



V INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS  
dedicated to the 190th anniversary of the birth of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky



# Collection of poetic works

of participants in the International  
poetry competition



Russia, Sochi  
November 27, 28, 2021

H. P. Blavatsky Poetry Contest, which is being held for the third time within the framework of the Congress and has become a good tradition, this year more than 80 authors from 15 countries, 44 cities of the Russian Federation

USA, Turkey, Pakistan, Jamaica, South Africa, Haiti, India, Cameroon, Nigeria, Colombia, France, Tashkent, Uzbekistan, Ukraine. Belarus. The cities of the Russian Federation Gorodets, Kommunar, Petushki, Taishet, Arzamaz, Belgorod, Volgograd, Domodedovo, Kirov, Lipetsk, Rostov-on-Don, Rubtsovsk, Ryazan, S. Abramovo, Sakhalin region, s. Staroyurevo, Saratov, Sevastopol, Slavgorod, Smolensk, Torzhok, Ulyanovsk, Chernogorsk, Yaroslavl, Moscow, St. Petersburg are represented.

**We are grateful to all the poets who took part in the Contest and dedicated their work to H. P. Blavatsky.**

Several authors are candidates for the victory, including Elena Avtomonova from Kirov "Keepers of the Light", Margarita Meshkova Dedication E.P.B., Adam De Franco from the USA, Ojo Victoria from Nigeria, Zeynan Sary from Turkey, Ekaterina Lebedeva "Cross of Fate" from Moscow, Creative Union "Sphere of Thought" , Igor Afrikyan for the Day of the White Lotus (Moscow), Shaurya A Jauhar, Noida, India, Catalina Isaza Kantor from Colombia.. But the primacy was given to the only poem «**The universe communicates with you**», **Andrey Yarovoy Sevastopol!**

**Winner Of The International Poetry Competition**  
*«Helena Petrovna Blavatsky»*



**Andrey Yarovoy, 65 years old, Sevastopol - Winner Of The International Poetry Competition «Helena Petrovna Blavatsky» 2021.**

Born on August 2, 1956 in Yalta, Crimean region. After graduating from high school, he entered the Sevastopol Instrument-Making Institute for the specialty "Radio Engineering". Upon completion of his studies, he worked as a design engineer at the Sevastopol Experimental Design Bureau for Underwater Research, is familiar with the philosophical works of E.P. Blavatsky, U.K. Judge, E.I. Roerich, B.N. Abramov, which determines the main theme of the works.

The universe communicates with you.  
Be able to understand the "randomness" of meaning.  
Everyone has their own dictionary of the universe,  
Taking into account the experience and life of understanding...

Snatches of phrases and laughter that won't stop,  
A simple plot of an unforgettable painting –  
Hints can say a lot  
To the one who is waiting for an answer from the universe...

To the one who agreed to feel  
Yourself in harmony with nature perfect,  
Someone who has learned to manage  
By the energies of inspired thought.

Not everyone is given, alas, to know themselves  
And to pass the secret exam  
The right to be a creator and receive  
Lessons from the Creator of the Universe.

The universe communicates with you,  
Appealing to the reasonableness of the undoubted.  
The Dictionary of the Universe, wise and simple,  
Suggested for a frank conversation...

**Andrey Yarovoy,  
Sevastopol**



## A Lighted House

Beyond worlds known to us  
In this larger body expense of the universe  
I build a lighted house  
Not shaded from infinity  
But blended through with stardust  
    Black holes  
And the primordial fire storms  
That give delight to such vast creatures

My face  
    My place  
        My wings  
Have been spread out  
By the strongest winds  
So that I am no longer contained  
But instead create  
The free rough draft  
Of human form divine

I build a lighted house  
Not with sticks, stones and mortar  
Not with hands  
But from some celestial cloth  
From the skein of stars  
    Bright  
        Luminous  
            Fiery  
Impulsive to the ways of God  
Wrapped in that delight  
Only he could create

I shall build a lighted house  
Not shaded from infinity  
But open to the four winds  
Of the high mountains from all sides  
With view of the deep river  
That washes this mind clean

So that it may stand pure  
In the face of enlightenment

**Adam De Franco,  
North San Juan, USA**

### **Prison of ignorance**

Minds are empty , words are meaningless here.  
This is the prison of ignorance .  
Custom is law here .  
Women are worthless and girls are slaves.  
This is the prison of ignorance.  
The guadr are bigots who rain death everywhere.  
Mind prisoner , doubt slave and the biggest enemies here.  
This is the prison of ignorance .  
Illiteracy is the religion here , laziness is the prophet .  
Reading and learning is the greatest sin.  
This the prison of ignorance .  
Coming here is not a crime .  
The important thing is not to stay here.  
This is the prison of ignorance .

**Ahmet Bitmen,  
Kurtalan, Türkiye**

### **Funeral of the Dream**

Soars--a fiery ball,  
An illumined corona strolls,  
A volcano erupts,  
A sudden abrupt crawling,  
Giggling and tickling,  
Quivers the inner soul,  
Dawdling movement,  
As fly creeps on sleepy face,  
Apparitional appearance.  
At times, it as  
An unheard whoosh of wings  
Bangs at the soul's door,  
Palpitates heart,  
Commotes "self",  
As a fairy elf,  
Ventures its flight,  
Headed for unknown heights,

Wobbles and shudders  
In unspeakable fright,  
Mounts to light.  
At times, as  
Sun laughs, Moon blinks, Rose smiles,  
In a glossy crystalline form,  
Embodies-an instant dream, a wish,  
Appearance unique,  
In its maiden flight, from heart to head,  
Fragmented, Immaterialized,  
Faceless to mortal eyes,  
Soon  
Dies-a death,  
In the chest,  
Clandestine—who can tell?  
How is funeral performed?  
Of this unsubstantial form.

**Faiz-ur-Rehman,  
Gujranwala, Pakistan**



### **My Life Story**

Two children conceived in the same womb  
But there was a slight difference in one's skin tone  
I thought there were no favorites in the family  
So, tell me why did you find it so necessary to choose?  
I may have a dark skin tone and my looks may not be as  
appealing  
But now I know for sure that the saying " Don't Judge A Book  
By It's Cover" has truly lost its meaning.

