

**Aleksandr Tsekhanovich**



**The Creator of Worlds**

**Aleksandr Tsekhanovich**  
**The Creator of Worlds /**  
**Создатель миров**  
**(английская версия)**

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=72022570](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=72022570)*

*The Creator of Worlds:  
ISBN 978-5-00025-389-2*

**Аннотация**

This book is dedicated to all creative people who have already passed away, who live now and who are yet to be born, but, anyway, they will take a creative path and become the creators of worlds.

В формате PDF A4 сохранен издательский макет книги.

# Содержание

Preface	6
L'ALBATROS	9
Seal of Cain	10
Foreword:	10
«Read your name...»	12
«Sane or insane...»	13
«One should not think...»	14
«I had only small successes...»	17
«I solved many enigmas...»	19
«From my birth, I have had a gift...»	20
«I am doomed in the world...»	22
«Why are you so proud...»	24
«Hurry and see...»	26
«It will be a moment...»	27
«Watch the snow fall...»	28
Strikes of Density	29
Foreword:	30
«Behind the veil of dead eyes, the crow cries...»	31
«How would life...»	33
«Mossy marble of...»	35
«When the scarlet dawn burned...»	36
«When I look at you, then...»	37
«Sitting on the riverbank...»	38

«The Moon looked at the Earth...»	40
«I sang the words of a sad nocturne...»	41
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	42

# **Aleksandr Tsekhanovich**

## **The Creator of Worlds**

© Tsekhanovich A., 2025

© LLC “Publishing and Trading House SKIFIA”, 2025

# Preface

*In the end things must be as they are and have always been – the great things remain for the great, the abysses for the profound, the delicacies and thrills for the refined, and, to sum up shortly, everything rare for the rare.*  
**Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche**

My book will tell you a story about the existence of an individual in a society illustrated by the example of a creative person. It doesn't make any difference what time these events take place in, for our society won't ever change. It is, also, of no importance whether or not this creative person has achieved success, gained some popularity or earned love of people, since fame is a fickle friend, and all the achievements and merits can collapse like a card house by a puff of wind, when society hears a random word and believes it.

“Society often forgives the criminal; it never forgives the dreamer”. The criminal belongs to the system their society is based on, while the dreamer pushes the boundaries, and that is why the latter is perceived as something cryptic, terrifying and fearsome by the society. The dreamer is not like anybody else, their thoughts are higher and cleaner than those of ordinary members of the public. The dreamer is an artist who sees the whole world as a big canvas, which they can alter at any moment, and they do so. The dreamer is able to notice incredible things,

find beauty in everything, they are refined and highly sensitive, they see and believe in miracles and are able to perform them. Dreams, thoughts and ideas are immortal, it is impossible to kill them. Therefore, nothing can stop and “fix” the dreamer, whos doomed to remain misunderstood and unaccepted. Society will never be able to accept the dreamer and forgive them, for they have managed to be better, cleaner and higher than the society itself and those who live within the bounds of laws and bans. Society intentionally poisons the dreamer’s life and desires to destroy and ruin this “faulty component of the mechanism” as soon as possible, launching the so-called “witch-hunt” against them. “He laid himself bare in his verses, involuntarily, in fits of poetic ecstasy. Leave curiosity to the masses and be at one with Genius. The masses eagerly read confessions, memoirs, because in their meanness they rejoice at the debasement of the great, at the weakness of the powerful. They are delighted with the revelation of each ugly detail. He is small, like us, he is low, like us! You lie, bastards, he is small and low – but not like you – different”.

It is no secret to anyone that every human being’s life has its sorrows and griefs, and none of us have the strength to choose the time when these or those events happen to us. One’s life is easy and everything goes like clockwork, another person’s life is like keys of a piano, but sometimes life happens to be a panther, when one bad thing is followed by another, as in one of A.S.Pushkin’s poems “One dawn hurries to relieve the

other, Allowing half-an-hour to night”. In the same manner “life” being a professional fighter ceaselessly strikes at the cornered man and there is no referee who can stop the fight... This poetry collection tells a story in whose turn of events we’ll become the witnesses of horrible things, which are to happen to the main character throughout the whole narration and we’ll see what impact misfortunes and human cruelty has on the life of the main character. Will they be able to overcome this alone, find strength and get their life back or only a miracle might save them? Will they succeed in overthrowing the cruelty and ignorance of the crowd or are they destined to part company with the real world and opt for escapism becoming a king in the kingdom of oblivion?

