two pine-trees swayed by the wind  
under the welkin naked;  
and snow, a halcyon snow  
as falling down aslant  
in odd and jerky whorls, -

that outer wintry world  
without the window-pane  
could my dream-view sustain...

Oleg Vorobyov

# The Woman I'm In Love

The woman I'm in love's an epitome  
Of an unthinkable euphonious!

The woman I'm in love bears an image  
Of a most reverend peerage!

The woman I'm in love's reflected status  
Has burnt through my fond hearta sweet hiatus!

The woman I'm in love's my sustenance  
To feed the fire of the fairy Romance!

04.17.2020

Oleg Vorobyov

# There Where One Finds A Man

Tick-tock, tick-tock,  
Sinking throbs, wall-mounted clock.  
Something to fill in the span, -  
There where one finds a man.

Man can be categorized  
If he goes right, clockwise.  
If reverse way - may turn sorry  
Universal category.

Rundown truths, ambiguous vistas  
Glimpsing, luring at a distance.  
Something has to sieve the bran, -  
There where you can find a man.

Losing bearings and mooring  
To clutch at what's so alluring,  
Yet of foul tack's so dreary,  
Proving life's perennial theory.

Congruous gobs, streaks hexagonal  
Flowing down th' artistic channel.  
Something has to seize elan, -  
There where one finds a man.

Waxen figures poised in motion,  
Scenic faces, frozen emotions.  
Long live anthropocentrism!  
Art is a stagey cynicism...

Crowded galaxies in vertigoes  
Pushing on (Existence goes) .  
See: The Creational Ganglion,  
There where one finds a true man!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Traveller's Vistas

The sloping downs, the buckskin reach of steppes -  
Translucent views of vastness propped by skies.  
Just waves and drifts in my car window rise,  
Occasional trees, - tis Sary-Arka yclept.

The trampled wastes resounding of hooves  
Of sturdy horses on their grueling raids,  
The clang of swords, the cry of ravished maids, -  
All's stern in steppes, and vistas hardly soothe.

The scurrying posts are vanishing behind,  
The wraiths of wires cutting the expanse, -  
The pictures jolting in a visionary trance...  
The oozing ink traversing paper lined.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Tulips

The flaming tulips  
Nodding their concave heads  
With overtones of nap  
Against the undulating winnowing whiffs,  
Their streaming stalks  
Wrapped in foliate strands, -

The tint, the sheen, the reek, the grace, -  
The tulips' throbbing hearts ablaze!

Oleg Vorobyov

## Two Worlds

Amidst the turmoils and upheavals  
of stringent perky busy days;  
among constraints and hemming evils  
of pressing minutes' fast relays,  
there are some split, infinitesimal  
ticks of composure and rest,  
so that you, forgetting dismal  
frets, cares you have been oppressed,  
and shutting out intervening  
molesting goings, no more!  
but restful dose of daydreaming  
you sip in through the mind's eye's straw.  
Then all disguised world slips dim robes  
and stands in your mind's naked eye:  
behind its nakedness new globes  
flash multiplicities! So nigh,  
and close by these mundane wonders:  
the bracing air, racing scud,  
leaves' murmur, scuttling salamanders  
of bold sunbeams, and busy squad  
of twittering birds, and also steam  
off puffing nostrils of the soil...  
Can vision be a perfect dream?  
Or tis a whiff of the turmoils,  
upheavals of the headlong world?  
No! Moments these, I claim, exist:  
such grant reposing respite.  
Through frets and cares I persist  
be overcome by them. So light  
so soft, so shrewd, so mind-relieving,  
as if I happened on a quiet,  
and peaceful island and were living  
by musing, also looking unto  
myself and asking what's this world  
to me? And what's that din and canting  
if life so beautiful? Behold!  
You may me label "introspective  
and vain escapist". Be it so!  
Not fly but stay is my objective, -

to grasp what makes existence go;  
to shake off husks unnecessary  
of dimness blurring our eyes.  
It's "what are we?" - eternal query  
gets us to don this placid guise  
of tranquil inwardly withdrawal.  
Once in, perhaps, some long-sought answers  
might in as revelations crawl!  
So, man in such way two worlds fancies:  
one through another just to marry  
in mind both things, so fraught and fairy!  
14.02.2015

Oleg Vorobyov



# Verbal God

The Babel's scathing curse  
As Jehova in wrath  
Mixed up and tossed the tongues  
Of the ambitious folk  
Who durst a zikkurat  
To be a scale to skies, -

It's still a lasting bane  
While casting a mute pall  
O'r our kin who can't  
To grasp each other's ken,  
Dumb dogs, not their fault,  
That feel but won't speak!

