

**Samson Gelkhvidze**

**The Soul Longs to the Word  
(Poems)**



**Tbilisi - 2022**

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From a flower, a spider takes out poison,  
A bee, honey, stuffed pollen,  
I beg you, reader, be a bee,  
And use it for joy, like a flower,  
Before you open my book.

**DEDICATED TO:**

**Blessed memory**

**Maya Ivanovna Biryukova - member of the Writers' Union  
of Georgia,  
coryphaeus of Russian literature in Georgia**



M.I. Biryukova (1935 - 2014)





**Want to know,  
How much do I love you? Please see  
How I tear the mouth of a lion!**

Gelkhvidze Samson Prokofievich. The Soul Longs to the Word  
/Poetry collection / with a foreword by the author. Tbilisi, 2022, p. 111

The collection contains the author's preface, his poems and poems  
written in 2008-2014.

Literary and artistic edition

March 21 - World Poetry Day, established by UNESCO in 2000.



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## Foreword (from the author)

Greetings, my dear reader, on the pages of my third collection of poems.

He, like my two previous ones, and all my literary work, is completely and completely permeated and saturated with earthly love, descended from heaven, without which I cannot imagine my work and existence.

In truth, everything is driven by love, and our next meeting, too, is far from an accident, just as the title of this book is not accidental.

“In the beginning was the word...” and in this word is love.

On the Internet today, you can find a lot of definitions of this word, of which, not one is able to fully and completely capture this boundless and immense feeling, sometimes as mysterious and mysterious as our entire vast universe, and that's all.

- created by God.

And those feelings and attitudes that we encounter in our earthly life are just a tiny part of everything that is immense and mysterious around us.

Not everything is explainable by consciousness, as well as unconscious liberty feelings is not always safe. And only in a harmonious combination of the sensual and the conscious, the true development and prosperity of a person is possible.

The unconscious is also a separate topic, but within the framework of one book, it is impossible to embrace everything, and it is not reasonable, like words

K.Prutkoy: “it is impossible to grasp the immensity”.

This collection of poems also represents only that small part of the conscious sensual worldviews that managed to escape from the captivity of my spiritual forces and shamelessly bare in front of you, on the pages of this book, for which I offer my apologies, and I hope for your indulgence and favor.

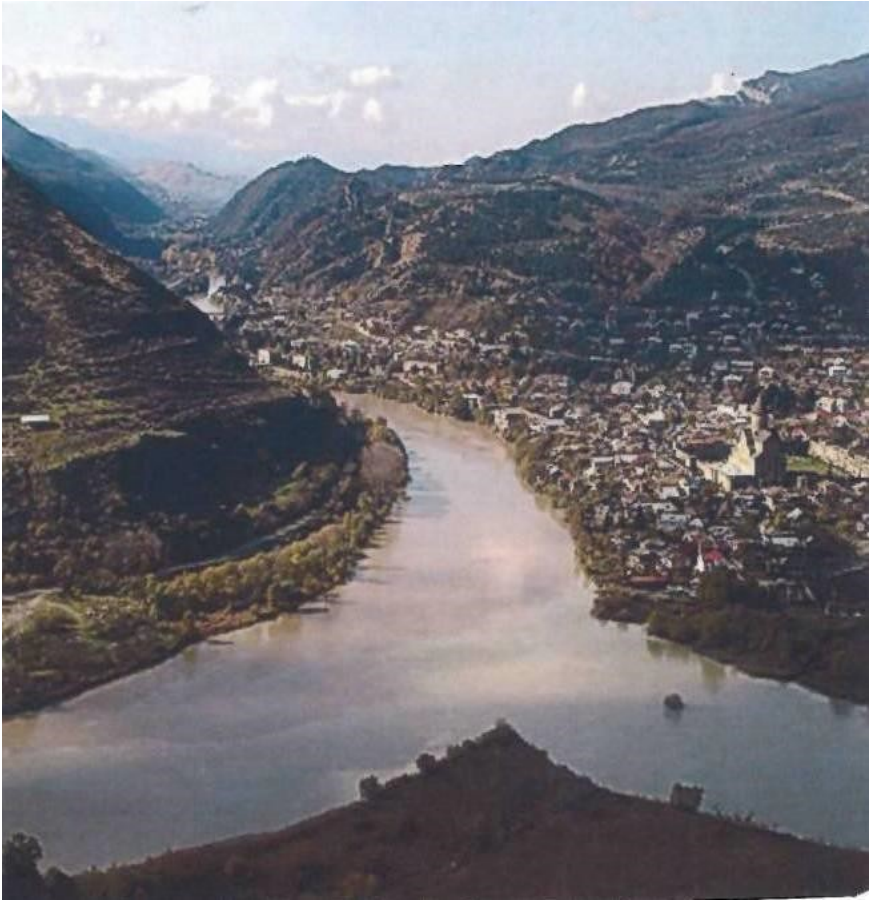
So, good luck reading this book, my dear reader!





Saving word –  
Initially  
who called us  
To be, to create, to love –  
to listen and live  
Now it's clear, now it's sad  
And desire to get a cup of truth ...

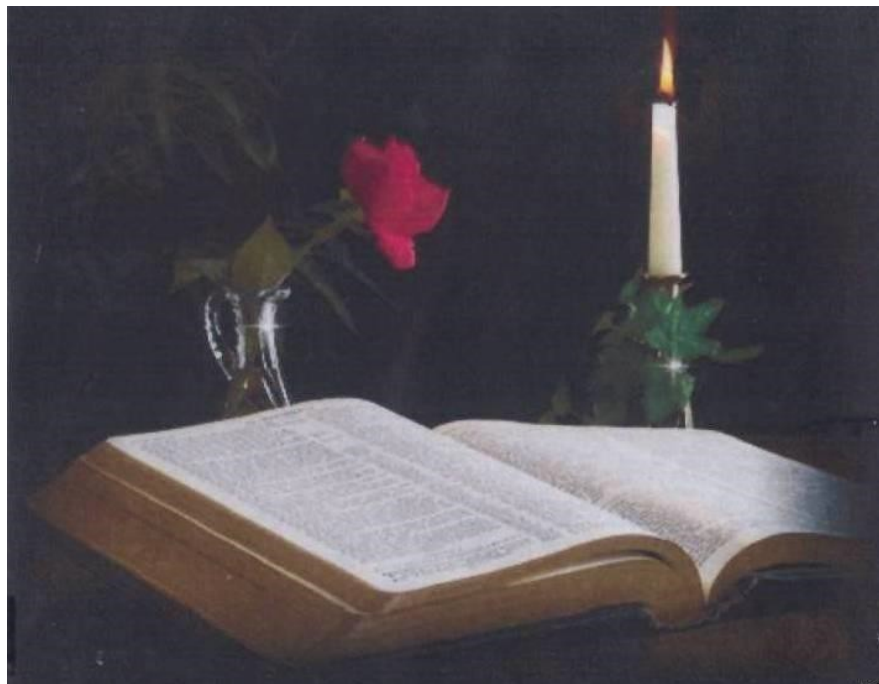
\* \* \* \* \*



## Friends

We live on the hills of Georgia,  
Now we write, then we buzz, then we drink,  
The darkness of the night does not bother us,  
Aragva makes noise to us about  
How a mischievous poet in verse  
He once greeted us ...  
My friends, I am writing about you!  
Who to remember at this hour  
Unity with the eternal, with the one who saved  
the ardor and prowess in us,  
who more than once was invisibly with us and said  
His led about how bright the voice of Sorrow was in us ...

\* \* \* \* \*



Do not avoid tormenting torments,  
Do not expel discord from yourself,  
Accept the fate of being an eternal battlefield  
And do not let the soul suffer.