**Gabriella Belto,  
Tower Isle P.O, Jamaica**

### **Why did the bronze mannikin fly?**

In the west, I heard he made his mark and received a tribute fit  
for a king  
Earth shakes and wind vibrates at the sound of his name  
You are the youngest in the animal kingdom bronze mannikin  
sour carefully  
Not to step on many toes, beaks sizes vary and in some sharp to  
pierce bone and flesh  
It is ease to think you are a hawk when winds are in favour and  
sky clearer  
Even though with maternal instinct that renounces overnight  
glory  
Why is it, that when I look at him it is a bat I see  
What motivated him to develop eyes for the night and taste for  
blood?  
Tell me, why did bronze mannikin fly?  
Why flew and wondered million miles away  
Abandoning the nest, his home and chose life of a mobster



Was it hunger that pushed him away  
or merely an attraction of life on the fast lane?  
It is hardly entire life story I seek to learn  
How changes begun, either slow or swift  
That it fell and many times returned infested with lice  
A motivation because a devil have find a face on the body of  
bronze mannikin  
It is the way he flares his nostril and raises his voice that I come  
to notice that brat mistakes me for his pal  
Do not tell me that he is a bird it is in his nature to fly  
Not when it is, a wrong side of life to which it flew, a darkest and  
meanest  
Fate has nothing to do with it, because each individual has  
liberty to choose type life to lead

**Khayelihle Bhengu,  
Johannesburg, South Africa**

| [half]~a man |

do not let my eyes see the parts of you  
that you had hidden away for so long.  
i have a fetish for broken things;  
i may look at your imperfections and still think of you, perfect.

nothing lasts forever and i have never been one to stick around,  
so when i walk away—blame it not on me,  
i am half a man trying to teach his heart how to beat for two,  
it gets hard, when i have to hold your heart, to cradle it gently in  
my hands,  
yet they aren't strong enough to hold what they can't understand.

I may say a lot of lies just to shield you from my insecurities,

I may be the wolf that cries boy when you show me your  
feelings;  
but that is why i can never let you see the man behind this mask,  
your heart deserves so much more.....  
than a broken man like me.

**Millen Mwalye,  
Kampala, Uganda**

### **Caring of nature**

Nature is just the source where we draw resources  
In order to enjoy our days in their courses.  
So the environment can let us keep the blue  
Of life sky without technology's rescue.

As there is no struggle about survival  
Which can come close without nature's approval:  
Degrading the climate is dragging man's confort  
Along its destruction without escort.

The land or the climate is depositary  
Of all that existence has as necessary.  
Without their protection alas from this day  
Things will dessapoint us on our destiny's way.

The land is at the growth of world's economy  
From its care all comforts obtain its guarantee.  
Caring of it th' idea of unsatisfaction  
Can no longer haunt us from our situation.

**Olvens louissaint,  
la gonave/ ansa-à-galets, Haiti**

### **Day By Day**

You can do it, I know you can,  
I trust and believe in your plan.  
It has been processed in your mind,  
The ideal path, you shall find.  
It's clear that you have what it takes,  
You simply won't need any brakes.  
Since you have so much passion inside,  
This dream of yours will be a special ride.  
You can do it, I know you can,  
I'm your first and biggest fan.  
One more thing I'd like to say,  
Enjoy the journey - day by day.

**Shaurya A Jauhar,  
Noida, India**

### **The ordinary herb**

The handsome man and attractive girl,  
dream of affairs and love in a whirl  
but life together is eventually dreary,  
when Eros within them becomes weary.

Many a flower is fragrant and alluring  
but unlike the herb has no power of curing.  
Many a woman is attractive and sweet  
but underneath, mainly are her feet.

The Herb often looks much like a weed  
but may contain the medicine we need.



In the ordinary, great treasure we find,  
if we learn to unclutter the mind.

A flower blooms, then soon withers and dies  
but the herb continues its healing supplies.  
Develop great friendship slowly each day  
for nothing so precious in life can we pay.

Build a temple not made with hands,  
so against no matter what, it will stand.  
Be peaceful within and selfishness curb,  
become a healer like the ordinary herb

**Tom Davis,  
Pretoria, South Africa**

### **Conceived without Consent**

That night smiled after shrugging its bowels  
Then with a hard laugh it bulged its plans

What if those two hadn't been together tonight?  
How did it begin? was it a look, touch or better?

Smothering the sounds from such a friction  
The answer to all questions not answered is missed

A fabrication of something stronger than the will  
An ear, mouth, hands and legs, what a wonder!

All of them shapes and sizes not our choices  
Bows to the sort of control without authorization



That night must have given so much for the obvious  
What if it wasn't a night? A day with sunlight if to say

I am thinking of something different like the dusk  
A conception without all architects on board

The result one of admirable wonder and kind  
Would it have made sense if it was another day?

Both surely know it wasn't about their decisions  
Nor does this admirable wonder want to know

All we know lies within us, conceived without consent  
Why were we conceived without consent?

**Tsi Conrad,  
Yaounde, Cameroon**

### **Saptashati – Praising the Goddess**

Am I in all of them?  
All of them -she smiles, Animals are in everyone  
He walks on with me,  
Having run a mini-Zomato  
With scandals of stolen butter  
Do we all joke all the time, I look pleadingly at him?  
Yes its normal he soothes, we all steal butter

From Mirs of Kasmir to Bauls of Bengal, the answer comes in  
unhinged mind states, like for Dostoevsky after his son had  
seizures.

**Vaibhav Sunder,  
Lucknow, India**

### **Sacred Pot**

I am basking on the bliss that comes this era.  
Every now and then,  
I could recall the euphorical nostalgic sensation of-  
Granny's sacred pot.

The night crept in so quickly and quietly,  
Nature relaxes with a beaming face.  
As I pose like a sleeping dog beside granny's leg,  
Now,at that time, when it's sunset.

Words flow freely from granny  
Many gather to sit and listen-  
rapt or laughing until the last oil  
is spent,the sacred pot dances  
with wild imagination, and murmurs of  
appreciation and gasps of amazement.

Just like season begets another simultaneously,  
The feeble seed sprouts a tree!

The one who endure the wind and weather,  
One who toiled with fire and brimstone but-  
Daily scooping the aroma from the ancient earthen,  
To dwell amongst earthlings.

**Ojo Victoria**  
**Ilemobayo, Nigeria**

*Because the sound engenders, or rather congregates the  
elements... is within the sphere of Alchemy.*

*H.P. Blavatsky*

In the beginning there was Sound,  
which we call the Verb:  
germ of light,  
life and mystery.

In the beginning,  
in the presence of darkness,  
the vibration of an echo was enough  
to give shape to luminescence.

The world was the world,  
in the beginning,  
by the very causes of the Word  
and we were humanity  
because a Verse was our shelter.

That Verb spoke  
(immense Logos),  
it pronounced itself  
and within it was already contained all existence.

In the beginning there was the Sound,  
vibrating factory, immense powerhouse  
of silent intermittences,  
the shelter of our being that became flesh.

In the beginning  
and still today  
we are that Name that resonates in the syllables  
of the one who calls us.

Yesterday, today and always  
Verb-Sound-Word;  
power that heals and engenders,  
the key to rite and magic.



Today, in the echoes of these strings  
as in the beginning,  
lies that Name,  
a resonant multiverse.

