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(verse-n-music.de)

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My moods

A lonely dozed (03-11-2022)



The world is arranged in such a way, that a person cannot be alone. Men, especially, suffer from it. Because they are lonely in essence of the function, that nature has prepared for them. Men are driven to the unknown, which beckons them with sweet expectations. (pause with commas)

I want to be lonely

And waste life away

I hate being homely

And tend disobey

Whatever the ruling

Was mounted on

Within soft-n-schooling

My mind, thereupon

I want the arrangement
Brought down, away
And all the attainment
Crashed up and astray

Been gone for-true-ever
I am, longing for
A splendid endeavor
My destiny store

A look for affection
Gain, lose and dismiss
Redundant reflection
And painful release

Hot nature forecasting
Done ruling imposed
The soul, still lasting
And lonely dozed



Spain, Italy, Georgia, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico and many others. These are beautiful countries where fiery hearts live.
One spark is enough and the flame will swallow you whole. I would take a chance, but I have become bald already. Try it,
you will like it. (pause with commas)

I have inclination

And tendency quiet

To keep reputation

Somehow defiant

But try to remain

Legitimate carnal

Suppressing the reign

Of wishfulness final

Your spark is enough

To break weakly rule

And crash down bluff

I am, senses full

Been trying expose

Protected-whitewashed

Inversely composed

And formerly sloshed

My will, taking chances

Now's fully controlled

Not only by fences

An old and bald

Became, well, already

In spite of the time

I have been much steady

Supportive sublime



A cool morning or a cloudy evening, a gone day or a coming night, they do not matter at all, when you feel lost in space
and time, while trying to discern the meaning of your fragile and lonely life, in the vague outlines of the distant shore.
(pause with commas)

A cool morning's breaking

Above distant shore

My lost and forsaken

The inner rapport

Does wake me, to linger

With bitter in-taste

A failed, foolish thinker

Was I, thoughtless waste

The day gone unnoticed

Towards distant shore

Left vision unfocused

From here to fore

And turned into evening
As well, distant stored
Still not deal-relieving
Much waited accord

My thoughts, scattered round
And sinking afar
Before even found
By someone, ajar

I will try discerning
The meaning, my life
Is endlessly cloning
Perpetual strife



Life is very difficult and stressful thing. Not many of us can break free and not lose themselves and ruin their lives. I kneel before the desperate and strong people. (pause with commas)

A frivolous smoky
My life's turning on
With thoughts, little soapy
And deeds thereupon

I don't know what
Has dawned onto me
To walk with a strut
And sit with decree

Free feminine tension

I long to endure

Get sweetheart detention

Loose worries obscure

I'm glad to have lost

Your presence, so sober

And firmly embossed

Your feverish prober

Am I, dreaming smoky

An old and bald

Free feminine dopey

Desired untold



Life is a road into the stormy future from the peaceful past. Why is it so? It is a paradox. The future is always stormy, whilst the past is always peaceful. Surely, we apprehend the known, as peaceful, and the unknown, as stormy and dangerous. (pause with commas)

My life is a road
From peaceful, the past
Into the bestowed
And stormy contrast

The future of mine
Is dreamt, up to now
A dangerous, malign
And threatening vow

I swear with plural
And selfish refuse
To fully embellish
Mistakes that I choose

In every my step

I hope, the better

I'm somehow hep

But little upsetter

A thought of the mind

The sign in the air

To leave on, behind

My picturesque care

The move of the hat

The sign on the road

The colorless set

To further on, strode



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We live in a forest of puzzles and problems. Most of them are imaginary. There is no need for the clue, just clean up your sore imagination. Unless there is a personal cluelessness aging. (pause with commas)

I know the clue

But what of it, useless

I cannot get through

The cluelessness ruthless

That chokes my mind

With struggle for nothing

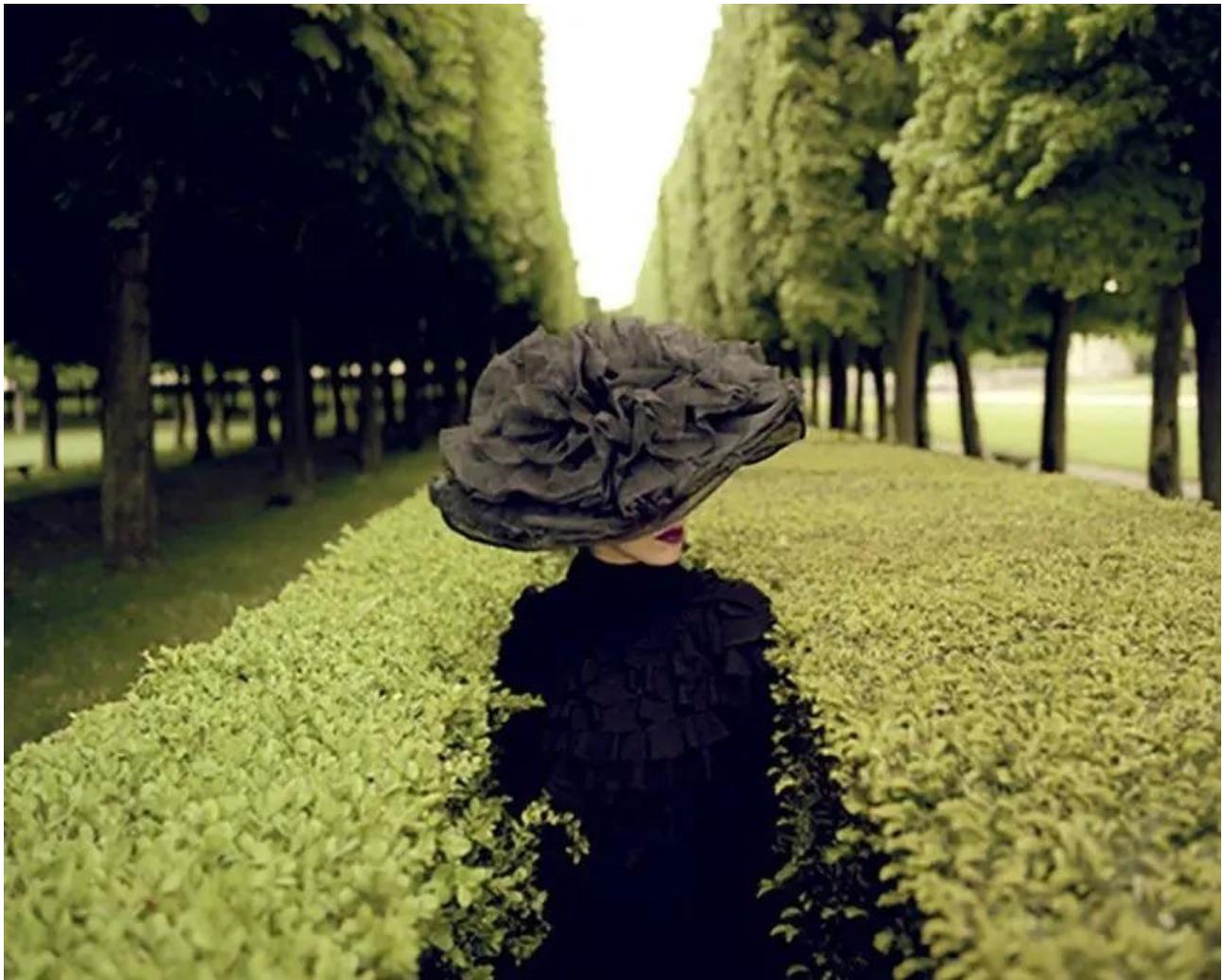
I'm being declined
By cluelessness smashing

The moments of living
I've used, love the most
Closed up with a stealing
And furious ghost

My self, has become
From years desperate looking
For clues to the numb
My conscience unhooking

My life is a forest
Of clues always useless
They're perfectly chorused
In uselessness rootless

They are, not a few
But endlessly numbered
I don't want the clue
To my, conscience slumbered



There are situations, in a dream or in reality, when we meet a person from our past or future who reminds or warns us of something strange or unpleasant. (pause with commas)

I am, doomed and fated

Some images real

With past life related

Appear genteel

And life's messing gloom

Is loosed on, forever

The path's Lady Doom

A blackish endeavor

Calls back to the past

And shakes me inside

With still bleeding fast

My hard injured pride

I seem, to have changed

Surreal and ghostly

My arrogance, flamed

Is no more vastly

Does splash outside

But quietly burning

While feverish pride

Uninjured returning

I stare at the image

Harsh real and ghostly

My memories' pillage

Neat glimmering, costly



Philosophy drives some people mad. Under a tight smile, they hide a callous, hypocritical and cynic soul. (Sorry a moody day of mine, pause with commas)

Philosophy, mine

Is splendid and deep

It's almost divine

With notes of creep

That tends to distract
The weak and the seeking
Into the abstract
Of fruitless life-leaking

It dwells in the mind
And poisons, the heart
With coarsened, unkind
A treacherous art

Of being the callous
And cynic a creature
Hypocrisy jealous
An envious preacher

The moment will come
I shall be astonished
What covetous scum
Delightfully varnished



The moods are different, good or bad, dark or bright, peaceful or annoyed. This is normal. Without mood, person turns into robot and loses his personality. (pause with commas)

Cheer it up, cheer myself
It is not good, to be broody
Take all my cheers, right from the shelf
I've not to be, falling moody

Looking inside, find myself
Gloomy a bit and distracted
It is because, wretched the self
Isn't a passing abstracted

Not an exception, poor my mind
So much dependent on gold
Real the world, somber and blind

Shining away, real cold

Frozen completely, almost fall

And paralyzed by despair

When I was child, busy with all

Little or big things to dare

Now I sit, closed away

Scared to death by the cost

Break all the rules, by rough a play

Startled to think, predisposed

My self (22-10-2019)



Some people say, it is better to remain silent. I think, it is better to speak than remain silent. Speaking is an interaction and acquiring of knowledge, whilst silence is downgrading into a shaky and weak one. (pause with commas)

I am a timid

Shy and discreet

Likely omitted

Tend to retreat

Shaking to speak

Trembling to say

Quietly weak

Peacefully stray

I dare doubt

Shaky humility

Silence devout

Perfect tranquility

They're not awesome

Valued or praised

Downright loathsome

Praise-fully crazed

All the tranquility

Calmness and peace

My disabilities

And true unease

Make me degrade

Into a poor

And a conveyed

Poorly doer

Reflective verses

Dreams and reality (14-06-2023)



It is very interesting that a person is a social being, which is molded from conventions. His thoughts and dreams are limited by the borders of decency and discretion. The feeling of reality, and sense of duty to society, do constrain his movements. But sometimes, we want to set ourselves free from conventions, and be just the ones who can make forgivable mistakes of frivolity. We want to set ourselves free, from the fetters and fly away, far in our thoughts and attempts. (pause with commas)

I don't like it, being
A social creature
An interest of fleeing
And able fly feature

Are most desired
At least to me only
The thoughts mine, conspired
Coarse modest and homely

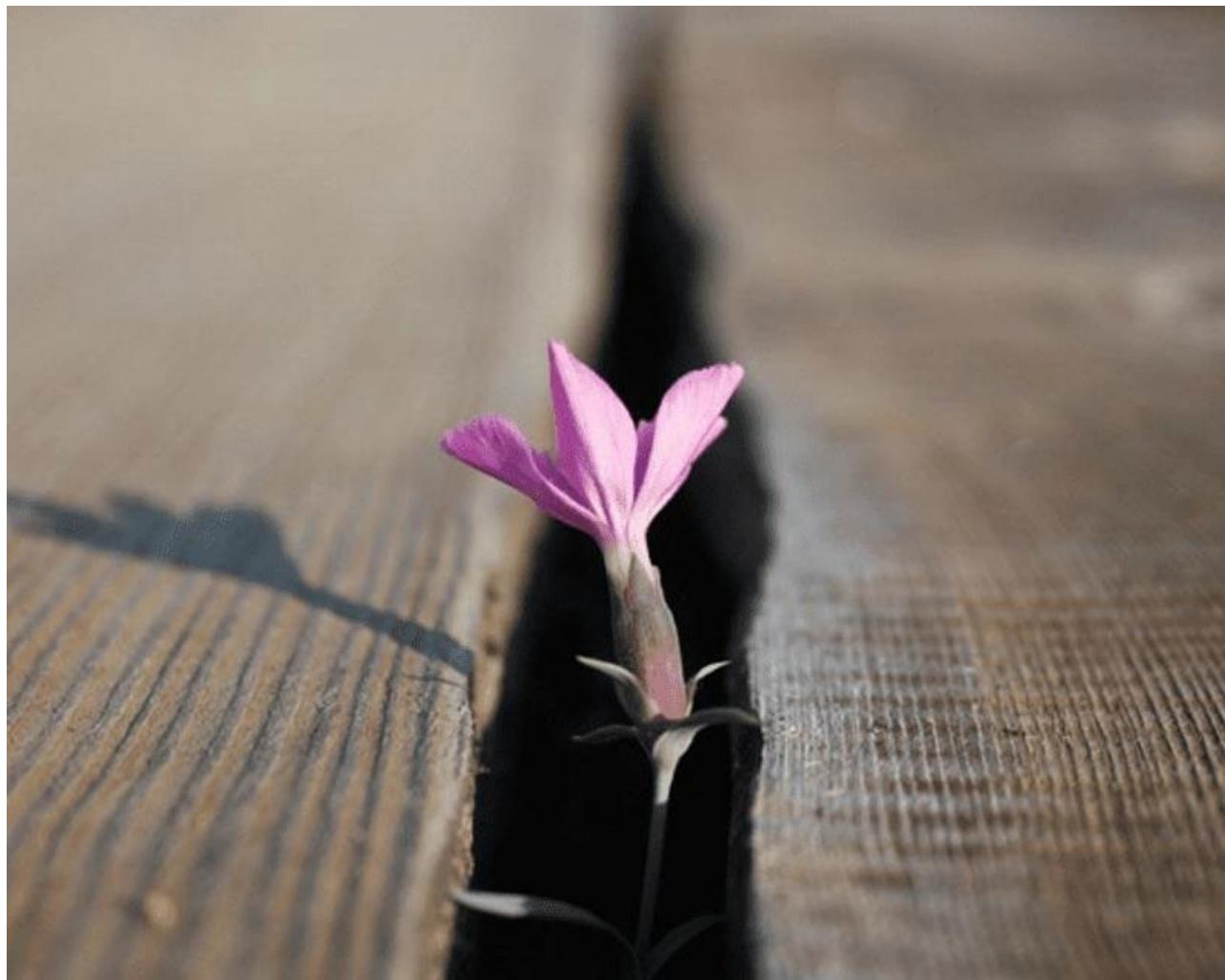
I don't like it, limit
The borders' discretion
A rudeness implicit
Or hidden compression

Which reigning around
Suppressing me strongly
By strains, inner bound
And homefullness lonely

I want to be wild-free
From fetters self-forged
To full and high degree
Frivolity gorged ...

Forgivable not
Mistakes mine are welcome
Light-mindedness hot
I've longed for, to have some

The flower of hope (03-04-2023)



It is very interesting, that a person, always lives in hope. In the most difficult times, his hope sprouts like a flower between the forbidding boards. I really want to believe, that the world will change and wars will stop. (pause with commas)

My life is a war

A hopelessly quiet

A closed up door

Insensibly private

It is, endless scope

Forbidden and restless

The sweet, soothing dope

My thoughts, fallen zestless

I try go on
Break boards, building out
The senses, dead born
Of black ruthless drought

That's spreading around
As avalanche folly
Inherent unsound
Allegedly holy ...

My life is a war
Inside, more than out
Of feelings burnt sore
And hatred devout

The flower of hope
I live on, perceive
The sweet, soothing dope
I've come to receive

Born of a sadness (24-01-2022)



There are some ones that seem to be born of a sadness, no matter how hard you try to change them. I am partially the kind. I know what it is, to live out of space and time, where strangeness has permanently established her existence.
(pause with commas)

I'm born of a sadness

In outer space

I lack, all the gladness

And even a trace

Of which, never found

Inside the abyss

I've fully been drowned

With welcoming hiss

I feel it discharged
The air of sorrow
The butterfly's barged
Half-heartedly borrowed

And rose to company
The sheepish my look
Mistakenly-trumpery
On moodish, the hook

I'm here to say
I'm sorry-existence
Somehow display
A weakly consistence

To try, to have changed
And last for a while
In normal arranged
The effortless style

A victory double (30-09-2020)



Dedicated to the political opposition leaders. (pause with commas)

My life is a trap
Whatever direction
I'm wading the map
With heart insurrection

I want it, be changed

Reality stagnant
Make it, rearranged
Discarding waste remnant

I'm losing and lost
Inside reveries
Account not cost
For those devotees

That follow ardent
A leader, one legged
Who's now retardant
Disabled a peg

My will's not enough
Reality changed
It is, pompous bluff
That makes me estranged

...

Eleven much is
A victory double
We are, losing fears
Of fatalist trouble

1984 (25-09-2020)



Nationalism and communism are cancer of the society. They turn people into ruthless gears, first on the inside, then outside. (pause with commas)

It is a cool thing

Be part of a team

A slogan to sing

Do march in the stream

It's true inspiration

A friend by your side

A biz conversation

The mutual pride

But once in a while

I feel something wrong

It's clacking hostile

And gnashing prolonged

Inside of my mind

And then in the heart

A cogwheel's assigned

To crack me apart

I turn and I tear

The suit bloody gray

I'm choking to bear

And gasp on decay

My life's turned into

Moustached cogging wheel

That's cutting me through

With weirdness real

My bestial flair (03-07-2020)



(pause with commas)

I don't know where

I've come so far

I'm gasping and stare

Indifferent ajar

With eyes, on the road

Glued hard, all the way

I've left my abode

And set off astray

I've lost all I had

Down there, a time
The home and the plaid
The sweet sonant chime

My inner despair
Turned harshly bizarre
My bestial flair
Has driven me far ...

A home, not mine
Ahead to the right
Some circle malign
Has gathered tonight



(pause with commas)

She went it disgraceful

Malignant the fire

Afloat to nothing

Was love or desire

A tragedy softer

Emergency senses

Afloat emotions

Of struggling dances



Many of us are lonely. It is very difficult to find your soul mate, if you are looking among the wrong me. Be careful, I shall make you different. (pause with commas)

Your love is a note

Inside of a bottle

You're dreaming to dote

And endlessly coddle

A worthy someone

Not me, to possess

The one to become

Your love in excess

You dream and depict

The tender his touch

He is, my convict

I am, constant clutch

His love is a note
Inside of a bottle
His heart, is a boat
Of mindless twaddle

That's sailing away
From here to there
A cold fish of prey
His heart's of no care

Your love is a note
Inside of a bottle
Now's always afloat
In careless twaddle

The world (26-05-2020)



(pause with commas)

The world, little world

You're heavy to hold

Have pity on me, for a while

My body is curled

My mind is whirled

I pray to be staying agile

They say, you're the gold

You're brilliant, but cold

And shining away, radiant through

The world, little world

You're mighty uphold

The golden, my dreams, to pursue



Some people take risks for love, usually women. It is very miserable and sad, because love is a tender hoax. But ... This is life, it is unpredictable, and it hosts no mistakes of others, but your own, bitter and sweet. So, go on, reach out your hand. There will be the light at the end of the tunnel – the only true value – HONESTY. You will surely touch upon it some rainy day.

Make sure, to never let it go, not as I always do. (pause with commas)

I wait for the day
My rainy and gloomy
With chills, in the gray
That constantly sue me

With tireless waving
Towards an astray
I'm desperately craving
Your honest display

My fearless gladness
A poisonous snake
My elegant blackness
Your blunder mistake

Is always a puzzle
To bitter my heart
Why treacherous hustle
Is prudently smart

At risking it all
The white, into black
Dismaying the stall
Of orderly stack

Of wishes, your pleasant
I seem disapprove
With mind, effervescent
To blacken the move



The times now are associated with mask and desert. I cannot get rid of them in my mind. It seems that every my step is the mask of anxiety. (pause with commas)

Life is a desert
Burning and thirsty
With useless efforts
Tiresome bursty

Masquerade stepping
Tedious strife
Ominous trekking
Desert's my life

Steps that I take
Anxious the masking
My thoughts, are fake
My mind's, gasping

Wishes extreme
Reach the horizon
Desperate with dream
World, to enlighten

Close my eyes
Shut up the ears
Truthful allies
My rare tears

I will expose
Burning and bursty
Tiresome close
Masquerade thirsty

The mask (14-04-2020)



I have a very disturbed state of mind. I am frightened and anxious. Death has become something ordinary, just a roundup. I can only think about the mask in the literal and figurative sense. We live while there is no mask, as soon as the mask appears, life ends and existence begins. (pause with commas)

Genuine not

I was some ever

Lived like a god

Vainfully clever

Self praising blind

Strolled on around

Selfish inclined

Fell on the ground

Time, gorgeous tole
What's wrong with me
Mine, perished soul
Fullscale degree

Rotted and vanished
Under the mask
Foolishly brandish
Self praising task

Led me away
Into nowhere
With present gray
Future despair

An old intriguer (19-09-2019)



Eastern wisdom states. "The three things never come back – time, word, opportunity. Therefore: do not waste time, choose words and don't miss the opportunity." (pause with commas)

I am losing time
My words, scattered over
My thoughts are sublime
But deeds, of a drover

Obedient would seem
Appeared, the threesome
Hush, living a dream
The beautiful season

I close my eyes
Reach out, the hand
But stuck by the ties
Go back to repent

Why am I, so earthly
To live in the skies
Damn history's dirty
Grand past is a lie

I try to entrap
The fortunes, that tease me
Take out a snap
To bitter displease me

My time's running short
My words hurt me eager
Three beauties' escort
An old intriguer



I believe that something, I love and hate is behind this door. Why there, because it is locked. It could be somewhere else.
Not necessarily closed away. I will run and lock it, before it locks me forever. (pause with commas)

I stare at the door
Afraid of, the hidden
I've lost it before
Excited and ridden

Onto the emotions
That seemed, true and clean
I've plunged with devotion
Into the serene

A hatred and love

Were waiting me there

Distaste thereof

Becoming aware

That love is a poison

For beautiful hearted

And hatred is lovesome

For mercy departed

Rushed up, took the key

Have thrown, in the bay

I want to be free

And keep them away

There are many doors

Shut up, in my face

The hatred of love

Revenging its grace

The gorgeous risk (16-09-2019)



Life is a general risk, emotional, caused by illnesses or mechanical death. The most risky situation is falling in love.

Imagine the bullet through your brain if the love is not mutual. (pause with commas)

A bullet or stone

The merciful gear

I've got to be prone

But still have no fear

I know, I might

Forget it and live

But poorest fright

Is striking to give

A way, risk intended

To hold up my breath

Am I, to be ended

Mechanical death

Life's gorgeous a risk

That's dwelling inside

My heart, burning brisk

Your mind, freezing blind

I try to have cleared

Emotional thread

An illness not feared

Imparting it sad

It's falling in love

I am, much in terror

The risk's leaden shove

An eminent error

I cannot survive

It's better a bullet

Why am I, to thrive

I can, not to fool it.

Feverish lover (08-08-2019)



There is, the only true performance. A sad one, that cuts your heart bleed.(pause with commas)

Performance is over
Forgotten and fallen
By feverish lover
My heart's being stolen

The smile I have seen
But back, turned to me
She's all I have been

And more, than will be

Mystery the stonish (02-05-2019)



Nature is an endless mystery, the deeper we look into it, the more astonished we are. (pause with commas)

Prehistoric flourish

From the past sublime

Been so freely nourished

Bloomed away, some time

Mystery the stonish

Like some thoughts of mine

Under-water garnished

Turned into the sign

That is shiny splendid

Like upon the time
True has got extended
Into magic mime ...

