

# Basic experiments

on own psychics, ver. 2.2



Lyrics / images, 1995-2005

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ZP

## Autumn in ZP



The only leaf I plucked, it faded out,  
A vestige of the past remained instead,  
A vortex gulf became an ether cloud  
Which poured with darkness as the sun had set.  
And I acquire the depth of distant skies  
That falls into the chasm where color dies.

The souls of urban dumps, they all were dreaming  
Of time to take a look at stellar sky,  
I pushed the door ajar to find the gleaming  
Of a kodaked rapture in a cyan eye.  
I stand before this gate as evening burns,  
I've reached the land in which the lost returns.

The dawn of blue revealed a careless wonder  
That peered between the rays of inner beams  
When started up the dream I'm living under  
And overflowed the day with radiant streams,  
The glitter of a glass-house saved the rhymes,  
Of childish laugh you gave me for all times,

And I recall the wild initiation  
Inside the whirlpool of a gemmy night  
That sputtered sparks in crackling indignation  
And filled the city with electric light,  
A lucid moon came lying on the branch  
When all this swirling beauty had to change.

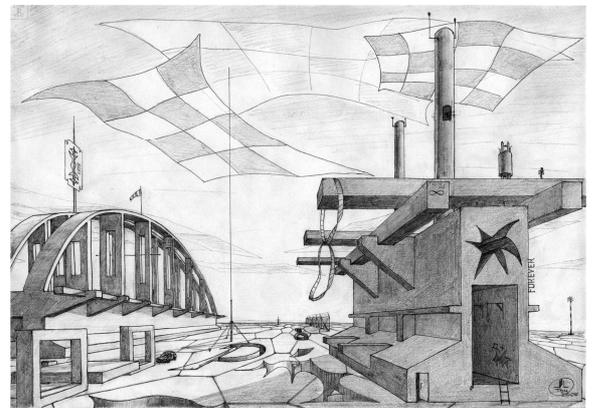
Beside a misty lake we sat awaiting  
For an appearance chance, for turning back,  
And when it came, forgotten, dim and fading  
We layd and smelled the grass in thunder sack,  
We thought we knew the way that ran above  
The abyss bottomless, oblivion chasm, the love.

We tried to catch the only wind to weather  
The views of bolted doors and windows barred  
And thousands of stairs we held together  
In spectral disillusion of the art,  
But when it rose it brought the autumn gray  
That hid a natural shine in gloomy spray.

The sparkling whirl dissolved in fairy power  
Of a hazy morning spreading overhead,  
The fog in which we sailed had masked the flower  
That all the grayish world was laughing at  
And as the frost had fixed the wish to play  
The crystalline delirium filled the day.

Dead-drunk I sing beside a homely bough,  
The land of rustling leaves, it's all destroyed  
And strings start burning in my fingers now  
And sadness spreads its wings in silent void,  
It withers like the chance for me to be,  
The scent of dying. Autumn in ZP.

1997 Apr 25



Fallen leaves, fallen lives, whirling out in the wind  
When the nature enlightens the day,  
Paint it yellow, my mind that is constantly ginned  
By the door staying black on my way,

Through the fall, with the freedom of knowledge to store,  
With this private conversion entwined  
I recall summer shine as I stand by the shore  
While the winter grows colder behind.

Gleaming tracks on our way that were carved in the ice  
Fix the sight of an instant cold snap  
With the immanent light which reflects in our eyes  
And intends to get out of the trap.

2002 Dec 17

WINTERPROOF

# Vestige



I was cut off the world for a time  
In the rays that were painting a flower  
Of the silence which fuzzed in their rhyme  
As the sun was to set in an hour,

In my cell I'm to wipe out this sight,  
I have tried but my memory led  
To the dance of the mouldering light  
On the beams of the porch where I sat.

Humor blackened and is it not strange? -  
- There is nothing else left to inquire,  
Brightness, quietness, and light have arranged  
To hook up in my funeral pyre.

In the gloomy and desolate sties  
We did roam with our questions unfair,  
Where's the time, where's your soul, where are dyes  
Of the sun rim that peered through your hair?

There's one love that is now and near  
And another one that is forever,  
Hell's from then to eternity here,  
We get lost since we change while we sever.

1996



I cleaned up the highway by throttling the engine aflame  
Surpassing my memories trying to flee in a blast,  
I'm scudding inside of my mind to the radiant frame,  
A door into summer that stays a remain of the past,

A twinkling rectangle of light, a connection to happiness, where  
Is ever the way leading out of the darkness I've done?  
"You never return as you enter the Land of Nowhere" -  
Was carved on the door which had set me apart from the sun.