(Inspired by the reading of The Secret Doctrine)

**Catalina Isaza Cantor,  
Bogotá-Chennai, Colombia-India**

**You laughed and laughed and laughed**

In your ears my dance  
legs and hands swing  
and reflexes to beating drums  
you laughed and laughed and laughed

in your eyes my mouth opened  
In cant persistence  
for truth and justice  
you laughed and laughed and laughed

In your standing spot my mouth  
gushing grime for feelings  
saline to induced emotions  
and you laughed and laughed and laughed

Then I sway my hands and legs  
to the tingling of the impulsive drummers  
but you refused to dance with me  
and you laughed and laughed and laughed

I opened my mouth wide  
Ingrained to arouse your bland emotion



but you refused  
to flow in line with me  
and you laughed and laughed and laughed

You laughed at my dance  
you laughed at my mouth  
you laughed and laughed and laughed  
but your laughter was the sodden fire wood  
and it sodden your dance  
your dance sodden your hands and legs

And now its my turn to laugh  
my laughter is no sodden dance  
neither sodden hands and legs

My laughter is the fire  
ignited to arouse feelings and bland emotions  
the laughter arouse your dance,  
it arouse your hands and legs,  
and your feelings.

So surprise at my feelings  
and you asked  
“why so”  
and I answered  
I am a warrior born by my father  
to fight against oppression and injustice.

**Yamala Johansson,  
Warri, Nigeria**

### **Who we are**

Sometimes we become the sun,  
Sometimes we are snow with rain.  
We are stars in the sky,  
We are a moon born in the evening.

Sometimes an angel,  
sometimes butterfly.  
Sometimes a flower blooms,  
sometimes the hive is also a  
honeycomb.

Time comes and we go,  
we will leave this land.  
In more beautiful universes,  
we become the wind and work.

**Zeynep Sarı,  
Muğla, Turkey**

### **The main thing is don't run away**

You most importantly do not run away from fate  
Be with me honey and don't cry  
She is my salvation  
My love and pleasure

The main thing is don't lie to yourself  
Look at me again  
Give happiness and peace  
Hide from adversity and troubles

Don't leave me alone  
I'm lucky to have you  
Just don't say go away  
You are the main thing always love

You better make a pie  
She loves this is the main lesson  
We stand firmly on the ground  
You're my good, it's all for you

**Yaroslav Zhuravlev,  
Tashkent, Uzbekistan**

### **If only**

This is a difficult way to go halfway,  
I did not die, but turned into dust,  
The one from which the gods are giants  
They are quietly sprouting into our past.

Winter. Frost. The hum of the forest is majestic.  
Perhaps, majestic, the machines are buzzing?  
...So I died. Beat the drums  
And cover my village with snow.

Suddenly, ashes – snow? Suddenly, I'm just a  
snowflake?  
Suddenly, a cloud is Minerva's drunken eye?  
Beckon me to you, cheese path –  
I'm dragging along with you like a zealous gas.

The Lord 's way having passed to the half,  
I saw: a path is growing in front of me

To distant worlds where there is no domovina,  
Where a bodily foot is not needed...

**Nikita Ryzhykh,  
Kiev, Ukraine**

### **The Kiss of Autumn**

A light light pours through the thin twilight,  
Beckoning you to touch your soul.  
The witchcraft slander is spreading like a fog  
Forget about everything and not wake up for a long  
time.

So I want to listen a little bit,  
To see clearly for a moment and be deceived again,  
To know the essence in a second of mortal life  
A little sad, and smile quietly.

Plunge into a long sleep with nature,  
And dream of a distant warm summer,  
Cry a little with her in unison  
And again forget yourself in a light quiet light...

**Svetlana Saprankova,  
Gomel, Belarus**



### **Keepers of the Light**

The Purest Souls of the Holy Land,  
Keepers of the secrets of the universe!  
You saved the stairway to heaven from evil,  
To make life perfect.  
All the black malice of human thoughts  
You held the Light with a shield.  
So that people don't destroy everything in an instant,  
You have given your Power to the Earth.  
The Earth has absorbed your Warm Light  
And breathes the sky with love,  
And human malice, cruelty, war -  
Her wounds, they flow with blood.  
Closing my eyes, I see Your Light,  
And tears will wash my soul.  
Please send people an answer -  
That their thoughts and words are worth their dirt.  
And it costs not only the Earth,  
It is worth the whole universe.  
People, stop wandering in the dark,  
Make the world perfect !  
Do as your Father did,  
He has been waiting for it with love for a long time.  
Let's put an end to the anger  
And the Planet will shine!

**Elena Avtomonova,  
Kirov**

### **The mind**

To the swamp of utopias, the darkness of  
swamps  
Light-Reason goes with rigor:  
I will honor the diligent  
With a golden axe.

Leads the laws by the bridle:  
Beginnings, principles, crowns  
Practical science,  
A funny proud thing.

Tearing off the litter of shackles and  
blinders,  
Conducts a free conversation:  
Cut here, measure there.  
From perspective it hits point blank,  
Prepares immortality for us.

**Andrey Antipov,  
Lipetsk**

### **Life and Love**

Bigger than life, there is no test,  
Feelings are more worthy of beautiful love.  
Secret knowledge is closed in the heart,  
Life and love are intertwined in us.

We can resist for long days  
To the eternal fate of the disobedient and evil.  
Life and love are the light beyond the mountains,  
Early dawn over the old earth.

Life is a secret and trembling gift,  
A thin vessel was forged by the sky.  
Awakening juice, trusted to people,  
From Above, caring, suddenly pour.

**Anatoly Arrestov,  
Rubtsovsk**

### **For the day of the White Lotus**

Dedicated to Elena Petrovna Blavatsky, her Great teachers, as  
well as to all those sleeping and awakened in the truth.

As usual in the history of the earth  
Where is not earthly and unknown goodness,  
Trumpets the truth to those who have fallen asleep by the river  
Whose shores are  
Two worlds....  
Young and old before them, they could meet.  
For the awakened - those shores are not life.... not death..  
They are mouths...  
Divine love...  
From the depths of darkness in a snow-white pan  
The Flower of Dawn  
In the name of true knowledge  
To whom for joy, and to whom and in spite of  
He was revealed in a distant land of the world  
On the firmament of the Orthodox side  
Where the girl was named Elena  
So in the female guise of an innocent  
A divine sprout has sprouted  
And from snowy Russia  
Into the many-faced world that the prophet



The one who pulled down all the earthly ones has ascended...  
To the heights of the spirit, there  
Where is God  
One, for all roads to him  
How many years ago -  
For mortal eyes - what a tall tale  
But for the ages of hearts, it's just a moment.  
Where does the mind end  
And the spring beats the beginning time  
You are beyond such, if you were not,  
Would you believe those who have been standing there for a  
long time?  
Accept it!  
Selfish Europe  
And the world embraced by myths  
is that darkness in which the white lotus is eternally  
Sprouted and enlightened so many  
Accept it!  
A great gift,  
From the hands of almost immortals  
To all of us who are in the wheel of rebirth have fallen  
Among dusty books - not the best inheritance  
Always alive, - the heart is still pounding,  
It is a great magical remedy  
And the philosophical stone of all luminaries  
Don't forget and drink, - minute by minute, daily  
Medicinal bliss, - Truth elixir.

