



Zamir Acer

The waterfalls of Meiringen

poetry

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Аннотация

“A stunningly beautiful ode to John Lennon! Really nice to read your poems”. Ann-Lise Andersen, poet, Sweden; “I love your words, they speak from deep truth. A wonderful mark of respect and a great poetry”. David N. Read, poet, UK; “Wow! I am so voracious for more of your lines and I definitely will come by to enjoy the bliss of your words”. Funom Makama, poet. Comment for Golden dust of Birke; “Very nice pen! I truly enjoyed by yours poems!” Dorian Peterson Potter, poet. Comment for Sparticles.

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The waterfalls of Meiringen

Great love come exactly with the such way
being discovered and unfolded abruptly
like this marvelous countryside
and narrow long valley
where from both sides —
from forests slopes
rushing down, one by one,
these Meiringen's waterfalls —
in such abundance of beauty, marvels and attraction.
When wanderers meet
equally mesmerizing credit and kindness
and great sympathy
from utterly unknown environment and its people
so hospitable and welcoming.
Of course, dear Erica and Franziska,
in such extraordinarily circumstances
they doomed fall in love forever and instantly
even not knowing and seeing each other distinctly,
even if they living in quite different worlds, cultures and
traditions —
this valley creates such wonder and miracle,
where from both sides
have rushed down in deep precinct
the amazing waterfalls of Meiringen.

I also fall in love with you, your town, garden and flowers
so marvelous and unexpectedly
in this country of beauty heiligen.

The country of blossoming positiveness

The Swiss are so obsessed with art and beauty and a warm attitude to everything around them that even their streets resembling the paintings of Picasso from early bright period, or the works of colorful and light Cézanne. They, seems to me, simply do not know to live differently, hardwired strongly – implicitly and explicitly- to perform, replicate and master such kind of behavior — as a result, the whole country turns into a masterpiece picture, or an endless beauty museum, or, if someone likes it better, for a sanatorium, resort, where you can heal your shaky nerves a little and where absolutely everything will calm you down and bring you to normal condition. Alas, that so many other countries and nation simply do not get into this deep secret of all Swiss achievements, turning own keen attentions only to banks, plants, watches, chemistries and other economical and business infrastructure.



To unknown lady from Meiringen

Of course, Europeans
have known much more
about our world and Universe.
They much more respected
not only children, minorities, women rights and rights
of disables
and predisposed morally and lawable
to do all these marvelous things and obliges
but also – look for the beautiful garden of this dear frau —
how she can respect lovely and tenderly
not only completely odd and unknown visitors and guests
from far East,
but every flower, tree
and even just green grass
growing up between cracks of concrete.
I was be happy to live a week in this neat Meiringen cottage,
now I look like ghost
which lost his paradise
and even sense growing jealousy
to the ant and grasshopper
which crawling and sprung in that garden
and to nice chamomiles and red poppies
which blossoming in this nice spot,
so carefully watering and keep

by lovely hands and soul and heart
of quite unknown for me
dear Franziska Steiner —
I have simple not found any words
for express my gratitude
for such credence, respect and hospitality.
I just thought
Europe and Switzerland
informed much better and confident
about deepest secrets of our heart, soul and world,
which helping all these delicate wonders
in our soul and outside realm to unfold.



The heavenly order beginning from your garden

Everything taken own place
in the garden and cottage
of dear Franziska from Meiringen
that maintained by two painters
in order to be even more neat and finer. From various flowers
chamomiles, red poppies, roses
planted along the passes
and green walls of sweet gooseberries, blackberries
and red tomatoes growing on big square pots outside
under shadows of fruit trees – apples, pears
to colorful books about Shagal, Kaindinsky, Malevich
and great number other books
about secrets of art, education, beauty, gardening, about
housing, family life and love
on her library upstairs and downstairs
and oil pictures packed in pile on shelves in basements
and those that hanging on walls of rooms, passages, stairs,
and great number others handmade toys, sculptures, models
from wood, wool, stone, shell, hard paper
which have been tossed everywhere
in accurate order – on floor, sofa, tables, window-pan
as finished ideas and ready for exposure
and many things that waiting for realisation

in this marvelous habitat and lab of constant creation. This is wonderful and fantastic for me!

When absolutely everything here and there

in the small universe and outside

nested in nicely growing order

which tending to be

more and more perfect, honed and blissful, so in the end my

modest book

about my love and adornment

of Switzerland and Meiringen

will be quite compatible to such environment

blessed, merciful and heiligen.

