

Theo's Compass

WINTER 2019



“MY FOCUS IS ALWAYS ON THE
INDEPENDENT AUTHOR. SEEING THEIR
DREAMS COME TO LIFE, THE HAPPINESS
AND JOY IT BRINGS THEM TO SHARE
GOD’S WORD . . . IS MY REAL, TRUE,
GENUINE SUCCESS.”



Theo's Compass Staff

Gary Drury, Author / Editor / Journalist / Minister / Publisher

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Gary Drury, Editor/Publisher. Established Theo's Compass 2012, Promotes well grounded moral and spiritual values of all beliefs and faiths. I'm devoted to creative expression, free speech and spreading God's word. Correspondence, submissions, supportive gifts should be directed to minister/publisher.

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God's Direction

Which path will you take?

Theo's Compass: The Greek word 'Theo' means 'GOD' and 'Compass' means 'DIRECTION'

Theo's Compass mission is to provide an optimistic, uplifting and rejuvenating enlightenment of spirit. To assist those who seek God's meaning of life and spiritual fulfillment, expand awareness while connecting to a higher consciousness. For those seeking peace and tranquility above everything else, promoting both physical and mental relaxation. By presenting thoughts and views of other like minded individuals via articles, poetry, and fictional/true stories that convey God's grace and love.

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Blessings Be With You.



Kentucky Clay

A plethora of azure sky and cotton clouds
Drift freely across mountainous mounds
Striking vivid imaginations ravenously ablaze
Floating aimlessly in a causal dream like daze

We are two sail boats adrift aimlessly
Sailing toward the other on a vast sea
Our lighthouse beacons us to golden shore
On our journey kismet bounds us forevermore

My love is just like Kentucky clay
Once it sets and stains it does not wash away
That is the way I felt when you came
Everything I ever wanted was in your name

I found my home in good ole Kentucky clay
My heart palpitates hard like Kentucky clay
I found my love in red soil Kentucky clay
I'm made of that ole fashion Kentucky clay

— © Gary Drury





Raining Eyes

I see the rain dripping from your eyes
Their redness implies for such hours
I know you feel no rainbow inside
But trust your faith in a higher power

You are not alone in thoughts of suicide
As chaos swarms furiously then sours
Even roses with morning dew subside
Then sun breaks they rise, they tower

Hope resides in stale air commonly disguise
Time slowly ravages pain, fertilizing flowers
Awakening sunrise reiterates the homicide
The trauma erodes further with continual showers

Raining eyes are strength elevating sunrise
Concealed in stormy grey emotions much lower
The withering of time releases rainbow inside
Not dying permitted yourself to rise to the hour

— © Gary Drury



 Scan me



Dog

if I look
long
enough

I begin to see

a human
face

staring
back

— © Sheryl Nelms

“MOM, This Is Very Important!”

Listen to
Me

Did you
know

that cats

can
climb

trees!”

— © Sheryl Nelms

Walking The Dog In Dallas

she wrapped
in a green

cardigan
and tan slacks

trots down
Main Street

beside him
bundled in

a purple
sweater

and blue
jeans

who pulls
the slobbering
English Bulldog

balanced
four-square

sporting a white
cable knit
turtle neck

in a red Radio Flyer

— © Sheryl Nelms



— God Is The Knowledge and The Light © SM —



Golden Lady

she came
to us

because someone
from the city
dumped
her

on our county road
ribs pricking out
she picked

us
to stay with

because my husband
fed her

table scraps

in return
she gave us

protection
affection

and the most
jumping
for joy

dog

I ever
saw

— © Sheryl Nelms

Blue Ticks Eating Asparagus

five
killer dogs

bay and bugle
in anticipation

of the green stalks
she holds

one by one

she tosses
each long shoot

of asparagus
off the
porch

up into the air
to be caught in
a gaping mouth

to watch
it slide

unnoticed
down each throat

with the
“Do what?”

look
treat

enough
for her

— © Sheryl Nelms

Tough Life

did you ever think
about cats

slinking around
all day
long

holding out
a tail

how much easier

to just
drag
it

— © Sheryl Nelms





When Day Retires

As the sun slowly meets the horizon
the bright sunny orb goes away
replaced by quiet of night time
lit up by a stellar display.

