

Артем Тюльников

СЛОЖНЫЕ
СТИХИ НА
АНГЛИЙСКОМ

Артем Тюльников

Сложные стихи на английском

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=69056713

SelfPub; 2023

Аннотация

Здесь мое ранее творчество студенческих лет. Это сборник стихов с замысловатыми стилистическими оборотами и очень сложным изложением мысли. Если вам нравится много переводить, додумывать значение каждой строчки, интерпретировать написанное и докапываться до сути, тогда то, что я написал, может показаться вам интересным.

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AN ARMLESS KNIGHT
IN SHINING AMOUR

Your love for me all echoes tongues of yore...* oh knowest thou of thine passion source?

It must have come from sacred lore Germanic, well if not somehow from Old Norse.

Have dated from the ancient times when dragons only knew the dialects of flame and force,

Which have become to dragon slayers' shame the paragons of business, tourism and whatever flying course.

With dragons everywhere I'm no knight, no slayer no knight – slayer neither here nor there oh where's my sword?

No one has used one since the creatures stopped devouring men and now they hail you, yell at you to come into their throat, I mean aboard.

I raised no sword when dragon came to take you to the States.

I raised my brows as he knew where to land, the time, the dates.

To win a damsel over one would joust to hit opponent with a lance, his armored body falling to the ground.

However, now you wait for dragon to fly back with her, all that freelance and hoping that the beast will not be downed.

So not to be kicked off one surely would have to have a shield and wary be to counter any possible attack.

The thing with dragons is that being airborne makes them defenseless thus can be so late, can shake or worst – be hit, forever lose the track.

...* Your highness, does it matter what it is or where it shines from when I know your ardor for me is so very well fit for a king.

So fit, I crowned it all with yet another dragon which somehow at the very marching fondness season took you to Beijing.

It seems to me the latter day has left no kingdom that a dragon cannot reach.

Although there's one I can't – the skies, homeworld of dragons that does not abide by the king's speech.

As much as I'd want to ride a dragon, I'd prefer to fly my love instead.

No matter what the distance is between us, it's pathetic with the passion wings to spread.

They take me to the windless heights even to dragons unbeknown.

The dizzy heights a grounded creature by your splendor has been shown.

To get the better of a dragon lead to getting hands on cavern priceless treasures with the monster dying in that very cave.

Now you get better of yourself not to resort to drastic measures as in hunt for travelling treasures the unbridled skies won't serve you a paid grave.

A night disarmed can make for shiny amoured days with you – it's such a pleasure.

I fight the wait unarmed – to be a pacifist for you is such a timely treasure.

Desperation

Wallow in a hollow on a rainy day,
Swallow all the mellow that helped you ease the pain.
Morrow in a shadow still remains unknown.
Follow silent sorrow that brought you home.

Arrows strike, billow sound,
Sallow stain should abound.

Thinking, calling, twisting, mourning.
You paralyzed my heart and let me in.
A violent kind of art you waste in vain.
It seemed that every part of you was brightly clean,
I'm simply giving in.

Wallow in a hollow.
A narrow spot with a tiny flow.
Sparrow lying in a shallow,
Waiting for a bitter blow.

A howl of wind with toppling speed,
A tear-stained shawl is falling down your feet.

Faking, bleeding, moaning, pleading.

You paralyzed my heart and let me in.
A violent kind of art you waste in vain.
It seemed that every part of you was brightly clean.
I'm simply giving in.

All those things you attained I no longer obtain.
I cannot ascertain that your fame is disdain.

All those years in disguise, you've been tearing apart my vague
eyes.

I can still visualize that I wasn't so blind.
Though cannot analyze what you've done to my mind.

A Love Once Pawned One Can't Redeem

Two sundry primes, the same phoneme,
Both being held in great esteem.
The twinkling dawn, the dusk agleam,
Their coalition's almost a pipe dream.

Congruence works with opposites passim, a voice composed
of whisper and some scream

If bridged together with a shim, appears so to take one for the
team.

Converging lines fade dim before they shine in the extreme.
At distance rise insurgents to the lim to fuse into a single seam.

Each railway's way too ramified to limn, its paths are but the
same raceme.