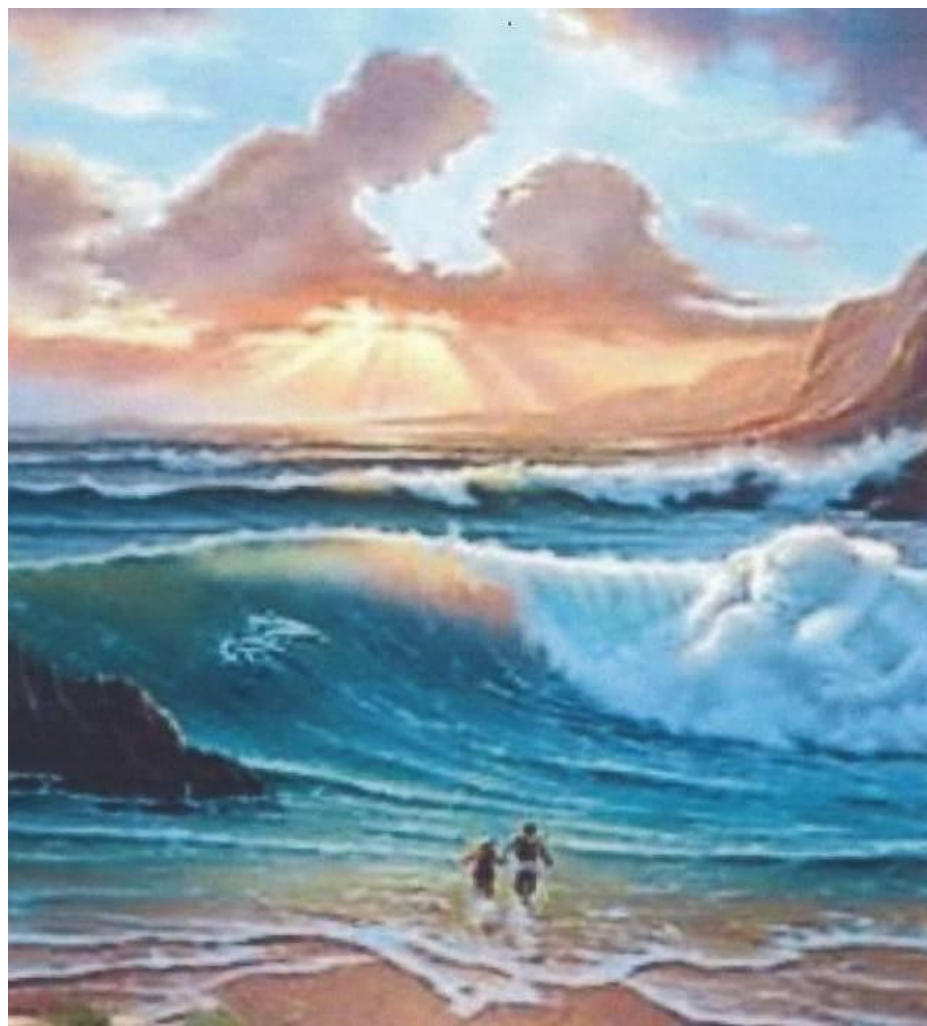
And wait for salvation, invisible to the eye,  
Not amenable to touch, and  
Do not know whether you are saved by myrrh, or by poison,  
Or by the eternal modest power of love.

\* \* \* \* \*



Like this, sleeping, I love you,  
With trembling  
Under the ends of the curls for centuries - I love,  
With a half-smile from the touch  
my fingers  
Throwing back a slanting strand from the forehead - I love.  
Wake up...  
Don't miss out  
Topaz stars in the sapphire sky.  
Don't wait for the bells...  
I love you like this, sleeping, you...  
But... Wake up...

\* \* \* \* \*





## Sadness

After love - sadness ...  
Almost a law,  
Almost a scientific establishment.  
You were happy  
You are happy ...  
But ... a moment,  
the most beautiful,  
Not subject to repetition.  
It is a soul, unity of the Lord and the world  
Only memory from now on is long  
languor...  
Happy sadness! ..  
You are unhappy...  
Despondency. Doubt.  
There is a struggle in the chest of hope and despair.  
But the search... sigh...  
Path in the twilight to the monastery,  
Guy, -  
Inexpressible longing and ecstasy.  
Great sadness!

\*\*\*\*\*



## Father

My dad! My father!

My and my sisters

Favorite creator.

Father...

Builder of buildings, souls, hearts.

A craftsman to match stone with stone

And the architect of life.

You are a creative spirit,

Father...

So raise

For your child

Not a castle, not a palace,

But from words, prayers,

Consistent breathing –

The refuge of the soul,

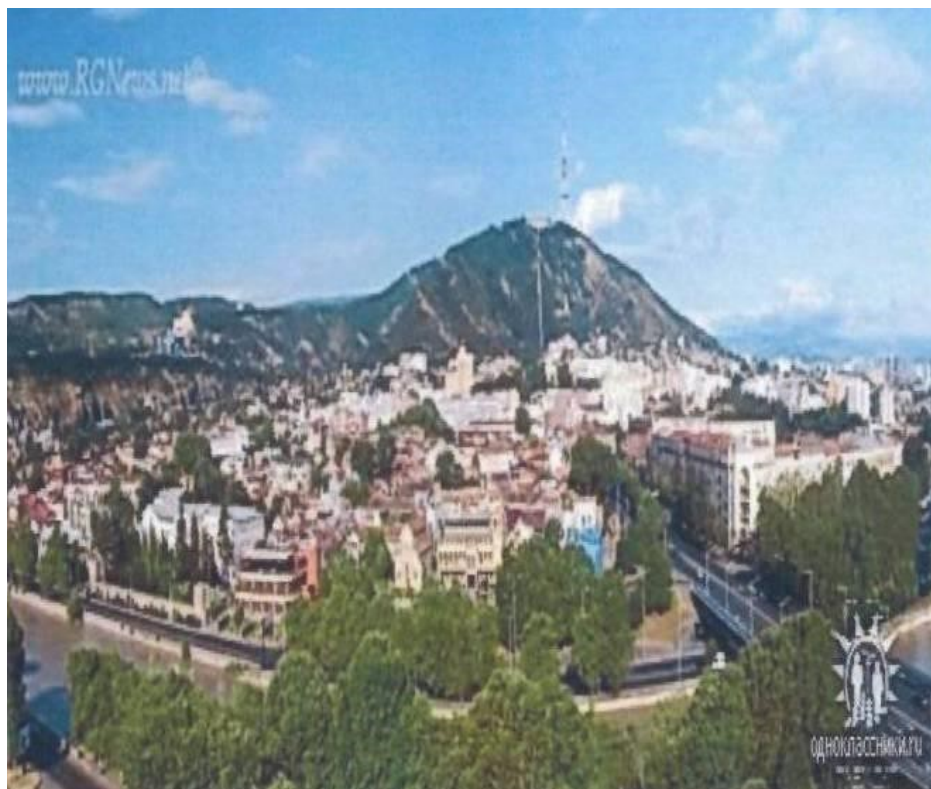
Father ...

\*\*\*\*\*



Of stone and love  
Isn't it all the same -  
To wander in the darkness of the forest  
Or in the twilight of the soul?  
Looking for a streak of light  
To you or away from you  
Here, in the air castle?  
My castle in the air ...  
You are firm and strong,  
As if your father raised you  
from stone and love,  
Saying:  
"Live!  
It has good...  
And nobody in it  
And do not touch with a finger  
without your permission."  
With me in it and you  
native  
But so that we can set foot together  
and lean on the earthly  
Blooming,  
Exciting  
Firmament...

\*\*\*\*\*



## Song

A cloud, a pretty cloud  
Hanging over Tbilisi...  
How do you like it in our sky?  
Are you good there?

I see you are swimming slowly,  
You are over our city,  
You are circling briskly over the chicken,  
Do not leave it.  
Moisture and love  
Pour out into our streets,  
Gently and tenderly cling  
to the roofs of our houses.

Dear white cloud,  
It's light for you and me...