The silver moon shines down upon us
lighting the world with its rays
telling the world it is night time
by sharing its silver arrays.

Now that the day has retired
replaced by the darkness of night,
we rest and we dream of tomorrow
lit up by the aurous sun light.

— © Sheila B. Roark

Watching The Snow

At first I see a few white flakes
fall gently from the sky
dancing on the blowing air
as they go floating by.

As I watch in wonder
the flakes increase in size
creating a white blanket
right there before my eyes.

I marvel at the beauty
of nature's ermine storm
made up of icy, crystal flakes
that please as they transform.

The barren world is clad in fur
made up of flakes of white
and diamond crystals shine like gems
adorning the cold night.

— © Sheila B. Roark



Gratitude

How do I say thanks so much
for all the things you do?
For words don't seem to let you know
how my heart is touched by you.

My gratitude runs very deep
knowing you are there,
to help me through my hardest days
by showing how you care.

All I can say is thanks so much
for being there for me
by chasing all my blues away
which makes my heart feel free.

I want to show my gratitude
for what you do for me,
and I'm sure that God above
will reward your charity.

— © Sheila B. Roark

Nothing But Paperwork

For over eighty years
she shared her life with others,
showing them how to care
for the important things in life.

For over 40 years she taught school
molding her young students
into caring, loving people
with an enthusiasm only she possessed.

But now that she is buried,
all we have left are fond memories
along with piles of paperwork
attesting to her life.

She was so much more
than all these papers show,
she was an angel on this earth
who freely shared her love with everyone.

The papers don't tell her real story
of how she cared for others,
they are merely cold pieces of data
just showing a small part of a wonderful life.

The world is much poorer
since she went away,
but I will always remember
her soft and caring heart.

— © Sheila B. Roark



I Really Saw Them

I remember that day very well,
when the clouds spoke out to me
letting me know I was loved
with a deep intensity.

I was sad that summer day
as I watched the azure sky
I saw a group of angels
standing way up high.

When I saw them all my pain
quickly went away,
and I felt a peaceful love
that filled me on that day.

I really saw the angels
on that summer day
shining with a spirit glow
that chased my cares away.

— © Sheila B. Roark



Los Angeles, Sunset Boulevard

Los Angeles, Sunset Boulevard,
Such a famous place!
Have you thought that sometime?
Will you see here a sunset fire?
The ocean wind plays palm trees...
Everything is moving in the world,
Not coming back.
Remember, when in childhood
I met the dawn,
Now I looked through the whole book,
There are no more pages.
The sun sank slowly,
The orange ball was melting...
Life, can you deceive,
Perhaps Sunset Boulevard is mirage?

— © Adolf Shvedchikov

Palm Springs

Amid the scorching desert
There lies Palm Springs, a piece of paradise.
The winds are racing in the blue sky,
Playing the Aeolian harp,
Torn branches of palm trees with frenzy,
Swirls in violent dance whirl,
The soul, having left the confinement,
Rushing to the abyss, deep into space!
There in the boundless blue high
Eagles soar above us proudly,
In the far haze the mountains are dozing,
Listening the sighs of the desert.
Palm Springs, affable, screaming,
Attracting tourists Mecca,
Golf clubs, shopping, be happy,
Here is all for the pleasure of man!
We are sitting in an Italian restaurant,
We drink red wine among cacti and roses,
And behind the waves of memories,
You cannot hold back tears anymore...

— © Adolf Shvedchikov

Las Vegas

I live in a pyramid
Under the name hotel "Luxor",
From the window are such views
And such a space!
"One-armed bandits"
Day and night do not sleep,
"One-armed bandits"
The prices knock!
Here hours are not observed,
Continuously all play...
At night, neon sparkles,
Show business is booming,
Dollars are flying!
It's good to be a pharaoh,
To live in the pyramid,
Play half a million,
And then lower it!

