

Intermission

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Intermission

poems

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Table of contents

Performance	7
Love is like a bomb	8
Native poems	9
Poetic "hara-kiri"	10
Fashion of life	11
Thank you, God	12
Lilac Volcano	13
Roses	14
Yellow carnations	15
White Camomile	16
The quince blossomed	17
On the landing	18
Syria and football	19
Lezginka	20
Motherland	21
Song of Friendship	23
I am the ambassador	26
Rubai	27
People, let us be, only people	28
Information	29
Paradoxes	30

Fairy-tale world	31
I'm in love with my own children	32
Hedgehog	33
Island of Purity	34
Balance	35
Milk	36
Laugh Room	37
Pen	38
I'm sick of poetry	39
Simplicity, sincerity is alive	40
Love at first sight	41
Medical lie	43
Autumn	44
Without a friend the house is a dungeon	45
I will go to the arena of peace	46

Performance

I play every day the role of life in the morning,
And every God's day goes my that show.
The stage is illuminated by two floodlights:
The moon and the sun: at night sleepy only intermission.
I try to show talent and skill,
In place of everything: both the audience and the conductor.
From the scene will remove, but once - nature, -
At any time, we are the Creator - Producer.
The main purpose of life is to play your part,
Leave to have a name for yourself forever.
We ourselves are artists, spectators, this act
Give an assessment of the chance to each other, man!
Translated by author

Love is like a bomb

When you hear one name,
It's like a bomb explodes inside of you.
Hence, the former love is still alive,
And somewhere it is hidden like a mine.
And he waits, he will not wait for that day,
when you step back on it.
Love wants to blow your heart again,
How is the atomic bomb - Nagasaki ?!
How can you live now, being afraid of that name ?!
Staying away from the mine in your own soul ?!
Love as to destroy, neutralize,
How to save a gallant sapper ?!
After all, her name is now like a button, like a cap
from a grenade? !!!
Translated by author

Native poems

My poems are my relatives,
There is no one nearer anyone in the world with me.
How do I believe all your secrets,
And I can talk to you heart to heart.
I grew up with you, matured together,
Mine you are faithful reliable friends.
You are crying with me, and rejoice, sorry,
You were not happy: I was sad.
I do not know how life wasted without you,
I am not separated from you, God sent me to you.
You - day and night with me: slept in verse,
Poems woke up: He became a man!
You replaced your mother, you were a sister,
You replaced father, brother to me.
You are my angels, sent by fate,
The candles were always in the dark for me.
Hope, support, strength -
Saving my spirit like a magic amulet.
I will call you relatives today, -
Dear, close, I will say thank you!
Do not leave my winged spirit ...
Please live with me until the last days.
Without you it's as if I have no legs, no arms,
Beating heart you, my breath.

Poetic "hara-kiri"

The Japanese performed proudly hara-kiri, -
Custom samurai, maybe now there?
The abdomen that ripped open voluntarily, quietly,
When the military honor was wounded.
How many of us in the world valiant poets,
Not recognized by readers at all in the world.
Let us make it, however, we in the world,
Japanese poetic "hara-kiri" ?!
Poets do not happen in the universe much,
There are several of them for all eternity - earthly poets!
Poets are appointed, probably, by God,
May God be chosen by all of us in this world.

Fashion of life

Undress did not have time to score,
It's time to put on a cloak.
The summer is still in the past,
The trees began a universal crying.
Yesterday, only we threw a torso into the sea,
The umbrella took shelter now from the rain.
Kvass and Mors were drunk at bus stops,
Today coffee, we drink tea without end.
It seemed only yesterday the shoulders of linen,
Today it seems easy to coat.
After all, tomorrow Autumn will become in a moment,
We will dress a hat, a fur coat and a coat.
We show the mode of life,
We leave on the podium every time.
We wear a season, whether life,
Life dresses, strips us.
In the collections of Nature Couturier,
Spring and Summer, Autumn and Winter,
We will not notice how on earth,
Instant Life bare by.

Thank you, God!

Thank you, God, for the days sent,
For that opportunity to live here for me a man!
I try to justify your trust,
For the fact that every day here lasts for an entire century!

