

Лариса Ржепишевская

## Мои стихи

\* \* \*

Our life looks like a zebra,  
sometimes black stripes,  
sometimes white.  
The black stripes  
take a turn of the white,  
like day and night.  
And sometimes  
our life zebra kicks  
making it's own tricks.

### Friend

**F** is for the one who is Fair.  
**R** is for the one is so Rare.  
**I** is for the one who is not Ideal.  
**E** is for the one who is my Equal.  
**N** is for the one who is always Near.  
**D** is for the one who is so Dear.

\* \* \*

- I am a little rabbit, hrum-hrum,  
I like sweet carrot, hrum-hrum,  
I'm like a ferret, hrum-hrum,

Live in a burrow, hrum-hrum,  
Though it's narrow, hrum-hrum,  
Now I am eating cabbage, hrum-hrum,  
It's for my courage, hrum-hrum.  
– Dear little rabbit, tell me about your habit.  
– Hrum-hrum!

## I Am on Diet

I'll put on a diet my fattish ass  
So that the doorway I could pass.  
I'll do some exercises to lose weight  
As fat asses I just hate.  
I would like to look a model of superclass  
Or maybe like a slander lass.  
I know it's too bad to amass fat,  
But... while rhyming this couplet  
I am looking at an apple pie  
And a big saliva appears in my eye.

\* \* \*

If your shirt has no button,  
and your trousers are roughened,  
if your jacket is so crushed,  
and your carpet needs a brush,  
if you can't find a clotheshorse,  
and all the time you just curse,  
there is only one way out:  
to marry or divorce.

\* \* \*

I like the warmth of the rains in the summer time.  
It's so nice and pleasant in any clime.  
I like the golden autumn when it dances blues,

When I let my imagination loose.  
I like the whiteness of the snow when winter comes  
I don't feel any cold when I am in your arms.  
But when the blossom of the spring comes  
I'll overcome the oceans, mountains, and seas  
And on the wings of love, I'll fly to you  
For only one reason – to tell you: *I love you!*

\* \* \*

The day has gone,  
And I am again alone.  
What should I say?  
I can only pray  
For the best times to come,  
When I meet my only one.

## Limerick

I am tired to repeat:  
I have nothing more to read.  
Please, edit my new book  
With your intelligent outlook.  
I will not retreat until my ego is complete.

\* \* \*

My guitar,  
Oh, my guitar!  
You are in a case.  
It seems so far  
You were not embraced.

Your strings are weak,  
Your heart is sick.

But a hope remains,  
You'll overcome the pains.

A master will come,  
You won't strum.  
You won't complain,  
But will sound again.

\* \* \*

In the starry darkness of the night sky  
The inspired poet's rhymes fly.  
They are quietly dreaming to live in a book,  
For everyone to see the poet's outlook.  
Poet's stanzas freely fly as rhymed constellation,  
Spreading the light of the poet's inspiration.

