



Ria April Avalon

Life in Poetry

Сборник англоязычной
поэзии

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Сборник англоязычной поэзии от современной поэтессы Ria April Avalon. Книга разделена на три части: любовная лирика, жизненная и философская лирика, стихи на социально-политическую тематику. Основная цель творчества автора - побудить читателей посмотреть на окружающий мир и на привычные жизненные явления другими глазами, отбросить стереотипы и научиться быть собой. Кроме любителей поэзии, книга будет полезна изучающим английский. Она поможет читателям почувствовать красоту и богатство языка и расширить свой словарный запас.

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Уважаемый читатель,

Приветствую Вас на страницах этой книги и предлагаю Вам отправиться в увлекательное путешествие в мой собственный мир. В этом путешествии Вы испытаете новые яркие эмоции и увидите обычные жизненные ситуации с другой стороны. Читая мои произведения, написанные от самого сердца, Вы будете предаваться воспоминаниям, сочувствовать, мечтать и размышлять о жизни. О жизни в стихах.

Обо мне

Я уверена, что лучший способ узнать обо мне больше – знакомство с моей автобиографической поэзией. Никаких скучных фактов, цифр и дат, только голос моего сердца!

Heartless-can-be?

I'm wild and sometimes even heartless-can-be,

I'm fond of collecting illusions to ruin,

I'm breaking the rules life has written for me,

"Create to destroy" best describes what I'm doing.

I'm scarily dangerous, silently loud —

A walking disaster you'd better ignore,

The pain in the neck of a desperate crowd.

But I'm like a magnet – you'll only want more.

You'll figure me out, you'll get to the core:

One beauty, two fears, three dangers – it's me.

You'll enter my heartspace and close the door

For anyone else who I wanted to be.

My truth was denying devotion and faith,

And now you've proved right the opposite true.

A chain of mistakes is the sign of my days,
My strength will forgive me – it led me to you.

Actress

I've turned to an actress regardless my will,
Life's poignant scenario brought me the skill.
Performing, I find the salvation
In changing my costumes and masks.
It keeps my true guise ever changing in turn,
The art of arranging's not easy to learn,
It's more than just bright decorations.
I've handled a difficult task.

I fear the thunder, still dance in the rain,
The gloomy surroundings claim I'm insane,
Not seeing the sense in its absence —
The actress is always to blame!
My tragical comedies last for a while,
Erasing the concepts "the truth" and "a guile",
Deceiving the evident essence,
I'm playing this innocent game.

I speak every language of pleasure and grief,
I've heard every rumor you spread and believe.
Well, I am the subject this season,

In fact, I am proud of it.
I'm nursing the thought they keep talking of me,
Quite happy to seem a discover-to-be
For no particular reason
Except such a playful deceit.

Bitter and Beautiful

I'm bitter and beautiful, Ria by name,
I challenge my dreams in a dangerous game,
I'm less than a lover, yet more than a friend,
A difficult riddle for you till the end.

A poet of April, a daughter of spring,
I'm meant to be happy, I'm happy to sing,
My weapon is beauty, my word is a thorn,
I've changed many parts since the day I was born.

My life gave me wings and I'm learning to fly
To lands of wild orchids and endless July,
My heart has been changing its color and shape,
I'm lost in a maze, but I'll find the escape.

A Silent Muse

I used to have two faces
And masks of any kind,

Two voices spoke inside me,
Two lights were meant to blind me
When I was changing places
But couldn't get me blind.

A hopeless romantic
With many crazy schemes,
A messenger of Cupid
Who looked a little stupid
In this new world, so frantic,
I stayed between extremes.

I used to be a sinner,
And then I went through hell.
Unfiltered life seemed better
And nothing else would matter,
My shell was getting thinner,
It didn't do me well.

Today I'm shining brightly,
A thoughtful silent muse.
Creating art and beauty
Has been my only duty,
My heart is beating quietly,
There's nothing else to lose.

Часть 1. A Story Without an End (История без окончания)

Нефильтрованные эмоции, романтические переживания и любовные разочарования

A Story Without an End

"Me, love and you... Three halves of something whole,

If one is missing, everything is clear."

These words can paint the sorrow in my soul

But once bright colors fade away in years.

I haven't found my peace within your arms,

Forgotten dreams are turning into fear

Of someone else's charm.

I give you everything I have and treasure

But I have nothing. Love is nothing, too.