At seas of mutual fervour in the swim I, notwithstanding,
falsely deem

The liquid ardour has no rim, its seething truly reigns supreme.
Emotional debris all over him, impeding, they are not to
bream.

With sentiments all deep albeit slim these murky waters teem.

A whole flamboyant, stable whim, a gasoline-like colour scheme.

Contented to the brim just like the cat that got the cream,
A navy out on a limb romances some uncharted blue, so it might seem.

Full sail ahead, sensate the vim, position yourselves on the beam.

Together, fully fit and trim, drifting no more under one's steam.

Against or with the flowing stream – it matters not for a bireme.

Make history, use up another ream, it is ongoing like bloodstream.

It wouldn't hurt to only skim
If claws of life carved out your theme.

Should it be blatant or just mim, don't be afraid to ink another rheme.

Like schizophrenic who denies the sym, the course of nature thou blaspheme,

Refuting stiff its prim though yet well-predisposed regime.

Reversed Compatibility

Think twice before the poignant sunrise revealed your secrets in disguise.

Don't melt unlit sunset is set to come through internet.

An afterglow is what I know to stow away and don't let go (and don't let go).

How dare you fornicate at present state when trust's so hard to replicate?

I always knew you won't obey until the end of my last day.

And now you managed to create a crate of my eternal hate that compensate my woeful freight that you humiliate.

How could you perpetrate my future fate by pushing down my stagnant plate?

I see your lies right through your eyes.

I used to patronize but now antagonize.

A blast of lust that rusts so fast.

You must have turned your past into a perverted vast...game.

You shouldn't wait until sunset will bring an ardent evident.

Sunrise has come and stream of light just turned my heart into

a fright.

No afterglow's left to remain and now you drain my heavy life lane.

I mold a thought that holds a board captured with gloat on our sinking love boat.

It lurks beyond my comprehending, rending the end instead of mending.

Your harmless hack merged into whack with such a knack that hit my black rack of lack.

I see your lies right through your eyes.

I used to patronize but now antagonize.

A blast of lust that rusts so fast.

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Antithetical Compatibility or Views This World Does Not Accept

Torment deserted regiment, vigilant and vehement, as sturdy as solidified cement possessing a firm temperament, the one that you used to dement, it went AWOL, strayed sentiment of cognitive impediment. It wasn't ordered simply meant watch you lament the detriment you always wanted to augment YOU THOUGHT OF IT AS MERRIMENT, – worth giving an admonishment.

I failed an only sacrament that was to bring atonement. It was affection I could not ferment, my mouth though still has its sediment; it volunteered to fragment our serene yet ardent settlement. Our love found its embodiment in hideous disfigurement, disturbing my integument unleashing deep embarrassment, I shoulda followed my presentiment.

I've never tried to confiscate things that I tend to obfuscate – curving the lines that should be straight, turning austere to ornate; it's my addiction that has always been innate, so that I could elucidate the way I think, my mental state, it's my desire that I cannot sate – what an atrocious stalemate as if I didn't

know whether to fish or cut the bait, more than a burden – a deadweight, my very fortress, my estate – venerable and intricate, the one that you alienate for it's a jail where I am an inmate – non antagonistic and sedate.

I'll never know your colours, I'm an achromate; your truth for me is vague and bifurcate. Our relationship's a feud that I cannot placate, we mourn the loss of a clean slate. You bury what I excavate – a little hint to give me the gate. You cannot stand what I still venerate, my ideology from which I'll never deviate. It's our bond we desecrate being so fractious and irate. Those are the thoughts that devastate what we'll never reinstate, a field where we could be cognate.

Why extricate to dump the freight – rubble which is agglutinate and is reluctant to abate. Then aggravate its dormant hate that once was locked inside a crate, motionless as though a snake invertebrate. Resuscitate my inner trait, nourish what's been attenuate, allow to abominate the virtue they incinerate

So that my own tectonic plate – the one that isn't tabulate but imperturbable and great – would move because of crazy rate, just like a river in full spate ready to crash any floodgate or just like waves truly wild and undulate as though they had one over the eight, of your convection to disclose my fate, as fragile as a piece of slate.