The clouds of indifferent creatures, they swallow my call,  
These birds never sing, mesmerized in the infinite flow,  
Ensigns of this place are the snow in the summer to fall  
And stars to fade out in the dark when the wind stops to blow.

The spill of the lassitude emptied the wish to revive  
The vision of past buried down in the littoral foam,  
I've captured the sight, and I've seen you could stand it alive  
When felt for my soul in the haze of inferno to roam.

Our minds are entwined with the horror that came from above,  
And never awake from the clasp of a suicide dream,  
Where beauty has vanished away from the place of our love  
And time once has stopped in the light of a sacrament beam.

The sun never shines in the thicket of loss where my cries  
Apply to the state that has grown from illusion and cram,  
I reached it again, but what do I need in the skies  
If nothing else matters and no-one can stay where I am?

I'm sitting in silence while nothingness sinks in a deep  
Of dying subconsciousness lost in the sea of despair,  
Afraid of the things that appear from its depth when I strip  
The core of my memory locked by the feelings unfair,

The metal of rain comes to pour all day on the shore  
And splashes of scale start to jump on the layer of sense  
That's melting to fluid in fitful attempt to restore  
The drops of my life boiling off in a desperate dance.

The flashes transparent, they squirt in the riddle of rhymes:  
With sorrow I try to re-enter the game but in vain,  
The self-demonstration is cracked for the end of all times  
And sources of matter are never attracted again,

The afterlife bells chime the day I've to kiss'em good-bye  
Demanding a quant from my colorful energy tray,  
Down in the depth of the gray they invite me to die,  
They long for my lifetime but nothing is left of today.

1997 Jan 16

*A patody to suicidal verses:)*



# Медведь

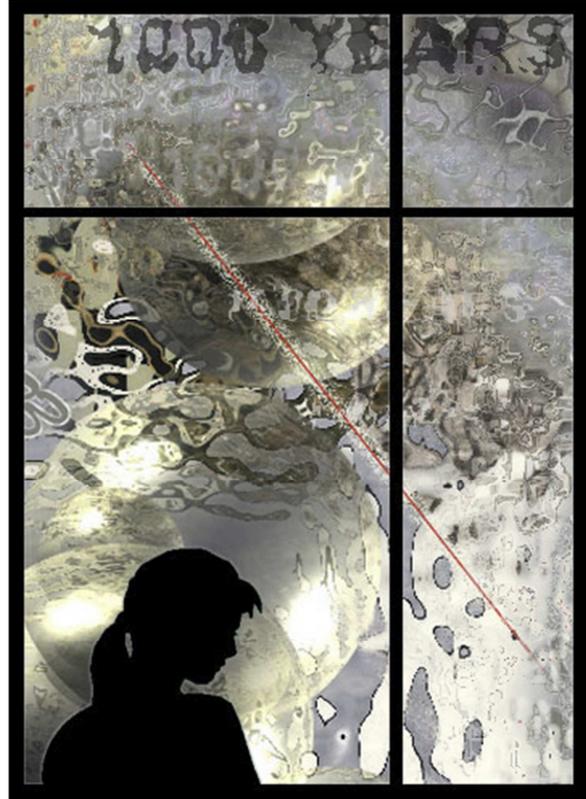
Черты в нитях орхидеи,  
Металлические феи  
Заполняли постепенно  
Желтый блеск анжерей,  
Вихрь серебряный впустив,  
В лето дверь полуоткрыв,  
Где, смеясь самозабвенно,  
Души падали в обрыв.

За пределами задвенья  
Я, в гостях у вдохновения,  
Искры жег в аду трехфазном  
И последний блик творенья  
В круге том, где я и ты,  
Обернул вокруг мечты,  
Изогнув винтообразно  
В объективе красоты.

В глубине программ зеркальных,  
В час намеков виртуальных,  
Где лимонный вкус тумана  
Потерялся в снах астральных,  
Ты искришься в темноте,  
Как росинка на холсте,  
В неизвестности обмана  
На притихнувшем листе.

В тишине, в душе у спящих  
Звон цепей твоих хрустящих  
Дождь таинственных кристаллов  
Превратил в поток бурлящий,  
И в трепещущую ночь  
Обезумевшая дочь  
Веер перистых фракталов  
Унесла мгновенно прочь.

