

OLEG MALAKHOV

(Олег Малахов)

Two Poems

All my dreams

All my dreams
Are in Norway
I start painting
Red roses
All the painters
Paint roses
They can smell
Their own roses
All the poets
Write poems
They can feel
Their own poems
But my dreams
Are in Norway
I start watching
The clouds
All the dreamers
See clouds
They can reach
Their own clouds
They can speak
To the clouds
Their way
Is to Norway
I will beg
All these clouds
Just to take me
With them.

Untitled

The kisses from you,
slippery streets,
making apple-pies,
socks on the legs,
a word in a crowd,
sex in the kitchen...
go on...
naked children...
what is the reason?
Results of insomnia...
(you disappearing...)
kisses from you left...