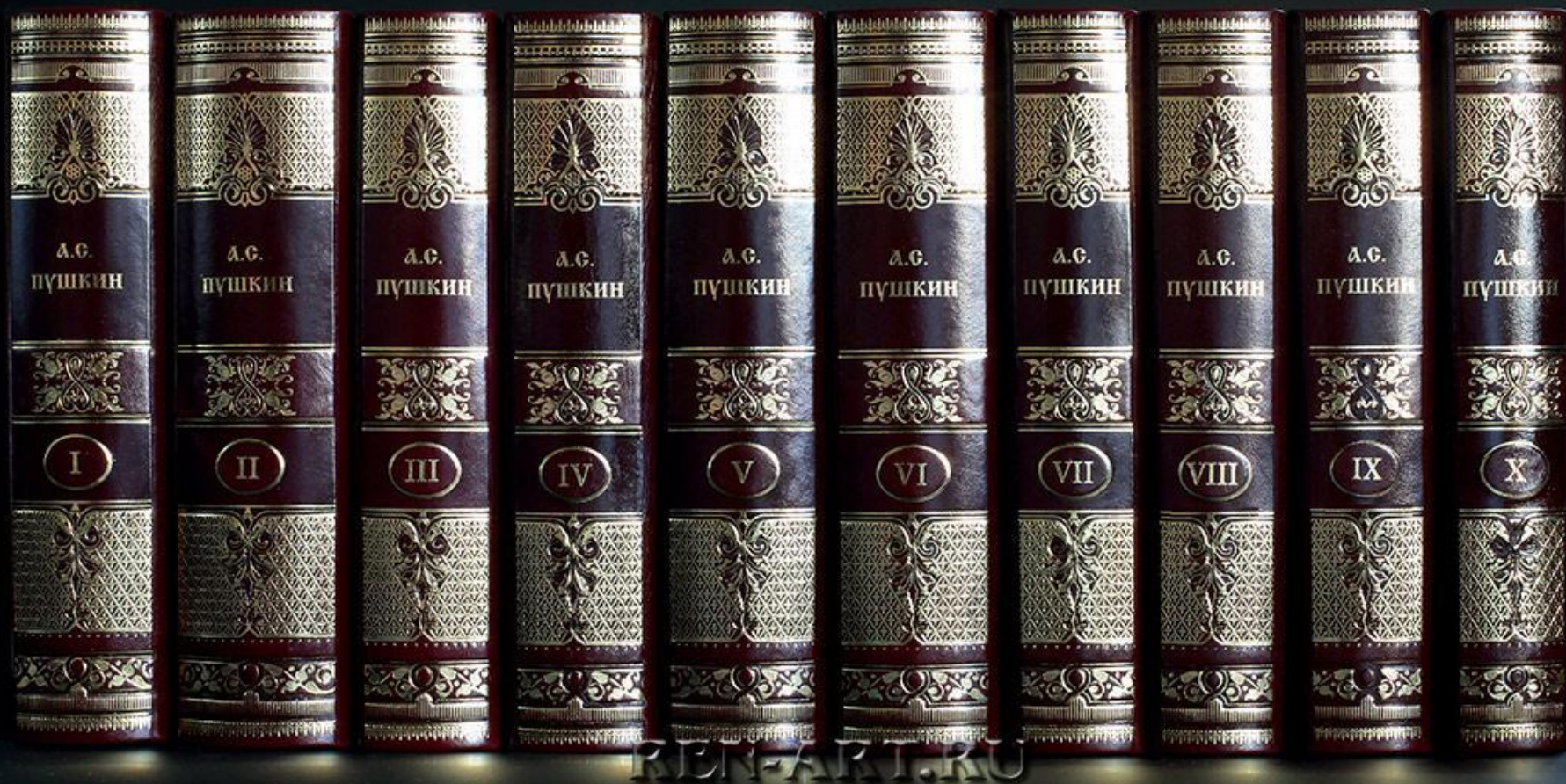


My favorite writer





Each person in life have a favorite writer or poet. His works we are able to enthusiastically read and reread several times, and it becomes even more interesting and loved.



The writer was for me A. S. Pushkin. I don't remember when I first heard his name, but it doesn't matter. The main thing is that his stories, poems and prose, the characters in his works like joined in my life and become its part.



I was struck by the poem "Poltava", but not so much for its plot as a sense of pride for the heroic warriors.

Later I realized that whatever Pushkin's poetry I read, the soul remains a sublime sense of joy and delight. Even if not all will be joyful in the work, not all will end well, but still after a meeting with Pushkin in the heart of the remains the occasion. And this, I think, lies the power and the genius of my favorite poet. He loved the Motherland, native people, native word, woman, nature, as few could love, and was able to magnify all of this is sincere poetry.