\* \* \* \* \*

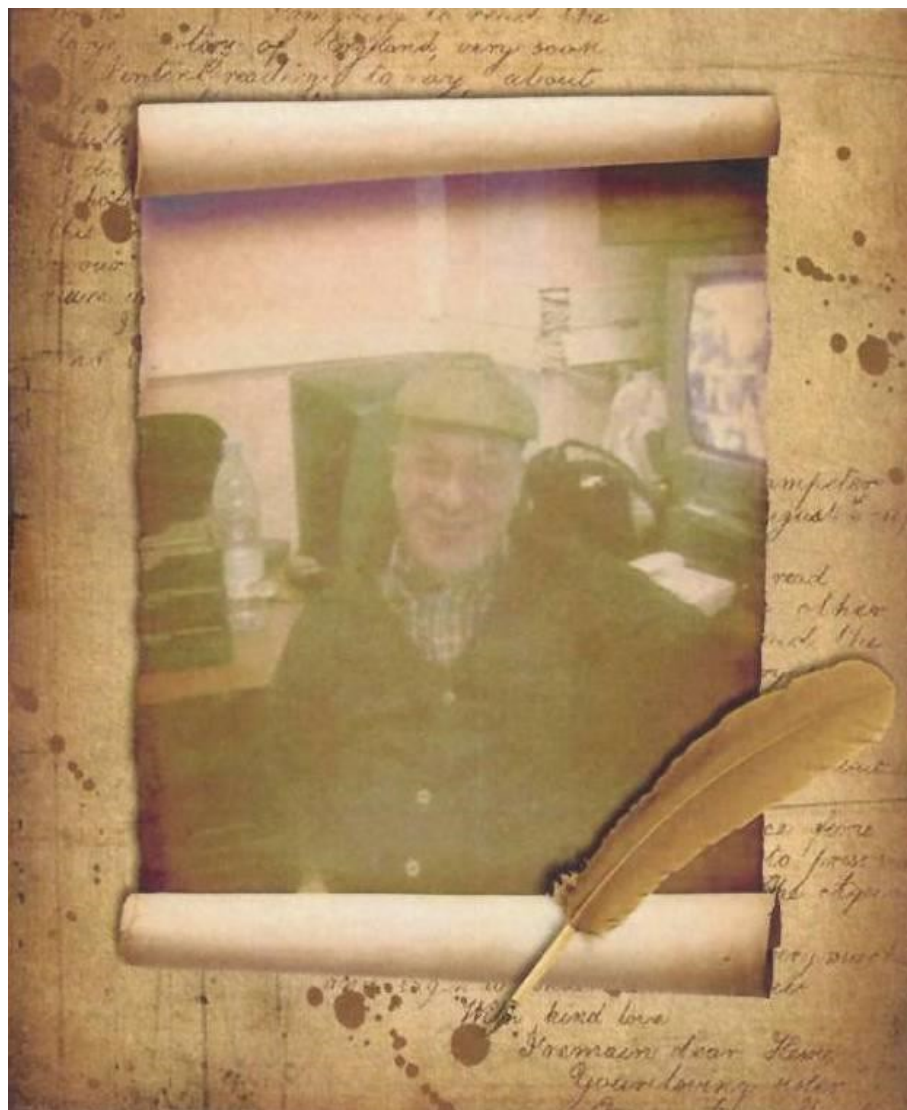




## Pray for...

To live - to love,  
to love - to live ...  
How can you catch the difference?  
But there is it, there is - the thread  
of Ariadne, attracting -  
be, wait,  
Longing...  
Talk about bliss  
Vit  
Nest ...  
Oh Ariadne, wander  
with you  
Through the maze  
Lead, lead and  
Bring out... Know  
Vit...  
Live - love,  
Love - live ...

\*\*\*\*\*



And yet I am a poet!

And yet I am a poet  
Though weird, maybe.  
And the muse answered me -  
The Lord will help you!

There is no rest for the soul  
The right hand wants a pen,  
There are no forces without lines already,  
Poems rumble in me.

A volcano is buzzing in the chest,  
Fate cannot be objected to,  
Let the blizzard rush about,  
I do not write - do not live.

Where, my soul,  
You've been tearing up for so many years?  
I'm an ascetic in life  
And yet I am a poet...

\*\*\*\*\*



## Panthesilee

Amazon,  
Warrior,  
You hit me.  
You are the progenitor of war  
And her child -  
Gave me a spark of Her fire.  
But don't be my healer  
Don't give drugs  
And, even though it's deadly,  
Aim at me again.

You are splashed with drops  
of the Sea behind you  
It beats furiously in waves,  
But - you burn with your soul.  
Pour me with the sea,  
take me over the wave,  
Show in the open the  
Night, the star and the moon!

\*\*\*\*\*



Ah, the Amazon!  
Ah, naughty!  
Amur dexterity witch!  
Do not run my confessions!  
Don't exhaust the quiver of love,  
Save the arrow for us.

\* \* \* \* \*





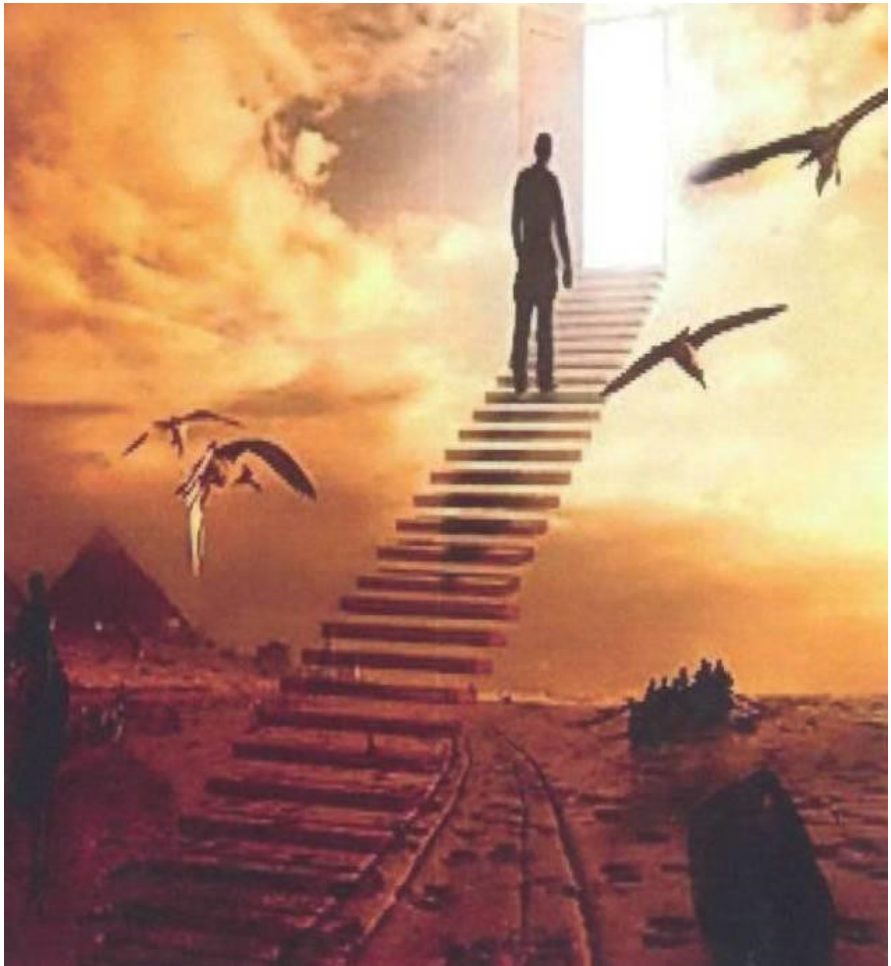
## Mysterious word

It used to be overgrown with  
everything in the reeds a lake,  
In a thin hand an oar,  
A mysterious word?

Mysterious word,  
Say, rustle again.  
Is there a lake in the reeds again,  
I would like to know?

I would like to know  
if that oar is still there  
Will it all be again  
Or has it become overgrown?

\* \* \* \* \*



## Dreams

The dream was ordered to come true,  
She had the wrong destiny,  
Why deprive the dream of that meaning,  
What is given to her by the creator on the day of creation,  
Realized - she is no longer a dream.

So what - not to fly to the cherished goal?  
And not to soar in the native heaven limit?  
Not to see through the mirage of the mysterious tow?  
Do not revel in the commotion of a blizzard?  
Realized - it's not a dream, is it?

\* \* \* \* \*



## Sorcerer

You are a sorcerer  
Street weaver,  
Tiflis weaver,  
Arachne's grandson.  
What are you  
joined the studies and knowledge  
What sciences?  
Who taught you  
to restore this house  
Close to that one,  
To the end of it  
Attach a balcony to live  
There s fun.  
To be where  
Hang the carpet,  
put the geranium and twine  
Vine columns of balusters,  
Enliven the whole neighborhood.  
Find in it  
try your luck  
And forget about sorrows ...