For what you save, and feed us food,
For what you direct, listen, decide.
For what was young, for being gray ...
For what you give to live, to breathe. All you wear ...

For the fact that you always put the dots above the "i"
I completely trust in my life!
After all, He gave it to me, You decide the destiny, -
I will be grateful, only, I assure you!

I know that you will not let me offend against evil,
For half a century my life is completely guarded.
Thank you for the joy, happiness and sadness,
For the fact that you do not leave me for a moment!

And what would you not do: right, right,
With your faith, will, strength I find!
I'm all in your hands, yeah, Your clay layer,
By Thy mercy I seem to melt like a candle!

Lilac Volcano

In the gardens of the Earth there is a lilac salute,
Exploded as if a lilac volcano.
Caresses a honeyed sweet cosiness,
Will people scent people with such a fountain?

God gives us a lilac bouquet in the morning,
From the smell of flowers dizzy.
They sound like an echo, - the white light is happy, -
Earths are natural words of nature!

Do you fall in love with a lilac, oh, a drunken bee,
Kisses on the lips, without memory, mind.
The bee is intoxicated with a lilac scent,
Tumanize the head of honey's fate?

As if the native land bloomed,
In the bushes lilac like a vine!
Beautiful as she, fragrant, good,
I dare not take my loving eyes.

Roses

Great creations of God,
How could the Creator invent you?
You are the miracle of Mother Nature,
The publisher has released you into the world.

How many bright colors in roses,
Colors, shades - fragrant.
You dazzle me,
It's always pleasant to look at you.

Charming your smell,
From mind or wit reduces at smell.
Such a gentle scent makes me forget my memory,
Will captivate all the touch!

Oh, how many of you in the world, roses,
To live among you is one bliss!
Mimosa for the creation of prose,
The fruits of poetry are you - tenderness !!!

The princess, the queen of the garden,
Flowers - messengers from paradise?
I'm on my knees again before you,
I stand, loving, souls not of tea ...

Yellow carnations

Garden flowers from his childhood,
I remembered it somehow on an early summer morning.
What touched the strings of my heart suddenly,
Naive simplicity, beauty is simple.

Hummer we caught handles on them,
Flowers beckoned them, like us, with their nectar.
Carnations are yellow! Oh, how can I forget them?
They are connected with my dear mother!

They have not grown since in our garden,
When there was no mother on the paths of the house!
Since then, I miss them, sometimes I'm sad -
Flowers went to others: now they are not in fashion ...

I'm looking for everything, my native carnations in the garden, -
They grow in place of their beautiful hybrids.
Hummer again I want to catch a hand on them,
Buzz to hear the childhood - muse, lyre!

White Camomile

Oh, white daisies, I'm drowning in you,
Oh, white daisies, I'm satisfying the eye.
Where is the whiteness in your petals,
Where in the middle, that pearl, yellowness?

I'm in love with you, daisies, paradise flowers,
How beautiful you are, dazzling ?!
As God created you, you are adorable,
I stand before you on your knees, at the dream.

I fill my breath with fragrance for the future,
As you are proud, I am ready to kiss you.
Whiter than you, a divine flower,
Glade white will drive me crazy!

Oh, as the world, you are beautiful, you drive me crazy,
I'm ready to lose my head with you!
Camomile sea, ocean of flowers,
I drown in you, I'm ready to drown!

You are so beautiful, summer, velvet season,
Earth parade, the world's wildflowers.
The nightingales are intoxicating and bewitching,
Accept, Mother Earth, accept my love!

The quince blossomed

Again in the garden court quince quince,
And with it my soul suddenly blossomed.
And what kind of power, what miracles,
From the sight of the bright in a moment, the ripples are in the eyes.

Again in the garden court quince quince,
In meditations I am drowning, as if in tears.
Have passed with her child's term - the same age as her,
Fruits gave for future use - the earth was full ...

Again in the garden court quince quince,
And, so, my mother is still alive.
Not just a tree, like memory is a road,
After all, my mother saw it when she was alive.

Again in the garden court quince quince ...

On the landing

We met on the staircase,
On the landing you smiled.
At the place of realization of dreams,
Our eyes are each other in front of Fate.

The divine place often dreams in dreams,
Love is left, where the magic tracks.
Where in the heart the first love suddenly woke up,
Where the first love gave us God!

