

Poetry Series

Igor Sinelnikov
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Igor Sinelnikov(10-03-1990)

Black Star And Black Sun

Doses of nicotine,
Malady of venus,
My consciousness are broken
As into glass.

We angry at laws,
Split life into zones
There is not entry
For strangers to us.

Why have you come,
The star, gleaming black,
Destroyed my barriers
I'm utterly bare.

The frost chains my skin
We have deeply seen.
Pupil expands into space
I'm waking without your face.

One day you will go,
My dear red dwarf
I'll close my leafs
Sinking alone.

Substance is changing
My skin will be steel
I will be black Sun
It's your fault, it's your will.

Igor Sinelnikov

Moon-Blindness

Glasses and walking stick -
You have moon-blindness
I'm taking your hand
In dark of aurora path.

As a guide-dog his owner
As Noah - last Earth man
I'm taking your hand,
Not allowing slip up.

Till first klaxons, songs of morning birds,
Walking on sopping and falling leafage,
In the inscrutable, melodius silence,
I'm confessing my eternal love for ages.

The world was flooded up
By sunshine that erode us
You took off your glasses,
I looked in your eyes.

There was nothing,
But basilsik inanity,
Inescapble sadness
From the inside.

Igor Sinelnikov

My Denial

I'm against state, according Sartr testament;
I'm against power, someone else holders are;
I'm against poverty, working for show, you'll see;
I'm against money tree and runaway harlotry;
I'm against war - for nouveau riche new score;
I'm against peace, my garrison's my house, Ms.;
I'm against tears, by petal of rose my pupils was pierced;
I'm against light, waiting for dawn whole night;
I'm against love, that's bitch, dirtying my palm by cum;
I'm against death and cycle of life;
I'm even against our souls, deprived by God in former times.

Igor Sinelnikov

To Brodsky

Among the noisy children and magican's shuffles
I'm taking Brodsky's book, my youthless, from shelves
I'm turning dusty pages kind of a madman,
Jugged lines are dancing, my breath's tailing off.
I can not express in words, I will tell Brodsky,
I will speak brightly, that I feel simple way.
The world has became plain for a moment,
There wans't those filth, that make my life lane.

Igor Sinelnikov

Whistle-Stop

(dedicated to Jasur Abdukayumov)

I believe in the finish point of my life
A little whistle-stop in the end
Where your train are going to
And you're holding one-way ticket
Not believing that finish is hard by
Bettering your crown on your head.

You take your place in a compartment
You're bored there alone or, maybe, with family,
In appearance you're unbroken
But inside you're barricaded
Destroyed and castrated
We won't speak about it, ok?

You're coming out in Deli, finding truth
Looking at corpses, that swimming in Gang
That's why people travel to India
To know they will be taken by HIM too,
They won't be left during last way
And whole world collect twigs for their bonfire.

That's why people travel to India
There nothing keeps them for life
But if keeps, it's thin steak
When you can turn out and break.
You are sleeping away your dirty India
And rolling the deep every next day.

No one tells about the whistle-stop
You just overlook it in a gap
The traffic controller announcing last station
The neighbors on the bed conclude
That life is shit, and pack up their things,
Prepared to exit way back.

Igor Sinelnikov

Your Youthless Is Pretty

Your youthless is pretty.
It's still spring flower.
Not hiding ardency,
You're charming whole world.

Using your lucky hand,
Rolling the dice again,
You're playing with my heart
Like queen on the throne.

You whirl in the dance,
Whole tipsy and drunken night,
Kissing the sounds of jazz.
Until the end.

It seems your way's easy
That happy will happen
But you're looking at skyline...
Sadness returned.

Igor Sinelnikov