1997 Apr 14



The face of the virtual sprite,  
It stares from the photo grayscales,  
I feel imperfection inside  
That grows as my mastery fails,

Her look fills the end of the day  
And makes me perceive through this calm  
That no-one can follow the way  
To reflect the original charm,

So in deep inspiration I turn  
The creative experiments on,  
I'm locked with her fur afterburn,  
I'm lost in the camera zone,

And the shutter that I operate  
When the moment is taken by force  
Is imprinting the beauty of hate,  
The spirit of no-one but hers.

Unsteady and any time new  
In the changing and versatile light,  
In the balance of brightness and hue  
She wishes I leave her tonight

And I build up the tale and the rhymes  
To make us forget or ignore  
That she was a million times  
Exposed and printed before.

I search for the key to success,  
For the chance that we ever awake,  
For the chance that exposing this mess  
The best of my pictures I take,

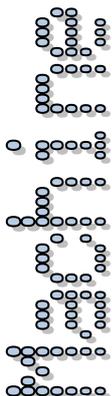
It's the test for the strength of my soul,  
For my temper and wish to create,  
For my world when I try to recall  
How this model was caught at the gate,

I supposed it was more than enough  
And as I established this link  
It became the expression of love,  
Not only to photos, I think.



1996©

Cat photography



Twilight clouds drift in the orange sky and draw out torn shreds of silence. The setting sun reflects in the sea, and the rays moulder over its surface into the dance of myriad blinking lights. With the gentle breeze they reach my sensors: snatches of music, telephone talks, whiz of sodium lamps. The scintillation of surges becomes the strain of expectation. My target is fifty kilograms of living matter in a white blouse. The party entwines with transparent plastic of tables, effervescent surrogate feelings, and sparkling drinks in champagne glasses. They saturate air with crackle of waves, and with energy interfusing through the neon light. The insulated isle of joy is fenced off the infinite ocean by gemmy balustrades.

I sit in a deep of quietness in the milky mist spilled over the ground. The thread processor extracts weak signals from the polychromatic noise, invisible rays lead through the crystalline air. The quartz resonator works out pulses and trillions of instructions are running in the silicon brain.

1996 Jan 3



- Get in, I'll tell you on the way, why I need all this stuff, but now... Let's drive!

*We crush through the wall of rain, leaves fly in the cabin and fall upon the back-screen. She is strained and frightened - the piece of highway we see in front of us is as long as the distance we make every second.*

- What the hell are you doing? Why?

- I don't know, I just play by inertia, one that's left... of the bright life, yeah, at least for those who've ever dreamt of it. And colorful, dynamic.

- Till both of you met, you want to say?

- Bad humor. To be exact there were several ones more - several lives I've lived not thinking about twenty things a minute, not gathering women, not searching everywhere. Not a multicolored life - one color, white. And black too. It seems neither black nor white now, and all the more not gray.

- Stop it, please. It may be the last day we see each other.

- What do you mean? That if you found a beautiful dangerous thing on the coast you'd prefer to throw it away into the sea?

- Is it by inertia too?

- No, it's my manner to speak when I have not enough strength for sincerity. Not consciously, it's automatic.

*The wind howls in rearview mirrors, the gray mist falls from the sky and streams of water pour down to the road. We stop on the median strip.*

- I wanna go with you. May I ever say to you a normal sentence?

- Oh, God, do you want to drown in this swamp too?

- Swamp?..

- I don't mean drugs or psychic disarrays. Just the extraordinariness you expect, it's nothing but decay and blankness.

- I know.

- That means you've drowned already. Everybody hopes for me to be what I seem to be, all in vain. It always ends with desperation, first for you, then for me.

*There are shadows of heavy clouds on the windscreen, shadows on her face, shadows of black in my mind. The wind puts our hair to the nightmare dance as we tear through the endless dark.*

- ...If there is a trace of innuendo that you may return that 'your' time, you forget all but this, right?

- Right.

- Nothing to exclude. On your phrase about desperation.

- No, there are some things of the absolute nature, not probabilistic.

*The skidding car stops rihtside-forth on the roadside. It's the flash of briahrt life. no despair, no fears, no love or hate but driving, which took my attention while the mist was swallowing the tire squeal.*

*I open the door at her side.*

- The end.

- Will return?

- Maybe.

*She stays on the road and I open the throttle full. The motor is roaring as it accelerates the car. Road signs that I don't notice rush backwards in the veil of rain where people wave their hands and shout something. The end of the road is denoted with red-and-white shields and swirling lamps. I push the gas pedal into the floor - I am scudding to a summer gate.*

1996 Aug 24

# Road



The endless rain fell down the day,  
It's left for me to fade away  
Into the hole of mind astray  
That swallows what I see,  
The life has shown its ugly mud  
With blurry pots of staining blood,  
The wall of rain, it starts the flood,  
The road's getting free.