You were so beautiful - you can not take your eyes off,
Until death, do not forget me that happy moment.
On the landing, I suddenly met you,
I was born again on the landing!

What was that, eh? The Irony of Fate,-
Forever she sewed us with an as if needle.
On the landing, life bound us,
On the landing, in life for the first time!

Syria and football

And somewhere the children die, cry,
Blow up, cut, peaceful kill.
Pass somewhere indifferent matches,
Because of the ball, the peoples of the world are crying!

Oh, somewhere there are people without feet,
The whole world kicked the ball somewhere.
Because of the ball, everyone is crying, yes, everywhere,
No one for children, alas, does not cry!

Which went the world stale and insane,
All the people play carelessly in football.
For Syria does not want to cry,
For the ball want to cry all, soulless!

And somewhere a ball, where - the heads fly,
Men, women in the stadium ...
The fans sit unceremoniously,
And somewhere the heads of people are kicking ...

They are people - our brothers are with you,
And we're losing our heads!
Dazzling in their hands, flags on their faces - a banner,
Are we humans - robots, guys!

Lezginka

Eh, you, "Lezginka," beat the key in a circle at all,
From the quiet banks let the blood out.
With feet and hands people dance,
Fountain overthrows the heart of passion, love.

Let the man show his strength, his might,
A woman captivates everyone with her tenderness.
Dance like a stallion, please sweetie,
Come on, hey, dzhigit, come on, eh-hehe hey!

Open up the breadth and breadth of his fingers,
Keep your shoulders shorter, you're a man!
As a horse waves his black mane, his head,
Twist back and forth, be proud, brother and son!

"Lezginka" is a dance of mountainous, brave men,
Dance, the Caucasus, dance, "Lezginka" from the heart.
Dancing in the surroundings of peaks and peaks,
Dance, the Caucasus, dance, "Lezginka," well, dance.

Motherland

I love you so much,
Oh, my homeland.
I adore you,
Earthly blooming paradise.

The edge of the brave fathers,
And lovely mothers.
I give my love,
You are no nicer.

A handful of palms in the palm of your hand, -
I'll give it to my forehead.
How I will drink water,
To the breast loving prizmhu.

I taste like bread,
You smell like a flower.
My land is forever, -
Connected with you fate!

Chorus:

My priceless,
And precious.
The native land,
Forever forever.

My boundless,
Extremely generous.
The oldest land,
The side is wise.

You have a taste of spring,
You remember the ashes of the fathers.
Holy memory you,
Accept my love.

In the colors of the whole rainbow,
With you I always live.
Like black bread in the oven,
You smell of life.

Chorus:

My beautiful,
Mother, wonderful mother.
The native land,
Unrepeatable.

Divine like you,
The native spirit of the earth.
Domestic
Earth is my edge of love.

I treasure you,
You're the only one breathing.
The kindest land,
I love you love!!!

Live and prosper,
My land, my paradise.
Peace to your house,
Peace-loving land!

Song of Friendship

And friendship is an expensive feeling, like love,
Do not like the friendship of reckless steps!
Oh, take care of friendship, good people, -
It is given only as a gift from pearls.

Do not wait in vain for friendship never,
Faith will be forever the law of friendship.
Oh, dear friends, people of the whole Earth,
Change does not forgive friendship through the years!

Chorus:

Sing for a friendship song, we'll all sing together,
Putting the whole soul into this song, the world will be saved!
Sing as the sea, coming from distant shores,
Sing as nightingales on branches at night, in the afternoon!

She is as sweet as a rose, friendship, as a flower,
Love must be watered at the right time!
She - as a bridge the size of a hair,
To pass, to have honor through him should be used for future use!

She is the soul's need, beautiful, kind disposition,
War and malice, her wrath is an evil enemy!
You will find good friends, if the mind is healthy,
Treason is alien to her, blasphemy and slander!

Chorus:

Give me your hand, sister, give me your hand, stepbrother!
I am a life in the world without you is not very happy!
Let's be together in the world in the rain, and into hail,
We are passengers of the ship alone!

We are rewarded with friendship by the Most High, God,
The homeland of friendship is true - the blue sky.
To glorify friendship every moment is a sacred duty,
It is a sign of purity, take care of it, people!

