

Слесарев Дмитрий, "Стихи. Посвящение Сергею Есенину", 2 тур

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Sergey Yesenin - my favorite poet !

I understand you , like himself,
And the pain flowing through the heart ,
I become part of you .
Your poems , like a beacon ,
And I'm entering a new path ,
I ask : "Bless me! "
With you were born in the beginning of October ,
But the eternal gulf separates us ,
Age you I granddaughter
A sister in the shower ...
Eyes same cornflower blue,
And hair and wavy and Russian ,
And so I love poetry,
Freedom, beauty and soul Russia.
But I mean, I ... And you - have you !
And all of you have told ,
All lies, deceit , your enemies - killed!
Who so loved and glorified
Birch Russ, its fields and cornfields ,
You're like a son loved her,
Holy Russia is faithful to the grave !
She lost you so early ,
Mourn and weep still did not stop !
When still a poet come to Russia ?
And say , hiding sadness :
"I grew up in the field , I forelock rus,
And like Russia in Russian ! "

http://tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/Slesarev_D__Esenin.rar