

Poetry Series

**Tsira Gogeshvili**  
**- poems -**

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# Tsira Gogeshvili(29.07.1959.)

Acute sensations aroused by the rush towards the mystery of heavens...

Short-spoken reflections and estimations of the sacred wishes sheltered in the heart of passions...

Images created to enrich and cherish the world of little ones...

These are the leading ideas of the poetess's collected verses...

Most of the poems of the given book were published in the Periodical press twenty years ago: "Mnatobi" ("The Luminary") , "Tiskari" ("The dawn") , "Pirveli Skhivi" ("The First ray") , "Satave" ("The Outset") , "Paraleli" ("The Parallel") ...

Stanzas charged with emotional devices provoke the Keen interest of a reader...

All this was followed by a collection of tales wrapped up in the airy poetic veil...

And the book has been adored and treasured since then...

Then came a collection of nursery rhymes titled "The ABC Of Birds".

Music was composed to these rhymes... a cognitive entertraining program has been worked out for the primary school and the performance turned out a true success on the stages of some schools...

There were the years of silence... followed by "the Prayer Without A Break" ...

"Beyond The Shines", "To The Worthy Beggar From The Ragged Poetess", "To Neavens- The First Word" and other verses brought forth by the true poetical inspiration Some of them were published on the pages of "Literary Georgia" as well...

Then appeared a collection of cognitive rhymes "The Ballad Of Chess" arousing The keenest interest of those who had to do With this es, the book is used as a manual by the hobby groups interested in the game.

The book as well includes some other poetical patterns that haven't been published up to now...

Thus, the given collection represents: Tsira Gogeshvili's poetical world far more fully and completely than the previous ones...

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Tsira Gogeshvili \_born in 1959, Tbilisi.

Graduated from GPI - The Polytechnical Institute of Georgia;

The department of Chemical Technology and Automation) .

Was a student at the department of Journalism of the faculty of public Affairs.

Has set to music a lot her own poems.

Is married and has two children- Anna and Avto.

## ' A Grown-Up Child

A poet is a grown-up child, anyhow,  
He couldn't compose, otherwise...  
A poet is an adorer of queerness,  
A bit - willful, a bit - precise...

"Hunting is a game of chance, "  
We've forgotten that well-known phrase,  
And we must remember that kids  
Are forbidden to play such games.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## ' April

Puzzling dialogues grow facile,  
April is a month of dates,  
The cherry-plum blossoms in April,  
And for the love it happily waits.

The maiden has a date in April,  
Her heart is full of adoration...  
O spring! Just you hold me back,  
Or else, I'd have left the Creation.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# ' At Moonless Night, We Seek Hunters' Huts...

□

□

The poets rustle in the woods of verses.  
All the seasons are green: they glow...  
Some carry rifles across their shoulders,  
Some make arrows for the Cupid's bow.

The only weapon attracting one's mind  
Is a word - divine, winged, and refined.

Many lose their way in the forest;  
Here're wolves, grams, Red-Riding-Hoods.  
Eternal comedies and dramas  
Are played on the stage of the woods.

In spite of being brave hunters,  
At moonless night, we seek hunters' huts,  
And, if you ever fail to find them,  
Don't break, beforehand, your heart...

The breeze brings the smell of smoke,  
You hear the crackle of dry twigs,  
Near the slope, at the waterfall, the bonfire  
Temptingly waves its wings.

Here, we've come! Here's the bonfire.  
Winds fall, the moon and stars rise.  
Don't fret, warm yourself, cheer up,  
Amuse each other with witty rhymes.

Funny stories, strange events  
Make you laugh and... fill you with regret.  
And if the flight of fancy amazes you,  
Encourage the Don Quixotes, don't fret!

The Greek Diana, our Georgian Dali...  
Don't scold them for their bad luck...  
The hearts and souls of these goddesses

Are filled with divine sparks.

7.14.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## ' Blue Stream

You're blue stream and transparent so,  
I'm tired of dreaming on a wild-road,  
I'd sing but I'll sing to stars over sky,  
But I won't drink you to thirst for, never  
for you'll love me so more and more  
You are blue stream, transparent the...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# ' Sing Something For Me

Sing something for me, sing,  
while of yours think fly as dandelions.  
Sing something for me, sing,  
while the rain still rings only for us,  
Sing something for me, sing,  
Or hearts will begin to cry from loneliness...  
Sing something for me, sing,  
while the sun caresses ice still.  
Sing something for me, sing,  
Or you will be killed from my smile.

27.05.2008.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# ' To The Sleepless Bells

TO THE SLEEPLESS BELLS  
(TO THE POET CHUMMED UP  
WITH A VERSEZ...)

The melody – the element of poetry...  
A song to the poet  
Chummed up with a verse...  
That all the dreams  
Flower at night  
Poets knows better  
Than anyone else...

They know that the dull notes  
Of all the broken hearts  
Can't humble the treasured rhyme,  
The rhyme they can't lower...

They know that inspiration  
And the nine heavenly gates  
Brighten up the rhythm,  
And make it flower...

The same with the major,  
With the sacred remoteness,  
The everlasting life,  
Or the first word,  
The honored word  
Uttered in time...

The song to the poet  
Chummed up with a verse,  
Who was taken ill,  
And by the verse was healed...

The sleepless bells  
Rang in the chapel...  
And I prayed to the  
Queen of Angels...

2.03.08 Tsira gogeshvili

Tsira Gogeshvili

## ' When Your Bedroom.....

When your bedroom for you very far

When already you stand -nearby by bar,

When you will finds so well corner's chair,

When the waiter hears you without words,

When cigarettes did not remain in a pocket,

When a pen for- covers was lost - naked,

When behind windows the old moon to you talks,

And when for forgotten pains promises again,

When swings in a glass- so lovely, of red wine,

When its redness doesn't remind only sin's & blood,

When now feet itself go back well on familiar lane,

& your bedroom not seems for you any more far.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## ' As Maiden - Gipsy....

Give me your right-palm,  
I'll tell fortunes to you,  
As a fortuneteller -  
As a maiden -gipsy....  
Don't look only to me...  
That of, your eyes  
Denounces to you...  
If I'll tell an untruth...  
will be only one kiss...  
if I'll tell to you're not  
Blueeyed...these one's-  
Dreams heavens...  
They sleep there...  
I'll tell that you haven't  
to home road, else....  
For you lost it a long time  
Your house- as shelter  
In heart of Aphrodite...  
Both now...as always....  
Day of a deceit is today...  
And I sit before you...  
As sat for a long time  
Yes 1th April, but  
Is similar this to a lie?  
you'll answer to me...  
As- to fortuneteller,  
AS - to maiden -gipsy....

Tsira Gogeshvili

# ' As. P.S.

If you have forgiven  
To someone because,  
You himself have been  
Forgiven as the fact  
So is it a heroic-act?

\* \* \*

Who might listen -  
Who has two ears...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## ' Poor Old Men '

For the talker the hospital  
Always is cheerful point

But old grumbler is lonely  
Even in own home - house...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# ' The King Of Poets

The muse cherished by the skies  
Said her say – said in a word:  
“I say, let the poet in love  
Be the king of the poets of the world.”

Tsira Gogeshvili



# ' The Rainy Truth

The rainy truth

Weather forecasters  
Will not always justify  
Our hopes, but take...

Trust own joints,  
The rheumatism  
Never is mistaken...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# ' The Sand Palace

I'm soothed, I'm cheered up;  
For me the sea craves.  
Spread are for me its blue wings,  
With my frame, I feel the waves.

□

The sea misses me...it wants to lick  
My bare skin, like a fish.  
Spread are for me its blue wings,  
Clouds will fly by - what a wish!

I own a Gothic sand palace.  
The pearly sun's drifted by the waves.  
Once the passion was not exotic,  
The sea raged with the lack of the faith.

I've been approaching it for a year,  
The sea's soothed, for me it craves.  
Spread are for me its blue wings,  
With my frame I feel the waves.

I own a Gothic palace.  
That's my only treasure – my wealth.  
Spread are for me the blue wings,  
And I hear the waves' breath.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## ' Throw Out The Watch

Throw out your watch, throw away...  
Start feeding a sparrow on a palm  
Go for sleeping closely fireplace  
Do not let the knocks frighten to you  
Sometimes a dog scratch at the door  
He likes walks during moonlight too  
Please, do not torment itself in vain  
Who should come will come, unlocks  
Believe to me - who which you wait  
Likes to come in without knocks...  
Likes to come in without blocks...  
Poor old man, throw out watch, throw  
For feeding time-bird through the window.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Sorcerer's Work

Sorcerer's Work

If all the morning became identical,  
If all the night- long continue in a twilight...  
If the soul is punished to live without dream,  
Tell me, it's not called death of the poet...

If azure- eyes do not see to sky more, more  
Inevitably, I will soon forget of heavens colour ...  
Don't begin a white song my white swan, while  
I know, it's sorcerer's work, he has not died -live...

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \*      **Hairs Of Venus**

Hairs of Venus

You will not see more, hers eyes,  
They sleep in blue over heavens  
Golden hay- longest hair of Venus  
Has left to fly into dreams, dreamers...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Blitz \*

\* BLITZ \*

Black-white-board -opened...  
Old blitz-timer is included...  
To you, i still conceded...  
This colour is white ivory,  
But of banal e2 - e4 play  
Please avoid, you away.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Wind-Flower

The bee adored flowers...  
Who was covered by snow...  
He dies here, but there...  
She cries: snow... snowfall...

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \* **Dancing Drops**

DANCING DROPS

I did not want it that,

You have woken up

From your pink dreams..

And weather has spoilt

To you the mood...

If you don't sleep,

Pretend, please it...

also listen songs-

By rainfall of May

Over tiled-red roofs

So lovely sounds...

Of dancing drops...

Tsira Gogeshvili



\* \* \* **Caress Of Zeus**

Caress of Zeus

For that you have turned an earth- universe  
All knows, Really is sufficient, one point's  
But while you will find this heel of Achilles...  
Zeus will find unsweetened a way for caress...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Tutor

Nobody cannot learn to fly a birdie,  
Though- an eagle, though - nightingale  
If he, heavenly does not love an azure...  
All the tutor is powerless,  
Even if It the dark blue- bird....

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Heavenly Varnishing...

The day was such unusual.  
Not only sad and rainy...  
Heavenly varnishing...  
Was plaintive as never...

The master was advance-guard-  
Romanticist boundless one...  
But has lost his easel  
Of moon, silvery such...

The brushes was lost there  
Between star's & meteorite's  
You think it is artist the  
Breeze: - Yes, but here is...

Masterpiece of this mornings -  
Cloud... my cloud, my could  
Has departed who -o-o-o..  
Who when and where? ..

The day was such unusual.  
Not only sad and rainy.

Tsira Gogeshvili

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Before Fire

Clicks with fingers - are not an exit - from a trouble...  
Your sentry dog will not help to you avoid from fear...

.....  
What remains to the unwinged butterfly before fire...  
Or to water-nymph who someone cuts - golden hair...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* By Heels Knock

By Heels Knock

Through silk-lacy, eyes by dreams looked  
Whence on the hers hat so azure feathers?  
You hear high heels knock... come back again  
In fashion, really all from grandma's chest? ! ..

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* The Sea Knows

The sea knows

Little girl plays...  
To sea coast,  
And sings...a  
Solar-song...  
Only sea knows  
And the sky blue  
Her name...  
So daddy told  
That to secret...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Through ' Anywhere'

The door is locked -  
All windows too-  
You do not knock-  
Where I can go -  
Through ' Anywhere'-  
I here, again I here-  
But, but not here -  
But, but not there-

Ts.G.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Whims Of Boys

The avenger was revenged...  
But now didn't remember  
Even ones reason of anger...

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* \* \* Sweet Tea

Roses do not grow in the garden more, might watering...

Winter in April has begun there, sometimes too meet...

Gardener sits silently near fire-place...was sadly filling...

Can be will help, he drinks of sweet tea with the sweetest biscuit...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* **Whispered Sweet...**

Snowfall, snowfall...  
With white roses...

Snowfall, snowfall...  
With white dreams...

Snowfall, snowfall...  
The angel has arrived...

Snowfall, snowfall...  
With white wings...

Snowfall... snowfall  
silent song was bringing....

Snowfall, snowfall...  
Silently he began to sing...

Christmas, christmas...  
Whispered sweetly he...

Snowfall, snowfall....  
White- roses falls on me...

18.XII.08

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* A Lyre From Parnassus

A Lyre From Parnassus

As we were gone hopelessly above in the sky...

As a stars, have submitted far, behind a side...

- Even, have not found a paper? write on the moon...

- You have lost the handle? - I give... phoenix feather...

- Yes, an ink has dried up! ... I give... tears of roses....

- Muses have departed? I give... lyre from Parnassus...

Because we wanted, to collect.... violet impression...

This the song, does not wait the arrangement, and...

I want... not noise... I want the thin accompaniment...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Good Angler

She would give - precisely,  
Hers fishing tackle to you,  
But it will be so unfairly,  
Good anglers are many  
But they are so few  
Who can think up  
Own tool for hunting.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* I'M Grateful

To High heavens,  
To sun and earth,  
For every morning,  
And every night,  
For every smile,  
For every tear,  
For sweet sounds and  
Every songs,  
For the blue-vine  
And for tenderness  
For every second  
And elation  
For every roses -  
scents generous  
I am grateful  
God my, to you...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Lost To My Dreams

The sun is inside an eyes,  
These brightness of eyes,  
It's sun so warmed my  
Heart- as a sacred image.  
To join me in my singing,  
Won't you come, can be  
Lost to my dreams...These stars,  
As when, waiting for us  
To join me in my singing...  
To make my dreams come true,  
Like sun waits to rainbow...  
Like After a rain's one's bow.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* As Sun-Song

As Sun-Song

We wandered long in valleys under the sun  
Near scarlet poppies and white camomiles...  
He began a song and butterflies repeated words....  
With smallest wings rustle night's moon light...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* I Know What Not You

I know, what not you  
The wind whistled,  
As the street boy  
At dark blind -alley...

Ts.G.

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* Poppy's Wine.

I remember many blue songs...  
It was heartily and warmly so...  
Some sounded as the silver-rain,  
But it operated as poppy's wine.

And I well remember all its word,  
But I can not sing for hearing now  
Always I sing this song inside heart,  
All the same, they does me by winged.

Also my songs, that have been written,  
Have been written by lunar beams, then..  
As is my letter all, you can not read at night,  
For , you must hurryup to dawn sunlight...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Sahara's Sun

Sahara's Sun

I see the sahara's sun smiles to my wings,  
Also it, it a sign today's 'good morning's'  
I know, bad days cannot now to dawns  
He knows well our songs cannot- by silent...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Snow-Covered Flowers

You decided to buy stars to me, when,  
But, today are such cloudy heavens,  
You can gather snow-covered flowers,  
If star's check abolish -moon anywhere.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* The Freedom-Sky

The Freedom-Sky

Do not fly highly, do not fly, my birdie- tiny...  
Only for big predators blossom heavens any...  
And if you it is possible to manage harmlessly...  
Heart will not sustain pleasure of freedom-sky...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Under Heavenly Bells

At the moonlight all sparkles the white-silvery...

But only favourite's understands to colours

Pink rose has turned pale to red and burn's,

Under heavenly bells so dream will be born..

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \*

Well, count my stars in the sky at night  
But look, not everyone night suits for this.