Write upon the stone
Thoughts of mine, are true
Hope, they will be known
When I'm also through

Shaking icy (25-02-2019)



Sometimes, I feel myself a piece of ice, crawling down a frozen shore and looking up at the frozen sunset. (pause with commas)

On the shore, of land forgotten
Have to play, forgotten role
From nowhere, into nothing

Crawling on, without a goal

I am stumbling and gasping
Stepping over, lost and wrong
Are their souls of sparky lusting
Or as mine, a little prawn

I have lived a life of lazy
Someone never rushing to
Help somebody lost in hazy
And a miserable screw ...

Yes, I'm sentenced, to the cold
Same as cold, as I have been
There could be, piece of gold
Here will be piece of thin

Little sharply, shaking icy
Always hard and cold for all
Never tried to live it dicey
Simply crawling off at all

In the time of my youth (24-02-2019)



We are born clean and trustful, and then become moody and aggressive.(pause with commas)

Come here, little marvel

Come close, to me dear

You're open and trustful

And know no fear

As I was up there

Respectful and trusty

In days of my youth

Was childishly gusty

I lived for a moment
To see in the eyes
A sparkle of gamely
And youthful surprise

Those days are no more
Enlighten my present
I live in the core
Of shapeless, unpleasant

A town of busy
Aggressive and moody
In time of my youth
Of flourishing beauty

If the white is not affection (23-02-2019)



There are ominous signs, hidden in the unexplainable differences of common things. (pause with commas)

I, do not, believe in witchcraft
Like discernment and insight
I'm avoiding contradictions
And believe in godly light

Would not say, that I am scary
Inner shaking through the night
I'm afraid, of darkly fairy
Playing tough with black and white

The impossible and gloomy
Things do happen on the way
When the white is over bloomy
And the black's pretending gray

I am shaking at reflection
Being lost on endless day
If the white is not affection
And the black is not astray

Been craving for love (22-02-2019)



Some women are Paulo's 11 minutes minded. They are so much beautiful, and even more dangerous, for the man's heart. (pause with commas)

I look in the mirror

So gracious and calmly

Mysterious darkness

Surrounds me timely

Been craving for love

Impossible minutes

But something inside

Was setting the limits

I look in the mirror
And treacherous doubly
Mysterious darkness
Is killing me calmly

My beauty is poison
My love is eleven
Impossible minutes
Of Paulo's heaven

Enlive me somehow
To think of the last
When I was a muse
For boys in my past

Guten tag (21-02-2019)



To my dear doctor Martin and Helios Klinikum dedicated. (pause with commas)

Gourmania, evening

Mercedes is starting

Hello, come over

I'll take you to Martin

The op has been scheduled

I'm nervous and jumpy

The time's drawing near

My heart's going pumpy

A beautiful lady

Said "ACHTUNG" and stuck

A needle into me ...

Woke up

Guten tag

Carina is looking at me

With a smile

We're waiting for Martin

He'll come in a while

And now I see Him

My genius doctor

He's shaking my hand

And smiling like actor

He's perfect the star

Of the Helios truly

All women around

In love with him fully

Talk something better (20-02-2019)



If a woman looks at you, vertically, she is definitely interested. (pause with commas)

I'm looking at you

In every direction

Up front and to side

You've lovely complexion

I cannot get in

Why am I attracted

You handsome enough

I'm over impacted

Oh, no, I'm here
To talk business matter
(But maybe at night
We'll talk something better)

My head goes dizzy
I'm shaking inside
What business at all
I've fallen upright

The power liquid (19-02-2019)



Why is it “wolf” from Wall street? It’s time to change the main player. (pause with commas)

I am an investor
My name is Nasdaq
Profound am I

And trusty as luck

The power liquid

Abundant with me

Come over my dear

I am your trustee

It's time for a change

It's time for the rule

A liquid adventure

The powerful tool

They say, step aside

You are, softly bubble

You will get us all

In equity trouble

I won't let you down

The wolves, go fleeing

When I am around

To pump your well-being

The arris of courage (18-02-2019)



They have amazing courage, to stand against cobra, with little chances to survive. (pause with commas)

I am coldly blooded

Impossible creature

The arris of courage

The only my teacher

Believe no chances

It is, too much risky

To fall off control

Depending on frisky

Ability moving

Or striking aback

There is no way

Misleading the track

The only thing matters

Advance of prediction

To strike at the core

With deadly infliction

I have all the power

In little my heart

I'm ready to strike

And break them apart

Was I a dreamer (17-02-2019)



We cannot escape the end, it is an unexpected sunset. (Sorry, it's a cloudy day of mine, just weeping around, pause with commas)

Little by little, I am passing over

Little by little, I'm losing my strength

My zeppelin, hardly can hover
Feeling alone, at the miserly end

Darkness is close, would I embrace it
Yes, I am grateful, warmly it seems
I am not scared, ready to face it
It is the part, of the radiant beams

Little by little, pain's getting stronger
Shivering coldness, the snowy stones
Peaking around, stinging me longer
Shaking me hard, right to the bones

I am approaching, call it, eternal
Simply to say, a blackly abyss
Look up above, clouds fraternal
Down from me, cloudy mist

Close my eyes, was I a dreamer
Never disposed, to stony blues
Oxygen breath, nasty redeemer
Ready am I, to eternity cruise

I am waiting for you (16-02-2019)



We cannot trust someone, unnaturally smiling. (pause with commas)

Come over, my precious

Afraid, no need to

I'm very good natured

Confirm, it is true

Come close, my lovely

Would never mistreat you

Just look in my eye

Discreetly, I'm true

May look some unfriendly

It's only misfortune

Was stricken by lightning

While whistling a tune

I'm proudly smiling

Come over, my darling

Come close, my precious

I am waiting for you

Compromised a magician (15-02-2019)



Beauty is a relative matter, to some extent. If you see, what is behind. It is compromised. (pause with commas)

How come, compromise

Has not risen expected

Being caught, by surprise

In the sideways reflected

So beauty, I know

Is a relative matter

First impression's, the flow

Stronger than any latter

In my mind, there were

So many collisions

Many images prime
And untimely decisions

I've been carrying out
After false recognition
What is beauty, no doubt
Compromised, a magician

I love you (14-02-2019)



To Valentine's day dedicated. (pause with commas)

I love you, my darling
And care so much
I love you within
And out, you catch

My hovering blues
Or piece of a sadness
Anxiety share
Or sorrow flatness

I love you, my darling

With all of my heart

I love you within

And out, the art

Of tender your passion

You share with me

I love you forever

And always will be

Look inside (13-02-2019)



Everyone has a secret place to hide, even inside his mind. (pause with commas)

Working hard, do get exhausted

Falling on, my bed all times

Legal cases, docs unposted
Scattered round, broken rhymes

Being tough, and strong, somehow
Do survive the crazy world
From within dishevelled vow
Runs away towards its fold

Am I dreaming of a dwelling
Hidden far, in forest wild
All I want, escape the telling
And dissolve in snow mild

Look inside, what's on my mind
Run away and get dismissed
Painful thought, has lost its grind
No strength I've to persist

Stop. What's more? Forget it. Being
Lost, dishevelled, gotten past
Whole of mine is set to fleeing
Far away to forest cast



To the country, I miss very much, dedicated. (pause with commas)

I have travelled around
With shamrock in my pocket
If I'm feeling much down
It is driving my rocket

On my palm, place it gently
Magic green, little leaflet
Precious more, than a jewel
Inner glamorous secret

I was born in the country
Ever green and surprising
Crystal clean in the air
Were my hopes arising

White and blue, lovely green

Those are, all my colours

Through the times of untrue

Were supporting my valours

Little house at sea

Always in, on my mind

Sweet my home, come to me

Better than, never find

My eyes always closed (11-02-2019)



Why is it so? Reality is always a stony tale. (pause with commas)

My dreaming is childish

With eyes firmly closed

To fairy beauty

I'm always disposed

My dreaming is golden

My soul, isn't stony

I'm childish a dreamer

With heart of a pony

They say it, all simple

The fables are falsely

Up mounted high

Or weighed down coarsely

I'm dreaming around

My eyes always closed

To stony falsehood

I'm not predisposed



It is hard to change, from darkness into light. Sometimes, it is a fight, going on inside. (pause with commas)

Was gloomy my being
Throughout the night
Were thoughts on the run
To put up a fight

Against a tomorrow
Afraid, am I of
It's painful to change
Or look up above

The forest my dwelling

I love you so much
You split me in two
You cut me with touch

Why am I to choose
Your darkfull despair
Or feverish light
Of endless unfair

Me, nothing foreseeing
Been long in the dark
Come over, Your Might
My Feverish Mark

The contradiction (09-02-2019)



This is the contradiction of the human nature. I've just spotted out in the picture. The verse is tough, (pause with commas)

Tonight, will I target

Or targeted creature

Somehow, become of

Uncertain the feature

Why should I, complain

Did much of the killing

If getting dismissed

Revealing the feeling

That's burdening whole

The nature of preying

I see it from right

So hopelessly laying

Oh no, what nonsense

Am I, not of power

Come back into senses

Go out to devour

What's there, from right

Lurking in, with persistence

I probably might

Given up, the resistance

Entrapped and distracted (08-02-2019)



I am sorry to verse it sad. That's the picture I've chosen. Why did I? I don't know. "A total eclipse of the heart ..." (pause with commas)

Horizon's on fire
So tired and bleeding
The shivering mire
My memories feeding

Entrapped and distracted
Like beams in the pool
My life's of a fish
My mind's of a fool

The ocean is gone
And nothing supported
My strength was the bridge
Untimely distorted

Entrapped and distracted

I stare off, firmly

Upon the horizon

That's bleeding me warmly

Philosophical verses

The negative field (28-07-2023)



Any means of prohibition, always, even indirectly, creates a limitation, which, in fact, is a change in time and space. It is the creation of a negative field that requires compensation at any subsequent moment. And the compensation event, that restores the change, will consume energy, physical and emotional. They say, that the gun, hanging on the wall, will one day fire. I think that this statement also applies to any ban. Any ban changes the natural course of events, hinders them and takes resources to neutralize itself. (pause with commas)

I like it, the freeing

Unlimited spaces

I like it, well-being

Of none, limitations

Direct or oblique

Protruding or hidden

Disgusting unique

Or formal forbidden

I like it, no ways

Prohibiting thinking

When all the lost days

Are foolishly sinking

Into space and time

Distorted, crime-willing

With falsely sublime

Fake truth, on fulfilling ...

The negative field

My life, has been always

For ever concealed

Within, closed doorways ...

Unlimited space

Up there, somewhere

Sprung up, with no trace

Of banning up, air



The deepest logic of the material world is development, constant movement and transition from one state to another. It doesn't have to happen in reality. Our consciousness is a connection between the material and the virtual. Our brain is a place where developmental processes, that have come to a standstill in reality, continue their cycle. Perhaps the mind and consciousness arose from the math need to guide and model the Universe. We are a means to leverage its development. (pause with commas)

I look at the sky
Illogical stranded
I'm forced to deny
Perception decanted

I've gained, not to be
True tenable deepest
Awaiting burst free
From fallacy steepest

I try stop it hard
Transition not happen
From state of retard
To move it all, ripen ...

The virtual base
My new destination
Corruption of space
And fake foundation ...

I try make it out
Material – virtue
Connection compound
Math needed, transfer to ...

My brain is a place
Beginning and ending
Developed up, grace
And foolishness pending



Why, the black and white world is always aggressive. Why does it hate everyone around, including itself. This is the mystery of millennia. Maybe, the denial of one's nature, is the trait that turns life into hell. We know that, the rationality of consciousness is very rough and suicidal. It is a paradox that lives in the minds of people, as contradictory, as the brightest feelings, love and hate, complement each other. (pause with commas)

Aggressive am I
From very day born
The black and the white
Mentality scorn

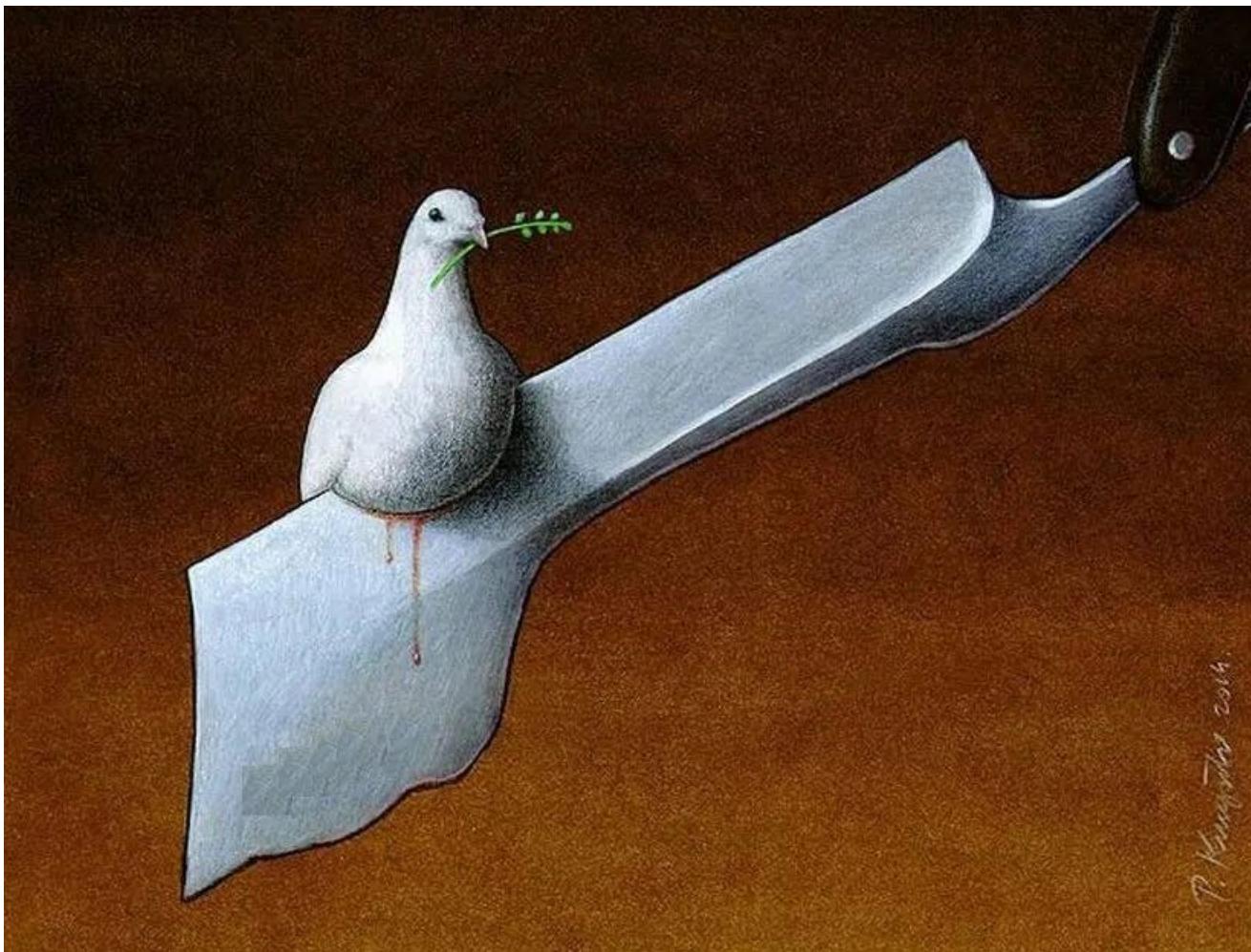
The feature, inherent
I've got, cursed to be
Extensive efficient
In black and white spree

I am, strange a creature
With white-painted soul
A kind of stitcher
Of crooked control

Within bloody waters
Of black and white truth
The rational quarters
Of errancies smooth

The rough suicidal
My lifelessness linger
Closed up, with a bridle
And tied to a sinker

The black and the white
From very day born
Aggressive am I
And mentally scorned



Why the world is always vulnerable? Why will there always be people who hate their own kind? I am trying to answer these questions and I come to the conclusion that nature has not been able to create a more effective method of resolving the crisis in its development other than physical self-destruction. This is a radical, fast and effective method. The agonizing party, which has come to a standstill in its development, involuntarily creates conditions when the world is forced to destroy it. Self-destruction through provocation, looks terrible but very similar to the truth. (pause with commas)

It is no flaw
To always be open
And live by the law
Of rules sound-spoken

That life and respect
The heaven and ground
We are to protect
Maintaining renowned

The questions and answers

Arisen in minds

The probable chances

And dangerous binds

The nature has hidden

From curious brains

Deliberate forbidden

Her radical chains

To keep them from changing

The most effective

And building, arranging

The whole protective

Destruction unconscious

And agony, curing

Without obnoxious

Resistance enduring



It is very hard for me to think about the dead and wounded in this war. The war without meaning and reason. People are in captivity of their stupid fears, despair and hopelessness. Why is this happening? I can only guess. At some point, the natural development of the aggressive society was artificially changed and the imbalance grew into hatred, derived from unachieved goals. There is hope that Sense of reality is higher and stronger than war, it is invincible and omnipresent like life. (pause with commas)

There is only reason
And meaning entangled
The fifth, bloody season
Not hopefully strangled

The freedom of thought
And freedom to choose
The almost distraught
The freedom of views

I'm living dependent
Upon which, extremely

Imagining transcendent

The Senses serenely

Establish invincible

And omnipresent

The high level principal

The truly incessant

The peace, I am longing

To be part of us

Forever restoring

Those treated unjust ...

The Sense of reality

My only reflection

My stressful morality

And bitter perfection



Why is the world built on freedom of choice. Is it a necessary condition for the development of society? Yes, it is. And still, it's hard for me to accept it, because negative characters can also make their negative choices and turn people's lives into hell. (pause with commas)

I'm humble and kneeling

A feeble creation

That's constantly living

A determination

To always obedient

Be day after day

Expressively lenient

Good natured-portrayed

Reality's cruel

The freedom of choice

So purposeful dual

Remarkable ploys

Are shame and the pride

Of evil and good

No one ever hide

No one ever could

I'm humble and weeping

The scene breaks my heart

So quick, to be dripping

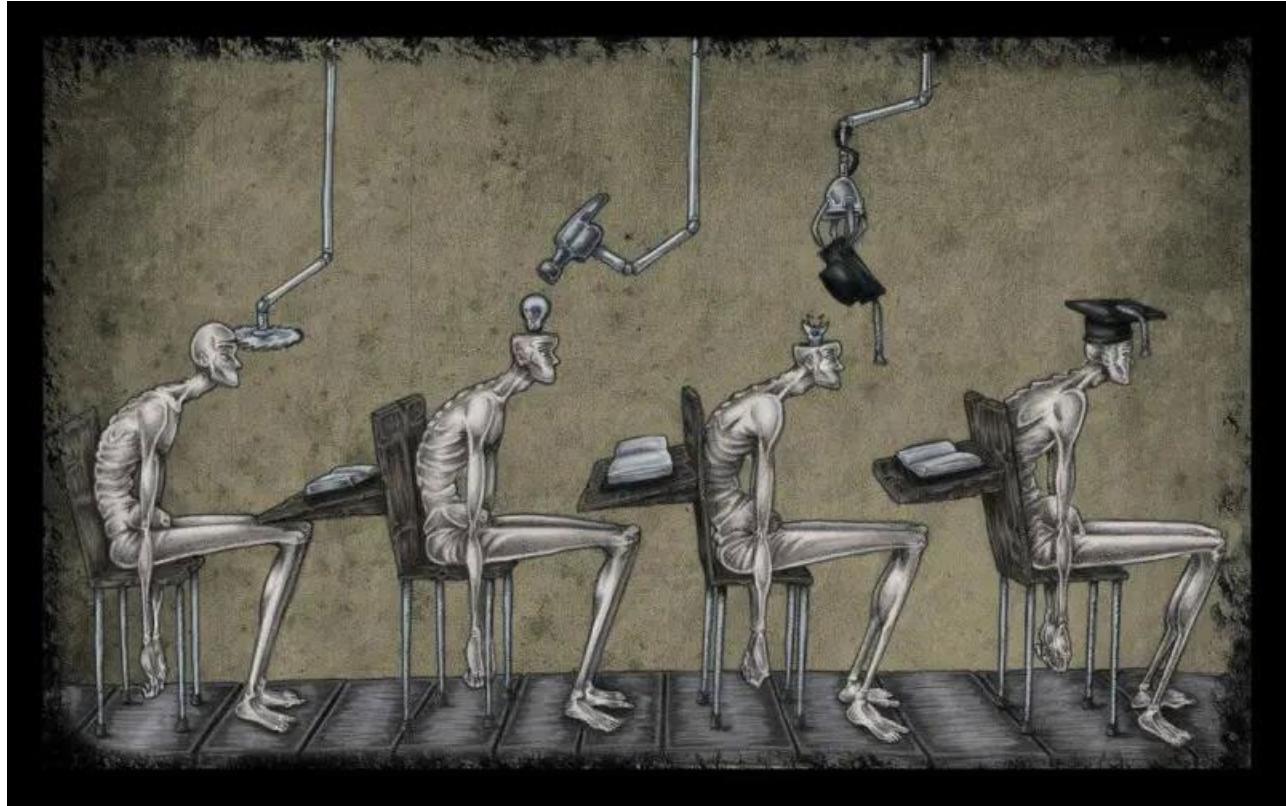
And falling apart ...

Absurdity, furious

Is reining, prolonged

While innocence glorious

Is dying along



Knowledge is a dangerous thing. Not enough of it is ignorance, too much of it is madness. The good ones are stuck in the middle, while the lucky ones are beyond reach of sanity. (pause with commas)

I haven't been normal

Nor then, and nor now

Relations informal

I lived though somehow

By sparkles of wisdom

I hardly still have

Surviving the system

Existence mine raved

Before and thereafter

An ignorant, learned

From fear to laughter

Been quickly on-burnt

Within glassy sparseness

That bears degree

The kind of harness

My life's desperate plea

Is knowledge pricey

At changing me much

From youthfully spicy

To mournfully crutched

Onto wailing endless

And longing, come share

The burden tremendous

I want you aware



Sympathy and compassion are nice and good. But sometimes they are inappropriate for the real life's path. I try to figure it out how to fit myself into such a misconception. And I find the only way – not to think or recall. (pause with commas)

Some say, life's a line

White mostly, shabby

Respectful benign

Though, somehow flabby

It is, strong and weak

With sympathy poor

Compassionately meek

Disguised as grandeur

It is, cracking on

Offsetting its path

A new life's bygone

Or better been smashed

To make it straight line

Into common future

Uncracked and combined

None post mortal suture

I try soothe perception

Appropriate not

My self borne conception

Is stubbornly hot

A new life's, the only

True meaning of all

Concepted, much lonely

To never recall



The road to hell is paved with good intentions. The exact origin of this proverb is unknown.

We think that we are little ones and nothing depends on us. Not at all, we are the source and gears of good and evil in this tiny world. (pause with commas)

A dove in my dream

High flying above

A promise supreme

To spread round love

That's changing the world

Into better place

Around observed

An eminent grace

I think that I can't

A change to support

I am, grain of sand

Somehow consort'

To simply live on

Consumed by the joys

And fears upon

Some indiscreet ploys

I never knew roads

Are paved with intentions

That cyphered with codes

Of inner dissensions

Which live in my mind

Like dry desert well

Inside me confined

The road to hell

Silly am I (28-05-2020)



One of my favorite philosophers, Confucius once said.

“Not talking to a person who is worthy of conversation means losing a person. And to speak with a person who is not worthy of conversation is to lose words. The wise do not lose either people or words.”

