

Eng. № 05. Variations On Ho-Ho-Ho Theme (last poetry)

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Contents

VARIATIONS ON "HO-HO-HO" THEME

(last poetry)

Myrskets, Myrskettinos, and other poetical "pearls",
For hard-working people, old or young, boys or girls.

Composed by *Chris Myrski* at his leisure and in old years,
From 2015 and till 2020 already disappeared.

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[**Abstract:** This is poetical collection of humorous verses in my usual style, what means with nice nursery thymes, stressing not on feelings but on interesting *ideas* and thoughts, and which are usually of mixed nature as: philosophical, cynic or cheeky, funny, and a bit experimental. I have gathered them for 5 years, and there are pieces that I have used elsewhere as appendixes. From now on I intend to write only mixed poetry in 4 languages.]

[Idea for **illustration** on the cover. This is a bit difficult task because the collection is quite motley and the only joining idea is the ho-ho laugh. Well, if so I propose the following: in the right low part of the picture is shown a laughing ... *frog* standing on its hind legs and petting its belly with its fore legs, looking toward the left, with

open mouth, out of which exit the words "Ho ho ho", so that the first "ho" is somewhere in the left high corner. All this is as picture under the title and the author and with dimensions 450 x 450 pixels.]

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FOREWORD

Maybe a pair of paragraphs are still necessary in the beginning. Because, for one thing, I want to write more poetry in English, for the reason that I have till now circa 10 thousand lines of funny poetry in Russian and at least 8 thousands in Bulgarian, and counting myself for a world writer (what is the essence of my pseudonym — *Myrski* comes from Russian '*mir*', what is both, world and peace), I feel myself bound to increase my, maybe just a thousand or two, poetical lines in English. But for another thing my "Poetical Notebook" is pretty thin for a book, there are many free pages in it, so to say, what means that I am not forced to open new poetical collection in my 65 years, which can very probably remain unfinished (if it is at all clear what means "finished" in regard of a collection of something).

Yeah, but there are reasons for this new booklet, if not others then at least the fact that I like the name, variations not on Rococo theme but on "Ho-ho-ho" one. And there have gone about 20 years (maybe even more) from my first attempts in this field, so that this new beginning is justified. Yet there is something more here, there is the fact that during my poetical activity in Russian I have invented a pair of new types of poetical pieces, meaning the stile, the number and way of rhyming of the lines, which I became bold enough to name using my pseudonym (because, you see, I have just no time to wait until the world discovers me, have I, with half a foot in the grave). So that let me say a pair of words about these types (even

if in the time of writing of this preface I have not used them all in English, but I hope I will do this).

Now, the *Myrskets* are sonnet-like verses with 15 lines, where there are three quatrains in which all three possible ways of rhyming are used (adjacent or AABB, by a line or ABAB, and ends and middle or ABBA), and then follows an ending triplet. To me this seems more alive than the sonnet, more didactic, and may be used even for long works based on many *Myrskets* as couplets, so that I advise the colleagues to try them (everything new is interesting). Then there is the *Myrskettino* (with Italian diminutive suffix) which is septet and the rhyme goes by a line (i.e. ABABABA), what means that there is a triplet and a quartet, what isn't easy to write, but you are felt rewarded if you succeed to manage the situation; this is pretty good for short instruction or rules in life, because has more than 4 lines, and there is something old, maybe Hebrew, in this 7 lines. And there may be also *Myrsketton*s as enlarged *myskets* with 16 lines (say, ABAB ABBA ABABA AAA, but can be also other variants). I have done this "research" work in order to find something more lively and untraditional, and see no reasons why you can not imitate me, if you like.

So, and because my stile of writing poetry is strong affection to the so called nursery rhymes, and my way of looking at the world is more contemplative or explanatory — I don't use poetry for to say with rhymes things that are ... difficult to be said with plain words (as, I am afraid, is the most widely-spread usage of rhymes, due to the preferences of both, readers and writers), and also I find (maybe because of my education and my old age, but that's the fact) that the life or Creation, including the human beings, is a pretty funny thing, then this defines also the areas of my poetry. For these reasons I have 4 main subsections, namely: philosophical things, sexy things, things for children, and (simply) funny things (although everything is, in one or another extent, funny). But well, let it exist also a subsection "others".

And let me tell you that, because there are problems with the triphthongs (like in "tire" or "our"), which have to be usually (according to the other languages) in two syllables, and because even with the diphthongs often is better to pronounce them as two syllables (like in "how" or "though"), or sometimes there happen too many adjacent consonants and some vowel has to be squeezed there (like in "people", and has to be added that sound as in "girl", yet not prolonged), I have invented one *special sign*, which is quite similar to the used apostrophe for missing syllable, but has the reversed meaning and has to be put in such places where appears a *new* syllable, and it is this, "º" (like tiºre, ouºr, hoºw, peopºle, etc.). That's all.

Bye-bye and adieu.

March 2016, Sofia, Bulgaria, European Union, third planet from
the Sun called usually Earth
(because when you fall on it and it ... hurts).

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PHILOSOPHICAL THINGS

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LIFE, LOVE, WISDOM (to Fr. Petrarca)

When happens so that one for first time comes to life
He enters it with cries and laughs, 'cause such's the youth.
Then he again with laughs and cries meets his first love
In the pursuit to reach and not to lose the happ'ness.
It might be in the end to some will shine the wisdom,
But with it or without we'll never miss the death.

Now it is good to know that only after death
We can appreciate and praise or not some life.
In which case it's not bad if one dies in his youth,
For in this way he'll have from th'others all their love.
And since we never can be su^{re} 'bout the happ'ness,
Untimely such demise can be a choice of wisdom.

Because, you no^w ponder, what's the greatest wisdom,
And don't you tell me that it's not to come to death.
But few are happy coming to the end of life,
Contrasting what they are with what were in the youth,
And with old bodies they can't comfort find in-th' love,
And this is often all that leads us to the happ'ness.

It would have been great thing, they could have come to-th'
happ'ness
With what they are and have, yet this is right a wisdom,
As well so to behave for to live after death
In-th' memory of others who are still in th'life.
This question everyone is bound to solve in-th' youth,
And to treat all the nature with compassion, love.

And now let's define this precious thing, the love:
It surely-'s not sex, but way to reach the happ'ness,
Yet pushing not the self — and this is why it's wisdom —,
But th'other being, ev'n defying th'o^own death.
This contradiction with the egoistic life
Gives higher worthy purpose in old age and youth.

But mark that ho^owever silly is the youth,
This is the pe^oriod of stronger feelings, love,
And that the risks and dangers, justify the happ'ness,
Which can be only *imitated* through the wisdom,
And everything is caught in cyc^oles, like the death
Prerequisite is, not consequence just, of-th' life.

Hence this is why I sang this song in-th' end of life,
To give all peop^ole — when I can't do harm — my love,
And squeezing ou^ot to the latest drop my wisdom.

June, 2017

P.S. I dedicated this poetry to Petrarca because this is where I saw that such things are at all possible, for the rhyme here goes after 6 or more lines. More precisely, here the lines end in this way, ABCDEF, and then FA and B at most, he doesn't even bother to rotate the rhymes cyclically, how I (as mathematician) have done; but for that peculiarity here rhyme whole words, not just syllables, what has its advantages, it sounds refreshing. And I have beaten maestro Petrarca, as you can well see. So that after my efforts you can freely call this kind of writing of sextets Petrarca-Myrski's stile, right? Then do it, please.

— — —

LOVE IS BORING

If one thinks a girl is wort the honour
To be deified and fall in love,
He commits unpardonable gaffe,
That will later turn him to a mourner.

Not that I'm against infatuations —
One can freely fool himself sometimes —,
So that I don't state that love is crime,
But it's not the core, it's *innovation*.

Th'core of everything-'s the healthy sex,
But it's earthly thing and not divine,
It's exchange of secrets, not adoring.

And, besides, a girl-'s a bad pretext,
She's an egoistic ... bitch, oh my,
And in long run this becomes just boring.

June, 2017

P.S. And this piece is in the mostly used by Petrarca stile of writing of sonnets, yet in entirely different Myrski's stile of thinking. So that you see that the geniuses are in some aspects alike, but in others they differ; in this way I give my tribute to him, but preserve my spirit of thoughts.

— — —

TO GOD VIA ... THE SEX

Diff'rent ways, that's sure, to divine lead Being,
I have found my way by the use of sex!
'Cause what's needed happens, as it's often seeing,
But when it is not, then there's hidden text.

Look, the sex's exchanging of some secrets, right?
Which unnecessary are for our pleasure,
Yet the secrets necessary are if bright
You are for to pass this through your brain in leisure.

Hence, this could have hardly happened by itself,
And in order for to run all smooth and well
Being wise, supreme must have helped, making spell.
What means: unbeliever, atheist like me
In some situations can be forced to seek
Propping finger of a God to make life be.

Sep, 2017

P.S. This is just one of the beloved themes in my old years, which could have been expressed also in a bit sexy form, namely, that when I blow my nose I don't feel much satisfaction, yet if a girl does some nice blow-job to me the situation is quite different. Id est, this pleasure is pretty away from the proliferation, but it has arisen by the animals somewhere after the dinosaurs, and I can see here the God's finger.

— — —

IF I WERE GOD

Oh, life is pretty doubtful a matter,
We judge about it, but that's a clatter,
And no one's ever grasped the part its greater,
So that we move in it like mannequins,
And ultimately lose, just rare win,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

Then God's existence can be proved with nothing,
But to disprove Him means that one does not think,
For He the Nature ... dresses, is like clothing,
What seems discouraging for lot of us,
We find, this world is rotten, lies in pus,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

And good and bad is relative a notion,
We sink in these nuances like in ocean,
Exacerbate the matter the emotions,
So we spill juices, albumins, or blood,
To multiply and th'others t'kill in bud,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

Or sex and propagation take, such number
Of future copies makes us often stumble,
Survival's hindered thus, and I can grumble,
That in the sex we fun have but the trees,
Or grasses, fishes, suffer giving seeds,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

Each living form is perilous for th'others,
Thus the variety is lessened rather,
While chaos is the equilibrium's mother,
What means that life is as if kind of mould,
And it disfigures Nature pretty bold,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

To this is added bottom-up Creation,
And movement hazardous to no end-station,
With risk the cause for joys, exhilarations,
And building this process will never stop,
And we shall always move in silly mob,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

With this I don't raise for discovery my claim,
From atheistic point is life a perfect game,
And if a God exists I praise Him still, don't blame

Sep, 2017

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A BIT OF DIALECTICS

(a *Petrarchezzio*)

When in the morning of my life was I, then, hey,
I felt no change and everything went slow,
While later, when to grown age came I, though,
In two-three years got I that the youth's away.

Then with the years felt I, too, no aging,
Until at sixty saw at once that I am old —
Teeth — gone, prick's fallen, tire fast, am almost bald;
Life renovates, but I can not, it's crazy!

