

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Sequence of Poems **By Mykyta Ryzhykh**

A man walking from a bakery shop
Along an alley of now defunct views

Geometric figures of
Silence

And this indescribable feeling of home
That is no more

The sky is turning green
Sun ripe candied fruit
Earth like raisin syrup

In general, nothing has changed
As though we never died

Beautiful art keeps me awake
At night in a dream a naked boy comes
The boy asks me to draw an icon for him

The next morning, the priest says it's not good
The naked boy comes again and starts to cry
Does he want to be resurrected?

Merry Christmas Scooby Doo
For the various spirits of ghosts and monsters
Who don't really exist

[Message deleted]
This used to be a New Year's poem
But now no

Birds are born
Beside dying soldiers

I love you

Put me in jail
For such excessive violence