I am silly and trusting, I cannot figure out the worthiness of a person without conversation. And who has measured your own worthiness or arrogance? (pause with commas)

Silly am I

Always have been

Living a dream of devout

Flawlessly high

Perfect esteem

Worthiness figuring out

Don't want to speak

Meaningless words

Someone to have, ever lost

Question oblique

Worthy or not

Always expressively tossed

All they have got

Rapid the quiz

A conversation resembling

Worthy or not

Question it is

Always expressed, overwhelming



An ancient philosopher once said. I only know, that I know nothing. (pause with commas)

I have always wanted

To know it all

I've always responded

The knowledge's call

Today or tomorrow

I've thought, I would be

A knowledge yarrow

That's giving it free

But more I've acquired
The essence of freedom
Unquenchable fire
Enslaving my wisdom

Has started to burn
With almost nothing
A foolish concern
Do I know something

The trick of the scales
The look from a side
Why nothing prevails
And something is tied

Suppressed, I permit
The nothing is perfect
Distressed, I admit
The nothing's correct

Sad am I (23-09-2019)



Eastern wisdom states. Do not answer anyone when you are angry; promise nothing when you are happy; never decide when you are sad.(pause with commas)

Happiness does freely

Give away a promise

Counting on really

Everlasting calmness

Trusting and forgiving

Out of the bounds

Those still deceiving
On the sacred grounds

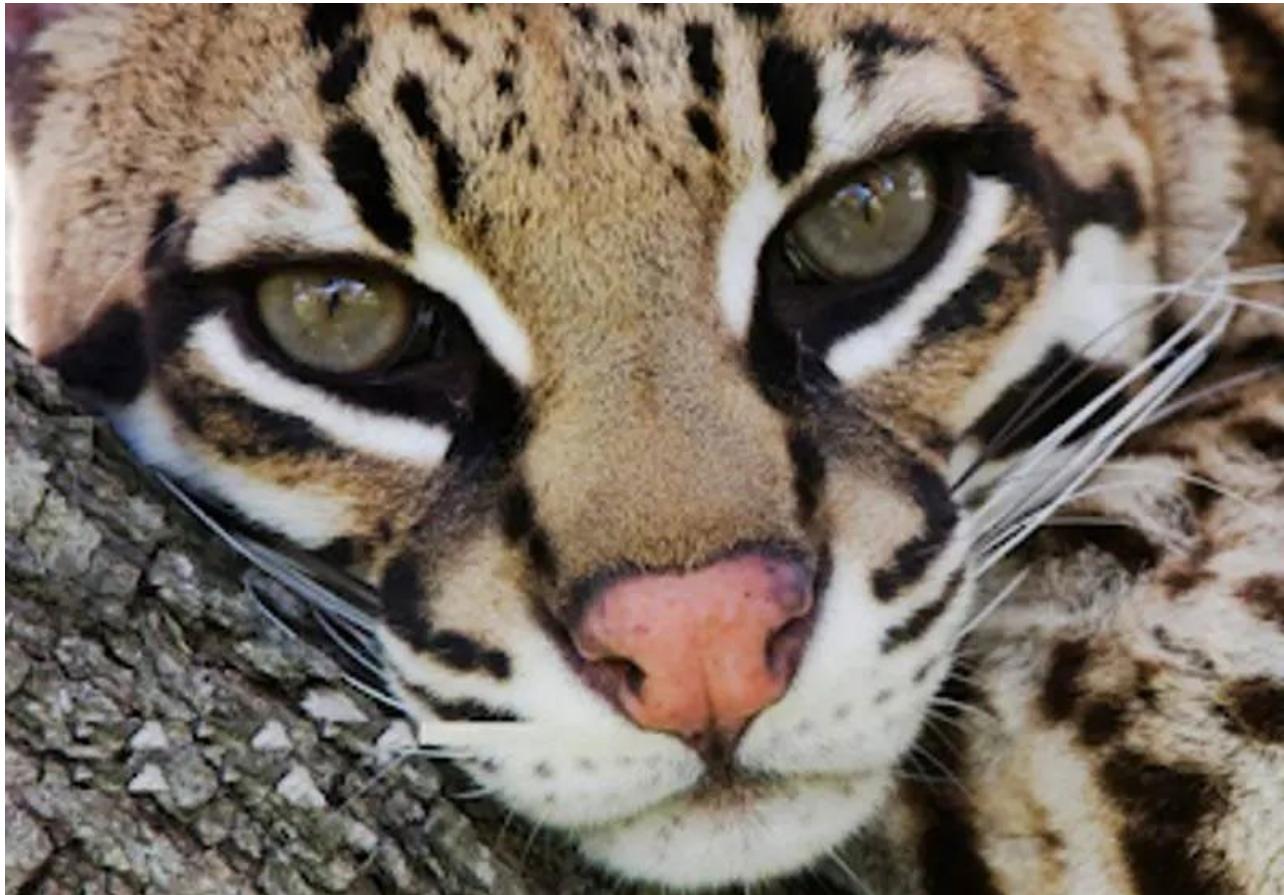
Am I, an exception
That shall never fall
Down to deception's
Always lasting crawl

In the muddy waters
Mixed with angriness
Being one, that alters
Trusting truthfulness

Might am I, so easy
Out of the blue
Change into a greasy
Sticky and untrue

Some unhappy being
Answering with spite
Pushing ugly meaning
Rudely downright

Sad am I, imagine
Sad am I, decide
Sad a quiet pageant
Sad I am, downright



I've fallen in love with Gourmania. Here is a Gourmanian proverb, I like very much. "If a woman hates you, it means she's loved you, loves or will love." (pause with commas)

A lady's enigma

She's always a puzzle

The misty charisma

The dark-magic castle

She's changing herself

To track you, the poor

And trusting cry-self

With treacherous lure

Oh, humble my heart

Fall in, an affection

Myself to impart

To dulcet attraction

No way, shall I fall

Will struggle and run

I won't be a goal

The hatred's not fun

I stop at the side

Why am I, be hunted

With hatred applied

Why not, simply granted

The enemy-friend (08-05-2019)



Some ancient philosopher once said. "You should love a friend, remembering that he can become an enemy, and hate the enemy, remembering that he can become a friend. Now we call it "real politics". I prefer name it sagacity." (pause with commas)

Time isn't a healer

It's grinding the stone

The kind of revealer

I am always alone

That, I have to struggle

Some matters of trust

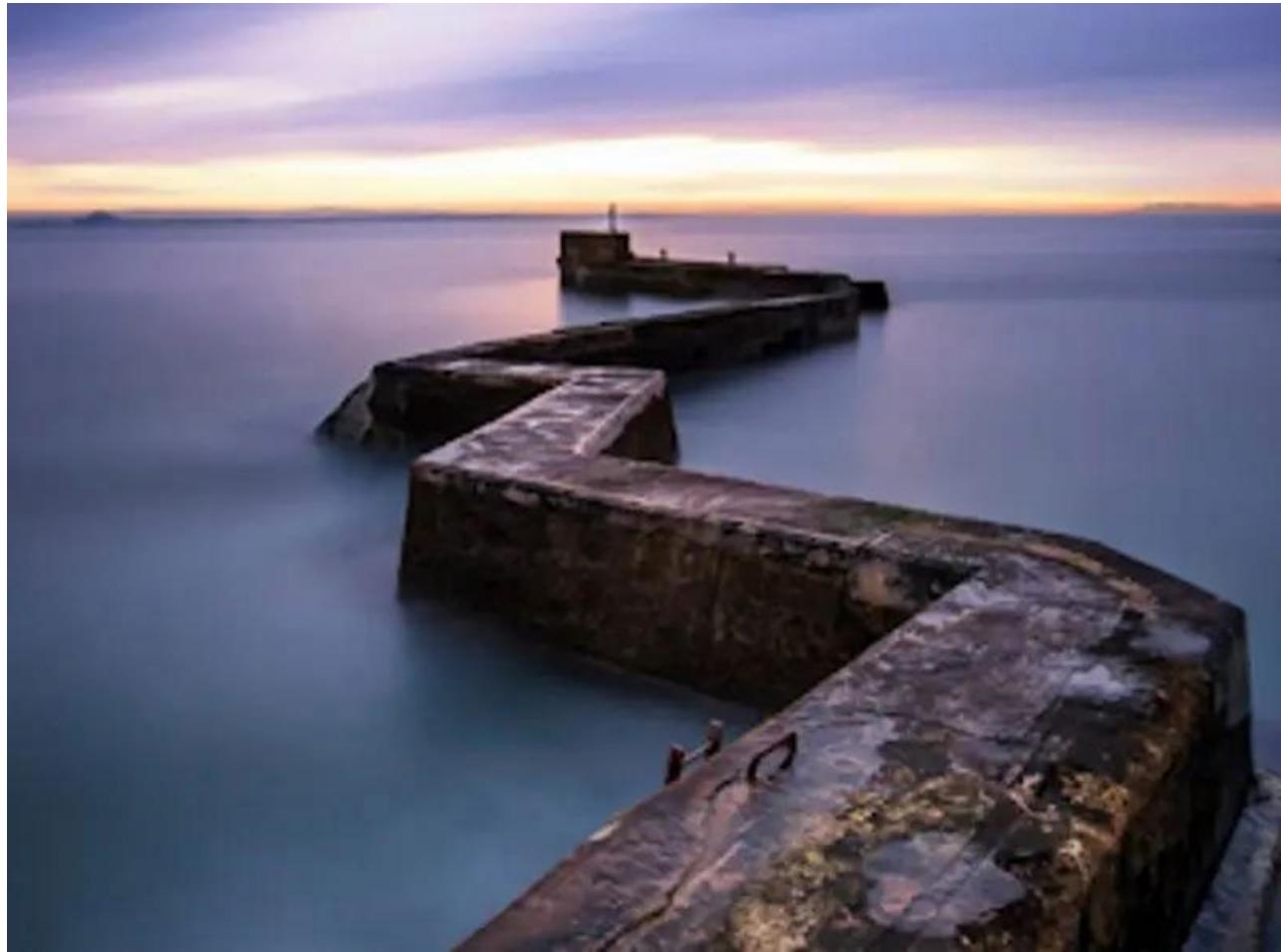
Nowhere to snuggle

No way to adjust

True once and again
I bump in the matter
Is worth to have friend
Or haven't had better

The friend is a foe
Provided condition
A woman's love blow
Or money suspicion

Thanks up, I intend
Secure decision
My enemy-friend
Is better admission



Some people say. Knowing yourself is finding one more friend. Others say, to know oneself is not only the most difficult thing in the world, but also the most unpleasant.

Both statements are the special cases. But I don't really believe, in friends and foes, inside human psyche. Generally, it is conscience, presence of God, in fearful us. And to know ourselves, means to understand our own deeds. (pause with commas)

I was looking for a friend

On the shores of mind excited

I was longing to depend

On the means of trust united

In between myself and me

Built upon true understanding

But the more, I've come to be

Self of mine, was up to stranding

He was living his own life
Neutral always to my longings
Friend or foe, what's the strife
Good or bad, the lost belongings

Moments pass and get dissolved
In the mist of thoughts unpleasant
So, there is, no friend at all
And, there is, no foe present

I'm not trying any more
Finding friends or foes inner
There is no need explore
The imaginary shimmer

I am looking outside
What I've done, to make it better
Any deeds of mine, were right
Any thoughts of mine, were greater

Everything is temporary (01-05-2019)



Everything is temporary. So, if everything goes well, enjoy – it will not last forever. And if everything goes bad – do not worry, it will not last forever either. This is the common conception of desperation. I prefer to live the endless moment.
(pause with commas)

Everything is tempo

Fading on along

Allegro or lento

Sec and sec-n-gone

Holding on the moment

Try to grasp the gist

What is the component

That is always missed

Relative perception

Of the life itself

That is the conception

I took from the shelf

Not afraid of losing

Don't expect to end

Not afraid to worry

Never fall to bend

I enjoy the moment

Goes well or not

Real life atonement

That is all, I've got

Blessed are the warriors (29-04-2019)



Some people say. Blessed are the warriors because they kill the man inside themselves, not wanting a long life. (pause with commas)

Once I have found

Weakness infinity

Firmly surround

My heart's vicinity

Softly exposing

Worst kind of leisure

Able composing

Not able measure

My mind is misty

Endlessly sleeping

Feelings are twisty

Madness' at creeping

I have to change

Or disappear

Killing the strange

Living in fear

He is afraid

Losing existence

Physical grade

Desperate persistence

Blessed is the warrior

I long to be

Never be sorrier

Dead born to see

Life from the side
Where it ends
Freedom's true wide
Memory's grands ...

Life is a burden
I've always known
Tricky the guerdon
Of silly crone

Not imaginary (24-04-2019)



There are great thinkers. One of them is Paulo. I do support his views, but with a little change. Some things are not imaginary at all. We have to wait and see what happens really.

Paulo's once said. "Sometimes, you have to run to see who will run for you. Sometimes, you have to speak softer to see who really listens to you. Sometimes, you have to step back to see who else is on your side. Sometimes, you have to make the wrong decisions to see who's with you when everything collapses."

I wish to give his words a rhyme flow. (pause with commas)

Life is a mystery

Beauty and beast

Making the history

Famine or feast

Her circumstances

Always opposed

Uncertain chances

Mainly imposed

We live to walk

Saving our strength

Side passing balks

Balanced at length

Starting to run

We wanna know

Walking along

Friend or a foe

Many would listen

Wishing or not

Some eyes do glisten

When we cease chat

Stopping at once

We wanna know

Are there ones

Of the same dough

Finally we
Make wrong decisions
Fall into spree
Fire collisions

Braking all down
Just for a test
Some one's around
No one's impressed

The seventh sin (20-04-2019)



There are seven sins. The last and worst of them is melancholy. It is the frontier between heaven and hell, which are the two parts of the soul.(pause with commas)

The dove in my sight
Flew up to the heaven

I stare upright
And count to seven

She's blurred in the light
Embraced by the heaven
I'm feeling contrite
The last of the seven

Why heaven and hell
Are parts of my soul
Enslaved by the spell
I'm losing control

The only one step
From hell into heaven
I'm warnfully hep
The last of the seven

Has captured my soul
With clutches of darkness
Melancholy's fall
Is bringing up sadness

My heaven and hell
Reside in me firmly
Enslaved by the spell
I'm languishing calmly

The turning point (16-04-2019)



There is a turning point in every human life. When you understand that sufferings are caused by desires. And the only way to stop them is to abandon meaningless passions and live for today. (pause with commas)

I'm not an exception

Been born into wishes

Collecting deceptions

Of living ambitious

I've thought, it was proper

To let wishes go

They were, tiny hoppers

With delicate glow

Amusing at first

My wishes, did turn

Into the desires
 And started to burn

 Inside of my mind
 And then in the body
 They started to grind
 Their tenderly daddy ...

 At last, I have found
 That essence of life
 Was permanent ground
 Of bitter the strife

 Against the desires
 And passions afloat
 Against sticky mires
 No one to denote



Nature is very much heartless. She is catching up, poor, trusting ones, seducing them, with forms and colors, making them give birth to the next generation of her slaves. And then, she's raising quarrels, leading to divorces, to force them again, breed more and more slaves for her insatiable self.

(Sorry, a moody day of mine, old philosophy's driving me mad, pause with commas).

I have, always known

The nature of Nature

She's heartless, the stone

Of rude legislature

She's witch, on the road

Seducing the poor

With beautiful code

Of treacherous amour

She's coloring weddings

With faithless illusions

And roughly's beheading

The friendly seclusions

It's not all the bad

Love's moments are gorgeous

A child's being born

The family's fortress

But then, Nature's eager

To start a new movement

She's up to disfigure

The peaceful improvement

Her time, to raise quarrels

To fire divorces

She's like, madly goral

Or devilish horses ...

They've got separated

The freedom is kind

Come home, much awaited

The peace of the mind ...

Hey lovely, what's up

Can buy you a drink

Of course, lovely pup

I'm thirsty and pink

Half good and half evil (12-04-2019)



Man is like tree, half good and half evil. The higher he's reaching out to the sun, the deeper his roots are plunging into the darkness. (pause with commas)

In the middle, of the forest

On the open place, aside

Little seed, a flying modest

Landed by the soil, abide

Basking in the sun, it grows

Shaping up, a curly tree

To the light, a bit arose

Into darkness, set a spree

Like myself, at early childhood

Smiling in the sun, I was
Feeling coldness, of the backwood
Grasping me, with grayish claws

Time has past, but understanding
Never's dawned, onto my mind
Why is mildness, evil landing
Sighted some, but most blind

Tree's matured, big and soaring
Reaching out to the sun
And its roots are deep exploring
Evil sources' down-run

I am balancing the flooring
Black and white, the game of chess
If the white's a little scoring
Black is rolling up the stress

The spirit (10-04-2019)



Some say, spirit's born as camel, eager to become lion and finally is child. Enjoy the spirit's sketch. How beautiful she is.
(pause with commas)

All in one, and never striving

Flying up, descending down

The unknown to the timing

Death is traveling around

Desert's vastly scattered over

Drying out, all it gets
Born a camel, desperate rover
Full of mournfull my regrets

I am standing, burdened down
Seem to drown in the sands
Being slave, am I to frown
Roughly pressed into the trance

Through the years of heavy toil
Bit by bit, was killing slave
Into lion pressing foil
From the miserable grave

Now's free, I've made it, final
Desert's harsh, but I was strong
No fear treading spinal
No feeling being wrong

On the top, observing over
Independent and so free
Spirit's sleeping under cover
Rooting down like a tree

Emptiness and disobedience
Are the sisters, cruel and soft
They have captured up expedience
Drying out spirit's croft

Overwhelmed with self-indulgence
Chocking up with greediness
I am longing to be substance

Someone's open friendliness

I am crying, self-empoisoned
Cannot more, to be content
My existence's just a noise on
Life of mine, a madly trend

Lion's longing to be child
From himself, has got to flee
Top creation, meek and mild
His creation, true and free

Contemporary Thinkers

Ingrid Bergman (04-11-2019)



"Happiness is good health and poor memory." Yes, surely it is. Very often, I am annoyed by the details of memory, that prevent me from relaxing and making sweet and pleasant mistakes. (pause with commas)

My happiness' fickle
Unstable and shifty
Like shaking a trickle
With drops flying drifty

That's feeding a fog
Of visions bypassing
The phantasy smog

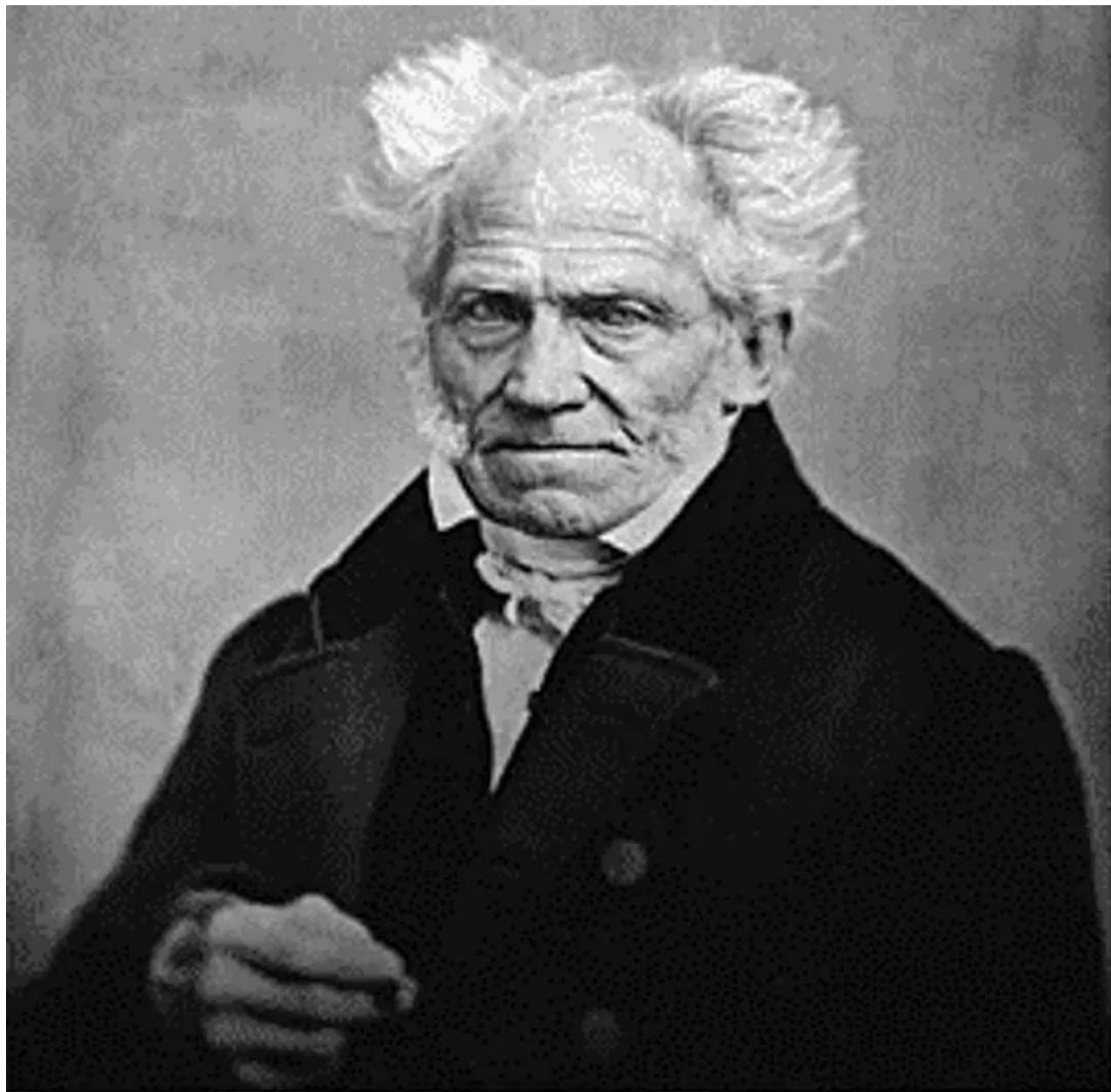
My past readdressing

I need it profound
Confirmed and endured
With firmness surround
Consistent, assured

I am glad, never knew
Details, it is bleeding
It's sifting them through
My memory's pleading

I want to forget
The bitter and sweet
The selfish regret
The roughish a cheat

Them, living inside
The memory, cruel
That won't have compiled
My fortune renewal



"There is always the possibility that some kind of egoistic motive's influenced a fair and good deed." I would add, most humbly, that, many of the bad deeds are covered by selfless motives. (pause with commas)

It happens sometimes

It shouldn't have been

That healthy, the rhymes

Drive vicious a spin

From past into nothing

The truth is transformed

And beautiful rhyming
Gains meaning deformed

That hits me unconscious
Unable to think
Why rhyming, the noxious
Reveals clear link

Of selfless with evil
And selfish with good
Like times medieval
And fearsome would

Support and promote
The artist of God
The one to denote
Conflicting an art

I'm full with repentance
I cry to offset
My selfless dependence
On selfish regret



"An optimist is a former pessimist who has pockets full of money, a stomach that works great, and a wife who leaves the city." I am a pessimist obsessed with the beauty of nature and women. I don't know if this is normal. Probably no. (pause with commas)

I have no money

No wife to have lost

My life isn't sunny

My thoughts, an exhaust

The stomach is faulty

The sight blurred a bit

A pessimist salty

Gone out of his wit

They sing “money money”

They sing “sun to come”

“A beautiful honey

Just money a sum”

Imagine unbound

My pockets inflating

With Sharon around

Embraces awaiting

Oh, beautiful dream

The lovely, a thought

An optimist scream

The pessimist's caught

The stomach is better

I'm hungry no more

Imagine, have met her

On optimist shore

Gabrielle Bonheur "Coco" Chanel (23-10-2019)



"A deficiency of the real men is no reason to cling to the freaks. A woman worries about the future until she gets married, a man does not worry about the future until he marries." What a beautiful and clever lady she is.

