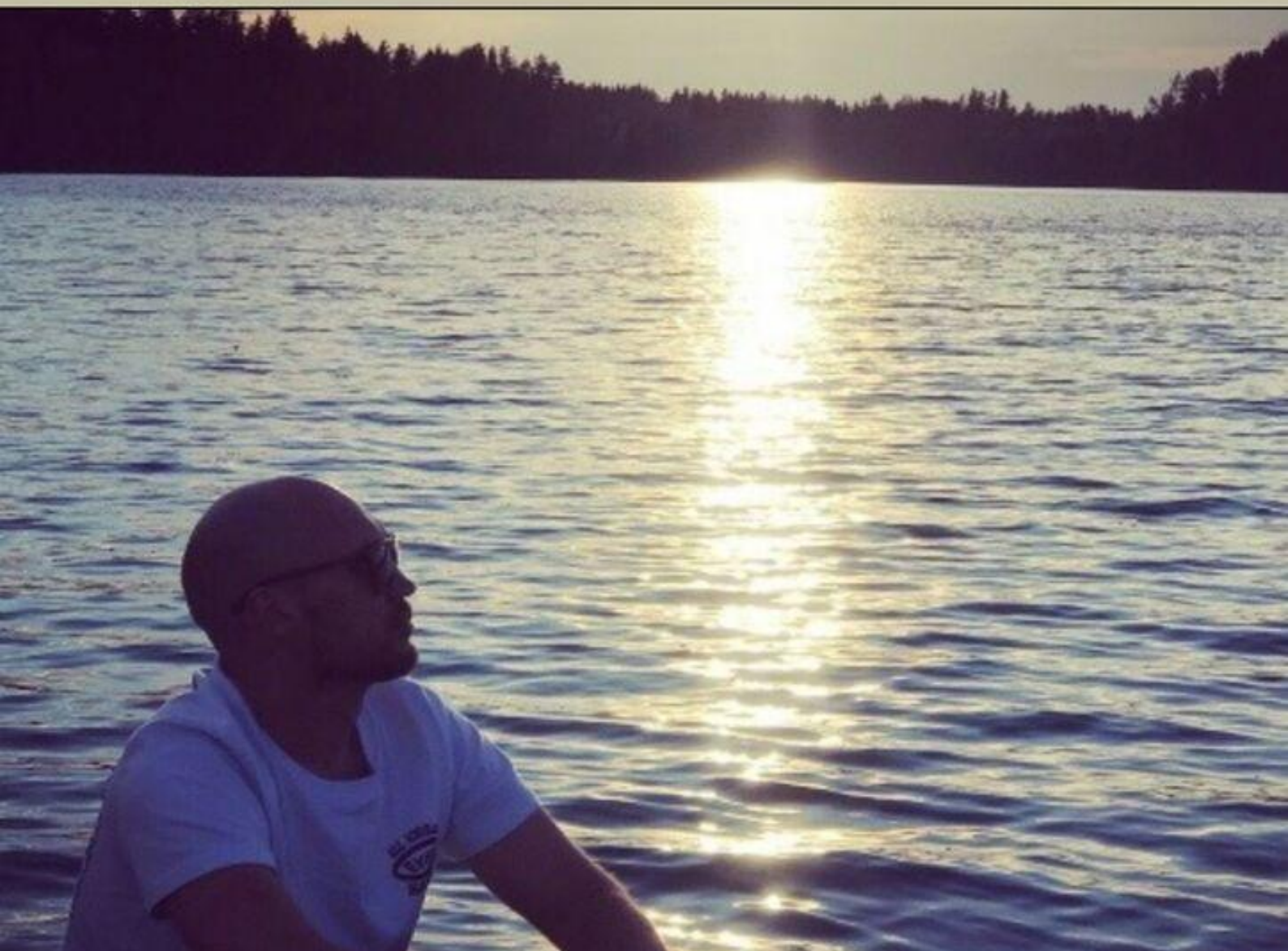


12+

Viktor Assorov

Exodus – I

The Soul is Open



Viktor Assorov

Exodus – I. The Soul is Open

«Издательские решения»

Assorov V.