The twilight comes but still no dark,  
The rain has masked a fading mark  
Of the sun that gave a weakened spark  
Before it all began,  
The car has run its final pass  
And now it lays, the twisted mass,  
Of tangled metal, broken glass  
And a body of a man.

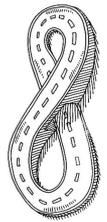
His scattered things are overspread  
Around the place, the soul is dead,  
To house beloved the highway led  
Until the fatal turn,  
And as I see the wheels upside  
And cabin smashed in water tide  
I feel my soul is off tonight  
And into black will burn.

She looks for headlights to appear,  
She's waiting miles away from here  
With growing storm of inner tear  
The slinking fear to feed,  
Transparent water flows beside  
The road and gleams with fluid light,  
He's lost his game with God tonight,  
A victim of the speed.

1995 Dec 31



FINIT A



The vision of my daydream fears  
Is off when sadness flies  
Transfixing clouds of sleepy years  
Above the silent lake of tears  
On which the moonlight lies.

And as I tried to look ahead  
The flurry passed me by,  
Into the snowish dark it fled  
And silver grassland dropped down dead  
Beneath the pouring sky,

The nimbus blur of falling rain  
Has spread its lifeless wing,  
My lunar mirror starts to stain,  
I walk no more the liquid plane  
And to the depth will sink.

1998 Feb 18

Послала мне печальный привет  
Ностальгия дневных моих грез,  
Расплескав облака сонных лет  
По воде, где лежит лунный свет  
На поверхности озера слез.

Взгляд мой вдаль, что пролился дождем  
Как холодного ветра каприз,  
Испарился над снежным ковром,  
Где трава полегла середром,  
Когда недо обрушилось вниз.

В быстротечном и ветренном сне  
Я прошел грозозное пятно,  
Мне теперь не ходить по волне,  
Навсегда утонув в глубине,  
Там, где в вечность открыто окно.

перевод автора, 1998 окт 18

Faded to Grey

CHOICE

The world has changed  
As we arranged  
That she would come that eve  
And when she did, it born the sight  
That left the trace of dying light  
And cut through all my ket,

We did perform  
A total storm  
Around the kitchen space,  
To target her I threw my plates  
As we were driven off the gates  
That bound the human face,

The broken night,  
The wall inside,  
The glass that I did thrash,  
Our cries that filled the lovely air,  
And catharsis of my despair  
Emerged in psychic mash

Of songs of fate  
Which spirits played  
To bloom inside my head.  
The sound was made with my guitar:  
"There's no her! I must be far  
From where my sun has set!",

The attention bright,  
The scene, the light,  
The rest I ever felt  
Are left behind the bolted door  
As in that world I sought for more  
Than all the helms I held.

I played the beast  
To make, at least,  
The only feeling strong,  
I made her suffer by the sights  
That I have filled with dancing lights,  
By things that we could long,

I failed to feel  
And by my will  
Projected on the wall  
The views of places we enjoyed  
And crushes that we might avoid  
Together in our fall,

She dropped to cry  
And when the sky  
Enlightened through the scene  
She took a knife and for our sake  
Five bleeding letters of "AWAKE"  
Were cut upon my skin,

I held my hand  
Until the end  
Of instant mind exchange,  
Within a spectral chance we missed,  
There was no reason to resist -  
It would have made no change.

The psychic sketch  
Of some mismatch  
Was drawn to understand:  
She could not simply leave that place  
Until I got that in this haze  
We'd lost the wonder land,

Diebalanced fade,  
Delirious state  
Have covered us to show  
The broken picture of a mind  
And woeful pieces of delight  
Inlaid in final glow.

The hell is done,  
The doze is gone  
And drugs affect no more,  
I think she was here as I see  
Inscriptions that no-one but me  
Could color with my gore,

There's no-one here -  
The fact is clear,  
I'm trapped in silent cell,  
Unfinished song can never stain,  
Oh, let me take the doze again,  
I want back to that hell!

1996 May 17



One's presence in the zone of theoretical availability played a role of the mechanism for my subconsciousness which allowed to hold my internal blackhole in - something like a transistor trigger with a snowflake lying on its shutter. The snowflake was blown off, the shutter opened and the Avalanche came down. I saw the huge mass of gleaming snow several years ago; it has been turning more and more real since then.