— © Adolf Shvedchikov


Encino

Among the Carmelite hills
Encino is lying, stretched out,
It languishes under the blue sky,
The edge of the mountain rocks,
The shelter of eagles.
Born from pink dreams,
A fascinating fruit of imagination,
Freed from the shackles,
It unexpectedly moves,
I do not find the words!
Palms tremble in the wind,
And eucalyptus rustles with leaves,
The hummingbirds fly in the morning,
In the daytime everything stops from the heat.
In such a terrible heat
You have only one desire:
Pool with cold water!


— © Adolf Shvedchikov



LET'S
BUILD
A WALL
TOGETHER



— God Is The Knowledge and The Light^{©SM} —



POET

C DAVID HAY

FEATURE PUBLISHED POET





Best Friends

I had a dog and he had me,
We were the best of company.
He was my shadow, loyal and true,
Where I went he followed too.

I was the master—always there
Who gave him kind and loving care.
He was the friend I treasured so—
When I was down he seemed to know.

But he grew old before my time,
Lagging now in step and climb.
I slowed my pace to match his gait
But often had to stop and wait.

If he could, he'd follow still.
He broke my heart—as old dogs will.
I miss the eyes that shone to say
He'd love me till his dying day.

I oft forget and reach to touch
The old gray head I miss so much;
Wishing for the time again—
When he had me and I had him.

Candles in The Wind

We are like candles in the wind
That beckon us to dance;
Waste not the time in which to shine—
There is no second chance.

Laugh and you share the warmth,
Cry and you drown the flame,
Then curse the black for what you lack
And have only yourself to blame.

Each mortal ray in its humble way
Reflects the love of God;
A guiding lamp unto the path
On which we all must trod.

Then when the glow flickers low
Into eternal night —
Recall the days of when its blaze
Was such a lovely light.

Call of the Wild

The call of the wild is a restless voice
Of wind and sky and sea;
Beckons all—both great and small
With the yearning to be free.

It drives snow geese in autumn skies
And answers the coyote's cry;
Blows in the mist of mountain crests
And lifts the eagle high.

The thunder of the river's plunge,
The whisper of the desert's dune;
Nature sings a thousand songs
To her jeweled and mystic tune.

The call of the wild is a will within
To venture where few have trod,
With a captive sound that makes hearts pound
It must be the voice of God.

Father's Spectre

The shadow of my father
Gives measure to my stride;
I strived to be the man he was
Until the day he died.

Little boys grow up too fast,
I never stopped to see
The aging eyes that misted
With his love for me.

Life's seasons are perennial;
The son becomes the man,
Still I hear his challenge—
Be the best you can.

The world is full of wonders
Only a father can teach.
He pointed to the stars—
And showed me how to reach.



Genealogy

I think that I shall never see
A mess quite like my family tree;
The branches gnarled and mostly bare
Still bore a nut here and there.

I often think it might be best
To leave genetic ghosts at rest.
Why dig up an ancient bone?
To find it better left alone?

Suffice to say we cannot blame
The ancestors from whence we came
For what we did or didn't do;
Each sprout upon the bough is new.

Rival limbs look royal and stout
Yet still the monkeys swing about.
So, I'm just grateful for my tree—
Without which . . . There would be no me.

Stargazer

It is a night to stir the soul,
To watch the heavens all aglow;
A colorful spectral meets the eye
As fiery meteors flash by,
Born of brimstone, fire and coals
With a destiny no one knows.

Does life exist out in that maze
Of worlds that glow and stars that blaze?
A universe of endless space
Where planets spin and comets chase;
Infinite wonders of the skies
Awaiting gaze of curious eyes.

So, if you be one of these,
Seeking cosmic sights that please,
Blessed by beauty from on high;
You are a dreamer just as I—
Beholding trails where angels trod
And know you saw the face of God.

Pet Heaven

There's a place beyond the rainbow
That God prepared with care
So, when our pets must leave us
We'll know that they are there.

It is a special sanctum
Where they can rest and play,
Knowing we will claim them
Again, some joyous day.

Our bond will be renewed
Just as it was before;
The undying love of a pet—
You cannot ask for more.

I pray for such a Heaven,
For in my heart I know
Wherever He does take them—
That's where I want to go.