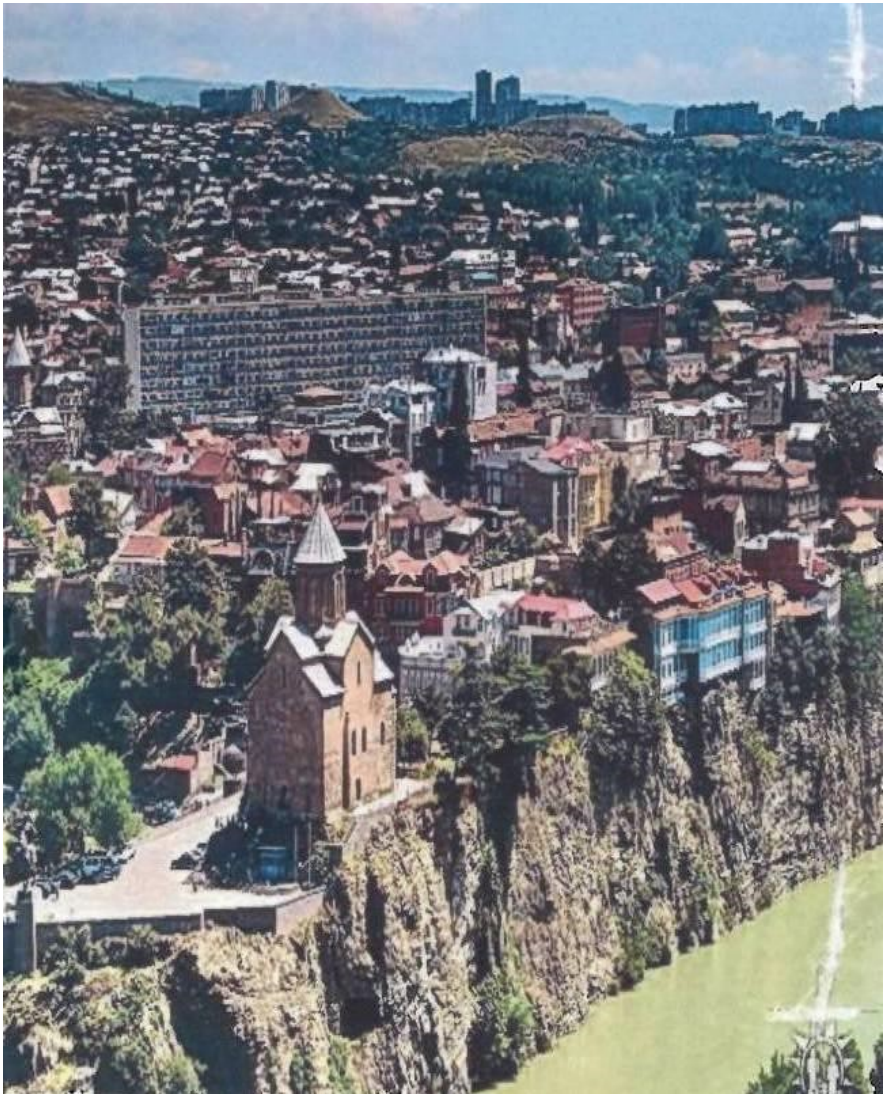
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## Bring me to light

I should be with you,  
my daughter says to me  
In the morning, at dawn.  
I have been for you for a long time  
Appointed by fate,  
But you hesitate, father,  
And the morning is in the yard.  
harsh voice  
So wise and so persistent,  
A child is always a child,  
It is a maximalist.  
Let's slow down, daughter, still,  
Everything in the world is so sad  
And sad,  
Like a leaf flying from a branch.  
Need more soul  
We are close, dear ...  
The soul itself to you  
Flies, father, strives,  
Do not miss her, do not miss the soul ...  
And I, father, fate  
I'm faithful, obedient, I'm coming,  
I'll come to you,  
I will be with you.

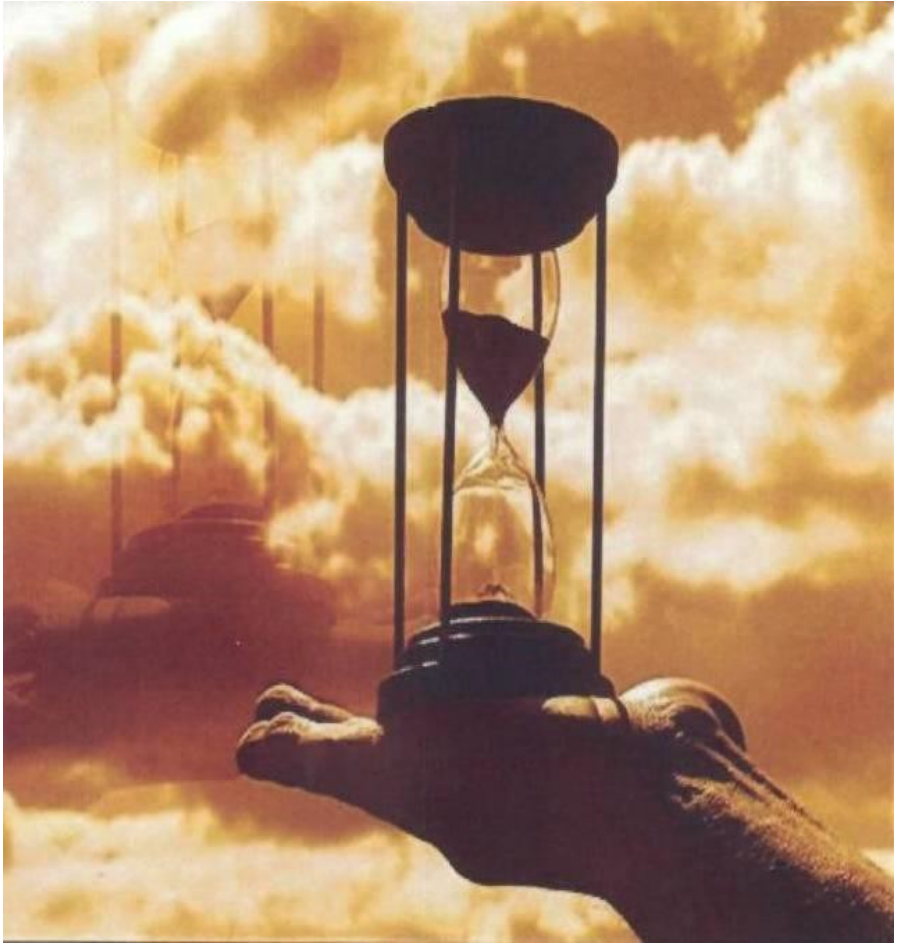
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I would like to be in Sirachkhan today,  
to look at the waves of the Kura whirlpool,  
To sit in a corner in a cool, cozy dukhan,  
On a ledge running to the river, overgrown with mountain houses.  
Where else to satisfy sadness about the disturbing current,  
Where can the soul find at least a short shelter,  
Where the way of antiquity has not yet been violated,  
Where they sing so sweetly and so lingeringly?  
How they knew how to fly in a circle on their toes,  
How gracefully they bowed, picking up baghdadi-  
scarves,  
How sad and yearning in colors and sounds,  
How skillfully they knew how to empty wineskins.  
Now the talk and noise of the city is getting quieter and quieter,  
Now the tie of alleys and streets has gone downhill,  
But ... before the eyes, clinging to Tiflis, has risen,  
Great Zion gilded by the luminary.

\*\*\*\*\*



It's never too late,  
everything will be in time. Do not rush,  
Not to leave only for a long time,  
Corners of the recesses of the soul.

To listen to them, to penetrate them,  
Their impulses cannot be dried up,  
Do not leave, do not forget them,  
Like orphans in the wilderness.

\*\*\*\*\*



## Moment

N.N.