It does not matter who you are, Uzbek or Uighur,
Ukrainian, Tajik, Georgian, Kazakh, Indian.
Il Russian, Armenian, Czech, German, Belarusian,
You are a man before, although you are an Arab, Tungus.

Chorus:

Sing for a friendship song, we'll all sing together,
Putting the whole soul into this song, the world will be saved!
Sing as the sea, coming from distant shores,
Sing as nightingales on branches at night, in the afternoon!

There is no peace, no happiness where there is friendship, no faith,
Life will consist of squabbles, battles, troubles.
Do not tarnish the friendship of the name, banner, honor,
As long as there is Friendship in the world, then there is Life!

No matter who you are, Rahim, Kai, Muhammad,
Ivan, Arthur, Nurtaï, Taras, Rome, Salavat.
Michel, Maryam, Arzuu, Barchin il Karamat,
You are a man first, though Karl, James, Marat!

Chorus:

Give me your hand, sister, give me your hand, stepbrother!
I am a life in the world without you is not very happy!
Let's be together in the world in the rain, and into hail,
We are passengers of the ship alone!

I am the ambassador!

In all, about, countries of the world I am a poet, ambassador,
Over-plenipotent, and, utterly extraordinary.
I have my own bread, my salt in the world -
People everywhere greeted my poems!

Ambassador I, not a single country,
I stand between nations, the races of the universe.
The Lord Himself appropriated to me this glorious rank,
Ambassador of Friendship I, Peace in the countries of the whole
Planet!

Rubai

Enemies, no, do not forgive ever, -
They will never become friends.
Forgiven though, no offense,
They will not forgive you, no, never.

If you are soft, the person does not respect.
Cruel stake, he is before you ant.
Be polite, diligent, maybe people will beat,
Allah will raise up a tramp, but for ever!

How much in my head that on my shoulders hangs,
Where someone has a mind, or the tooth is solid sticking out.
How difficult it is to rule a herd-a cursory mind,
After all, many shepherds are standing with a club.

Menschen, lass uns sein, nur Menschen!

Lass den Geist aufgehen, wie Blumen,
Lass den Geist blühen, wie das Mandelwei;
Lass den Geist aufgehen, so hell diese Tage,
Menschen, lass uns sein, nur Menschen!

Wir waschen das Herz mit der reinen Feuchtigkeit der Quellen, -
Das Tragen wird auf der Brust, als eine Bestellung und eine Medaille gegeben.
Wir werden die Felsen der Gletscher mit Ehre ehren,
Leute, lass uns leben, Freunde, Leute!

Aber die Ehre des Menschen, denke, mein Lieber. Wir können nicht zu der Person unter
den Vernünftigen leben, genau wie die Bestie. Erlaube dir nicht, schwach zu sein, der
Allerhöchste Gott, Leute, lass uns Freunde sein, Leute!

People, let us be, only people!

Let the mind open, like flowers,
Let the mind bloom, like that almond white.
Let the mind dawn on, as bright those days,
People, let us be, only people!

We wash the heart with the pure moisture of springs, -
Wearing is given on the chest, like an order and a medal.
We will honor the rocks of the glaciers with honor,
People, let's live, friends, people!

About the honor of Man, think, dear.
We can not live to the person among reasonable ones, just like the
beast.
Do not allow yourself to be weak-minded, the Most High God,
People, let's be friends, people!

Information

People transmit information to each other,
Everywhere contacts, fees, relationships.
Keeps the World, the Planet, the entire formation,
Thanks to those congresses, meetings.

As the web is knitted by the Universe,
Even lies, fake, deception, and rumors, and rumor.
Without communication, already the universe, probably,
Maybe it would have been a long time gone at the seams.

Paradoxes

Once we were shy and debauched,
We are proud now that we are sex bombs.
Yesterday people were saved from the fire,
Today we burn them ourselves at home.

They burn in buses, shopping centers,
Bake in the shops, then in Syria, carelessly ...
People call themselves, as before,
We stand with flowers at the fire for ever ...

Yesterday we only condemned fascism,
We are today themselves?
A human life hangs on a thread?
After all, children are dying, mothers are crying everywhere!