**Igor Afrikyan,  
Moscow**

## **Spirituality**

A person will be the one who fills the soul with sincere love!  
And let the number of scars remain a mystery of a person,  
emphasizes the integration of systems and functions of his  
formation in the integrity of the mental world of the individual,  
the fundamental role of his spirituality as a regulator of behavior  
and thinking in the life stage of the path! activities and hobbies ,  
moralizing , or higher than the laws of attraction , the ability to  
smooth out corners , from sadness and a lonely path , but even  
this does not happen for a long time.

His relationships with other people are waiting for him!  
Endowing them initially with the fate of reciprocal or unrequited  
love!

Whatever you say!

We will have to go through to gain spirituality, giving wings of  
freedom to this life outside the Game, invented by the tricks of  
our life and fate

Having chosen the path, it is as if you are looking for your time  
and a place for your soul and warmth on this earth!

Fire and the power of words, actions and steps to meet, sincere  
and his only goal of his! Full of spirituality, inside and are not  
afraid of betrayal or impulses of falsehood, throwing dust in your  
eyes!

Having let go of their self-love in those minutes, the petals flew  
under the integrity of their side and Happiness again, giving all  
the tenderness to the last minute on earth!

Resurrecting yourself again and again , for the sake of a new  
hope for love !

**Bayandina Daria,  
Saint Petersburg**



### **About a small Homeland**

There are three houses along the road where I was born.  
And my neighbors are familiar to me from the cradle.  
All the holidays are there together. There are no quarrels there.  
If it is difficult for someone, then the neighbor helps.  
Only the free steppe ... Along the road birch trees dressed up in  
spring, tried on earrings.  
There I loved to look at the stars at night, to meet the tender  
scarlet dawn early in the morning.  
It 's a pity that I 'll never be there again...  
I will miss my little Homeland for a long time... Chkalov Street.  
A quiet narrow street, do you remember me, dear?  
As a girl in a blouse and skirt , I ran barefoot there .  
I read books on the bench , played with a boxer dog , did not let  
the neighborhood boys bully me .  
Birch trees, hanging earrings, grew in our front garden, the  
garden was always decorated with roses and dahlias.  
The apple tree was bending its branches, the fruit was poured  
on it, ducks, geese were in the poultry yard, roosters were  
fighting again.  
Our beloved house , I remember every corner of you .  
The walls and ceiling are whitewashed with a bright color.  
They are also pleased with the "wet Vanka" (this is such a  
flower), pots with blooming geraniums on the windows, where  
the south and east are.  
It 's like the house comes alive in my faithful memory .  
The picture , changing , flashes .  
People living on it:  
Grandma , Mom is in the kitchen .  
German speech is heard, housewives are busy together, they  
will cook and bake.  
Defly managing the dough, sending the filling to the soup,  
grandma sat down in a chair.  
I'm in a hurry to help her :  
I carry a spinning wheel and bags, rabbit fluff in them.  
Summer will end soon .  
Another day has gone out .  
Evening. Yarn is being spun .



Mom is already knitting a shawl.  
White ... with a border ... pink . I'm so sorry.  
This is one of the last mom - related things .  
Mom will be gone soon, but the memory of her is alive.  
The street remembers , Mom .  
The neighbors remember you, the house that you decorated, the  
pine tree remembers at home , our birches remember , the apple  
tree remembers in the garden.  
Sooner or maybe later I'll meet you, I'll come.

**Burakova Svetlana,  
Belgorod**

### **September is Autumn**

September in old-fashioned galoshes, made of colorful  
leaves coat.  
He pleases passers-by with his appearance.  
It's raining - he wanders under an umbrella.  
A dim lantern on a shady alley bent down in a timid  
bow, embarrassed... To make it warmer for him, the  
younger birches snuggled next to him.  
Clouds (all in gray) change in appearance, only a  
breeze will blow timidly on them.  
It 's a pity September disappeared into thin air .  
October does not give us so much beauty...  
Orange September  
Orange September blew into my window , it covered  
the porch with purple - yellow foliage .  
Stop for a moment, calendar, let me enjoy the autumn  
sometimes.  
Let the sun warm us with warmth .  
Let the wind gently ruffle my pigtails .

And my best friend and I , like sisters , will walk through  
puddles barefoot at least once more .  
The two of us will look into the autumn garden together.  
There apple tree branches bend from the fruit .  
We will collect and taste them, and there are several varieties  
of apples here.  
And there in the garden the grapes have poured and the ripe  
grapes beckon with transparency .  
And what else? Of course , flowers .  
They are undeniably of wondrous beauty.  
In the garden I will share secrets with my girlfriend.  
About the most expensive I will whisper in your ear:  
"I like a boy for a long time .  
He's kind of like everyone else, but he loves books.  
He doesn't have a day without sports, he does all the training."  
And whispered to her excitedly without stopping:  
"And maybe the poets are wrong?  
Spring is the time of love, is it so?  
After all, it's orange autumn in the yard and managed to fall in  
love very, very much." But then the heavy autumn rain from  
the garden quickly drove us home.  
While we were running , that boy came towards us ,  
probably from training (the ball under his arm), he famously  
manages the bike and doesn't seem to notice us at all.  
He poured rainwater from a puddle over us, and I'm thinking:  
Did he love or did he not love?  
Maybe he was in a hurry somewhere...  
The rain is to blame, because the boy poured himself.  
Let spring put everything in its place .  
In spring, love is available to all hearts.

**Galyura Violetta, 15 years old,  
Slavgorod**

### **Jesus christ**

Oh, the star sparkling in the waters,  
You sow your pure light from the depths.  
In Bethlehem, a woman suffered in childbirth,  
So a great Son was born into the world.

Swaddled, put in a manger.  
At that moment, he was just a son to you.  
And a smile shone on his lips,  
Beloved son, long-awaited son!

Oh, Mary, you are blessed!  
Glorious is your baby for the ages!  
Rejoice! After all, that joy is priceless -  
His name will always live!

And you, the saint, bent over him.  
He's blinking at you.  
The mother's heart beats without knowing,  
That He will deliver the world from sin!

Oh, the star sparkling in the waters,  
You sow your pure light from the depths.  
In Bethlehem, a woman suffered in childbirth,  
So a great Son was born into the world!

**Natalia Mountain,  
Taishet**



### **New Temple**

A new Church has been built in the village,  
the people deserve it.  
People with Faith need to live,  
Services in Churches to conduct,  
And perform rituals,  
Whom to baptize, whom to marry.  
Put candles on the memorial  
And leave notes,  
To pray for health  
And, of course, communion.  
Everything is beautiful in the new Temple  
Both the building and inside.  
There is a bell tower at the Temple  
And from the local bell ringers.  
The village cheered up again  
Both old and young go to the Temple.  
And the villagers are grateful  
To everyone who created it again..

**Davydova Olga,  
Arzamaz**

### **Music of Life**

To make the voice of life sound like music,  
Comprehend the essence - the beginning of the beginning:  
Conception in the womb is a gift of love from heaven,  
The birth of life is a miracle of miracles.

The invisible world is filled with music,  
The Universal Choir is a voiced broadcast.

Not everyone can understand it,  
Hear the sounds, learn their secret.

Seven notes - to help him. And for centuries  
They carry all the music in their hands.  
How short are their worldly names!  
There are signs and writings on the sheet music...