What, after all, is dialectically so^ound,
That heaping quantities new quality produce,
And things are changed, and I am old, and have to die.

Yeah, after this, yet not with me, begins new ro^ound,
Each person's insignificant, he must be *used*,
But life is waltz, and one must dance it, that is why.

May, 2018

P.S. This strange word *Petrarchezzio* is my invention and means a Petrarca-style sonnet, which is characterized (at least in my interpretation), meaning the end-syllables, with ABBA CDDC EFG EFG rhymes (where the usual sonnets are like AABB CCDD EFEFEF, or ABAB CDCD EEEFFF). Naturally, there can be some variations, but this here stile is a bit easier to write, and it is as if somehow open (there is no EE at the end), so that every poet have to try it, this is my advice.

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LISTEN PEOPLE, YOUNG AND OLD!

Listen he^ore peop^ole of all nations:

Life is chiefly act of adaptation!
Women, they all their life adapt,
Hence for the old age are they more apt;
Men, though, they fall fast in ruination.

Also movement is the core of all alive,
So that you don't stop to walk, run, jog, says I,
There are some hidden mechanisms,
That keep fit thus all your organism,
Else you'll sooner make in-th' other world your dive.

Then if you want longer be as fit as fiddle,
You must stick in everything to-th' golden middle,
And if this will make you mediocre,
What of it, in old age worse things occur;
Mark, the moderation-'s answer of the riddle!

Plus this you must have beloved activity,
Watch what others do is deep naivety,
Do it with your hands, brain, legs, alone,
Else you will the old age curse and mourn;
Own deeds give reasons for festivity.

Ah, and you must stay in opposition
To the very consumer position,
Else you will become senile addict
To things that must, frankly, make you sick;
What's against the soul is superstition!

And because, you know, exists statistics,
Which is not at all equilibristics,
When you sooner die this will allow
To some other live bit longer, wow!
I hope this will make you optimistic.

Sep, 2018

— — —

TRIBUTE TO ... BARBARITY

I say, do you want to be barbarian?
'Cause this isn't so hard, as it may seem.
You have to be born just as ... Bulgarian,
And be common, egoistic, mean!

Still, this may for you have some advantages,
Of^oten you'll be left to live alone.
And what better thing on this world can exist,
Than to have it your way, on and on?

You will meet with no compulsion of religion,
We are unbelievers like, say, dogs and cats,
We've no communist or atheistic visions;
Ou^or faith-'s the ow^on guzzle, you may bet!

We've no families, the newborn are most bastards* ,
Neither honour we the old, or, then, the young,
Ou^or wishes are for us the only masters,
Life begins with us, and the^ore's no beyond.

[* According to the census for 2010 for Bulgaria 55 % of newborn children are extramarital.]

Yet we have some precious genes, that make us unique,
Not with purity but like some coffee blend,
We show differences, nice piquantness, beauty,
And this the innate barbarity amends.

'Cause we harming one another have *selected*
Better beings filling various niches,
Other nations have not harmed or else affected,
But have done this what each nation wishes!

Id est we are not so bad as seems at first,
More than this, because we can't unite
To do harm to other peop^ole, kill and burst,
We unconsciously do what is ... right!

Right from standpoint of some god or all the world,
Leaving th'others peacefully to live,
Each of us prefers to lie in his shell curled,
Doing just what pleases him, and if.

Whe^ore nations organized, well, they feel strong,
And enforce the way of life on-th' others;
This *variety diminishes*, is wrong,
If succeeds to spread itself much farther.

Hence, we *sacrify us*, for the world to better,
And the other nations must protect us, yeah!

In the long run such as us are those who matter,
And I, having told this, am so glad, ole!

Sep, 2018

— — —

ONE, TWO, THREE
(Myrsket)

God said: one-two-three, and one-two-three,
And then look, it grew at once a ... tree.
Yet not only this, 'cause then for us
The '*trava*' by Slavs grew, what is ... grass!

Then the ... animals — *das Tier* in German,
Th'very growing, French *croitre*, thrive, try!
Hidden may be — if you like my sermon —,
Rubbing of some bodies he^{re}, guys.

Still, this isn't some coupling, or, then, splitting,
Number three involves the *propagation*;
Which is shoving, stirring, agitation,
Only thus are all the loose ends meeting.

Hence, let's sum up: one, the very person is,
Two — the others, God, to everything Who sees,
Three — the future seed, that after us succeeds.

Jun, 2019

P.S. Now, people, there is either this, or that, namely that: either I am unusually clever guy, or else you all are impossibly lazy to think a bit about the things around you. But in old times people were not so *lazy*, they have scratched their heads, they have thought, and fixed these things in the words. Because before nearly 20 years I have come to the conclusion that the number three just *has to* be related with the tree, which is changed to '*treva*'-grass in Bulgarian, and similar in all other Slavonic languages, but I don't think that somebody else has come to similar conclusions, although there everything lies on the surface, there is nothing sophisticated here. Also I have investigated the numbers, where, OK, I agree that for this some mathematical culture is necessary, but this is not higher math, nope, these are judgements on the level of the common sense. Namely, I have devised that the number 3 as graphical image has to symbolize women's breasts, naturally, what else, that can speak

about three things or beings?

Yet in my old age I have scratched a bit my head — because it is in this way how one thinks, scratching the head, either with a nail, or then with some sharply pointed pencil — and have seen that there are other moments that explain this rubbing hidden in the trees, and the 'treva'-grasses, as well as in the very rubbing, that is 'trija' in Bulgarian. There is the very process of growing, becoming *groß* in German, French *croitre*, from where is said that comes the *croissant* as something that has grown much, and then I remembered that in German the animal is (not some *anima* but) *Tier*, i.e. again this rubbing like when a tree or grass or whatever grows (which rubbing probably is not heard by all of us, but it has to be imagined).

So that the number 3 really gives another *dimension*, not only in the space (makes the place, it is not just one line but many many crossing lines), but also in the time, relates us with the future, with the next generations. So that these ancient Pythagorean ideas are pretty sound, especially about the first 3 numbers, only later they become questionable, because the people just wanted to use all the digits, they were *forced* to invent some meanings. And, also, I am surely happy that am so clever to see in the things like a clairvoyant, to be sure. So that, in a way, I even ... thank you, that you are not so clever like me, to make the contrast, ha-ha.

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**THAT'S THE POINT
(the form of verse is *Myrskettino*)**

All the humans, usu^oally, act just silly,
But I no^ow think that maybe ... that's the point!
To impede us to perceive that life is, *rilly*,
Error, botched concoction, farce, or joke of God.
So we are consumed by it and, willy-nilly,
Jump like puppets, driv^oen mainly by the loins,
At a loss to see the reas^oon — *what* it thrilling!

July, 2015

— — —

A LATIN PHRASE

It's said in Latin phrase that *juvenes dum sumus*,
And for the simp^ole cause that all will turn to humus,
But if I wrong am then let plague my last be *doomus*.

June, 2016 (first in Bulgarian)

— — —

AN ADDRESS TO THE WORLD

If you ask me, what I want to tell the word,
I'd say that I wish to be a little bird,
T'greet the Sun each morning in my way,
Happy be with what to pluck I may,
Make love all day long, sing songs, or simply flirt.

July, 2017

— — —

A RAY OF WISDOM (Myrskettino acrostic)

R_acing in the life is what we do
A_nd in this way lose a lot of feelings,
Y_et the young find good all this ado,
L_ife is else for them just not quite thrilling.
E_nds this when we make some big ragout:
N_ature spoilt, friends lost, souls spent and willing
E_ve to morn turn, what's, alas, taboo.

May, 2017

— — —

NOT BETTER LATER

I wanted once, when young, one girl to bore.
She's not jet girl, nor young I, anymore.
Because of this she slept with me these days,
But such big shift made different the case,
And I felt nothing great, just her faked ohs.

Sep, 2019

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SEXY THINGS

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CONJUGATION OF A VERB

B_l'e^oary l'ight soaks through 'eye-lids my cl'osed,
L_ike muddy water leaks through a shoe torn.
O_n and on move l my oblong "meat" rose,
W_ould have preferred, though, l just to be blown.

B_uttock to buttock is trivial pose,
L_eading to terrib^ole ov'population;
E_fforts with tongue are much better for those,
W_ho practice sex as a nice celebration.

B_rave copulate all from bugs and above,
L_ying, or floating, or standing, or flying;
O_ne thing is cle^oar: sex's never enough,
W_e like it always, and do, no denying;
N_onetheless, l suppose, God has His laugh.

Feb, 2019

— — —

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A LADY-BUG

I'm a bugger of the so called ladies,
And l of^oten bug my bugess, right.
Yet we do it not like you have might,
For it's hard, else, enter her and stay deep.

Bugging is for us a way of life,
And lasts as if whole eternity;
It's not like by you, perversity,
But one long and slow and sensual dive.

Semen l throw ... bite by bite, would say,
Feel exiting them and moving forth;
She receives them happy, in accord;
We exchange *thought*, feelings, in this way.

This is why l my Creator praise,
He must be a very clever Guy,

For we food, when hot, can always find,
To *communicate* is, yet, the case.

I am so fond to communicate
With my lady-buggy girl friend that
Do it round the clock, yeah, you may bet,
And insist, while living, that it's great!

May 2019

— — —

**A BEING WITH MANY "BUT"-S
(Myrsket)**

M'y girl friend is like a lioness,
And makes in the sex too rush progress.
I still cope with the producing secrets,
But she's not glad with tradit'nal triplet.

She wants, prob'bly, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,
But my balls are not a dairy farm;
I agree: she's good at my prick lifting,
Yet seduction is her only arm.

So I asked then myself: why a woman?
What is bad with nice, white, decent ... goose?
She will sleep alone, but could-h've been used
When I her with ... handful popcorns summon!

Hence, if I this dirty story want to cut,
I should add that girl is just a kind of ... gut;
She is sexy, not denying, but, but, but.

Jun, 2019

— — —

**JINGLE ... BALLS
(nearly the old song with a new libretto)**

Refrain:

Jingle *balls*, oh, jingle balls,
Hanged on cudgel long,
Means for some, for others goal,
Source of sin for monks. [??+ hey]

The balls of every man are his expression,
His core, or heart, or gist, while he is young.
The main are instrument they of his passion,
They work in pairs, or, then, in succession,
And one may take that shaking they sing song.

Refrain: ...

Not vastly big are they, not like, say, mango,
But rather are like normal chicken egg.
Yet with the help of them he dances *tango*,
Or shows a strength of an orangutang — oh,
It's nice to play this simple forth and back!

Refrain: ...

They put are in a place not very decent,
But one can easy scratch them, both or each.
And they are *outside* — this guess is recent —,
So that to *grow* they can, in that or this end;
These are conclusions to which I can reach.

Refrain: ...

They also *teach* the man to moderation,
While women — they can simply never stop.
They always act as if in ebriation
Of feelings, thoughts, in silly exaltation,
But men, they know the "dagger" sometimes drops!