Yesterday we considered the pig "haraam"
Oslyatina today in everyday life ?!
Today there is no yesterday's morality,
People themselves, we believe in disgrace?

Yesterday we dreamed of peace, peace,
Today we are climbing into wars, we are welcome.
Or we rage in the world from fat,
People are called as it is strange!

Yesterday they feared blood, revenge, death,
Today, we climb onto her with a passion.
We were people yesterday, believe me.
Today we are not human: so dangerous!

Fairy-tale world

What is the happiness of finding oneself in the world,
In a wonderful fairy-tale, invented by God!
Go left, or right in life,
Go through both fire and water, smoothly.

Trees are asked to take off the fruit, where from the branches,
Burn in the oven, and pies in which ...
Where darkness changes with light,
Good and Evil, where they argue between themselves.

Where the mirrors are magic - lakes,
Where the forest is dense, the sacrament and destinies.
Birth and death, the moment of shame,
Culprits and victims, thieves, judges!

Where angels, and features on the roads,
Obstacles, victory, defeat.
Comparison of forces, minds, where on thresholds,
Humility, anguish, patience.

I read life as a wise fairy tale,
How many hints and hints in it.
Any even pain plays a role,
Where time teaches us lessons.

Where the triumph of good, evil defeat,
Where the truth lies, boxing in the ring.
Where black and white are in battle,
Where justice triumphs in battle.

I'm in love with my own children!

Sometimes I get blamed,
What from people in vain is hiding.
I communicate a little that with people,
Can not I feel love for strangers?

Forgive people, dear ones,
Lovely and golden.
Of course, I love you,
Listen, but my story:

"I spend all my time with children,
Satisfied in no way I dare.
There are few people among people:
I'm in love with my own children !

And this is my mistake,
And if this is an error?"

Hedgehog

The hedgehog knows what life is in this world,
How terrible to live on it, in a circle of your kind.
Especially now, when it's slippery in the summer,
When around the bayonets, and stinging needles.

When you need armor and insurance,
Repulse and defense must be prepared.
Friends, relatives as much as fake cheap things,
You must be on a check, on guard, at the ready!

Betrayal, treason all are capable now,
The hedgehog knows about this, because he is a philosopher!
Hedgehog, take care of yourself from treason, swine fever,
I envy you, my friend, my hedgehog is snub-nosed!

Oh, I would have your thorns - shields prickly, sharp,
From envious people and traitors, acquaintances.
As I understand you, my coat is colorful,
You are a symbol of caution, the creation of God!

Island of Purity

I'm looking for an island of purity on the ground,
Seeking for light in the boat a land of kindness.
Around the water, raging waves, the ocean,
I search for years in the sea dryness of heat.

Well, where are you, show yourself, cherished, oh, stranded,
I'd like to see my own door as soon as possible.
One day I will discover an island of purity,
How Beruni opened a gap in America, a gap.

Balance

We passed all the balance for last year,
Send to us the days, the expense.
And they paid their taxes with life,
Sam God Himself received our report!

The answer was kept for a moment, a day,
For a ray, for air paid tribute.
Our calendar year began again,
Replenish our budget, please, Lord!

Milk

There was very little for me,
When they were breastfeeding, Mom.
So I fell asleep, in a deep sleep,
I milk all night, swallowing.

A man became an adult, so I,
Lived grief and cares, not knowing.
I wanted to return you all in full,
For what you were feeding, Mom.

Once you went to bed, -
Suddenly very sick!
It was spring, it was April,
Your face is so white ...

While going for milk,
Why did you fall asleep early, Mom ?!
The month of March was just outside the window,
I could drink at least a little ...

Beautiful is a debt only payment,
How did they do it so cruelly ?!
Remained with white milk,
Without you, unhappy at the door!

Chorus:

Have not regretted the son, mum,
You did at least a sip.
How still that wound hurts,
At the sight of milk, hardly ...

Laugh Room

Why did I compare, ah, this world with myself,
I wanted to see the reflection in the mirror?
But the room was just a laugh, he was -
I look at him with dismay at heart.

On the spot, faces are treason, evil and lies.
Stand on the contrary - in the looking glass of Satan ?!
And in people - mirrors the beautiful world is similar,
On face-face curves, to the light of a curve, alas ...