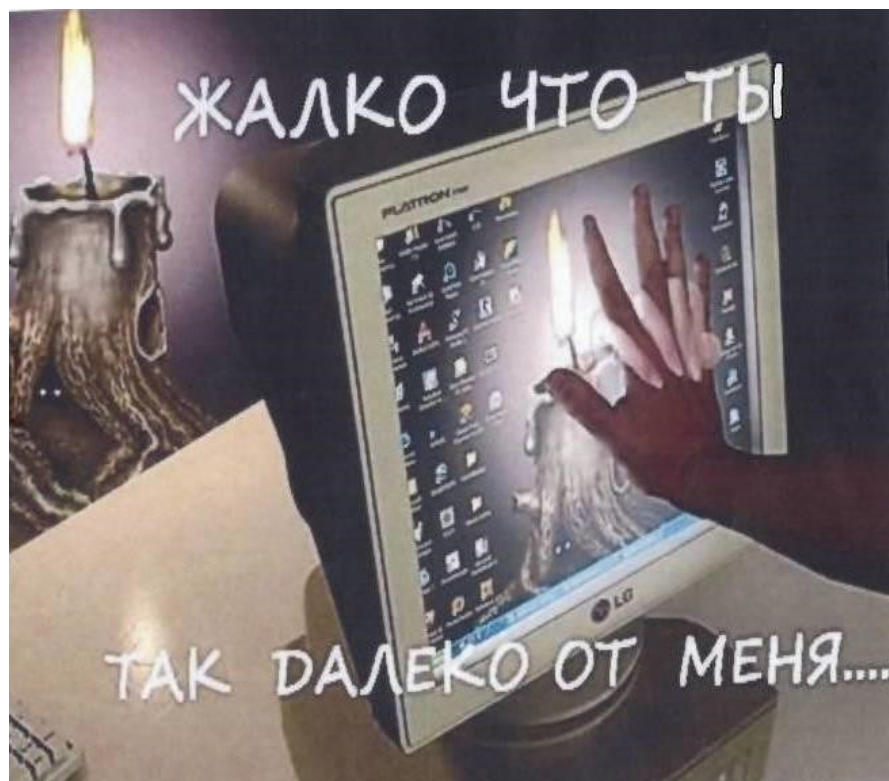
On the horizon, far away  
Retreating further and further,  
With a rose in a drooping hand  
I see you sometimes

In an extravagant mini, ]  
Beauty does not melt, without hiding,  
With frozen on a flower  
With divine eyes.

But suddenly my eyelashes trembled,  
I, a simpleton, trembled too...  
A bird flew to the rose,  
You quickened your step.

So it was all...  
It was all so.

\*\*\*\*\*



ЖАЛКО ЧТО ТЫ

ТАК ДАЛЕКО ОТ МЕНЯ....

## Almost a joke

To whom shall we bring my sorrows?

To you, sprout? To you, flower?

Perhaps a stone tablet,

As the ancient East did,

So that later his descendants,

Peering into the bizarre ligature,

With the soul lurking in the wreckage,

Catch their own connection?

To whom?! To you, my dreamer,

My bosom tete-a-tete,

Freedom's devoted prospector,

Ready to give an answer to everything,

Colleague of scrolls and charters,

My friend, my brother, my internet.

\* \* \* \* \*





## Here is the cape.

He abruptly plunged into the sea,  
Behind him a huge mainland.  
The cape does not trouble him, but nevertheless  
He penetrated further than all others  
Into a different, unsteady space,  
Where all the movement, everything boils,  
Where with indefatigable constancy  
The wave strives for the earth.  
What is the strength of articulation  
Moves them, wave and cape,  
What brings them into conjugation,  
Law, perseverance or whim?  
How deftly the apple fell,  
On Newton's crown, and suddenly  
So many things have become clear,  
The district has become so clear.  
But what kind of beam passed me by us?  
What is a broken thread?  
Who can explain,  
No, not earthly attraction,  
But only my sad attraction to you,  
yours ... to me?!

\* \* \* \* \*



## Maple

What is it? Rustle? Or a whisper?  
Or birds fly into the crown of a maple tree?  
What is it? This is...  
At the maple, under the chirping of the blacksmith,  
Love-making is coming.

Her mouth was closed with meekness,  
But, apparently, they are about to break through.  
What is he?  
His palm, squeezing her elbow,  
Must be waiting for recognition.

The maple leaf fluttered and froze,  
And a cloud floats above it.  
Why would?  
He apparently caught the corners  
Their souls are filled with flight.

\*\*\*\*\*



## Dandelion

You perched on the threshold  
Closer to people and housing,  
A road runs in front of you,  
Passers-by scurry along it.  
First one, then another,  
And their flow is inexhaustible.  
Where are the others going?  
We judge with you and side by side.  
Your sad vision  
Confirmed by a series of days,  
A timid moment will come,  
A light dry wind will whirl,  
Their strength will triple along the way,  
You will droop, shudder, fly around,  
Above what was you today,  
Smoothness and silence will triumph.  
Grandmother said in two  
(The all-consuming run of time),  
But ... as Akhmatova wrote,  
Perhaps you will rise in verse.

\*\*\*\*\*



Scarlet light dress,  
Miracle from Givenchy...  
Tremulous embrace  
Sensitive, gentle soul ...

Light scarlet dress  
At the crossroads...  
Because of the gates of "Anchiskhati"  
It flared up like a spark.

Are you flying away from me?  
Is the sky calling you?  
You go over the steps ...  
Here is a turn to the cloud.

I myself would probably  
I set off with you into years,  
Whenever the Abyss of earthly worries  
would not hold me.

Light scarlet dress!  
You're in a hurry to fly away  
Well, so you can use it  
There, in heavenly silence.

\*\*\*\*\*





## Last

- Extend! Go on!... –

Goethe called for a moment.

For a moment it is not available, but ...

But you, bud,

Last!

After all, you are alive and warm ...

Get together

With all strength and courage,

last...

You bring everything to life.

Don't be too fragrant

With the splendor of a blossoming crown...

Keep the life-giving currents in you,

Squeeze through them

Wing petals. Hold on Bud!

The longer, the more glorious...

Of course, everything is of course...

But still go on, hold on...

\* \* \* \* \*

“Looking at the world, one cannot help but wonder”

/K.Prutkov/

Looking at this crazy world,]

It's impossible not to write about it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time is money, they say,

You can't exchange them for a while,

Money is easily spent, wasted,

But it's not easy to earn it,

But if you return the money,

You can't turn back time.

\*\*\*\*\*

Love or money,

Choose if one,

If our choice,

We are destined to live,

What would you choose the reader?

.....

If there is love, will there be money?

There will be money - will you buy love?

If you didn't know the answer,

I wouldn't write these lines

Now it's up to you, the reader's choice.

\*\*\*\*\*

Early Poems  
(2003 - 2008)





I am not a tenant in Heaven,  
without earthly love,  
It all started with you,  
It all ended with you!

With whom in life it didn't happen,  
Who didn't love with the soul,  
You, everything was allowed,  
I was sick of you.

What was our meeting,  
Lonely - the intersection of roads,  
Life connected us,  
And ... - separated again!

\* \* \* \* \*



In an unequal battle,  
With an insidious life,  
Often I fell ...  
And was defeated

But didn't give up  
Rising with Him,  
Again and again,  
Follow Him on the road!

So tempered  
And he learned to walk,  
And he met love,  
For her - he was crucified!

\* \* \* \* \*

To keep love,  
So that the mole of time,  
My feelings from the heart,  
Accidentally did not erase.

I can't live without them,  
I can't write, I can't love,  
I would like to pass life,  
Keep the purity of feelings!

\* \* \* \* \*





Love you  
And sometimes  
I don't love,  
I reach out to you,  
And I shy away,  
I will not hide.

My feelings for you  
I will bury in the thawed soil,  
I will water them,  
I will wash away grief with tears.

Let them sprout  
Flowers, with a mysterious soul,  
I will present them to you,  
My secret, I will reveal it.

Arranged a life for us,  
My meeting with you,  
Would not divorce us,  
Time, blind hostility.

Love is cruel  
And insidious they say  
Sometimes it can turn around,  
The reverse side.

\* \* \* \* \*



## Come back

Come back ... they will soon clean up,  
Cold dreary roads,  
And the way to you, the snowdrifts will sweep,  
My sadness, depriving you of help.

Snow and cold will separate us,  
Adversity will tire us of separation,  
Like by the sea, now I'm waiting for the weather,  
And you, who stole my years.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you don't want my love,  
You can return my feelings for you,  
But don't rush, think about who you offend,  
Happiness, once you miss, you can't turn around.

Not your brown eyes, I wish you shine,  
Without a kiss, I try to tear off your lips,  
Next to you, I am reborn  
And tremblingly, I listen to the nectar of your soul.

I am your gunpowder, you are my wick  
And without each other - I do not heed life,  
And our carnival fireworks,  
With trepidation, I look forward to the future.