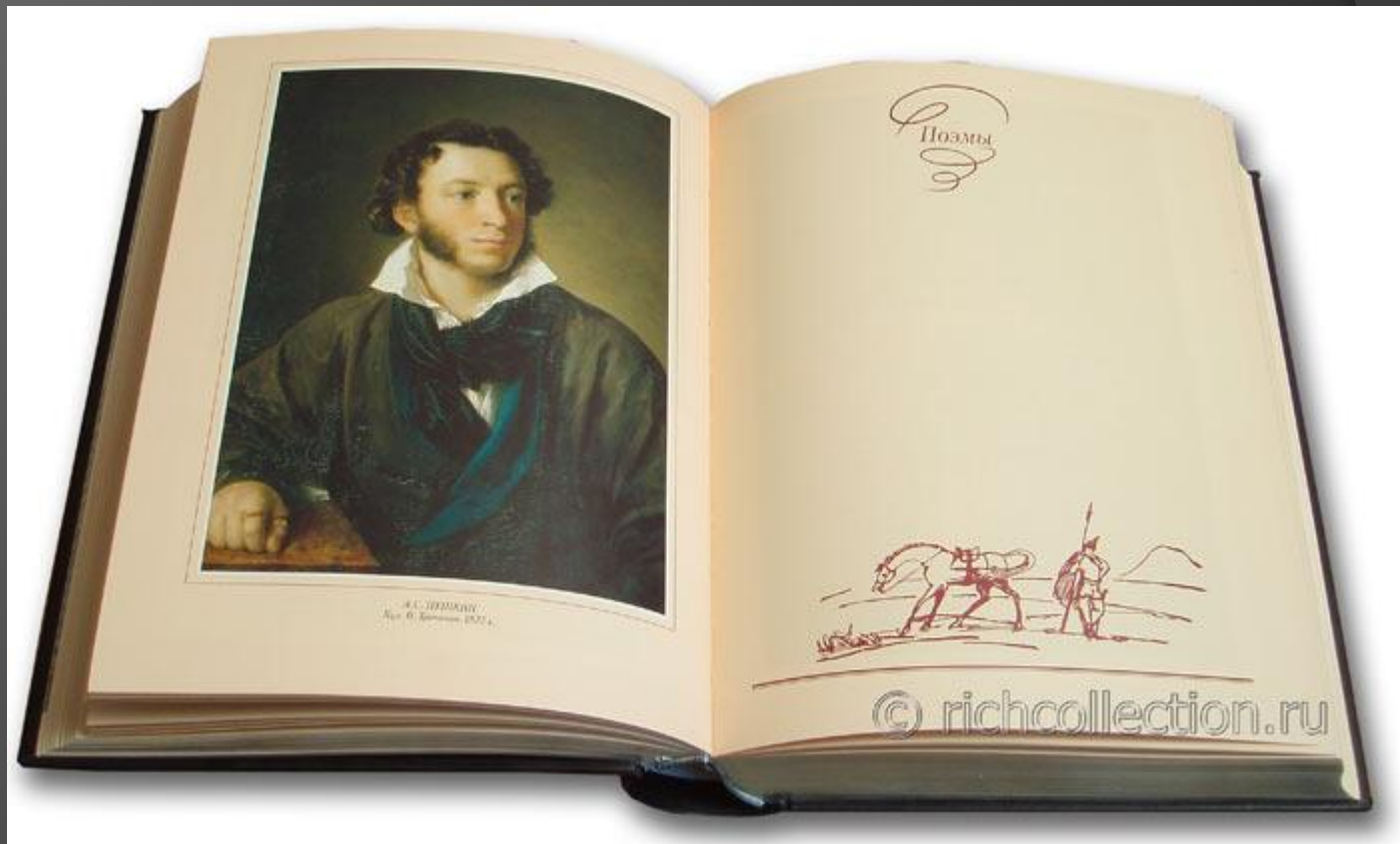


How much did for us, their descendants, Alexander during his short life! He created beautiful, he showed the beauty around us, he taught us to love this beautiful, to be the best, combining all under a star of good and relentlessly encouraging to do good.



He is with us today, among us. No portrait or sculpture, as in his poems and in our hearts.

My favorite poem by Alexander Pushkin



STORM

You saw the virgin on the rock
In clothing white over the waves
When storming into a stormy haze,
Played sea coast,
When the beam of lightning illuminated the
Her hourly brilliantly scarlet
And the wind fought and flew
With its flying veil?

Beautiful is the sea in a stormy haze
And the sky with no twinkles of blue;
But trust me: the virgin on the rock
Beautiful waves, the skies and storms.

◎ SPRING, SPRING, TIME
OF LOVE...

Spring, spring, time of love,
How hard I you
phenomenon
What languid excitement
In my soul, in my blood...
As alien to the heart of the
prestigious...
Everything that exults and
shines
Bores and yearning.

Give me a Blizzard and a
Blizzard
Winter and long dark nights.



Thank you for your
attention !