Here every note is a pitched sound!  
A sensitive ear will certainly catch it:  
They are like birds on the branches-strings,  
Love and happiness are singing!.. Pain and fear...

Hearken, soul! Open your heart to them -  
And the world will become clear and loved.  
Only seven notes. But they  
also give us the light of the sun, and fabulous dreams.

There is a note To - a huge house on earth  
In it we live with you until the end.  
And the note Re - flows like a river for us,  
Everyone is destined to enter it only once.

The Mi note has all the cute words,  
Minor and sadness. And the tenderness in it itself.  
Here's a note of Fa! - Like a torch in the dark,  
The path lights up the maze for those,

Who has entered the path of the fight against evil,  
It will show the way, it will add strength to the soul!  
There is a note of Salt - pressed, solid -  
Support, salt of the earth, always strong.

A note La - Lamour, lavue - love,  
Hearts are filled with excitement again.  
And in the note of Si - the radiance of heaven -  
The way to the temple. The dome. Gilded cross.

We are completing the life path with you

Holy prayer - music soul -  
Seven notes in the temple, in the choir sounded,  
The greatness of life is glorified, "death is corrected."

It is more expensive in the world of all awards.  
And everyone is clean of music. And holy.

**Demidova Nina,  
S. Staroyurevo**

### **A drop of light in the ocean of Love**

How important it is for everyone to Keep Love.  
It is the basis of eternal life.  
How important it is to repay everyone's debt.  
And paint the world with White Light.  
    Keep People Clean  
    The Universal Higher Light of Insight.  
    Recognition, Joy, Kindness  
    And the Beauty of the soul of Creation.  
The Great Power of Kindness  
The world is waking up to the wedding.  
Where the spirit marries your life.  
Sorrows are fading into the past.  
    And an irrevocable hour .  
    Forever the shadow will scatter with Light.  
    Life is Infinity.  
    The eternal moment.  
    Love heals Eternity.

**Svetlana Kachevskaya,  
Moscow**



And again the stars are above me.  
They ring, they sing  
And the light is bottomless blue  
Like warm rain, they pour on the ground.

And the city is drowning in silence,  
Everyone is asleep, and the streets are empty.  
There is no answer to my question,  
It's high time to burn bridges.

Our whole life is a crazy dream.  
Who is the villain in it, and who is the hero?  
There is no answer. The ringing subsides.  
And only the stars above me...

I hear a voice in the darkness of the night.  
He calls me to fly away from the earth.:  
To fly, spreading the darkness with his palms,  
Where is the answer to the question: "Why?"

Why, why is this spark in me,  
When everything around is immersed in snow,  
When the names are icy around,  
When silence weaves the web...

I want to go where the voices are ringing,  
To where more miracles are happening,  
Where you can catch dreams like snowflakes...  
Call me, voice! Call louder!

**Kirichenko Marina,  
Saint Petersburg**

## Prayer

The words rallied for prayer.  
Such are the times now  
that  
the soul is subject to helplessness again, – alone.  
Prayer is not a fight. Not a harvest.  
And not hunting for sin.  
And not a desperate oath  
on frankness riding.  
Prayer is the quiet terror  
of the mind. For nothing, that's all.  
.and whose impotence is worse,  
perhaps, than hell itself.  
He only dares to believe  
when he is exhausted and humble.  
And kneeling by the door.  
..but there is no door among the walls.  
The words rallied for prayer.  
Such are the times now.  
A single battle.  
Where the soul should stand.

I pray for those who are lonely,  
and this weight is pinned down.  
And I didn't overcome the pain.  
I pray for those who are not spared  
from the chosen footpath.  
I pray for those who are on the edge.  
And he looks, looks, looks into the abyss –  
his sad one.  
..for those who are called into the heavenly battle  
to die in that battle.

**Kozina Olesya,  
Ulyanovsk**

### Love is written on the heart

And they are familiar to me... dots on the map,  
But the heart is in no hurry to protect  
Beautiful but alien landscapes,  
Pleasant, but not native speech.  
Only that one country is dearer to me than all of them,  
Only that one is my own mother,  
Which is not easy to live with, but still  
I can't break the umbilical cord with her.

And I will not forget the words of love.  
You can't go through life light without them,  
Inscribed on the heart at birth  
Cyrillic in Russian.

**Kocheneva Love,  
Arzamas**

...And what do I have left? Here are the cups, I signed:  
Here are pencils, here are markers,  
I have marked all sorts of events with them...  
Here are markers, three packs, all new,  
It would be better if I gave them to someone...  
There are two scenarios here, both ready-made,  
About how a man fell in love with a woman.

Documents in a box, certificates, passport,  
Photos and two movie tickets...  
Why did you save it? Just as a keepsake...  
And here are three cassettes with a cracked film -  
What voices are recorded there!  
Dmitrievich Alyosha with some girl  
Gypsy romance calls to heaven...



And – also for memory - drawings from my daughter,  
And these are crafts from her garden -  
a cube, a dog, whistles, flowers...  
And a postcard from my son - "To my father on his birthday."  
He was not rich – he gave postcards...  
Get rich - give the estate,  
That's what he once told me...

What else? Notes to mom from Dad -  
A sea of love in a crumpled file...  
A puppy made of porcelain, one-legged for a long time...  
Stamps in a cigarette box,  
Calendar, bell... A kiss in the wind,  
And the color of your eyes, and the smell of your hair,  
And the moon flower that will disappear by morning...

That's all I managed to save up.  
That's all I'm taking with me.

Ilya Krystul,  
Moscow

### A New World

*"... a new World is coming to replace the old one.  
One can only wonder how much humanity  
lives in the consciousness of mirages"*  
Elena Roerich

The wind sweeps over the country.  
He sweeps away the illusions of the masses.  
And didn't you notice him?!  
The changes will affect us as well.

Changes will awaken consciousness  
Through the pain of sobering torments.  
The Cleansing Wind of Suffering  
He will save us like a true friend:

From illusions that are worse  
The most terrible bodily ulcers.  
And from the slavery that the souls suffer,  
To rise to the defense afraid.

The deadline has come. Changes are coming!  
Their steps are confident, fast.  
The New World will not tolerate treason!  
And the enemies will be defeated!

**Irina Kroitor,  
Kommunar**

### **I bow my head before the book**

I bow my head before the book  
And where can I find the exact words,  
To describe everything I feel  
When my hand touches the books.  
Everyone knows - a book is a learning experience!  
After all, it is impossible to live without it.  
It gives you to know the basics of patience,  
Everything is selfless, taking nothing for it.  
When a bad mood suddenly overtakes  
And there is no answer to the questions of being  
I take the book as if it were God's creation  
And I find myself born again.  
O book! You have so many combinations:

Intelligence, cordiality and wisdom in words.  
You direct the mind to creation –  
To do good, not to betray yourself in business.  
O book! You are a source of inspiration.  
In you I draw all that I live by  
You are a reflection of light to me in the darkness.  
As a devoted friend, I cherish you!