Refrain: ...

The balls, they decorate the "penetrator",
Which, after all is nice, it's bud or twig,
It hangs, and resurrects, becomes thrice greater,
While woman's organ is disgrace, no, wait, ah?
I'll not discuss this now, don't be a pig!

Refrain: ...

So that you jingle, balls, your merry singing,
From times of Hindu lingam or Greek Pan,
Announcing to the women that are bringing
With you the happiness of deeper mingling
Of sexual juices, yeah, 'cause that's the man!

Refrain:

Jingle balls, oh, jingle balls,
Hanged on cudgel long,
Means for some, for others goal,
Dinghi, danghi, dinghi, danghi, dinghi, danghi, dong,
dinghi, danghi, dong.

Nov, 2019

P.S. Ah, I have here many remarks. Let me begin with the end, in American habit. This "gh" on the last refrain does not mean that you must choke yourself with some Arabic sounds, no guys, I simply want to remind you not to read it as 'dzh' (i.e. 'dingi, daengi', what is heard in some countries, say, in Tirol); for this reason I put also "i" at the end, not your beloved "y". But the usual refrain, which repeats 6 times, and the song even *begins* with it, is shorter, and I wish for it to have some final, so to say outside the rhyme, "yeh", but this depends on the composer, who modifies the melody. And mark also that the stressed syllables are different in the refrain and in the normal couplets, in the refrain they are like in the original melody, i.e.: b'i-bop-b'i-bop- ..., while in the text they are: bi-b'op-bi-b'op-... .

Then I would like to confess you that I have spent one entire *month* in writing of this single verse, and not alternating it with some other verses, no, I just did not *know* what to put in it, I began with the first 2 lines of the refrain and stopped. The things went no further, and only my hard conviction that I can always invent a decently long verse made me to persist. It is true that in that time I was on a German wave, and this language poses many problems before me, I understand practically everything in it without dictionary (if written), but when trying to speak correct German I check the gender of each noun, because it turns that in 1 case of about 3 I make wrong guess. This is impossible language, all Latin nations have dropped the cases before a millennium or so, but the Germans still can't do this; the only language that can beat the German in its *craziness* is the ... English, though in a different way.

OK, then about the non-mango size of the balls and about their placing outside of the body, I have come, really, quite recently (in one funny etymological paper) to the conclusion that this is in order for them to allow their unrestricted growth. This has to be so, because, God or no God, but all important organs are somehow protected by bones, yet the balls are not; if you don't believe me then propose alone some other explanation.

Then to the thought about the moderation, to which teach the men their testicles, chiefly, I have come, this time, probably before a quarter of a century, and this, surely, has to be so, because the

women know no restrictions for their desires, and due to this they have always unlimited desires, this is their purpose in life, to poke the men for more and more of everything.

So that you think about these things, and the women's *homological* (what is the right word) organ, how you bend it and twist it, does not look nice, it is exceedingly important, but the penis-lingam (-long) is a magnificent thing, no denying, and for this reason has emerged the cult to it.

And, after all, this is a nice, merry, and funny Christmas carol, especially with this my libretto, isn't it? And don't forget that I have written it in my 70 years, and in 80 I will, probably, learn to ... curse fluently in Arabic and Hindu, and in 90, well, I don't know, maybe in Swahili.

— — —

ENORMOUSLY BIG
(a *Myrskettino* verse)

Enormously big seems t'me thy behind,
Yet glad am I to use you as a cushion,
While you are flitt'ring like a butterfly,
And I'm in you instead to have pollution.
For sex's a boring thing to fight with, right,
In which case you are not a bad solution —
If telling this, my dear, you don't mind.

Sep 2015

— — —

IF I WAS A WOMAN
(a *Myrskettino* verse)

If born was I as women, once I thought,
And if as clever as am now was,
I'd felt ashamed of this, 'cause rare both,
Good brains and female sex God throws to us.
But then I saw, to stay at children's cot
's no need to think sophisticated, thus
To be as cow stupid, 's women's lot.

Sep 2015

— — —

LEAST EXPECTED

D_amsels say that my is very big,
A_nd I'm very good you guess in what,
N_one the less, on board once of a brig,
I_mpotently tried and reach could not
E_ven single gull with this my prick;
L_east expected such I shame, my God!

Oct, 2017

— — —

* * *

A_fter all, what is this woman's part called cunt?
C_hasm, or orifice, or hole, to call it blunt.
U_tterly important thing, a kind of mug,
N_eat and snugly place to harbour this man's slug,
T_hat rubs with her clitoris just so, for fun.

Jan, 2019

— — —

ONCE I WOKE (cycle of Limericks in the manner of Munchausen)

* * *

Once I woke at six clocks in the morning
And at once felt, reasons are for mourning,
'Cause my prick has gone *alone* to piss,
What, for itself, might be masterpiece,
Yet I need him, he's my loins adorning.

* * *

Once I woke in-th' middle of the night,
And felt, gone away's my prickly "knight".
Found him easy, sitting in a cha^oir,
Watching porno channel, that was whe^ore.
Do you think that his behavior's right?

* * *

Once I woke a bit before the dawn,
With the feeling that my prick has ... gone
Later turned that I was dreaming still,

Straining to believe with fullest will,
That *without* prick I have been born!

* * *

Once I woke up, it was fullest day,
Yet my prick rejected to obey
With the bluff that not enough has dosed,
Although girl aro^und me was posed;
Turned her cunt ... smelt bad from far away!

* * *

Once I woke *before* to fall in sleep
And heard distinctly that my prick ... weeps!
Turned he wanted *all* the girls to screw,
Yet this was impossible to do
When I these *unworthy* balls still keep!

* * *

Once I woke up, yeah, at four o'clock,
And I wanted just to touch my cock.
Yet he was not there, was afar,
Curled at co^uch cushion like boa* —
'Cause my farting ass I cannot lock!

Rem.: Here you must read this word like all other nations, like
'bou'ah'

* * *

Once I woke up, Monday was the day,
Yet my prick has gone, was not at bay;
He has ... *written* me a letter,
Saying, owner will seek better,
Who'll allow him to ... keep a maid!

* * *

Once I woke up, it was out Tuesday
When, I swe^oar, my prick went abusive!
He was trying th'enter *up my ass* (!),
What would have been obvious *incest*!
Scared him with mighty ... farting music!

* * *

Once I woke, I'm sure, it was Wednesday,
And was puzzled, prick has grown immensely.
Yet at dinner I have swallowed ... fly,
It might have been Spanish, that is why.

Later shot the ceiling quite intensely.

* * *

Once I woke as usual in Thursday,
Scratching eggs as every does this, doesn't he?
Yet the scrotum was ... threadbare
One egg out rolled, unaware!
Found it, put in, sewed up, trouble wasn't big.

* * *

Once I woke, have not much slept, in Friday,
And felt: scrotum mine was shaking widely!
Turned, my balls were ... leading bitter war
Who of them to me is dearer more!
Well, I stroked them long, till they stopped fighting.

* * *

Once I woke from sleep in Saturday.
Would have known, though, would have never been,
'Cause my prick has gone far-far away,
T'study ... Kamasutra (!), yet he may,
T'me return, said, he will later see.

* * *

Once I woke up early in some Sunday
And saw, my prick was alive as monkey;
Patted him repeating "Wait, boy, wait,
I've forgotten t'switch off stand-by state,
'Cause the last night was a bit of *drunky*."

* * *

Once I woke up in a holiday
With the feeling that become have gay,
'Cause my prick U-turned has back! Why? Wait,
I have watched late ... camels copulate.
Hence he thought it's more fun in this way!

Remark: Well, I am not a specialist but have read somewhere that the penis on a masculine camel is turned the other way round, so that I imagined that they copulate like bugs.

May, 2020

— — — — —

THINGS FOR CHILDREN

— — —

WAY & WOY (Chinese parable)

At the emp'ror's Court, Cathay/^{*},
Beautiful, lived, butterfly.
She was rather -flyess,
Way, and hundred guys, yes
-flyers, 'cause of love to her just died.

[□ * This name must be read as 'Kath'aj' in nearest to Latin transliteration, because this is how Marco Polo has named the country, and also in Russian is 'Kitaj'.]

She was painted in pastels,
Rosy, vi^oiolet, and, well,
Who saw her went crazy
For she was amazing,
And flew t' exercise to ... lift dumb-bell.

Now you have to know that she
Promised has a maiden be
Till some guy in th'a^oir
Lifted this affa^oir,
And at hundred dimes he flew with it.

The^ore lay just in the Court
One such "bell" of-th' proper sort,
Yet it was so heavy,
That all -flyers levy
Could not even lean it to the North.

Still, the hardest thing was how
T'grasp the beastly thing, so now
One has to be tricky,
T'find some substance sticky,
Else you fail, if thick are as a sow.

Yet the butterflyer Woy,

Strong was, nice, and clever boy.
He the wisest spider
Asked for help, said: "Either
I'll succeed, or die of lack of joy".

Th'spider's sage some branches sucked
For the glue, and caught ... a duck
In the web to test it.
Th'-flyer said: "Be blessed if
To the thing my legs be firmly stuck!".

This was done fast in no time,
Th'distance measured with two dimes;
All were well awa^{re}
What will happen the^{re},
Bugs were gathering on-th' near lime.

Still, at once a problem jumped,
Unavoidab^{le}, plump:
Th'wings were much too tiny;
They were fine and stylish,
Yet have to be long by hundred thumbs.

Now all spiders went to work,
Diligently, not like clerks,
They got fallen feathers,
Glued them all together
To the own wings and checked all with jerks.

Th'whole construction, as last step,
Covered was with finest web
Of this substance sticky,
To be monolithic,
And it was just wonder, you may bet.

When all ready was young girls,
-flyesses, him fed like earl,
Mouth to mouth with honey,
For he was their bonny,
And they valued him like precious pearl.

So he drank the last nectar
From a flow^{er} cup not far,
Leaned to him by buddies,
For to make him ruddy,
T'lift the soul and body of the star.

Then his newest wings he spread,
In the air rose joyous, glad,
 And with strong strokes headed,
 Yet now comes the sad bit:
At the final found, alas, his death!

Else the task accomplished was,
He flew five dimes more, but just
 When he landed rolled forth,
 Might have jumped he from th'board,
If not glued was strongly, hence, died thus.

So it's time for you to cry,
Dear children, for this guy,
 Woy, th'brave butterflyer,
 Who died of desi^ore
T'have the butterflyess Way for wife.

Though to add, as afterthought,
Can I that the very God
 This demise permitted,
 For if th'insects fitted
With such strength are this will change a lot.

This will change a lot of things,
Th'human race may have to sink,
 So that, children, happy
 You remain, let's wrap it
Up, the insects should not sorrow bring.