Seasons Lost

The Seasons came and passed again
Since last I heard your voice;
Many are the ways I'd change
If death but gave a choice.

I'd pick you flowers in the Spring
To show you that I care
And when you needed comforting
You'd always find me there.

The Summer breeze against my cheek
Like memories of your touch;
The love we take for granted
Is the one we miss so much.

Sunlight on the Autumn leaves,
Reflections of your hair;
Youth and beauty paid the price—
God often takes the fair.

Winter winds that chill the heart
And etch your stone with frost,
Whisper of eternal love
Beyond the years we lost.



Stepping Stones

Blessed are good friends.
The stepping stones of care,
Hands over troubled water—
Just by being there.

They are a lamp unto our feet
Upon the path of life,
To lead us out of darkness
Beyond the doubt and strife.

Just as a guardian angel
Gives calm in times of fear,
Friends comfort in the certitude
That they are always near.

When at last, the Master calls,
As the passage comes to end,
I'll cherish best the journey—
Because I had a friend.

Toy Soldiers

Little toy soldiers with little toy guns,
All formed in rank and file;
Many a battle they fought and won
For the shine of a little boy's smile.

Now the cannon sits tarnished with age,
The soldiers stand frozen in stare,
Awaiting the touch of tiny hands
That loved and placed them there.

But little men grow up, alas
To march in wars of their own,
And the pain they feel and the deaths they die
Toy soldiers have never known.

Little toy soldiers with little toy guns,
Wearing dust on helmet and pack,
How sad your wait will be in vain—
Your Captain won't be back.

When I Am Old

When I am old and weary
And my hair has gone to gray
I'll consider it a blessing
For the gift of one more day.

I hope to use the given time
Before my life is through
To try and make amends
For some things I didn't do.

The letter never written,
The tears I caused to flow,
The debt that went unpaid
On the love I didn't show.

The road that went untraveled,
The friendship left to fade,
The deeds of goodness missed
From the effort never made.

When I am old - may I be consoled,
If peers reflect and say:
I left the world a better place
Because I passed this way.





Wind Song

I am the wind of many names
With boundless tales to tell.
I grace the clouds of Heaven's realm
And fan the fires of Hell.

I am the breeze of ancient seas
Before life crawled ashore;
I watched the rise and fall of beast
So many times, before.

I am the primal wail of time
That weathers men and stone.
I've danced the sanctity of space
Where angel wings have flown.

I am the restless storm of change,
The gentle breath of dawn;
I've howled from time eternal
And I'll blow when you are gone.

I am the wind of war and peace
That honors right nor wrong.
I am the mystic voice of God—
Come listen to my song.

Wings

(Oh, to catch the winds of flight
And soar where eagles go,
To leave the woes of troubled souls
Behind me far below.
I'd listen to the song of birds
And sail in endless flight,
Then chase the sun through cloudy paths
And play with stars at night.

The boundless heavens for my home,
The breeze to lift me high,
To rise above my mortal bonds
And never have to die;
Knowing I had found the way
To trails where angels trod,
And when my wings could fly no more—
I'd take the hand of GOD!



DOG LAB

1958 was a bad year to be a dog, if you were unfortunate to be one of the 400,000 sacrificed annually in laboratories in the guise of medical science. Some experiments may have been justified in genuine pharmaceutical research but many were futile exercises performed by inexperienced medical and dental students as basic lessons in drug reactions that could more easily have been learned from text books rather than vivisection.

Many of the dogs were poor abandoned, homeless animals but some were obviously pets judging from the way they sat up and begged for food and water. They got neither. Unscrupulous individuals caught or kidnapped these animal for sale (\$15) to schools in the dog-lab trade. Students were forced to execute them or risk expulsion. The flashbacks and guilt remains years later.

I was reprimanded for giving water to a dehydrated hound and ordered to cease since "it was going to be killed anyway." Such cruelty was difficult to comprehend from instructors who were supposedly training us to be caring providers of health care. Hopefully, no humans were ever in their care.

Professional schools no longer force students to participate in rampant, senseless animal experiments.

I wish I could forget when they did.