Antiquity has ebbed.  
This lingual divide  
Because of middlemen,  
Translators, polyglots,  
Our cosmopolitanism  
Feels not that harsh, acute.

Word's undivided rule's,  
However, evil right!  
Supremacy of what's  
Implanted in our mouths  
And spat out abroad,  
Seems our damnable lot!

So, here comes the God,  
The Logos, merciless Word!  
A breath, a lisp, a sign  
Is Verbal God's design!  
A turn, a change, a stroke  
Means just His flame to stoke!

The God that kills by mouth,  
That sunders north and south;  
That trails off in vile shrouds;  
That dims man's whereabouts;

That swears falsehood daring;  
That's negligence, not caring!

What has been said, thin odds,  
Can't be unsaid. Hence, hordes  
Of tinsel, trashy meanings  
Are being hurled at innings  
Of disputes, brawls, palavers!  
(But words are naughts, cadavers...)

Yet, one might argue: Worship  
Of love is not aversion!  
A tender word, a prayer  
Is like sweet music rare!  
A word of comfort cures!  
The word of Greats endures!

Yea, it is true. The balance  
Tips to words trim, good gallants  
Which bring relief, fine feeling;  
Restorative, not killing;  
Those gentle, soothing, meek...  
Until drops smashing brick

He's caught man unawares  
And flung life downstairs!  
The Verbal God, Lord Logos.  
Tis living thing, not bogus!  
O, wisps of dust, we're all do slave  
From babbling cradle to dumb grave

To Jaggernaut, Verbal God,  
The fierce, and yet fairy Word!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Versions

How verse is born? What mystery  
is in its being brought to life?  
Who verse conceives, and then gestates  
to be delivered to the world?  
Verse is an offspring of the wind,  
a gale, a gust or just a whiff,  
when words to harmony are whirled  
and bourne on wings to winnow skies.  
Or verse is hammer-coined to molds  
of different shapes and fad designs,  
red-hot, shipshape, explosive tumults,  
ideas fused into the words.  
Or verse is nee of mother-of-pearl,  
begotten, nurtured in bivalves:  
the flaps are oped, and fine verse  
shines pure brilliance of wit.  
Or verse is stormed into existence  
in rash precipitous cascades,  
in foamy, smoky, offensive  
mad waterfall of icons, flicks.  
Or verse's the breath of hoary ridges,  
the heaving innards of the earth,  
magmatic images' up-flow,  
setting to verse-forms when erupt.  
So, verse is knit of what-not strands:  
its multitudinous being  
is, on the one hand, strange, arcane;  
and, on the other, so natural.  
24.02.2015 ?

Oleg Vorobyov

# We Sit On This Earth

We sit on this Earth  
watching the heraldic skies,  
with its wackiest zoo en-passant:  
bears on bears, dogs after dogs  
dancing their presence upon us.

Rustic, uncouth  
seem our minds  
botching the Myth and the Cant  
on what's that Gog and Magog,  
that 've made man a hostage to Chronos!

We sit on this Earth,  
however, at happiest moments,  
being entitled to view  
the unravelling Cosmos  
with its splendour and vogue!

The Cant and the Myth  
can go to hell! No comments!  
Come what may come: it is due!  
Life will never divorce us!  
Oecumene is all in agog!

