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## Natalie Bisso

### Masters of Pen and Word

Ah, masters of pen and word!  
You are waiting for a speech and praise...  
I'm ready to talk all night,  
Only the listener would not be tired.

But what can I say in my defense,  
I have lived a creative lesson,  
I'm glad our date,

I have accumulated emotions for the future.

Masters of the pen and the word!  
We learn from everyone and everything,  
In poetry, the stanza is the basis,  
It takes off, carrying us into the storm.

My stanza is live,  
And the heart beats in unison,  
I'm just a grain of sand in this world,  
And the word is a scream and a groan!

And who has the gift of words,  
He is doomed to eternal battle!  
And I'm ready for this fight,  
With myself, muse and fate.

And we are rich in this word!  
We carry our gift and cross forward,  
Not for the sake of fame and salary -  
the spirit of Poetry leads us!

## A Simple Weirdo

a string of words is flying again,  
Up, between the distant stars,  
I hear from afar,  
You're calling me into dreams.  
It 's like the dawn has been forgotten,  
The one who build bridges,  
Your answer was tough,  
All dreams are gone.

And I'm still flying to you,  
I'm beating the window with a butterfly,  
It can be seen in my fate  
It's dark for me without you.  
It's like I'm flying through the dark,  
I can't do without you,  
I don't understand myself,  
Such a simple weirdo.

A new dawn will come,  
Happiness will look into the house,  
Where have we been for a hundred years  
We lived together then.  
Will we sing a sonnet,

The quiet murmur of the waters,  
Will I wait for an answer,  
Beyond the line of adversity.

Streams are running somewhere  
Far away,  
You can hear it even at night,  
The river is noise with life.  
Love song again  
Breathes in your speeches,  
Gently wrapping me around  
Happiness in the seven winds.

## Blues Music

Ah... Amber blues music!  
As if she touched heart with a wing,  
Either a Russian or a Frenchman,  
Pouring wine through his veins.

And the soul is already ready to get drunk,  
Dissolving in a glass of intoxicating,  
Enjoy this blues sobbing,  
And wake up in Paris at night.

The subtle spirit of croissants is curling,  
And the fragrance floats over the Seine,  
Here - gypsies are guessing daisies  
And a masquerade sunset is dancing.

Second - hand booksellers' shops are colored  
They give out their prologue for show,  
And above, how are the most alive,  
Sparrows and hubbub, as a result.

And those living monists are scurrying around:  
Flock up, a hooligan sparrow  
Himself on the wings - a parachutist,  
Wriggling is a living talisman.

Pulls the tentacles of a jellyfish,  
Raised an eyebrow in amazement,  
That amber blues music,  
Like wine that excites our blood.

And such bliss is hovering,  
And the soul is like a lazy eagle,  
He no longer dreams of anything else,  
Only he would find himself again.

## Paris for Me

Paris for me is the spirit of antiquity and romance,  
And the vanity of the center, cafes and couples in  
love,  
And in the quiet streets the ringing sounds of a  
accordion,  
And the smell of violets will permeate you gently and  
suddenly.

The refined style of Parisian women has been known  
for a long time,  
Here fashion was written on scrolls of canvases in  
detail,  
Holy scriptures, torahs, and tablets were honored  
here,  
They make the best dry wine in the world here.

The capital of Bourbons, unexpected discoveries and  
meetings,  
Intoxicating communards, museums and delicious  
eclairs,  
The tenderness of taste and the secret sincerity of the  
squares,  
Paris will perform you a solo on the violin, a  
symphony of candles.

Paris - both centuries and worlds! This is a fairy tale  
and a true story!

In it, the echoes of the past centuries are imprinted in  
stone.

In it, a new dawn begins its contour and disappears,  
And the brush will brush away the outlines of life  
with a feather grass.

The groans of phrases plunged into the despondency  
of torment,

When poets wrote absurdly about Paris,  
Paris is majestic - accepts Shakespeare's sonnets,  
And the tales of the grey Templars will suddenly  
whisper to you.



## White Road

I go outside - white road  
It curls like a white ribbon from my doorstep,  
Curls from birth to the last trizna,  
And in the chest there is concern for the fate of the  
Motherland.

Whole nations live their lives,  
And they fight forever for their freedom,  
The one who dreams of living in Paradise kills the  
truth,  
And others sell themselves for a reward

Someone, betraying, crossed out of life,  
Homeland, loved ones, all friends and neighbors,  
But other people have come in handy where they  
were born,  
Lived a simple life, lived, were not ashamed.

I see a lot of destinies, similar and dissimilar,  
Not every century can live its own,  
In peace and harmony. Anxiety burns in my chest.  
I will pray to God for the people, for the Earth.

A white ribbon winds a white road,  
Only there is no dialogue with God.  
Everyone is given a choice, happiness and freedom,  
The doors of the blue vault are open to everyone.

You won't take gold and stones with you,  
Let it sound all over the world my another opinion,  
If good deeds are visible on this white road,  
You will return to your home, Homeland and God.

## **Natalie Bisso**

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Natalie Bisso is an international poet, novelist, essayist, and songwriter. Author of 11 collections, co-author in more than 120 international anthologies.

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