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \*

## My Prairies And My Jungle

My Prairies And My Jungle

When that we were favourites of sky and heavens...

When that we were favourites of prairies and jungle...

When that we were happy. We thought to another neither...

Then we were able to cry and laughter... Smiled each other...

Now my wolves get accustomed of collars- skins-colour's...

Now even the dogs escape from the house to the far-forest...

And small sparrows have started to fly in warm to the country...

But starlings and swallows remained to me of winter's nests...

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \*      As Grey Cardinal...**

Morning as morning...  
The sun as the sun...  
But beams shone-  
All the same not so....

The squint rabbit  
Has frightened  
The lame - squirrel...  
But wolves do not

Frightened them, more...  
Only intolerable  
Cold - indifference...  
Which walked with a cap

Invisible by winds...  
Look as, grey cardinal...  
But, Woodfairy sings  
From the morning still

For a fern and a maple..  
But he stay on across brook,  
In both hands - took  
Too, one's old the map...

Morning as morning...  
The sun as the sun...  
But beams shined-  
All the same not as....

Tsira Gogeshvili



**\* \* \***      **Blind Bullet...**

The moon was born again, so yellow...  
And singing was slightly jealous...  
Sometimes we confuse game rule...  
For sweetening- soul we've blind bullet...

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \*      **Rose**

Only is shines on eyelash of tears...

And dreams - one dreams flies....

In heart one's reddens, so rose...

And one sits on a various clouds...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Part II - Aladin Disappears

Part II - Aladin disappears

The magic carpet has reached in the field of camomiles,

As when...everywhere was reigned a scent of Jasmines...

Where disappears Aladin...- shouts, surprised princess by tears...

Likely he was jumped over dreams sea at another space...

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \***      **We Are Debtors**

We Are Debtors

We are hugest debtors from the meteorology...

We are also huge debtors of astronomy and astrology...

Without them, we the verse-man certainly going bankrupt by...

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \* **Blowing**

BLOWING

The moon- homeless has found a hut  
In Whites clouds....

Has strongly closed an ice door, and sleeps  
Dreamt Deeply ...

But the wind does not give rest, to poor  
- Blowing in windows...

On forehead silvery...  
But the sun caresses opened in eyes...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Falling With Flying

Falling With Flying

All florets of hope fly from my heavens...  
Do not catch, don't, Please with hands...  
They will start to cry, to cry by pearl tears...

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \* In Garden's Shade**

Nightingale's eyes do not lie, they cannot...

Therefore songs sleep in dreams same bland...

But the rose reddens even in garden shades...

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \* **Unlucky Turkey**

Unlucky turkey

One's the boy  
Has regretted  
New Year's turkey...

Has let out it,  
On freedom  
To frozen street...

In a park corner  
With big bag,  
To Santa Claus has met...

Tsira Gogeshvili



\* \* \* **Violet-Fire**

Violet-Fire

All Leaves have already turned yellow  
Leaf-falls has ended through my souls  
All rain-drops dropped on our head...  
Now snowfall laughs at us with the white  
For Violet-fire burns to far-cave at night...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# \* \* \* Angels Don'T Get Tired

Angels Don't Get Tired

You have got tired of a song the singer? !

You have got tired from dream the dreamer? !

You have got tired of a joke, joker my? ! ....

All is so simple, if the soul a song sings...

All is so simple, if heart dreams dream...

All is so simple if we joke with kind jokes...

.  
Angels don't get tired of a song and of flying...

6.05.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Call's From The Shelf

Call's from the shelf

The shelf which it is very close to ceiling  
Now became their of heaven of silence..  
Cherries disappeared from cheeks and  
And their hair does not shine as before

They had careful mother \_ - daughter my  
Also there were 'all children' happy then  
Now does not play with them anymore -  
Became adult and they are independent too

But I do not break their rights... let continue  
Independent lives of teenagers and the parent  
But sometimes I hear call's from shelf, to mum,  
They asked a lullaby, their a pillow, their bed.

Shelf which it is very close to a ceiling  
Now became their of heaven of silence..

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \* Desert Dawn**

The sun has grown,  
As rose- desert dawn  
She has reddened long,  
Of monsoon's song...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* I Will Return...

Irreal there is a  
My thoughts,

But, melancholy  
Is the real...

Until then proce-  
Eds in heart

Snowfall of  
Blank verse...

But sings the roses,  
All the with hearts...

By Morning sing a  
Spring major's...

Only the piece  
Of, winters, shines

At the mountains  
Top, like so nice

As in dreams sings,  
He with a base:

I will return...  
Soon - very fast....

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \* I'M Sorry**

I'm Sorry

-----

Let's go in theatre at evening .....

Today there is a premiere one's.....

I have especially chosen a comedians.....

In order have disappeared, from our repertoire,

Ugly thoughts and melancholy.....

Hasten, to started the hour of peak.....

Do not sleep.. I'm sorry, early I waked you .....

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* In Cherry Orchard

Now, when blossomed the life in orchard- cherry...

And in each flower are breathes the breath my...

I do not want, that you weeped bitterly or sweetly...

And you became the learner of April rainy...

19.0409.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Lioness

She is lioness...Lion is the zodiac her, He must know it  
But she adore the brave huntsman and have a feel:  
He will not put a trap nearby of throne and not lair of lion  
For he too adores the Queen of forest... and he know well:  
Nobody will not pass by another's road... and  
Honour of the knight costs above any throne...  
Danger will hide by an ambush of each bush... all the same  
She blessed him... possible would by well,  
If he come back to the wife so safe...  
But if she does not understand him of advantages,  
She will bless he then, to knight, of a round table  
Kingdom of woods her...she adore the brave huntsman.

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* \* \* Lucifer Walk

Lucifer walk

.....

Somebody walking on the site, with pleasure like Lucifer...

I dont know, who does damage points to me as Strike-breaker...

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \* M I S S I N G**

M i s s i n g

Any angels very much miss..  
When they lose their wings...  
Sad is their now's sing-song,  
Such will be so time-long?

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Monsoons

Will not by frighten...  
More them  
These-ruthless  
Deserted monsoons,  
These to flight  
On white horse...  
With white wings...  
And on them way  
Only remains,  
So magicly,  
Song singing...  
They are... yes..  
Is Moon... Suns-  
Hearts monsoons...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Morning News Or Andalusia...

- Did you read morning news? !

I read already but many were sad

I'll take a vacuum for cleaning everywhere...

And I'll sing loudly yours Andalusia..

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Oldest Companion

Oldest Companion

The oldest wooden radio  
Hangs still in ours kitchen -  
Grandmother's companion-  
Eternally cheerful and then...

Morning Hymn, Morning live  
And then so hottest- news...  
same concert, same intermezzo...  
Lasts - deadly - interview...

Always are the sensible  
Brave also attentive  
Speaks, sings, again speaks,  
Sings.. always picks...

.. Sounds go , of homy rapper  
Speaks, sings, again speaks, now  
Grandmother continued the rap  
You think that she is tired? ow, no...

Speaks, sings, speaks,  
The rhythm continues by step...  
The oldest, so oldest radio  
Hangs still in ours kitchen...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* On Coral Reef

On Coral Reef

Sailor has opened freely him two arm...

The ship not holds course to an oceans dream

He has forgotten an angel the keeper, else...

Already farly flutters scarlet sails...

Midnight storm all the same has ceased...

Her magic song why that was so sad...

Now mermaid, on the coral reef silently sits...

Meets to song of sun's beam, the first...

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \* **Pearls**

Blue the star often is invisible in the blue sky...  
But I do not want dark clouds for a background...  
Morning dew - as heavenly the tears  
Of pleasure from his smile is...  
I collect on my palm this the pearls...

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \* Returned Back**

\* \* \* \*

Was returned back -  
My swallow, my,  
And has brought me  
With snow- breasts  
So, lot of the warms  
And lot of the light...

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* \* \* Small Novel Of The Big Wood

SMALL NOVEL OF THE BIG WOOD

Goddess Diana bathed inside  
Solar beams over wood's valley...  
Tigers and lions listens her song -  
Played under her feet peacefully...

The bewitched hunter silently stands  
Behind to the enormous tree linden...  
And the linden it, so blossomed when  
Ruthlessly a nice, by the sun scent's ...

Has far gone hunter dreams, to charmer...  
Not for a skin of the lion and not the tiger...  
He dies from shining stretch golden  
Ringleet of Diana, fallen on marble breast, her..

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Solar Footpaths

If you see a white sail, on the blue wave....  
Recollect sunrise instead of a decline...  
From a sleeplessness the moon burned yesterday....  
And homeless stars shone above heavens...  
Now they search for a patch of light solar footpaths,  
But the sun has fallen in the black sea with white dreams....

\*\*\*

He very likes to do tie knot by closed eyes...  
But cannot open knots of sailors in any way...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Coat Of Superman...

She long sewed for this stars-boy the coat of superman...  
As Juju, just filled, it's over multi-coloured stars...  
Such last strokes-elements have appeared magic...  
Yesterday's dreams proceeds as support now,  
With Strauss's waltzes march.. and it's, night flight  
Is go on at this morning, as morning greetings ours ...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Provocation From Scent...

The Provocation From Scent...

The spring is so away... as former...

But has given us surprising the dreams...

By pleasure weeps the sky by the beams...

He knows well I proceed in the summer...

Only remained, as riddle for me his art...

Why he gave me flower so blue without heart...

For its scent causes the provocation of love...

The moon and the sun continue to lightly move...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* **Ultimatum**

The moon does not like cloudy weathers  
Also has made the ultimatum to the sun,  
He any more does not wish its beams  
For shine to nights, of another lonely lover...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* White Dreams

White Dreams

When we have come in into Batumi - it's town of seaside...  
The white seagull has flown above us over the white bridge...  
It such the surprising city, the feel, love and sun by never hide...  
Over an azures waves... black sea isn't absolutely black from heart... if,  
If you saw by, blue nobleness, you will forget never in your life...

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \* **Wind-Mills**

Wind-Mills

Unless you yet have not caught up,  
..... your Rosinanty,  
Unless you wish by, the plaintive rivers  
.....too to Dulcinea...  
Look behind, all wind-mills twisting -  
.....the breathing Pans-y,  
But nice bouquet of camomiles...  
..... eaten by its Donkey...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* With Beam Stack

You think that I made it well,  
When did not choose one's red- roses fall,

They loudly sing too and will laugh on the morning.....  
But their aroma is a medicine for dream and the fan dreaming..

I was afraid that... I can waken to its Excellency the Moon with beam stack  
So has chosen a colourless pink roses, as to boring colourless lipstick.....

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* \* \* A Ridge

Sunlight morning is pink-  
Peaceful like a ridge,  
Though, eternal fires burned  
Of the phoenix wing...

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \* As The Cuckoo One's**

I tell you that,  
That the sorrow  
Is the speedy birdie  
-As a winged arrow  
But he so loves,  
Lovely the eyes.  
As the cuckoo one's  
Nest, the foreigner's...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Capitulation

You must concede now,  
Because you know -  
You have lost,

Throw the gun,  
And, tell knightly:  
I still could

To struggle with you  
But humility to you  
My heart forced me...

V.G.

□

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* **Contra-Indication...**

Contra-indication...

The gardener does not punish a rose  
For her sharp prickles....

But sometimes even flower therapy  
Gives the contra-indication...

Even Irises sleep under snow,  
Dreaming for prickly-body of roses...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Cornflower

I love the sky, the sky most blue...

As dreamlike eyes, of meadow cornflower...

The May month came, so noisy, nearer.....

The month of roses name to it to us...

I wait a rose my, warm of heart and the most red...

For I did not sit, on the tree of Elysium as mute a sparrow...

I loved sky's colour, of such as a cornflower of meadow...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* He Has Created Me

He has created me  
From dew of roses...  
for That, I by sang  
As the rain -drop...

I was rejoiced  
And he was glad...  
To our to the sun  
We meets as larks....

when the stars laughed  
At ours of whims, then...  
As the children of moons,  
We meet every night so one's...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Heavenly Tree

Heavenly Tree

There were planted heavenly tree:

Which then blossomed, by stars threes,

One- laughs only... one, lovely cries,

Third- dreaming always for lunar kiss.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Hope By Black Wings

Let's go through also this spring...  
The swallow brings again wings...  
Don't tell me only: - I wanted whites...

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* \* \* Maker Of...

MAKER OF...

If King avoids of palace intrigues secret of justly...  
Underground mice runs under thrones now cheerfully  
Thus poor aspires under the crown him of majesty...  
Thus the pernicious passivity - maker of active fools...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Maybe The Wind Told Me...

The silk-dress of rustling leaves,  
The moon, the sun and sound of the wind,  
Maybe there is something unsaid,  
Or perhaps you didn't want to say anything,  
And maybe the wind told me...  
What has remained unsaid...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Meeting

Meeting

When I see he I'm so happy as the actress...  
Which has forgotten her words on the spectacle  
And awakes up from sleep with happy eyes..

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* On The Lake

There was so smallest the blue lake...

And was so smallest the bamboo boat...

He has borrowed to little girl, dream-coat

May transfered its silent-secret to like..

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Porcelain Cups &

Porcelain Cups

Today sunny is day...  
With camellia's scents so  
Were warmed on morning the,  
On my verandah...also  
Coffee for twos, of the cups  
Of porcelains - bells smallest,  
By waiting by the bass  
Only one soprano-mezzo...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Dew-Drop

The Dew-Drop

Rainbow was born from a dew-dropp of whiteness,  
And disappears also in white cleanliness.

Both- births and death are equally perfectly...

As life of white butterflies ordinary, ..

In Unusual dream, of star-like muses...

The birthplace: - the dew-drop...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Bewitched Circle

Even the flower does not grow without suns care....

The streams does not incorporate to seas otherwise...

Naive fairy cared for the magics- the moons Breeze...

So, She itself were discovered.. in The bewitched circle of Hurricane...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Poetical G-Gravitation \*

Lucifer's grief can't mar  
The divine radiance  
Any more.  
More radiant is  
The world attracting us...

O Orpheus,  
You've put to sleep  
The snake-tailed monster...  
With your sweet voice  
You've stupefied  
That hound - Cerberus.

The day speeds  
Towards the night,  
And the moon  
Hurries to the sun...  
More powerful is  
The world attracting us...

The world  
Where we fly,  
Is high above...  
Higher than the cuckoo's  
Minute nest  
On the rainbow.

09.03.2008

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* \* \* Then I Smile Late

Then I Smile Late

On the morning was stolen  
Violin's key, with the points...  
On the island of hopes, just  
Arrived breathing muses, it's...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Waiting Of Winter

Waiting Of Winter

Falling of leaves will end quickly so soon,  
And the plundered trees will begin crying,  
There was no visible body to my dreams...  
Also had never ones usual words my songs...

Saw, have gathered on the sky - grey clouds...  
And the lightning is ready artfully to the attack...  
Will be rainy winds, hurricanes, anyhow, all, but  
Even winter's queen can not enjoy with my tears...

09.10.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* When The Bird Calls...

When, from the blossoming apple-tree,  
The singing bird calls,  
With a throbbing heart you wait  
For the spell – the magic words...

And you, all strewed up with sparks,  
Start to seek the guelder-rose in dells,  
Your heart can't bear any longer  
The grief, and the buttoned up dress...

