

Masquerade

We met at a party of mutual friends.
Where many were drunk and assured they can dance.
While others kept bragging about their weekends.
I felt as I'm sieged and I held my defence.

I went outside for a nicotine dose,
She was there too, looking bored and morose.
I lighted my cig and then I stepped close,
She glanced at me and then wrinkled her nose.

"So, what are you up to?" she was first to ask.
I hemmed, "Choosing answer's a difficult task
That could be made simpler with alcohol flask."
She said "It's all easy once you pick your mask."

"I don't have a mask!" - "Yes, of course you have one.
And what I see now is naive and not fun.
Not half as attractive as nomadic Hun,
Or buttoned-up gangster with big smoking gun."

I was being measured and didn't love that.
"Is all that important for casual chat?"
She showed her teeth and she smiled like a cat,
"I don't like smalltalk, I love verbal combat.

So, what are you up to? You got one more try."
I smiled, "To be honest, I'm Martian spy.
I hunt for the women, I feed them plum pie,
And then I hide bodies at base in Altay."

She shone like a sun, "I'm so glad to met you!
Me, I'm pirate queen, I'm assembling new crew,
While my first lieutenant is sick with shark flu.
And I give my promise, my story is true."

Animal party

I have common habit:
I drink with my buddies.
The cannibal rabbit,
He is doing studies

On species' genesis
In South-Western Asia.
And his ex-nemesis
The owl with aphasia;

Not many have words
To describe all her crimes.
Red panda makes swords
For raccoon. And sometimes

Comes stoat, he is smarty
And wicked like cupid.
It's animal party,
'Cause humans are stupid.

Commuter train

The place of misery and pain.
8:35 commuter train
That drives white collars through the plain
Whether it's sunny or it's rain.

Outside each one of them has rank.
She is a boss at major bank.
He does internship at think tank.
Both stare at window, eyes are blank.

Somebody tries to read a book,
Chewing banana that she took,
Peering around with sleepy look,
Wishing to hide in secret nook.

Another listens to podcast
About heroes of the past,
He smiles, he's brisk, he's outcast.
The train has stopped; this station's last.

The brown fox

In forest lives the brown fox
Who doesn't care about the stocks.
About airplanes in the sky,
But only mice who hide in rye.

He doesn't care about the wars
And fission of atomic cores.
About oil and soybean price,
But only rabbits who taste nice.

He has no lust for ocean ships,
Or densely packaged microchips
Or symphonies for harp and flute
But only vixens who looks cute.

And when naked apes destroy themselves
With poisons and artillery shells
And turn their cities into muck
Brown fox is not who'd give a fuck.

Nightmare extended

Aiming to always look courtly.
Believing that nothing is real.
Knowing we will wake up shortly.
And then all the fear that we feel

Will dissolve in chill bedroom's air
Leaving pillow soaked with tears.
We thought the war is a nightmare
For initial ninety five years.

We have got used to it later.
We learned to adapt and adjust.
We truly love the dictator.
We don't mind being ground into dust.

Victory's our only yearning.
Our unit is ready to raid.
In grandparents' time war was burning.
I'll die long before it will fade.

Spending childhoods among ruins.
Enforced selection of genes.
I'm not even sure if we're still humans
Or merely battle machines.