

18+

Ludmila Maletskaya

Metamorphoses

Sketches

Ludmila Maletskaya
Metamorphoses. Sketches

«Издательские решения»

Maletskaya L.

Metamorphoses. Sketches / L. Maletskaya — «Издательские решения»,

ISBN 978-5-00-514360-0

This book is a translation of the previously known book by Ludmila Maletskaya “Metamorphoses” from Russian into English. The book “Metamorphoses” is a small sketches on the theme of nature and the beauty of the world. Full of harmony and charm, colored spiritually and philosophically, they will bring peace and tranquility to your heart. Addressed to a wide range of the readers.

ISBN 978-5-00-514360-0

© Maletskaya L.
© Издательские решения

Содержание

Metamorphoses 1	6
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	9

Metamorphoses Sketches Ludmila Maletskaya

© Ludmila Maletskaya, 2020
ISBN 978-5-0051-4360-0
Created with Ridero smart publishing system

Metamorphoses 1

* * *

Melting snow, although spring has already arrived. Winter Sun, although the cold has already passed and the flutter of a flower on the window, like the breath of spring in the morning. Morning light, morning Sun. Nature sleeps, but the singing of birds is already awakening nature.

* * *

Life rushes by as through the looking glass. Raindrops knock on the window and the road leads into the distance. My soul is full of the scent of maturity and the gray everyday life no longer darkens my existence. I think of you and my last memory is the memory of gray days.

* * *

My soul breathes life into the flower, and the flower raises its petals.

* * *

My cat has a cheerful disposition and soft paws. She is kind and very beautiful, smart and agile. She catches mice and quietly steps on the green grass. The path leading into the forest is the path along which she wanders into the forest and back. She returns from the forest.

* * *

The family is the unit of society. And society?..

* * *

I think about the flight of a butterfly. There are wonderful sounds in the space of her wing. I think about singing and mandolin. And the timbre of my voice... The voice sounds clearer. The rustle of water in the tap... The rustle of rain outside the window... Moments of summer and safe sex... All the same.

* * *

The light of a lonely star and the light of many stars... It all went wild in my heart. Time is so fleeting that the stars shine in the evening sky. Already evening...

* * *

Forest: a forest path leads into the thicket. And you are wandering along it, my beautiful cat.

April 12, 2013

* * *

Bright spring. And the blue sky. Fluttering yellow flower. And yellow water lilies. Everything is warmed by the spring Sun, and it sparkles in the transparent spring sky.

March 10, 2014

* * *

Sometimes it seems to me that the light of one single star will change something. And what will the lighting change in fate?

September 24, 1999

* * *

The Sun shines and warms the heart. Foamy waves hit the shore. Sunny heat. Sunlight fills the world with peace of the heart. Silence flows into the soul. Like a path to a monastery.

* * *

I think about the past. Wave after wave of memories rises like a sea breeze with foam waves. I think about the future ahead and feel peace and quiet pouring into my heart like the light of the midday Sun.

* * *

Home. The fireplace is full of firewood. It's hard to sleep on the cold sand. The foamy sea rustles, breaking waves on the shore. Dawn light in the light of the night Moon.

* * *

A cabbage butterfly beats against the window glass. The swallowtail butterfly soars in the air with the synchronization of a parachute. Each butterfly has its own joy.

* * *

Silver dew settles in transparent drops on the stalks of the grass. The huge Sun is reflected in every small drop. Microcosm and macrocosm.

May 30, 2014

* * *

Wet weather. Khaki mosses are drenched in rain. And only a young oak with its bright green leaves sets off their mossy color.

* * *

The silvery bird looks out the window, frozen in a static position, like a marble figurine. If not for the blinking eyes.

* * *

Young oaks framed by birches. How picturesque are their green leaves!

June 15, 2014

* * *

A forest path leads directly to the beach. In the forest – birdsong. The sun shines in the blue sky. Beautiful cumulus clouds hang over the river. The roofs of the houses line the river bank. Nature seemed to be frozen in weightlessness and only the river smoothly rolls its waters.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на Литрес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.