When, from the blossoming apple-tree,  
The singing bird calls,  
The earth, bursting into laughter,  
Spreads to you, like carpets, the roads...

The wind with the flock of sparrows  
Disperses your winter sorrows,  
And makes you sing out  
The rose-colored dreams...

When, from the blossoming apple-tree,  
The singing bird calls...When, from the blossoming apple-tree,  
The singing bird calls,  
With a throbbing heart you wait  
For the spell – the magic words...

And you, all strewed up with sparks,  
Start to seek the guelder-rose in dells,  
Your heart can't bear any longer  
The grief, and the buttoned up dress...

When, from the blossoming apple-tree,  
The singing bird calls,  
The earth, bursting into laughter,  
Spreads to you, like carpets, the roads...

The wind with the flock of sparrows  
Disperses your winter sorrows,  
And makes you sing out

The rose-colored dreams...

When, from the blossoming apple-tree,  
The singing bird calls...

WHEN THE BIRD CALLS... ( II)

From the blossoming apple-tree,  
When, the singing bird calls,  
You wait with a throbbing heart  
For the spell – the magic words...

And you, all strewed up with sparks,  
Start to seek the guelder -rose in dells,  
Your heart can't bear any longer  
The grief, and the buttoned up dress...

From the blossoming apple-tree,  
When, the singing bird calls,  
The earth, bursting into laughter,  
Spreads to you, like carpets, the roads...

The wind with the flock of sparrows  
Disperses your winter sorrows,  
And makes you sing out  
The rose-colored dreams...

When, from blossoming apple-tree,

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* When Winter's In Full Bloom

When Winter's In Full Bloom

When the winter's still  
In full bloom into the soul...

I'm turned into a thing- tiny  
So that I'm not seen...

you know, It's so nice to sit on the  
Grief-colored stone...

And, as ladies-gossipy,  
To watch the passers-by...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Worry Is Seen...

Worry is seen in your eyes...  
You are sitting silent so nice...  
I wonder what worrying you,  
Smile to me, smile my need...  
Do you remember, vines alley...  
Rainbow line - above valley...  
I remember heart whispered...  
The word was blue, rhyme quivered...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* You Asked Me...

Yesterday you asked me for a glasses,

But, whether you'll see by my eyes?

I think they will be very great's for you,

Besides is pinkish for your winter too...

Tsira Gogeshvili

\* \* \* \*

## Wings Of Muse

Wings Of Muse

Don't rise at top,  
Wait me and, stop..

Can be gave or  
Can.. lost, senior...

Those wings -  
Blew, winds...

Or it's removed  
Or is borrowed...

Or you gather  
To fly to another...

Be not afraid...  
Be, I'll beside...

21.08.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili



\* \* \* \* **Drink For Me**

Drink For Me

But, this morning is dawned for you,  
And for you this the sun rises over ocean  
This starling sings in leaves of plush for you...  
And for you its fragrant breezes blows now...

Yes, sometimes I sleep how a melancholy rose  
Sleeps in waterless to a vase in a drawing room.  
But I wait again morning dew from a window,  
For, one more day has lived I as the silent butterfly...

This the morning dawn is yours already certainly...  
But this the morning dew... will the drink for me, only...

Tsira Gogeshvili

**\* \* \* \* My Knick-Knacks...**

My Knick-Knacks...

I look above heavens, my knickknacks there shine... My fine stars...

Some reminds me of east nights, some sing about to the west morning...

Some remember my tears which weed as pearls in the sea of his eyes...

Some laugh so cheerfully, that all minors and all failures fall in oblivion...

I look above heavens, where my fine stars shine... my magic knickknacks...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* \* Before The First Flight...

Before The First Flight...

I bow before those verses  
Which are able only to dream,  
Without a mast and sails must float  
In the sea of oblivion and expectation -..

I bow before those verses  
Which wait for its reader  
And every one word has shivers-  
As, of birdie before the first flight...

I bow before those verses,  
Which it is not written yet,  
But does storm of related souls  
For they waits me above heavens...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* B-And-Master Likes Ice-Cream

The Morning concert has not taken place...  
The orchestra has failed as Krylov's 'Quartet'...  
-Well, also like that such happen....-  
Says calmly for itself, the band-master... -  
And has licked the most sweet ice-cream...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Beautiful Grief....

The sun has buried in heart of roses beautiful grief....

The hope calls now as a hand bell, so silver- white...

That moon will find It necessarily, but only midnight...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Because Of

Because of winds,  
Because of a rain rest,

Because of a swallow... yet  
For that, cannot sits in a nest,

Because, the bridge of rainbow -  
Has not disappeared yet as a dream,

I'll sit in the middle of a rainbow,  
What to plait by camomiles a crowns.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Colourless Carnival....

Colourless Carnival

Tell me,  
well, each of us knows,  
And each of us- feels  
That here happens nothing  
That the river - is so quiet...  
Tell me,  
Not the terrible the autumn  
Carnival colourless- are never...  
Love's spring blossomed  
In winter, look in window only....

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Dremlike \*

Blue star- your shine fantastically...  
And singing for the moon is so lovely...  
The morning star- you are hope for day-  
Disappeared fast together with at night...  
Don't shine so strongly...blue star-  
You are dreamlike so, and blue air...

Tsira Gogeshvili



## **\* \* \* I Am Afraid**

Sing if you wish to sing, I concede the first voice to you...

Fly if you wish to fly... I give the wings to you...

Begin to cry, if you wish to cry... I do not regret my unique one's tear for you...

Would laugh, jotas about me. As on the actress from a solo theatre....

Only do not look so, I die in silence... And I am afraid of silence....

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Muse Or Difficult Picnic

The flower turned blue from morning dreams...  
But the wife does not give rest, him, yes could...  
She, the picnic, has wanted at lake coast,  
Favourite waits there and then on the white-cloud...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Nela

\* \* \* NELA

You must take huge orange-umbrella,  
It is a like east the sun shines...  
I'm a cloud and I'll rained as rain  
For a rainbow can be born, so nela...

\* nela - on Georgian means 'slowly'.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Spring Amulet

As candles in a pink garden...

Has burn- the Purple buds...

Of moon palpitation of heart...

In an Olympus winds were born..

Oh, the First signs- of spring...

Have brought pink- chirping...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Stars Preserve \*

The Lunar serenade was so magic, was... this at night...

The stars preserve, looking with the tedious so white...

With impatience, the next- the chord, was so waited...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Bitter Coffee

I offer you coffee but not Sweet,  
That you did not sleep all the day long...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Green Poplar

Behind the river stood a green poplar,

He longed and dreamt, about bamboo boat...

But on another coast, blossomed red-pink dogrose,

And so a poplar has filled the river azure with tears...

20.04.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Guitar Was Singing

Then warmed by the spring sun,  
My heart was beating quietly...  
Surrounded with loving caresses  
The guitar was singing, one's...

When he how joyfully sang.  
The heart was beating, I thought then  
The sun would always bring me roses.  
And the guitar was singing together me.

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* \* \* The Heavenly Paradise

... But there was it... a pigeon has brought me,

For god's the food and drink from heavenly paradise of the muse...

I so have overslept... long - long on the violet cloud.

And... day and night... where only, the blue-eyed

Moon was smiled to me and sang for me

Magic sweet songs...but it was... I have woken up,

And I hear - such complaints, of the far violet dreams...

But I feel, somewhere above clouds,

So the silent rustle, of the pigeon wings...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Light-Ship

The Light-Ship

Sometimes the dream is so similar a reality...

Sometimes the lie is more pleasant, for ears...

Sometimes so, we in dream build the light-ship...

Sometimes even in dream we sitting on a grief reef...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Silense Sea

You opened the umbrella and have hidden both eyes...

Also you thought, that it is only a rain instead the tears...

That the sun was the blinded from me, from you....

But who doesn't wait from this reason a lunar voice?

Why you have thought, that stars aren't dying from boredom? !

They disappear so above heavens ... and fall down into the silence sea...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* The Swallow

The swallow will be - my the envoy to you,

Together of the audio musics

Hers the chirping - live, on the this morning's

You can-by to catch up to the wind- dreams...

In order Annoying an elegies have departed far...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* Third Eye

Third Eye

They now passed in reader's status...  
But why remained in a lotus pose...  
Closed eyes, -but hopes -to third eye...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* \* \* **Unfounded**

One who wishes to know, will always know  
Moon and the sun is together reigned on a this world...  
Did not see each other... not at night, not in the afternoon...  
But are familiar the friend - to the friend better,  
Than the moonlight knows lunar dreams....  
And the sun knows own stains...  
One who wishes to know their scores....  
Will always learn this and even will sing in dream...  
Whether the moon has unfounded...  
Has the desire the moon the death  
For a scarlet- comet or not, I don't know any more...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* As Allegro Of Winter

As Allegro Of Winter

As trees look without leaves,  
As heavens without stars,  
As nights - without dreams.  
As verses without rhymes...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Circle...

Circle...

All of us love ours one's circle of friends,  
And this constellations are our treasures...  
Friends do not choose with colour of eyes...  
Them listen even during their silence, yes...

Tsira Gogeshvili



## \* Farmland Is Ill

Farmland is ill by a facebook,  
Someone shouts often: - cuckoo,  
But was unboiled... and was flue,  
He no ate still him poor cock blue.

Ts.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Good Morning From Sun

Good Morning From Sun

The Sun, bring me, - Good Morning,  
And you accept, Sun, mine smiles  
Let's look field mails of meadows,  
Let's listen to shining windows now..

The lost dreams come back... maybe all,  
Maybe, confused homeless letter live  
Came back home from oblivion, happiness,  
The sun, give him- Good Morning, please...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* Satellite Of Poetry

Measurements of all passions

Disappears together with rhymes...

But the companion keeps balance

Also all the mystical co-ordinates.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \* The River Seagull

The River Seagull

The ship forget sea footpaths as leaves...  
But they remembers scent of dream waves...

Still, sailor has started singing a song...  
He doesn't think about sea illness  
Though it studied night heavens well...  
He already knows all names of all stars...

Only why that has forgotten - to one, long  
He sings to night with the a heart voice  
But except one far river white seagull,  
Has not heard anybody this warm noise....

The ship forget sea footpaths as leaves...  
But they remembers scent of dream waves...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## \*gossiper-Mag-Pie

You have forgotten, - why,  
I am sorcerer-girl  
I don't sleep dear, never,  
My gossiper-magpie,  
Not slept also, and  
Has brought a tongue to me...  
Is not present a secretly  
Which, will by informed...  
All roads go to Rome...  
Only not a road of Fat-man...

Tsira Gogeshvili

... **...But...**

The sun shone bright,  
But In heart blossomed apple-tree  
When I was waiting the lilacs,  
He came and caressed me...

Opens its petals to the light wind  
And quivers with silent love.  
But you-Wind, don't trust me,  
That he isn't loved so more...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## ... Error Of Mirror

Why you are so categorical today, why -  
And all performances seems unsteady -  
Smile to himself in looking-glass simply -  
Don't start counting a grey hair, please -  
:)

Tsira Gogeshvili

## ... Inside Sherwood

Brotherhood - the riches of wood  
Something of land - the most good...

Tsira Gogeshvili



## @ The Evergreen Wolf

The evergreen wolf does not sleep, nice-is,  
And not in the afternoon and not at night...  
And he any more does not want spring-light...  
He is afraid of a breeze a leaflet and grasses...  
What, hasn't swallowed wood colour its pride...

Tsira Gogeshvili

^^ ^^ ^^ **Lucky Birdie**

Lucky Birdie

It's lucky birdie,  
Who dies during flight,  
Above clouds white...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## > > > Pigeon's Colour-

Tailed star the, told not of itself,  
If you've blue nostalgia the,  
About east breezes...

Do not meet to seductive sunset...  
More- beautiful, of the pigeon's  
Colour, sunrise...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## > > > Don'T Listen Hers Voice

Do not listen to a voice of a witch...  
Though she sings, is more melodious...  
Do not tempt from flowers of her valley,  
That, same - only a Mirage for us...  
Your footpath through rainbows  
Just was born again in a rain...  
Do not listen to a voice of a witch...  
From a colourless life, will die your dreams...  
Her graceful hair is only web for your trap's...

19.01.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

# A Daisy

When a cherry garden has ceased breath...

When dandelions falling lasts from heavens...

Unsleeping eyes suddenly is fallen asleep easy...

For on a pale-cheek blossom only lonely daisy...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# A Wig Of Casanova.

A wig Of Casanova.

Lucifer became so clever -  
Dreamt of a wig Casanova.  
He forgot something main -  
Passion unenough even fine.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Alive Toys

Unfortunately some did not have any toy  
In the childhood...

Exchange, they now play with alive toys  
As by wooden...

Passions grow together the authorities  
By iron wings...

Unfortunately they did not have any toy  
In the childhood...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Always Will Be A Road

Always will be a road,  
And, not only one,

You can even, have closed  
Your eyes, than those...

Do you want, or don't want...  
The way will stay, -wont

You on road, itself...  
Believe, but not to me...-

Fate- fortune necessarily  
To you will by helps...

(For poets in minor tone..)

Tsira Gogeshvili



# 'Am A Certain Poetess

I am a certain poetess  
Strewing about the rhymes.  
My heart blazes on and on,  
Its fire burns at all times.

I don't need the planet's formula.  
With such thoughts a poet never plays:  
Whether the radiant sunbeams  
Are quanta or just the waves.

I am a certain poetess.  
I, surely, have no name.  
Against the faded moon,  
I am the star's charm and flame.

I am a certain poetess  
Who serves the Maker's ends  
A servant of devotion  
Chasing storms and winds.

Tsira Gogeshvili

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Ananke

My impatient fate  
Approaches me,  
Stepping zealously  
On the air.  
It approaches me quietly,  
Without noise,  
It comes from  
The remote area.  
And I feel  
That in no time,  
It'll open  
With its burning fingers  
The sacred, the whitest  
Door of mine.

## My Prairies And My Jungle

When that we were favourites of sky and heavens  
When that we were favourites of prairies and jungle

When that we were happy. We thought to another neither  
Then we were able to cry and laughter... Smiled each other

Now my wolves get accustomed of collars- skins-colour's  
Now even the dogs escape from the house to the far-forest

And small sparrows have started to fly in warm to the country.  
But starlings and swallows remained to me of winter's nests...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## 'Another- Flowers

Another- flowers of autumn  
If its seems to you so pale..  
And if their secret is light...  
Also to soul has not reached...

Forgotten already - was.  
Forget that will be - now...  
To memoirs - century's trap,  
To oblivion - only ones step...

Take my autumn florets and  
Do not speak that, is so pale...  
Secret lights for hope of spring...  
Also grief for april early is still...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Applause, Flowers Without Kiss

Why same clown cries inside dream -  
As most the missing businessman,  
Its laughter actions it's lost gradually,  
But elements of verses -is naturally...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# As Ladies Of Chaplin's

As ladies of Chaplin's

I've adored hats...

' But mammy, for what

Obligation, closed, you,

By straw scarecrow..

.  
Especially, At the wheel...

When such awful-heat? '

He smiled to me so it...

As, I'm an old-fashioned exhibit.

As ladies of Chaplin's

I've adored hats...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## As A Man

Where you have lost your muse, where -  
When you loved last time, remember-  
What colour was then- a flower of dream-  
which song sang at past night, moon as man-

TS,

Tsira Gogeshvili

# As Verses-Fisherman

As brooks of mountains  
To going - muses restless...