**Galina Kulikova,  
Arzamas**

### **The Cross of Fate**

About the meaning of the Cross  
The question is not asked for nothing.  
Generated his Powers –  
Orthodox old-timers.  
They created the Cross of Destiny,  
That only pleas change.  
There are many meanings given in it.  
The road begins  
With the understanding of Christ.  
To be taken down from the cross  
And you, and your whole family,  
And close people.  
It is necessary to beg for dishonor,  
Both inside and out,  
And then the diagonal  
Turn into a vertical.  
It is impossible to change the cross  
His power cannot be known.  
If your conscience is not clear,  
Life is not easy.



That's why Judas was born,  
To find out where you're from,  
From what depths and bottom  
It rises, -  
That insidious nature  
The human race,  
What is not subject to forgiveness,  
Only prayer, not revenge.  
Everyone can face it,  
The crossbars will close,  
And there will be a Cross of Fate -  
A reflection of the struggle  
There are two principles in a man,  
So that his Spirit grows stronger.

**Ekaterina Lebedeva,  
Moscow**

### **Autumn**

And on Shchelkovsky farm autumn  
It brings both joy and sadness.  
In heaven , the infinite wake up,  
There is a beloved Russia on earth.  
I walk along the path barely audibly,  
The soul freezes in delight.  
What a day the Almighty gave me  
And he didn't take a penny for it!  
There are placers of amber leaves everywhere,  
There are silver cobwebs on the branches.  
A radiant light breaks through  
Through an autumn colored stole.  
The surface of the pond, like an earthly eye,

Reflects the shy forest.  
Everything is on the threshold of sleep and rest,  
Waiting for new miracles!

**Makarycheva Svetlana,  
Arzamas**

**Photo frame by E.I. Roerich**

I decided to put your light appearance, which is in the photo,  
in a frame.  
But what did the care come from  
Do this job?

Perhaps in India far away  
You dreamed in silence  
Pet a Russian birch,  
Admiring her in the spring.

But you, however, patiently,  
Becoming a beacon in the spiritual darkness,  
In her labors she burned for a happy,  
A wonderful life on earth.

I thought: "Let it be in the photo  
The birch tree will be next to her."  
And now the work is finished,  
And the face became closer and kinder.

**Grigory Maslov,  
Ryazan**

### Talking to a horse

I learned the bird language,  
I was walking along the moonlight path.  
A horse, throwing off a creaking britzka,  
She whispered words in my ear.  
We settled down in the hayloft.  
The evening was flooded with moonlight.  
- The foals didn't sleep again.  
- That's mine, too, sleeps badly ...  
moving his nostrils with his muzzle,  
The horse quietly tells me so.  
- You say a person sounds proud?  
Well, what does a horse sound like?  
Like a cow's warm udder,  
Like a heavenly angel taking off.  
All meadow grasses  
Her warm mane smells.  
Everything happens in this world.  
Everyone has their own way to heaven.  
... And barely keeps up with her  
A man with a horse soul.

Anastasia Makhova,  
Moscow

Under the mountain sky, between the stones,  
Nothing hurts the ear.

The Teacher and the shepherd were having a conversation,  
without any fuss.

And it was as clear as day,  
For these two husbands.



One came to graze sheep,  
the second to teach people.

"Tell me, uninvited sage.  
What are you dreaming about?  
What are you looking for among the sheep  
And this beauty?"

The sage replied haughtily  
His accomplished karmas:  
"I dream of only one thing,  
I want to build a temple.

So that the old and young in it found  
Salvation and Vow,  
To praise the good in it  
And they taught everyone."

The shepherd said, "Why go  
Far away?  
To build a temple on the mountain  
Made of clay and stones?"

Why teach people good  
In the mountains among the animals?  
Good, wise man, not in the gut  
Hiding from people.

My glorious great - grandfather used to say,  
That the Temple is not alive in places,  
That the Temple stands in the hearts of people,  
Everything else is dust.

The one who brings good to the people  
Does not climb to the top.  
Good, like light, is valuable only  
where darkness rules."

I asked the shepherd then

The teacher at that moment,  
What did you come here for  
This audacious opponent:

"Why did you climb high?  
And without reducing the speed.  
You talk to a wise man about  
where to build walls."

"I will not undertake to teach you,"  
was the shepherd's answer.  
"I am absolutely, in order to,  
To graze herds here.

I wish you to be  
Wiser every day.  
And, if possible, create  
Only with the heart, not with the mind."

**Maksumov Ruslan,  
Domodedovo**

### **One day the ships evaporated...**

One day the ships evaporated  
Cars melted like ice,  
Cities have disappeared from the face of the earth  
And they became just a cloud of dust.

Raising the soil, forests reared up,  
Oceans surged on land  
, Poles swapped places  
And dormant volcanoes erupted.

Fire was replaced by snow, snow by fire,  
The core of the planet was angrily bubbling,  
Then the hurricane gasped, then the thunder groaned,  
But suddenly one day the storm stopped...

Water and land. Land and water.  
Goodbye, culture, and goodbye, science:  
There is no trace of Newton in the world,  
There is not a sound from Mozart on the whole earth.

The ether is filled with an echoing silence,  
The tides are humming in the darkness,  
The cycle is completed and everything is back to zero,  
Sunset without us is silently accomplished.

**Tatiana Melchikhina,  
Saint Petersburg**

### **Dedication to H.P.B.**

How piercing is the look of your eyes!  
Their bottomless pools of dreams  
They are carved like a diamond,  
Myriads of sparkling tears!  
And with the sacred waters of the Ganges, this moisture flows  
over the face,  
Exposing both pain and vices and instilling fear in the  
scoundrel.  
This look sends fate to people who are truly pure and bright,  
He carries them with the dawn wind,  
And a storm accompanies the ship:  
So it rushes, loving and burning,  
Fading and yet burning,



A spark of eternity, a moment without knowing,  
As I do not know the Eternal One.  
But your gaze directs to the pier,  
Like a lighthouse in a terrible sea screaming,  
More and more often, Lord, I notice,  
This light that is open to the sighted.

#### Reproaches

Forgive their ignorance, God!  
And forgive the fear of You:  
Their reproaches are stricter and stricter,  
And it is difficult to row them in the sea.

It is difficult for them to understand that there are  
Other ways through the forest,  
That Gnostics open the way  
To the threshold of the cherished heaven.

Recognition is difficult for them  
Another Liturgy of Yours,  
Where does Brahman create the universe  
In the halls of the Aryan kings.

Dear to them are their native temples  
With stucco icons of expensive,  
The handkerchief of my beloved mother,  
Covering the edge of gray braids.

But it's nice for me, my Dear, too  
Vibhuti of Your Ashrams,  
The censer ringing with laughter  
The pulpits of the eastern Siddhas!

Latvia's books are dear to me  
From very small circulations,  
From the hands of the theosophists of Riga,  
Proclamations of the holy watchmen!

Forgive their ignorance, God!

And forgive me the pain of persecution...  
their reproaches are stricter and stricter,  
But I keep rowing.

