

ГЕОРГИЙ ПОЛЯНСКИЙ

THE VISION OF CHESS



СОДЕРЖИТ
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ
БРАНЬ

18+

Георгий Полянский

The Vision of Chess

«Автор»

2026

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The Vision of Chess / Г. Полянский — «Автор», 2026

Поэма на английском языке по мотивам забавного случая с Антоном Ковалёвым, которого в 2017 году выгнали с шахматного турнира, кажется, в Тбилиси из-за неподобающей одежды.

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*"Saint Peter sat by the celestial
gate"
The Vision of Judgment, Lord Byron*

1



Hail, sixty-four-square altar of my doom!
A washed-up husband, weary, pale and stressed—
while dishes stack like skyscrapers in gloom,
while some dumb earworm holds my kids obsessed—
I click my bishop forth with trembling hand,
a modern Nero, drunk on mouse-command.

Oh, Chess! Brain-teasing, sweet time-sucking game,
Where men of leisure waste their waking hours,
While wives, in wrath, but whisper not our name,
Lest we should mock their frail domestic powers.
For what's a husband's duty? Mop the floors?
Or chase the black and white to victory's shore?
It does not matter — wives shall weep the more,
And call you childish — nah — yet play we must,
Till death or stalemate stills our foolish lust.

Oh, Chess! Thou thief of kisses, sly and cold,
Who steals the fire that else might warm the bed —

What hands, which once did roam in passion bold,
Now idly push a pawn or knight instead?
What midnight sighs are lost to checkmate's art,
When lips might meet, and trembling fingers twine?
Yet kings and queens command the foolish heart,
And love's sweet gambit fades by slow decline.
So wives lie cold, betrayed by chess's scheme,
While men kneel — not to love, but to a Queen.

2

"But chess is noble!" I shout to the void,
"Not like those sweaty Call of Duty crews!"
My wife? She doesn't care—her rage deployed,
My pawn's sweet moves won't calm her dishpan blues.
Same crime, same mess: the floor's a wreck, the bed
Unmade — while pawns dance in my empty head.

So here I sit, a forty-something champ,
My mouse — my sword, the screen — my epic quest.
Pawns drop like flies before the coffee's amped,
Bishops get smoked by lines I thought my best.
"Brain rules!" I yell—but when the chores pile high,
My queen bolts fast, and I just wave bye-bye.

3

Just check the fate of every aging peer:
All fun shrinks down to kid-stuff we adore.
The couch-bound football fan drowns in his beer,
The LARPers clank around and ask for more.
But snowboard bros, once shredding peaks with flair,
Now flop like dads on hills of pure despair.

But wait! One trick can dodge the spousal shade:
Slap "job" on hobbies, watch the scorn retreat.
Bloggers spew hot takes, call it "getting paid,"
Priests dodge the grind with sermons oh-so-sweet.
You start a cult — and housework's off your plate,
A pro-level flex to sidestep boring fate.

4

But me? I'm chess or bust—need no grandmaster fame,
Nor stuffy clubs with suits and fake applause.
Let "Go" nerds stew in a never-ending game -
I've got three kids – three terrors with no laws.
A quick blitz match, my caffeine-fueled retreat,
"Brain food!" I mutter, dodging chore defeat.

Yet sometimes, through the crumbs and coffee rings,
I glimpse the pros — chess gods who rake in cash.
They shrug off wife aggro with prize bling-bling,
Legends who play while dodging household trash.
But wait — what's that? A glow through window cracks?
Not dawn — it's Kovalyov's Canadian pantsless flack!

5



So, came this day—nay, mark the very hour!—
Chess world flipped out with fashion-fueled delight.
Young Kovalyov, Canada's proud brain-power,
Stormed into Tbilisi, eager for a fight.
Not stalemate's dread nor rival's sneaky art—
His knee-length shorts - that was the thing that tore his game apart.

"GM" before his name — a shiny tag,
Which fools read Grandmaster (and so do I).
But real ones know it's just a humble brag:
"Mom, I'm not a loser!" comes his cry.
And moms, since time began, just nod and say,
"Sure, kid, it's fine — now go and win the day!"

6

What wrecked his vibe? No chess trap, no cruel twist—
Just Thomas Delega, he's Polish-born.
He clocked those knees and threw a judgy hiss:
"Pants, man! The Code's a rule you can't unlearn!"
Kovalyov, half-dressed as usual - but a mess,
Bare legs sparked scandal — chess's wildest stress.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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