

## THE LAST SONG OF A SWAN

*“According to some investigations,  
swans have been known to take  
their own lives after a mate dies”*

This is a story of the power of love,  
Sad like the cooing of a mourning dove,  
Of two loyal hearts' everlasting bond,  
In life, as in death, and far beyond!

Graceful long necks curved in an elegant arc...  
The beauty and pride of the national park -  
White whooper swans, a monogamous pair,  
“One life for two” , one for both to share...

The sun has painted the rocks in sinister brass...  
Her mate has been dying on the bristly grass.  
The claws of the eagle or a fatal disease?  
Whatever the cause, it's still hard to appease...

He quivered... got still... from his long yellow beak,  
One droplet of blood slid down to the creek...  
The swan circled around him... confused , at a loss...  
Then she has understood it... and darted across

The gloomy red sky, far away from the shore...  
A strong flap of the wings... then a powerful soar!  
She was spiraling up to the crimson sky...  
The cold air was pierced with a guttural cry!

Fluffy white ball, so high above the ground,  
Got still for a moment... then plummeted down!  
Not even death can set them apart -  
'Twas the last sacrifice of her loving heart!

This is a story of the power of love,  
Sad like the cooing of a mourning dove,  
Of two loyal hearts' everlasting bond,  
In life, as in death, and far beyond!

An elegant curve of the proud long necks,  
Wistful black eyes with an emerald flecks...  
I'll never forget that harrowing cry  
That pierced the crisp air of the lava-red sky.

## MONA LISA

This portrait... like a distant toll...  
Only on canvas, one can see  
Erratic signs of human soul  
Reflected in the colors' sea.

I still remember, from the darkness  
Of centuries in time's abyss,  
Her silhouette in its half starkness  
Was looking wistfully at me.

Her eyes distorted my perception.  
Half-smile, half-cry... Oh, God forbids!  
Her eyes were like two deceptions  
Concealed by shadowy eyelids,

Like an insolvable enigma,  
An awe of wonder, or pure fright  
Endowed on her by evil stigma...  
Or was it just a play of light?

Her eyes... an ecstasy of feelings,  
Anticipation of demise,  
Seizure of tenderness... or maybe,  
All one can feel, was in her eyes.

When I just wander without a goal  
On gloomy beach of northern sea,  
Then from the bottom of my soul  
Her eyes are glittering at me.

## OBLIVION

Perhaps, you don't recall my name.  
Maybe, it died like distant sound  
Of hissing waves washing around  
Steep cliff, indifferently tame.

My name, like fading twinkling light  
Of lonely beacon in the sea  
That only possible to see  
In clear sky of starry night.

But then, it left a lonesome trace -  
Gravestone's intricate inscription  
Like inconceivable encryption  
The time is bound to erase.

Alas! you have forgot my name  
The cause of your exhausting anguish  
That made you gradually languish...  
I am the only one to blame.

But please, have power to forgive!  
In silent shade of our tree,  
Do say that you remember me,  
That there's a heart where I still live.

## MYSTIS FORCE

The heavens swayed...I was beguiled  
By the mysterious insight...  
It was like a song, serene and wild,  
Immersed in a sacred light...

Sometimes, I'd let my mind to fly,  
Awake or in my sleep.  
There's something more than meets the eye,  
Too powerful, too deep...

There is an immense and mystic force,  
Unknown, undefined,  
Permeated through the Universe,  
Through our hearts and mind.

It has no limits, no border,  
Like endless, resonating strings  
Of deeply implicated order,  
Unfolding the harmony of things.

We're trapped in beautiful illusions,  
Confined to what we can perceive,  
Then we're drawing wrong conclusions.  
I'd rather know than believe!

Reveal yourself, divine Creator!  
Unveil your wise, arcane design,  
Become a guide and educator  
For our feeble human mind!

## TO THE NORTHERN SEA

Good-bye, my dear northern Sea!  
It's not the last time I will see  
Your sparkling waves, their warm embrace  
When they're rolling with proud grace  
Hissing and sliding under my feet...  
But when you rise, my soul is freed  
By your billowing waves, untamable, wild...  
And I am awed, I am beguiled!

So aimlessly, I often wandered  
Along your coast, while I pondered  
Long perished memories of life...  
You gave me the will to live and strive  
For my high goals! And, au fond,  
We are akin... We have that bond...  
Like yours, my freedom-loving spirit soars!

Along your bold and lofty shores,  
One object still excites my mind -  
A silent witness... one can find  
Its ruins... the overgrown remains  
On the lush greenery of plains,  
"The pride of Beare's iron coast",  
The Dunboy Castle... deep engrossed  
In memories of bygone days,  
When it was hard-fought battles' place.  
And now - a tangible symbol  
Of brave and proud Irish soul!

I have to leave.. the call of duty...  
But I will not forget your beauty!  
While I'll be very far way  
I will remember every day  
Your waves' inviting, urging roar  
When they are rolling onto shore  
Of gloomy beach, without cease,  
With such serenity and peace,  
As if they're asking me: come back!

From my sail boat, I'll direct  
Upon the crest of your high waves  
In its majestic, golden blaze,  
With an ineffable delight,  
My poetry's exalted flight!