Pen

With the pen I open the way,
I open the door with a pen.
With a pen I walk, with a feather I swim,
I'm breathing with a feather, my friend, believe me!

With a pen I build a house, a house,
I plant a pen and garden.
Sometimes, my feather is a wedge and a scrap,
With a pen I take the thunder, hail.

Perot only power, pride, power,
Pen and glory, conscience, honor.
The price after all without a pen to me is a penny,
My pen is the answer and revenge.

Feather - weapon. shield and sword,
My pen is my hard bread.
My pen is my voice, speech.
The pen is my world, my white light.

I'm sick of poetry ...

How good that there is no me in those crazy games,
As well, that there is no me in delirious, ardent races.
I depict life only in my poems and books,
My voice among the crowd sounds confident and sonorous.

(The "sick" were nicknamed enemies in at least a close circle,
I do not climb into the fire of passions, as it is called, "the philistine".
With contempt I look, at times, at the conclusion, the discussion,
On those, under the mask of a friend who envied privately).

I'm not complaining, no, to fate: like to be millions,
Dreaming elected, like me, a writer, a poet.
Turned the head of someone big "lemons"
Poems I'm sick in the world: I like it!

I'm sick of poetry ...

How good is there in me crazy games,
As well, that there is no me in delirious, ardent races.
I depict life only in my poems and books,
My voice among the crowd sounds confident and sonorous.

(The "sick" were nicknamed enemies in at least a close circle,
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I'm not complaining, no, to fate: like to be millions,
Dreaming elected, like me, a writer, a poet.
Turned the head of someone big "lemons"
Poems I'm sick in the world: I like it!

Simplicity, sincerity is alive ...

My poems are simple only words,
Let my poetry be weak.
I do not want to write another way,
I rejoice in poetry, I can suffer.

I write for the simple-minded and simple,
To understand, that from a half-word was them.
It does not seem like I'm trying to be tough.
Only by simplicity, sincerity is alive.

I'm close to where friendship is, there's no faith ...

I am close to where there is friendship, there is no faith,
Disgusting where there is happiness - there is no peace.
I'm scared there where chauvinism rules,
I'm scared there where nationalism is.

I am absolutely peaceful - to the bone,
I do not accept Nazis for people.
I'm sick of the word only "war"
It hurts me, yes, when she goes.

I, for, not a proponent of transformation,
Earthly is our paradise in blazing hell, stink.
Excuse me, I'm not such an idiot, -
Earth native reasonable patriot!

Love at first sight

Love at first sight, how beautiful you are!

Love at first sight, how partial you are!

Love at first sight, voluptuous you!

Love at first sight, you are loud!

Love at first sight, first-class you!

Love at first sight, you are addicted!

Love at first sight, how dangerous you are!

Love at first sight, how terrible you are!

Love at first sight, how unhappy you are!

Love at first sight, how unhappy you are!

Are you going...

You leave like the sun at night,

You leave like a month - in the afternoon.

Separation of the world we predicted?

I can not live without you in it.

You leave like light from a window,

Leaving the cloud, rain ...

You lead the way to yourself - the path,

Can not I catch up with you with a horse?

As from under the feet of the earth, you leave, -

As the forces leave the spirit.

You're leaving like a spring,

Leaving the summer a pathetic fluff.

You're leaving the fresh air,
You leave like a sip of water.
You're leaving alone in the wind,
After that, a silk handkerchief curled up ...

As time goes fast, -
You leave like water in the sand.
As a happy light you leave, -
Like a bullet free in the temple.

Chorus:

I remain with myself,
I remain, I'm sorry, not with you.
I lived, breathed one of you,
And I part with love forever ...

Medical lie

How do we deceive ourselves,
For what is not averse to falling into hell.
We often lie to all of us,
As Hippocrates himself lied to the sick then.

Whom doctors take the oath to all:
"I will direct the patient to benefit,
I will not cause harm to health,
Who is ill hopeless on this day.

We swear by Apollo, not to kill,
We swear to keep silent about the secrets we have.
We Swear Mankind Love,"
But we will not lie forever, alas.