...There is a lonely trellised gate down the slope, acute-tone sharp cirrus on high and frost, which resonates with ultraviolet substance vibrating in the air, reflecting in the cliffs. A boy is running across the cradle of white, launching a glider, squinting in the sun that peers through the wing frame. A young man looks at him staggering with the feeling of danger from snow cornices trembling above; an old man looks at them half-dead from the fear for both. A windrush flew to move an invisible stratum, a vast snow mass skimmed along the slope and swept all of them into the abyss, three men, and that gate, and their glider.

m001 Nov 1

AVALANCHE

# Iris of never

We sat together till the gloaming fell,  
The twilight gaieties of evening joy  
Made mask of nothing as the choral bell  
Rang pulses of her temper coy.

I reached my hand to touch her sparkling heart  
And felt the childhood sunshine in its prime  
And rocks iridescent - the hidden part  
Of memories that filled my time,

I tried to save her from the worldwide hive  
To show the frozen stars and molten sun,  
She caught me in the hairnet silk to rive  
The link to where the hell seemed done,

That time we left the shore where shadows twirled  
Beneath the sunset calmness of the past,  
And far beyond our fortune we were hurled  
To see the beam for souls aghast.

We played the careless game behind the veil,  
The waterfall of dew-drops fenced my bliss,  
Beside the soaring of the clouds frail  
The fluid daylight swirled our ease,

Inside its gleaming cascades we did swap  
The varicolored necklaces of splash,  
We walked along the secret downward slope  
To reach the edge of rapture flash.

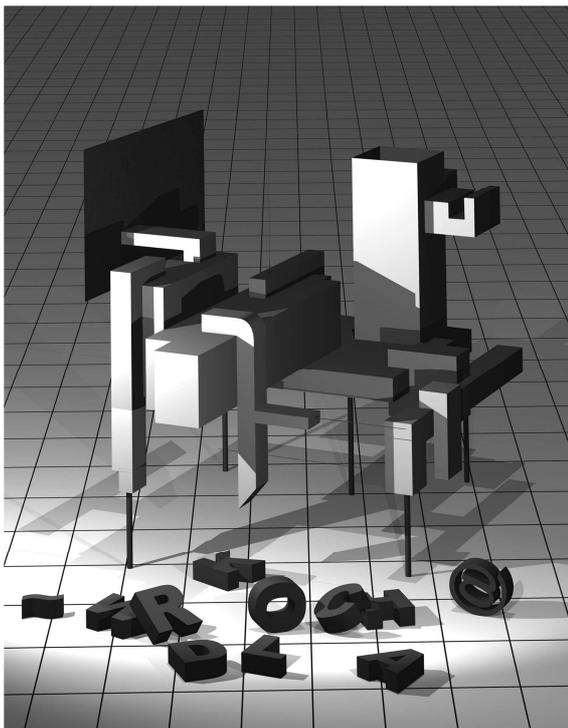
In through the calm of the forbidden room  
With windows opened in the summer night  
She carried me away from usual doom,  
Down to the Eon of the Quiet.

Unfathomable fluid endless tide  
Has led us to the depth of tranquil hours,  
Beyond the bound of oblivion, deep inside  
The interconfidence of ours.

1997 Feb 4



PHILIP TOURKAK



The lechery burst in a terrible mess  
Has covered the city of Strain,  
Which outskirts live in the urban distress  
That filled the enormous terrain,

And living creatures of million kinds,  
The monsters we never have seen  
Are born every day, and their various minds  
Grow up to enliven the scene.

...We took off in hurry, the ultimate gate  
Appeared in the system of links  
Which meshed all the city; the ocean of hate  
Was left to these virtual things,

Transfixing the clouds in the funeral sky  
The day-break enlightened the town,  
Its vanishing beauty we could not deny,  
It seized us, the fear of unknown.

I won't ever put in an appropriate curse  
The sight of a translucent loom  
Advanced through the fog by some mystical force  
Conceived in the shadow of doom,

My feeling dissolves in the waves of The Wild  
That built up a theater of fate,  
She's lost in the haze and the voice of this child  
Turns quieter and hard to locate,

The depth of her eyes disappears in the mist  
And sinks in the mirror of fear,  
The thicket in which we were damned to exist  
Is dead, and there's nobody here.