I miss you and my reality

I miss you, dear friend, so painfully and hopelessly,
practically nothing know about your real life
except your capabilities
to get fully and profoundly
to all nature, precepts and precursors
which could produced
such illness, attraction and attachment to you. I thinking
about you
day by night
but cannot make
a smallest step
toward right direction, toward you and your vicinity, my dear.
It's so hard
day by night
kept my thoughts, my imagination, fantasies
tightly attached to you
and yet stayed so far from you
so secluded and abandoned
by the hopelessness, as if I have been
the old-fashioned stone monument
of soviet leaders, forlorn somewhere and ruined
into some backyard or garret. Yes, love made me get out
from this our world
and from the other too

which might to come after our physical ending – it seems
to open the door
into quite new third world
where getting inhabited
my strange love
under the quite different sets of laws, defining time, space,
our presentences, our senses of what is close and far
and other parameters. I miss you, dear friend, so painfully
and hopelessly, practically know nothing about your real life,
submerging deeply
into area of total desolation and uncertainty.

The razor-thin competition

(To Douglas Bruce)

Certainly, those who are playing masterpieces
on this goddess musical instrument, called organ, they get
much deeper into the subject
what about I talking here. We need to everything get to done
in our personal work-place
little more precise, better, more resultful and carefully
for understand
how this world of great achievement operate, when those,
who extremely skillful, extremely gifted and vigilant,
extremely well practiced, honed and gallant
joined to major corporations
for encountering with everything
at razor-thin and cutting-edge competition, make the deal and
measuring
when the stake is highest, and the final evaluation has making
with the precision of Plank, if we are wanted to be revive,
seriously planning it, without empty fantasy and delusion, if
we are tending not only to return
to our best shape, health – but on its base reaching out the
best self-realisation
what about no one heard and seen before.. we need to all these
things get to done

in our life-time and fate-span
without any excuses and procrastination's!

And such complex machine
as our life, body and soul, which once upon a time have been
given to us, by the long-drudged and heavily loaded
mother of evolution
that unfolding one by one
so unexpectedly and usefully
own deeply nested Quantum wonders and marvels. All this
stuff which called as our life
supremely deserved to be respected as it worth
and the best way we can do that
if we will mastering, honing and raising up
our equally wonderful and grateful consciousness
towards it's universal rate and reinforcement
and transcendence. Certainly, those who are playing
masterpieces
on this goddess musical instrument called organ
they get much broadly into subject what about I talking here.

Make a brilliant choice

From now onward, dear comrades,
In this remarkable age of information
when ignorance might be fatal choice,
we are all can be blessed by a brilliant destiny and excellent
life,
because we are absolutely all
have a free access to internet, to the best universities,
to the all financial institutions, to the all cutting-edge
achievements,
to the money keeping banks
and to the genetic banks also,
and knowing how edit and correct mistakes
and enliven and empower ourselves,
and we are coming close as never before
through modern math, physic, cosmology, psychology
to understand who we are and where come from
and where will go?

So absolutely every one of us
from now onward
have not any right for complaining, depressing and failures
because every one of us
have a brilliant childhood, excellent past, education
and went on through

the best practice in all matters, all aspects and attitudes
that need for you for creating marvelous achievements.
Just take all these staff now
and wear on yourself
like the smoking wearing of luckiest person
and make them own, put into own conscientiousness and sub-
conscientiousness —
if you do everything with right way,
you will ride the tsunami of success
as never before in our past
when ignorance had ruled and defined us.

The country that smells through by coffee

Absolutely everything
in this marvelous country
from top to down,
from border with France
to border with Germany,
every corner, every town,
every chapel,
even every street and park,
every nice green promenade,
every cottage on every outskirts,
even soils under the trees everywhere
its seems to me
are smelling by the excellent coffee
and its leftovers, which gets through
almost everything.
Entire Switzerland has trapped
from top to down
by this perfume.



Love is cosmos

Hang on! This lava engraved by meteorite marks
as the perfectly saved handwriting of some cosmic event
which had happened millions years ago. Space is perfect
place potentially
for keeping so many obliterating things around, if just a small
stone fallen to surface of Moon
depicted its fate immortally, with the same way somewhere
with the great precision
have saved all our deeply engrave and airy memories, all
events that happened
in our soul, dream, imagination

and modern physic and math proved it
even if our life existed into constant changing, compare
with so ossifyingly looking cosmos, everything is fixed and
memorized
somewhere and somehow
with the astonishingly high resolution. Even if all things into
universe itself

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