



*This one is the diary of  
notebook ones by the self-  
study room's table  
Catherine Zueva  
international.*

**C. Zueva**  
*The poetry of spring*

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**Zueva C.**

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So, this one is humour, women's every days pick up or told about. The one looks so witch, joined the nature. As a Looking so only the nature, is so the found one to You ride Your Would. This one is the diary of notebook ones by the self-study room's table Catherine Zueva, international. By Design offered the picture "The first name of spring", Catherine Zueva.

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### **The silvery moon moves**

Into nightly skies silvery Moon moves. Lilies are under the moon's light. Stars are shooting. Only the Ghost is in the sky. Moonlight sparks off waves as if makes the fire, these are kindles dreams. From the Rose dropped hundreds of the petals. The gardener gathered them, as a bouquet of flowers. In the little closed Window, the light daily exists there. She from the ground picked up, abandoned of which, flowers. The Moon over the patch of light's floated in the Sky there and stopped, creates the silver to spilt in Sea.

06.12.2009

### **I keep in my memories you**

This is the mist of my forgotten dreams. I am looking for the compassion in the Sky. You are as the Ghost of heavenly earthy days. I keep in my memories Your sight. In the Earthy vanity gust off, the Orpheus suffers into loves. He is looking for the consolation, when he's singing near the river's stones moves.

06.12.2009

### **Herbs bloomed on the hill**

Alone somewhere, a big forest stands. The Sun, forced his way, looked from clouds behind. Woodland; Herbs bloomed on the hill. Bluish flowers were, white ones now are here. Dawn walked quickly out the outskirts of the fields. A meadow trail, circled, was lost in the hill. In houses were run a crazy Carousel. Lads, cups, bowls and loaves stand.

06.12.2009

### **Into the shining sunset cloud**

The clouds were, like melted snows  
With white fluffed, into the red sunset.

And the thunder peals sounded  
The sky, when did flash of lightning.

The world was untouched by the evil.  
And the moon rose, and a night have a been.

A friendship of night and day,  
It was merged, as if a Sky on a Moons Way.

And suddenly, startled at the sound,  
The goat ran on the mountain's rocks.

Almost the falling, he ran for another.  
A fear had not pinned him on the ground.

Into the shining sunset's cloud,

Where the stars light up in the dark,

The goat's shadow was on the mountain.  
He seemed to watch to down.

The country is of crazy days,  
There It was the triumph mountains expanses.

Where bizarre rocky canyons were,  
It sparkled from the effect of a light dances.

Here, centuries-old pines rustles.  
A lightning storm there had not worried us.

And, even, any sounds are cautious,  
Witch is not tearing done the rockslide pass.

The clouds were, like melted snows  
Witch is white fluff, into the red sunset.

And the thunder peals sounded  
In the sky, when did flash of lightning it is red.

09.12.2009

### **The blossom, night stars give to the light**

Night stars give to the Light. They are spinning on the blossom. And fiery of the glares dawn did the World to flourish again. The shepherd goes into the field, admiring the glare of lights. Its sound sings among sky a build. His flute surprised everyone. Its reeds to swaying, to rustling waves, as if is flying, it was over the lake. The Yellows water lily in a water glistens with dew deceptive face. Of the Sun stopped over the river notes, rays are the dropping to the Lands. In the sky-high in the blue expanse Buzzer, the azure mist is silent on the wiser.

18.12.2009

### **Prairie night**

The Night was. The Prairie night was. There was Riverside campfire. The nightly bird flies as soon as must the name. Owl howls amid the lakes calm breathing at night. It seems that hear the realm of sleep so white. A Wild prairie owl slowly drags the prey. And now brightens the morning awoke it was early day. The Morning was mist over river a boy dragged the anchor. And fish was slowly, in circles are float, are the splash at dawn its marker. A fisherman on the boat floated, He throw done the lure. Ah! The long-awaited prey already has been near a boat, the nets a fisherman was with a triumphant cry lets to removes a fish with a hook. He carries a fish in the boat, to show his friends almost He is a dashing young man and his carp is handsome in a dance.

25.12.2009

**The moon over the patch**

The Moon over the patch of Light  
floated in the calm Sky there  
and stopped in black night,  
Creates the silver to spilt in Sea meter.

26.12.2009

**The bird talks were in the silent**

The birds talk is in the silent.  
Snow covered forests and fields.

The January of winters lend  
Dressed up within clothes his.

The wondrous blonds Whether  
Dissolves her shutters land

And creates up on all the windows It is bell  
The painted frost it rids.  
The White snow fallen on the ground  
And covered all I so on the fields.

We descend from the hill boldly meets  
And strip from the sled behinds.

A frost was blowing for strong cooling hands  
It rids the nose and my cheeks.

The Merry winter is circling, is laughing as outdoors.  
A white Blizzard flew again the train to works.

31.12.2009

In the starry sky, the moon is rising  
With the magic dreams.

This is the radiant country,  
This is the first tale as a winter real-ship.

The wind is scooped up snow,  
To piling snows on the threshold

And to the fairy-town tale  
Was waking up in this snow.

There were having

On the bushes a lot of snowy clothes as a wall.

A mischievous snow  
Was closed all of bridges.

White-winged Sylphs were  
Pick up a fabulous arrow

And here sound was,  
As like is a longest song for people.

01.01.2010

**The sky eternal way**  
Lumps of a snow were  
On the tree branches trades a white.

A Father Frost makes silvery trees  
So was quickly today per night.

First hoar lied per night  
On the Way to all fields.

But winter will not always  
And We will meet.

The life nature faded now it.  
It will rise at the right time quick.

The sky's eternal Way is  
Always leads us by the hand a week.

02.01.2010

The mountain's man, once day,  
Abandoned his cave

And went, to look the Way,  
Where sway the flying breeze a move has.

Light spilt dark fetters within,  
The lunar wintry coast,

That you're maybe a lost.  
Man, in loads cavil space

Forgot, with this, the griefs.  
He went out in Stars World,

Which is very busy lot forgot?  
The flying singly sounds

Where it is snowmen  
Was warmed his around.

04.01.2010

**Why creates the snowfall**

Why does creates the June the snowfall?  
Maybe does it the silvery moon's flowers?

And maybe does it the cloud over the garden  
Descends from the celestial heights.  
And maybe does it of falling stars rain  
Was scattered over the greenest fields?

The shine is of the flying silvery Snowman  
Eclipsed the sparkle of every-days.

04.01.2010

**The flower lover**

The slope shrouded at the shaggy grass.  
The water was riding white.

Into the heavy, nasty times,  
In silence, I remember Your sight.

Do not to search me do You not.  
I want to always be in the shade.

I'm, like the flower waterfall's,  
Which someone picked up to air.

16.01.2010

Some flowers are growing in the mountains, that bloom in summer and winter times. I'm sure, it is a lot of lonely dinosauro-prime, the them crowd, are going to the mine.

And I'm watching as tired waves, when you were listening the wind's talk. I might have to look to your image again. I might have to together bird's flocks' mud.

16.01.2010

**I watch the movement in the sky**

I watch the movement in the sky. This is the storm blew to the face. A wind carries old centuries time forever, to the skies space.

Already a white snow did fall on the hills in the copse fluffy snows are on every branch and the light shine in every home.

16.01.2010

**The grandmother**

Only then colours are filled the day, when I see you – my Grandmother Anne.  
When you're with me, for all my Way, in the winter, flowers blooming a man.

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