



## Poetry

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Eldar Akhadov

### ABOUT LOVE

No need to shout about love on the street,  
There is no need to write about love in blood or in chat. No  
need to talk about your love  
To every stranger.  
But when the waves begin to overwhelm the ship,  
When the stars in the sky begin to fade en masse, Love  
will rise to its gigantic heights  
And silently will save everyone who has love.

## GOD LOVES POETS

My adult life began at the age of 15, with what other lives usually end with: I was shot. But not to the end. Therefore, on my 19th birthday, Captain Verevkin ordered me to be shot a second time on the Soviet-Finnish border. Fortunately, this order was canceled at the last moment. I graduated from the Mining University in St. Petersburg and for many years I was engaged in various minerals: I searched and extracted copper, lead, zinc, tungsten, platinum, gold, diamonds, jadeite, precious stones, coal, oil and gas. I have worked underground at a depth of 2,200 meters and in the mountains at an altitude of 4,500 meters above sea level, I have walked the Siberian taiga and the Arctic tundra, I have been to places where there is not a single living person within a radius of 500 kilometers. Without telephone and radio communication, on a polar night in the icy Arctic desert, together with two comrades in misfortune, I froze in a broken all-terrain vehicle without a single chance of salvation. Among the Siberian taiga, I saw a car that exploded and burned down with the driver, in which I was supposed to be. They threw a live grenade at me, they tried to sell me at the slave market in Kandahar, Afghanistan. Many miracles happened to me before I wrote about my life crazy poems...

Four years ago I had a stroke, the left part of my brain stopped working, my right leg and right arm almost did not obey me, but I wanted to fly a paraglider. They told me, "You're crazy, you can't fly." But I answered: "to fly, we need wings. I am a poet, I have wings!" And I flew. A year ago, my chest was dissected, my heart was removed, the aorta was replaced and the heart was inserted into my chest again. I live. I write poetry. I enjoy every day. I love this world and I know that God loves poets!



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## **Eldar Akhadov**

Eldar Akhadov was born 1960 in Azerbaijan. Honorary member of the Writers' Union of Azerbaijan, member of the Writers' Union of Russia, the South Russian Writers' Union (Ukraine), the Union of Writers of the XXI century, the Russian Geographical Society, the International PEN Club. He is the author of 75 books of poetry and prose in Russian, English, Spanish, Italian, Azerbaijani and Serbian.

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