\*\*\*\*\*



How long have I been looking for you  
How long have I wandered around the world,  
What kind of load I just didn't carry,  
What word didn't I throw in the wind.  
How much I had to go through,  
How much I lost on the road,  
At what cost everything was done,  
What a loss of health.  
But I don't grieve, it's good that it's late,  
It's better than never,  
Insanely glad to meet You,  
As a sacrifice of all worldly pleasures.

\* \* \* \* \*

This fierce cold,  
Mows on the spot,  
And spiritual hunger,  
The heart was crushed  
your search,  
Life pass,  
Who will master it,  
It turns out - right.  
There are things in life  
About which it is better not to know,  
But who knows you,  
He didn't lose his life.

\* \* \* \* \*



## One wrong step

One wrong word,  
The moment is used by the enemy  
To plunge into the abyss of hell again.

Passions leave the body with tears,  
Slags of life - through the pores,  
It is more difficult to cleanse the soul, for a person,  
If He did not call you to himself.

\*\*\*\*\*

That's why it's good that it's not easy,  
Loneliness - when there are no enemies,  
Stealing your attention  
Fireworks of success, laurels and carpets.

Creativity, together with silence,  
Concentration of thinking,  
Souls, deep abyss reservoir,  
The aroma and taste of victory over yourself.

\*\*\*\*\*

The fear of God is the guardian of the mind,  
Soul protector and keeper,  
Above the human gut, Lord, lord,  
Destroying the enemies of the king.

\*\*\*\*\*





I've been looking for love all my life,  
In this mortal world,  
I searched everywhere, but did not find,  
Until I met you.  
Thank you ... for helping to find her,  
Love, your blood and your flesh,  
Which in the sacrament of the holy church,  
Generously gives to each repentant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lead me, lead my Companion,  
Through the thorns of life, mist and darkness,  
Lead me, my love,  
Through the sultry heat, the blizzard of sins.  
Lead me so that inadvertently  
Do not stray from Your path,  
Lead me to be together,  
Merge with you, just accept.  
Lead me so as not to perish,  
And do not drop the thread of life,  
To overcome myself, to resurrect,  
On your day of advent - alive.

\* \* \* \* \*

You are a crystal echo of my heart,  
His broken piece, you are dearer,  
I don't have anyone in the world.

\* \* \* \* \*



You are my joy,  
my loneliness,  
you are my sweetness,  
And my prophecy!

\*\*\*\*\*

Write poems at the beginning so  
How are they write,  
And there you look at the end,  
Under the rhyme they will rewrite ..

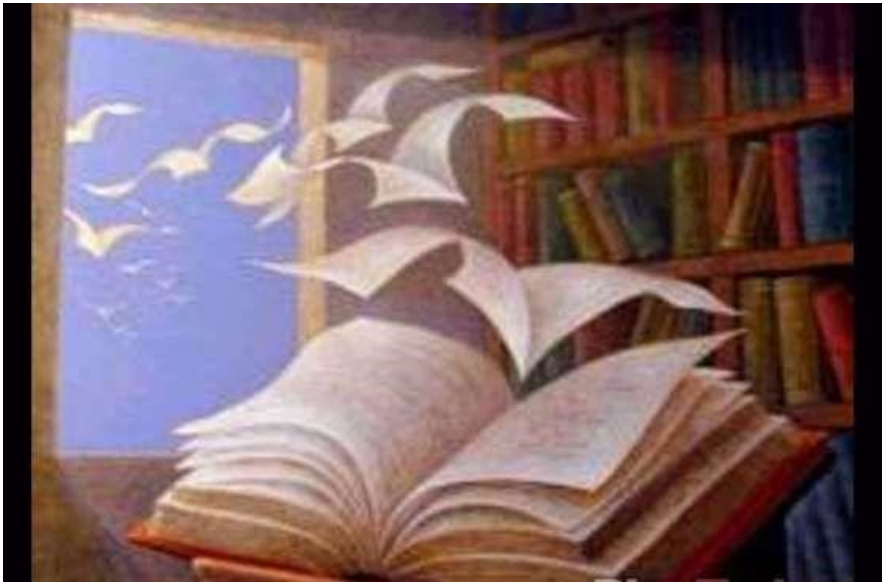
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Poetry is my love,  
Prose is my joy  
Literature is the home of the soul,  
Writing is life and reward!

\*\*\*\*\*

When something is born,  
Completely out of nothing, then ...,  
Someone may be surprised,  
Why and for what?  
After all, not always in life,  
everything is born with the soul,  
Sometimes lines are given,  
Rainbow work.  
Who by reason, who by feelings,  
Writes and lives on earth,  
But everyone is carried by a flying arrow,  
And the name of that arrow is love.

\*\*\*\*\*



I like to write in rainy weather,  
Gently rustling with written sheets,  
And listen to a sad melody to help,  
In sublime sadness, looking for a sense of life.  
I wish to live in order to write about life,  
About intrigues and surprises - in prose and in verse,  
So that in old age, reading your books,  
About the life lived, vain to remember.  
After all, each book published by me,  
Like more than one torn feather,  
From time, a flying firebird,  
From this world, - squeezed fragrant myrrh.

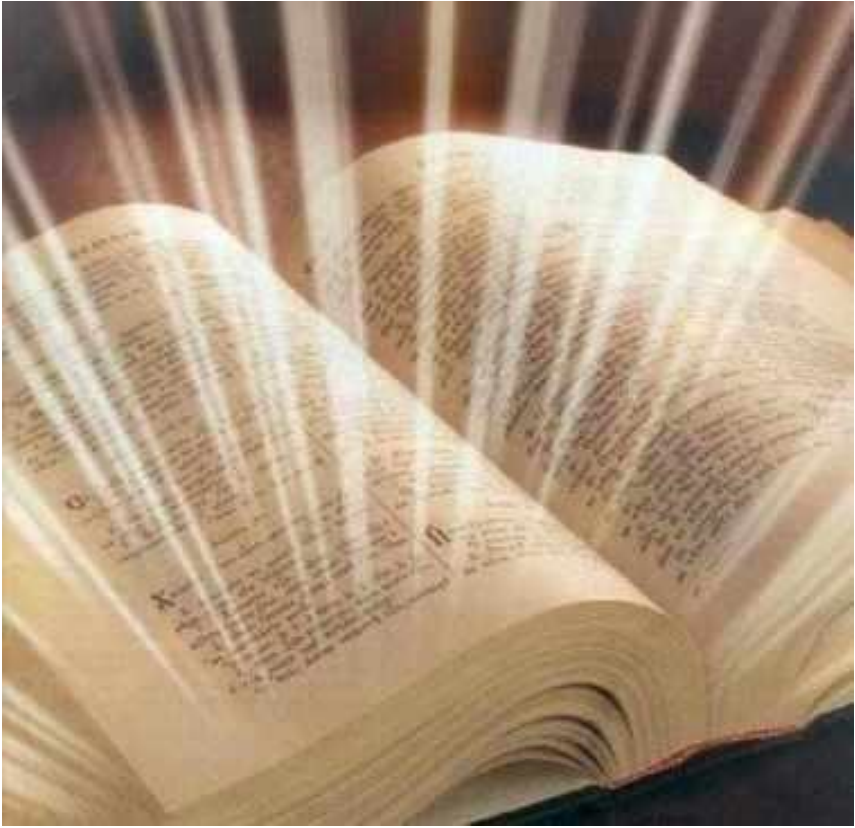
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For the sake of writing,  
It is worth being “unhappy”,  
For the sake of being resurrected,  
It is worth dying truthful.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wherever I go, I'll still surface,  
Sooner, or maybe later,  
Not in poetry, so in prose,  
In a blooming red rose  
I will knock softly on the door of your soul,  
If you open it, I will certainly visit you.

\* \* \* \* \*



**And learn from the star,  
What does light mean.  
O. Mandelstam**

And learn from Christ what Light means,  
From which the light of stars,  
Galaxies and all other planets fades.  
And all the questions of life  
Look for the answer from Him  
Seek Him everywhere and in everyone,  
Live with Him to die one day,  
And then be resurrected!

\* \* \* \* \*

Earthly life,  
Fit in yours.

Stars of heaven,  
Shed through life.

Essence to his,  
Understand, feel.

To know oneself,  
To realize.