Exodus – I. The Soul is Open / V. Assorov — «Издательские решения»,

My heart has lived through every verse — no fabrications, no flattery toward people, no judgment of human life. I strive to share my joy, love, longing, and pain — the very feelings anyone on planet Earth can experience, with people whose souls are wounded. A poet's not the one who writes a word, But one whose heart has truly heard — Who's lived their years, felt dreams of old, And set them down in ink, untold. With deepest respect, Your AVA — Viktor Alekseevich Assorov

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Exodus — I

The Soul is Open

Viktor Assorov

Translator Tatiana Assorova

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Once God sowed a seed with care



Photo from the author's archive. Sosnogorsk — Ukhta, Yuger settlement, Komi Republic, 2012

Once God sowed a seed with care,
On fertile ground, in the land.
Time flew so swift, like nothing else,
With wondrous awe, so grand.

The flower bloomed, grew strong, took root,
It seemed to cry: "Just live, rejoice!"
And then one bright and sunny noon,
It shone, to share its love.

All plants around began to say:
"What a lovely flower, so fair!"
Even leaves added colour, bright and cheerful,
Like a joyful sight, so rare.

Rain gently sprinkled, full of grace,
Loving the flower's sweet perfume.
The wind blew soft, a tender embrace,
To keep it safe from strife and doom.

The sun shone with a radiant glow,

To wake it with the morning light.
Born beneath a sky so bright and clear,
It gave its love, without reserve.

It lived, a beacon of joy for all,
And did much good, completely true.
Until it met rage and greed's dark call,
A sister to them both, where hate grew.

It was plucked amid life's heaviest woe,
It brings a joy to everyone.
But all its friends longed to share
A life with it till the end.

A day goes by, then another, like a dream,
The soul's flower fades, quiet and unseen;
But even when it met its end,
It gave its love, as a treasured memory.

As years pass by, we must try,
Walking the path that stays true,
To give ourselves — and not let die
The love of God, shining through.

2015

To believe



Photo from the author's archive. Saint Petersburg, Petrovsky Island.

O garden green, your verdant mane,
The earth breathes warmth beneath our feet.
We need help now, more than ever —
Where kings rule, the meek must plead.

But nature whispers: see and feel —
Daisies, lilies, peonies,
Their blossoms rich, a vibrant field,
They frame life's scenes we all can see,

And teach the art of living — free.
To trust beyond good fortune's grace,
That wind won't snap the tender stem.
All else will fade, without a trace,
Though chaos swallows all around the meek.

Saint Petersburg, 2017

White snow kisses my cheeks so softly



Photo from the author's archive. Saint Petersburg, Shuvalovsky Nature Reserve, 2020.

White snow kisses my cheeks so softly,
Falls to earth with a laughing sigh.
Tonight I long for you only —
You have broken what once was our tie.

You chose not to fly through the open sky,
Like that whimsical, fairy tale snow.
Could not hold me with warmth in your eyes —
And forgot that I'm human, I know.

You stepped back, sank down, closed the door,
Like still water turning to ice.
Only grace can lift me once more,
And the love of the Father, so wise.

*27 December 2016, St. Petersburg
Assorov*

Sunday blessings



Photo from the author's archive. Saint Petersburg, Church of the Saviour on Spilled Blood (Spas na Krovi), 2021.

Blessings on this Sunday bright,
Blessings in the morning light,
Blessings to protect our souls,

As we walk with God's own goals.

On this Sunday, full of grace,
Drive the darkness from this place.
May no sound from heaven frighten us,
God's own Spirit guides us.

Let us share love and honor true,
That's the gift I give to you
May God's grace be always near,
And His love each coming year.

With love, A. V. A. Saint Petersburg

Love may fade, but it will remain



Photo from the author's archive. Kronstadt, Kotlin Island, 2017.

Love may fade and lose its light,
But it will never disappear from sight.
When your heart burns bright and true,
You know the soul is shining through.

Hear this truth, hold it deep inside:
When God comes first, you'll feel no pride.
You'll be a living, guiding light,
For love reigns strong — both day and night.

Saint Petersburg, 2017

She doesn't sleep at night



Photo from the author's archive. Saint Petersburg, 2019.

She doesn't sleep at night, it's true,
Seeking answers, watching through.
How to tell what's real, what's fake?
Where's the trap, for rest to take?

Don't rush to judge, take your time —
It's the soul's most secret rhyme.
When we trust in God, not men,
Then our sleep will come again.

God grants peace where wives are true,
Gentle rest for me and you.
But where truth is pushed aside,
Troubles come — God's warning wide.

Saint Petersburg, Summer 2019

I learned what i should never know



Photo from the author's archive. Blagoveshchenskaya Stanitsa, 2015.

I learned what I should never know,
I saw what wasn't meant for me to see.
Now a path is laid within my heart below —
To spread the Good News, bold and free.

Grant me a conscience pure and bright,
Give me words that speak the light.
Help me grasp Your wondrous way,
And keep Your holy light aglow.