This book is dedicated to all creative people who have already passed away, who live now and who are yet to be born, but, anyway, they will take a creative path and become the creators of worlds. No one can change the world for the better alone. However, if each of us always questions themselves: “what is funny about peace, love and understanding?”, then together we will manage to make our world cleaner, better and kinder than it is, since “everyone can give at least some love and warmth to the others...” Do whatever it takes to dream and try to make your dreams come true, for a tiny bit of world creators lives in each of us, and each of us is able to perform miracles.

*Aleksandr Tsekhanovich*

# L'ALBATROS

Souvent, pour s'amuser, les hommes d'équipage  
Preignent des albatros, vastes oiseaux des mers,  
Qui suivent, indolents compagnons de voyage,  
Le navire glissant sur les gouffres amers.  
A peine les ont-ils déposés sur les planches,  
Que ces rois de l'azur, maladroits et honteux,  
Laissent piteusement leurs grandes ailes blanches  
Comme des avirons traîner à côté d'eux.  
Ce voyageur ailé, comme il est gauche et veule!  
Lui, naguère si beau, qu'il est comique et laid!  
L'un agace son bec avec un brûle-gueule,  
L'autre mime, en boitant, l'infirme qui volait!  
Le Poète est semblable au prince des nuées  
Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l'archer;  
Exilé sur le sol au milieu des huées,  
Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.

*Charles Baudelaire*

# Seal of Cain



## Foreword:

I don't care  
what day

it will be tomorrow, or even  
what day today was.  
It's always with me, both my hell...  
(pause)  
and Your Kingdom of Heaven.

*02.10.2022*

## «Read your name...»

Read your name  
On the tomb.  
Did you think about something  
like this? That's all.  
Earth will not release  
you. Learn that your dead body  
can hunger for passion.  
It can go beyond expressions.  
Don't wake it up, my friend,  
let it sleep forever old.  
Moon and stars thus  
(in the night sky above us)  
shine with the glory  
of silver and gold.

*02.10.2022*

## «Sane or insane...»

Sane or insane?

Underline it in the multiple-choice questionnaire.

I'd rather have my way without compromising, at least.

From open veins oozing mercury, but as people say, it's not the point.

A dead heart tears apart the rib cage.

Are we on the same page?

I can't sleep because of the suffering of love.

Don't try to dive into the bottle: you simply won't sink.

Whatever you do, love will sting.

Calm your head. But please give me a chance to see the hot coal of your heart flaming again.

There aren't many chances, but let's see.

## «One should not think...»

One should not think  
That they will accept me,  
Or even more, that I could be  
Understood.  
I am for all of you,  
Only another one.  
Sir Christophe Rocancourt,  
Covered by the mist  
Of bravest curses.  
I am an oath, fixed by blood, not ink  
And firm handshakes,  
I am standing here, a leprotic  
Idiot, with my back to the audience.  
I know an enigma of seven seals  
And copper cups and tubes.  
Every hour my face changes.  
I was a happy child, now a crazy  
Old man. My babe, my beauty,  
I am your lover, your martinet.  
I am a horny husband  
Or somebody's brother.  
I am a lost soldier  
Without a tomb.  
I am Gwynplaine.  
Let me explain.

I am a prisoner of my veins,  
Who loves morphine.  
I am Huckleberry Finn.  
I am a guy from lifelong sentences,  
From a prison called  
“Black dolphin”.  
I am a peacock without a voice,  
A raging pavian.  
A citizen of deserts and  
Hot savannah.  
I am Mister Tic-Tac-Toe.  
Exchanging admiration, lust  
And disgust,  
without a point of return.  
I am a city with fires of sunsets,  
And doors of hell and heaven  
Are opened in front of me.  
Every day dying  
And resurrecting,  
Like a grain in the millstones  
of mundane life,  
And the firmament becomes dust.  
Death follows me  
On its white horse,  
Bringing more problems, besides health —  
Then a rider on the red horse,  
who mutilated me.  
And the rider on the black horse  
Killed my last hopes.

20.10.2022

## «I had only small successes...»

I had only small successes,  
as rare as people on the night street.  
And from birth to death,  
I was covered with a mist of speculation.  
Where am I going, finally?  
What will happen if I gaze into the abyss?  
Who are you? (It's still a miracle for me.)  
There is no smoke without fire  
(They say). Is it love or just cheap magic?  
Hey! The angel of love treated me like garbage.  
Psyche makes fun of me.  
How dare she?  
When I hear your name, I see  
A fearless goddess, beautiful.  
I was charmed by you and  
I stand like a stone sculpture,  
And I suspect all miracles.  
Because of these rewards, I will face torments.  
If I start to trust, I will be crucified,  
And will feel a spear under my ribs.  
Then the jackal-critics will tear me apart!  
Don't trust the rulers of fate,  
Remember – dreams will not come true!  
Only sweat and blood, and hard work  
Will open the gates of Eden.