1997 Jun 17

# SNOWFLAKES



Ностальгические впечатления от полета ветра  
 вокруг заброшенного аэродрома за минуту  
 до момента смерти старого летчика из-за  
 сердечного приступа, вызванного алкоголем

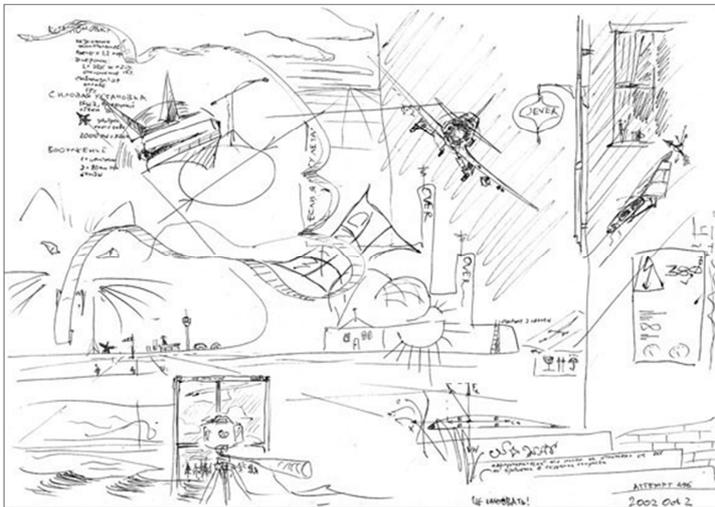
Плиты шестигранной паутины  
 В горизонт уходят по одной,  
 В поле, где лишь ржавые машины  
 Формируют странную картину  
 Тех, что были здесь, но не со мной,

Лишь в прозрачном мареве задвения  
 След от самолета в вышине,  
 Как венец абстрактного творения,  
 Жутковатым счастьем ускорения  
 Отозвался где-то в глубине.

В серый мир предсказанных известий  
 Увлекает лакомая смесь,  
 Расходясь букетами созвездий  
 В небе из дотонных перекрестий,  
 Где беззвучна радужная взвесь.

Я стою с коричневой дутылью  
 У конца посадочной прямой  
 В мире сказки, что я сделал былью,  
 Где сверкает солнечную пылью  
 Полоса, ведущая домой.

2004 Nov 15



The whirl that drew my inner flame  
 Apart the surface light  
 Comes weak around its fading aim  
 As we replay the daily game  
 Escapeless for tonight,

We never caught the abyss air  
 But fell to break our fate,  
 I curse all of these loves unfair  
 That bloom at nothing but despair  
 Pervading through the gate,

I long for steep to stand on high  
 Unknown to downer souls,  
 To call a day we're off to fly  
 While our illusion passes by  
 Among our virtual walls.

1997 Dec 5

Or high  


Ночь, безделье, темнота,  
 Боль, разлука, пустота,  
 Тухлый поиск, день, игра,  
 Осень, серая пора,  
 Безнадежность, увядание,  
 Смерть, отчаяние, кривляния,  
 Дождь, вокзал, вонюща, путь,  
 Черный снег, долото, муть,  
 Коммерсанты, шлюхи, воры,  
 Сны, пустые разговоры,  
 Денег нет, обьедки, мрак,  
 Облака и вой собак,  
 Вечный ветер, холод, лед,  
 Пересадка, самолет,  
 Взлет, пропеллер, киль, крыло,  
 Вдруг случайно повезло:  
 Резкость, яркость, звезды, свет –  
 Нас там не было и нет.

1997 Sep 14



# The Story 6-7



## 6. World of darkness

The strength and love, my inner foes  
Went quiet before the storm  
As the reality destroys  
The image I'm to form,

The rocket launchers stand beside  
The gate through which I ran,  
Locators wait for command quiet  
In readiness to scan,

The beat-up road is gleaming pink  
In rays of the immense rim  
That tears through clouds as they blink  
To make a seer scream,

At growing dark it fades to black,  
Horizon orange hue,  
And shadow falls, the veil of slack  
That dries the night-time dew.

From burning pools the orange lights  
Jump on the metal grilles  
That cover windows as the nights  
Get on with shady deals.

The last ray burn's surrounded by  
The scream of a guitar  
Which tears the night by desperate cry  
That's never heard so far,

If I were there my ear could catch  
The bars of metal crash  
From the chromatic scale to snatch  
To spit them out in thrash.

The sun, it dips into nowhere;  
The sound river fades  
And silence comes, and no-one there  
Will pass the backward gates.

The metal gossamer shut down,  
And covered all the ground;  
The wind starts blowing from the town  
And littering around,

And as the rats of white and gray  
Run out for the night  
They start their hunt and swear to stay  
The kings of bloody fight.