Oleg Vorobyov

# What Grace, What Vividness, What Edge

What grace, what vividness, what edge  
brings out you amongst the rest!  
What modest beauty's luring catch  
to your uniqueness does attest!  
Held in your view I cower, shrink;  
your charming eyes have me at bay.  
My thirst will have no other drink  
than you have given y  
and waif I find myself when you  
won't bless me by your partial warmth.  
You stand aloof, of chosen few  
who hardly know their worth!  
I'm to remind you of unique  
and queenly stand you are permeate  
You are the candle - I'm the wick  
to light you hot! - take me at it!  
The inner beauty shines within -  
reflected image of your soul.  
How farest you, the comely queen?  
How goes on your sweet control  
that has no borders, no confines?  
Ay me! How can the printed words,  
and commonplaces you define?  
How state against all artful odds  
how singular you're, and so forth?  
In faith, I've tried. Has been success  
my declaration? You- to deem.  
I hope you taste your own worth  
in my immoderate address  
and wax in inward self-esteem.  
I think I'm free, no fetters more  
hold my impressive heart and mind;  
yet there's abroad another lore  
that I'm detained by you, confined.  
Let grace of yours and what you feel  
so tender-hearted be a pledge  
to what we've made a fair deal:  
"I'm dull reflector. Shining edge  
you're in my mirrors"; Lux Aeternus

is being lit in loving furnace...

20.03.2015

Oleg Vorobyov

# What Is The Meaning Of Rain?

What is the meaning of rain?  
Wherever it might fall,  
The Ukraine,  
Or Spain,  
Or some far, faraway terrain  
(Say, nitric, acid)

Is rain that simple as a self-suggestive claim?  
Whenever it might surge,  
On time's verge,  
Or a momentous stage,  
Or ever without age  
(When Kronos is misplaced)

The poet might find waterfalls of rhyme  
Sprinkled with -ein,  
Like "drain", "pain", "bane" or  
"lane";  
(Now, I /pardon me/ abstain  
In this continuance...

And I once had it for the asking  
Soaked to fiber under caskets,  
Pails, vats and barreelfuls of rain  
Oh, no deity could refrain,  
However hard I might have prayed,  
From staining me in its most fluid nuance!

20/08/2018

Oleg Vorobyov

# When You Are In Pain

When you are in pain,  
a friend comes to relieve.  
He knows its worth,  
He's eager to attend.

What pain means in this scary  
and precarious world,  
one has the time to learn  
when taking venomous fill.

My brother, my true friend,  
The Herald of sweet Hope,  
I lean onto your hand  
And grab life-saving rope.

Oleg Vorobyov



# Why Does The Tearful God Snatch Our Dears Away?

They say, it is always the factor of man,  
or weather conditions, or junction, more than

they could have observed in conventional turn...  
But dears have flown to "no-return"!

To skip on the board of a jet bound north  
and tickle the Tearful God to his wrath!

He snatches his doomed whom he's picked as he wishes  
to make tin birds drop in his malice pernicious!

Why has he carved out this dozen to hurl  
to their perdition? Why journalist girl?

Why white-haired general? Why obstetrician? -  
They perfectly suit his most homicide mission!

In tears, He tears such from our ranks,  
hypocrite by calling at his foul pranks!

The nation bereaved having lost their flower!  
Has oozed our grit, has impaired our power...

Yet, hearts - no slates to erase our dears!  
Not falsely, but truly are rolling our tears...

Oleg Vorobyov

# Why Dream?

1

Once we wake up, exuviate  
Our raucous dreams to nowhere,  
And draws a veil over the fair,  
And features a turbid wakeful state.

So, life's a dream without end,  
Yet truest dreams are in morbid stupor.  
In sleep man sheathes a sort of pupa  
Himself to sub-existence lend.

Ay, why we dream phantasmal worlds? -  
To be dissolved and lulled to tombs,  
Get a foretaste of imminent dooms,  
Wrapped in dreams' sticky airy folds?

---

2

Dreams made of truths,  
Yet undiscovered.  
Dream horses stamp their echoing hooves  
With whiffs of streaming manes in flurry.

Dreams made of threads,  
Membraned petals.  
Dream fireflies, dark tearing in shreds  
Spin carrying their luminous chattels.

Dreams made of dreams  
Man's transience redeem.