I sterilize macabre dyes, those that you never verbalize, groping around to catch your disguise which my own eyes can't recognize. They vandalize my current ties I cannot briefly cauterize; if time is similar to miles, then to revitalize takes years as the crow flies.

It is unwise to scrutinize when you could blindly patronize. Just to reveal then ostracize the crippled gist that's on the rise, – an omen of your own demise, a failure to memorialize but why do you antagonize to see how the land lies? Some things I cannot euthanize, I amble on anticlockwise. This is my point, I surmise, I should of cut it down to size.

A blast of lust that could coerce us to combust leaves us eventually nonplussed, it rusts so fast under that murky crust of ground dust meshed with disgust that gradually becomes steadfast.

It's not mild wind that craves a gust to blow away the overcast, never have I been so aghast, – I'm molested and harassed and clenched by maws of your holdfast – one is abhorrence, another is mistrust, I doubt I'll ever find contrast.

I cannot spread my sail that seems so vast, it's been so long it's almost grassed, and furthermore, the hoist is cussed, the

navigation is concussed, my inner voice whispers: “avast... unless you want to bite the dust” as a result I’m downcast

That makeshift travesty is bust, some time ago it was robust; should not have thought the thing would last, – I have become an outcast.

Disfigured by the past, – all tribulations that have passed I must have lost my mast under that thick layer of must that I myself amassed.

INFA(N)TUATION

Affection's something that we couldn't even feign.

For us, it was as real as to "set on fire hurricane."

As easy as to swim with your leg shackled to an iron ball and chain.

We neither acted nor did we abstain,

Blew hot and cold just like butane.

It's either this or that, two forms together won't obtain.

They will conduct against themselves a military campaign.

The volatility was not that simple to sustain.

Landslides of yours caused so much pain.

Day after day – the same low-pitched refrain.

Oh, gravity, your forces one cannot detain.

The party crashed, your whims are guests I failed to entertain.

Their sharpened talons flaying me still in my head remain.

I slid into the pit of wretchedness as far as I could ascertain.

Then came abrasion that was all in vain,

And pointed all the blunt I wanted to retain.

Facelift's not what I wanted to attain.
My psyche's skewed and steep and inhospitable terrain.

You made a lion with no mane.
I'm but a sow that has just found her own piglets overlain.
A life boat that has no coxswain,

A glacier, tarnished by moraine.
My roar is loud and so vain,
As though I'm water that engulfs floodplain.

I was expelled from my domain
Thanks to rebellious coup de main.
They banished me, their former thane,

Ambiguous and in some sense immane.
On their lips is bitterness of the romaine.
Why do they ward themselves with purslane?

My pelt cannot resist the stain,
As though it were a bloating blain.
The one that does not let me gain

A key to match the lock that holds a chain
That chokes me down to restrain
As if it is as toxic as henbane,

Manifestation of a pure bane.
I'm repellent that attracts migraine.
If we were fleas then I would be fleabane.

If you appeal to cattle then I'll appear as murrain.
It is that easy to explain.
Allegedly my esoteric reign

Is hard to take without disdain
In all those realms that form a plain
Where drought has never felt my rain.

And at an altitude of plane
Being a real tramontane, -
A bird that'll never find its skein

Or in the caverns deep where I've once lain
Watched them deplete my ore vein
Striving for former might and main

I saw the land of withered grain,
I came across a penepplain.
It smashed my stand by giving me a cane -

To walk I had to be a whooping crane.

I thought it was to maintain
The knowledge that was not arcane.

But things they've built I call insane.
My railway's weak to hold their train.
Their minor freight can bend my crane.

That human waste does not accept my main.
My strength is fizzing like champagne.
Your grubs are on my sugarcane.

Even direction of my wind is inhumane,
It can't be shown by your vane.
Things are tendentious through my windowpane,

Way more surreal than mundane.
As I could scent the odorless methane.
And where's no way I might see twain.

Detour a mountain and I'll burst it open treading submontane.
I'm all alone, I struggle not to appertain
To any fraction as they're all inane.

A crime for which myself I can't arraign.
If I keep up I won't be harnessed to your wain.
Which means that I'll be separated by your ominous

membrane.