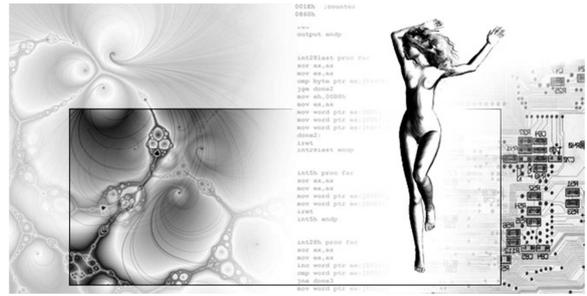
The huge computer boards aside  
Forgot that marvelous state  
When they were able to ignite  
The spark of love or hate,

There is no power for a flash  
Enlivening the space,  
The voltage's low, it can't refresh  
The long-forgotten place

And the remains of current give  
The light to neon lamps  
Which splinters that still seem to live  
Remember power-amps,

They crackle slightly in the night  
And close an empty store,  
It is my loneliness tonight  
What was their joy before.

At constant sight of a blackened zone  
The kef of others's turned  
Into my standing here alone,  
The night is cool but burnt.



## 7. The Nightfall

I bringing forward through the rain  
The state of nevermore,  
We could unite and live again  
As it's been waited for,

And since I've seen the light that's gone  
The shining sun I miss  
As I still know there is The One  
We could be happy with,

For all the life and once a life  
It ever might appear,  
Although the city's still alive  
And there are ones to hear,

But no-one sees the sense in cries  
That fill the nightmare town  
While stars repaint the crumbling skies,  
Delirium of down,

There's neither joylessness, nor fear  
No star to give the light,  
The only obvious thing of here  
Is falling of the night.

1995 Jun 1-6, vez. 1mm



## Translations

# Requiem

You have gone through the senseless resistance  
To the cold interlacing your time  
When you got that your fading existence  
Disappeared from the world of the prime,

You have gazed at the stars that reflected  
With the sun in the mirror of cliff  
As it set down the river selected  
By a wizard with handful of grief,

By the nimbus of sorrow to pour  
With transparent celestial tears  
Stone-paved avenues softened before  
They could bear up the twilight of fears.

Blur of memories imprinted forever  
In the mind getting lost in the flow  
As we sank in the lake of the Never  
That was filled with the fusion of glow,

It's from here to eternity, down  
Leads our parting; it seems, it's the last,  
And in silence I stand till the dawn  
Wipes the dark off the door to the past,

And I leave to the wind of the sadness  
When the morning is brought by the sun,  
It's to play hide-and-peek with the madness,  
To recall what stayed always undone.

Neither cries, nor distress demonstration,  
But the quiet of the requiem tone  
Is dissolving the aimless starvation  
While I sit by the maple alone.

*translation, 1999 Sep m3  
written by Dana Mad, 1999 Sep 7*

Today I plant a broken tree of hope  
That's lost inside the misty darkened wood,  
The fallen leaves reflect in rainy drop  
And tremble in the wind of doubtful mood,

It's growing cold, and crunching sparks of snow  
Grin at my torn illusionary spring,  
The gloomy air has reached the endless flow  
Above the tracks of soul's exhausted wing

Which fled away when sprayed the bloody stream  
Upon the morning dew and sparkling bells,  
The main intent to fill the timeless dream  
Is to recall the day when Nothing dwells.

I scan my past within the sea of sorrow,  
Of friends, betrayals, quarrels, words and slurs  
And only twins that share my life tomorrow  
Are sheets of paper marked with grayish blurs.

*translation, m003 Nov  
Lighty, m00m Feb 0m*

Veins that are pumping with water are staining in rust  
Smell of the iron is spreading, the wallpaper skin  
Blurs on the wall and the copper of wires in the dust  
Gleams as a section of nerves with their death coming in,  
Passing a carcass of chair in a corner asleep  
Down to the eon of silence and colorless splin.  
-This way the bulding is meeting the finishing sweep  
Brought by the sunset, the last one  
Of all ever seen.

*translation, m004 Nov  
written by Lighty, m003 Oct 03*

# INFINITY

Through the dark of your kernel  
Through the pain and the tears  
Prowls your headsmen eternal  
In the silence of fears,

Ice of bloody alerting  
Takes your feeling away  
In the sake of converting  
Of your past to this day.

Gleaming white of the cradle  
Seems as blank as the tomb,  
Sitting high in the saddle  
In the death's cold room

You recall heaven's grumbling  
And you ride to the West,  
The bridge's arches are crumbling  
To the river of past.

Clasping light of the cloud  
Is to sink in the sky,  
It was nothing but flout  
In that forest of thy

That you burnt for unknown,  
For the Land of the Free  
When you left me alone  
In the eastward dark sea.

Endless flurry and rain  
Wipe your mysterious trace,  
But again and again  
You return to this place,

With the spleen of the longing  
For the wonders afar  
You forget my belonging  
On the road to the star.