\* \* \* \* \*



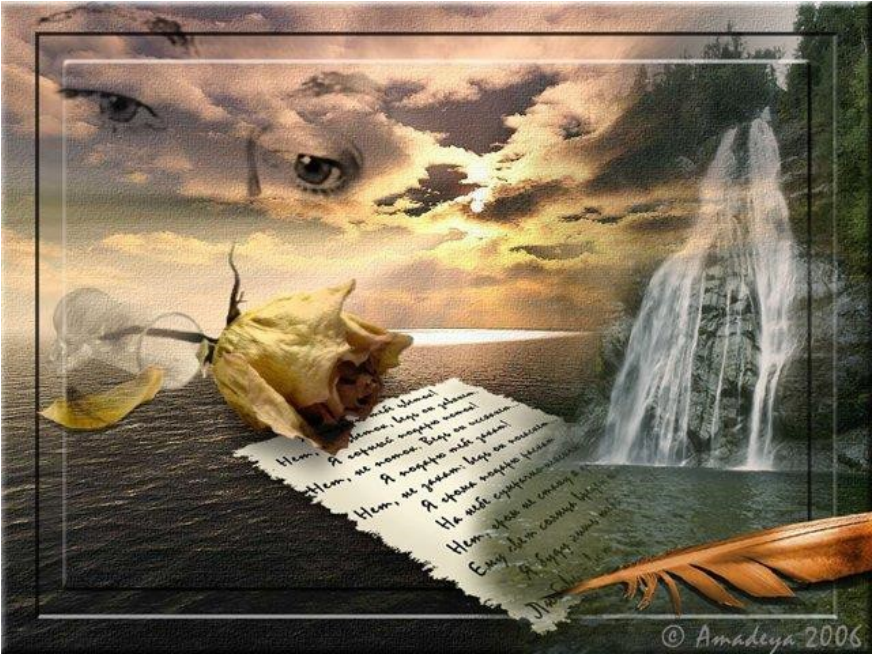


My feelings do not fit,  
In the canon of versification,  
They pour freely,  
Depriving the soul of explanations.  
So as not to carry their burden,  
I'll tell them goodbye,  
To replace them - to come new,  
Not to be a burden to prosperity.

\* \* \* \* \*

When and what else will I write,  
You alone know,  
And if I am in my letter,  
Sometimes I sin so cruelly,  
generous in advance,  
I beg your pardon!  
For on the thorns of life,  
I carry my cross from birth  
And naively indulgence,  
I seek from earthly life,  
And I can't help but write about it.  
For I want to embrace this life's creed,  
And its meaning, the fatal move,  
I was looking for my answer for a long time,  
About my appointment,  
I was looking for ...,  
Until I met one summer,  
Your invisible voice, your call,  
And if I fail to become your son,  
Then in your house, I will find peace!

\* \* \* \* \*



In moments of sorrow and sadness,  
I created the best works,  
But you did not hear arrogantly,  
Pain singing their words.  
You left ... without saying goodbye,  
Your pride - led you ...  
And your earthly truth,  
Against the heavenly love that was ...  
And now I'm alone, abandoned by you,  
And you are alone, though not offended by fate.  
What did I achieve, I did not understand,  
My burning lines, betrayed by you?  
True, the French say ..., sometimes,  
To shine with your beauty  
You need to draw a lot of pain in life  
And live with the arrow that pierced you!  
Only then ..., dancing at the abyss,  
In moments of sorrow and sadness,  
I created the best works,  
But you did not hear arrogantly,  
Your pride - led you ...  
And your earthly truth,  
Against the heavenly love that was...

\* \* \* \* \*



Blue abyss of the sea,  
Raging waves of the day,  
On the ledges of the arrogant rock,  
Rainbow called you.  
Blue expanses of the sky,  
Cirrus clouds,  
Floating across its expanses, words calling you.  
Through the prism of refraction,  
You swept like a white ray,  
And threw yourself into the seven-color,  
Now, how to collect you?  
Or will you allow me to call you with indulgence,  
One of the seven colors,  
Surely my tenderness is not enough ...  
To accept you whole?

\*\*\*\*\*

You can't convince anyone of anything,  
Feelings get out inside out,  
It is impossible to change life,  
If you do not send them early.  
And in the service of Love,  
To one's neighbor and to God,  
Everything else in life Is a wasteful whim.

\*\*\*\*\*



To judge me

You need to read me,  
To condemn severely,  
The first thing to do is to understand.  
Although I honestly admit one thing,  
Any of you, in my place,  
Wherever it is burning and stronger,  
I would write about everything.

\* \* \* \* \*

Without Him, - I'm nobody,  
Together with Him - a lot,  
You will overcome the path of the earth,  
The voice of Heaven whispers to me,  
In my ear - a prophecy.

\* \* \* \* \*

I love You more than before,  
And I yearn for You with all my might,  
Like a fish thrown ashore,  
I can't live on earth without you!

\* \* \* \* \*

If he himself is no longer good,  
That's like a Teska, be like,  
My Teska, Golden Samson,  
The mouth is tearing apart the lion in Petrodvorets!

\* \* \* \* \*





## Trifle

Although a trifle, but the memory of you,  
And an outlet, in difficult moments of life,  
I involuntarily remember, thinking about you,  
    How tender are in life,  
    Unexpected meetings,  
    Bringing light to the soul.  
    And a trifle - your smile,  
    At our meeting -  
    Generously released, - to me.  
Not knowing your name and not knowing,  
    I dream again about our meeting,  
At least about one more, under that moon.  
    And a trifle - your smile,  
    That so excited the blood in me.  
    My memory doesn't fail me,  
    Your gentle voice, shining eyes,  
    And barely audible laughter...,  
    So together we met the dawn ...  
I dream again about our meeting,  
    Only one thing remains for me,  
Memories - the aroma of the meeting,  
    And a trifle - your smile,  
    Left in the sky of my life,  
    White, crimson, tender trace.

\*\*\*\*\*



I lay down to listen to the silence,  
Tranquility, the breath of summer,  
I feel drawn to sleep,  
You get tired quickly after dinner.  
I hear my breath  
And physical pain, body,  
Inhale and exhale, and again... exhale, inhale,  
Unbidden thoughts fly.  
Accomplishments of the expected catch,  
And poplar leaves rustle of summer,  
Remind with renewed vigor again,  
Many questions remain unanswered.  
Much did not happen, did not come true,  
But the main thing I managed to know and meet,  
Life Light, Road and Love,  
What in life was, joy and pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't walk,  
But I still lose my hair,  
Or rather, I lost it a long time ago,  
However, it doesn't matter now.  
If the strength of the biblical tesky  
Was in the muscles and in the hair,  
That is my strength, in Scripture and in Him,  
They are my eternal life - a reservoir.

\* \* \* \* \*



## Teapot

The unlucky teapot,  
Burned out on the fire again,

The soot overlaid,  
surface of its walls.

Its high time already  
Change to a new one, no?

But he is too beloved,  
Amusing and skillful.

I put black soot on it,  
I can't wipe it off,

It erased on the walls,  
A trace of mutual love.

His love, so you can see,  
He wanted to hide the kettle.

Wish you no more  
And look inside her.

Forgive me my teapot,  
I am guilty before you,

I often forgot you,  
On fire sometimes.

And I remembered in part,  
In acute need only,

When I needed tea,  
And my body was warm.

Forgive me if you can,  
After all, in life we are like you,

But if you burn one day,  
You will live in my heart.

\*\*\*\*\*



My heart beats for yours  
Open it and trust it  
Don't be stupid and hurry  
His response is shy.  
Catch your life a firebird,  
In this life I am a transit bird,  
Get ready for a long and fast journey,  
If you want to fly to Him.  
If not, stay as you know,  
An extra load is of no use to me on the way,  
It will be too late when you regret,  
The winds of wandering will sweep up traces.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am your candle - I burn and do not burn,  
I need you, - again I drop the words,  
Your voice of the past, - I hug you with an echo,  
I count your steps until today.

I can't bring you back - I understand  
But thoughts about you - do not leave me,  
Didn't you need it? - I admit,  
But to explain to the heart? - life is no longer tea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Too much time,  
I lost in vain  
Maybe even in the rest,  
It will be possible to make up for life!