Love's non-existing, as it has no measure.

I've lost my faith in it. But not in you.

This verse is just another ode to Pothos* —

The guise of my own heart-wrecked destiny.

I still believe in faith, but is it worth it?

Fate's given up on me.

I have convinced us both the feeling faded,
And it is a deceptive honest lie.
At least, I – devastated, torn and jaded —
Was truly independent in your eyes.
If love's opposed to freedom that's in dreaming,
Then love and dreams don't make one sacred whole.
And so, my past completely lost its meaning...
If I exist – and had this past at all.

*Pothos (рус. Пафос) – сын Пигмалиона и его ожившей скульптуры Галатеи, древне-греческий бог любви и страсти

Not Now

In silence my lips have been drawing the shapes
Of phrases, so vague and deprived of a meaning.
My dreams are about to find an escape
To where the end always meets the beginning.
My black and white fears have got an excuse:
I still have the world – in my heart and around.
I'm no longer free – I have something to lose.
The more I deny that my freedom has bounds,
The better I see them, the more my heart frets.
The twilight has failed to appease me somehow.
I'll lose it all soon, but I'll never regret.

My lips keep repeating: "Not me, not right now".

Scarred

It is just another sleepless night,

It's the breath of spring that we await.

One more gulp of wine, and I'm all right,

One more secret till it's way too late.

One more song for no one's reached your ears,

But you think it's happened by mistake.

Every now and then you see me near,

But you've got another heart to break.

I'm a lover, killed by you for good,

I'm the endless beauty you can't face,

I'm the myth you've never understood,

I'm the pill no spirits can replace.

I'm your muse and demon, I'm your pride,

I'm the word that's missing in your song,

I still feel like I'm a scar you hide,

Otherwise you'd tell me I am wrong.

Invisible Scars

The poison of spring has dissolved in my veins;

A second is worth both my future and past.
The more I denied my becoming insane,
The sooner insanity touched me at last.
The silence we hear is the laugh of my fate,
The soundless laugh at the one I forgot —
The yesterday's me – and the force to create
The life I portrayed. But it's less than I've got.
I love the invisible scars of my skin —
The blades of your hands are so tempting, indeed.
These words I give birth to just come from within,
Revealing the truth till the scars start to bleed.
Fate and Fortune

This northern city with headlights-eyes
Has buried me in its cold and gloom;
You'll see this place in a dreadful guise,
And once sweet home will seem a tomb
Once you're aware there's no way out,
Once dreams of youth say goodbye and grin.
It goes farther and makes me doubt
In all the things I have ever seen.
Its blood has turned into ice and snow,
It's endless winter in every heart.
The winds of grief never cease to blow,
The art of grief is the greatest art.

And once in this cradle of dirt and despair
A wandering stranger demanded my mind.
He asked me about this damned northern air
I'd better not breathe – I would leave it behind.
He said: "I'm in love with this misery, miss.
Destruction is right what we need to create.
True art is in grief. I've been dreaming of this.
My yesterday's fortune's tomorrow's fate.
I know all secrets my destiny knows,
So this boring dwelling won't be a surprise".
I thought: "He's my twin, and it clearly shows".
That evening he opened my widely shut eyes.

A perfect stranger has built a wall
To be a shield from this gloom and lies,
From endless rains of this city's gall
That falls on me from the shattered skies.
The wave of feelings can warm the days
Of dull existence in Bitterland
And melt the ice in this rotten place,
In every heart that it's due to mend.
This northern city with headlights-eyes
Has turned us down in its nasty voice
And... brought together. We've paid the price
Of fate to fortune. We've made the choice.

Only Dreaming

My arms held so tightly around your waist
Just spoke for me, as I'd got my lips sealed.
At least they indulged in a new better taste.
Embraced by temptations, I chose to yield.

This night was a blinding exhilarant flash
Of life that's unfiltered, of love that's pristine.
You found the beauty within such a crash,
You planted some hope in the dream world of mine.

But pleasure is gone like this cherry cigar,
The dawn didn't let fortune's secret unfold
Or give me a sign, leading where you are.
A dream half believed in is all that I hold.

Changes

I'm looking around and searching you there,
The bright prospect lights only frown as I stare,
My heart's getting lost in the shatters.
I know you'll pick them all up when you come,
And I'll never mind if you steal at least some,
Just keep them, and nothing else matters.

Those white and green lights got my secret revealed,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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