If you'll not catch it,  
With hands yours, with...

Will by necessary  
For you only at once...

Then you become  
By, like the fisherman...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## At Mid-Fire

Now sit you, sit at mid fire,  
Would you like so few-air,  
Listen to me it's little tale,  
Without the begin it's ex  
And without any ending  
Caravan has come back,  
Gauf waits - he is next,  
Now sit you sit at mid fire,  
Would you like so few-air.

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Baby-Amour

No, does not help anybody any armour,  
Not indifference, not hypocrisy of puritans,  
Ones speak, baby -amour not sleep- never,  
Unhappy- happy are in an area its trance.

P.S.It's mine Tribute-  
For this nice day of valentine

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Because He Weeped So Well....

He wandered in valleys so,  
Asks to flowers everywhere...

Perhaps you have seen  
My scarlet somewhere...

Perhaps you've heard  
This Morning dew's song....

But nobody told truth  
Because he weeped well....  
5.02.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Between...

I've always been afraid  
Of loneliness,  
As a chicken is afraid  
Of a hawk...  
Love is between us,  
And - the abyss...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Beyond The Skies

To Emily Dickinson \_  
my etemal sister

The horror of the shattered mirror,  
The thoughts about the death at night...  
and with a clock that doesn ` t strike  
Flies the time in shade of light...

I ` ve flown over the bounds of fear,  
I ` ve rolled away the rocks of ice,  
I know you ` II never come to me...  
I ` II wait for you beyond the skies.

And on the path of fractured glimmer  
Thoughts of you give me no fright...  
And with a clock that doesn ` t strike  
Flies the time in shade of light.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Birthday Song Without A Refrain

Birthday song without a refrain

The moon, is born in each month....  
But that smallest star one wanted -  
Not noisy a refrain of times in year,  
But Moon died that month, that day...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Blue-Bird

□

Three days cried a rain.

Three days wandered winds...

Three days caressed the sun...

Three days - smiled a cactus.

Three days - doesn't sing in heart

The cheerful and smaller blue bird.

So the winter will not leave us...

Yes, as the spring will forget us...

26.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Blues

## BLUES

The startled note rose  
By a half tone – in fear...  
On B flat froze the despair.  
Why does the icy heart  
Tinkle and ring  
In the sunbeams?  
Isn't afraid of turning into rain...  
Of going with the wind in spring?

The saxophone complains  
In the saloon...  
Blues – reproach and delusion...  
I hum bass guitar's sad bars,  
Nostalgia wipes out tricks of vision,  
And the wind, the chill breeze  
Doesn't scare any more  
The maple-tree and its leaves...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Boy-Cowboy

Boy-cowboy, where your horse...is...  
Seems you wandered in prairies...  
Fast grows dark and comes at night...  
You can't frighten wolf's by whip lite...  
Boy-cowboy, wife's tears will then late...

:)

Tsira Gogeshvili



# But I'm A Woman

(magram qali var)

I'd have been a good dog  
To the devoted master;  
I'd have been a worthy horse  
For the rider – good and bold...  
If I were a flower  
I'd be called "Violet",  
And – "Sparrow"  
If I were a bird.  
If I were water,  
I'd babble like  
A mountain brook...  
But I'm a woman,  
Not noticeable,  
And not overlooked.  
I'm not a dog,  
But I'm still reliable...

Translated from Georgian

Tsira Gogeshvili

## By Way Oasis

Who has not frozen under the sun  
The lunar modesty will not understand

Who was not asleep under sand -  
The pray of snake - will not understand

Who does not suffer from thirst  
Taste of water will not understand. -

Who does not hear a song blue leaves,  
Never by seen - then way to oasis...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# By Heart

By Heart

We are not able to tell - Farewell,

Have forgotten words pardonable,

And, now study old poems by heart,

Listen lunar mp-3 as new night-gossip...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Carmen

I will not set any questions...  
Also I will not answer them...  
Simply I'll sit under star tree...  
I know tortured the strings chords...

I now found the lovely tonalities...  
I wish song on Spanish - Carmen...  
If you begin magic fatal fiery dance...  
My heart will recollect fiery words then...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Contrast Of Contracts

Waters will go and again will come,  
But sands remains here on a place,  
I can't give of council whom that's,  
For I'll not sign to some contracts...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Curve- Bisector

Curve- Bisector

Green -field - billiards is amusing game for half-fools....

But this a field fight also tortures the fan semiclever....

For, to both only a trap all triangles of a dodecahedron...

Kia- Pithagor's arrow not forgive for curve- bisector never...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Cyclops Eye

Cyclops eye sees off her everywhere...  
And its north winds blowing from south  
Moon of loneliness in lake fell today but  
To pull out tomorrow's sun with golden hair...  
Still, cyclops eye of sees off everywhere...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Daddy's News

My father sits on the garden bench-  
Near to you, near on the river bank  
He reads newspapers, are hottest, new...  
Looks to the sky- coloured, as your blouse  
so have grown old, so father's news...  
He wished to repeat anew for me lullaby...  
But dad started song - sweet swing as blues.  
Madame, you have gone by obscure smiles,  
Daddy whispers sad, miss.. bye- bye...miss...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Desert Dawn \* \* \* \*

The sun has grown,  
As rose- desert dawn  
She has reddened long,  
From it's monsoon's song...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Do Not Regret...

Dream sparrow's....  
There is an ordinary...

Dream sparrow's...  
For you simple...

Dream sparrow's...  
There is a bluish...

Dream sparrow's...  
There, for mountains -

And to the seas...  
Dream sparrow's..

A bird of passage...  
But do not regret her... -

The sparrow has a dream  
Of heavenly colour...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Do You Remember?

Remember, your kisses  
Embraced my neck  
Like a string of beads?  
Remember, you took away  
My tears?  
And, now, you smile...  
O man! Ungrateful!  
Take back  
Those cracked  
Agate beads  
From the more thankless  
And ungrateful lass...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Dreams Tower

If you'll be builds dreams tower...

Sit saferly on clouds, for over...

While it will return you in rivers...

Be not afraid for roads reverse...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Drinking For Stepmother

(like notes...)

Drinking for stepmother always well  
But you don't forget your alive mum.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Evening Rain ; ; ;

Evening rain decorated to the city,  
the red umbrella became bright that girl,  
rainy brushes caressed to streets...  
The water colour landscape dreamt about winds.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Examination's Fever

- An answer was wrong  
But it's more interesting  
Than the truth template...

Tsira Gogeshvili



## Extraction Ravens ^^^

- The raven has stolen-that?
- Cheese, and what? !
- Raven has stolen... - that?
- Words, and what? !
- Raven has stolen... What?
- Notes, and that else!
- Well, also what? !
- Raven sang a song...
- Well, also what? !
- Raven sang all night long....
- Cheese! Give to raven che-e-e-e-se!

25.10.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Fantastic Quasars \*

The generator - ideas...

Works only from energy of dream,

And fantastic quasars only - with violet stars...

But happy minutes - not the race car...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Farevel

□iked the play with words...  
And with you, to play - I loved...  
I'm liked, when you are angry,  
Jumped from branches on a branch...

Loved when you smiled,  
Listened thin to a peals - songs...  
And now farewell, I will not detain you,  
Only, You don't forget a bouquet of roses,

Be not late to a meeting The Mr...  
To run to on footpath old,  
To run...  
□

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Farewell Evening's Art

Farewell Evening's Art  
Not always is the cheerful -  
Such farewell evening's art-  
But is shining with tears -  
That by slowly flow to heart-

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Flowers Dress Of The Cherry

Flowers dress of the cherry

Winds and breezes laughs why?

Sweet small cherry put on dress

Flowers only yesterday...

-Why sun smiled to me then, why,

Springs Carnival, if not begins by ?

Oh so silently, on the earth, snow has prayed...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# For Hunting...

For Hunting...

Heart is given only with heart...  
Nobody can fly with one wing.  
I feel with smell, snow will begin.  
The dog oblivion - will start to bark...

You do not miss in winter's nights.  
You'll prepare the horse for hunt's...  
Only - is cautious, is on each step...  
Traps are awake for you in forest....

Tsira Gogeshvili

## For Word-Play

When I baked sweetest apple pie...  
I can't telling to you little lie...  
For kitchen-working was tiresome...  
Now I hasten for word-play ..  
Now I'll Cinderella of night awesome...  
Tsira Gogeshvili

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Fortuna

The rapid fate  
Rushes by – flits...  
Who grasps its mane,  
Let him own it...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Friend Under The Carpet

I did not respect my round friend adequately  
Also has forgotten that he everywhere was with me...  
Long expected which the sweet minute under a carpet,  
To prove to me friendship and fidelity, the turn waited...

Also has come last night this long-awaited evening...  
Unexpectedly two atmosphere to winds was gone...  
I almost cried... But rejoiced for, my modest friend...  
At last, flying on highway, true friend my-spare tyre...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Frozen It Is Soul

Who spoke that, they are stars...  
Who has invented it?  
The same splinters heart-broken! .  
With inertia flickers which...  
Who has told that this whistle winds...  
It is a ring tears and sobbings...  
Who spoke that, to see a cloud...  
Frozen it is soul...  
Is not nobody can't predict...  
Where will meet to the second cloud...  
What, together to mourn the lost flowers...

6.01.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Gave Me Flowers Once...

Gave me flowers once...  
But winds have stolen...  
And started shamelessly laugh...  
Do not search for me more...  
I was also stolen by malicious winds...  
Do not look at my road more...  
Mine a track are covered by snow...  
Do not speak about love there is nothing...  
For someone this word only a hobby...  
You could not protect me...  
Even from the gossip of the moon pressed...  
You denied the main slogan of yours of breed:  
I do not see, I do not hear, I do not speak...  
Gave me flowers once...  
And winds have stolen...

5.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Go Away Please

=No, Do not speak anything else =

=Go away softly like a snow mild =

=The heart wishes only calmnesses =

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Guilty Only Is...

My kitten doesn't more  
Smiled in his moustaches,  
My kitten can not more ..  
Smaller mice, mice, caught is...

.....

Guilty only is the weather,  
He not, has not got used  
To long rainy to seasons...

.....

for He adores east heat...  
And he dies of melancholy  
For the red for desert sun's...

.....

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Guinness Book

The blue bird is enamoured of blue sky  
But doubtful rating will ruin the all poets....  
For whom this marathon like last a beer glass  
That to come in Guinness Book. But the word as  
Blue bird, by the most sensitive sensors...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Hacker Of Poetic Feelings ~

You looks as a whimsical bachelor,  
But you are the hacker of poetic feelings...  
Why that darling has forgotten it,  
The Falcon adores taste of a birdie,  
And boiled rice concede to scientists to a cat,  
And even with big satisfaction.  
Also it will be empty, if you wants leadership ,  
But unless you can write ' the cryptogramme  
From two-digital systems, must I for...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Hans Andersen

The mysterious sharer of my dreams...  
His magic wand he slightly waves.  
Once I met Andersen in life –  
The kind wizard, the king of tales.  
I ran into him by chance,  
He was attired in a black coat.  
I met him in life, in this world...  
Hans Andersen – the sharer of my thoughts.

Here's an amphora of salving water,  
The fiery Pegasus here is...  
Here's that lass, that fair maiden,  
Together with her prince.  
The fairy tale of their adventure,  
The fairy love of the prince,  
The thrilling story of their love,  
The song of their sweet kiss.

But I'm afraid that the malady –  
The ailment unaware of tales  
Will crush down the pinkish towers,  
Will wipe out the rosy dales.  
How I miss him, how I crave for him!  
My dream is a childish thought.  
Hans Andersen – the kind wizard,  
Attired in a black coat...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Honeymoon

Cinderella

And

Prince,

Wedding...

There all

Was

But,

As honeymoon-

Who'll rescue?

Sos! ! !

Ts.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Hoping To Reach The Oasis

Hoping to reach the oasis,  
I was lead  
By the empty flask.

That waterless flask led me  
Through the sands,  
And suffocating dust.

Don't eye the sun  
With your sad eyes,  
Don't stare...

My locks are faded  
Just by  
Your glare.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Housewarming

Yellow queen of leaves, gives winters signs.....  
Also all starlings to helped of itself heads.....  
But theirs beautiful and smallest wood-house.....  
Is merriment and noisy as before, breath's.....  
Guests - ready to knock's, from almond tree.....  
Sparrow's housewarming is there, on count three...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# How Intolerably Lasting

HOW INTOLERABLY (ra usasvelod)  
LASTING...

All of a sudden,  
I felt so lonely,  
The second was  
Intolerably lasting...  
O God, I longed  
For the child of stillness –  
For the sound of silence –  
The rustling...  
We all are liable  
To the unbearable sin,  
We've been sinful  
Since the first date.  
How intolerably lasting  
Is the second.  
I hope, God's will  
Won't be late

Tsira Gogeshvili

# I Wished To Fly

Unless, I wanted so much? !  
Unless I wished ever more? !  
I wanted a smile...  
There is nothing another more...  
Unless I wanted so much? !  
unless I wished ever more? !  
I wished to sing a song...  
And besides the song - nothing...  
Unless I wanted so much? !  
Unless I wished ever more? !  
And I wished to fly...  
So, as a lark at a dawn....  
Unless I wanted so much? !  
Unless I wished ever more? !

Tsira Gogeshvili

# I Cannot So....

Nobody love and nobody want it  
Such oldest amortised comments...  
But with pleasure gives to others-  
Beaut-color - substituting feelings...  
But I cannot fly with rating's wings...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# I Do Not Approve The Obedient Pupils

I do not approve the obedient pupils  
Though he trained calligraphy  
Almost all at night ,  
To a talented there is a bad handwriting  
Almost always...  
For that, they think better ...  
For you it will be useful lessons on arithmetics  
And in harmonies too...  
Is impossible will increase automobile parameters  
On parameter of a female torso...

.....

I do not approve the obedient pupils

Tsira Gogeshvili

# I Am A Beetle, A Small Beetle

I AM A BEETLE, A SMALL BEETLE

I am a beetle, a small beetle,  
I seize much, I don't seize little.  
I like pears, as all the bugs,  
At times, I jump into wine jugs.

Bless my parents, my mom and pop!  
I keep myself... keep and support.  
I can move like my peepers  
My dear tentacles - my "nippers";.

We've always been inseparable chums.  
I make them sweep up all the crumbs...  
I hunt at night... and I can sup  
Even when I am full up.

Bless my parents, my mom and pop  
I keep myself... keep and support.  
I move my tentacles with grace,  
I can use them in any space...

Into moustache, I can turn them,  
Into whiskers, too, sometimes.  
I can make the most of them,  
My people look with envious eyes...

But, all at once,  
I fell in love...  
My soft moustache  
Was almost starched...

The lady beetle, my plump lass,  
Wore a beautiful black dress.  
I kneeled before her,  
And gave her presents:  
A snow-white ruff,  
A splendid necklace.



Like a wizard, I was agile,  
She was the apple of my eye.  
Bless her parents, her mom and pop,  
I had to feed her and support...

I loved her with all my heart,  
I took her everywhere I went.  
I was crazy, I lost my head...  
Now I mourn and I lament...

I move my tentacles with grace,  
I can use them in any space.  
Into moustache, I can turn them,  
Into whiskers, too, sometimes,  
I can make the most of them...  
My people look with envious eyes.