June, 2016

P.S. It is good if one tries to find suitable melody to sing it, because all couplets are exactly equal, and have by: 7, 7, 6, 6, 9 syllables. In the worst case a melody can be invented, i.e. to use this as a libretto for some song, yet I don't think that to find some existing one will be so difficult, at least because I have used, in fact, one popular Bulgarian children song about one small white rabbit and a little deer, adding the fifth line extra. Also, I suppose, and if one wants, one may repeat the last line for symmetry.

— — — — —

FUNNY THINGS

— — —

THE "TEATING" TEETH (a *Myrskettino* verse)

I'll tell you, guys, what means the English tooth.
It's something sticking ou^ot like a ... tit!
Yet ancient are of this relation roots,
Still, I'll explain them, for I am pund'it.
You know, the Titans sucked with eager mood,
And with the milk came strength to them by bits,
Now add the stalact'it(e)s for to conclude.

June, 2016

— — —

* * *

There was an ancient crocodile,
Who was born and lived in-t' river Nile,
But was bought by a tycoon,
Who began to like him soon,
For they brethren were in their ... smiles.

June, 2016

— — —

I GO TO BUY MY BREAD

I go to buy my bread, again's it with gluten,
But prices are important, I'm a poor man.

Nov 2015 (translation)

— — —

A TOILET PROPOSITION

T_o tell you the truth, defecation ... 's-immoral,
O_r else God 's-impostor, or even a myth,

I_f made us to stick to this act.
L_ook, I would have never him given the laurel,
E_nsnaring us first to eat and then sh#t,
T_remendously bad is this fact.

B_ecause being God 's-obligation,
O_f course, should have pondered bit more.
W_e don't like the smell but all nations,
L_ike beasts, nasty droppings leave, no?

V_itality must be preserved, yet the asses
E_ffectively could have been licked with some tongues,
R_eposed could be faeces in resinous masses,
S_o 'that to leave them be like singing of songs,
E_lse they could have smelled like some freshly cut grasses.

May, 2017

— — —

IF GOD HAS NOT

If God has not all thoroughly considered
We could have propagated still ... by eggs!
But then, if I intelligent have readers,
They'll grasp the perilous of this drawback:
We, being known in everything as greeder,
Would have deserved "child-eaters" nasty tag.
Hence He from one more sin us saved — good breeder.

Aug, 2017

— — —

A TAILY NAME

T_roubles have I always with ... the pissing,
A_h, 'cause have to make my prick shrink down.
Y_esterday, e.g., have not this possibility;
L_ook, I'll just tell thee, that pissing is necessity.
O_n the other hand, when it makes rounds.
R_isen stays for days, the time is missing.

Sep, 2017

— — —

THE ONLY SALVATION FOR GIRLS

If you don't forget to take the pill
You can do it always when you will.
Else you'll give birth of another monkey
Or then horse, or bull, or pig, or donkey;
Saved are only who've no sex appeal.

March, 2018

— — —

VULGAR EXCLAMATION

A_bsolutely nice the life is not,
H_ey, we run through it like bullet shot.

F_avourable it is not to all like mother,
U_p go those who care chiefly for themselves,
C_annot worthy people live in glory swell,
K_nown become they dead, when suffered long have rather.

I_mplicated, though, in it are bound
T_o avoid disturbing those around.

Dec, 2018

— — —

STRANGE PEREGRINATION (Myrskettino)

M_ating is the core of the Creation,
A_fter all, that's what's the very ... matter.
D_own from the atoms, up to nations
M_any parts seek combinations better,
A_lways trembling as in exaltation.
T_his to glorify I've made the letters
T_o perform this strange peregrination.

Jan, 2019

— — — — —

OTHERS

— — —

THE LIFE (a 1001 syllabic poem)

Ah, the life is something very precious,
say the moralists, but what if — no?
And the end-goal is again suspicious,
what's the other life, what keeps in store
it for me, for I'm not avaricious?

So that I think this is silly fab^ole
and invented 'cause we are not ab^ole
to exist without the matter more.

Yet, if we just leave aside the "after",
it is also not so bad a thing,
keeps us, while it can, afloat — a raft, ah? —
and, if we don't prematurely sink,
helps us to avoid the big disasters.

What means that while we are young, are happy,
being silly makes the life an epic,
or we like it more, the less we think.

But if I were God and had decided
to invent some *game*, to kill the time,
in which everything quite long abided,
though it changed, gave birth, was not like I'm —
well, this all without death can't be guided.

So that, to make interesting the matters,
all the time must change the mortal matter,
or one must descend, when once has climbed.

Now, it turns that God has done His duty,
or His pleasure, if He can have one,
in creating world not very beauty,
but one us'ally does what can be done,
and the things are stab^ole and well rooted.

Only this is not divine creation,
and I see no cause for exaltation —
using ou^or lives to have some fun!

Mark, though, God or no, is *not* important,
academic here is the point,
He is from the forth dimension, soft of,
moves in time, and thought with matter joins,
we can not *discern* Him, and are mortal.

So that we come to the same conclusions
with explicit God or His allusion,
and create we chiefly with the ... loins.

Well, be as it may, we were created,
or appeared evolut'nary,
all the times then, don't know why, we waited
to be happy like kings or khalifs,
yet by ... sufferings's life animated!

Known is, good from bad 's-not separable,
even if you care more than doubtle,
'cause: why should you pay by low tariff?

See, the living things are harshly punished,
for to stick to some important rules.
They harm one another very cunning,
using teeth, beaks, claws, horns, feet, and tools,
all with what them *Evo*-God has furnished.

In this way each for his interest cares,
stopping not the others t'look for the^oirs,
having gone not for a day to school.

But the bad thing is the ... *probabil'ty*,
with which is returned to every deed,
so that often suffers not the guilty,
what is quite discouraging, indeed,
and from moral point for me is filthy.

Plus that often wins who's fast and clever,
what is justified, but should has never
happened that with luck survives the beast.

What leads to the thought that life is *error*,
which competes, part of the rules to be;
if succeeds to cast not heavy terror
then the other "errors" must agree
with the former, building kind of stairs.

At the top of it are we, the peop^ole,
though we "stir the water", make high ripp^oles;
will this cause disasters we shall see.

The important 's-the collaboration,

harmony and equilibrium,
nothing stays in total isolation,
nothing's perfect, this is our doom,
there's always some continuation.
So that one's to think about the others,
what's not pleasure much but burden rather,
with all chances to miss to come to bloom!

Also heed that no good, no bad, 's-therere,
from the point of Nature-God that's it,
yet one always must for himself care,
for the others, maybe, just a bit.
Hence, for th' living things the life's not fair;
full is with unknown variables,
so that everything alive has troubles,
as if life's impossible, is myth.

Every cloud, though, has its silver lining,
which is that the life is *interesting*,
meaning that if is not even tiny
problem, then it stays just on the brink,
penetrates the zone when *risk* is shining!
Maybe 'cause by affluent conditions
one is tasty prey, what means — perdition,
yet this is a rule, not mere kink.

Also th' life is very democratic,
weeds and useful plants grow stem by stem,
th' bad endure, they are so "emphatic",
th' good are weak, but praised and sweet like jam;
saints and villains live in castles, attics.
Anyway, once born without asking,
we've to hope for good, the bad just masking,
for are stuck like in its shell a clam.

Apr 2017

— — —

**THE LIFE IS ...
(libretto for a song that awaits its composer)**

Some people come from families with fame,
In which case what is honoured is the name,
So they are served by others who are smiling,
And they are happy, sure, 'cause presiding,

But I am not and someone's to be blamed.

Refrain:

Oh God, oh God, oh God, the life is shit,
And as all say that You are who made it,
I have to ask You just that tiny bit:
Why should be I who's on the shitty side?

Then others born are nice, like th' very sin,
What is advantage, and not pretty thin,
They often favoured are, because the beauty
Divine creation is, to love it's duty,
But I am shrunken like a moccasin.

Refrain:

Oh God, ...

More others happen to be big and strong,
They like to hit, to disobey is wrong,
But strength is matter of a whole complexion,
One either has or not such predilection,
And I am destined not to be amongst.

Refrain:

Oh God, ...

Else could have I been from the wealthy ones,
This as if's easy and I have some chance,
But these are fables, money stick to money,
So that one very rare could have done it,
Hence I am like a lame who tries to dance.

Refrain:

Oh God, ...

Or I could have been brainy after all,
Be from the intellectuals, yeah, but no,
Alas, this can't be bought with money even,
One tries, but has to put up with what's given,
So it is God again who made my dole.

Refrain:

Oh God, ...

One could be, in the end, mean, vicious, wicked,
What happens, although amateurish, weak,

I lack the class of real rogues and scoundrels,
So I deserve misfortunes that encounter,
Yet why should always I receive the kick?

Refrain:

Oh God, oh God, oh God, the life is shit,
And as all say that You are who made it,
I have to ask You just that tiny bit:
Why should be I who's on the shitty side?

Oh God, You could have bettered life a bit,
Could have done so that good the bad strikes, hits,
And that the good disseminates its seeds,
And not be me who's on the shitty side.

Or else I'll take that You are just a myth,
The bad when You allow and not forbid,
Or then, let it exists, but do not shit
At me and move me to some shiny side.

Oct 2017

— — —

AFTERWORD

It turned out that I must add also some words at the end of the book, because 5 years are not few and something have been changed. One such change is that I have written a book with 50 Myrskets (the so called "Shitty but Frankly"), and find them really good for every occasion, yet my casual readers are not of the same opinion, they prefer to stick to the tradition, but I am glad with myself (because I have no other self, ha-ha).

Then the book happened to be not big, and would have been even smaller, if I had not included 3 - 4 big verses written primarily as appendixes to some of my social essays, which I include also here (because these are verses in English, after all). Then the children verses are even not in plural, it is only one piece (which I have sucked out of my fingers in order to have something under this subtitle), but this is not my fault, guilty is my ... muse (you know how the muses are — give them always sex and more of the same), so that I am glad that have succeeded to produce even this one.

The sexual things are not exactly few, but they are a bit more indecent than proper even nowadays, especially with these Munchausen

Limericks, where my muse is not guilty, these are man's views. Yet the philosophical things are nice for me, at least some of them, and some of the others (in fact *all* works in this subsection), some of the funny things, too, so that I am glad that have produced even this. You come to 70, and write verses in more than 2 languages, and we will see how proliferous you will be.

Now some words about my future plans, at least in poetical aspect. The general rule is that I will write from this moment only something like this: "Poetical Mix — 20xx" for 1 or 2 years, and in languages alphabetically ordered as: Bulgarian, English, German, Russian, trying to put more stress on the German. Only as an exception I can come up with some thematically written book, yet even this if there will be work for about several months; no big intentions, because they may remain unfinished. And also for about 4-5 more years, till my 75-th anniversary. So that's it. Bye-bye, or maybe adieu.

Jan 2021, Sofia, Bulgaria

— — — — —

E N D OF THE BOOK

Сконвертировано и публикувано на <http://SamoLit.com/>

VARIATIONS ON "HO-HO-HO" THEME

(last poetry)

Myrskets, Myrskettinos, and other poetical "pearls",
For hard-working people, old or young, boys or girls.