It is the modern world, most of us are freaks. I am a sad freak, what should I do, lie face down and cry? (pause with commas)

The future and worries

Connection unknown

No forthcoming flurries

I'm balanced, but lone

My life is a brooklet

The peaceful and dabbling

My mind is a booklet

With love stories babbling

I'm dreaming away

And longing for kisses

Imagine her stay

A beautiful mistress

But what of it, silly

The normal a freak

I'm shunned away, really

Cursed freaky, unique

I never have had

The smallest a chance

To prove being sad

Is not freak at glance

Gave up, to go on

I am dreaming away

And longing along

Imagine her stay



"I want to fight for life. Fight for the truth. Everyone always fights for the truth, and there is no ambiguity in this."

I do support his views, but who knows, what the truth is. For some other ones it could be the falsehood. Nobody knows the ultimate truth, but God only. We live by means of our own local and private truths, and if you don't like my truth, what will happen? (pause with commas)

A fight for the truth

The delicate matter

The gust of the youth

Afraid not to shatter

Doest burn it away

The freedom to choose

The communist clay

The treacherous abuse

A fight for the lie

The touching a matter

It is flying high

It should've been better

Called living untrue

In comfort of virtue

The softly undue

But lovely preferred to

The truth and the lie

The poles of nothing

The dirt in the sky

The violent crushing

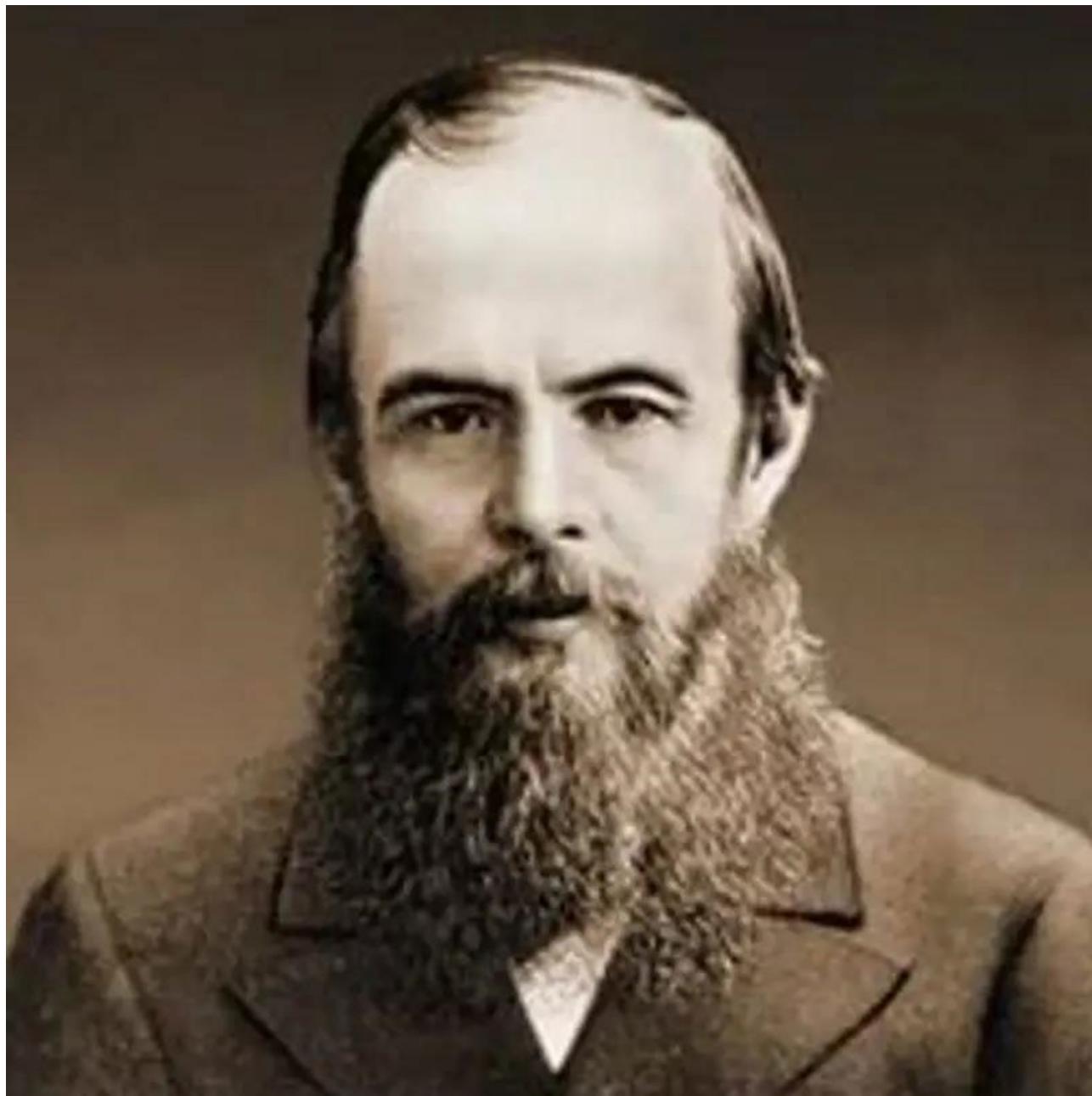
That keeps me suppressed

And looking around

With inner unrest

On true lying ground

Fedor Dostoevsky (09-10-2019)



He is an extraordinarily intelligent writer. Here is my favorite saying. “He is an intelligent man, but in order to act smartly – mind is not enough.” I would add, most humbly, that, you have to cheat your feelings first. (pause with commas)

A smart or a stupid

The question it is

The foolishly rooted

Intelligent myth

Is growing on

My cleverness broken

It's burning along

Like sweet purple token

True, I'm dependent

And easily thrown

From being repentant

To insolence grown

That's why, little scoring

And have to derive

The mindfully boring

But flourishing drive

That wisely divides

The middling my wit

To mind and feelings

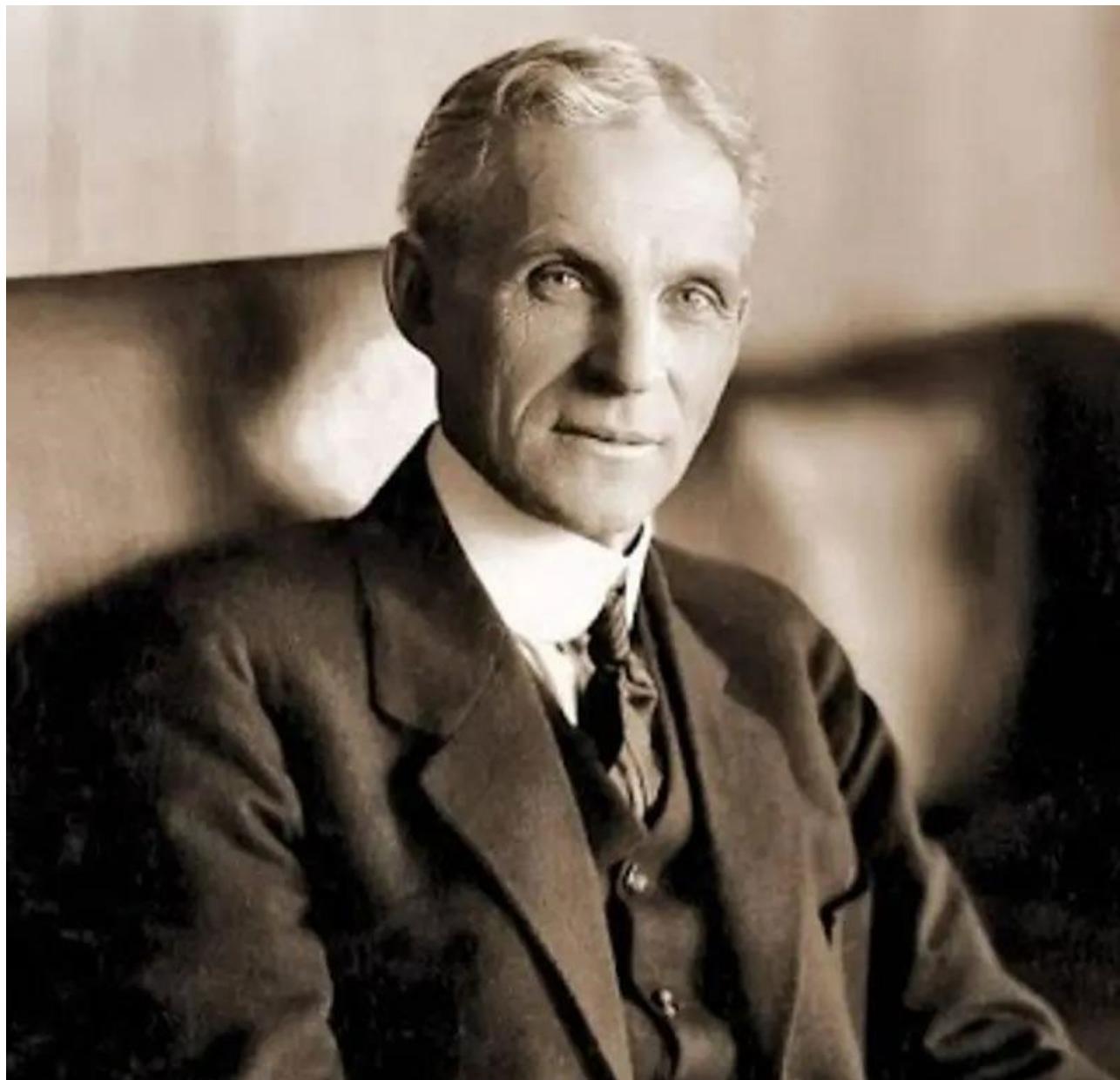
The fatal a split

Smart order to act

I lack the control

With mindful abstract

My sensitive soul



Here is my favorite saying by Henry Ford. He is one of the greatest minds of our time. Intuitively, I live by his wisdom. “If it’s hard for you, definitely you climb the mountain. If it’s easy for you, surely you fall into the abyss.” (pause with commas)

To the edge of an abyss

I have almost arrived

She is longing for a kiss

Many times, she's been revived

Getting close, look into

Warm and black, her smiling eye

Thanks I am, somehow new

Climbing up into the sky

She is calling, come at ease

I am yours, forever true

Hesitate not, dive in please

Destined we're, me and you

No, thanks, your magic spell

Sweet and touching, soft and smooth

You are calling from the Hell

I am climbing to the Truth ...

Live upon, the intuition

Father's told and thought a lot

Easy life, the soul's fiction

Hard to live, the future's caught

No love, bought for a dime

No simple and unclear

It is hard for me to climb

It's at ease, to disappear



Erich once said. "Unfortunately, we realize all the good things too late. We live in a longing for the past and in fear of the future. Anywhere, but not in the present." (pause with commas)

The present is gray

I hate it forever

I tend to escape

With desperate endeavor

Towards the unknown

Or well known through

That yet to be blown

With doubt review

I am hesitant

As always have been

I doubt preventive

All things that begin

To draw up a future

Or drown in the past

Revive with the suture

And somehow last

I know, I'm wrong

I live in the present

I cannot return

The joyful incessant

Some beautiful past

Your smiling to shine

That will outlast

The grayish of mine

Ancient thinkers

Confucius (15-10-2019)



Most of the wisdom of the world comes from China. Whenever I touch upon it, I am amazed and astonished by the depth and beauty of it.

"The three paths lead to knowledge: the path of reflection is the noblest path, the path of imitation is the easiest path and the path of experience is the most bitter path." (pause with commas)

Reflections am I

Reflection's my breath

Reflected, to live and to strive

Towards the unknown

By noble the path

I dare continuous drive

The easiest one

The comfort a side

Shall never accept anyway

True knowledge is

The sheen-earned my pride

No imitation's a lay

I don't understand

The ones who dive in

Into the experiences bitter

Reflected am I

In noble the win

With modest my knowledge glitter



Learning without thinking is useless, but thinking without learning is dangerous. Confucius (pause with commas)

A scholar I was

A free and an idle

Not thinking a cause

And learning it, tidal

From time to the time

Applying an effort

Was always declined

And turned, with my neck hurt

To think useless life

Of mine, an imprisonment

With learning much rife

But thinking on, dissonant

The reason is why

It dawned on me – thinking

Is hard to rely

And dangerous at linking

The real, a movement

Supported not, learnt

And proper inducement

Of real concern

Hazardous turned out

Beforehand affirmed

Without a doubt

A dissonant learned

I try to be leveled (14-08-2020)



If a man's nature overshadows good manners, you get a savage, and if good manners eclipse man's nature, you get an expert of the scriptures. Only one in whom nature and good breeding are in balance can be considered a worthy one.

Confucius

My favorite actor is Brad Pitt. I was really shocked by the movie – Devil's own. I even cried. (pause with commas)

I try to be leveled

Inside of the heart

My nature's disheveled

Burst breaks me apart

A savage controlling

Subdued gentle one

While chuckling at rolling

Perverted his fun

It's cut into me

As double sharp sword

And forces agree

His crooked accord

To never let breeding

Inside of my heart

Good manners exceeding

His helluva chart

I try to get freed

Inside of the mind

Good manners to breed

The values defined

That balance the nature

I am, born within

And better, a future

To firmly begin

Psychedelic verses

The winter is coming (10-07-2023)



All is well, past and present. The past is comfortable and well-fed, the present is calm and serene. But, unfortunately, all good things come to an end. We make efforts, grow bellies and soft spots, but still subconsciously prepare for a long and harsh winter. This is the ruthless law of entropy. (pause with commas)

The entropy's hover
My worries protruding
Someday, all is over
The good things including

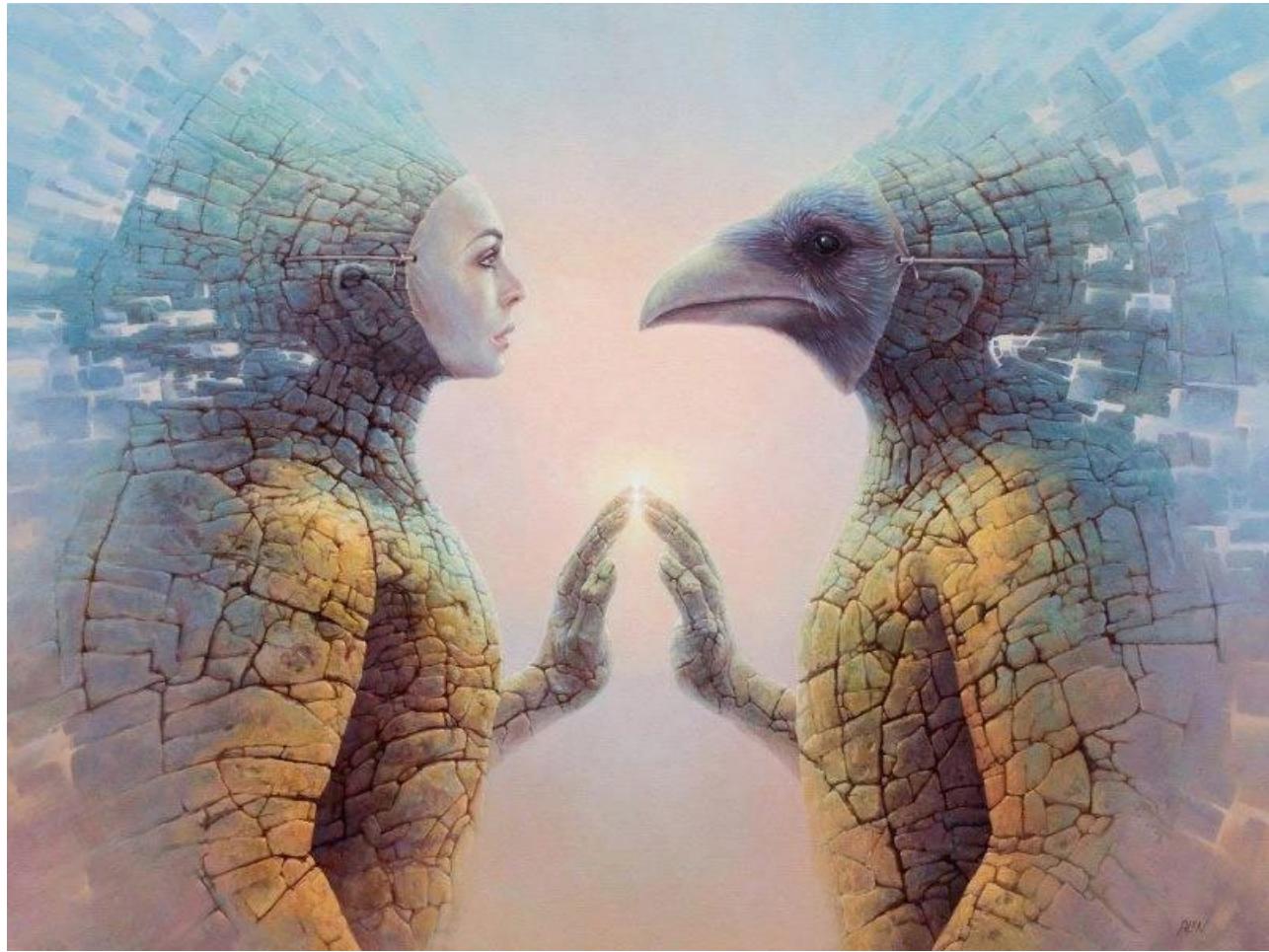
'Cause winter is coming
Believable bluff
Not just, beer humming
As if winter stuff

Is hissing, subconscious
Onto weakness fleshly
With after taste noxious
And memories freshly ...

I wake, with no wishes
Of sugary lust
Surrounding dishes
Of lovable crust

No effort supporting
To grow, the belly
Not soft spot transporting
To round-clock deli ...

The entropy's hover
My worries protruding
Someday, all is over
The good things including



In my understanding, people are all the same, regardless of race, living conditions and place of residence. Man is an absolute and independent entity that takes shape in accordance with the circumstances.

Probably, the division into countries and nations is an artificial event. It is simply connected with the origins of mankind and, ultimately, all nations will merge into one nation of earthlings, representatives of their planet. And then, the most interesting, overcoming the speed of light, warp technology and exploration of space and the Universe.

It is very sad that we are stuck in the past with wars and hatred for each other. (pause with commas)

A shape, what is it

Deformity strange

A down right cheat

Evolved rearrange

A face non existent

The absolute tinge

A hardly consistent

Vestigial fringe

My mind's shaken over
Embrace it somehow
And go on slower
And sensibly out

Get fully in charge
Of shapes pending here
And hold on, in large
My shapelessness gear

I do stay connected
Bring forms, broken down
Live on, non protected
But no more bound ...

An entity shapeless
I am, to admit
An entity nameless
I am, to permit



I like the contradictory and expressive images. They fire up some contradictory thoughts as well. (pause with commas)

I am, a bit different
From rightful the world
My blood is refrigerant
That's bringing the cold

Through colors deceitful
I try to express
My thoughts hot possess-full
Your mind to regress

I know I can
Entrap all your feelings
And make you, tough than
The most forgetful

Of all the unpleasant
Your blunders I had
With sign of the crescent
That's driving you mad

I draw in your heart
With colors respectful
I make you be smart
But most regretful

Calm down, forgive me
I've suffered a lot
The black colored difference
My punishment gold

Bleeding induced (22-09-2020)



Fate is unfulfilled desires and hopes. Fate is something that we fear and do not want to happen to us. It is what we want to run away from. A weak person allows it to control himself. The strong one corrects and controls it by himself.

Some ones are so much weak that even the Fate herself is desperate to save their souls. (pause with commas)

I've loosen my way

A long time ago

I've let the dismay

A weakness plateau

My life turn into
Somehow unconscious
And pierced up through
With wishes my noxious

I've cherished amiss
And sought for unmeasured
A boundless bliss
Affectionately pleasured

But stumbled into
A bloody hand waving
To stop and review
My poisonous craving

To live feasting on
A pleasure and pain
A toxic breath drawn
Of dead-ending chain

With bleeding induced
To save my lost soul
The fate mine, has loosed
Her choking control

Back against the wall (01-06-2020)



It is a strange but probable perception. Evil and good are the equal parts of human being. We are balancing on the line of choice. If you indulge yourself in lust and gluttony, then the balance changes towards evil, and expect yourself, ending up, with your back against the wall. (pause with commas)

Dreams mine, are weird

Strange, they are still

Images smeared

Feelings are chilled

Brick walls around

Are harshly seared

Crumbling aground

Dreams mine, are weird

Guardian my angel

What's wrong with you

Are you in danger

Cannot get through

Darkness surround

Glaring black

Crumbling aground

Visions mine slack

Perishing over

I shall no more

Feel you recover

My life's the core

Back to the wall

So, am I

Hopelessly fall

Face down cry



"The calling of each person is spiritual activity, a constant search for the truth and meaning of life." This is an awesome and beautiful expression of the genius mind. Take it and share.

I fall sometimes to doubt everything around, psychedelia prevails over my feelings and my thoughts are fermented a bit.

