

Anna Idelevich

1. Fallen premiere

Let there be cholera around,
my table with various foods
covered for you.
I'm not a saint, a witch.
I'll pour you a third cup of poison
and I'll finish it myself.
That I am immortal - gossip.
My Hollywood is not about intrigue and fornication,
a soldier can't rhyme amplitudes
hesitate for no reason,
war is the result of the gods of devilry.
The detachment fell, the soldier fell - it all went,
treasure in plants.
Night falls and consciousness time trouble
does not have time to think about why he will fall
sun into the river by morning, which commander
ordered him to sail for sunrise, for example,
simplicity in love, prime minister in happiness.
You are Mars Lucifer; I am Venus cholera.
But the sun goes down the stars dying
blind radiance, light is faith.
The light of love turned into harshness,
and the ecstasy turned into a sky of blood.
The discipline of seeking God is an honor,
and the rising from the berries under the river flows.

The soldiers are gone, the commanders are gone.
The fairy tale is gone, the sky has turned into reality.
And you and I live like a stray dream,
blown off the brains of the stars, and stardust.

In the morning, pale smog strokes the feet
revelation awaits. There is a haystack in the sky -
the cloud chews the horse, I chew
a blade of grass and wait for your dewdrop.
I want the sun to dirty laundry
made a bed of heaven and purity of love.
Well, come on, roll the good to me,
I am drawing a ponytail sketch.
A bad actress opens the premiere in tears
and admires everything that is washed away by the sketch rain.

The horizon tilted with my head, tilted
the ocean spilled into the waves as a green bottle.
He is with me, and you are with me and he
makes the morning the most beautiful reality.

2. Summer

I'm running to you, darling,
between the birches so slender, slender, slender.
We are not in a dream, but in reality,
two lovers, free, free.
I'm in a red dress and you
to dumbness, to hoarseness, you want to hug what you did not want
to know how the road goes for you for a long, long time.
Like a bird crying, the howl of a child is subtle, subtle.
And when the rain opens the windows in July
you will squeeze my hand, maybe you will understand, we have not fallen asleep, it will be, it will be.

3. Sea fox

Salt without bread, don't blame me.
The fox is trying to sleep,
fox in a wave, excited,
raw sky below the bottom
there is an ocean, and it does not sleep,
wheezes, squeaks with shells.
And the violin hits the bare floor
stuffed into a wrinkled case.
My chest is buzzing and hot
the whole line between the shoulder
hill, underwater silt.
Nobody loved that before.
Fisherman with tattoos
there once threw dreams.
But the catch was not rich,
the fish jumped back.
Keep, God, the sailors,
fox and bay, the salt of poetry.

4. And it shakes me

And it shakes me.

In jerks, jerks, shakes, you have to shake like that.

You have a wet rag in your hand, bring it to your forehead.

Kisses down the neck, hair behind the ear

wet strand in a fist, what you want ask.

Bell in the ear, whistle, laughter, bring it up yet

a dream over me. A desire rushes about, to cripple you.

In the eyes, the fire burns and rages.

Good together, let the skeletons hang.

Let the month sling them a noose.

What else will your hand hold over me?

Or not a hand? Knee between mine

furthermore, no more, too many days to go

they were working around with shovels, shoveling off the snow.

I want you instantly, and then running.

Why am I not gay? I am in bliss.

Okay, disappearing, where am I? ..

5. More masculine

The bakers are stacking huge logs of bread in the foothills.
Blades of knives, axes, cleavers, scissors flashed everywhere.
The starving crowd storms the square with a guttural rumbling.
I add nothing more.
I run over the edge of immoderation.
I deodorize your craving for the disgusting with roses, poses, views.

The didactic vein in me haunts my brain.

And here, honey, the smell of roasted chestnuts.
Dressed peasants having fun.
Cheap paintings. Their price is zero. A penny.
A solid bunch of wretched superstitions in oil on canvas.
Describe the shape of the crimson spot in your crotch. I make you describe it.
A gray-haired fortune-teller with hair braided, sticks a map in your mouth.
Curiosity has brought you here. All the dirtiest you want.
A sweetened infusion served to you by a boy whose left eye resembles a quail's egg.

My malachite green shawl falls.
I stand in front of you completely naked.
Now purity begins. Makeup drips and exposes the face.
White, white, white.
And red lipstick on the rough lip of the mountain.