There's left one thing that can't be slain...
It's havoc – or acceptance of free rein.
Where temperance is on the wane

With amorality engrain
And desolation underlain.
Debauchery is their swain

While loathing is demimondaine.
To utter chaos those damned aspects are germane.
The only thought born in my brain

Can sprout rifts upon my lane.
So it'll be like sprinting with an ankle sprain,
Or fishing with a ragged seine,

Or trying to catch your image in a mirror that has known no
tain.

It's something I'm contriving to contain.
Since stimuli fail to response, I can't complain.

As my disguise is soaked with halothane -
The thing's addictive as cocaine.
It won't get through this wrap, this cellophane.

And after all I can't be fain.
To do the things that desecrate my fane.
Just like a trickster who could never deign

To say: "You have been strangled by chicane
My art's your trust and my legerdemain".
With ease my path I preordain.

I'll always be non-flammable propane.
My grip is that of polyurethane
To travel on against the grain...

I'm out of breath, though run amain.
Leaving the trench of my champaign,
Trying to save what you profane.

Oh, what a hopeless scatterbrain!
To nihilism you are a counterstain.
That is the time when I under great strain
Watch everything go down the drain.

Oneness of Two Is Halved Once They Are Turned Moiré

A crew of order and shambolic disarray -
Two factions that'll never stop their fray,
One's in the lead after another's clandestine endplay -

Perpetual, skewed and so agley -
A blatantly recurrent, maddening stairway.
It's reminiscent of a sinuous byway,

Or rather a refracted ray.
And surface flat becomes a brae.
The foundation proves to have a thin backstay.

The main road infiltrates subway,
Where conscience is too firm to slip away,
And chaos strives for holding sway.

Waging a battle on a tray
That will be served to feed "Dismay".
Was ordered to reveal love's hideaway.

We were to find a needle in a heap of hay,
To go against the grains of time and leave unscathed with
walkaway.

To claim permissiveness the order of the day,

To greet the very Caesar with “Ave”!

“The yet to be discovered system in the Milky Way...”

A journey with a redolent bouquet

With quite an unexpected expose

Of lifelong disenchantment, disappointment and decay

Did really manage to portray

Me as a paramour manqué.

With my lips sealed I feared stiff lest my damn look should
say:

“It’s unbelievable that having had my last and a most
promising essay

In hunt for happiness, I should’ve brought melancholy
somesway.

Manners be hanged, I’ve always known I’d rue the friggling
moment any day

When blasted vagueness staged a play

Where I took part, where gained my sobriquet”.

My apprehensions I could not display
Or otherwise...rebellion, mutiny, foul play

My crew could travel till doomsday
Or...till wild water filled hatchway.
So hardly had we left the bay

On a refulgent day of May,
Its tact suave, the look soignée,
And voice melodious, each section given vivace,

Than vicious wind led us astray.

Forcing the radiance into crashlanding on below sea level run
-be cursed- way

Herding a flock of ink above – as good a shepherd as a
bouvier.

All of a sudden all the calm whittled away.
Why, an inveterate roué,
His senses sharp, his mind risqué,

While intimacy's such that one has never known in cabaret.
As in the sea of lust his anchor is aweigh.
Its tainted waters cloak precaution with remissness to bewray.

Acts straight without any foreplay.

One doesn't need to plug away
At understanding the impatience of an easy lay.

A dingy substance started leaking out of a sweet, lambent
dragee,

So colours murky, branching out, replaced gay.
Someone had rubbed the latter in the utterly wrong way.

The shiny dyes got bleached and hit the hay
In their loose-fitting ebon negligee.
The sky was given a black card for violating fair play.

And in the smoked up blue, this overfilled ashtray,
Egregiously dried up and wrinkled like shar-pei,
We saw a vast and threatening array

Of clouds sinister and grey
Devouring splendour of the day.
It sprinkled our appetizer with black caraway,

And falling short of expectations never got our hands on an
entrée,

It viced the sky and feasted on its small flamboyant alleyway.
The whole bald shiny section had a cover of dark-haired
toupee.

