



Poetry

ABOUT LOVE

No need to shout about love on the street,
There is no need to write about love in blood or in chat. No
need to talk about your love
To every stranger.
But when the waves begin to overwhelm the ship,
When the stars in the sky begin to fade en masse, Love
will rise to its gigantic heights
And silently will save everyone who has love.

GOD LOVES POETS

My adult life began at the age of 15, with what other lives
usually end with: I was shot. But not to the end. Therefore, on
my 19th birthday, Captain Verevkin ordered me to be shot a
second time on the Soviet-Finnish border. Fortunately, this
order was canceled at the last moment. I graduated from the
Mining University in St. Petersburg and for many years I was
engaged in various minerals: I searched and extracted copper,
lead, zinc, tungsten, platinum, gold, diamonds, jadeite,
precious stones, coal, oil and gas. I have worked underground
at a depth of 2,200 meters and in the mountains at an altitude
of 4,500 meters above sea level, I have walked the Siberian
taiga and the Arctic tundra, I have been to places where there

is not a single living person within a radius of 500 kilometers. Without telephone and radio communication, on a polar night in the icy Arctic desert, together with two comrades in misfortune, I froze in a broken all-terrain vehicle without a single chance of salvation. Among the Siberian taiga, I saw a car that exploded and burned down with the driver, in which I was supposed to be. They threw a live grenade at me, they tried to sell me at the slave market in Kandahar, Afghanistan. Many miracles happened to me before I wrote about my life crazy poems...

Four years ago I had a stroke, the left part of my brain stopped working, my right leg and right arm almost did not obey me, but I wanted to fly a paraglider. They told me, You're crazy, you can't fly." But I answered: "to fly, me need wings. I am a poet, I have wings!" And I flew. A year ago, my chest was dissected, my heart was removed, the aorta was replaced and the heart was inserted into my chest again. I live. I write poetry. I enjoy every day. I love this world and I know that God loves poets!

Eldar Akhadov