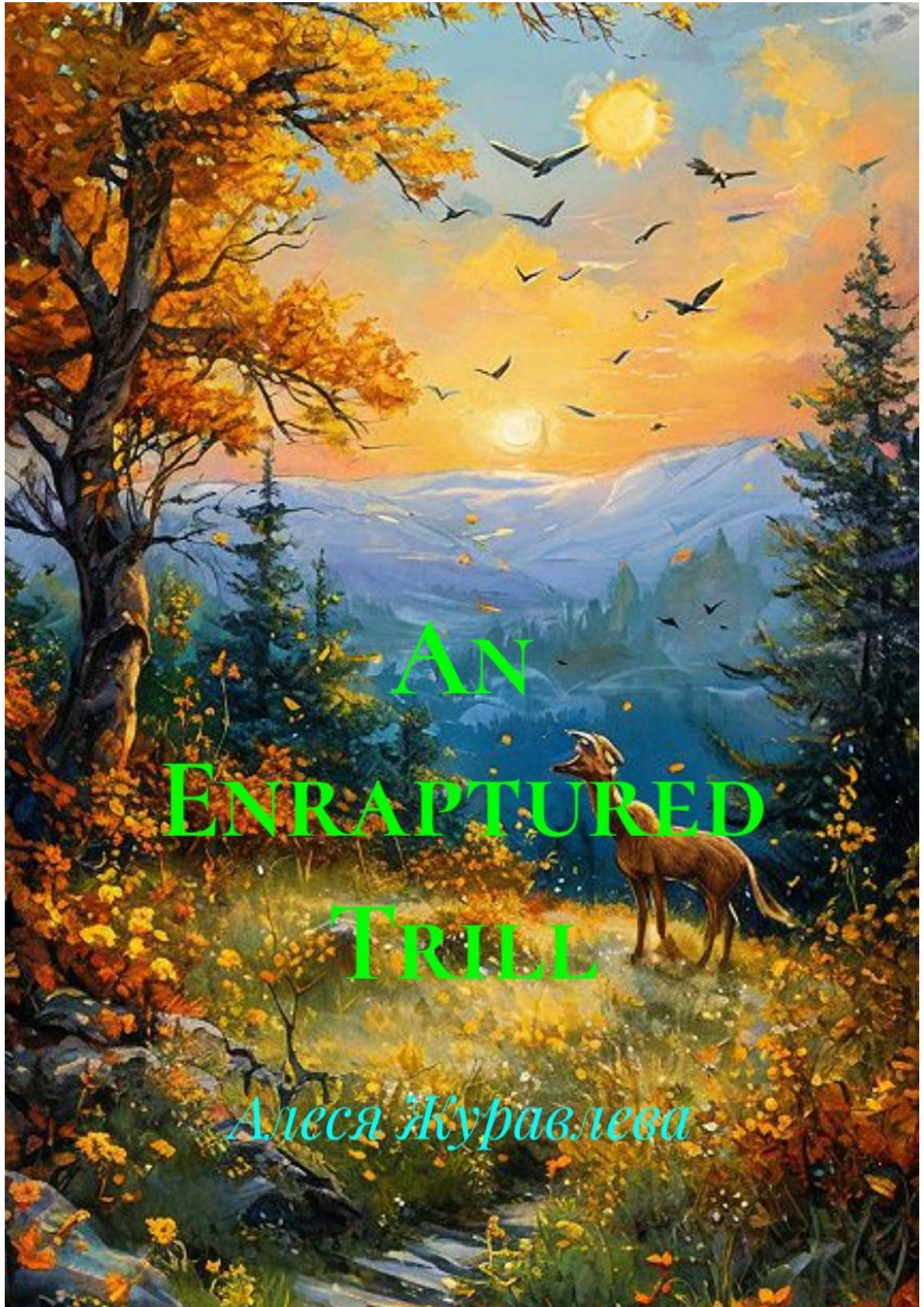




AN ENRAPPED TRILL

Алеся Журавлева

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An Enraptured Trill

«Автор»

2026

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An Enraptured Trill / А. Журавлева — «Автор», 2026

Rapturous Trill is a lyrical poem that captures a moment of sublime transition from the hush of night to the vibrancy of dawn. The verse opens with a painterly, almost silent scene - a watercolor sky and renewed trees - into which the nightingales song erupts as a magic sound, a moment of pure ecstasy. As morning breaks, the poem shifts into movement and warmth: a light-golden breeze, radiant sunlight, and the graceful flight of swallows animate the landscape. The final lines celebrate nature's awakening in delicate detail, from waving dewy grasses to rising daisies. Through vivid imagery and a tone of quiet wonder, the poem explores themes of natural beauty, renewal, and the transcendent power of birdsong to bridge silence and light.

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Алеся Журавлева

An Enraptured Trill

Оглавление

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7. All Around, a Fragrance Blooms
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11. Music of the Soul
12. Nothing Can Be Hidden from God
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14. Fortune-Telling with a Daisy
15. Everything Can Be Mended
16. The Fairy Tale Will Come Again

Outside the Window, Spring now Smells of Summer

The grasses rise together with the dawn,
A chirping chorus by the river murmurs,
Along the road, the forest, like a guard,
Holds birch-tree boughs in tender green adornment.
A drizzle softly sprinkles on the grand,
Outside the window, spring now smells of summer.
The sticky buds release their bright command -
The air, by daybreak, fills with scented wonder.
The white bird-cherry tree is all in bloom,
Its sweetness drifting gently through the casement.
The sun is shining on the meadow-grass,
And morning comes, a fairytale amazement.

An Enraptured Trill

Upon the watercolor sky, a scene,
The treetops have transformed their crowns serene.
And in the mute and breathless stillness, he -
A nightingale...
A magic sound,
An enraptured trill, profound...
And in the morning, at the radiant dawn,
An elegant and golden wind is drawn,
Responding with its warm and tender rays.
The sky will brightly blossom in the haze,
With swallows' gentle flight across the light.
The dewy grasses wave a soft good-day,
And on the meadow daisies find their way...

Spring Paints in Watercolour

Snow fell and melted in a flash,
The gusty wind blows through the air.
The sun came out from clouds that dash,
The April day is light and fair.
The brooks song ripples on the air,
The birds coo softly in the trees.
Still winter keeps its snowy lair
In glades - spring watercolours these.
The forest brims with fragrance sweet,
The bees delight, the hives low humming.
At dawn, on silent, silver feet,
In emerald dew the mornings coming.

The Soul is a World

The people of soul,
A soulful outlook.
The soul lives within the heart,
With a soul, all is good. The soul - it is modesty,
In the soul - kindness lies.
With a boundless soul
The years gently pass by. The soul will bring warmth,
The soul will inspire and cheer.
The soul - its the sky above,
The soul - its the World here!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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