I remember our mouths water,  
I remember my lass utter:  
"Let us picnic, taste nice food! "  
Her wishes were holy and good.

Thus, we made for the vales,  
Resting in the pleasant shades.  
I was seized with love and pride  
Looking at my charming bride.

Then we ran into a guy,  
He stared at us, I know not why!  
"I am a grouse, " said the guy  
Screwing up his beady eye.

I began to put on airs,  
I began to swell and boast...  
Moved my tentacles with grace,  
I used them in any space...

But the grouse couldn't make out  
My noble tricks, and looked with doubt.  
Then he pecked at my lass,  
At my bride in a black dress...

I myself was saved by chance,  
I jumped aside in dread,  
I almost fell there perished, dead...  
I cursed my parents, my mum and dad...

Now I am forsaken, lonely.  
I'm so ashamed, and only  
In my dream I move about  
My dear tentacles... no doubt!

I regret now, my dear chums,  
That I fought with tiny crumbs.  
My dear tentacles - my pride,  
Couldn't save my charming bride.

I am a beetle, a small beetle,  
I seize much, I don't seize little.  
I like pears, as all the bugs,  
At times, I jump into wine jugs.  
I move my tentacles with grace,  
I can use them in any space...

By Tsira Goghrshvili  
(Translated by A. Lekiasvili)

Tsira Gogeshvili

# I Am A Certain Poetes

I am a certain poetess  
Strewing about the rhymes.  
My heart blazes on and on,  
Its fire burns at all times.

I don't need the planet's formula.  
With such thoughts a poet never plays:  
Whether the radiant sunbeams  
Are quanta or just the waves.

I am a certain poetess.  
I, surely, have no name.  
Against the faded moon,  
I am the star's charm and flame.

I am a certain poetess  
Who serves the Maker's ends  
A servant of devotion  
Chasing storms and winds.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# I Don'T Want...

If the weather is today such amazing,

And the sky looks at me with an eyes yours...

I do not want more violets and lilies from valley

I'll fall asleep on azure grass or I'll simply silently lay...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# I Want – I Wish To Believe

I want – I wish to believe  
The old tale's – the ballad's words,  
How the sunny knight cuts  
The monsters nine heads off...  
Just at one stroke of his sword!

Tsira Gogeshvili

## I'm A Shade... >>

I'M A SHADE...

I'm a shade,  
I follow my body  
Like a ghost...

I'm a shade,  
I eye myself  
From the shadow.

I'm a shade,  
And I breathe  
With the noose  
Of obligation,

I'm a shade,  
"And why does my heart  
Sing to you? "  
That's the question...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## If You Adore A Rain

Wait for me,  
If you adore a rain...  
Wait for me,  
If the sun doesn't recollect you...  
Wait for me...  
If didn't turn green yet an old oak  
Wait for me...  
If your verses miss...  
Wait for me...  
If recollects my violet song...  
Wait for me,  
If you adore a rain...  
Wait for me  
If you want to walk on a rainbow...  
Wait for me  
If you don't search for rest still...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Iip's Impromptu

Lovely little girl much loves the dad...yes□  
And the dad looks with eyes his daughter...  
In ringlets whiter camomiles shines another...  
World by thread blue sphere... flies and flies...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# In Any Old House

□

In any old house,  
Especially at night,  
Doesn't follow dreaming,  
Not motley or not white,  
Put in its place please  
The photo of wife,  
On a candle light...  
Ghost so not loves to fly  
Your sleep must be light.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# In Extreme Case...

In Extreme Case...

The sail without winds  
It only the curtain  
For the kitchen...

The sea without waves-  
Like big lake, with  
Crayfishes ones...

The sweet verses -  
Like ice-cream  
at the summer sun's...

Calmness no for me,  
Give me please winds...  
Or the pink breezes,

In extreme case...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## In Extreme Case

After a hang-over also after sweetest wine...  
It is very useful walking in the roses garden...  
In extreme case, you may go- on the cherry avenue...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# In September...

IN SEPTEMBER...

In September,  
When the plane-tree  
Is a proud sight,  
And when its short-lived,  
Yellow grief  
Goes with the wind,  
It stands there  
With its bare hands  
Raised to the sky,  
All frozen and chilled,  
And begs the sun  
To restore it to life.

Translated from Georgian

Tsira Gogeshvili

# In The Cold Nest

In my kingdom, too, appeared  
The blessing and the curse  
Of the mystic ghost...  
I've abandoned  
All the temptations.  
My only dream is  
To be released,  
And to rest  
In the cold nest.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# It Would Be Desirable To All

It would be desirable to all,  
Everybody aspires to it now  
All begin with emptiness...  
By Butterflies by confused-desire  
It would be desirable to all  
Who does up to end well all?  
Where they - winged friends  
Who has put interrogative  
In the paragraph beginning?  
All begins without problems  
But comes to an end by hopes  
Hopeless - to write rhymes...  
E v e n t u a l l y.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Jump Of Verses

For someone it is a gallop,

For someone it is a life...

For someone only support,

For someone - the 'Kaif'...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Kinglet

You no caught a bluebird...

Yesterday you only dreamt for that....

she might die from your ?areses

Tsira Gogeshvili



## Late Etude

You told, Once O....,  
Fears are insured by hope,  
You stoped -over top  
Sky touch - hand hop...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Lazy Lion

Lazy lions are uneasy from flies...  
Wooden acrobats - broken by feet...  
The butterfly at night - with singed by wings...  
- You, my dear, choose the most sweet? !

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Like A Snowflake...

I shall float  
Over the soft clouds,

Slowly and gently  
Over them I'll fly,

Like a feathery snow-flake,  
Like a white butterfly...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Listen Me Cowboy

It's true truly,  
Even horns can  
Plough of old bull,

But you play  
Like a little boy,  
With its words boll,

For a century  
Will not forget -  
Son of your son,

If you'll  
To learn to him -  
As must keeps a head,

As must keeps body  
On a saddle  
As of cow-boy grand-sun,

... I'm Sorry, Grand...  
Must read there  
G r a n d s o n...

:) :) :)

Ts.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Little Valentine

And At little girl was  
Fallen, into the heart  
Ones the little boy...  
The smallest birdie here  
Has started singing  
On the smallest heart-branch...  
Such the short-winter-song...  
And sings until then infinitely....

14.02.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Lost Violets

Dream of maidens -

Scarlet sails...

Scarlet roses -

Prickles - to nails...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Loud Silence Of Haiti

Loud Silence Of Haiti

Children sit on ruins and wait for mothers...  
Their silence is such loud and is intolerable  
Endlessly sit on ruins, have retrained cry...  
Horror, so faster they have retrained laughter...  
Daddies and mums search their babies  
Which have departed without wings so dared  
Parents are not assured could so they fly  
Communal graves were increased on island  
But asterisks without a name were born in the sky  
Their silence is such loud and is such intolerable...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Lovely Lies

The lovely woman can too of lovely lies,

But the eyes speaks one one's truly always.

But all dreamers does dream by open eyes,

Some will not know never.. if wish the know isn't

where the half-truth comes to an end...

where the half-lie begins in eyes... and she went

For, lovely woman can not any lovely lies, never...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Lucky Beggar

Lucky beggar now- unhappy  
White horse - who he wanted  
Have presented ones most dark.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Lullaby

Lonely kitten of the tiger it was tortured -

All have escaped christmas to fur-tree...

And - he has fallen asleep under a bush - roses...

Only the wild cat sang a lullaby,

With pleasure silently-silently...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Lunch Time

Lunch time already behind dea...  
I will not refuse coffee or tea...  
I take the handle, that to write  
For you, invited- letter, not white...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Magic Melodies

Magic pipe played under a rainbow...  
And the old oak rustled the leaves with jingle...  
From far the wind brought the song secretly...  
She is more aerial, than the dream sleeping  
On wings of the butterfly...  
She is more the thin, than the newborn pearls  
On depth of the sea...  
She is more sensitive,  
Than a lonely beam a candle in darkness...  
But she is stronger from magic melodies,  
Than monotony of a droplet of water on a stone  
Magic pipe played under a rainbow...

17.01.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Make Kindness

Make Kindness  
( Of folk...)

And must put kindliness on the stone...  
Don't wait a result, not at once, not then...  
Go away and do again, make another...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Mankind's Fate Is Decided Here

After Heinrich Heine

Mankind's fate is decided here,  
Like volcano simmers the rabble.  
Here the death is the equal of the life,  
Here the fall equals the rise.

(Don't burn out the heart.  
The heart must be cherished.  
It has been tender at all times) .

The motto glitters on the wise forehead:  
"Whenever you meet it, whenever you meet it,  
Let the bonfire burn to ashes the beauty,  
Let the rabble gnaw at the black bones".

Don't be so shamefully cautious.  
No one saves here his skin,  
All the malice is forgiven here.

Mankind's fate is decided here,  
Like volcano simmers the rabble.  
Here, the death is the equal of the life,  
Here, the fall equals the rise.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Man's-Cap...

Some has collected friends...

Some has given out them...

Some became the bridge for friends...

Some, gave kicks then them...

They was fallen down, when ...

Some only can carries ...

On his head the man's-cap...

This Is a very simple reason:

The conscience-cap is heavy so...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# March

The February snowflake has fallen into heart..  
But the old sorcerer did not sleep,  
Has inflated slowly a flower sigh- morning...  
The heart is turned an ice piece...  
But the sun shine so fondly today....  
The March has arrived in time as rescue...  
The first day of spring as first signs-  
Into the blue sky... is deeply so...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Melancholy

Three days became bright a snowfall...  
Three days - white melancholy...  
Today, the January sky has turned blue  
As your dreaming eyes...  
Unexpectedly, so unusually...  
The burning frost bites me on cheeks...  
As yours perfidious kiss...  
And I have lost road to a blizzard...  
Already I miss about yesterday's a snowfall...  
Three days became bright a snowfall...  
Three days - white melancholy...

2.01.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Merciful Rhetoric

Its merciful rhetoric,

Always on a place in time...-

As a morning gift...

To catch Dreams -

its favourite employment...

I smile to friends,

Good morning...

04.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Mewing Cat

Now, the mewing cat well encourages mice, bats and flies,  
Long moustaches doesn't frighten blue birdie more. please,  
Take ones umbrella, hear me, you can be catching flu's vise.

□

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Modern Sophism..

Modern sophism...

Sounds Not badly

Do not search Only

Reasons of occasion...

X X X. TEST - 1

□

Who likes knitting own facsimile like a labyrinth...

Except cowardly wise man or the rascal by birth...

Test ordinary, but despite, you must thrice read...

oi.o2.2012

□

Mia MAMMA MIA...

While the spring knocks its drums-

While you'll leave from yours dreams-

Better Remain in colourless letargia -

Don't shout & call then mamma mia-

02.03.12

The Sacral Bribe

Every can not to burn on the truth fire...

From every don't take any flower's bribe...

Only a thrown bouquet & only of the bride...

...

02/4/12.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Monday

Why speak that... Why? .  
Monday - difficult day...  
Monday is lunar day...  
As Janus two-obverse is day...  
Monday of January,  
Is cowardly as snow...  
But January of Monday  
All the same is frosty day.  
And frosty day is unpleasant day...  
Unpleasant day is difficult day...  
And you that tell,  
what is this Monday day? ..

Monday -06.01.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Monsoons

Monsoons blew  
In the deserted...  
Have buried the  
Sun in sand...  
- It is a Mirage only....  
Silently sings the heart,  
But, darkness in a cold,  
As the death,  
He happy to stand...

15.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Morning Breeze

And the cat wanted a mouse, ...  
And the cat wanted caresses also...  
The wind have appeared ruthless so...  
In vain he gave it so sweet kiss,  
As he has Trusted to morning breeze...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Morning Operettas

Friendless Heart has trembled with pleasure...

Smells and kisses a nettle bouquet as roses...

The puppy-orphan searches for warmth, has wanted caress...

Listens to hums of wasps, as morning operettas...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Morning Smile

Morning smile

You were absolutely right,  
A proof-reading was fair,  
To the dream only did not suffice  
Stars - by small she-bear...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Morning Trainings

Everyone miracles is created on your sweet moonlight....

Everyone secrets will be found out from my hot beams...

Do not disappear so urgent from morning trainings of muses...

No doubt, I will stop in a stopper, the rush hour has begun here ...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Morning White Horse

If then there were moonless long nights...  
And the silent horseman went, like same...  
If then the horse, too, was more blackish  
As homeless thoughts over sad- knight...

What the smallest birdie could do of a garden  
She sang in the afternoon and night by ear her thin.  
So, did light for a sympathetic the fan of red rose,  
Look, morning has caught up, them, with white horse...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Art-Riddle \*

The Star - dreamer...  
Was blossomed above  
The seventh - sky....

At collar of heavens  
He stood as the  
Bashful pupil....

Which until then  
Thinks about Art -  
Riddle.. of sphinx:

-Was born on the rose petal,  
Has died in moons heart...  
The Tomb - on blue star... the

I will prompt: -  
The violins key...  
The seventh - sky....

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Colours Of The Sky...

The sky has again turned pale...  
And again in air a snow smell...  
Not who cannot tell,  
Whether will long last so...  
Wings of the butterfly  
Take out this snow as? ! ...  
All the same the wind  
Invigorate me, that I will  
Soon see, colours of the sky...  
Soon bring the sun for me...  
Cheerfully sings, our Winds,  
This the songs, gloomy..

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Dance Of Nymphs

He has closed eyes, and did not breathe almost....  
- Why I do not have wings... - has thought he so sad...  
Stood up behind blackberry to bushes...  
And secretly tracked down to dance of nymphs...  
Oh, as he wished to sense close her rustle ringlets...  
But a trouble roots grew in that that at luxury in the earth...  
Has transformed to an the oak...  
And now the nymphs... under its branch,  
They rests and do not suspect generally,  
Whence the wind has brought this melancholy song...

24.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Calmness \*

When the sea worries in an eyes....  
You, Believe, all the sea cease at once...  
Here seagulls have arrived on the sails...  
Have brought into the heart calmness...

22.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili



## N- Crazy Boy

He completely not such ill-bred

As represented us itself sometimes,

He only wishes to be favourite,

And only wants loves someone...

Still I can give ripe bananas...

You not absolutely good boy,

But not absolutely crazy boy

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N-      Cat

My lovely, the clever cat  
To walked in a garden...  
Has smelt to a rose:  
- As beautiful,  
-Has thought the in heart,  
But he was so silent...  
Looked to birdies  
And was he silent.  
Suddenly he has  
Seen the field mouse,  
Lovely but isn't the grey...  
Has very much wanted  
To say native a refrain...  
But he has forgotten...  
All the same very lovely  
My the clever,  
Almost the mute cat.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- The Song Of The Mermaid @

When nearby shines constellations,  
Aren't visible, the feature that of small asterisks  
Without which the moon would lose force...  
But when will begins permanent cloudy nights...  
The moon cannot find of itself...  
And on forgotten flute melodies  
Slowly sinks in ocean oblivion...  
The mermaid sings until then so calmly...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- A Joke Together A Fable

The fisherman has caught a frog...

The poor cried:

- I am a princess bewitched...

Kiss me... kiss.....

The fisherman has put in pocket...

Muttered still so:

- At my age it is better - the frog....

Which can speaks...

12.12.08

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- As In Mute Cinema

The snow -birdie sits on branch -the dreams... on the moonlight...