Composed by *Chris Myrski* at his leisure and in old years,
From 2015 and till 2020 already disappeared.

— — — — —

[**Abstract:** This is poetical collection of humorous verses in my

usual style, what means with nice nursery thymes, stressing not on feelings but on interesting *ideas* and thoughts, and which are usually of mixed nature as: philosophical, cynic or cheeky, funny, and a bit experimental. I have gathered them for 5 years, and there are pieces that I have used elsewhere as appendixes. From now on I intend to write only mixed poetry in 4 languages.]

[Idea for **illustration** on the cover. This is a bit difficult task because the collection is quite motley and the only joining idea is the ho-ho laugh. Well, if so I propose the following: in the right low part of the picture is shown a laughing ... *frog* standing on its hind legs and petting its belly with its fore legs, looking toward the left, with open mouth, out of which exit the words "Ho ho ho", so that the first "ho" is somewhere in the left high corner. All this is as picture under the title and the author and with dimensions 450 x 450 pixels.]

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Philosophical things
Sexy things
Things for children
Funny things
Others
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— — —

FOREWORD

Maybe a pair of paragraphs are still necessary in the beginning. Because, for one thing, I want to write more poetry in English, for the reason that I have till now circa 10 thousand lines of funny poetry in Russian and at least 8 thousands in Bulgarian, and counting myself for a world writer (what is the essence of my pseudonym — *Myrski* comes from Russian '*mir*', what is both, world and peace), I feel myself bound to increase my, maybe just a thousand or two, poetical lines in English. But for another thing my "Poetical Notebook" is pretty thin for a book, there are many free pages in it, so to say, what means that I am not forced to open new poetical collection in my 65

years, which can very probably remain unfinished (if it is at all clear what means "finished" in regard of a collection of something).

Yeah, but there are reasons for this new booklet, if not others then at least the fact that I like the name, variations not on Rococo theme but on "Ho-ho-ho" one. And there have gone about 20 years (maybe even more) from my first attempts in this field, so that this new beginning is justified. Yet there is something more here, there is the fact that during my poetical activity in Russian I have invented a pair of new types of poetical pieces, meaning the stile, the number and way of rhyming of the lines, which I became bold enough to name using my pseudonym (because, you see, I have just no time to wait until the world discovers me, have I, with half a foot in the grave). So that let me say a pair of words about these types (even if in the time of writing of this preface I have not used them all in English, but I hope I will do this).

Now, the *Myrskets* are sonnet-like verses with 15 lines, where there are three quatrains in which all three possible ways of rhyming are used (adjacent or AABB, by a line or ABAB, and ends and middle or ABBA), and then follows an ending triplet. To me this seems more alive than the sonnet, more didactic, and may be used even for long works based on many *Myrskets* as couplets, so that I advise the colleagues to try them (everything new is interesting). Then there is the *Myrskettino* (with Italian diminutive suffix) which is septet and the rhyme goes by a line (i.e. ABABABA), what means that there is a triplet and a quartet, what isn't easy to write, but you are felt rewarded if you succeed to manage the situation; this is pretty good for short instruction or rules in life, because has more than 4 lines, and there is something old, maybe Hebrew, in this 7 lines. And there may be also *Myrsketton*s as enlarged *myskets* with 16 lines (say, ABAB ABBA ABABA AAA, but can be also other variants). I have done this "research" work in order to find something more lively and untraditional, and see no reasons why you can not imitate me, if you like.

So, and because my stile of writing poetry is strong affection to the so called nursery rhymes, and my way of looking at the world is more contemplative or explanatory — I don't use poetry for to say with rhymes things that are ... difficult to be said with plain words (as, I am afraid, is the most widely-spread usage of rhymes, due to the preferences of both, readers and writers), and also I find (maybe because of my education and my old age, but that's the fact) that the life or Creation, including the human beings, is a pretty funny thing, then this defines also the areas of my poetry. For these reasons I have 4 main subsections, namely: philosophical things, sexy things, things for children, and (simply) funny things (although everything is, in one or another extent, funny). But well, let it exist also a subsection "others".

And let me tell you that, because there are problems with the triphthongs (like in "tire" or "our"), which have to be usually (according to the other languages) in two syllables, and because even with the diphthongs often is better to pronounce them as two syllables (like in "how" or "though"), or sometimes there happen too many adjacent consonants and some vowel has to be squeezed there (like in "people", and has to be added that sound as in "girl", yet not prolonged), I have invented one *special sign*, which is quite similar to the used apostrophe for missing syllable, but has the reversed meaning and has to be put in such places where appears a *new* syllable, and it is this, "°" (like ti°re, ou°r, ho°w, peop°le, etc.). That's all.

Bye-bye and adieu.

March 2016, Sofia, Bulgaria, European Union, third planet from the Sun called usually Earth
(because when you fall on it and it ... hurts).

— — — — —

PHILOSOPHICAL THINGS

— — —

LIFE, LOVE, WISDOM (to Fr. Petrarca)

When happens so that one for first time comes to life
He enters it with cries and laughs, 'cause such's the youth.
Then he again with laughs and cries meets his first love
In the pursuit to reach and not to lose the happ'ness.
It might be in the end to some will shine the wisdom,
But with it or without we'll never miss the death.

Now it is good to know that only after death
We can appreciate and praise or not some life.
In which case it's not bad if one dies in his youth,
For in this way he'll have from th'others all their love.
And since we never can be su°re 'bout the happ'ness,
Untimely such demise can be a choice of wisdom.

Because, you no°w ponder, what's the greatest wisdom,

And don't you tell me that it's not to come to death.
But few are happy coming to the end of life,
Contrasting what they are with what were in the youth,
And with old bodies they can't comfort find in-th' love,
And this is often all that leads us to the happ'ness.

It would have been great thing, they could have come to-th'
happ'ness

With what they are and have, yet this is right a wisdom,
As well so to behave for to live after death
In-th' memory of others who are still in th'life.
This question everyone is bound to solve in-th' youth,
And to treat all the nature with compassion, love.

And no^w let's define this precious thing, the love:
It surely-'s not sex, but way to reach the happ'ness,
Yet pushing not the self — and this is why it's wisdom —,
But th'other being, ev'n defying th'o^wn death.
This contradiction with the egoistic life
Gives higher worthy purpose in old age and youth.

But mark that ho^wever silly is the youth,
This is the pe^riod of stronger feelings, love,
And that the risks and dangers, justify the happ'ness,
Which can be only *imitated* through the wisdom,
And everything is caught in cyc^les, like the death
Prerequisite is, not consequence just, of-th' life.

Hence this is why I sang this song in-th' end of life,
To give all peop^le — when I can't do harm — my love,
And squeezing ou^t to the latest drop my wisdom.

June, 2017

P.S. I dedicated this poetry to Petrarca because this is where I saw that such things are at all possible, for the rhyme here goes after 6 or more lines. More precisely, here the lines end in this way, ABCDEF, and then FA and B at most, he doesn't even bother to rotate the rhymes cyclically, how I (as mathematician) have done; but for that peculiarity here rhyme whole words, not just syllables, what has its advantages, it sounds refreshing. And I have beaten maestro Petrarca, as you can well see. So that after my efforts you can freely call this kind of writing of sextets Petrarca-Myrski's stile, right? Then do it, please.

— — —

LOVE IS BORING

If one thinks a girl is worth the honour
To be deified and fall in love,
He commits unpardonable gaffe,
That will later turn him to a mourner.

Not that I'm against infatuations —
One can freely fool himself sometimes —,
So that I don't state that love is crime,
But it's not the core, it's *innovation*.

Th'core of everything-'s the healthy sex,
But it's earthly thing and not divine,
It's exchange of secrets, not adoring.

And, besides, a girl-'s a bad pretext,
She's an egoistic ... bitch, oh my,
And in long run this becomes just boring.

June, 2017

P.S. And this piece is in the mostly used by Petrarca style of writing
of sonnets, yet in entirely different Myrski's style of thinking. So that
you see that the geniuses are in some aspects alike, but in others
they differ; in this way I give my tribute to him, but preserve my spirit
of thoughts.

— — —

TO GOD VIA ... THE SEX

Diff'rent ways, that's sure, to divine lead Being,
I have found my way by the use of sex!
'Cause what's needed happens, as it's often seeing,
But when it is not, then there's hidden text.

Look, the sex's exchanging of some secrets, right?
Which unnecessary are for our pleasure,
Yet the secrets necessary are if bright
You are for to pass this through your brain in leisure.

Hence, this could have hardly happened by itself,
And in order for to run all smooth and well
Being wise, supreme must have helped, making spell.

What means: unbeliever, atheist like me
In some situations can be forced to seek
Propping finger of a God to make life be.

Sep, 2017

P.S. This is just one of the beloved themes in my old years, which could have been expressed also in a bit sexy form, namely, that when I blow my nose I don't feel much satisfaction, yet if a girl does some nice blow-job to me the situation is quite different. Id est, this pleasure is pretty away from the proliferation, but it has arisen by the animals somewhere after the dinosaurs, and I can see here the God's finger.

— — —

IF I WERE GOD

Oh, life is pretty doubtful a matter,
We judge about it, but that's a clatter,
And no one's ever grasped the part its greater,
So that we move in it like mannequins,
And ultimately lose, just rare win,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

Then God's existence can be proved with nothing,
But to disprove Him means that one does not think,
For He the Nature ... dresses, is like clothing,
What seems discouraging for lot of us,
We find, this world is rotten, lies in pus,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

And good and bad is relative a notion,
We sink in these nuances like in ocean,
Exacerbate the matter the emotions,
So we spill juices, albumins, or blood,
To multiply and th'others t'kill in bud,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

Or sex and propagation take, such number
Of future copies makes us often stumble,
Survival's hindered thus, and I can grumble,
That in the sex we fun have but the trees,
Or grasses, fishes, suffer giving seeds,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

Each living form is perilous for th'others,
Thus the variety is lessened rather,
While chaos is the equilibrium's mother,
What means that life is as if kind of mould,
And it disfigures Nature pretty bold,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

To this is added bottom-up Creation,
And movement hazardous to no end-station,
With risk the cause for joys, exhilarations,
And building this process will never stop,
And we shall always move in silly mob,
 Yet were I God I would have done the same.

With this I don't raise for discovery my claim,
From atheistic point is life a perfect game,
And if a God exists I praise Him still, don't blame

Sep, 2017

— — —

A BIT OF DIALECTICS

(a *Petrarchezzio*)

When in the morning of my life was I, then, hey,
I felt no change and everything went slow,
While later, when to grown age came I, though,
In two-three years got I that the youth's away.

Then with the years felt I, too, no aging,
Until at sixty saw at once that I am old —
Teeth — gone, prick's fallen, tire fast, am almost bald;
Life renovates, but I can not, it's crazy!