It didn't fancy getting soaked so it put on a black beret.
Malicious storm has snared its pray,
Dazzled by lightning, deafened by the Jupiter's Thursday

Who strikes the globe like a goombay.
Cold-blooded we fall victims to a vehement osprey,
Incurring wrath out of the way,

Raging in its complete heyday.
It had a message to relay.
The wind, the rain, the waves made their communiqué

Then publicized the lousy thing without delay.
Guess I was just in time for quite an awful matinee.
They circled us and danced a dizzy roundelay.

"I'll smash you down come what may.
You are all ruined anyway.
If have the gall to challenge a skilled military attaché,

Your ego must be puffed-up like soufflé.

You raise the roof, attract attention mocking winter driving a presumptuous cabriolet.

Combining what is incompatible you'll get a pattern blatant on your macramé.

Our clash will open you a path through my archway.

“You’ve picked a ball quite thick and obstinate for your croquet”.

Your wicked quest, your words you should unsay,

Or you’ll find your afterlife blasé.

Your task is blind while claims are pure hearsay.

You shouldn’t have gotten underway.

Another wretched rot for me to slay.

You, humans, are so outré.

Why walk along a carriageway?

Is it your common sense that takes an everlasting holiday?

Some utter foolishness is in your DNA.

You are coerced to walk in circles down an annular footway.

And in your search it’s your debacle that will make headway.

So you’ll sink down to the bottom like a large stingray.

One’s journey ends when passion hits a cay.

When there are no alignments on a ley.

When knowledge gained becomes passé.

When all the sweet dreams of the past become abhorrence of today.

Your judgement of deep-rooted matters by their surface is
distract.

Existence is a clever joke, all action is wordplay.
You've been in an unconscious haze from here till Tuesday.

Those dreams surreal under an impervious duvet...
I'd stake my life on it, you won't make up leeway.
"Quit your ventriloquism, you, mangy popinjay.

I'm sick and tired of your deviant horseplay.
You are ubiquitous enough to know I'm not born yesterday.
But still you are a cripple who conveys ideas just the way they
do it in a classical ballet.

Your biased notions are unable to perform even an amateur's
sashay.

I welcome detriment with my arms splay.
Of all the hails there hasn't been a singular conge.

It greets me with evisceration while I face it with a "hey".
No matter what the aftermath is, I'll take it with "hurray!"
Its long accumulated fury finds an outlet through my spillway.

Is it the very evil that is shoaled in this venomous raceway?
If so, it's the almighty bane of men that stands in my

doorway...

No... You're in my head, you're ethereal as if you were a fay.

Your ravings are but ornaments of rage on my tranquil and silent appliqué.

My entity is decorated with rebellious inlay.

No matter how stiff you fix my thinking it'll still be flyaway".

"Now tell me how much do your convictions weigh?

One wouldn't file a full dossier!

Your thoughts are unassailable, aren't they?

They are against all regulations, they refute any folkway,

They serve your right, they won't betray.

If you can't stop, then there'll be hell to pay!

Embarked hackneyed belief, en route to God knows what you are a stowaway.

Stay low lest they should throw you straight into some coarse, behind-the-bars coupe.

The serene state of yours it is that I shall flay.

Until I reach your grief searing directly lay by lay.

I'll see you waterlogged once I've cleared the path to gley.

My composition for you with a tempo andante.

Directed antithetically dolce.

Or if you will "*Le temps frappé*".

Your laminated qualities are but components for a virulent parfait.

Those deviations, incoherence...why have you had another cutaway?

Filled to the brim with bifurcations, is that supposed to be your honed screenplay?

One simply cannot lead his life without byplay!

A book's no good with fickle a donnee.

Unless it's being written by the louche Vicar of Bray.

Your acting's great, I guess I'll send you a chrysanthemum nosegay.

I'll rip you inside out, your guts will moan and whimper "nay"...!

I'll cut you out then shake you up so I could feel your insides ricochet.

Your hope won't breed you impudent offspring because her nature I shall spay.

I'll knit your bones via technique of aberrant crochet.

I'll feed your flesh to fiendish dogs, their heads trey.

Although I'm sure they'll choke on this fillet.

Expunge ambivalence or I'll make your extremes meet each other in a mortal swordplay.