Looked, the dreams- of springs as the Favourite-serial...

Only a film is the mute, as the film- masterpiece Chaplin's...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N - As Quickly!

The sun bites this morning over another.  
The son has stopped before me,  
He smiles with fine eyes so artfully,  
And me asks without words: well as?  
Oh, my teenager as your pale cheeks sparkle!  
Oh, my God! ... He has shaved today first time!  
The childhood has departed not hammered smile...  
As quickly!

19.05.08.

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Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Exotic Scents

Exotic scents

Some verses carry a smell, of the grasses, leaves...  
Some verses reminds to the beautifully dreams...  
Some verses shine even in the cloudy weather...  
Some verses reminds that, autumn not so is far...  
But all versions have an own unique of springs - scents...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Behind The Moon...

For all favourite chubby kitten....

Has started to purr behind the moon...

With pleasure move one's lips...

But the cheerful mouse will not give him rest...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# N- Birthday

(For andrew mark wilkinson)

\* \* \*

The most cheerful to the poet,  
I wish to congratulate this fine put...  
I do not give you ripe bananas...  
Also I do not promise you  
Extreme a roundabout in the Disneyland...  
I wish you health...  
And I give the air birthday cake  
with brilliant candles...  
!!  
Best wishes,  
Tsira

## In The Garden Shade

Nightingale's eyes cannot say any lies...  
Therefore her songs is sleepily in dreams...  
The rose reddens in garden shade even...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Christmas Night \*

Is hardly more silent,  
And you will hear a rustle wings... \_  
This Christmas night has come  
Nearer with violet wings...  
Is hardly more silent,  
And you will hear silvery a peal.... \_  
Which for you calls...  
Do not see the frozen glass? ! -  
In each window unique frostwork... \_  
Yes, it is a gift of the snow queen for you...  
But do not forget that will put,  
Jotas one candle, on a window sill... \_  
And it will be a kind sign on readiness,  
Will invite the virgin in the house...  
Again and again will be born  
In ours hearts and in ours families \_  
The baby the Christ...  
Merry Christmas friends my,  
My dear \_ Christmas! ! !

Tbilisi - 24.XII.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Cloak

Has ceased a storm wild, but native...  
Waves have changed voluntary the form...  
Drunk pirates have a rest onboard...  
But the king Caribbean has begun is longed...  
Floated silently with a bamboo boat...  
The desert island has overslept as in the house....  
He Has started to dream with pink glasses...  
Long drew on sand with a finger...  
But this is not similar piracy to a flag...  
It is a cloak with the big stars...  
Has ceased a storm wild but native...

11.01.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Insured The Letter...

The morning mail...insured the letter...  
But he has mixed papers, it is the so pure...  
As the sky cloudless... and in heart- raining...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- After Rain \*

After rain the sky is more dark blue...  
After fight, reconciliation is more sweet...  
After misunderstanding...  
Everyone words over another sounds...  
And by eyes sincerity - betterly shines...  
After rain the sky is more dark blue...

7.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- An Alarm- Clock @

The moon sleeps all the day so easy,  
With lovely smiles, as the newborn...  
Morning dreams is proceed....  
In one's bosom collects the colour stars  
As in the valley - florets,  
He waits to long-awaited the bell  
As an alarm- clock..

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- White Swans))

The black sea so black-  
The cruisers were accustomed,  
And white sailing boats  
Of muses have turned...  
- To a seagull, -you will-by tell...  
Have not guessed...  
You look..Reviews on the sun,  
Here they, these white swans,  
They soon will begin,  
Own solo, successively...  
Into the black sea the sharks  
Were accustomed...  
With dolphins masks...  
They feels of the sweet a smell...  
And jute to reddening of  
The black sea... with closed by eyes...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- As Butterfly \*

Immortal the love is born with jealousy...

As from a worm - the beautiful butterfly...

Only after inevitable deaths we can fly...

04.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili



## N- Cats Know, That...

Cats know, that.

There is no time will not

Understand secret of mice...

But all the same run behind them...

For naivete and curiosity sometimes

Do not leave even Disneyland labyrinths...

7.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Summer Breezes. \* \* \* \*

So has turned out, on the this morning,  
Did not include auto-respondent...  
But my loyal friend - a blue star...  
On a moonlight give to me,  
Morning summer breezes.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Week-End

Long was proceeded week-end of moon...  
Long was proceeded... devilish a rain so...  
All the same, wonderful smells is felt the....  
Everywhere got wet mimosas, mimosas  
Lovely smiles... as babes of the sun...  
Morning asterisks sings as sleepy-by:  
-Week-end has come to...come to an end...  
Long live...long live, whom, moon's or the sun's...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## N- Crazy Bear

The bear has received the inheritance,  
The grandfather his was richer;  
Slept clumsy on a pillow...  
The Pillow probably, not as all...

Yesterday a bear the dream has dreamt,  
Thought does not take out, thought will be lost  
Bees did not give something sweet  
The bear became crazy - a syndrome carries

The bear has jumped out of dens ...  
The bear runs with a pillow,  
And it is a pillow uneasy!  
This the inheritance - Pandora's box...

Tbilisi - 2008

Tsira Gogeshvili

# National Diplomacy For Wives

So, cautiously - the husbands came back hungry...

Senselessly - any ultimatums, ladies must by agree...

They'll give me voices too, only after tea or of vin-dry...

6.02.10.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Never

Friends will not be got tired... never,  
From superfluous attention...

Friends will become sad never,  
From to be late greetings...

But only main that,  
On winter a branch

Blossomed dreams...  
As lilies of the valley...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# New Gym Shoes

Sensitive when - pouts,  
Expels from games.  
Will not help the boy  
New gym shoes...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## New Libretto

The life proceeds in memoirs...

Solar night begins with a sunset  
And the butterfly white at the white  
Arriving with February in a snowfall...  
Brought a song almost as spring  
Brought with the new libretto...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# New Year's Dream

He long wandered in the sky... \_

The moon silvery - the password of lovers...

One asterisk sadly flickered...

As a song of the vagrant musician,

Have fallen asleep all \_

Tired from yesterday's a holiday...

Only the blue-eyed cat sat at a window,

Sometimes dreamt own in dreams...

The moon wandered in heavens then...

28.XII.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# No Self-Justifications For An Exclusive

No self-justifications for an exclusive

Every face so beautiful in photoshop,  
But for the truth all metaphors are vain,  
Moon silently listened to praises of stars,  
Perhaps our runner did not miss one lines.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# No, They Are Not Stars

No, they are not stars...  
This, my dreams shine in the sky...

No, it not a rain...  
They be tears ours of angels...

No, these not a grey hair...  
It only begins a snowfall of snowdrops....

No, they are not stars...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Nocturne

In vain laughed loudly...  
Sorcerer, to depth of wood...  
The sky becomes in blue eyes...  
In heavens they up fly...  
And the stars exulting, silently  
Have started singing at night...  
The moon walked in the sky...  
The sun has arrived safely so...

13.02.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Nostalgia

These hands  
Are just the illusion  
Of the wings...

I can't fly  
Anywhere...  
Now, it's no doubt.

My blazing kingdom  
Has melted  
In the sky.

He Has nailed me,  
To the ground  
With nostalgia...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Not For Experiments

And Gentle feelings - not for experiments,  
Do not think that for you destiny - a priority...  
And in the long term self-confidence it is visible only,  
In which there is only a divine music seductively  
And melodies always with me, for ever eternally...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Not It Envies Him His Desolation...

NOW IT ENVIES HIM  
HIS DESOLATION...

March couldn't part with its nature,  
Made me give up the isolation.  
Then it marched into someone else...  
Somewhere, not near, far away...  
And, now, envies him his desolation.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# O Tender Sorrow Of My Childhood...

To Dali

O marvelous part of my soul,  
O tender sorrow of those times!  
I want to share with you, my sister,  
These pinkish, dawn-tinted lines.

O tender sorrow of my childhood,  
My dearest, graceful lass!  
I'll write in white on the cloud,  
And send with the winds this verse.

When I think of you, I'm soothed,  
There's much to call back to the mind...  
The rueful colors spread on my heart  
And the grief, too, seem soft and mild.

Giaconda's sacred smile on my lips  
Won't startle you, won't surprise.  
What's so precious to me up in Heaven,  
That I always crave for the skies?

O marvelous part of my soul,  
O tender sorrow of those times!  
I want to share with you, my sister,  
These pinkish, dawn-tinted lines.

Tsira Gogeshvili



# O W L

There is nothing that he suffers from daltonism,

All the same, only grey mice wait in the field...

An owl proud - a head big

And let will begin to cry for all...

26.10.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Oh, Antifreeze

The frost approached silently...

Whiteness sang from a window... -

The first snow, a snowfall....

The first kiss... -

Also I recollect suddenly....

He too has forgotten -

Whether that in heart...

As I have forgotten

In the car... antifreeze? ..

15.XII.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Old Song Now As New

Old Song Now As New

The tyrant too sings swing -  
Tyrant is too loving as if -  
Look and learn a swimming -  
Don't fall asleep in its ship-

TS.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Old Songs...

... Old songs, on old guitar,  
Sounds is better, but if there were the cords...  
But the troubadour has forgotten,  
In the heart sing an old songs...

Sweet euphoria has grasped he...  
The head turns from fields  
Of a lily of the valley...  
Old songs...in the heart sings...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# One

One word is would be very much...

But Two word - will be tiny...

One smile- would be joyful...

Smiles twice will by laughter of destiny...

23.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# One Song

One Song

One song does not give me rest....  
Everywhere I sing, inside my heart:

One star does not give me rest.  
All night sits on the window best...

One birdie does not give me rest,  
Speaks all at night, gossips on you...

One a rose are sad about an oriole  
For scratch to fingers to gardener-all...

One song does not give me rest....  
Everywhere with me, I sing in heart...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# One's Fairy Tale Through At The Night

The rain doesn't frighten more our garden.....  
Here we have met once, first time at last.....  
And a ravens has departed from a branch pink.....  
Only the small nightingale sings is sweet today here...  
So the moon will think up a new fairy-tale for this day  
As one more history of one thousand one night.....

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Only \*

The butterfly gave me the wings.  
Ah, as it was cheerful to me on clouds  
Has disarranged my hair winds...  
The winter frightens to me only, know,  
Soon, White wings covers with snow...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Orpheus

Breezes expect now our moon...  
That to tell him evening gossips...  
Moon, with hope searches the suns...  
On the heart plays with melancholy  
As on the harp Orpheus...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Oscar

The innocent babe-girl plays a leading role  
To extremely topical charge...  
But this nightmare under the negative will disappear  
Together at moonless night,  
Only find a yellow pencil in an abstract pocket.  
The girl will draw of the big sun, by pleasure ....  
But all the same this nightmare under a negative...  
Deserves an Oscar, in all nominations  
If cord has not torn by from play babe-girl...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Palm Day

Morning, of Palm Day has begun rainy,  
But has lasted with snowflakes way...  
Midday, butterflies to flies so cheerfully...  
Jesus has entered in Jerusalem with Glory...  
Scents of willows is reigned in church, houses...  
And by brings calmness until Easter... Christ...

Tbilisi - 2009.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Parallelism Or Clear Nights

... Then will begin a clear nights ...  
But nights will be as a spark-instant,  
And such unique as self-destiny,  
Then you'll eternally grieve about it,  
You'll start to catch up obstinately,  
And all your attempts will be to vain.  
And this gallop will last for a long time.  
Also you will not get tired there never.  
You'll eternally awake for catching this infinity.  
And eternally you will be unsatisfied...  
But your dream will be alive

.....  
Then will begin a clear nights ...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Parasites Will Not Pardon...

□

□

Attractions fragrant valleys...

For you will be fatal...

To you threatens

Chronic dizzinesses,

And it too even is dangerous...

Especially for similar to you...

Parasites will not

Pardon in a beehive

.....

And Mother-queen will sink

The pity bee in honey...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Parnassus Again

The color was tired  
Of variegation,  
Calliope's sad wing  
Was lowered,  
But like my cactus  
At its eighth year,  
The words, at night,  
Calmly flowered.

The vein is startled  
By the purple pulse,  
Ink-colored became  
My sadness.  
Years ago, I had  
Such a feeling –  
The feeling so airy  
And stainless...

Sweetly sing  
The heavenly virgins,  
Pleasant to ear  
Are the rows of rhymes.  
The sisters from Parnassus  
Wave to me  
Their curly plaits,  
And ring the chimes.

\*\*\*

The speechless astronomer  
Mustn't aim  
His telescope  
At the rhymes;  
All the words  
Do hit the target,  
Grief eats out  
The heart in no time...

22.03.2008.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Patience Of Love

Now not grieves me seas and waves...  
Only crying now and falling leaves  
As the heap -hay - smelling my hair  
So larks have arrived to-me close...

Why they have brought me blue caress...  
Why learn me so summer's light-libretto...  
For you - must indifferent a time-going now  
For I get used patience of love as the sea too...

Tsira Gogeshvili



## Persuasive Song

Rain have almost finished a morning landscape....  
But watercolours while are still the wet...  
White the clouds floats in a picture as the swans...  
Together the sun the moon smiles... and whistles  
Also we whistles our persuasive song is so...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Piece Of Sky

Look from your little window-  
It's my the far free sky piece  
Now now even death of ice,  
Now now even life pseudo nice  
Became same senselessly sir,  
But all momentary is as easier.

5.05.10.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Pink-Pearl Driver

Pink-Pearl Driver

Still, the red roses do not grow - in hothouses,

For them, until then neon lamps are ridiculously.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Pity

It is a pity to look to falling of leaves...

Even in gentle in a hand.....

The small prince did not take out jotás

To a sneezing of the favourite flower....

White petals have departed as white pigeons...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Poet Of Resignation.

\* \* \*

There is not time  
For missing miss,  
There isn't time  
For growing old,  
There is no time  
For throwing, no,  
Dream's pencils,  
Poet of resignation.

(Can be and for you)

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Poetry

The earth has a great gift for love,  
But the sky! The sky's merciless.  
Immortality of the earth is the grass,  
Immortality of the sky – a verse.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Polar Star \*

Polar Star

So waited,

Will opened

Florets -Jasmine's

This morning,

Has not noticed,

On the cheeks,

Moon's kissing...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Rain Of May

And flowers don't fall more like snowfalls  
Though gardens don't regret to may's rains  
The moon sits silently on a tree branch  
All night has not counted motley stars its...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Rainbow

Rainbow

The day before you looked to moon,  
The day before was dark blue dreams  
Of rains stopped gravitation's a beams  
But yet I don't see the arm of rainbow...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Rejoice

Rejoice

The owl will count summer's dreams, now...  
Will not any more song the light lunar, know  
Only, only crickets rejoice from this blow...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Rejoice The Sun

Rejoice The Sun

Every morning, when, we meet  
You thaw in a smile

As the moon in a dawn,  
From pleasure...and I smile also...

To the sun- as always is cheerful,  
But, this morning is artful,

Has begun to shine still strongly,  
It is more and more

Does not allow us that,  
We might open our eyes,

For that to searched, each  
Other to long as at night,

The sun want to laugh at us  
As over blinded from its beauty....