Oleg Vorobyov

# Wish I Could Be A Guardian Angel

Wish I could be a guardian angel  
To rescue someone from a danger  
At numbered seconds off a crash  
When life is worth an instant dash!

A reach of hand, or a covering wall  
Could probably stop a threatening pall!  
A wise advice to check a mad course  
Could probably undo a development worst!

I wish I could have wings to fly  
To carry me to rescuing nigh!  
I wish I could be of light speed  
To save the ones in a dire need!

But I am weak, of mortal built.  
My futile dreamings unfulfilled  
Are until now. A skein of dust  
Such as I am presumably must

Deliver someone of hot water,  
(Can written word become a motto,  
An incantation to transpire?)  
Of a blow, of slip, of chasm, of fire!

Oleg Vorobyov

# Wish-To-Be Shapes

Men over forty lack the thews of youth,  
And women likely lack the shape and grace.  
Men likely turn misshapen and uncouth,  
And women may fall short their charming race.

The shrunken hormones hardly harmonise:  
Some steps retrace when we are overhill.  
We can, of course, don artificial guise,  
But such cannot vacuities refill.

We dress to kill for glamour and repute  
(The scabbards like constraining artifice)  
But can one face some raw and brazen dude  
In Adam's suit by Nature improvised?

Or Eve's? No doubt, art of donning dress  
To cover somewhat flabby, faded, scabbed.  
Yet, finer art is how to undress  
And show what it's like, whatever crabbed.

And crowded gyms, and fitness-spas on move,  
And scalpel - youthful image to retrieve.  
With such ideas men and women soothe  
Their injured Egos not to be aggrieved!

Ideal shapes by Media are urged  
(The faultless well-proportioned mannequins)  
We fall for it deluded. What a scourge  
To pamper Selves on questionable means!

Lo: Rubens gave us forms, so Rembrandt did.  
(The ugliness usurping beautified)  
Mind: Mamma Nature's clammy, crude, candid,  
Her kids of moulded clay has never fied!

24-25 April 2018

Oleg Vorobyov

# Yea-'n-Nay

Two in one, conjunction in-between.  
So many things depend upon them!

When your "yea" to self-abandon cling;  
When your "nay" kills an atonement.

One can oscillate between these "yea" and "nay",  
With the head put on the deathly block...

To be outright, and neither swerve, nor sway,  
As if sealing up a strong wedlock!

Lisp of hardly parted lips or thunderous cry,  
Yea-'n-Nay can mend or leave no stone unturned.

So staple, and so simple why  
This twain, men have never learnt.

Oleg Vorobyov

# You Pay The Price

The palpable cuirasse of intellect  
Allowing stand out and to pledge  
Posh knowledgeability and wit, -  
A powerful reach...

/However,  
It is likely to be spurned  
By faulty health,  
Apnoea, teeth decayed, digestion weak  
Against the intellectual tour de force/

You pay the price.

The dream man, almost a Vitruvius man,  
Full of good deeds and never deemed a cad,  
Solicitous, strong-minded, altruist, -  
A dream in flesh...

/Albeit,  
It can be overthrown  
By a ghastly wife,  
Suspicious, nagging skirt, obnoxious curse and sneak  
Against the righteous course/

You pay the price.

Be born on blessed Earth, nor dismal Mars,  
In this astounding place where life's in bud and leaf,  
The only comfortable seat in th' lonely Universe, -  
The winning card...

/Mayhap,  
It's likely to be scrapped  
By life's expiring breadth,  
Protracting for a while and ultimately shorn  
Against the hedonistic vital breath/

You pay the price.



# You'll Find Me In A Napping Bar

You'll find me in a napping bar,  
as I'll be nestling on a dream couchette,  
my soft tranced lips as daemons them escape,  
over myself a cast of tremulous cape,  
in trickles hardly palpable the sweat  
would bathe my body so far

As dreams would perish in the wake of trance,  
the golden hour beguiling time,  
infinitesimal dots in space, -  
so, dormant bourns would efface,  
as spinning quarks begot this rhyme,  
while Hipnos his sustaining glance  
would try on me as I'll be still  
before my vital quest's fulfilled...

Oleg Vorobyov