What, after all, is dialectically so^ound,
That heaping quantities new quality produce,
And things are changed, and I am old, and have to die.

Yeah, after this, yet not with me, begins new ro^ound,
Each person's insignificant, he must be *used*,
But life is waltz, and one must dance it, that is why.

May, 2018

P.S. This strange word *Petrarchezzio* is my invention and means a Petrarca-style sonnet, which is characterized (at least in my interpretation), meaning the end-syllables, with ABBA CDDC EFG EFG rhymes (where the usual sonnets are like AABB CCDD EFEFEF, or ABAB CDCD EEEFFF). Naturally, there can be some variations, but this here stile is a bit easier to write, and it is as if somehow open (there is no EE at the end), so that every poet have to try it, this is my advice.

— — —

LISTEN PEOPLE, YOUNG AND OLD!

Listen he^{re} peop^{le} of all nations:
Life is chiefly act of adaptation!
Women, they all the^{ir} life adapt,
Hence for the old age are they more apt;
Men, though, they fall fast in ruination.

Also movement is the core of all alive,
So that you don't stop to walk, run, jog, says I,
The^{re} are some hidden mechanisms,
That keep fit thus all your organism,
Else you'll sooner make in-th' other world your dive.

Then if you want longer be as fit as fiddle,
You must stick in everything to-th' golden middle,
And if this will make you mediocre,
What of it, in old age worse things occur;
Mark, the moderation-'s answer of the riddle!

Plus this you must have beloved activity,
Watch what others do is deep naivety,
Do it with your hands, brain, legs, alone,
Else you will the old age curse and mourn;
O^{wn} deeds give reasons for festivity.

Ah, and you must stay in opposition
To the very consumer position,
Else you will become senile addict
To things that must, frankly, make you sick;
What's against the soul is superstition!

And because, you know, exists statistics,
Which is not at all equilibristics,
When you sooner die this will allow
To some other live bit longer, wow!

I hope this will make you optimistic.

Sep, 2018

— — —

TRIBUTE TO ... BARBARITY

I say, do you want to be barbarian?
'Cause this isn't so hard, as it may seem.
You have to be born just as ... Bulgarian,
And be common, egoistic, mean!

Still, this may for you have some advantages,
Of^oten you'll be left to live alone.
And what better thing on this world can exist,
Than to have it your way, on and on?

You will meet with no compulsion of religion,
We are unbelievers like, say, dogs and cats,
We've no communist or atheistic visions;
Ou^or faith-'s the ow^on guzzle, you may bet!

We've no families, the newborn are most bastards* ,
Neither honour we the old, or, then, the young,
Ou^or wishes are for us the only masters,
Life begins with us, and the^ore's no beyond.

[* According to the census for 2010 for Bulgaria 55 % of newborn children are extramarital.]

Yet we have some precious genes, that make us unique,
Not with purity but like some coffee blend,
We show differences, nice piquantness, beauty,
And this the innate barbarity amends.

'Cause we harming one another have *selected*
Better beings filling various niches,
Other nations have not harmed or else affected,
But have done this what each nation wishes!

Id est we are not so bad as seems at first,
More than this, because we can't unite
To do harm to other peop^ole, kill and burst,
We unconsciously do what is ... right!

Right from standpoint of some god or all the world,
Leaving th'others peacefully to live,
Each of us prefers to lie in his shell curled,
Doing just what pleases him, and if.

Where nations organized, well, they feel strong,
And enforce the way of life on-th' others;
This *variety diminishes*, is wrong,
If succeeds to spread itself much farther.

Hence, we *sacrify us*, for the world to better,
And the other nations must protect us, yeah!
In the long run such as us are those who matter,
And I, having told this, am so glad, ole!

Sep, 2018

— — —

ONE, TWO, THREE
(Myrsket)

God said: one-two-three, and one-two-three,
And then look, it grew at once a ... tree.
Yet not only this, 'cause then for us
The '*trava*' by Slavs grew, what is ... grass!

Then the ... animals — *das Tier* in German,
Th'very growing, French *croitre*, thrive, try!
Hidden may be — if you like my sermon —,
Rubbing of some bodies here, guys.

Still, this isn't some coupling, or, then, splitting,
Number three involves the *propagation*;
Which is shoving, stirring, agitation,
Only thus are all the loose ends meeting.

Hence, let's sum up: one, the very person is,
Two — the others, God, to everything Who sees,
Three — the future seed, that after us succeeds.

Jun, 2019

P.S. Now, people, there is either this, or that, namely that: either
I am unusually clever guy, or else you all are impossibly lazy to think

a bit about the things around you. But in old times people were not so *lazy*, they have scratched their heads, they have thought, and fixed these things in the words. Because before nearly 20 years I have come to the conclusion that the number three just *has to* be related with the tree, which is changed to 'treva'-grass in Bulgarian, and similar in all other Slavonic languages, but I don't think that somebody else has come to similar conclusions, although there everything lies on the surface, there is nothing sophisticated here. Also I have investigated the numbers, where, OK, I agree that for this some mathematical culture is necessary, but this is not higher math, nope, these are judgements on the level of the common sense. Namely, I have devised that the number 3 as graphical image has to symbolize women's breasts, naturally, what else, that can speak about three things or beings?

Yet in my old age I have scratched a bit my head — because it is in this way how one thinks, scratching the head, either with a nail, or then with some sharply pointed pencil — and have seen that there are other moments that explain this rubbing hidden in the trees, and the 'treva'-grasses, as well as in the very rubbing, that is 'trija' in Bulgarian. There is the very process of growing, becoming *groß* in German, French *croitre*, from where is said that comes the *croissant* as something that has grown much, and then I remembered that in German the animal is (not some *anima* but) *Tier*, i.e. again this rubbing like when a tree or grass or whatever grows (which rubbing probably is not heard by all of us, but it has to be imagined).

So that the number 3 really gives another *dimension*, not only in the space (makes the place, it is not just one line but many many crossing lines), but also in the time, relates us with the future, with the next generations. So that these ancient Pythagorean ideas are pretty sound, especially about the first 3 numbers, only later they become questionable, because the people just wanted to use all the digits, they were *forced* to invent some meanings. And, also, I am surely happy that am so clever to see in the things like a clairvoyant, to be sure. So that, in a way, I even ... thank you, that you are not so clever like me, to make the contrast, ha-ha.

— — —

**THAT'S THE POINT
(the form of verse is *Myrskettino*)**

All the humans, usu^oally, act just silly,
But I no^ow think that maybe ... that's the point!
To impede us to perceive that life is, *rilly*,
Error, botched concoction, farce, or joke of God.
So we are consumed by it and, willy-nilly,

Jump like puppets, driven mainly by the loins,
At a loss to see the reason — *what* it thrilling!

July, 2015

— — —

A LATIN PHRASE

It's said in Latin phrase that *juvenes dum sumus*,
And for the simple cause that all will turn to humus,
But if I wrong am then let plague my last be *doomus*.

June, 2016 (first in Bulgarian)

— — —

AN ADDRESS TO THE WORLD

If you ask me, what I want to tell the word,
I'd say that I wish to be a little bird,
T'greet the Sun each morning in my way,
Happy be with what to pluck I may,
Make love all day long, sing songs, or simply flirt.

July, 2017

— — —

A RAY OF WISDOM (*Myrskettino* acrostic)

R_acing in the life is what we do
A_nd in this way lose a lot of feelings,
Y_et the young find good all this ado,
L_ife is else for them just not quite thrilling.
E_nds this when we make some big ragout:
N_ature spoilt, friends lost, souls spent and willing
E_ve to morn turn, what's, alas, taboo.

May, 2017

— — —

NOT BETTER LATER

I wanted once, when young, one girl to bore.
She's not jet girl, nor young I, anymore.
Because of this she slept with me these days,
But such big shift made different the case,
And I felt nothing great, just her faked ohs.

Sep, 2019

— — — — —

SEXY THINGS

— — —

CONJUGATION OF A VERB

B_l'e^oary l'ight soaks through 'eye-lids my cl'osed,
L_ike muddy water leaks through a shoe torn.
O_n and on move I my oblong "meat" rose,
W_ould have preferred, though, I just to be blown.

B_uttock to buttock is trivial pose,
L_eading to terrible ov'population;
E_fforts with tongue are much better for those,
W_ho practice sex as a nice celebration.

B_rave copulate all from bugs and above,
L_ying, or floating, or standing, or flying;
O_ne thing is cle^oar: sex's never enough,
W_e like it always, and do, no denying;
N_onetheless, I suppose, God has His laugh.

Feb, 2019

— — —

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A LADY-BUG

I'm a bugger of the so called ladies,
And I of^oten bug my bugess, right.
Yet we do it not like you have might,
For it's hard, else, enter her and stay deep.

Bugging is for us a way of life,
And lasts as if whole eternity;
It's not like by you, perversity,
But one long and slow and sensual dive.

Semen I throw ... bite by bite, would say,
Feel exiting them and moving forth;
She receives them happy, in accord;
We exchange *thought*, feelings, in this way.

This is why I my Creator praise,
He must be a very clever Guy,
For we food, when hot, can always find,
To *communicate* is, yet, the case.

I am so fond to communicate
With my lady-buggy girl friend that
Do it round the clock, yeah, you may bet,
And insist, while living, that it's great!

May 2019

— — —

**A BEING WITH MANY "BUT"-S
(Myrsket)**

M'y girl friend is like a lioness,
And makes in the sex too rush progress.
I still cope with the producing secrets,
But she's not glad with tradit'nal triplet.

She wants, prob'bly, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,
But my balls are not a dairy farm;
I agree: she's good at my prick lifting,
Yet seduction is her only arm.

So I asked then myself: why a woman?
What is bad with nice, white, decent ... goose?
She will sleep alone, but could-h've been used
When I her with ... handful popcorns summon!

Hence, if I this dirty story want to cut,
I should add that girl is just a kind of ... gut;
She is sexy, not denying, but, but, but.

Jun, 2019

— — —

JINGLE ... BALLS
(nearly the old song with a new libretto)

Refrain:

Jingle *balls*, oh, jingle balls,
Hanged on cudgel long,
Means for some, for others goal,
Source of sin for monks. [?+ hey]

The balls of every man are his expression,
His core, or heart, or gist, while he is young.
The main are instrument they of his passion,
They work in pairs, or, then, in succession,
And one may take that shaking they sing song.

Refrain: ...

Not vastly big are they, not like, say, mango,
But rather are like normal chicken egg.
Yet with the help of them he dances *tango*,
Or shows a strength of an orangutang — oh,
It's nice to play this simple forth and back!

Refrain: ...

They put are in a place not very decent,
But one can easy scratch them, both or each.
And they are *outside* — this guess is recent —,
So that to *grow* they can, in that or this end;
These are conclusions to which I can reach.

Refrain: ...

They also *teach* the man to moderation,
While women — they can simply never stop.
They always act as if in ebriation
Of feelings, thoughts, in silly exaltation,
But men, they know the "dagger" sometimes drops!