Hunger, cold, and need  
With the creator to death, forever, indeed.  
Do not believe in laudatory speeches,  
And do not look for a meeting with Beauty!  
If there is strength – work tirelessly,  
And if not, burn in fiery hell!  
When love and obsession pass,  
Watch out for good signs!  
The power of thought will stop the destruction,  
Crowds of onlookers surprisingly —  
Out of dirt, out of horror, out of words, nothingness...  
Here it is... The promised land...

*16–17.11.2022*

# «I solved many enigmas...»

I solved many enigmas,  
Like Cain who killed his brother.  
I lost heart, love, comfort —  
Eternal wanderer, searching for shelter.  
I am excommunicated everywhere.  
Rejected by all.  
As if a cherub rejected his wings.  
My apostles are thirteen Judases.  
And revenge is the coldest of dishes.  
A wreath of thorns on my head —  
I'll keep it in memory of you.  
I press forward in realms and dreams,  
Trying to find a fallen star,  
Which can change the destiny of the whole world,  
Which can cure hatred, and halt degradation,  
Which can teach us to love again  
And live in peace with each other.

*31.12.2022*

## «From my birth, I have had a gift...»

From my birth, I have had a gift,  
(It seems like royalty, even without “publishing”),  
But now, for all the rest,  
I will have to face mockeries as blessings.  
Even if my appearance is  
Hidden from a million books,  
Which tried to catch me,  
All that people know is that on the body  
Of a damned poet, there is a scar, brand, stigma.  
This is not even an enigma.

I was marked by a bad spirit,  
That others usually call “God”.  
And now I am an outcast,  
I am excommunicated everywhere  
(like the Abominable Snowman).  
If only you would meet me once,  
you would see  
the seal of Cain  
on my body.  
I destroy the fertility of the earth, no?  
From the blue sea to the high mountains,  
Plagues follow me,  
And cities are devastated in degradation.  
And nobody...

No more beautiful moments,  
Wherever I search, there is no salvation for me.  
I walked the promised land —  
And I was everywhere persona non grata.  
An outcast, a wanderer, lame, exhausted,  
Desperately in love with my curse. Of course,  
I am neither rapist nor murderer:  
I am not a monster, but there is no place for me  
Among people; I have been a damned poet from birth.

*27.04.2022*

## «I am doomed in the world...»

I am doomed in the world  
Of living people.  
For most,  
I am a derelict madman.  
For others, a stone visitor  
From Easter Island.  
For others still, a flabby old man  
who believes in fairy tales.  
A loser, like a driver with  
punctured tires  
(and no spare).  
I am the spleen of the sun  
What the wind drives.  
A grandfather without any gray hair,  
Always in the crowd,  
But lonely.  
A wingless starling,  
The inconsolable widower.  
Gothic Palace,  
A Dead Man Alive.  
Tonic and gin,  
Morrison (Jim).  
I am the irritant of your  
Inflamed retina.  
An Invisible Man with a life

Playing hide-and-seek.  
The final chord,  
Blazing Fort,  
Euthanasia abortion,  
Elite escort (nice option).  
A look of reproach.  
Through the veil of curtains.  
I am the yellow traffic light.  
An unresolved dispute.  
The Legless Dancer,  
The one that created the furore.  
Blown away at point-blank range,  
The trigger is pulled. Fire!  
I am mortar and concrete,  
I am the choking chlorine,  
I am a deaf-mute choir,  
I'm Mister Nonsense (esquire)!

*07.06.2022*

## «Why are you so proud...»

Why are you so proud  
That you know me personally?  
One girl says I am mentally ill.  
(obviously)  
That I am a harlequin  
(somewhere in the court),  
a talentless buffoon,  
and no young lady of  
royal blood will be mine,  
even if I become a brave pirate  
of the seven seas of literature.

It's not enough for the heart and hand  
Of a daughter of goddesses and kings.  
I was just a child in a working-class family,  
proletarian, dysfunctional, and poor.  
I worked days and nights in a row,  
Believing I would find my luck ("bro"),  
But I fell under the ice hundreds of times,  
Yet kept faith in you,  
Against people and grumbling destiny.