We lied to my mom, life to save her,
We lied to my dad, not to hurt him ...
Now we have a time to take,
Trouble from relatives and relatives, Lord!

I do not know how many we'll still lie,
Doctor Asclepius at your own risk, fear?
To help people in the world to die,
Forgive us for your sins, forgive me, Allah!

Forgive the doctors, and with us,
When lies are better than the truth at this hour.
When the good of lies is useful phrases,
Truthful, faithful - purer than any rhinestones.

Medical lie, holy like a lie.

Autumn

Trees are silk dressing up,
Girls that were only yesterday.
Green, like schoolgirls in the yard,
We went to school in uniform all in the morning.

Today they suddenly dressed in chiffon, -
Of the leaves of their multi-colored outfit.
Orange and yellow, red background,
Are they rushing to the Pervomaysky parade?

And on the face a colorful make-up,
In the blush - cheeks, lips scarlet ...
In a moment, the landscape changed,
But they will become naked in the future ...

Brides in fact it will be time to come -
Undress the trees in November.
Throw silly good silk,
To put on that wedding in December ...

Without a friend the house is a dungeon

As friendship is now in vogue,
And who is not friends - in sorrow.
The world is in every home,
Where friendship, happiness - the sea.

Without a friend, the house is a dungeon,
And with a friend, heaven is a kubitka.
The poet wrote. Firebird,
She moves into the heart.

Without friendship - fear, anxiety,
In the hearts of people is hidden.
Without friendship it is very difficult,
Only friendship is kept honor.

Without friendship, grief, malice
Searing all souls.
Without friendship,
It's stuffy in the wide world.

Without a friend, the house is a dungeon,
The master is a poor, a beggar.
After all, friendship is a Firebird,
What is sent by the Almighty!

I will go to the arena of peace

I will go to the arena of peace,
Without support - without insurance.
My insurance is my Lira,
My God! Though the voice is a little timid.

I fly under the dome, I'm a circus,
I'm like a circus air gymnast!
Below the people: looks stiff,
And over me - the only God!

And how many viewers now,
Wait for me to fall, crash?
Sometimes my hand gives me,
Allah, that he did not say goodbye to life !!!

People, countries of the world,
Rulers and padishahs.
On a lonely poet,
Hanging over the arena, in fear.

I will fulfill my role under the sky, -
On the belt is the strap of Allah!
Look, gentlemen, to heaven,
I serve you with excitement, in fear!

I will go to the arena of peace,
To spite all fears, intimidation.
All will survive the soul of piita,
The poet's heart is perfect!

I will go to the arena of peace,
Through tears, pain, without support.
My insurance is my Lira,
My God! Creator merciful!

Rahim Karim, Kyrgyzstan

Rahim Karim (Karimov) is an Uzbek-Russian-Kyrgyz poet, writer, publicist, translator. He was born in 1960 in the city of Osh (Kyrgyzstan). Graduate of the Moscow Gorky Literary Institute (1986). Member of the National Union of Writers of the Kyrgyz Republic, member of the Russian Writers' Union, official representative of the International Federation of Russian-Speaking Writers in Kyrgyzstan (London-Budapest), member of the Board of the IFRW, laureate of the Republican Literary Prize named after Moldo Niyaz. The author of the national bestseller "Kamila", the winner of the second prize of the International Book Forum Open Central Asia Book Forum & Literature Festival - 2012 (Great Britain), the nominee for the Russian national literary awards "Poet of the Year 2013", "Poet of the Year 2014", "Writer of the Year 2014", "Poet of the Year 2015", "Heritage- 2015", "Heritage-2016", the Prize for them. S. Yesenin (2016).

In 2017 he was awarded the silver medal of the Eurasian literary contest LiFFr in the nomination of a Eurasian poet. Co-chairman of the Council of Writers and Readers of the Assembly of Peoples of Eurasia. Author of about 30 books published in Kyrgyzstan, Uzbekistan, Great Britain, Canada, Romania, Greece, in Uzbek, Russian, Kyrgyz, Tajik, English, Romanian, Greek.