You must joy by - the Sun,  
We have blinded from you...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Remote Balance

When on highway was burst - the tyre-cover...  
Then her thinking of gender- turns to another...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Retort

Retort

Now you must adjust the old guitar once again...  
For the song turns out with two register of low...  
For me....perhaps, you forgot I am soprano...  
And you by compulsion will by sing both party...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Retro

The Breeze has brought  
Melodies of a retro...  
To began a snowfall  
Verses from the heaven.  
In white the small town...  
With white dreams so...  
Silently has rustled...  
White curtains also...  
The Breeze has brought  
Melodies of a retro...  
And through heart  
Have started to fly  
So old - sweet songs...  
With memoirs wings...

31.01.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Scarlet Sails ((

Sometimes we forget  
Ours a guardian angel,  
But the Keeper  
Always with us

That it is opened  
To you a door,  
Necessarily should knock.

But self-assurances  
Of a seagull  
Without the invitation  
Have arrived by the ship.

Honour to them liked  
A vessel in opened  
In the sea with Scarlet sails...

But I know  
An angel the keeper  
Will not mix my compass...

I wish to trust...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Season Not For Heart

Garden has covered with snow...

Heart has covered with ice...

The cherry garden shines as spring...

Doubtful only- in heart is nice.? ...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Self-Pollination

When he votes own production...  
I think it same self-pollination...□

□

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Semiramide

In the still gardens  
The breeze  
Breathes in

The sacred rustle  
Of the malachite  
Silks...

And the warm rays  
Of the dusk,  
Like Sappho's

Slender fingers  
Embrace, the heaven  
And the whole space.

O treacherous heart!  
What altered you?  
What made you grow so faithful?

I need no anguish,  
No more feast  
I don't need...

And proudly  
Rushes by  
In the emerald garden

Green-eyed  
And so sorrowful  
Semiramide.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Seven String

If you have forgotten a song...  
If you have lost of all seven string...  
Then in vain would knit, the spring...  
Crown of a camomile for you...  
Crown of a violet for me...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Sharchan

Tiger cannot be cat's mate never

Though they are from one family

Was times was, was sounding nice

These serenades at moonlight,

But still tiger not felt hungry...

Pussycat not looks by cowardly yet

For searching tree's branch - is time

An ending always will be suddenly...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# She Sang To The Sea

SHE SANG TO THE SEA

In olden times, long before,  
A girl ran along the shore,  
And sang to the sea a song...

But no one could see  
How wondrous were  
The songs of the sea.

It made the little girl  
Laugh heartily,  
She burst into laughter  
At that shore...

And the boundless,  
The deep blue sea  
With laughter  
Started to roar...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# She Was Able Catches Butterflies

The sorcerer yesterday  
was embittered...

she was able catches  
butterflies of the-dreamer...

Also has then torn off wings...  
and yesterday has not caught not one...

has turned the madam - to foxes,  
but bites so gracefully,  
as a poodle hungry....

all dreams have departed  
on a star carnival...

with cheerful masks...  
with shining eyes...

29.XII,08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Simply So (1) ... Duet (2)

## SIMPLY SO

Travel proceeds blindly - yes, with closed eyes-...  
But, from crossroads the cheerful labyrinth begins...  
'Good luck... To you...' It is read on a billboard...  
But he is afraid to open the eyes...

## DUET

I do not write verses for a loneliness,  
Because I am not lonely never,  
Even when we are not nearby,  
I see mine sky inside yours an eye...

I do not love melancholy monologues,  
Because I prefer warm the heart dialogue,  
Only you'll learn me words those songs,  
That you did not sing always of a silent solo...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Snowdrops

With pity- sight looked when  
In the sky an almond - the tree....  
The sun so generously smiled  
This morning her...and all

Has tempted with caress and  
On right and on left so,  
Have begun blooming the leaflets... tiny  
As in spring at night, in the spring morning...

Snow queen sparkled  
Eyes from flower....  
Snow tears go- drops  
On snowdrops over...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Snowflake

All the letters - that is written on a moonlight...  
The melancholy secret accompanies...  
Betrayed in the hand, the thin hand ceases...  
Boundless calmness breathes... in pink.  
On eyelash a snowflake shone and shivered...  
Through heart footpaths- fly,  
Now - rest on an eyelash to you...

17.01.09

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Solar Birdie

Solar Birdie

Whitest thoughts were born into expectation,  
But is early to start writ any memoirs...  
Live is some solar birdie of the rain-autumn,  
For I hear a silent bell-songs as silver voice...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Solar Glasses

I will not sustain more seasickness...

I sink even in the blue sky.....

I like to wear solar glasses, for the insurance...

14.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Song Of The Kinglet

Rhymes have carried away a winds,  
Breezes have stolen soul from roses,  
Kinglet Sings, Sings kinglet... sleepyheads fly...  
Sings all night long.. Hafez's robay...  
Robaya the sweet...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Speed- Beam

You have told that, you can wait....  
But I know, you will not live in calmness...  
With expectation of spring...especially,  
If ahead is such the March smiles,  
As the whimsical and intolerable woman....  
It was only in the thought, only...  
...And I caught The song which I loved,  
I caught of the car's on short to a wave...  
But pleasure too has appeared short...  
It was lost in memoirs of speed- beam...  
It was lost in memoirs of speed- beam...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Star Salute \*

Do not trust ears the seaman....  
Water-nymphs sing seductively for you....  
Do not sleep, open the eyes -  
The ship in a Bermudas triangle....  
Beautifully falls the stars in solar at night....  
But you all the same do not trust eyes...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Stars Language

Heart knows  
Heart's language ...

Birdie- Mammy —  
Squeaker's language...

Gardener studied  
Flower's language

But star's language —  
Only for us...

23.XII.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Stars Chorus

Has started singing stars chorus...  
The Moon is conductor was as  
He searched me at the summer....  
I was lost at the winter...

14.02.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili



# Stars Corn

Stars Corn

Someone has spread the star-grain above heavens...

Some sings behind the sky...yes, an eyes sparkles...

Romanticist as though does not wait to a dream-bird...

As the Moon sits in armchair of clouds, with pale face...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Sto-O-P !

Lonely the tree  
rustles at top,  
and the black cloud  
warns: sto-o-p...  
The Eremite cannot  
world rescue,  
the storm sings about  
thunder approach!

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Surprises Of Spring \*

## SURPRISES OF SPRING

You hear, - a spring snowfall,  
I am not afraid, more of you...  
Snow only can, will candy, in heart a cherry flower...

You hear - Hurricane,  
I am not afraid, more for you...  
You cannot steal from me, even one breeze the magic melodies...

Because I am, itself, the sorcerer of spring...

3.03.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Sweet Jump

Sweet Jump

But jumps a kitten...

Not far - in kitchen...

Dinner there for mice...

Some mice- sweet-ice...

5.09.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## Sweet Songs Has Carried...

Sweet songs has carried away winds...

The broken mirror remains at you.

You do not look long yours to the double, no...

It would come to an end fatally -I know...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Sweets...

Sweets...

To infant in arms were promised sweets...  
Now is surprised - its father generous  
Why his sonny has not stopped cryings...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Taste Of Ocean

We hate farewell evenings,  
A requiem returned silently nature...  
Has mourned a sparkling lake pure...  
Inside has Felt tears taste of ocean...  
In heart, also, is cry of hurricane...  
13.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# That Dagger

The naked man  
Raised the naked dagger,  
Aimed a blow  
At his heart  
Clad in purple...  
What a wonder:  
Not a dropp  
Of blood...  
The remote  
And alien heart  
Sheathed fitly  
The dagger  
Of the madman...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# The Garden

I have invented fine garden of grief,  
But there true flowers blossomed...  
From tears has raged pure azure lake,  
Precisely such colour, as your eyes like

Warned to me, about the severe days  
Scared the white butterflies of valley...  
For the snowflakes is very lovely  
But feelings him- left to heavens...

I have invented fine garden of grief.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The King Jumps

Stone hearts easily will not broken, is...  
In Loneliness is silly to play even chess,  
In itself, the King jumps on two cage.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Best Putin...

\* \* \*

THE BEST PUTIN -  
WILL FAR PUT IN...

Georgia, Tbilisi 09.7.08

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Cheerful Friend

Someone complained from is far...  
Silently.... It - the guitar cries...  
On a wall was hung a while  
The cheerful friend - with blue bows...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Dream Of A Lonely Poplar

If you rejoice,  
why melancholy eyes shine.  
If you miss,  
why your voice the major sounds?  
poplar lonely:  
You rustle with green wings,  
you rustle lunar at night,  
And the fine dream  
will dream you -  
wavy an arable land....  
Walk under a rainbow ...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## The Star - Wanderer..

The star - wanderer...  
Has lost an orbit in the morning...  
he, already Has mixed day in at night...  
On an outlook sits, the moon...  
Silently, with a smile... That has not lost  
The Stars-adorer a footpath in silvery clouds...

24.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Angels

I, newly born,  
In the temple stand,  
And feel Thy warm touch  
On my head.

Forgive me my depression,  
My despair,  
My heavy heart,  
My anguish, my fear.

Help me to cover Thy paths,  
Those roads help me to cover.  
Help me as Thou have helped  
A fasting and tired rover.  
Show mercy, heal my crushed hopes,  
The despair coming down in vengeance.  
Send me the heavenly messengers,  
Send me Thy heavenly angels.

I, newly born,  
In the temple stand,  
And feel Thy warm touch  
On my head.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## The Arrows- Miracles...)))

The cupid went down  
On cloud chubby...  
With wings of the butterfly.  
Has smiled with the  
Firm- smiles...  
Suddenly began to sound  
Mysterious a voice:  
- I did not think,  
I at all did not represent...  
That it was possible-by hunting,  
On behalf of an angels...  
Avoid to the impostor...  
To Sorcerers and magicians...  
Which speak  
Seductively  
By the my name...  
Listen-by to hearts of your,  
She is best knows  
The Silent languages - miracles.  
The desired time  
Will-by measured  
Not from speed  
Transparent wings  
Of the butterfly-  
Only from my speed  
The arrows- miracles...  
Has told, he, so silent,  
With the firms- smiles...  
And flew... flew...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# The Autumn Melody ~ (Semodgomis Melodia)

THE AUTUMN MELODY (Semodgomis melodia)

The cold autumn rain  
Is drizzling  
That sad melody  
Down from the skies...

The wind steals  
The dreamy flock  
Of the clouds,  
Carries away... and flies.

No smile at all,  
No rebuking...  
Just silence –  
Acid and biting...

The moon rings  
From the dome of the skies,  
And throws the sparks  
Into my eyes...

The cold autumn rain  
I drizzling  
That sad melody  
Down from the skies...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## The Autumn Sonata Or Dogroses \*

- Dogroses have reddened on bushes...  
Look, please, they shine as fantastic candles...  
And the aspen sings a song yellow...

More silently, please,  
Also listen angelic to chorus.  
- It is autumn silently comes nearer...  
Soon, day and night will be equal...

But, your pink dream, never  
Will not be equal obvious...  
- But we will listen to an eternal sonata...  
Always in winds...

October, 24th  
Tbilisi- 2008.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Babylon Syndrome

This a grey morning today...  
As well is grey grew dark...  
Birdies have ceased to be chirped,  
And flowers have lost all colour...  
Now day is similar on long - night...  
And night will be likely without - stars...  
Today that over celebrate an amnesia? .  
Or this day is memory  
For the Babylon syndrome! ..

6.02.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Ballad Of Chess

It is a game  
Of strategy and skill,  
Fight all the kinsmen,  
As "king" rivals "king..."

A game on the sixty-four  
Black-and white equal squares  
Is called chess, and nothing else...  
Such a name the game bears...

Two very fast castles,  
Two rooks – with knights...  
The king and the naughty queen...  
Roads covered with ice...

The woman is an amateur hunter,  
An amateur gamekeeper she is,  
Blessed by a number of moves,  
A smart and tactician queen...

No one utters in those troops  
An indecent word, a word that is vain.  
Eight faithful musketeers uphold  
Their honor with all might and main...

The knight storms and rages,  
The tamer of wild steeds.  
That cavalryman  
Is devoted to his king.

You admire the warder and the "henchmen",  
The battle becomes thrilling! No woe,  
If you are confronted on that board  
By a worthy and courageous foe!

All at once, the black steed  
Hoofs the board of the battle,  
And the slow king makes friends  
With the rook – with the castle...

The greatest move on the squares  
Is "castling, " such name it bears...

The pawns are under fire,  
Grief seizes them all! Woe!  
The king is in check...  
Threatened by the foe!

Time is spent away in thinking,  
The sound is absorbed in the note...  
The king stamps his foot and mumbles:  
"Dear me! Time trouble! Time Trouble! "

The queen has torn her dress,  
The rook is destroyed.  
The queen curses the chessmen,  
She is enraged and annoyed...

The meeting was not held at the court:  
No discussion, no exchange, no debate...  
Thus, the king, the military leader,  
Has to suffer the checkmate.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Basketball On A Site

Now we are basketball players, or not,  
We throw points precisely as a ball,  
But results disappears completely all  
As amazed rabbits in conjurer's hat...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Canary's Song...

The canary's song  
The blackbird can't sing...  
The autumn can't venture  
To reveal the spring...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Cat Or Count...

The cat at last has learnt this to count till ten...

And before expected anger and hurricane...

He has ceased to torment pitiful moustaches...

9.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili



# The Chance Or The Photo In Black-And-White

The pupil – the focus  
Fixes the instant  
That's never wiped out  
By the mind...  
The screwed up eyes  
Of the cheerful old man  
With a single lottery-ticket  
In his hand...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## The Cloudy Crossroads Xxx: : :

Again this misunderstanding  
Again the cloudy crossroads,  
What it, has deteriorated  
A traffic light?  
What happens,  
Green does not flicker any more? !  
My exciting "golf" is peaceful  
In a neutral regime...  
(Silently sings something about itself)  
I sit lonely and I think:  
Why I miss about fragrant jasmins...

25/04/08

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Complaint Of The Actor

The complaint

Of the actor -

As a whim

Of breezes:

A premiere,

An applause,

Flowers,

To kiss!

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Dream

We stood under  
The apple-tree,  
With the ripe fruit  
Its branches bent...  
You didn't venture  
To hand me the apple  
That you held  
In your trembling hand...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The First Lesson Of Pythagorean 1.

I. The first lesson of Pythagorean

There were He studied harmony by my Tierces...

But he has not heard a beautiful divine Seventh...

He sat there under our old oak, all the anchorite's grace...

So unspoken - like ancient Pythagorean, and went...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The First Violin....

It is pleasant to be the first violin,  
But it is unpleasant when to play one string...  
If you are not present Paganini...  
But all the same you try to play pizzicato.  
You - already a violin the first...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Lost Taste

There is no milk  
There is no sugar  
The pie remained  
Without the cream...  
Culinary chance-man  
Has lost his taste  
And his patience,  
Why he tried  
Today a pepper.  
And now sits sadly  
To smoke his pipe...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Lotus

When you welcome  
With open eyes  
The night scenes  
And the dreams,  
You abandon  
Your own shadow –  
The lotus that means...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# The Love Grows With Belief @

The love grows with belief

Everytime when you give me flowers,  
I'm happy, as if you gave me all spring...  
And I trust to spring...

Everytime when you give me dream,  
I'm happy, as if you gave me wings...  
And I trust dreams...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Morning Star

The moon cried above a white temple, yesterday...

And the silvery tears incorporated of the mysterious Nile...

Now as the newborn, so the thin and such the fresh,

Smiles to the morning star... -good morning... - smiles also she...