Pushing off the bottom with my strong shoulder,  
Clearing the path through thorns with a sword,  
Relentlessly moving forward,

So the whole year flew by,  
But I didn't even notice, oh my God,  
How many poems were dedicated to you?  
How many miraculous odes?  
As before, your fortress stands,  
The fort I besieged does not surrender.  
People are just laughing now.  
But I am sad.

*03.09.2022*

## «Hurry and see...»

Hurry and see —  
I'm crucified on a sheet!  
Listen to what people are saying.  
Let them all poke their fingers —  
It flows like a river, bile, and poison!  
Listen, Mom – it's true:  
I am hopeless! I am mediocre!  
For the welfare of the country —  
A deadly danger!  
Believe me, ok?  
I am your burden,  
Not a treat at all!  
I'm perverted by the influence  
Of damned de Sade!  
Never in the Garden of Eden  
Can I find my home!  
My place in Charenton!  
Deal with my madness  
With a saving euthanasia syringe —  
Let the blood flow  
From my burning eye sockets!

03.09.2022

## «It will be a moment...»

It will be a moment  
When we will wipe away the tears,  
Washing out dreams  
From our crying faces.  
We will cancel all dotted lines  
Of all possible borderlines.  
This is how they come true:  
Dreams of successful...  
Successful suicides.  
Life will come back during the spring  
With flocks of migrating birds.  
Corpse-man will slip and stop  
syngerie with the crap of unknown drops.  
Look! He is sitting on the throne of diamonds, ill,  
With a hesitant smile, the one who never laughs,  
Incurable  
Little prince.

*20.07.2022*

## «Watch the snow fall...»

Watch the snow fall  
From the windows of the hospital room —  
Life carefully planned  
From paycheck to paycheck.  
Flickering in the corridors  
Are medical staff in white coats.  
The ugly scars multiply on the bodies,  
Patching holes with patches, patches, patches...

From the beginning of the year, we expect  
A rent increase,  
We'll pretend we're happy  
And as usual, they are not to blame for anything.  
Can an empty syringe save the world?  
And a small piece of bloody cotton?  
(Left-right, left-right, left-right)  
Go to Valhalla  
Whole cohorts of dead soldiers...  
All right.  
Morse-code hammer knocking  
In the moving walls of the rotating chamber.

29.08.2022

# Strikes of Density



# Foreword:

In the hospital of Charenton,  
Folks live  
For whom there is no more room  
Within the walls of their home.  
Unfortunately not by hearsay,  
I know that hospital —  
I am it's prisoner, I am doomed  
To be locked behind a thousand thousand  
heavy doors, oooooooooo.  
Tablets. I can't leave this prison  
Till the end of my days...

*20.07.2022*

## «Behind the veil of dead eyes, the crow cries...»

Behind the veil of dead eyes, the crow cries:  
Go away, happiness! After all, you are not mine!  
I was killed by hopeless grief,  
In the family crypt forever forgotten.  
Where the Star? Disappeared from the sky?  
Under the moon, I will never be loved by you!  
At night, the heart comes to life  
and knocks until the morning ray,  
When the sun rises, it's time for me to die.

I was cursed by a witch on a high mountain,  
I tried to burn her on the great sacred fire.  
It just seems like I made a mistake somewhere.  
I constantly see her in the flame  
(looking and smiling).  
She bursts into wild laughter,  
With a bloodied mouth, she smiles evilly in flame:  
“You will live forever, but die every day!  
You will not know joy, happiness, love!  
Your soul will suffer in the abyss of hell  
For daring to betray my body to ashes... “

Black matter soared over the fire,

Then it started to rain, thunder rumbled.  
Only coals remained.  
My hands were covered in blood up to the elbow,  
Returning home, I found my wife dying.  
With a heavy burden on my shoulders, I felt guilty,  
And as befits, from grief sank to the bottom.  
If I knew that it would be so,  
I would not have dealt with a witch —  
Now I know that there are phenomena  
Worse than one's own death...

*05-06.09.2022*

## «How would life...»

How would life  
Had not beaten me  
I won't forget  
What was...  
The day you gave me  
Your heart  
About eternal love  
You spoke an oath.

That night was so bright  
The moon shone for us.  
She led a cheerful round dance  
with the stars.  
(In the arms of passion)  
You held me  
And there was time for everything  
Too little.