Demer Press, ePublisher

- Parchment, Testament*, poems by Joris Iven (translator: John Irons), 2008
- Lakes and Gardens*, poems by Hannie Rouweler (translators: John Irons and Hannie Rouweler), 2008
- Mirrors and Deserts/Spiegels en Woestijnen*, bilingual, English/Dutch, poems by Anise Koltz and Margalit Matitiahu (translator: Hannie Rouweler), 2008, 2010
- Anniversary Dinner Robert Burns, My love is like a red, red rose*, bilingual, Dutch/English, poems by Joris Iven (translator: John Irons), January 2009
- De voorvaderen en de heilige berg/The ancestors and the sacred mountain*, poems by Mazisi Kunene, ZULU POEMS, bilingual, English/Dutch (translator poems: Joris Iven; translator Epilogue and Interview: John Irons), 2009
- Hommage aan de schilder Tony Mafia/A tribute to the painter Tony Mafia, BLACK SUN*, bilingual, Dutch/English, 10 poems/10 poets from The Netherlands and Belgium (translators: John Irons and Annmarie Sauer), 2009
- Moving Spots*, poems by Hannie Rouweler (translators: John Irons and Hannie Rouweler), 2009
- Love as Flowers*, poems by Stella Evelyne Tesha, 2009
- Mooie rode zijden liefde/Beautiful red silk love*, bilingual, English/Dutch, poems by Pearse Hutchinson (translators: Joris Iven and Peter Flynn), 2010
- Beroemde Chagga verhalen/Famous Chagga stories*, bilingual, English/Dutch, stories by O. Mtuweta H. Tesha (translator: Melissa Yvonne Tesha; co-translator Hannie Rouweler), 2010
- Poppies and Chamber Music*, Ten poets from The Netherlands and Flanders, editors: Thierry Deleu and Hannie Rouweler (translator: John Irons), 2010
- A splendid view on words*, poems by Willem M. Roggeman (translators a.o. Susan and Roy Eales), 2010
- Voices from Everywhere*, international poets, editors: Mark Walmsley and Hannie Rouweler, 2011
- Illuminated from inside*, Poems and Art, editors: Roger Nupie and Hannie Rouweler (translator: John Irons), 2011
- Blue Ribbons*, poems by Floris Brown, 2011
- About everything that is not right*, Protest Poems, international poets, 2011

The Nightingale whispers, poems by Chahra Beloufa, 2011

Liaisons invisibles/Onzichtbare verbintenissen/Onsigbare verbintenis, five poets, three languages French-Dutch-Afrikaans (various translators, translator Dutch-Afrikaans: Floris Brown), 2011

Heartscapes, poems by Marion de Vos, 2011

One plus One, Anniversary edition Demer Press, poetry group collection, 2012

A word in a star/Eit ord i ei stjerne, poems by Hannie Rouweler, bilingual edition English/Norwegian (translations English into Norwegian by Jostein Sæbøe), 2012

Het tegendeel van het tegendeel, Michael Augustin, bilingual edition German/Dutch (translations into Dutch: Martin Mooij, Cees Nooteboom and Hannie Rouweler), 2012

Riverside Reflections, poems by Marion de Vos, 2013

Dispersed Poems, poems by Tjarda Eskes, 2013

Crossroads/Vegkryss, six poets (translations English into Norwegian by Jostein Sæbøe), 2014

Hoger dan de wind / Høgare enn vinden, Norwegian poems by Knut Ødegård, Gedichten / Dikt (translations English into Dutch by Hannie Rouweler), 2015

Anchorage, poems by Hannie Rouweler (translations Dutch into English by John Irons), 2016

Mongolian Blue Spots/Mongoolse Blauwe Plekken, poems by Hadaa Sendoo, Mongolia (translations English into Dutch by Hannie Rouweler), 2018

Navigamare, poems by Frans A. Brocatus (translations Dutch into English by Hannie Rouweler), 2018

A Corner of the Earth/Eit hjørne på jorda poems by Hadaa Sendoo (translations English into Norwegian by Jostein Sæbøe), 2018

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White Stones, poems by Agron Shele (translations Albanian into English by Peter Tase), 2018

Fluittaal/Whistle Language, poems by Hannie Rouweler (Dutch and English), 2018

Migration ends at home, poems by Marion de Vos, 2018

Intermission, English poems by Rahim Karim, 2019