Refrain: ...

The balls, they decorate the "penetrator",
Which, after all is nice, it's bud or twig,
It hangs, and resurrects, becomes thrice greater,
While woman's organ is disgrace, no, wait, ah?
I'll not discuss this now, don't be a pig!

Refrain: ...

So that you jingle, balls, your merry singing,
From times of Hindu lingam or Greek Pan,
Announcing to the women that are bringing
With you the happiness of deeper mingling
Of sexual juices, yeah, 'cause that's the man!

Refrain:

Jingle balls, oh, jingle balls,
Hanged on cudgel long,
Means for some, for others goal,
Dinghi, danghi, dinghi, danghi, dinghi, danghi, dong,
dinghi, danghi, dong.

Nov, 2019

P.S. Ah, I have here many remarks. Let me begin with the end, in American habit. This "gh" on the last refrain does not mean that you must choke yourself with some Arabic sounds, no guys, I simply want to remind you not to read it as 'dzh' (i.e. 'dingi, daengi', what is heard in some countries, say, in Tirol); for this reason I put also "i" at the end, not your beloved "y". But the usual refrain, which repeats 6 times, and the song even *begins* with it, is shorter, and I wish for it to have some final, so to say outside the rhyme, "yeh", but this depends on the composer, who modifies the melody. And mark also that the stressed syllables are different in the refrain and in the normal couplets, in the refrain they are like in the original melody, i.e.: b'i-bop-b'i-bop- ..., while in the text they are: bi-b'op-bi-b'op-... .

Then I would like to confess you that I have spent one entire *month* in writing of this single verse, and not alternating it with some other verses, no, I just did not *know* what to put in it, I began with the first 2 lines of the refrain and stopped. The things went no further, and only my hard conviction that I can always invent a decently long verse made me to persist. It is true that in that time I was on a German wave, and this language poses many problems before me, I understand practically everything in it without dictionary (if written), but when trying to speak correct German I check the gender of each noun, because it turns that in 1 case of about 3 I make wrong guess. This is impossible language, all Latin nations have dropped the cases

before a millennium or so, but the Germans still can't do this; the only language that can beat the German in its *craziness* is the ... English, though in a different way.

OK, then about the non-mango size of the balls and about their placing outside of the body, I have come, really, quite recently (in one funny etymological paper) to the conclusion that this is in order for them to allow their unrestricted growth. This has to be so, because, God or no God, but all important organs are somehow protected by bones, yet the balls are not; if you don't believe me then propose alone some other explanation.

Then to the thought about the moderation, to which teach the men their testicles, chiefly, I have come, this time, probably before a quarter of a century, and this, surely, has to be so, because the women know no restrictions for their desires, and due to this they have always unlimited desires, this is their purpose in life, to poke the men for more and more of everything.

So that you think about these things, and the women's *homological* (what is the right word) organ, how you bend it and twist it, does not look nice, it is exceedingly important, but the penis-lingam (-long) is a magnificent thing, no denying, and for this reason has emerged the cult to it.

And, after all, this is a nice, merry, and funny Christmas carol, especially with this my libretto, isn't it? And don't forget that I have written it in my 70 years, and in 80 I will, probably, learn to ... curse fluently in Arabic and Hindu, and in 90, well, I don't know, maybe in Swahili.

— — —

ENORMOUSLY BIG
(a *Myrskettino* verse)

Enormously big seems t'me thy behind,
Yet glad am I to use you as a cushion,
While you are flitt'ring like a butterfly,
And I'm in you instead to have pollution.
For sex's a boring thing to fight with, right,
In which case you are not a bad solution —
If telling this, my dear, you don't mind.

Sep 2015

— — —

IF I WAS A WOMAN
(a *Myrskettino* verse)

If born was I as women, once I thought,
And if as clever as am now was,
I'd felt ashamed of this, 'cause rare both,
Good brains and female sex God throws to us.
But then I saw, to stay at children's cot
's no need to think sophisticated, thus
To be as cow stupid, 's women's lot.

Sep 2015

— — —

LEAST EXPECTED

D_amsels say that my is very big,
A_nd I'm very good you guess in what,
N_one the less, on board once of a brig,
I_mpotently tried and reach could not
E_ven single gull with this my prick;
L_east expected such I shame, my God!

Oct, 2017

— — —

* * *

A_fter all, what is this woman's part called cunt?
C_hasm, or orifice, or hole, to call it blunt.
U_tterly important thing, a kind of mug,
N_eat and snugly place to harbour this man's slug,
T_hat rubs with her clitoris just so, for fun.

Jan, 2019

— — —

ONCE I WOKE (cycle of Limericks in the manner of Munchausen)

* * *

Once I woke at six clocks in the morning
And at once felt, reasons are for mourning,
'Cause my prick has gone *alone* to piss,
What, for itself, might be masterpiece,

Yet I need him, he's my loins adorning.

* * *

Once I woke in-th' middle of the night,
And felt, gone away's my prickly "knight".
Found him easy, sitting in a cha^oir,
Watching porno channel, that was whe^ore.
Do you think that his behavior's right?

* * *

Once I woke a bit before the dawn,
With the feeling that my prick has ... gone
Later turned that I was dreaming still,
Straining to believe with fullest will,
That *without* prick I have been born!

* * *

Once I woke up, it was fullest day,
Yet my prick rejected to obey
With the bluff that not enough has dosed,
Although girl aro^ound me was posed;
Turned her cunt ... smelt bad from far away!

* * *

Once I woke *before* to fall in sleep
And heard distinctly that my prick ... weeps!
Turned he wanted *all* the girls to screw,
Yet this was impossible to do
When I these *unworthy* balls still keep!

* * *

Once I woke up, yeah, at four o'clock,
And I wanted just to touch my cock.
Yet he was not there, was afar,
Curled at co^ouch cushion like boa* —
'Cause my farting ass I cannot lock!

Rem.: Here you must read this word like all other nations, like
'bou'ah'

* * *

Once I woke up, Monday was the day,
Yet my prick has gone, was not at bay;
He has ... *written* me a letter,
Saying, owner will seek better,
Who'll allow him to ... keep a maid!

* * *

Once I woke up, it was out Tuesday
When, I swe^oar, my prick went abusive!
He was trying th'enter *up my ass* (!),
What would have been obvious *incest*!
Scared him with mighty ... farting music!

* * *

Once I woke, I'm sure, it was Wednesday,
And was puzzled, prick has grown immensely.
Yet at dinner I have swallowed ... fly,
It might have been Spanish, that is why.
Later shot the ceiling quite intensely.

* * *

Once I woke as usu^oal in Thursday,
Scratching eggs as every does this, doesn't he?
Yet the scrotum was ... threadba^ore
One egg out rolled, unawa^ore!
Found it, put in, sewed up, throub^ole wasn't big.

* * *

Once I woke, have not much slept, in Friday,
And felt: scrotum mine was shaking widely!
Turned, my balls were ... leading bitter war
Who of them to me is dearer more!
Well, I stroked them long, till they stopped fighting.

* * *

Once I woke from sleep in Saturday.
Would have known, though, would have never been,
'Cause my prick has gone far-far away,
T'study ... Kamasutra (!), yet he may,
T'me return, said, he will later see.

* * *

Once I woke up early in some Sunday
And saw, my prick was alive as monkey;
Patted him repeating "Wait, boy, wait,
I've forgott^oen t'switch off stand-by state,
'Cause the last night was a bit of *drunky*."

* * *

Once I woke up in a holiday
With the feeling that become have gay,

'Cause my prick U-turned has back! Why? Wait,
I have watched late ... camels copulate.
Hence he thought it's more fun in this way!

Remark: Well, I am not a specialist but have read somewhere that
the penis on a masculine camel is turned the other way round, so
that I imagined that they copulate like bugs.

May, 2020

— — — — —

THINGS FOR CHILDREN

— — —

WAY & WOY (Chinese parable)

At the emp'ror's Court, Cathay/^{*},
Beautiful, lived, butterfly.
She was rather -flyess,
Way, and hundred guys, yes
-flyers, 'cause of love to her just died.

[□ * This name must be read as 'Kath'aj' in nearest to Latin transliteration, because this is how Marco Polo has named the country, and also in Russian is 'Kitaj'.]

She was painted in pastels,
Rosy, vi^oiolet, and, well,
Who saw her went crazy
For she was amazing,
And flew t' exercise to ... lift dumb-bell.

Now you have to know that she
Promised has a maiden be
Till some guy in th'a^oir
Lifted this affa^oir,
And at hundred dimes he flew with it.

The^{re} lay just in the Court
One such "bell" of-th' proper sort,
 Yet it was so heavy,
 That all -flyers levy
Could not even lean it to the North.

Still, the hardest thing was how
T'grasp the beastly thing, so now
 One has to be tricky,
 T'find some substance sticky,
Else you fail, if thick are as a sow.

Yet the butterflyer Woy,
Strong was, nice, and clever boy.
 He the wisest spider
 Asked for help, said: "Either
I'll succeed, or die of lack of joy".

Th'spider's sage some branches sucked
For the glue, and caught ... a duck
 In the web to test it.
 Th'-flyer said: "Be blessed if
To the thing my legs be firmly stuck!".

This was done fast in no time,
Th'distance measured with two dimes;
 All were well awa^{re}
 What will happen the^{re},
Bugs were gathering on-th' near lime.

Still, at once a problem jumped,
Unavoidab^{le}, plump:
 Th'wings were much too tiny;
 They were fine and stylish,
Yet have to be long by hundred thumbs.

Now all spiders went to work,
Diligently, not like clerks,
 They got fallen feathers,
 Glued them all together
To the own wings and checked all with jerks.

Th'whole construction, as last step,
Covered was with finest web
 Of this substance sticky,
 To be monolithic,

And it was just wonder, you may bet.

When all ready was young girls,
-flyesses, him fed like earl,
 Mouth to mouth with honey,
 For he was their bonny,
And they valued him like precious pearl.

So he drank the last nectar
From a flow^{er} cup not far,
 Leaned to him by buddies,
 For to make him ruddy,
T'lift the soul and body of the star.

Then his newest wings he spread,
In the air rose joyous, glad,
 And with strong strokes headed,
 Yet now comes the sad bit:
At the final found, alas, his death!

Else the task accomplished was,
He flew five dimes more, but just
 When he landed rolled forth,
 Might have jumped he from th'board,
If not glued was strongly, hence, died thus.

So it's time for you to cry,
Dear children, for this guy,
 Woy, th'brave butterflyer,
 Who died of desi^{re}
T'have the butterflyess Way for wife.

Though to add, as afterthought,
Can I that the very God
 This demise permitted,
 For if th'insects fitted
With such strength are this will change a lot.

This will change a lot of things,
Th'human race may have to sink,
 So that, children, happy
 You remain, let's wrap it
Up, the insects should not sorrow bring.