16.02.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Morning Silence

All melancholy have gone on strike and forced me...  
That they became forgotten from me, can't meet...

I cannot, but must, too to resist them burning  
Especially into such darkness at the morning...

When the sun still sleeps under a snow plaid...  
But heart listens songs to oceans again

Therefore I doesn't love the morning silence...  
Also silence doesn't love me, no difference...

23.01.09.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Mysterious Voice

In order not to hear  
The insistent complaint  
Of the soul locked up  
In that shell,  
Give away your life  
To the infinite centuries...  
Do it, if you wish to live.  
...But the crafty beauty  
And the treacherous voice  
Are needed just for  
Testing your soul.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Odd Man

In olden times,  
Where there  
Lived the oddest man,  
And where  
The azalea  
Scented the air,  
Like a parachute  
The skies landed:  
The passenger  
Was the moon-maid.  
You should have seen  
How that man,  
How that dwarf  
Was amazed.  
He rolled his single eye  
On his forehead,  
Like on the orbit,  
With a double rotation  
Of a planet –  
Of a planet that rotates,  
And his single ear,  
His only ear,  
Like a butterfly  
Rested on his brains...  
And that only ear  
(Let's return to that ear)  
Perceived the sound  
Of any hertz,  
And listened dumbly,  
Like a spy  
To the white Galaxy's din,  
At times, without  
Its own will...  
It, the poor  
"World-listener",  
Heard so many things:  
A cry of triumph,  
Some melody,  
Some noise,

Some jingles...  
And then he craved,  
He longed for the chaos,  
Just for the chaos  
And discord,  
And two ears,  
So that  
Along the tunnel  
The naughty sounds  
Could walk...  
But that's not all:  
His eye – the blazing orbit  
Absorbed all the colors  
Of the world,  
But it reflected and perceived  
The whiteness:  
It didn't absorb that tone;  
And that's why  
The man wished he had  
No eyes,  
No eyes at all,  
But had the wondrous,  
Snow-black stone.  
That strange man  
Had very, very  
Fragile hands,  
And very tiny, weak feet.  
He sat in the swamp,  
On the water-lily,  
Open-mouthed he sat on it.  
He patiently waited  
For the miracle...  
And then, it happened, at last:  
The moon-child  
Appeared in the air...  
There was the sunset,  
There was all one could wish...  
And nothing at all  
Was there...  
The snow-white maiden  
With her strong,  
Delicate fingers

Grasped his ear,  
And dragged him up  
To the heavens,  
And our "giant dwarf"  
Fell in love  
With the "marvel",  
His dreams came true  
All of a sudden.  
And what happened then?  
He clung to the sky,  
He seduced  
The sky's shades,  
He chatted, he talked,  
But dumb he remained...  
He announced himself  
A rescuer,  
Swelled out like a balloon,  
Like a tiny balloon,  
And soon  
He coquettishly  
Ensured himself,  
He girded up his loins...  
He was happy,  
He was glad,  
That little dwarf,  
That lonesome lad.  
Don't judge him,  
Let him alone.  
He's not to blame...  
It's not his fault.  
He mustn't be in disfavor,  
Because he failed  
To perceive  
The azalea's flavor...

Gorgia - 1981.  
Tsira Gogeshvili

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Old Creditor.....

THE OLD CREDITOR (Zveli mevale)

If I'm turned out  
Of this space  
By your "afterwards",  
"Tomorrow", and "later",  
I'll shut my eyes,  
And wait at your door,  
Like a lender,  
Like an old creditor...  
I'll open my eyes,  
And look deep  
Into your face,  
I'll reveal  
The veiled secret,  
And say my say...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# The Owl Always Close Sits...

The owl always sits close...  
About happiness on a magic tree...  
Monotonously to counts  
Happy minutes of others...  
But, forgets, love - is immortal...  
Until then shouts, all night long:  
Ghu-ghu... ghu-ghu...and sometimes  
Itself sleeps an owl  
On a voice own...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Poets Does Die So Very Easily

The Poets Does Die SoVery Easily

I cannot tell convincingly, but i trust...

The parrot- blue informed me, mine Lulu...

That Here, these violet roses that has shined...

Nearby a mirror - in crystal-vase, rustled...

Angel blue-eyed Has brought from own dream...

For mine infinite songs in dreams, have lasted...

Sometimes some forget, that poets die so very easily,

As birds die above heavens of caress of an azure

Yes they both perish from insufficient of dream and love...

But while the moon sings for me always a lovely lullaby

I will not die so prosy - in loneliness, as in autumn a red roses

Although never best time I do not see an angel nearby

But infinitely I feel him white- wings rustles always...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Question

Our life is a huge question mark,  
A man – the full stop under it,  
That always tries to fly over the dome...

And he, exhausted with futile search,  
Again lands at the earth,  
Like a soundless and aghast  
Exclamation mark...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Tongue

The Tongue

Somebody's tongue  
There is such bitter...  
His Wife by not search  
The pepper in kitchen...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Universe

The babble  
Of the seas  
Is nestled  
In the shell...  
And the atmosphere  
Is swelled out  
Like a soap bubble.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Unusual Hostage

I do not wish to think,  
as though all was  
beautiful a dream,  
and You, my fine Museget, -  
the voluntary hostage  
ruthless of impatience  
and a gossip of the moon...

25/04/08

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Winter's In Full Bloom

The winter's still  
In full bloom,  
And I'm turned  
Into a tiny thing,  
So that I'm not seen...

It so nice  
To sit on the  
Grief-colored stone,  
And, like a gossip,  
To watch the passers-by...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# The Yesterday's Bride

So has become sad  
The yesterday's bride,  
As the cherry garden  
After harvesting...

Tsira Gogeshvili



# This Love Other Another...

Behind it mountains

So there are mountains.

Mountains of my native land...

That you loved,

That that I loved,

About this I will sing love...

Behind this the sea,

Still - the sea...

The sea of my native land....

That that you loved,

That that I loved,

This love other another...

The poppy adores - springs a rain,

And the sparrow aspires to a wind...

The Wind, Behind mountains -

Becomes hurricane...

I die of pity of a sparrow.....

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Thousand One Verses

It has unexpectedly appeared:

The prince has got generous heart...

Whether will suffice it for such marathon,

Joyful tears to ink? ...

Hurry slowly, and it is possible

To you of one thousand one verses

On pink leaves - in a garden of roses.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Tiny Soldier Of Love

You don't see but she's destiny builder...  
The love birdie sits on your shoulder...  
To Expecting your order as a true soldier...

(Like a Tribute to Valentine)

Ts.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# To Be A Mother

The Virgin Mother  
Heard my prayer  
And psalm,

And sat  
A baby  
On my pink palm.

Many thanks to Jesus,  
To the Virgin's Son.  
Many thanks to Father:

He thought me  
Worthy  
To be a mother.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## To Domestic Tiger Also Has Dream

My striped tiger - sitting under the fur-tree,  
Looks on cheerful colour balls by sight free.  
But himself conceives the desire three...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# To Heavens\_The First Word

To Heavens\_The First Word

Eternal roving  
Of the chime  
In a poet's heart\_

-The only  
Token  
Of this race...

The words pour  
Drop by dropp  
From their souls

And like a swan  
Sing Shakespeare's  
Tragic plays.

With tumult of muses  
For winged words  
He waits

And trembling  
Stick rhymes  
At his soul ' s gates.

The poet is dead,  
The word  
Darts off his lips,

Flies to the Heaven \_  
To the First Word,  
That on the right of Father sits.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## To Kick Goal...

Don't try to resemble Zeus in anger,  
And don't smash a single key...  
I send you a cup of boiling hot tea –  
The aroma of "The Irish Whiskey."

I send you a dove – a symbol of peace.  
Don't fly into the eternal rage...  
If you don't condemn me to the storms,  
I'll lock up the old tale in the cage.

You've been so generous  
With the winged metaphors...  
"Many thanks! " "Not at all! "  
One – zero! I'm the winner,  
I expect from you Ronaldo's goal.

25.03.2008

Tsira Gogeshvili

# To The Worthy Beggar From The Ragged Poetess

The cripple waiting for the alms,  
So cruelly ruined by lot...  
So wounded is his knightly heart,  
The heart of the bravest shot.

He is a majestic beggar,  
I am ashamed of such beings.  
The Saviour taught us to render  
To the Caesar the Caesar's things.

He stretches out his meager palm  
Awaiting for the share:  
The richman for the Caesar's things,  
The poorman\_ for the fare.

The cripple waiting for the alms,  
So cruelly runed by lot...  
So wounded is his knightly heart,  
The heart of the bravest shot.

Tsira Gogeshvili



# To You For Because

Not because your old song have arranged as new  
But... sing in heart for some reason as former you...

Not because you have forgotten caresses except the terrier  
But going like on a hunting and 'guneless' on the river...

Not because you take from last cent from your pocket  
For homeless drummer to award down underground...

Not because you adore again dancing...but naked  
Though nobody waits already under silky blanket...

Not because seen sense - already senselessly  
Because you can't loves another way unheartly...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Treason Again...

TREASON AGAIN... (isev gautanloba)

Again betrayal,  
Treason and racket.  
A sage – clad  
In a straitjacket...

The spoiled landlords  
Demand taxes and costs.  
To chum up with a grabber  
A poet is forced.

The flatterers and slaves  
Think themselves upright,  
Against the kindness  
The deceitful fight.

The orphan's late bread  
Isn't baked nowadays,  
"I'm the rich-man's brooch, "  
The king complains.

"His majesty" doesn't care  
For the man that is old,  
And the rooster, too,  
Thrice has crowed.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Unique Old Disk

Unique Old Disk

It's as a fairy tale and  
Is almost improbable,  
When a rose grieve at you  
But can always find it  
In the garden of paradise...

It's as a fairy tale and  
Is almost improbable,  
When was lost him  
one's Unique the old disk  
But the heart go on to sing...

It's as a fairy tale and  
Is almost improbable,  
When have stolen wings at you,  
But you can fly without wings  
Even, by behind the sky...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Valentine-Schoolgirl

Valentine day was celebrated at the school...  
My girl, has tried on weight of clothes....  
Has Asserted in the house of all,  
- This the day, for me, it's ordinary- simple...  
Schoolgirl-Valentine smiles in her eyes...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Violet Nest

Do not give me flowers more...  
From which nostalgia begins.

Scent of my hairs...is  
Fallen asleep in this flower

That flower was colour his eyes...  
Carefree cloud flies so far...

Above the seventh heavens one's...  
The birdie with the wings frozen...

Dreamt of the violet nest  
But only in the own dream...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## W...      A Sense Of The World's Infinity...

A sense of the world's infinity  
Equals the speed of a ray  
And vice versa:  
The speed of the light  
Rushes towards the sense  
Of the world's infinity...

And if you keep  
Such a balance inside you,  
You'll perceive the divinity,  
God will be in your frame...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Water Hours For Thanking

Drops dripping continue to count any minutes -  
Now water-clock dance's near your cold hands -  
But from thirst don't die under of rain storms -  
So don't lower hands before destiny and fate -  
For from tear-fall cause happiness never is late.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## We Love Tom Waits's Voice Too

His small street organ became outdated,  
All pocket's trifles blown from a breeze,  
All time tried to catch voice's Tom Waits,  
And waited in vain public's call on a bis,  
Always sing a song by heartly like an endless.

Tsira Gogeshvili



## We Walked Slowly ===

We walked slowly- slowly,

The moon has peeped to us...

You did not speak, I - too,

But the moon understood - all...

Tsira Gogeshvili

## We Were Lost In A Valley \*\*\*

The sun searched for you in clouds,  
And I was lost by the moon from eyes,  
We in one valley collected camomiles,  
Also stood to each other with a back...

18.VII.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## We'll Come Again... \* \* \*

We'll Come Again

-

He that created me  
And sings sweet old songs...  
Won't kill me and make me old,  
I know and I'm persuaded...

Years will pass as blank verses,  
We'll come again, like swallows...  
I'll make you feel the beating  
Of my heart with my verses...

\* \* \*

THE RARE CHORD            (iSviaTi akordi)

Even the rare chords,  
The notes – pleasant  
And harmonious -  
Can't fascinate  
The dull ear  
Of a hippopotamus...

Don't "cast your pearls  
Before swine..."  
Don't cast...  
Don't reveal  
The splendid secret  
Of two hearts...

Tsira

Tsira Gogeshvili

# When He Sings

When he sings, all canaries listen silently...

When he sings, the sun with the moon smiles,

When he sings, the violet field transforms by dream the lake...

And a strings, from stars a beams, sound more fantastically...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# When I Miss You

When I miss you  
I'm dried up,  
In the sky melt  
My magic dreams.

Magnolias  
Make me dizzy,  
Like the valley's  
Delightful nymphs.

Expectation...  
On the vital branch  
Rest tiny buds –  
My vague dreams.

On the glossy cheeks  
Run down and stream  
Drops of tears –  
My last pearls.

When I miss you  
I'm dried up,  
The seven feelings  
Melt in the winds.

Don't approach me  
If you don't love me.  
Believe me, dear,  
You won't stir strings.

Mistrust and doubt  
Drained tear pools,  
Doubt dug out  
My strength and roots.

That silver sound,  
Tranquil and timid,  
Is a baritone  
Coveted and wished.

I help this heart  
To respond, to work.  
Believe, this heart is  
A sharp tuning fork.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# While Eva Seeps

Day was woken  
By beams - of solar...  
Adam spontaneously  
Has started singing...

By Happily and loudly...  
For him sun shined,  
Not how before-  
He hoots heartily...

Heart has taken off  
As, from nest a birdie...  
Till, while, Eva slept,  
Under an apple- tree...

27.XII.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili

## White With Wings >>

WITH WHITE WINGS

Do not hasten,  
All the same the train left...

Do not hasten,  
.. All the same began the night....

Do not hasten,  
All the same winter blossoms...

Do not hasten....  
April sleeps still sweet at dreams...

All the same hurry up, you slowly,  
With your white wings only...

09.XII.08.

Tsira Gogeshvili



## Who Like Milk.....

The kitten became hungry suddenly,  
But about it has not been assured...  
Has spilt all milk from crystals plates,  
Now has started to cry as mewing-cat.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Why Did You Call Me?

“The only happiness is solitude.”  
Schopenhauer

Why did you call me  
And make me leave  
The desolate  
And gloomy cell?  
O God, I'll come  
Into the leaves,  
In this whiteness,  
And in the silence  
Of the deceased.

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Winged Songs

Only the song support we at twilight...

Only our song gave us big wings...

Only by songs we can recover a sun...

Only songs felt nightly dream light...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Without Gardener

Without Gardener...

Garden's flowers  
are orphans  
without gardener...

But the cloud does  
not forget  
their thirst- never...

Oh what a pity  
to me your azalea  
on a window sill...

I saw this morning  
pretty woman have  
sprinkled by handful...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Women's Whims

You gave me wings,

And I could not fly...

You gave me spring...

And I lived into winter...

You gave me dream,

But me has stolen -

Sleeplessness...

Darling my,

Your fault here only -

Yours generosity...

- Gave to me wing...

Tsira Gogeshvili

# Would Be Lovely

-Who likes so naked truth,  
Can be to you to witty Ruth,  
Does satisfy to you it but,  
Homo sapiens fall-in thought,  
Though Lord laughs merely:  
-No land there, would be lovely...

Tsira Gogeshvili