



A sensitive imperative

The wind scatters blurred thoughts
across the windowpane,
confirming the rising rating
of the daily substitution of meanings.

The day is over. It was kind.
A well-deserved evening arrives.
The word, with its sensitive imperative,
paves the way to the Milky Way.

The heavens, unkind to people,
are ready to pass judgment on Earth.
They will condemn for a word,
and are capable of exalting for a word.

The heavens are kind to lyricism –
seeing a regal light behind the shadows.
The word colors life, unconditionally,
in the colors of moments yet unborn.

© **Raisa Melnikova**



A play of thoughts

The journey of confused thoughts is on its way.
There lies the subtlest interweaving of play
and the fresh breath of grass,
and a multitude of invisible truths.

You are subject to the breath of the wind,
my multi-tiered Olympus.
Under the pressure of the polyphony of rhymes—
wine from embodied passion.

From gray—
to a continuous multicolor.
Removing the added layer,
all thoughts are carried away by the game,
thickening the colors with a flash of summer.

The path of transition is daring,
but true.
There, a journey beyond the plane of mirrors,
like a signal of conversion,
sends a word dictated by the nerve.



Vocabulary Palette

The vocabulary palette is painted
with broad and bold strokes.
And the sky still flows overhead,
illuminating the former subtitles.

I move carefully between phrases –
for the stem of the letter will turn into a tree.
And there will be results from the sowing –
harmony is possible even in rhythm.

The story with poets is clear.
Metaphors populate quatrains.
I repent of my metaphorical sin –
after all, even the sun has spots.

You must be submissive to the dear Muse!
With her, truth emerges from fantasy.
When the palette in the dictionary is understood,
there is no reason or place for nonsensical speech.

Everything is precious

The intoxicating scent of blossoming alleys
and the melting taste of ripe cherries,
and the rustling of stars, and the expanse of fields,
and the songs of starlings under the eaves,

and the evening city in the glow of lights,
and the clouds like an airy sphere,
and the new attire of the city squares,
and the drizzling, joyful rain –

Everything is precious to me.
Consolation of the soul
at any hour of the day –
when my heart sins with poetry.
And with them, it's easy and cozy.

Bionote:



Raisa Melnikova is a poet, novelist, journalist, essayist, translator, editor and publisher. She lives in Vilnius, Lithuania. She holds a Master's degree in Educational Studies and is the author of 40 books. Her works and biography have been published in over 400 publications in anthologies in Lithuania, Azerbaijan, Argentina, Belarus, Bulgaria, Bangladesh, the UK, China, India, Latvia, Russia, Serbia, the USA, Japan, and other countries, and have been translated into many languages. She is an Academician of the International Academy for the Development of Literature and Art. She has received 6 Nika statuettes, the Literary Unity and Keeper of Traditions orders, and has been awarded the following awards: the Golden Pen of Russian Literature, the Living Pen of Poetry, the Literary Phoenix, the Art of Words, the Rising Word, and other titles. For her literary work in the spirit of Russian cultural traditions, she was awarded three Imperial House decorations: the 'Heritage' star, 18 medals, and other distinctions. She is a laureate of 18 international literary festivals and competitions. Raisa Melnikova is included in the Encyclopedia of Great Literature.

She is a member of the 'Creativity and Potential' club and the Eurasian Creative Guild (London). She is a member of the following international writers' unions: the Union of Writers of Russia, the International Writers' Union, and the Writers' Union of North America. She is also an Honorary Member and member of the Presidium of the International Literary Association Creative Tribune (ILACT).