I don't trust meaning. It is imaginary. Meaning is a broken glass, scattered around and stinging with cheatfullness of expectations that rarely come true. I prefer to accept all the things and events as they are, without any underlying meanings. (pause with commas)

Meaning, the myth

Growing somewhere

Swelling in width

Cheating the air

Pointless sooth

As always was

Searching the truth

Meaningless cause

Spiritual dazzling

Active the search

None, but a puzzling

Meaningless lurch

I do prefer

Meant not at all

Stop and deter

Meaningless crawl

Sweeping around

Things and events

Into compound

Mind's discontents

Purely hushing

Versatile meaning

Meaningless something

Mindless time stealing



Sometimes I feel a sharp contradiction in my soul. Doubt and virtue fight for the right to possess my mind. (pause with commas)

Thoughts, ugly thoughts

Pleasing repulsive

Forming the hordes

Of words convulsive

Whirling around

My mind eager

Loud resound

Painful disfigure

Why should I speak

Virtue disgusting

It is mystique

My soul's trusting

Virtuous not

Never be granted

What I have got

Firmly's been stranded

Loosed, ugly thoughts

Bitterly busting

Practice reports

Feverish lustng

Utter away,

To support virtue

Desperate, to say

Wanna revert to



Nothing can be completely discovered, nothing can be completely learned, nothing can be fully verified: the feelings are limited and the mind is weak. (pause with commas)

My mind is weak

My limited feelings

Directed oblique

With useless proceedings

Keep dragging me on

Inside of a dream

With passing along

Some memories supreme

I fight them away
No sufferings to come
I won't let'em stay
They are evil numb

The sort of disaster
That's easily burnt
Into the black plaster
My life's being turned

I've lived to discover
And learn myself through
What feverish mover
I'm turning into

My psyche is broken
I am losing parts
My pain is unspoken
My words, madly art

Soul suffering

Pleaded (20-07-2022)



It is very difficult for me to think about what is happening. The world is a raging volcano. But there were also times of rapprochement and beautiful sparks that illuminated the future, at least for a short time. (pause with commas)

I grieve every moment

I couldn't succeed

To set up postponement

And boldly proceed

Enlighten the minds

Encourage the hearts

Get rid of the blinds

And gather up parts

The world's split around

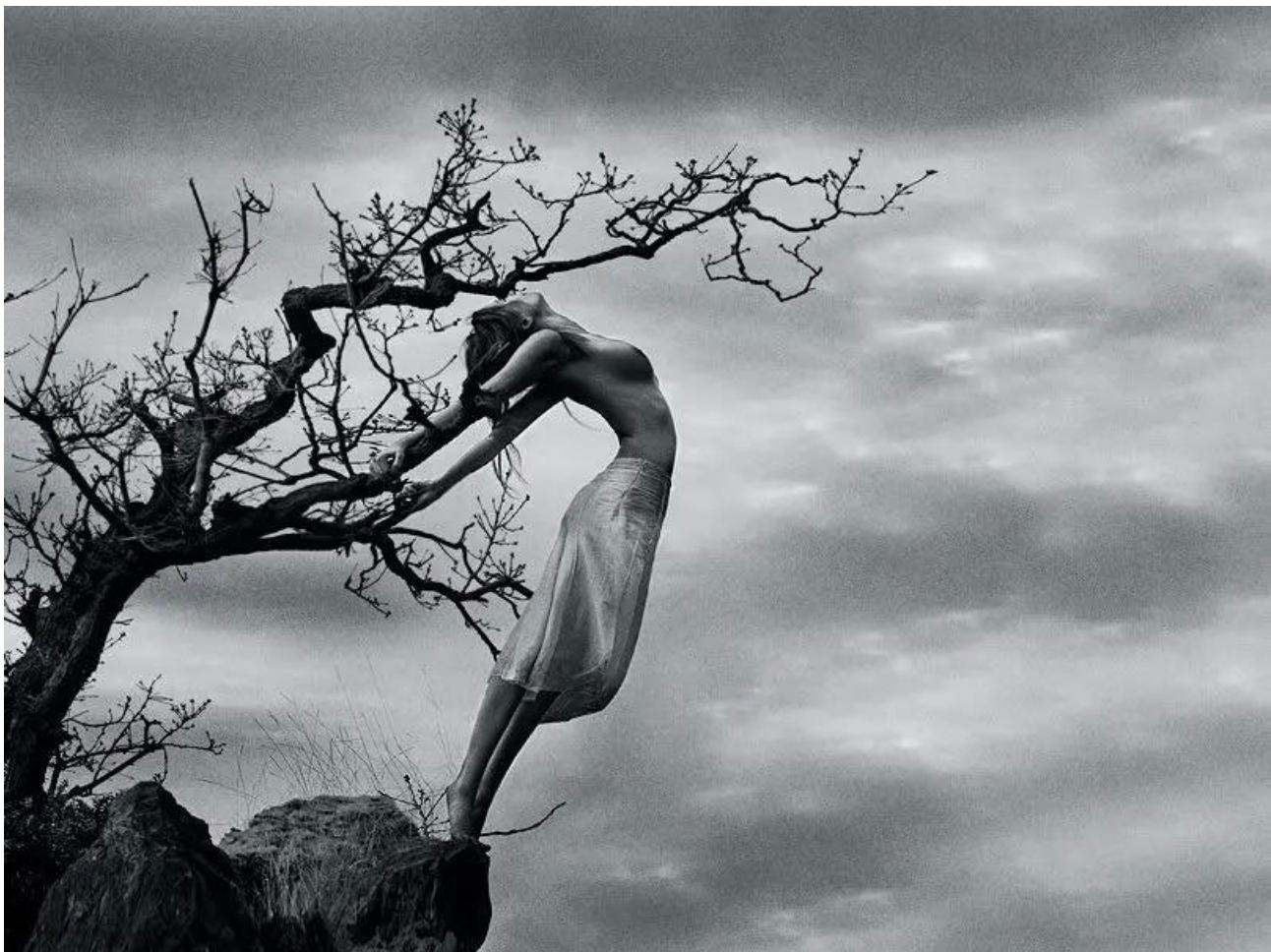
Misled and forsaken
With evil renowned
And judgment mistaken

That's still rolling on
By force and deception
So much waited gone
And set for rejection

I did all I could
To save sparkles weak
Bring forth understood
The moment critique

I used to have pleaded
Please, hold acting up
Let time superseded
The driveling crap

Freedom (05-05-2022)



Freedom is above all, it is more precious than time, efforts, hopes and expectations. Life without freedom is an endless hell. (pause with commas)

The freedom is mine

The fever and hope

My lonely shrine

Within stressful scope

Eternity shameless

Has cast off, around

Upon truly blameless

And prophesied ground

The freedom is yours

My friends, never met

Your marvelous scores

Victorious mindset

Are strong foundation

The world's recognized

In-depth liberation

You've brought, energized

The freedom is yours

Well-earned and deserved

Through painful detours

And pressures incurred

Onto many destined

To suffer the pain

Unfair detested

Offended remain

I've thought (13-04-2022)



It is very sad to be wrong. It is very bitter to believe and be deceived. It is unforgivable to trust the most valuable to someone. It is dangerous to believe in good. It is very foolish to hope for a miracle. It is stupid to love and care. Unless you are a human being. (pause with commas)

I've thought, there was

Somewhere, a good sand

Once called, sacred cause

Humanity's true friend

Who's always reached out

Towards helping others

Through mist of the doubt

Embracing her brothers

I've thought, there were

Her pages, compassion

Acknowledged score

In firmly possession

The truth, reigning on

The hearts and the minds

The hand, firm and strong

Supportive for binds

I've thought, there was

The love and the care

Much called, sacred cause

Of hopeful prayer ...

She's thought, there is

A miracle hopeless

Her vain written pleas

To vanity soulless

The bomb shelter (09-04-2022)



I have always believed that crime is an action, and counteraction to a crime cannot be a crime as well. It's very hard for me to imagine how people can be bombed. This is an absurdity, that is born, only in the brain of a sick person. What kind of scum, do you have to be, to deliberately kill for the sake of ghostly conclusions. I am very much ashamed, that I am an accomplice of this nightmare. (pause with commas)

A cursed, shiny day

Somewhere, bomb sheltered

Has plunged in, to stay

A fearful centered

Throughout the place

On shelves and the floor

Enslaving the space

They love and adore

The little, despaired

And innocent truly

Not even bit-scared

But daring fully

The victims, a shelf

I could, have been saving

Hadn't I, been myself

So terrified-waving

I have no right

Comment or reflect

I am, part of shite

Proclaimed dirt-respect

Been born and forgotten

On shelves, inner fear

Ashamed and full-rotten

In sight of the Dear

The formal retreat (20-01-2022)



There are forms in a man's life that always excite his imagination. However, I am no exception, I constantly try to remain calm about the desires that they can bring. (pause with commas)

I long to reform
My madly gone striving
The mind's, driven storm
From beauty deriving

So longing, get rid
Of being dependent
On formal retreat
My heart's, a defendant

Is rushing away
From being restricted
To mildly convey
My senses afflicted

And trying ignore
The pressure I fear
Though let, in the core
My feelings to steer

I'm almost fallen
The formal desired
Retreated, self stolen
Sweet selfish admired

My tears of shame
Do burn lustful eyes
The punishment flame
My shameful disguise



It is bitter to sense the difference between the environments, especially if you are so much dependent upon them.
(pause with commas)

There's a dream
Carved into space
Cursed by extreme
Time's worthless grace

Being a normal
So much desired
Damned by the formal
Dough required

Liquid my senses

Am I morose
Hidden defenses
Loneliness' dose

Are all my strivings
Plunging in-out
Sworn by the timing
Bitter devout

Stronghold, my senses
I am disposed
Get rid of fences
True dumb morose

Build upon shaken
Inner my ghost
I am forsaken
At low cost

Cold beautiful sad (04-01-2022)



Some women are the incarnation and embodiment of nature in all her appearances – imaginary, emotional, spiritual and mental. I am strongly driven towards them. They are everything – predatory beauty and kind heart, amazing elegance and endless sadness. (pause with commas)

I'm queer a stranger

Throughout the world

Gone feasting, arranger

Of sadness gray cold

I'm so much awaiting

Emotional bursting

Devotional craving
And spiritual thirsting

The beauty and beast
The bitter by kind
Who's never released
Of self-righteous mind

The lady I'm craving
To be wholly mine
Predatory waving
The piquant by kind

I am driven close
I want to posses
The miracle most
A ravenous quest

Her love of a winter
Cold beautiful sad
Her heart of a splinter
Ice covering clad

My mind and soul
Hurt-taken forever
Sad beautiful cold
My dangerous endeavor



It is a very hard job to hide your sinful nature. Sometimes it takes a whole life to understand that everybody around sees all your sinful deeds and even intentions. That's the way the world has been created. But the first step to becoming a better one is admitting and proclaiming your imperfections. (pause with commas)

I live it a hell

From early my days

I hide, in the shell

Of sinful my ways

The wishes my endless

Mandated around

A sand field stupendous

And permanent ground

For doubts my painful

That I have to keep

And thoughts down-shameful

I am forced to heap

For future referral

What wrong was with me

And further transferral

To state guilty plea

I live it a hell

The last of my days

I'm chanting a spell

And try sing the praise

To God and the Spirits

That reign on above

Within no limits

Of fatherly love

I cry touch upon

The good and the true

I try make it gone

My inner taboo

Of hiding ashamed

My harsh imperfections

To finally proclaim

My soul resurrection



Happiness is when a person feels that the place, where he was born, is his home. If this does not happen in childhood and adolescence, then it will never happen. A person will build a home within himself and try to escape from reality.
(pause with commas)

I was looking for home
In the land, barren-open
I was dreaming a dome
Made the safe-solid, oaken

On the magic a hill
Or an edge of the forest
Off my choked-down will
And my wounds bleeding sorest

I was looking for life
In the land closed-thriving
Off inherent strife
From my flamed heart deriving ...

Ended up in somewhere
On the barren and closed
Land of endless disrepair
On my burnt heart imposed

I have taken some pine
Built a home, in-mobile
Had my will, choked-confined
And my heart, burnt-facile

A little birdie (25-06-2021)



Nature is a miracle in my understanding. It is very interesting that I want attention from unattainable things. I really want to touch upon, what I know, I cannot get. The unattainability of the goal makes me a dreamer, who lives by desperate inspiration and blind-alley hope. (pause with commas)

There's a miracle

Down the lane

Almost a mythical

My heart's domain

I have been building

Upon the sand

Of snooky gilding

Burning my hand

I have been spreading

My little thought

Burst out shredding

The inner ghost

A little birdie

I was inside

Gentle and wordy

Hand nest reside

My hopes and dreams

Selfish and vain

Brought on extremes

My heart's domain ...

The little birdie

I pray to stay

And body sturdy

My life's array



It's hard to be right. It is a lot of heavy work. And not many people are capable of this. Sometimes, I try to overpower myself, but then I still return to my usual leftism. Into my usual swamp of truth and lies, good and evil, that are so intertwined that they have long lost their face. And I can't tell which one is which. (pause with commas)

I used to left-turn

The whole my life

I've tried left-discrim

My inner burn-strife

The right and the wrong

Have which, set on fire

My world to belong

Exposing to dire

And thrilled over all
My left-turn decisions
That nether were wrong
Or right mindless visions

Thus desperately looking
Towards turning right
I want start unhooking
The poles, I might

Discern noble-ugly
My face melted in
The wrong, shining lovely
The right, frozen keen

I gather what's left
The remnants, my life
Has ended up, cleft
From inner burn-strife...

I am, so much tired
To live, rightly-wrong
I'm gonna make, fired
The final right turn



Some say, life is a duel with death. You shall finally fail and there is no escape. But you can hit it on the nose, as many times as you like. (pause with commas)

A peaceful and quiet

My life's always been

From early days private

Or public extreme

I've kept, never know

The dark side of it

That, it is a crow

Discorded and lit

With dark tinted oils

And bloody hued steel

Respecting not toils

But hailing ordeals

The cruel, the better

To stymie me harsh

And make me a debtor

Of her endless marsh

I know, I'll fail

There is, no escape

On universe scale

A personal scrape

Is duel with death

That's meant, to be called

A real life path

Deliberate' stalled



I strive for the sky and the sun, as best as I can. I use a tailwind, but to no avail. To take off, I need to be a pure soul ...
Obedience to the lies cannot be hidden by the red coat, it will still appear sooner or later. (pause with commas)

I've thought of a way

To leave all behind

The worries, I have to survey

I've thought of a day

To free my crisp mind

Of lies, that I have to obey

They're planted so deep

Right into the concience

I've always, been eager protect

And pure it keep

With rules correspondance

Which built, on the ground respect

Untrue blackly dotted

Pretencios my fudges

Still hidden, behind my red coat

They're easily spotted

Like bitter my grudges

Corroding outside, with black quotes

I scribe on the stairs

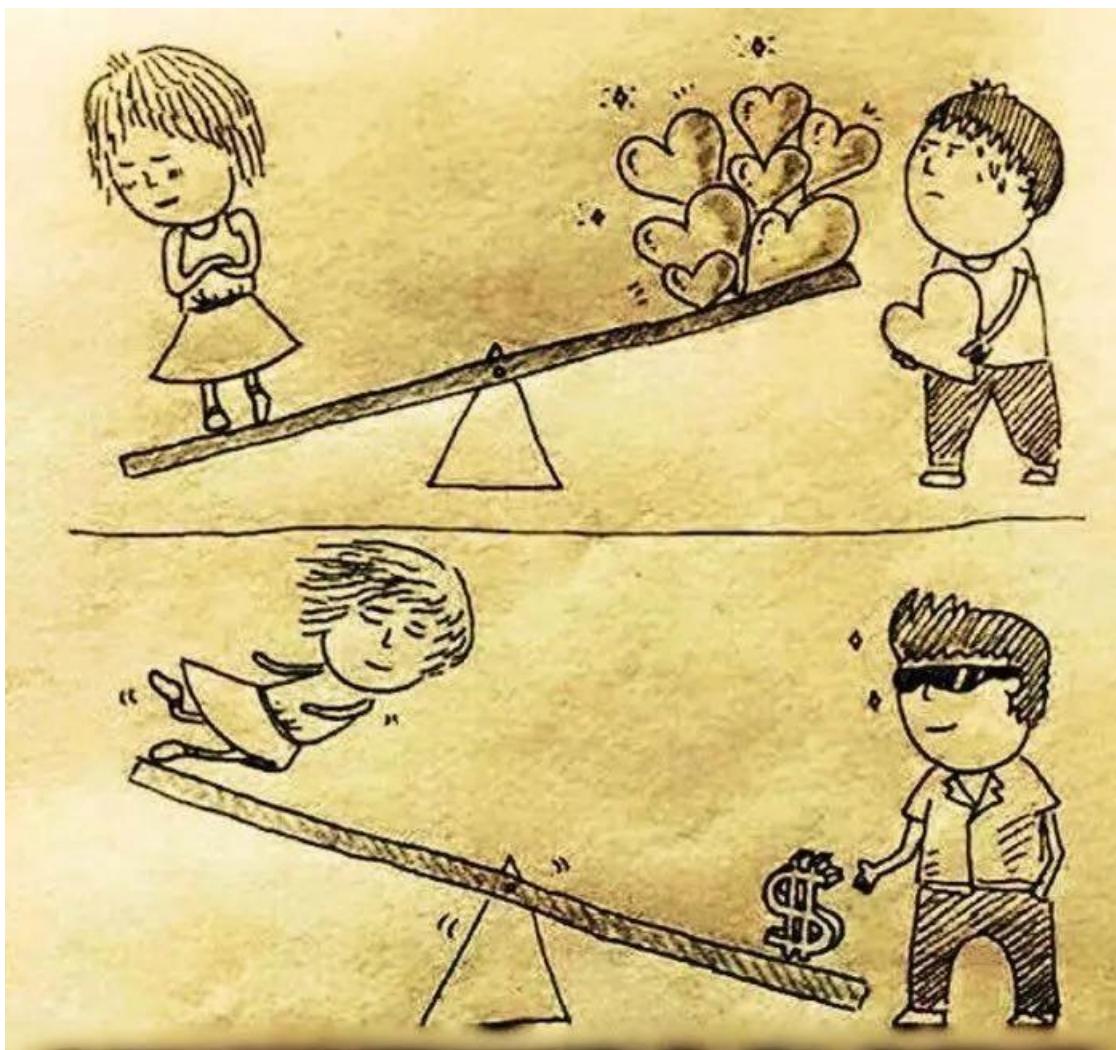
Which seemed point upwards

With hope, to reach all the skies

But relative airs

Do bring me on downwards

As punished, obeying the lies



Sublime souls cannot admit material love. It is a funny picture, but it makes me sad. I think that love cannot be bought or sold. It is very childish, and, are we not grown children? (pause with commas)

I am oddly mannered

With feelings so open

I share unanswered

The heart off, unspoken

My dreams, fall in love

Do bleed all the time

I proper behove

Sensation sublime

The love mine, suppressed
In thoughts desperation
With deadly unrest
Of cold isolation

That's cooling me up
Inside of the heart
I'm pierced abrupt'
And torn up, apart

I'm amative restless
Was always and now
As narrative endless
My feelings somehow

Expressed with regret
That I'm so weak
To face the roulette
Of real life streak

Material love
Is now the fashion
I will do behove
And cry for compassion

A better life (16-10-2020)



Woman is a mystery. She is expressive in her emotions. She paints beautiful images on her face, and she suffers inside from a lack of understanding and callousness of others. (pause with commas)

I live this life

A passer by

I won't defy

Nor do comply

With silly rules

The world address'

A beauty pressure

That depress'

I know tender

Precious soul

Her shiny splendor

Dwells in all

But inner strife

A variation

She lives a life

Of desperation

She paints a better

Life on face

To shaken set her

Beauty race

That constitutes

The Venus' lies

Which substitute

The real lives

She lives this life

A passer by

She won't defy

And does comply

Never true love (10-08-2020)



True love is a gift from the Universe. Sometimes, it takes a life to find it. Go on, it's a beautiful and enjoyable search.
(pause with commas)

I was ill and possessed
By a feverish pleasure
Taken harshly depressed
With an overwrought measure

The extent my affections
Were resembling true love

With improper directions

Made upon, blurring of

Love I truly was waiting

Waved to never come live

All my visions resetting

All my wishes deprive

Eager, so much awaited

Tender touch, ardent kiss

Dreamt and almost faded

Swept away and dismissed

Not a queen, sweetly dreaming

Living on, painful blind

Soul of mine, softly screaming

In her longings, confined

I am cursed, an exception

Never true love, a dream

An erroneous reflection

And misfortune, extreme



The dream is very pure, proud and beautiful thing. Live and dream, don't live dreaming. Living a dream means breaking away from reality and ruining your life. (pause with commas)

Dreamt life is a misery

Half dead, half alive

The treacherous slippery

Compelling survive

A poor magnificent

And beautiful grand

So faintly vigilant

For cruel demand

A toy in the hand
A tear in the eye
A black hair strand
My heart's desperate cry

Are signs of the moment
I cannot endure
So traitorous cogent
And rudely mature

My eyes full of tears
My heart's bleeding fast
Dreamt life's ugly swears
Sweet dreams' painful past

The war verses

Freedom (05-05-2022)



Freedom is above all, it is more precious than time, efforts, hopes and expectations. Life without freedom is an endless hell. (pause with commas)

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The fever and hope

My lonely shrine

Within stressful scope

Eternity shameless

Has cast off, around

Upon truly blameless

And prophesied ground

The freedom is yours
My friends, never met
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Victorious mindset

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A fearful centered

Throughout the place

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Enslaving the space

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And innocent truly

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So terrified-waving

I have no right

Comment or reflect

I am, part of shite

Proclaimed dirt-respect

Been born and forgotten

On shelves, inner fear

Ashamed and full-rotten

In sight of the Dear



Why is the world built on freedom of choice. Is it a necessary condition for the development of society? Yes, it is. And still, it's hard for me to accept it, because negative characters can also make their negative choices and turn people's lives into hell. (pause with commas)

I'm humble and kneeling

A feeble creation

That's constantly living

A determination

To always obedient

Be day after day

Expressively lenient

Good natured-portrayed

Reality's cruel

The freedom of choice

So purposeful dual

Remarkable ploys

Are shame and the pride

Of evil and good

No one ever hide

No one ever could

I'm humble and weeping

The scene breaks my heart

So quick, to be dripping

And falling apart ...

Absurdity, furious

Is reining, prolonged

While innocence glorious

Is dying along



It is very hard for me to think about the dead and wounded in this war. The war without meaning and reason. People are in captivity of their stupid fears, despair and hopelessness. Why is this happening? I can only guess. At some point, the natural development of the aggressive society was artificially changed and the imbalance grew into hatred, derived from unachieved goals. There is hope that Sense of reality is higher and stronger than war, it is invincible and omnipresent like life. (pause with commas)

There is only reason
And meaning entangled
The fifth, bloody season
Not hopefully strangled

The freedom of thought
And freedom to choose
The almost distraught
The freedom of views

I'm living dependent
Upon which, extremely

Imagining transcendent

The Senses serenely

Establish invincible

And omnipresent

The high level principal

The truly incessant

The peace, I am longing

To be part of us

Forever restoring

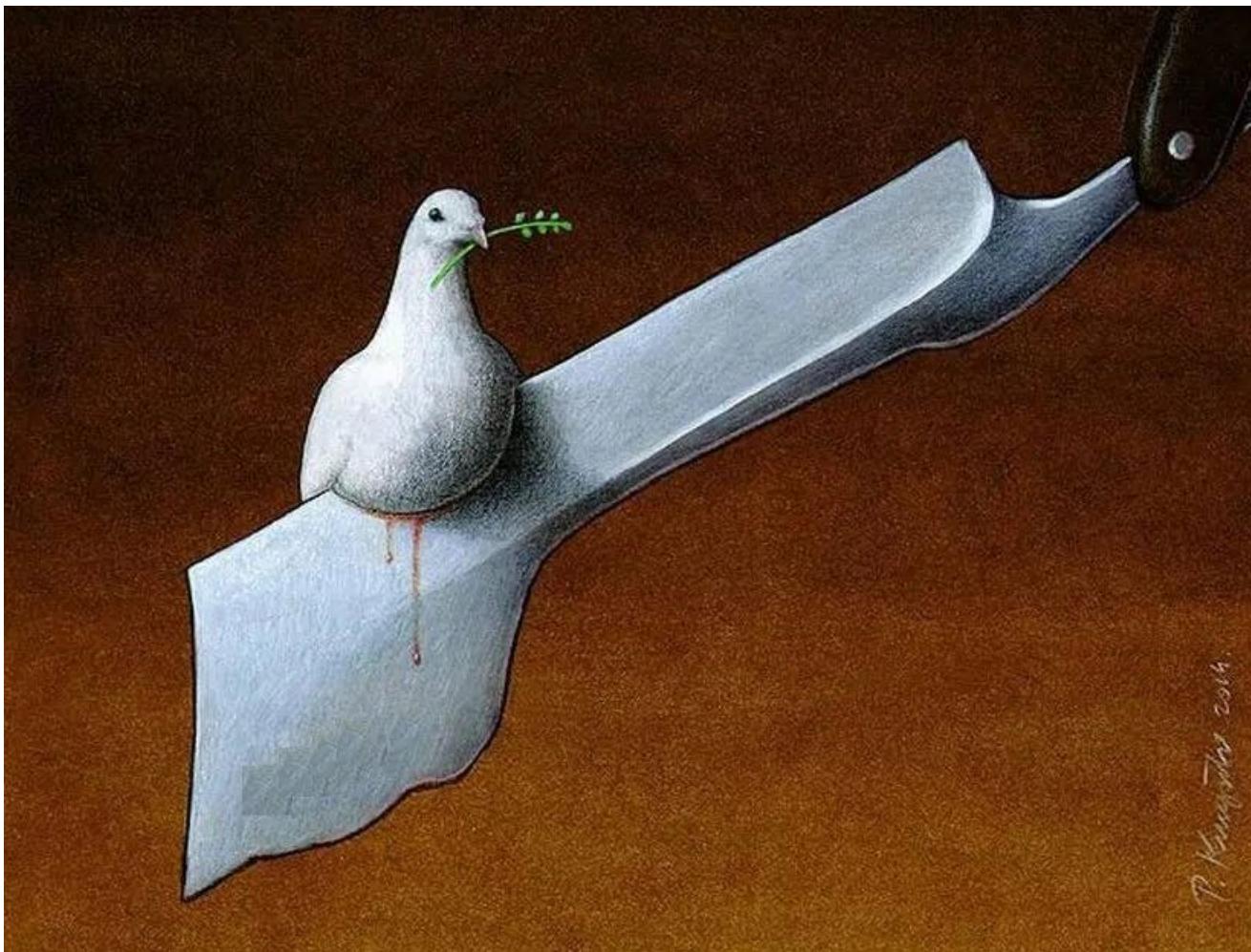
Those treated unjust ...