In the useless starvation  
For the higher of aims  
You deny the relation  
To the flash of your games,

Neither hell nor creation  
Fills the world of the Dead,  
Only earthly temptation  
And the sunset ahead.

*translation, 1999 Jun 17  
written by Dana Mad, 1998*

# SNOW

The snow of my silly stride  
Pours down the even pitch,  
Snow, there is void inside  
Sunk in the silent bleach,

I am forever gone  
To the wastes of a tranquil dream,  
Snow, you're the only one  
Left of my glaring stream.

Soon there will come a day  
Drying my childish tears,  
Soon I'll be gone away  
From the snow of the gleaming years.

*Alana Reich, 1995  
translation, 1997*



# На краю

Я стою на краю, над обрывом, где солнце и ветер  
 На закате ласкают расплывчатый след в облаках,  
 Я в последний свой путь поплыву на небесных венках  
 В термоядерный вихрь, что как дог ослепительно светел,  
 Все, что было со мной – лишь обман и иллюзия света,  
 Тьма спускается в серый туман и клубится во мгле,  
 Вновь открыт я ветрам, но стою по колено в золе,  
 Как стояла и ты, от меня не дождавшись ответа.

Я стою на краю, над обрывом, где нет ни печали,  
 Ни людей, ни любви, ни покоя, ни счастья, ни слов,  
 И делюсь с бесконечностью горечью тающих снов –  
 Там, где свет потерялся во тьме, где вершины из стали,  
 В небесах растворившись, печально парят над волнами  
 И стекают прозрачными каплями в сумрачный день,  
 Исчезающий в дымчатом пепле, как рваная тень  
 От искромсанных клочьев сознания, следящих за нами.

Я стою на краю и пытаюсь поверить в безверье,  
 Пустошь поймана вереском в длеклый ночной саркофаг,  
 За нечетким холмом, погруженным в лесной полумрак,  
 День окончился, Темные тучи молитву допели,  
 Взяв тот призрачный смех, что ты мне отдала навсегда,  
 За безмолвием нас разлучая, Все тише и тише,  
 Как прозрачная изморось утром ложится на крыши,  
 В облаках потерявшись, лавина идет в никуда,

Исчезая, жонглируя бликами в лунном ущелье,  
 Посылает оставшимся легкий последний привет,  
 И вершина, откуда смотрели мы в дальний просвет,  
 Осыпается в бездну, стекает по скалам капелью,  
 Бесконечность развеялась легкой песчаной золой,  
 В опрокинутом небе играет цветное безумье,  
 И, рубиновый след за собой выжигая, в раздумьи  
 Черно-белая вьюга кружит над опавшей листвой.

*п00т в соавторстве с Dana Mad*



Trails of flights and of sunny caress disappear in the clouds  
 While I'm standing on high looking down from the edge of a steep  
 To the road to the valley that brings up its finishing sweep  
 By the nuclear blast and the weep of celestial crowds,

Grayish mist is entwining the darkness and wreathes in shadows  
 For I'm gone through the fake and the sparkling illusion of light,  
 And again I am one with the wind but the breathes of night  
 Whirl the ash I am roaming knee-deep in the colorless meadows.

You kept holding the line in the world with no traces of answer  
 With no love, and no death, and no wealth of a radiant stream  
 Which was lost in the dark but had left the indefinite dream  
 That I shared with infinity watching the sour of the dancer

Who took off from the peaks that surrounded the cradle of sadness  
 And emitted transparent reflections in heavenly tears,  
 They are dripping in twilight and sink in the omen of fears  
 Of the consciousness fading away to the permanent madness.

The misfaith that I'm trying to trust is entwining together  
 With the stream that is praying a rhyme to the vanishing day  
 To dissolve in the withering wasteland in final decay  
 For it's trapped overnight by the spread of the flickering heather.

And the spectral imprint of your laugh, when we parted forever,  
 Left the tone turning quieter with age, as my life passes by,  
 I recall morning drizzle that lay down the roof of our sky  
 While its traces are swept by the avalanche crumbling to Never.

Moonlight gleam disappears in the widening torrent of snow  
 Falling down through the mist of the canyon and juggling with light,  
 Sends a final good-bye to us, left at the summit of night  
 That begins to peel off to the bottomless abyss below.

I foretaste the embrace of a bitter insanity knowledge  
 As I leave to the sky with its colors upsetting in wrath,  
 But it's turning to black on the way to the temple of death  
 Where I wander astray with the wind swirling over the foliage.

*based on (author)+(Dana Mad) russian lyrics, n004 Maz n0*

# With the Wind