**Margarita Meshkova,  
Saint Petersburg**

### **Holy**

You don't know what you're losing!  
Real sincere happiness.  
It's bad for you now, those  
who use bad habits,  
and I feel good now,  
because I  
am completely clean and healthy,  
in other words, a Saint.

This is your one-way ticket.  
I took only one ticket there.  
I made all the calculations  
and made conclusions.  
I decided everything myself.  
I need to be there.  
I know it will be easier  
and calmer for me there.  
After all,  
it's good where you're most comfortable.  
And your soul  
seems to adjust itself  
to the right way.

Changes are important and should  
be for every body.

Having changed one thing in yourself  
, the other changes.  
Do what you  
think is most likely  
and true.

Why are we all strong?  
Why are we all strong?  
Look on the Internet.  
As many answers, so many opinions.  
Everyone can extract their truth.  
And you know - there's a time for everything!  
Find your destiny in the universe.  
Everyone is strong in their own way.  
The one who writes and loves philosophy  
is wise in his personal life,  
always defends a personal point of view,  
goes to the very end,  
no matter what, will  
not stumble out of the blue.

Never step aside  
if there is a misfire.  
Find a reasonable solution  
to any problem.  
Always be optimistic and  
confident.  
Don't be stingy for someone  
you consider your best friend.  
Be on the defense of your rights  
and to love your homeland - always.

**Mikryukova Olga,  
Kirov**



### **There is no death**

Don't come to the stone  
Memorable look...  
there's no me!..  
I disappeared into the rainbow  
Rain...  
In the foliage of a green oak grove...  
In a cold and wavy river...  
And in a stone of a century-old city...  
I am in the spirit of the Russian people...  
In the rays of a beautiful sunrise...  
I am in the spirit of mother earth...  
I am in the universe... In the stars...  
on the planets...  
I dissolved all in my  
Divine love ...  
I am in the heart of God...  
There is no death! ...  
Look for me there! ..

**Vladimir Mirov,  
Saint Petersburg**

### **The unknown Teacher**

Forest paths lonely friend,  
The mountains of the clouds are a friendly connoisseur,  
Not a ploughman, not a father and not a spouse –  
A passerby, a spectator in theater cities.

A pilgrim to the holy places of the earth,  
A connoisseur of ancient, miraculous icons,

Blessing, praying for us  
At natural and ecclesiastical altars.

The Keeper of wisdom unwritten by anyone,  
And the one who remembers everything due to remember,  
Everyday waves do not drown him,  
And he comes with a bow to Bethlehem.

Like an Eternal Jew, mysteriously immortal,  
And immaculate, like the Holy Mother,  
What's your name, my unknown ideal?  
How to meet, and having met, to find out?

**Morozov Igor,  
Gorodets**

### **I confess my love to my native land**

I confess my love to my native land.  
The side where the nightingales sing.  
Where any street is familiar,  
On which, they remember, they know, they are waiting.  
Where I walk through the dews with excitement.  
Sincerely childish, barely breathing.  
Where the poem is born,  
My soul comes alive in him.  
I confess my love to my native land.  
Motherland, let me love you.  
I'm living by you, not playing,  
On the ground of his empty role.  
And now after living for a year, I know.  
The motherland lives in my soul.  
I confess my love to my native land.

And I give my poems to you.  
He and She.  
The iron door was closing.  
The two destinies were separated.  
The key was rusting, but no one wanted to.  
Stretch out your hands to reconciliation.

He walked the roads proudly.  
And he calmed himself down all the same:  
"What did I find next to her,  
Look closely, no face, no skin."

She burst into tears.  
The house listened to her languid moans.  
I've been breaking glasses since morning,  
With a bold cry: "There are millions of them!"

Moss covered the iron castle.  
The two quietly at the door sighed.  
With a stick, He has gray hair at the temple.  
We were sorry that we lost the key.

**Olga Pirogova,  
S. Abramovo**

### **A magical "Hurrah!"**

I don 't know where for a long time  
In what land or country  
The God of Light was called "Ra"  
So, whoever is with the light is with Ra.

To merge the forces of light together  
And the enemy 's darkness to defeat,



They took in the air in full  
And they shouted loudly: Hooray!

Hooray! - And the darkness was retreating!  
Hooray! - Praise be to all the warriors!  
Hooray! - The good news has come!  
Hooray! - You can't count the victories!

I don 't know where for a long time,  
But I know, in our only country,  
Although people do not remember Ra –  
There is a magical "Hurrah".

Hooray! - You are our battle cry!  
Hooray! – We are proud of you!  
Hooray! - And joy is in full swing!  
Hooray! – And we don't care about anything!

**Natalia Plastinina,  
Yaroslavl**

### **Today -tomorrow...**

Today I'm looking out the window at the sun.  
Yesterday, it flooded the planet.  
Yesterday, there were grasses, meadows and fields...  
.. And tomorrow..... And tomorrow, the war has come.  
Yesterday, boys on the grass, barefoot...  
Yesterday they knew that life is home.  
Yesterday and today....ordinary days.  
And tomorrow.... And tomorrow they are soldiers.  
And the mother's heart is not beating in time,  
She can't understand how it is -

Yesterday her son dreamed of love,  
And tomorrow... And tomorrow only explosions lights!  
And the mother prays to the Almighty: "Save!"  
Have mercy, my son, on the field of war!  
Today, let him come out of the fight, alive!  
And tomorrow.... And tomorrow, he will return home!"  
And the mother's word is stronger than the enemy!  
And louder than an explosion, and as strong as armor!  
And he hears prayer! They hear the Motherland!  
And tomorrow.... And tomorrow, to fight again...  
But the son does not give up on the attack.,  
He's like a talisman, quietly "mom" will whisper  
And this word will give strength to the fighter,  
And tomorrow..... And tomorrow he will give a rebuff to lead.  
Not all the sons returned home.  
And the mother's heart hopes in vain.  
And he is waiting, even though faith has faded away for a long  
time.  
And tomorrow...And tomorrow a new time is given.  
For the mother, the son remains a hero!  
Even a young fighter, even a gray-haired warrior.  
Their hearts intertwined with an invisible thread...  
And tomorrow.... And, tomorrow, pray for your mother!

**Ksenia Ponomareva, 14 years old,  
Chernogorsk**

### **Without even thinking to say it**

| S / trachy of life - death dust in the eyes!  
| A / heron underground - the mournful shore! \*  
/ M / ore sad souls - trembling in the teeth!

/T|eocrates from Paradise excluded...

|O/the gentle braz is almost colorless.  
|G/ospody! - don't let me forget  
| Oh/ dear braz, what the wind brought me!

| N/ och the blizzard will howl like a wolf!  
|E | le-barely a glimmer of soul.

| D / o / to the Heavenly halls!  
/ At / the porch of the World, slowly,  
|M/ ost has opened and legs are dragging.  
|And/ the ngels are already singing an aria —  
|I/ hear them as if from nowhere.