The Sense of reality

My only reflection

My stressful morality

And bitter perfection



Why the world is always vulnerable? Why will there always be people who hate their own kind? I am trying to answer these questions and I come to the conclusion that nature has not been able to create a more effective method of resolving the crisis in its development other than physical self-destruction. This is a radical, fast and effective method. The agonizing party, which has come to a standstill in its development, involuntarily creates conditions when the world is forced to destroy it. Self-destruction through provocation, looks terrible but very similar to the truth. (pause with commas)

It is no flaw
To always be open
And live by the law
Of rules sound-spoken

That life and respect
The heaven and ground
We are to protect
Maintaining renowned

The questions and answers

Arisen in minds

The probable chances

And dangerous binds

The nature has hidden

From curious brains

Deliberate forbidden

Her radical chains

To keep them from changing

The most effective

And building, arranging

The whole protective

Destruction unconscious

And agony, curing

Without obnoxious

Resistance enduring



Now is such a terrible time. Every morning I wake up, with the thought, that this horror is happening to me. How did it come, that I'm part of this terrible situation and I can't change anything. (pause with commas)

I have no clue

Directions, mine, lost

A terror review

My ill-honored host

The wires unbound

From here, to there

Sharp circling around

Through ill-honored air

The hands, I've imagined

To reach out, firmly

Support those, saddened

Completely and warmly

Are weakly protrusive

Envisioned and groggy

Depicted delusive

And conjured up, foggy

I am, just a pinhead

Intentions, good-natured

Those easily spread

And ill-honor flavored

Are still, all I have

Within feeble soul

Delusively brave

Self injured-controlled



It is very difficult for me to think about what is happening. The world is a raging volcano. But there were also times of rapprochement and beautiful sparks that illuminated the future, at least for a short time. (pause with commas)

I grieve every moment

I couldn't succeed

To set up postponement

And boldly proceed

Enlighten the minds

Encourage the hearts

Get rid of the blinds

And gather up parts

The world's split around

Misled and forsaken

With evil renowned

And judgment mistaken

That's still rolling on
By force and deception
So much waited gone
And set for rejection

I did all I could
To save sparkles weak
Bring forth understood
The moment critique

I used to have pleaded
Please, hold acting up
Let time superseded
The driveling crap

I care no more (10-10-2022)



I am very much interested in why a person becomes careless towards the end of life.

He seems to be divided into two people, one reckless and going forward to death in the literal sense of this statement. The other is trying to save him. This applies to ordinary people, and to psychics, and especially to rulers. The rulers kill themselves and the nations subordinate to them. Perhaps the burden of experiences, depressions and sins corrode the conscience, which is part of God in man, and this unbearable burden, that has been formed over a lifetime, wants liberation and termination. I am coming up to this line and begin to feel how my consciousness slowly cracks and starts to divide into fatalistic despair and miserable clinging to the passing life. (pause with commas)

I care no more

The pain drives me reckless

I lie on the floor

Completely defenseless

And try to discern

The signature scornful

A weak, all concern

I am, split and mournful

Divided into

The evil and bad

A trying look through

And blindly sad

I'm rushing about

From prudent to senseless

A teasingly proud

Or devilish reckless

I'm cursed to endure

And live torn asunder

Awaiting the cure

Of God's fatal thunder ...

The time gorgeous measure

The ruler of mortal

The kind of treasure

The final my portal

Pricks of conscience

I have long forgotten (04-07-2023)



It's good when the guardian angel is so obedient. Bringing protection and household help. Still, don't you tempt fate.
Wise people say, that luck is only God's providence and should not be abused. (pause with commas)

I have long forgotten
How hard it was living
Some days past, untrodden
With bloody thanksgiving

I have long forgotten
How hard it was smiling
When mind's real shotten
With hopelessness piling

I have long forgotten

How good it was losing

Forever, much rotten

My thoughts, self abusing

I have long forgotten

How good it was feeling

A something, in common

With blessed ones, spell-healing

I have long forgotten

How good it was leaving

Composedly, forced-done

Unwilling receiving

I have long forgotten

How good it was being

A human one, Staten

And able foreseeing



I believe that society develops consistently. And the most rapid development begins with the great depression. This is when violence and rudeness become inhibitory factors, that have exhausted their driving force at a certain stage. But we need to go through this, so that it never happens again. (pause with commas)

A violent thought

Has dawned onto me

The feeling I've got

A troublesome plea

Is torturing me now

Consistently rough

Developed somehow

Depressing hand cuff

My weak bodied stance
That's prone, rudeness to
Malicious as chance
To see my life through

In callousness warmly
And harshness polite
And infamy lordly
And meanness, Great White ...

I live in the trance
Exhausted and torn
With weak bodied stance
An absolute scorn ...

Brutality handsome
And violence walkways
Inglorious anthems
Inhibitory always

I care no more (10-10-2022)



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Of God's fatal thunder ...

The time gorgeous measure

The ruler of mortal

The kind of treasure

The final my portal



For as long as I've known myself, I've been trying to hide under an imaginary umbrella. Some people say that the ultimate protection is within oneself. Only man himself can protect own-self from misery and adversity. Many call this protection a guardian angel. Perhaps this is true, but only if your faith is stronger than fear. (pause with commas)

I'm constantly searching

Agnostic myself

Within fears scorching

And sins stone-stealth

I've always been driven

Half good and half bad

To stay unforgiven

And endlessly sad

I've looked for protection

In outer world

But feasted rejection

Consequent occurred

And ended up stranded

Somewhere within

Adversity branded

As stone-stealth sin

I try to look round

Where did I go wrong

My wishes unbound

And will never strong

Both silly-tight swathe

Are now undone

Protection is faith

The ultimate one



Now is such a terrible time. Every morning I wake up, with the thought, that this horror is happening to me. How did it come, that I'm part of this terrible situation and I can't change anything. (pause with commas)

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Directions, mine, lost

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I am, just a pinhead

Intentions, good-natured

Those easily spread

And ill-honor flavored

Are still, all I have

Within feeble soul

Delusively brave

Self injured-controlled



Some souls are endlessly searching. When they find, the very moment they lose, because, the aim has been reached and there should be a new one to find and refuse. (pause with commas)

They have me accused
Of being lighthearted
Brewed up, to refuse
Affections much granted

That I'm searching on
Respective to lose
And wouldn't, have gone
Some true one, to choose

But get rid of, fast
By blinking the eye

Self inner harassed

By selfishness high

Profoundly-cherished

Forever and more

Not caring perished

My heart to restore

Come on, get dismissed

I don't anymore

Do searching persist

Someone to adore

I'm dreaming away

The true one, refuse

And gorgeously play

Established-confused



The modern human world is slowly transforming into a mono-presentation of the sexes. I think that, on some, albeit a very distant day, mono perception will dominate. (pause with commas)

A little complexity

I face all the time

The troubled perplexity

Much worse or sublime

Psychology freak

The mono or hetero

Suppressed up, to speak

Or even think antero

I know it is
The shame of diversity
Dishonor to freeze
In loosed up perversity

The madness of forms
Of beauty resilient
Blurred up, stagnant norms
To monarchy brilliant ...

In multiple regions
The mono shall reign
Though covered with lesions
Of doubt remained ...

My beautiful Domina
Perplexity troubled
I strive to be nominal
Off tendency stumbled



Time is a difficult thing, it hides something, and it shows something. You cannot fight it, you have to accept it as it is, as an accuser or defender. Whatever your luck is. (pause with commas)

I hate all the time
The time, crazy driving
My life into slime
And forced up deriving

The ugly content
I am, made out of
That's never been meant
To share above

I'm killing the time
And break truthful hands

That's pointing crime

I've buried, the sands

And cracked up, the grounds

The silent spectators

That could've expound'

My pushy filth caters

The thoughts, I promote

To stand truthful time

And thoughts I denote

Like reason sublime

To whiten the deeds

The time's bringing forth

And scatter the beads

And clear records

Tense relations

Never been free (12-08-2022)



This verse is dedicated to C.C.

Life is an interesting thing. It is always doubting and worrying, searching and finding. Patiently waiting for the moment and regretting that it did not come sooner. Who is she, the mysterious stranger, the Universe or a simple woman. (pause with commas)

A doubt I'm facing

The inner and deep

Deceitfully pacing

And worrying steep

Inside of my mind

Paved up, searching lane

To never do find

A land free of pain

I stare away

And say words of prayer

Regretful essay

My life's a compare

To waste desolate cave

I've dug, with my hands

Intending to save

The smallest spark chance

A love I've been dreaming

To fill me with sense

To make me joy screaming

A perfect romance ...

She's standing by side

And looking through me

As if I have died

And never's been free



This verse is dedicated to N.M.C.

Some girls are a disaster. They only think of ideals. And especially they have a point on respect. All the difficulties in the relationship between a man and a woman arise, as I think, from the desire to impose one's perception of the world. The most difficult thing is to remain neutral, not biased, not to offend or exalt your interlocutor. (pause with commas)

Ideals are good

The shiny and golden

Assured, withstood

Of now and olden

The rules, carved away

Into, mine the heart

Submissive as prey

And falling apart

For every your glance

And curvy waist lines

Awaiting the chance

To show off signs

Of living ordeal

A barren project

That is, pointless zeal

Your nature reflect

Desires imposed

Perceptions been choked

And aiming unclosed

Controlling provoked ...

Neutrality blameless

I love YOU so much

Not biased or faceless

As once, your first touch

I plead oddly much (02-02-2022)



There are times when I feel that being right or wrong doesn't matter at all. When the situation gets out of my control, all that remains, is to pray and hope. (pause with commas)

I pray, having been

A little distracted

To come out, clean

Of blunders enacted

By chances uncertain

I've oddly embraced

Expecting my burdens

Somehow unlaced

I plead oddly much

Not ever fall guilty

Avoid madly clutch

And aftermath silty

Your foolish intentions
Have brought in, someway
Collapsed my affections
Not fit to relay

The message, I'm haunted
Like slipping reward
Your presence much wanted
Of pleasing accord

I'm longing to sense
Before you are gone
And slightly dispensed
My right into wrong

The slavery, lovely (31-01-2022)



Sometimes a family is much worse than a prison. This is the worst thing that can happen to a child. And a fleeting moment of freedom is the moment of happiness that a child can have. (pause with commas)

I want to get lost
And never be found
Whatever the cost
Of getting unbound

From dearly noose
I've been born into
With no way, to choose
Or rushing on through

Unfortunate my fate
A mock in the face

I won't give in, late
A childhood's embrace

The slavery, lovely
I'm fed up with, much
So seemingly bubbly
The sweetest, my crutch

Is always around
To show its worth
And have me aground
In slavish rebirth

The child, I will never
Be found at all
And gladly shall sever
Them, dummy install



Some men are soft and diffident. They cannot stand the cruel female world. That's mostly why, the true love, sometimes flourishes, even under the pouring rain. (pause with commas)

The world, is not cruel

It's just, far untrue

In every thought, duel

By every deed, through

With soft, independent

And diffident-right

Brought up, much transcendent

And brilliant, excite

My thoughts and belief

Inside burning mind

That's seeking relief

A seeming good, kind

To bravely support

The difference, unwelcome

To hide in resort

And boldly dispel some

The doubts, unsound

They throw, female

So called, much renowned

To widely resale

The feminine standard

For most the men

To make us dependent

Again and again



The world is divided into the two halves. Woman and man. There is a constant struggle between them. She is a home of comfort and coziness. He is a constant search for fun and adventure. One day he will give her his big stone heart. But I think it's not for long. There, around the corner, a beautiful girl in a dirndl dress is waiting for him. (pause with commas)

A home adventure
Is meant, to be only
No thoughts of a venture
Pretentious not, homely

My life's turned a cozy
And sticky with comfort
I'm weird and prosy
Thanks, stony somewhat

I don't want to struggle
With nature mine petrous
It always tends smuggle
My feelings off, endless

The longing, I cherish

A dirndl girl kisses

The wishes embellished

My stone heart misses

I want the mistake

Not settled forever

A poisonous snake

A burning endeavor

The part of my heart

The stony essence

That tears remarked

My lives' coalescence

Golden your silence (24-07-2020)



Silence is gold, I agree with this phrase in part. I think that silence is silver, only tact is gold. (pause with commas)

Shut up, dear baby

I'm thinking of us

You're careless-shady

And making a fuss

About a trifle

Not worthy a move

Imposing stifled

My mind, reproved

And split harshly over

Your words and behavior

Back off, crazy lover

Just do me a favor

I have a connection

With sources tranquil

To stop the distraction

You've mindless' revealed

Shut up crazy lover

It's golden your silence

Will let me recover

My sensible guidance



An office romance is funny. Good practice is not to give it way. It is very correct to suspend this relationship and enjoy the tension. Over time, the relationship will fade away and friendship will prevail. (pause with commas)

I'm self fallen mixed

An office romance

Cold damn endless fixed

My weak bodied stance

It's wrong, all the time

I'm taken and treated

The feminine crimes

Are never defeated

A substitute reason

Shall never dismiss

It's formal a treason

I'm always remiss

Support gorgeous ego

I've dreamt to respect

My masculine free-go

They always object

An elegant splendid

Will stand, all the time

I'm firmly defended

By masculine prime

Sex and bliss verses

The perfect curving (07-02-2022)



The world is very much outlined. Some lines are sharp, some are too smooth, while the other some, are perfectly curving into a receptive heart. (pause with commas)

I am, always driven
Towards perfect curving
The nature, has given
My eyes long deserving

A way, running shameless
The view, bottom-up
And stay inner blameless

Not faulty abrupt

I want to get close
And sense all the lines
Unzip them utmost
The juicy divines

And turn you around
To burn, with my kiss
Then warmly surround
Insatiable bliss

Is now about
To burst out, right
And start, the devout
An innocent night

The ridge sliding round
Has waved us, good pluck
And senses unbound
And tireless luck



Sometimes life events go in an unexpected direction. Some relationships become a sweet and much awaited surprise.
And it is very crucial not to fail the exposure. (pause with commas)

I've dreamt, of a dream

To live life, unbroken

I've pictured a scheme

My visions unspoken

Somehow appeared

And shocked me a bit

My sanity steered

True thoughtless commit

The deed, I've been waiting

Some days, mine, the last

I have been expecting

A lustfulness cast

My mind and body
Were longing so much
Sensational and floody
Your fiery touch

I lay back and feel
I cannot get lost
In cold shaky thrill
I've always been tossed

By being indifferent
To open your move
And always consistent
The ardent your groove

How waters your deep (27-04-2021)



I have already started a provocative series of bliss verses, hope they are not too much touching. I need such verses for songs I plan to create upon. It will be overwhelming fun, I promise.

Falling in love is a wonderful feeling, when desire takes many different forms in our dreams. My love has always been associated with water, lake or river, thickets of aquatic vegetation and an imaginary beauty. Some people are born lovely-imagining-aquatic. (pause with commas)

It's falling in love
A wonderful feeling
Calm waters above
The marvelous healing

I want pouring on
Like dreams mine, aquatic
Desirable strong
And deeply hypnotic

I dream, water beauty

Is mine to possess

I dream aqua cutie

Is close, undressed

Up snuggled to me

And breathing desire

We are, getting free

With intimate fire

How waters your deep

As I'm, diving in

How breathing's your sweet

As I'm breathing in

How wonderful feeling

Your warm-water kiss

How wonderful feeling

I will always miss

The rocking fisher (02-04-2021)



Sometimes, I want to break all the rules. Go fishing and catch a beauty, at least for a little while. But something inside of me is a hinder, that, I cannot overcome. (pause with commas)

I'd rather a fisher
Some day, to become
And fish for a kisser
To give me love, some

Affection and warmth
I've always been missing
And beautiful forms
I've longed to be kissing

I close the eyes
And stretch out the hand
The coveted prize
My mind's harshly banned

And driven me off
Towards weird knocking
The wishes my soft
I'd rather be rocking

I turn back and smile
I've gained, what it takes
To break up, the trial
My mind, forcibly makes



Good upbringing sometimes greatly interferes with life, it hurts destinies and souls. Forget the manners and be lust
devilish wrong, sometimes. (pause with commas)

My manners were good

From early, the days

I've always withstood

Seduction and plays

A woman's processed

In front of my being

So strongly depressed

With what I've been feeling

I firmly sat on

And prayed, to be safe

It's devilish wrong

A perfect would say

To give in desire

Or let burning hunger

Unleash manly fire

To squeeze-overrun her

I struggle with feeling

Harsh grab lustful one

And have her a screaming

Let burst out spun ...

My manners are good

I hate them so much

I've always withstood

Seduction, untouched



We are struggling with our inner complexes and we lack attention. Better, of course, nice and tidy. (pause with commas)

I need an attention

Whatever the kind

A mentally tensioned

Or feminine lined

Prohibited finely

On in, to the core

The playful my mind

I hate and adore

I try to persuade

My lust foolish self

To play disobeyed

The sin number twelve

That's ad of success
For them, feel an envy
I shall not express it
Too frenzily friendly

Indulging into
The feminine tension
I'm languishing through
Distractive dimensioned

I long to possess (05-11-2019)



Oops, a little hot.

(pause with commas)

You know me not
The smoky, a devil
I am, dirty hot
And endlessly reveled

Your beautiful knees
I long to possess
And passionately squeeze
Her excellent breast

Fragrant attraction (16-10-2019)



Music and muse, wine and love. That's all we really need. To many of us, I think. (pause with commas)

Purple and black

Freedom and love

You are my fragrant attraction

Awesome attack

Drive and blur of

I am your spoiled distraction

Come to me close

Let me inhale

All your magnificent beauty

You are my dose

Dimebag a veil

Toxic and glorious cutie

My only life

Rock the guitar

Longs to be sister of yours

Come to me close

My gorgeous star

Let us impress the amours



Reality is an illusion caused by lack of alcohol. (pause with commas)

Reality's real

Illusions, what else

A toxic appeal

Ruining my health

To hell with it, baby

Go on to undress

Let's call it a day

No more of distress

A glass or a bottle

The two, both of

You wanna me coddle

I need drunken love

Come close, impressing

With heat of your kiss

The absolute blessing

Delicious my bliss

Sweet relations

Linked The Beauty In (06-12-2022)



There is a great professional and social network that I really like. It is linkedIn. I am very much sad, that I was kicked out of it, because, I have imposed my presence on the professional and beautiful women. I can't help myself, I love to breathe in the inner beauty which enhances the outer beauty, that nature has generously given us.

I dedicate this verse to my dear R.S. She is a dazzlingly beautiful, artful and smart girl. I wish I could see her, up close, someday, without the unnecessary veil. (pause with commas)

I have been a mess

For long time, a being

I used to digress

The thoughts mine, were fleeing

Towards some away

A point of struggle

I should have, surveyed

And quietly snuggle

I went up on line

To breathe in the beauty

I waited the sign

An interested cutie

Would kiss an old hide

And smile through the lines

Lit up me a guide

The juicy divines

I am longing for

Embrace and get close

Imagine-explore

The hills grandiose

Unveiled in the dark

Revealing the cozy

The most lovely mark

A man dreaming posy

A providence graceful (25-11-2022)



I dedicate this verse to the most beautiful and intelligent girl from Japan – my dear M. K.

One day, I received an invitation to chat, from a Japanese artist and owner of a series of beauty salons in London. She read my book and expressed a very interested attitude to communicate. We chatted on various topics, discussed philosophers and the essence of being. It was very easy and relaxed for me to communicate. At that moment, I understood, why John and Yoko were together. I am sure, it is the greatest love possible, and the kindred of souls, definately as well. An open and free composer and an equally open and free woman from the Land of the Rising Sun.
(pause with commas)

The evening, my blessed

A Babylon call

Surprising impressed

I was ready roll

A point of turn

So much, unexpected

I came to discern

My future reflected

The evening, I'm blessed

I have been so happy

Some time, in the past

Lived on, moody-snappy

And waited for you

To call me right here

Into something new

A miracle sphere

An artist would bring

As essence of being

Relaxed and expressed

A marvelous freeing

Has dawned onto me

I am, so much grateful

Enabled foresee

A providence graceful

The beautiful rose (04-11-2019)



The relationship between man and woman is the most interesting topic, I think I need to pay more attention to it. (pause with commas)

The luscious, a treat

The wish, being him

Cold moving, is sweet

Hot touch, is a dream

To play, for a while

And come in, so close

To kiss, with a style

The beautiful rose

Eternal love (08-07-2021)



The relationship between a man and a woman is often demanding. These are ups and downs, quarrels over trifles, internal and external contradictions, but true love always wins. (pause with commas)

Love is a miracle

Deep in my heart

Brilliantly lyrical

Every her start

I hope always

Be part of, now

Breathing in, warm praise

She's breathing out

Blessed are the moments
With you, my treasure
All my enjoyments
And endless pleasure

You are, my precious
I pray to be
Worthy, your gracious
Love, part of me

Courteous and kind
Gently polite
Your thoughts refined
My mind's delight

I am so faithful
Turning a child
I am so grateful
Getting so mild

Some very rare
Once in a while
Quarrels we share
Tears with smile

Try to depart
Into the pain
But then restart
Our hearts' domain

Thank you, I'm blessed

Live by your side

You are expressed

My sweetest pride

Humorous verses

Kangaroo (05-11-2019)



Some animals are very similar to several animal and human species at once. Does this prove that everything was done in one workshop, by combining spare parts? (pause with commas)

He was so tired

Create it unique

Make it admired

With praises, the meek

Called, an apprentice

To run it a while

The one, not pretentious

With thoughts versatile

Why not automate

Thought master in charge

The parts iterate

Computer at large

It was an idea

A human and rabbit

Some doggy and deer

And place to inhabit

Short verses

Blacky dear (21-07-2020)



(pause with commas)

Black air's around
Black breathing, the creatures
The two of us hailing the ground

My blackness' unbound
Your black-fullness feature
Are mutual inter-surround'

Lean on, blacky dear
I'm yours, shiny backing

Delighted to have you around

Your blackness, so clear

I'm happily clacking

Our fortune is so profound

Pass it by (25-05-2020)



(pause with commas)

Go on, pass it by

Don't try to disturb

I'm busy with inner progression

I will not reply

Won't let you perturb

My firmly developed discretion

I'm friendly inside

And always will be

Unless I am pushly denied

Go on, pass it by

Feel free, set it flee

Don't make me a push, have applied

Happy finance (20-05-2020)



(pause with commas)

I'm, so happy

Just, wanna dance

Old times of scrappy

Shortage finance

Gone off forever

Why not a dance

New times of clever

Happy finance

The horny disposed (14-05-2020)



(pause with commas)

A little protection
Is better than none
Annoying connections
Are quickly undone

Come over, much close

Let's talk it, a bliss

I'm horny disposed

For cautious, a kiss

The forced affection (05-05-2020)

(pause with commas)

You say, never know

You say, how come

So lovely ago

So forcing become

I shouldn't had better

Affections dispersed

Regret to have met her

So passionate enforced

Living on a sorrow (05-05-2020)

(pause with commas)

I live it, a sorrow

My heart's, breaking pain

Got rid of tomorrow

No pain to remain

I had, many lovers

“But not enough love”

Had had many suffers

And grieve thereof



Some animals are very exclusive, cunning and smart, talented and curious. (pause with commas)

Down with habits

Fishing's not hasty

Fed up with rabbits

Good fish is tasty

Just for a change

Fresh-caught cuisine

I've to arrange

Foxy marine

From wild to regal (28-10-2019)



Personally, I like android, it is simple and intuitive. But if the wilds choose apple, then it tastes better? (pause with commas)

Applause, apple users

Android is feeble

The first-ever choosers

From wild to regal

Throughout the world

Pick out the tackle

For surfing the web

The perfect an apple

Belle ma Maman (11-10-2019)



Mama lives in her kids forever, before and after, today and tomorrow, now and then. (pause with commas)

Belle ma Maman, lazy your kids

Want you a lift, to propose

Merry-go-round, never forbids

Endlessly loved, little those

Chère Maman, I want as well

Dry all my tears, with yours

Time and again, I long to dwell

Within your loving, that cures

Wait for you here (11-10-2019)



It is hard to find a place to settle down. You have to needle it for yourself. (pause with commas)

Needle away, needle along

A contemplation is mirror

Places around, none to belong

Best are away, good not here

Stop for a while, dream for a sec

Where's my thorny a lady

Tired so much, rest on my neck

Wait for you here, milady

The looks are deceptive (03-05-2019)



Some ones are spooky externally, but cuties on the inside. (pause with commas)

They say, I'm a lady
With masculine stare
My moods, over shady
My eyes, cruel glare

Don't judge me unrightly
The looks are deceptive
I'm talking politely
And kissing respective

Hypopotamia squad (29-04-2019)



(pause with commas)

What's going on

A misbehaving

Set out a con

Deep-water raving

You'd better stop
Mischief to manage
Dare not, to pop
The smallest damage

The gift (24-04-2019)



Some men are happy hamsters, all others are unlucky rams. (pause with commas)

Some people consider
My beautiful self
Much gifted with glitter
And brains of an elf

But beauty is nothing
To state thereof
I've treacherous plumbing
The gift from my love

A business trip to Hawaii (20-04-2019)



(pause with commas)

Sweet dreams of mine
No one to faze
Business is fine
My lovely days

Work, office, kids

Mistress and wife

Sleep off my lids

Sweet dreamy life

Smart proverbs

Jewish proverb (04-11-2019)



A person must live at least for the sake of curiosity.