All life running  
(Sand slipped through my fingers)  
And here it is in front of me  
Your grave is well-groomed —  
There is nothing more  
Of all that was...

Your portrait from the monument  
Looks at me with a sweet smile.  
“Find and love another,  
More than I loved you!”  
So before death  
You told me.

I hugged you so tightly  
And you hugged me tighter  
When in my arms  
You burned to the ground with love.  
We did not need a lighter for this flame.  
I would be happy with you  
To burn with the fire of one candle,  
But who is dead in life,  
Can't die again.

Neither alive nor dead, as if  
Lost in a nightmare,  
I don't understand,  
How I got into it.  
I bring you flowers  
And tears fall from my eyes  
And every time  
Like the first time...

*19.04.2022.*

## «Mossy marble of...»

Mossy marble of  
royal graves...  
(Into small pieces)  
It turns ruthlessly by war.  
A timid heart hurts —  
Love is the only fault.  
Let it turn to dust.  
Skilled mason's work.  
What is our life for eternity? —  
Just five minutes. Or less.  
Give me your hand, come  
Slowly turn your gaze to the pond,  
Where reflected on the water's surface,  
Unknown constellations float to us.  
Look at the world in awe  
At its magnificence and beauty,  
While cruel eternity  
Won't scatter our ashes in the wind...

05.09.2022

## «When the scarlet dawn burned...»

When the scarlet dawn burned,  
We met with you  
Under the contemplation of starfall.  
I understood once and for all —  
I don't need others!  
Everything turned into a terrible whirlwind  
of your flying dress.  
Every day there is a war with death.  
Nobody knows in advance  
What will be the final score?  
As before, in the distance,  
The trains leave languidly,  
And the souls of people are full,  
From nowhere to nowhere.  
Burn, blaze, my star!  
Oh, wondrous light of your cheeks  
I'm excited and tempted  
The flame in my heart will keep  
The beauty of your bewitching magnetic soul!  
Someday, dear, all in all,  
I will meet you again  
I know it exactly...

21.08.2022

## «When I look at you, then...»

When I look at you, then  
From somewhere in the labyrinths of the soul  
There is a faint echo:  
“Understand – death, for love, is not a hindrance...”  
Wherever you are, wherever I am  
Our love will be as alive as before.  
We will be together again; the lighthouses will reunite us,  
You and I, otherworldly sailors  
In constant search, in the universal sea of troubles —  
We will find each other  
because there are only two of us.

*20.07.2022*

## «Sitting on the riverbank...»

Sitting on the riverbank,  
drinking tears of anguish.  
Can a poet  
Live without love?  
What should we do  
In a world without feelings?  
The glass is not half full,  
It's empty.  
Drunk to the bottom...  
Spring will never come,  
Nothing will melt the ice.  
The moon shines at night,  
In a quiet pool, it's blurred,  
But still visible. Hope dies  
last, but what if she died already?  
(The birth of rumors and gossip)  
She hung herself in the hall.  
Exhumation was not carried out:  
Asphyxia, bruising on the neck —  
Your damned criminalistics is boring,  
But the death of Hope...  
Her death is truly cruel!  
No one on the riverbank, but silence.  
The summer night is unusually stuffy,  
My brain is feverish due to lack of sleep.

*13.06.2022*

## «The Moon looked at the Earth...»

The Moon looked at the Earth  
With a detached, cloudy glance,  
All surrounded by mother-of-pearl.  
Fireflies flew in the field,  
Crickets chirped in the darkness of the night.  
On the high bank of the river,  
Lure me with gloomy romance,  
To become close to you.  
Enchant me with a hazy look,  
Kiss my lonely soul deeper.  
Slowly dance, the white dance,  
So that the heart starts beating  
In a dead chest.  
Take away from me curse and death.  
Open doors and other ways.  
Happiness and light prophesied ahead.  
Let the bitterness of loss  
Be washed away by tears and rains.  
Every night, Moon, come to me, come,  
Reward me with your love...

*16.10.2022*

# «I sang the words of a sad nocturne...»

I sang the words of a sad nocturne  
Until I felt sick from it,  
Night covered the city with itself,  
Like a big star blanket.  
So tired,  
That I can't sing anymore, but  
My hour has not come to die.  
In nature at night,  
I long to see your image.  
In the distance, I hear someone's voices.  
A gray hair will fall off the head.  
Curl will fly far, far from the banks of the Neva,  
Where we walked with you, dear,  
and now we are not here...  
Ever.  
I will keep a piece of paper in my fist,

# 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.