



LETTER OF LOVE

Young girl,
here you write,
that they loved me at first sight.
And I believe you.
Why wouldn't you love me?
and I shouldn't believe you?
Why am I worse than others?
whom someone already loves?
Nothing.
Moreover, love
as the saying goes,
evil.
Although internally I do not agree with this.
For in fact, love is incredibly kind,
Every loving heart will tell you this!
But you have a loving one?
Yes?..
No?..
Well, why are you silent?!
Oh yes,
my stupid head!
You're not here!
This is me talking to myself,
While the gray autumn rain is falling outside the window,
I remember your letter from yesterday,
which some young man posted on the Internet,
boasted to everyone's ridicule,
Well, they say, what kind of pepper I am!
I saw it by accident, read it and
asleep
accidentally
like an old man.
In a dream you can dream of anything!
And you are crying now,

Maybe.
You're ashamed
that everyone is reading your letter.
Even worthless old people.
Well, forgive them for reading.
It's joyful when someone loves someone.
The rain has finally stopped.
The sun broke through the low clouds with a golden ray.
So is your love -
real gold.
And everything else -
rain:
he will endure and perish.
And the sun will remain with us...

MEANING OF LIFE

Once, in the children's library, a seventh-grader girl asked me a seemingly simple, insidious question, to which, in her opinion, I, as a wise writer, should either immediately give a laconic, specific answer, or admit that I didn't know a damn thing and didn't know anything. I stand: neither as a writer, nor as an adult. This question was: *what is the meaning of life?*

There is no meaning in life.
This is her whole big secret.
Doesn't make any sense:
Should I sing "om", should I count numbers,
Should we burn books, should we surrender cities,
To return to nowhere
Having given my word, lie and swear again, -
Anything is possible, as long as it makes no sense.
Life is as simple as a weed:
Everyone can download their licenses,
Of course, you can also not download it.
There is no point, there is none!... And yet
I will remember it as best I can,
Standing here on our shore,
And looking there with apprehension,
Where there are no us, no shore, no edge...

* * *

Once upon a time fishes swam here,
Once upon a time quite a long time ago.
Beautiful like the Caribbean
Effervescent like wine
Jellyfish shone like halos
Floors of coral grew.
Once upon a time fishes swam here...
Now the swifts are flying by.

Eldar Akhadov.

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