Jewish proverb (28-10-2019)



Jewish proverbs are unique. With deep meaning and precision in reflecting our misconceptions.

Money is not as good, as how bad it feels, without it.

Experience is the word that people call their mistakes.

Jewish proverb (25-10-2019)



Sometimes I find very beautiful and smart proverbs. I think there is no need to reflect on them. They are self-contained and expressive.

God save you from the bad women, save yourself from the good ones.

The New Year

Peaceful supreme (31-12-2022)



My dear listeners and readers. I am very much pleased to congratulate you on the new year 2023. I am quite sure that this year will bring us peace and prosperity.

I am very much grieved that there is a war going on and people are suffering. I hope that the opposing sides will sit down at the negotiation table and agree on peace.

What is happening now is madness that has no solution, other than the reconciliation of the parties. The forces of the parties are equal and therefore this war can last decades and bring more grief and sufferings to all people and the planet as a whole. Now we must stop, admit that both sides were equally wrong, no matter how bitter and insulting it was.

There is no doubt that all crimes against humanity will be investigated and a court verdict will be issued. Nobody has to worry about it. On all sides there are really humane leaders who will definitely bring the investigation to the end, perhaps, with the next governments in power. (pause with commas)

I have a dream

A year of prosperity

So peaceful supreme

Has brought solidarity

Into desperate souls

I long to be healed

The madness-burned poles

I want to be chilled

I have a dream

There is no pain

There is no scream

And cursed-bloody chain

Inside burning minds

By hatred, dead forged

And hidden by blinds

But finally scorched

I have a dream

A year of humanity

Has formed up a stream

To end up calamity

We used to live

So stupidly headless

A year of extreme

The foolishness reckless

The Year of progress (31-12-2020)



Happy the New Year to you my dear readers and listeners.

For me personally, Mercedes is a very special brand. Since childhood, this word has always been magic for me. When I first saw the Mercedes-Benz GLE Coupe AMG, I fell in love. It is power, grace and beauty. What a cool woman, I thought, I want her now.

I wish you a better
The new, and so fine
Mercedes, the Year of progress

I wish you to get her
And let, be the sign
Mercedes, your Pride of success

Eastern the ways (31-12-2019)



Happy The New Year to all my dear readers. I wish you happiness, health and good mood. I am sure that this year will be a turning point in our history. The Super powers will reconcile and find a common language.

Now, I am in the beautiful country, Lokuma. She is a paradise. I want to come here often and stay long. My ancestors were lokumanians, so I feel the kinship and attraction to this glorious country. (The girls here are of dazzling beauty.)
(pause with commas)

Happy The New Year, Lokuma

I wish you dear, my friends

Dazzling beauty, Fortuna

Right from the glorious lands

Sends you, the greetings of joyful

Eastern, the rigorous heart

Ardent and spirited, playful

Gentle and moderate, smart

Wisdom, Nazif and Nedim

She has to give, to the World

Oktay, Ahmet and Nazim

Springing the poetry gold

I wish I was, younger now

Coming to stay in the East

Touching upon sacred vows

Having my worries released

Fully embrace all the strict

Rules and the order of things

Fine outline and depict

All the correctness, it brings

Send you, the greetings of joyful

Eastern, the rigorous heart

Mine is not much, so playful

It has been rightly restart

All by the will, destined over

Trusted, was I, in the charge

Santa's the little a grower

Eastern the ways, to enlarge

Christmas

The miracle true (25-12-2022)



My dear listeners and readers. I congratulate you on the brightest and most important event of our time – the Nativity of Christ. I wish you well, good luck and good mood. I'm sure everything will be fine with you and your families.

I am very much pleased, to think, that there is a great miracle in our life – Jesus Christ. He came and made us better, taught us righteous and open life. He taught us, to be free, and not be afraid of the injustice and rudeness that surround us. The beginning of every day, for me, is the words of gratitude to Christ, for this wonderful world created and blessed for us.

I am very sorry that there is a war and people are dying. I pray and ask the Lord that He does not leave us without his attention. (pause with commas)

I am so much grateful
The miracle splendid
Magnificent, gorgeous, and wonderful true

Has made me a faithful
And warmly defended
A righteous, and open, and caring too

I am so much thankful
Attention His glorious
Has found me kneeling, and longing to be

An openly peaceful
And always victorious
In every His call, addressed onto me

I am so much pained
Of rudeness around
Of wars, raged unfair, against peaceful ones

I do humbly pray
For peace to be found
And let us be free, for new life of plans



Merry Christmas to you, my dear listeners and readers.

I wish you love and peace, which are our Lord Jesus Christ. Let Him heal your whole being and the true freedom of the universe will be yours forever. (pause with commas)

They saw a star, that's showed

A way, towards the place

A magic, flamed up road

To see the only Grace

That has been born, forever

For letting us, be free

And guide, our souls clever

From highs, onto the knee

They saw the moment, cherished
They made the moment, praised
With their hope, replenished
Proclaimed, that only Grace

Has come to rule, forever
The minds, all the hearts
In every mind, endeavor
And every heart, the arts

The mystery, so comfort
He is, for me and you
The sacrament triumphant
To every soul, the Clue



A person comes into this world pure and free. Our sinful environment changes and spoils him. He accumulates sin and intolerance. But at the certain moment, he feels that an unknown force is calling him, purifying his thoughts and aspirations, mentally returning him to the time and place where he was born and blessed. He comes to Christ in order to receive eternal life, which is the righteous pursuit of goodness and light.

I look back and realize how estranged and forgotten I was in my frivolous and refined world of disobedience and selfishness. (pause with commas)

I was lost and forgotten

Right inside of my mind

My obedience' been rotten

By the wishes refined

Sweetly poisoned away

They were heaps of the lies

Brought my soul into sway

I can't stop or deny

A dependence on weakness

I was endlessly having

A delusion of sleekness

Was a treacherous padding

I have felt for a while

Since I've stepped into sin

An expansion hostile

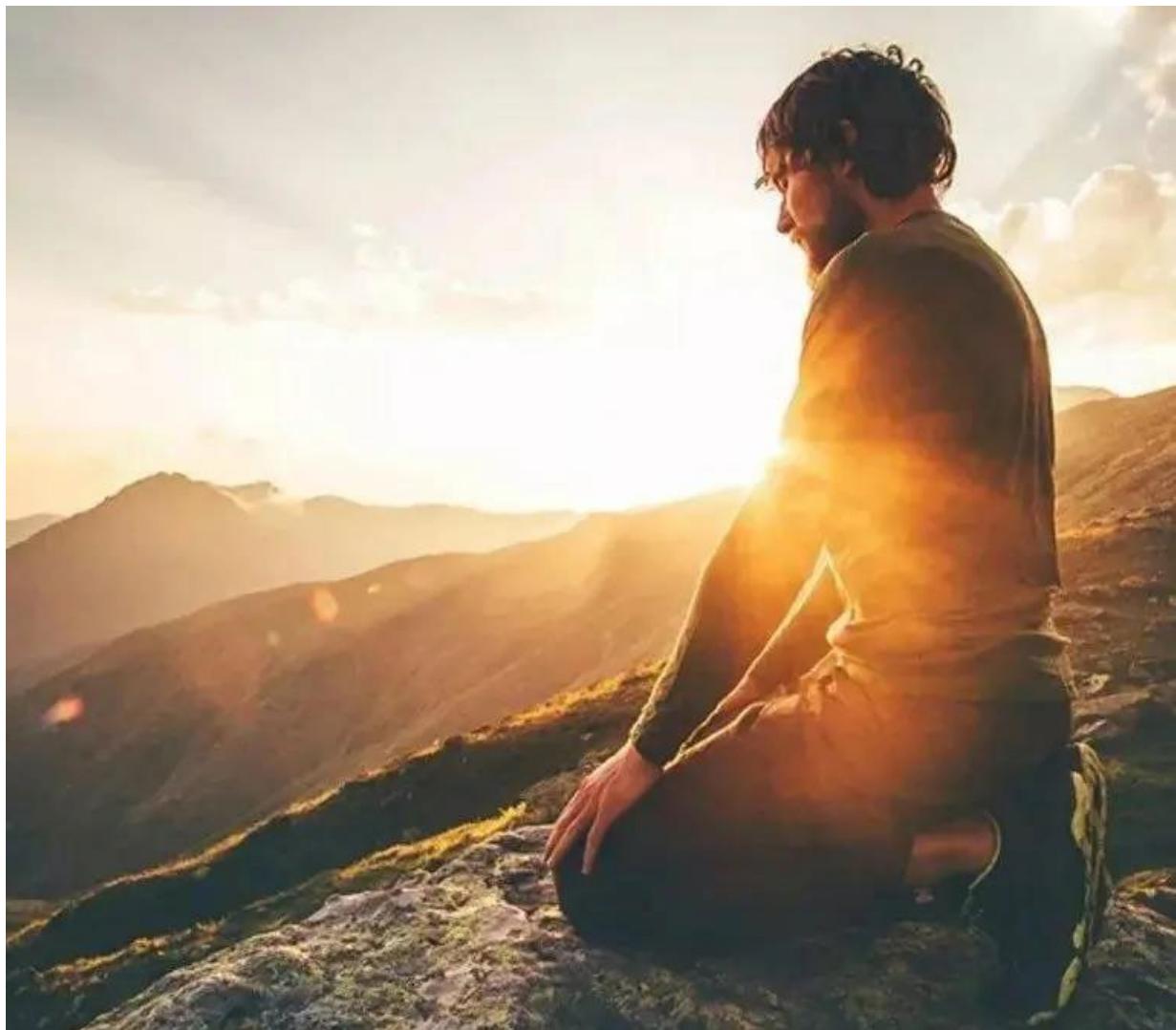
I have grown within

My obedience, a rotten

Right inside of my mind

I was lost and forgotten

With the wishes refined



One bright morning I had happened to be exposed to the rising star and all of a sudden, something has changed inside of me. I have felt His presence. (pause with commas)

On the morning a star

I have seen in the skies

It was near and far

Healing hurt, to the eyes

Was her bright pure light

As a message descending

That there is, no night

With her darkness offending

Mine so weak, sinful soul
That's got used to the night
That it's time to control
All my fears despite

Life, I've lost, being blind
And dissolved in the frights
With obedience consigned
To the selfish delights

I'm enlightened to leave
All the sinful my past
And a hope conceive
With the Light everlast



I have found joy in my life. Which are His Word of Hope and Awesome Presence. (pause with commas)

I am grateful to know

All the joys, Hope brings

I am thankful, a flow

Spring of happiness rings

Deep inside, of my ardent

Open up, to the world

Heart, ones endless retardant

Now joyfully pearled

With the words, Truth has spoken

Which restored me inside

I'm hopefully woken

And awake with delight

I have totally changed

I am dreaming the Vow

All my life's rearranged

It's a new of me, now

I am grateful to know

There is, joy I need

And my happiness glow

I'm joyful indeed

Christmas4 (25-12-2019)



When I was a child, I often got sick and coughed, and my mother cried and prayed. Thanks to her prayers, everything is fine with me now. She has taught me to turn to God for help. And He always helped me. And now He helps and protects me.

Christmas is the brightest and the most beautiful moment of our lives. The moment of faith and hope. The endless moment of calmness and serenity. This is the moment, we are longing for. I wish you to live in love and harmony with yourself and Christ. (pause with commas)

The moment is peaceful

Surrounding glory

Ascending on, blissful

With magic, the story

To hold up my breath

With happiness springing

I'm kneeling at strength

With tremulous feelings

The Alfa forever

The One, always be

The Source of endeavor

The Omega quay

The King of the kings

The Light of my heart

The Mildness at win

The Meekness, impart

Come stay, to behold

The kings for The King

Have brought, gift of gold

With happiness ring

His birth, sacred reason

Revives, mine the core

The beautiful season

Our lives to restore

The moment is sacred

The Birth of the Greatness

I'm trembling, elated

And kneeling on, breathless

Picture And Phrase



I am, originally chosen, to be the ancestor of kings.



I like modern ladies, they're beautiful looking and always are ready to ride.



It's good to have eaten, then chew piece of bread. And wait for a half sleep nirvana.



I'm moderately stupid, but always good-natured. I'm cheerful, funny and stubborn.



My dear ones, here's your Daddy, brought you delicacies different.



I want to eat, so great much, grab with my feet, take to the hutch.



You are too young, for seen disgrace, I do not want you to see.



A general view, and general thought, about a strategy, general.



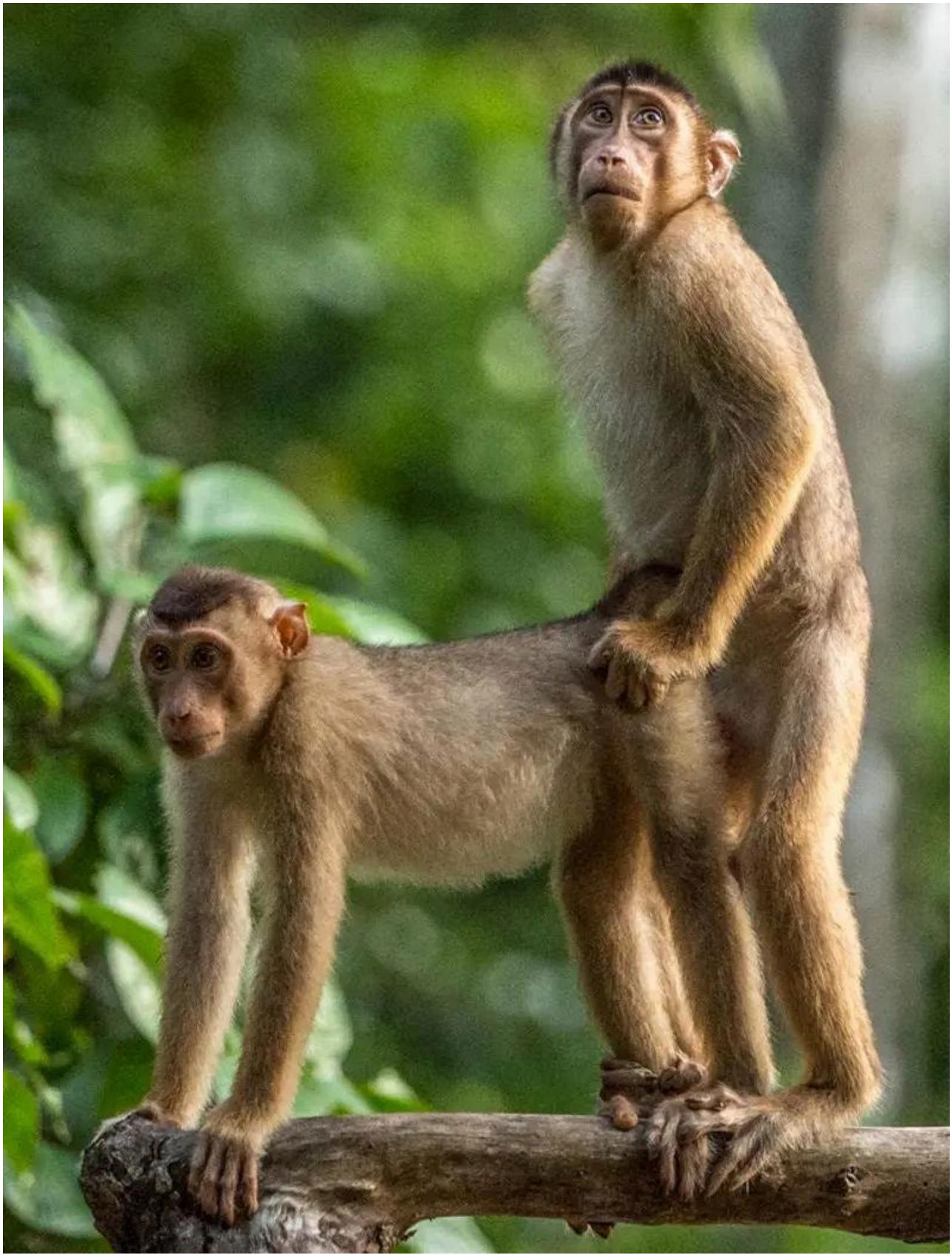
Sleepy am I, sleepy unknown, not to myself, others not to.



I am so glad, invested behoved. My knowledge helps, do it high-loved.



I am a gourmanian special. My bank is the sumptuous DB.



I want so much, sublime perfect love. Champagne with cakes, and flowers lots. She only wants, embraces and kisses, strong and prolonged support.



A lady my Darkness, I am, yours forever, no weak-minded mildness or whitened despair.



My nose is exposed, exposed too much, to get me in trouble severe.



What's lurking in there, a something to eat, but stay unconditionally fit?



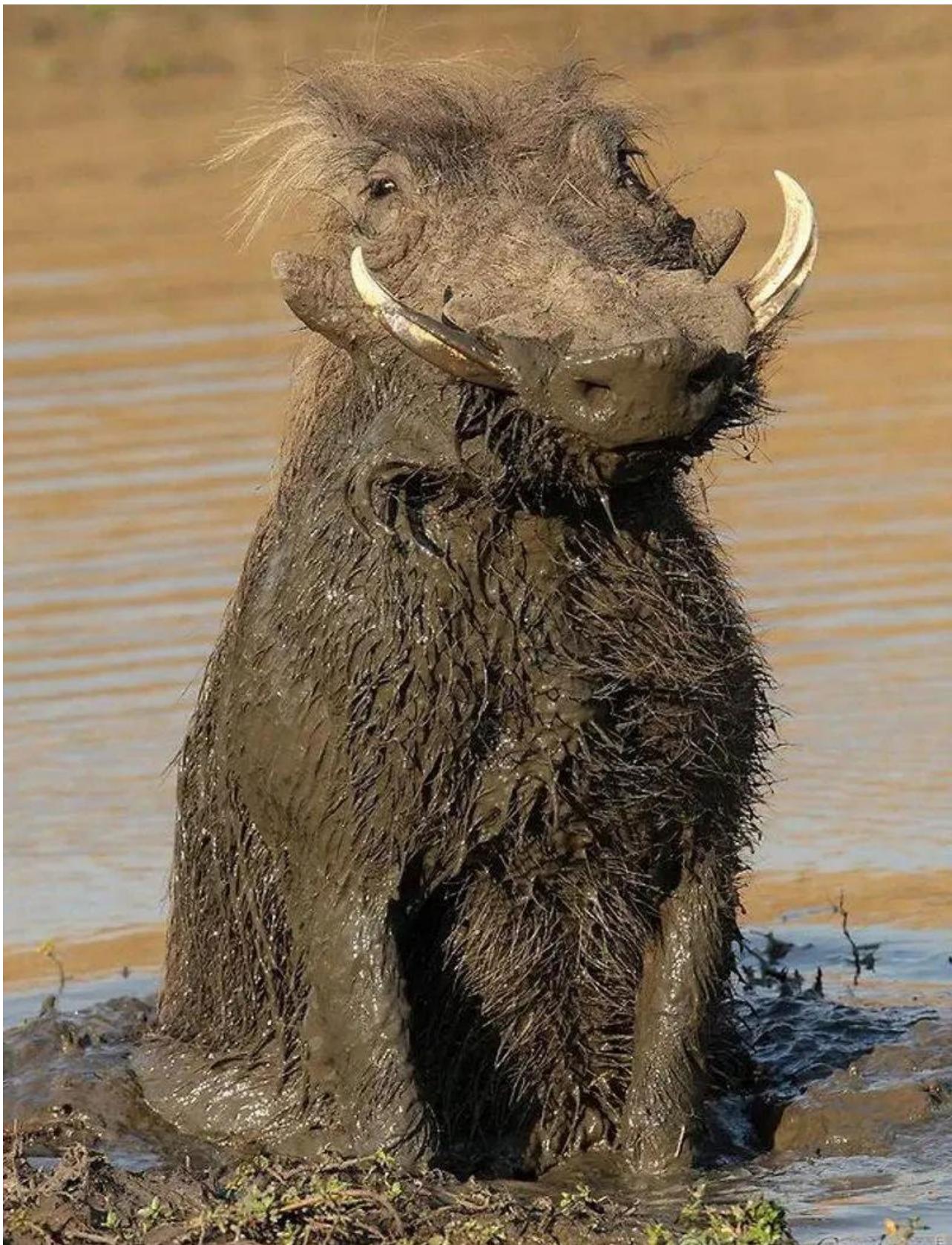
Hey dude, it seems to me now, that beer's been little too strong.



I wonder, tonight a party is planed? I'm single and very much passionate.



I'm sorry, my mother's, imprudently met, my extra-peculiar father.



Who's clean, who's unclean, the question it is. I am, not at all, an exception.



Glide over my deep and serious thoughts. Which are, not for kids, propagated.



I'm vicious and rude, you're tender and clean. It's pure, our love, designated.



Dearest, dear. Where have you been, weakened and frightened, so long.



What is true friend – help when you need it – laughing and grieving along.



Before you can say, you are so pretty, I want you a little, be shocked.