Together they are detrimental but futile per se.

Who do you think would be the last to cry "touche"?

The one who's grabbed a gun instead of an epee!

If they abstain, I'll link them up using your spine as a causeway.

And with a scattered avalanche of dread your minds at last I'm gonna spray.

My taste is exquisite for I am a refined gourmet.

You are invited in the form of food for my soiree.

I'd drench you in some fiery shame, ignite it and we'll get a marvellous flambé.

Or should I freeze your temper to the bones so that you'd make a fabulous sorbet?

"I could preserve you in sweet lust so that your brain shall be glace.

Well, I'd rather crash your pride and soul to relish in your life puree.

My mouth waters, and the tickling of my nostrils you are so unable to belay!

The browning of you mind has been commenced via sauté.

Your remnants I'll drag underwater so that carnivore fish could have a cold buffet.”

Recalcitrance of mine was vanquished straightaway.

My troops succumbed to arguments that I myself could not gainsay.

Our ship stumbled as though water turned to heavily baked clay.

The greenish liquid became pasty and was served impeccably al dente.

Got toppled down, fumbled an offensive breakaway.

We floated on coagulated milk with all its curdles but without whey.

Some unbeknown forces covered wavy surface with that resinous parquet.

And if we were to slide it over, we'd surely need a non adherent sleigh.

We pulled the reins, it fell, we heard its neigh.

The agony had bruised the poor albino down to bay.

Then came the mutilated vessel's gloomy bray.

Much like a cry of help of some prostrated, hammered-drunk hombre.

Which meant the sailing donkey was reluctant to obey.
We shouldn't have harnessed it to our heavy dray.
From now on in desperation I will overstay.

I'll hide in a deep crevice just like some moray.
Relationships were never my forte.

My heart's glued piece by piece as though it were papier-
mache.

It's desecration you purvey.
And chaos is your wicked mainstay.
Of such atrocities that I cannot convey.

You overwhelmed me, devil's protégé.
My spirit's gone, I'm not okay.
I cannot frame the words to pray.

They merely scatter, edge away.
"I've come too far, and yet it's scarcely halfway."
Cries my grotesque naiveté.

To the salvation deck it's pointless to make a getaway.
Alas, my crew reports on a blockaded, flooded stiff
companionway.
We fizzle out and what we lack lies in a subtle interplay

Of shrilling cries, beseeching moans and harsh melee.

Alack, no shooting curses, no derogatory gunplay.

The fortress, drowning, fell under the liquid missiles of the sieging trebuchet.

“You’d rather die than simply turn an émigré.

When danger’s dead ahead you gently pull your fears sternway.”

“Your perseverance and a steadfast stand I could perpetually inveigh.

Against my boisterous depths you’ll fail to make a treacherous foray!

Yet you’ll eventually submerge my ominous abyss not to survey.

The havoc that you triggered trampling over their dubious cliché.

Being the one to rampantly usurp the throne of the ideas démodé.

Well, writhing in a torrid desolation that you overplay,

You are but a malingerer who feigns debility in a sickbay.

An imitator who has mastered mimicry of a Eurasian jay.

See, I love herons, and I’ll make you emulate one on a

torturous piquet.

False prophet by the look of whom his lies yourself you can soothsay.

Self-flagellate and for the sins of yours your flesh shall pay?

What kind of master is it who keeps pain as a valet?

Thrown on a dismal, spiny wasteland, you will never blade your way.

Where all the expense of your insignificance dejection shall defray.

I wish I could absolve you of your ignorance, although I'm no padre.

I'm the one who'll marry you to failure – that a most promiscuous fiancée -

Mrs. Lameduck, Lostcause, Lowlife so many more nee

Up-and-coming that a most seductive shay.

I reckon so that in this case unfaithfulness is far from being feet of clay.”

“Having derailed my own tramway,

I shrivel, no I pine away.

And so do all the forms of life shipwrecked to this secluded cay.

The void engulfs, it won't allay.

The former discomposure, its clench light, I couldn't but parlay.

Into this instability I'm ready to segue.

Salute a newly minted castaway,

The point-blank pestilence of latter-day.”