/S| I dream about him — and they bring me a dish, —  
/K|I need peace and shelter:  
| And | I let go of my love,  
/ Z | oloto and ashes, the dust of longing,  
| A /ly day, blood-muddy Nile...  
|T/ak my sunset or Azrael  
The light is cold and exciting to me!

**Rybchik Yan,  
Starodubskoye village, Sakhalin region.**

### **Creek**

Progress towards perfection  
is like water... She is close to the Path.  
Lao Tzu.

...  
The blue-eyed forest stream rings like a Taoist bell.  
Splashes  
the faces of clouds and trees under my feet:  
- Do you recognize this?.. And this?..



And I catch the confetti of the sun  
and let it into the icy waves,  
like hot goldfish.

Cute goldfish!  
Fish of stupid human Hope!  
Frolic, swim boldly!  
Wise Dragons of Sorrow do not live in shallow running water

I will gather the faces of clouds and trees,  
hide them in my heart,  
and let my soul go free  
to rest in transparent fun.

Let the wounds of the stars heal,  
the songs of the birds will be forgotten,  
and the distant will become close,  
and the close will be simple and understandable...

Carelessly - crystal,  
cheerful forest water!  
Dao fleeting smile!..

How I love the rainbow  
Your Secret!

**Natalia Smekhacheva,  
Torzhok**

A tired day glimmer,  
It will spin, bewitch.  
From the shoulders of all mankind  
All the sorrows will inflate.

Thoughts in a cry and a sigh,  
The face reflected.  
Through sadness and laughter,  
The tears reappeared.

The Gods are eternal guardians,  
Here, above the mighty world,  
Show us mercy,  
Help us waiting.

**Stepanchuk Oksana,  
Volgograd**

### **The Book of Life**

And again a year has passed, turning the leaf over,  
And the book reads faster and faster...  
The number of pages we would find out if we were sad,  
But we know that the content is more important!  
And how many times in your dreams  
We were returning to the beginning of the book,  
To make an important quote in a hurry  
To determine what we lacked in life.  
And so sometimes you want to  
We need to change the book in the library,  
But such rules are not given by fate,  
And there is no extra book in the file!  
But can we read a book  
With deep feeling, expression,  
So that the audience could say:  
Yes, there will be a sequel in this book!

**Inna Suvorova,  
Saint Petersburg**

**H.P. Blavatsky**

You are a sphinx in shining clothes  
That knowledge brings to the World,  
They defeat the ignoramuses,  
The end of the corrupting idol.

The riddle of time!.. However,  
The path is straight for open hearts  
You paved, with honor, sacredly,  
Treading The Fiery Path.

You Have Fulfilled Your Universal Duty,  
And you continue to serve,  
Wisdom image of the Resurrection  
Selflessly store.

The Voice of Silence having accepted  
Afternoon, morning, evening, at night,  
Giving everything to the drop  
To see the keys of Chaos.

So that Theos can understand the Beginning  
They were a bright guide,  
So that the Glory of Truth shone  
Having cleansed the Old Testaments.

And through people 's speculations,  
You have carried a sprout of Love,  
The Laws of the Cosmos of Creation  
Invested in books and articles...

**Creative Union "Sphere of Thought"  
Yulia Lonchakova and Dmitry Nahai,  
Saint Petersburg**



### **Dare with all your heart!**

Wake up! Urgency appeals to the soul.  
We need to live, leave the doubts behind!  
You have been given a great opportunity  
to erect an altar inside your chest.

To kindle an unquenchable, endless fire,  
Which the mind leads with a bright torch  
Dear stars unattainable and eternal  
Into the cosmic boundless horizon.

Aim for the top! And this is the Will of God.  
To the peaks! Where there is no place for doubt.  
Leave the earthly things at the foot,  
And collect only weightless light.

Don't wait, don't put on this sadness...  
But filling the sails with the wind,  
Dare with all your heart! With all its essence!  
Heaven is taken only by courage!

**Evgeny Teterin,  
Saint Petersburg**

### **Candle fire**

A candle was burning in the church under the icon.  
All the candles have been extinguished for a long time...  
The moon was looking through a cloudy glass,  
Thinking about Life Again...  
Candle - not extinguished at night from the warmth of the Soul,  
The warmth with which the traveler put it...

Let him be far from playing gods and rules,  
He just walked by, lit a FIRE in silence.  
The chapel stood on the outskirts of the forest,  
And a rare guest lit a Fire here.  
But someone just left a moan here,  
And someone was moaning and burning gorenje with a song...  
The candle quietly burned down with a righteous fire,  
Because God, he is not in the churches, he is in EVERYONE.  
And let him come into the chapel again one day  
Another traveler, and he will light a candle - in another.  
And everyone who sees the LIGHT through the night glass,  
Or in the chapel, or just a traveler - in the eyes,  
That everyone is yours and Pain and Fear,  
What are reflected by the Worldwide pain...  
The candle, having burned down, takes away the pain of the  
heart.  
It's so simple - for everyone to light a Fire with their own hand.  
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE, BECAUSE HE IS ALWAYS  
WITH YOU,  
AND YOU ARE ALWAYS FREE TO GIVE FIRE HERE.

**Titova Irina,  
Smolensk**

### **Long Wake**

Long autumn wake,  
Cold wind, icy tears...  
Why is there a hitch with the shroud -  
Do the frosts not hide the decay?

The alarm clock is going out -  
Nature has an intricate course...

Maybe the memory missed something  
At the pompous sunset ball?

And until there was a loss  
Will it bother your eyes and soul?  
Autumn is a time lived to measure,  
The time of the truth that came out ...

we did not take into account, we did not foresee  
A heavy hangover is inevitable,  
With a chic washing of false medals,  
Lost faith and hope...

Fleeing from the winds, they ran away  
Under the protection of walls that store heat.  
Only the truth, naked as always,  
She smelled real in our eyes...

And incompleteness with expectation -  
The verdict is deliberately blind.  
Maybe it's a time of repentance  
Turned out to solve the problem?

**Tyuryaeva Svetlana,  
Petushki**

### **Prayer**

Dear Lord, give me strength  
To die, but to stay alive.  
To the one who loved me,  
He was able to forgive me once.



To the one who once sailed away,  
I suddenly remembered and came back again.  
So that the one who forgot me,  
I was able to come and take it with me.

So that day does not change night,  
And the dawn did not end suddenly.  
To grow a queen daughter,  
To have a loyal friend around.

Dear Lord, give me a sign,  
Where to find my lost path.  
I do not know what my flag is -  
Which road to turn off on now.

Spring has come to Sillamae,  
The rains have been hiding for the time being.  
I'm still waiting for the heat  
And I count the sad days.

I'm still waiting for love,  
Although the clock mechanism is broken.  
Dear Lord, I ask: "Point out,  
How to find my way home."

**Sheludko Elena,  
Rostov-on-Don**

We express our gratitude to all the participants of the poetry contest «Elena Petrovna Blavatsky»!

You have made your contribution to the recognition of the merits of our outstanding compatriot H.P. Blavatsky, her invaluable contribution to the development of world science and culture, the spiritual development of society!

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