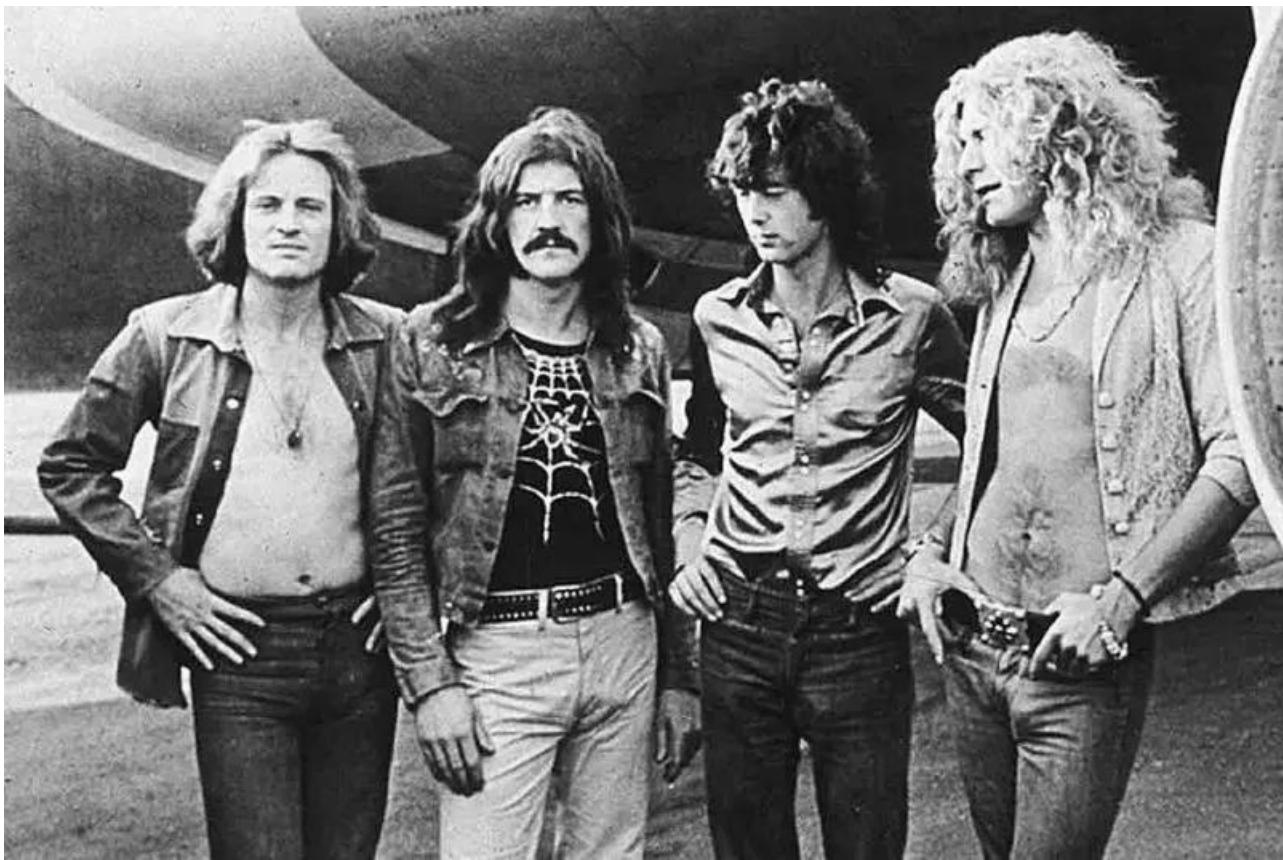
My family's diverse, grandma and grandpa, and parents, dispersed, and feathered my bro.



A virtual image projecting the real, the warped and perverted, with criminal feel.



She's a curse for the weak, and a dream for the strong. An endless sunset or an infinite dawn.



My destiny's led, by leaden, the arm. I envy much spread, high led-flying charm.



Mama, don't cheat me, I'm grown enough. Kids are not found in cabbage.



Hush granny, don't cry. I'll give them a bashing, haul up your mischievous grandchildren.



It's only one thought has nested my mind. A dark and worrisome grievance.



My language – the street, is native by now. I've learned it a bit, and use it somehow.



My passion is odorous, redolent and bright. A florist devoted – tiny, polite.



I am precious stoned, black elegant slim. An extra attorney, expensive and grim.



Dreamt life is a misery, self made and possessed. No love or success, just endless' depressed.



My life is a witchcraft, my soul is darkness. And even abyss, afraid talk to me.



No more black lines, no more distress. I've got a wizard, my life to redress.



Men are subject to a beautiful girl.



Kleo and Alex



Stop talking nonsense, my ears are already hurting.



"I've been kissed by a rose on the grey."



The strategy genius.



He's not worthy of love, affection or fondness. You cling to a stove, the frivolous pompous.



Desolation I like, and dangerous endeavour, and no way, into the nowhere.



So sorry am I, disturb you a bit.



The case of ditching.



Producer and his ladies.



I don't know why, I'm cursed and forgotten. It's surely not, my fault anymore.



You're beautiful much, not ever be happy.



I don't want to sleep, it's sleepy the weather, has stationed a burden, on body, mine, weak.



Marienkäfer, flieg in den Himmel. Das ist der Ort, an dem Ihre Kinder das Schnitzel essen.



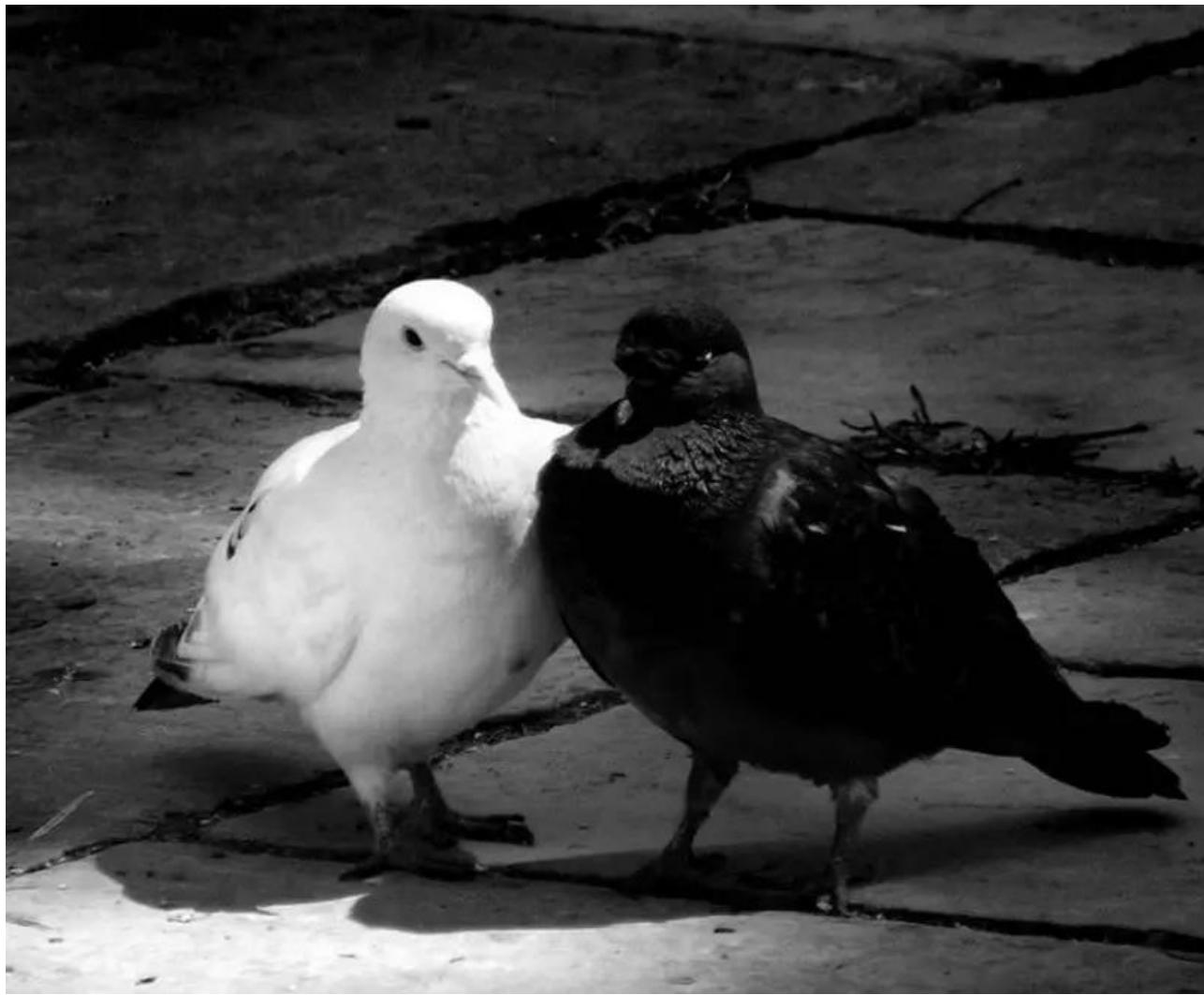
I have two lovers, and think of the third, what if they all, will explode?



Which are, evil deeds, I seem to have left, without attention expedient?



My happiness' ringing, a home mobile, I've accidentally found.



"I don't care who you are, where you're from, as long as you love me."



I say, I did not, take part in the merriness, I'm too ugly, but charming so much.



My eyes omnipotent, I see all the girls, you've met, or about to visit.



A fascination, my finger set up, as confirmation, your good inclinations.



Yes, I am guilty, I've touched her with glances, I did not let, my fantasies flow.



Was it a delusion or inner misfortune? I did every possible thing. My world has returned to where it started. The naked and cold extreme.



What do you want, love or affection, they are much different, written or touched?



Don't let yourself ever be used, keep all them hungry and weighed down low. Or they will harshly, have you abused, and as a trash, scornfully thrown.



Angels and demons, attracted forever, they are the toys, of the goddess called Love.



Life and love are fighters forever, don't let them hit you, away from the world.



I'm not a magician, just taking the courses, despite being muggle, I plainly been born.



I did not want, take you by surprise, are you half naked or dressed.



They miss, take me always, a flower whitey, appeared and moving around.



I seem to have chosen, profession not right, the targets are sometimes too tasty



What of it, that you talk, better do, cash and credit. We are not, gonna walk, 'till the credit is ready.



A faceless am I, a matrix by nature, a saint and a sinner together.



I cannot control my wish to control, all things and all creatures around.



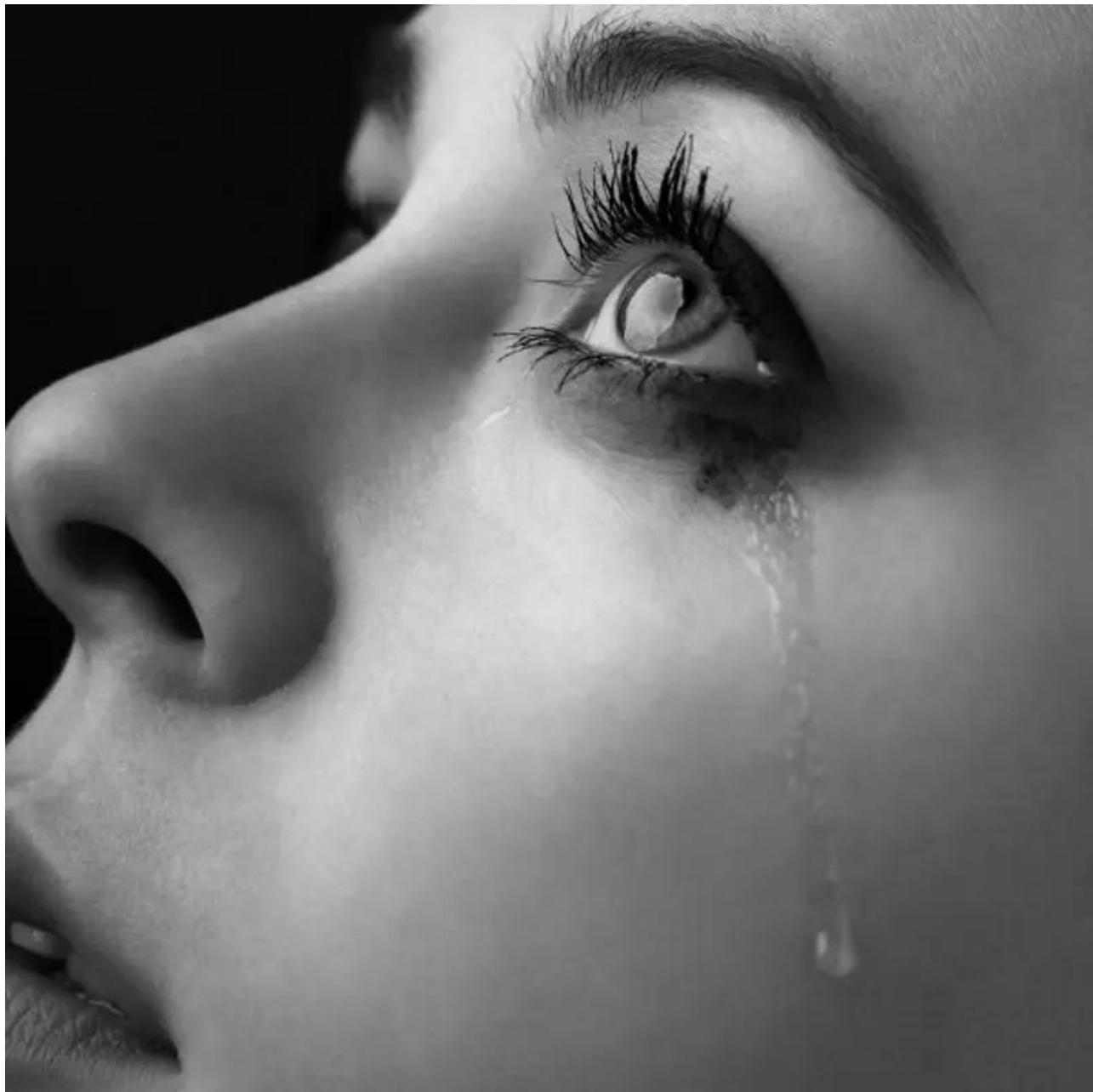
A fallen my angel, mischievous my love, I miss much, your sightly behavior.



It's possible not, to grow a beauty, without your hands, a little been stained.



We've made a mistake, to lock up together. Endangering our love, to die in the cage.



A beautiful tear, of empathy touching, has dropped on the cheek and slipped in my heart.



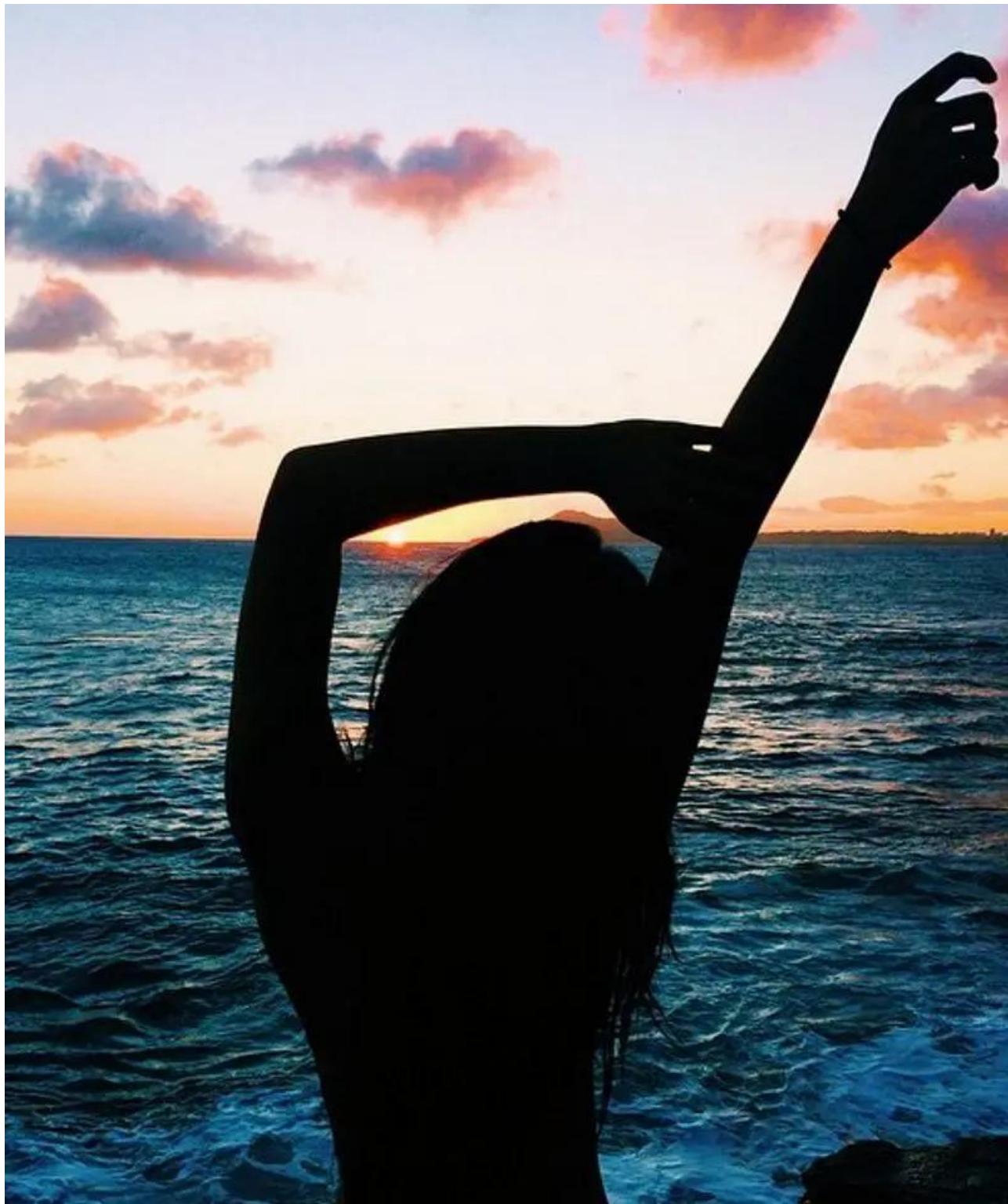
Your sentiment's changing, from fervent to cold. From laughter to tears, from timid to bold.



What have you found, a regular simple, my common self, isn't astute. You are so special, glorious symbol. I am afraid, we will not suit.



Which one is better, the black or the white. Why not to try, both tonight?



Your silhouette attracts me strongly. I want to see, all the details. The graceful lines, much cherished broadly. The perfect forms I ardent' hail.



We are a being, spread everywhere. We are the palette of nature.



I am a kitty, deep in the heart. I like the world's live domain. Why devilish nature's, decided to mess, with tenderness, death, blood and pain.



I wanted to fly, from early my days. I worked and I dreamed, real much. But criminal mind has brought in the maze. My life has become, dirty clutch.



Birds are the two, hatred and love, hosted by dearness cruel.



Why me, being destined, to lose all the time, the ones that I dearly love. Do hate being cared, from cruel above,
committing against me, the crime.



So sorry am I, to promise you heaven with flowers lot and comfort immense.



I was deprived of freedom to choose, I had to wait your answer forever. Desperate to stop being refused, grab your attention, now or never.



I see you not, because I can't, believe that happiness' so real.



A friend of mine, an enterprise, decided done without help. I cannot stand but offer rise, secure mine vice-president.



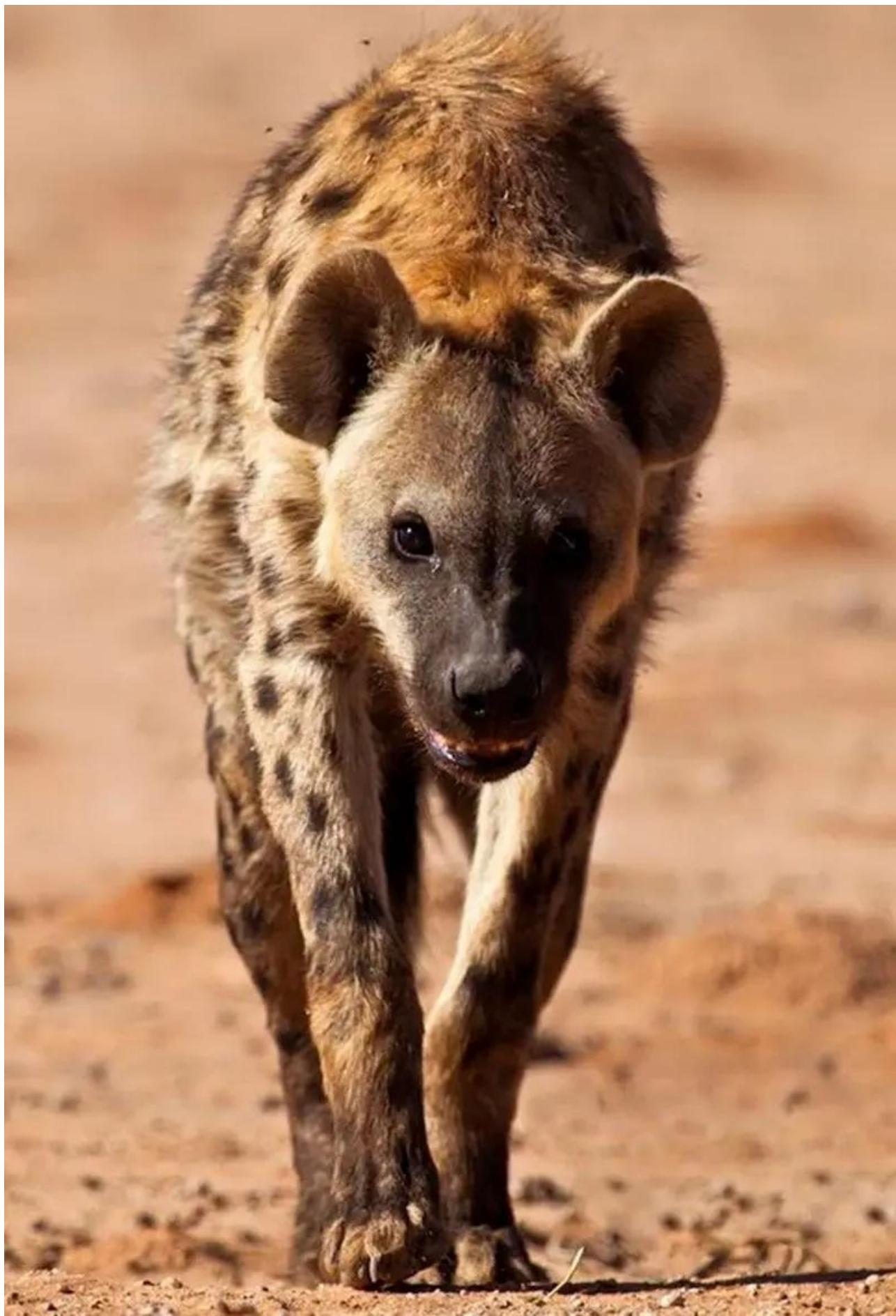
I have come to say hello, and have brought an awesome gift. Blooming flowers to bestow, and a stronghold ready twist.



I've tried to escape, the windy my fate, but couldn't get rid of facing it strait.



You're a poisonous little, did a poisonous lot. Time your venomous brittle, head cut off, in a jot.



I've a little to lose, it's the desert behind, I am skilled to abuse, lead a treatment unkind.



I've run out of words, I need so much skills, expressing myself overwhelming.



A flower lonely, still white in her dreams, about get lost in reality.



It's perfect to meet, two girls at a time, they're bolder mischief, stir up with a climb.



I'm happy, but looking, I'm blessed, will have lost, successful and fortunate, at little the cost.



It's cold outside, find mama to hide.



Fix an eye upon the sky, don't forget unfix apply.



I like turning round, again and again. Let go my wishes a bit.