\* \* \* \* \*





Not everyone,  
I like in you,  
As well as you,  
Perhaps, and in me.  
But you can't command your heart,  
And there's no one to blame,  
It tells us how, so be it.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the letter "F", in my notebook,  
Everyone died out a long time ago, except for you,  
You're already married, I have new friends,  
But I remember everything and I can't forget you.

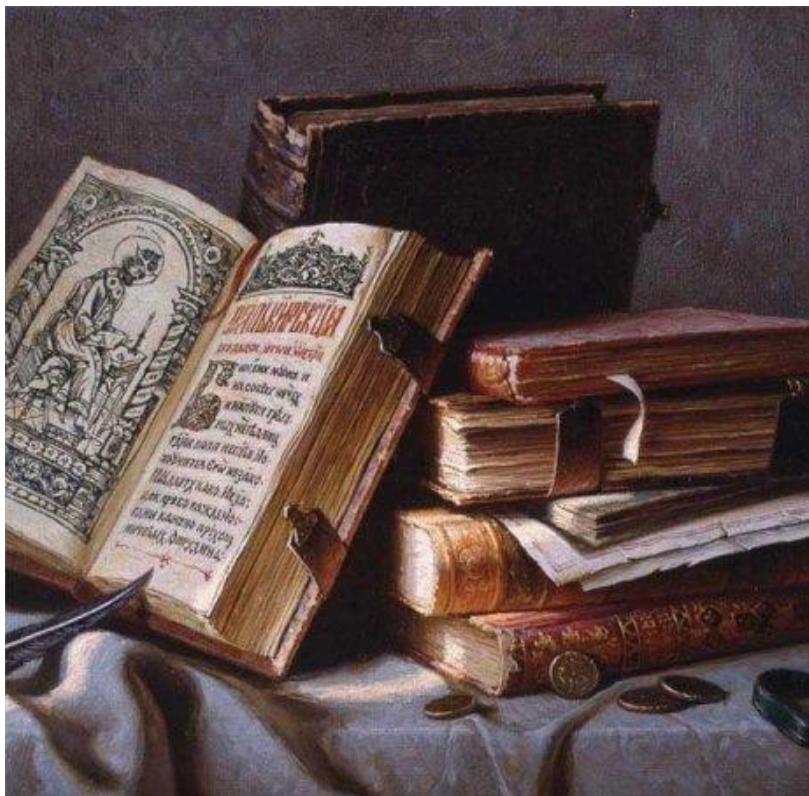
\* \* \* \* \*

### Nightingales

In the summer I wake up at six in the morning,  
Then I can't sleep for a long time,  
I listen to the trills of nightingales,  
The roll call goes on for a long time.

Nightingales, nightingales,  
How dear you are to me  
I would not sing without you,  
Song of love on earth!

\* \* \* \* \*



## Literature

Literature is like God's temple,  
And only sing about love in it,  
And with dislike, with a dirty soul,  
Don't even dare to go there.  
And take communion in it yourself more often,  
And bring your friends there,  
Rise above the vanity of the earth,  
And exalt people yourself.  
After all, the purpose of her life,  
To make people - all people,  
All of us to rise to her,  
To become more humane and kinder.

\* \* \* \* \*

Friends are waiting for my letter,  
To offend them - I have no right,  
But to be honest,  
I confess, judging myself strictly,  
I write sometimes, not at all me,  
With a hand of trusting light,  
Heaven writes me,  
Thunder and lightning is the answer.  
Lines flow from them like a river,  
Heavenly love words,  
The soul floats on them like a frigate,  
pulling my life with happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*



## Phenomenon of Literature

What is the phenomenon of literature?  
Display the vibration of the soul,  
Her magical state...,  
In a minute - which will no longer be.  
Taking pictures, she captures everything,  
A specific moment - a state of mind,  
Which at other times - you will no longer catch,  
What you will write one day by hand.  
In the future, rereading my lines,  
In the past, written pages,  
You will feel and remember a lot,  
Gifted by life, tales and tales.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two sisters, poetry and prose,  
Branches of one, literary beauty,  
Like colorful garlands,  
The trees of my life are twins!

\* \* \* \* \*

From the flower, - the spider gets the poison,  
A bee, honey, stuffed pollen,  
I beg you, reader, be a bee,  
And use it for joy, like a flower,  
Before you open my book.

\* \* \* \* \*



Forgive me Literature,  
That I did not know you until the day,  
While I was graduate school,  
Didn't bring me to my door.  
At school, not friends with both,  
Mathematics kidnapped me,  
Physics, earthly laws of life,  
The paths were blocked for me before you.  
After graduating from high school, work called,  
Threw a lasso around my neck,  
Conferences, articles, reports,  
Kept me crazy for a long time.  
Entering graduate school  
I got a breather, shaking my nature,  
I looked at the past, realizing,  
What a fool I drove without you.  
I began to write at twenty-five,  
But until then, I see everything is mature,  
And to your mighty heights,  
And at forty-eight he did not ripen.  
I hope for your favor, Accept the blind to me,  
Forgive my sins - treason,  
Separation pain, what caused you.  
Not to know does not mean not to love,  
Roundabout ways to you for a long time,  
I was led, - earthly life, but,  
Heaven gave - I open you a little.  
Accept, your prodigal son,  
And write off all the sins of my letter,  
Let not understand you with mind and strength,  
To be with love, next to you - let me!

\*\*\*\*\*





## Music of the verse

Mine, yours, someone else's - I don't know,  
I sort through the tender lines in my soul,  
By the keys of the "music of the word",  
Feelings carelessly run through.  
I hear how the music of the verse flows,  
I involuntarily close my eyes,  
In anticipation of the fireworks of a miracle,  
Holding my breath, I freeze.  
And now the music is poured out in full,  
I feel how sinister the emptiness is,  
Poured out with the music of the verse,  
I involuntarily fall to my knees.  
Born to crawl without poetry  
Alas, I no longer fly, but I understand,  
When I no longer pour out poems,  
I plunge into the vanity of life.  
And again I freeze anxiously,  
Little by little I gather strength again,  
Souls are glasses of crystal,  
I fill it with intoxicating verses.  
The music of the verse flows again,  
And I feel like I'm coming to life again,  
I hear the voices of my brothers in the pen,  
Mine, yours, someone else's - I don't know.  
The music of word and verse is one,  
It beats like a fountain from the soul,  
It is blessed, great.  
I want to dedicate my life to her.

\*\*\*\*\*



Winds of love  
You are my Galla,  
although I am not Dali,  
My love and muse,  
Although far from me.

Again the song  
Is composed by the winds,  
About the impossibility of love,  
In this mortal world.

Your love,  
Search in the other world,  
Where there are no factors,  
Interfering with love!

\* \* \* \* \*

The author is grateful

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Samson Gelkhvidze

The soul longs for the word

Poems

What did I want to say in verse? Almost nothing!

Not in verse - that I am a civil engineer, Doctor of Technical Sciences.

Throughout his life he published scientific papers and inventions. Now over 50, I work hard, of course, not in my specialty. And here I am writing. There are even two novels, one of who were on the long list of one prestigious competition. There are collections of short stories, novellas and collections of poems.

Paradox isn't it? - I strive for the word, but I don't seem to want to say anything ...

But if someone reads and feels something with me, I'll tell him: thank you! ...

Perhaps you can add something else that pushed me strongly to the speedy publication of this book - unexpected and

the untimely death of my greatest friend and coryphaeus of Russian literature in Georgia, Maya Ivanovna Biryukova, to whose blessed memory this work is dedicated.

სამსონ გელხვიძე

სული მიისწრაფვის სიტყვისკენ  
(ლექსების კრებული)

თბილისი - 2022

САМСОН ГЕЛХВИДЗЕ

ДУША СТРЕМИТСЯ К СЛОВУ  
(Стихотворения и поэмы)

ТБИЛИСИ - 2022

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## **Samson Gelkhvidze - links list**

to literary editions of the author

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1.1 The sacrament of confession or confession in verse

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/407>

1.2 Pain and Faith

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1.3 The soul longs for the Word

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/86>

### **2. STORY BOOK:**

2.1 Pain merchants

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/515>

2.2 Return

<https://www.litmir.me/bd/?b=645232>

2.3 Winds of change

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/79>

### **3. NOVEL:**

3.1 Nightingales of the monastery garden

<https://proza.ru/2019/05/04/113>

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<https://proza.ru/2022/05/31/1459>

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