June, 2016

P.S. It is good if one tries to find suitable melody to sing it, because all couplets are exactly equal, and have by: 7, 7, 6, 6, 9 syllables. In the worst case a melody can be invented, i.e. to use this as a libretto for some song, yet I don't think that to find some existing one will be so difficult, at least because I have used, in fact, one popular Bulgarian children song about one small white rabbit and a little deer, adding the fifth line extra. Also, I suppose, and if one wants, one may repeat the last line for symmetry.

— — — — —

FUNNY THINGS

— — —

THE "TEATING" TEETH (a *Myrskettino* verse)

I'll tell you, guys, what means the English tooth.
It's something sticking out like a ... tit!
Yet ancient are of this relation roots,
Still, I'll explain them, for I am pund'it.
You know, the Titans sucked with eager mood,
And with the milk came strength to them by bits,
Now add the stalact'it(e)s for to conclude.

June, 2016

— — —

* * *

There was an ancient crocodile,
Who was born and lived in-t' river Nile,
But was bought by a tycoon,
Who began to like him soon,
For they brethren were in their ... smiles.

June, 2016

— — —

I GO TO BUY MY BREAD

I go to buy my bread, again's it with gluten,
But prices are important, I'm a poor man.

Nov 2015 (translation)

— — —

A TOILET PROPOSITION

T_o tell you the truth, defecation ... 's-immoral,
O_r else God 's-impostor, or even a myth,
I_f made us to stick to this act.
L_ook, I would have never him given the laurel,
E_nsnaring us first to eat and then sh#t,
T_remendously bad is this fact.

B_ecause being God 's-obligation,
O_f course, should have pondered bit more.
W_e don't like the smell but all nations,
L_ike beasts, nasty droppings leave, no?

V_itality must be preserved, yet the asses
E_ffectively could have been licked with some tongues,
R_eposed could be faeces in resinous masses,
S_o 'that to leave them be like singing of songs,
E_lse they could have smelled like some freshly cut grasses.

May, 2017

— — —

IF GOD HAS NOT

If God has not all thoroughly considered
We could have propagated still ... by eggs!
But then, if I intelligent have readers,
They'll grasp the perilous of this drawback:
We, being known in everything as greeder,
Would have deserved "child-eaters" nasty tag.
Hence He from one more sin us saved — good breeder.

Aug, 2017

— — —

A TAILY NAME

T_roubles have I always with ... the pissing,
A_h, 'cause have to make my prick shrink down.
Y_esterday, e.g., have not this possibility;
L_ook, I'll just tell thee, that pissing is necessity.
O_n the other hand, when it makes rounds.
R_isen stays for days, the time is missing.

Sep, 2017

— — —

THE ONLY SALVATION FOR GIRLS

If you don't forget to take the pill
You can do it always when you will.
Else you'll give birth of another monkey
Or then horse, or bull, or pig, or donkey;
Saved are only who've no sex appeal.

March, 2018

— — —

VULGAR EXCLAMATION

A_bsolutely nice the life is not,
H_ey, we run through it like bullet shot.
F_avourable it is not to all like mother,
U_p go those who care chiefly for themselves,
C_annot worthy people live in glory swell,
K_nown become they dead, when suffered long have rather.
I_mplicated, though, in it are bound
T_o avoid disturbing those around.

Dec, 2018

— — —

STRANGE PEREGRINATION (Myrskettino)

M_ating is the core of the Creation,
A_fter all, that's what's the very ... matter.
D_o^{wn} from the atoms, up to nations
M_any parts seek combinations better,
A_lways trembling as in exaltation.
T_his to glorify I've made the letters
T_o perform this strange peregrination.

Jan, 2019

— — — — —

OTHERS

— — —

THE LIFE **(a 1001 syllabic poem)**

Ah, the life is something very precious,
say the moralists, but what if — no?
And the end-goal is again suspicious,
what's the other life, what keeps in store
it for me, for I'm not avaricious?

So that I think this is silly fab^{le}
and invented 'cause we are not ab^{le}
to exist without the matter more.

Yet, if we just leave aside the "after",
it is also not so bad a thing,
keeps us, while it can, afloat — a raft, ah? —
and, if we don't prematurely sink,
helps us to avoid the big disasters.

What means that while we are young, are happy,
being silly makes the life an epic,
or we like it more, the less we think.

But if I were God and had decided
to invent some *game*, to kill the time,
in which everything quite long abided,
though it changed, gave birth, was not like I'm —
well, this all without death can't be guided.

So that, to make interesting the matters,
all the time must change the mortal matter,
or one must descend, when once has climbed.

Now, it turns that God has done His duty,
or His pleasure, if He can have one,
in creating world not very beauty,
but one us'ally does what can be done,
and the things are stab^{le} and well rooted.

Only this is not divine creation,
and I see no cause for exaltation —
using ou^r lives to have some fun!

Mark, though, God or no, is *not* important,
academic here is the point,
He is from the forth dimension, soft of,
moves in time, and thought with matter joins,
we can not *discern* Him, and are mortal.

So that we come to the same conclusions
with explicit God or His allusion,
and create we chiefly with the ... loins.

Well, be as it may, we were created,
or appeared evolut'nary,
all the times then, don't know why, we waited
to be happy like kings or khalifs,
yet by ... sufferings's life animated!

Known is, good from bad 's-not separab^{le},
even if you care more than doub^{le},
'cause: why should you pay by low tariff?

See, the living things are harshly punished,
for to stick to some important rules.
They harm one another very cunning,
using teeth, beaks, claws, horns, feet, and tools,
all with what them *Evo*-God has furnished.

In this way each for his interest car^{es},
stopping not the others t'look for the^{irs},
having gone not for a day to school.

But the bad thing is the ... *probabil'ty*,
with which is returned to every deed,
so that often suffers not the guilty,
what is quite discouraging, indeed,
and from moral point for me is filthy.

Plus that often wins who's fast and clever,

what is justified, but should has never
happened that with luck survives the beast.

What leads to the thought that life is *error*,
which competes, part of the rules to be;
if succeeds to cast not heavy terror
then the other "errors" must agree
with the former, building kind of stairs.
At the top of it are we, the people,
though we "stir the water", make high ripples;
will this cause disasters we shall see.

The important 's-the collaboration,
harmony and equilibrium,
nothing stays in total isolation,
nothing's perfect, this is our doom,
there's always some continuation.
So that one's to think about the others,
what's not pleasure much but burden rather,
with all chances to miss to come to bloom!

Also heed that no good, no bad, 's-therere,
from the point of Nature-God that's it,
yet one always must for himself care,
for the others, maybe, just a bit.
Hence, for the living things the life's not fair;
full is with unknown variables,
so that everything alive has troubles,
as if life's impossible, is myth.

Every cloud, though, has its silver lining,
which is that the life is *interesting*,
meaning that if is not even tiny
problem, then it stays just on the brink,
penetrates the zone when *risk* is shining!
Maybe 'cause by affluent conditions
one is tasty prey, what means — perdition,
yet this is a rule, not mere kink.

Also the life is very democratic,
weeds and useful plants grow stem by stem,
the bad endure, they are so "emphatic",
the good are weak, but praised and sweet like jam;
saints and villains live in castles, attics.
Anyway, once born without asking,
we've to hope for good, the bad just masking,

for are stuck like in its shell a clam.

Apr 2017

— — —

**THE LIFE IS ...
(libretto for a song that awaits its composer)**

Some peo^ople come from families with fame,
In which case what is honoured is the name,
So they are served by others who are smiling,
And they are happy, sure, 'cause presiding,
But I am not and someone's to be blamed.

Refrain:

Oh God, oh God, oh God, the life is shit,
And as all say that You are who made it,
I have to ask You just that tiny bit:
Why should be I who's on the shitty side?

Then others born are nice, like th' very sin,
What is advantage, and not pretty thin,
They often favoured are, because the beauty
Divine creation is, to love it's duty,
But I am shrunken like a moccasin.

Refrain:

Oh God, ...

More others happen to be big and strong,
They like to hit, to disobey is wrong,
But strength is matter of a whole complexion,
One either has or not such predilection,
And I am destined not to be amongst.

Refrain:

Oh God, ...

Else could have I been from the wealthy ones,
This as if's easy and I have some chance,
But these are fables, money stick to money,
So that one very rare could have done it,
Hence I am like a lame who tries to dance.

Refrain:

Oh God, ...

Or I could have been brainy after all,
Be from the intellectuals, yeah, but no,
Alas, this can't be bought with money even,
One tries, but has to put up with what's given,
So it is God again who made my dole.

Refrain:
Oh God, ...

One could be, in the end, mean, vicious, wicked,
What happens, although amateurish, weak,
I lack the class of real rogues and scoundrels,
So I deserve misfortunes that encounter,
Yet why should always I receive the kick?

Refrain:
Oh God, oh God, oh God, the life is shit,
And as all say that You are who made it,
I have to ask You just that tiny bit:
Why should be I who's on the shitty side?

Oh God, You could have bettered life a bit,
Could have done so that good the bad strikes, hits,
And that the good disseminates its seeds,
And not be me who's on the shitty side.

Or else I'll take that You are just a myth,
The bad when You allow and not forbid,
Or then, let it exists, but do not shit
At me and move me to some shiny side.

Oct 2017

— — —

AFTERWORD

It turned out that I must add also some words at the end of the book, because 5 years are not few and something have been changed. One such change is that I have written a book with 50 Myrskets (the so called "Shitty but Frankly"), and find them really good for every occasion, yet my casual readers are not of the same

opinion, they prefer to stick to the tradition, but I am glad with myself (because I have no other self, ha-ha).

Then the book happened to be not big, and would have been even smaller, if I had not included 3 - 4 big verses written primarily as appendixes to some of my social essays, which I include also here (because these are verses in English, after all). Then the children verses are even not in plural, it is only one piece (which I have sucked out of my fingers in order to have something under this subtitle), but this is not my fault, guilty is my ... muse (you know how the muses are — give them always sex and more of the same), so that I am glad that have succeeded to produce even this one.

The sexual things are not exactly few, but they are a bit more indecent than proper even nowadays, especially with these Munchausen Limericks, where my muse is not guilty, these are man's views. Yet the philosophical things are nice for me, at least some of them, and some of the others (in fact *all* works in this subsection), some of the funny things, too, so that I am glad that have produced even this. You come to 70, and write verses in more than 2 languages, and we will see how proliferous you will be.

Now some words about my future plans, at least in poetical aspect. The general rule is that I will write from this moment only something like this: "Poetical Mix — 20xx" for 1 or 2 years, and in languages alphabetically ordered as: Bulgarian, English, German, Russian, trying to put more stress on the German. Only as an exception I can come up with some thematically written book, yet even this if there will be work for about several months; no big intentions, because they may remain unfinished. And also for about 4-5 more years, till my 75-th anniversary. So that's it. Bye-bye, or maybe adieu.

Jan 2021, Sofia, Bulgaria

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E N D OF THE BOOK

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