May I never wound the Holy Spirit,
By whom I've been sealed, set apart.
May I keep a listening heart in prayer,
When I speak with You before I sleep, Lord.

Let my faith in You endure,
In You, my God, the joy of all my days.
Let me aid the missionary's call,
And show Your love — it knows no walls.

Blagoveshchenskaya Stanitsa, Summer 2015

No words on earth



Photo from the author's archive. Finland, 14.03.2020.

No words on earth can match those flying toward the skies,
No soul's condition feels more true
Than being lone, yet God's with you.
No power can take away my faith in miracles.

No force can shake my sure belief — Christ lives, I know it well!

14 March 2020, Finland

Hope, Faith, And Love that rose again



Photo from the author's archive. Saint Petersburg, view of the Peter and Paul Fortress, 07.06.2018.

I long to breathe the depths of quiet speech,
To fill my soul with love and gentle heat,
To glimpse that long awaited moment's grace
Where I might find the home that feels complete.

Joy meets me with a tender, loving touch,
And shows me peace beyond all words can say.
These three need no disguise, no mask, no pretense —
Hope, Faith, and Love that rose again, always.

7 June 2018, St. Petersburg

Your illness is no barrier

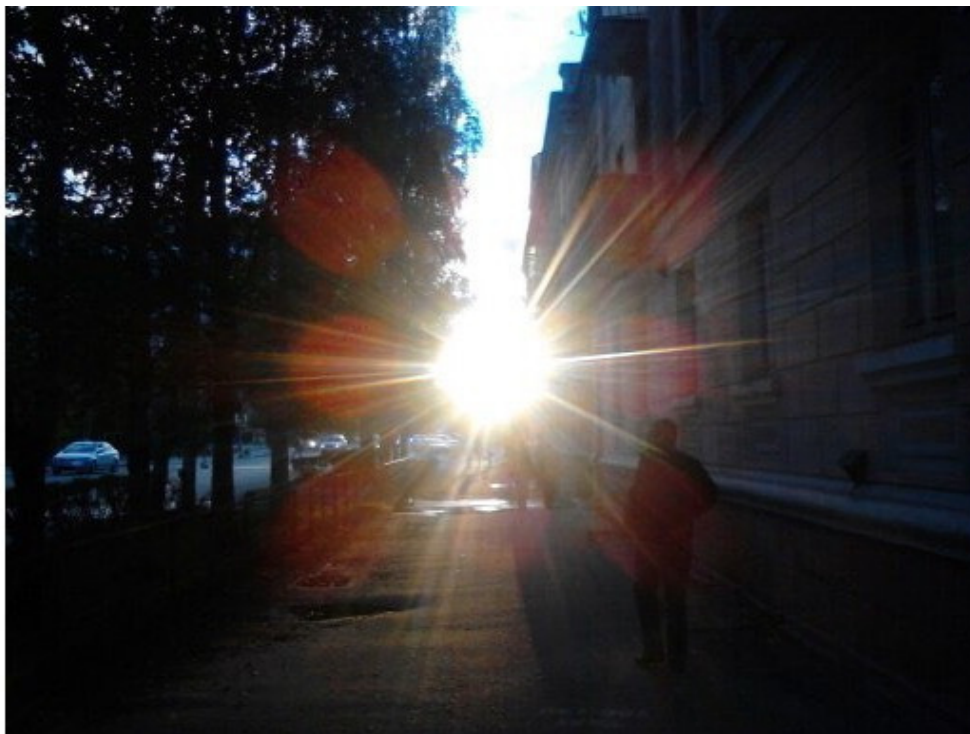


Photo from the author's archive. Republic of Komi, Ukhta, 2015.

Your illness is no barrier, Just a trial, a passing care —
Not a burden meant for laughter,
But a weight you bear with prayer.
Through joy and sorrow, pain and strife,
God walks beside you, holds your life.
Even if walls rise, even if chains bind,
He won't forsake you — God is kind.

Mesyu Village, 2015

Morning in the covenant



Photo from the author's archive. Mesyu Village, 2015

This morning whispered to me,
“Live in peace, take it slow”.
It didn't know, couldn't see
What I'd been through in the night's glow.

Through all the trials, the heavy load,
I keep walking, I move on.
For all the years I've been given,
I praise heaven's dome.

Mesyu Village, 2015

Who s young, who's old



Photo from the author's archive. Vyborg, 2021.

Who's young, who's old — life's just one ride;
Who's stern, who's kind — we all bear a price.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

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