— © C. David Hay, DDS

"He prayeth best, who loveth
best All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us —
He made and loveth all"

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER



Puppy Love

Little eyes shining bright,
A tail so quick to wag,
And all it asks in return
Is a gentle pat or brag.

God did make them voiceless,
But He put no tether on smart,
And if you have a doubt —
Just watch them steal your heart.

The eyes of a dog can speak
Of love and pain and fear;
Blessed be the masters
Who take the time to hear.

They must be Heaven sent,
For where but from above
Could hail such a precious gift
As the joy of puppy love.

— © C. David Hay, DDS





Old Dog

He's been my buddy for many years
Though we never spoke a word.
His wrinkled face and drooping ears
Make him look a bit absurd.
He was most afraid of anything
That walked or crawled or flew,
But he bluffed his way with a mighty
As only a hound can do.

Now his face is gray and his eyes are dim
And he walks with a limp and a sag,
But he welcomes me in the same old way
With that look and a weary wag
That says he's my friend till his dying day —
And that's all old dogs need to say

— © C. David Hay, DDS



Pet Heaven

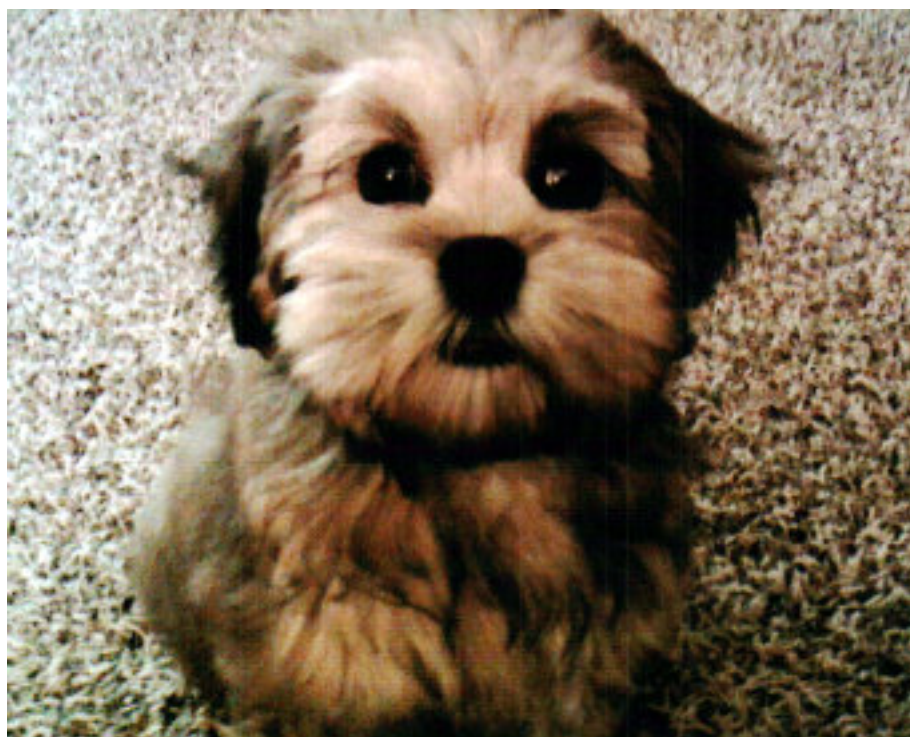
There's a place beyond the rainbow
That God prepared with care
So when our pets must leave us
We'll know that they are there.

It is a special sanctum
Where they can rest and play,
Knowing we will claim them
Again some joyous day.

Our bond will be renewed
Just as it was before;
The undying love of a pet —
You cannot ask for more.

I pray for such a Heaven,
For in my heart I know
Wherever He does take them —
That's where I want to go.

— © C. David Hay, DDS





Blind Weenie

This is a true story about an elderly lady in a wheelchair who rescued and cared for a blind dachshund. She was a guardian angel to many homeless animals in need. There is a special place in Heaven for people like her.

No one knew its story,
Why the little dog was blind,
And shamefully abandoned
For someone else to find.

Then an angel in a wheelchair
Who was surely Heaven sent,
Let it nestle in her lap,
In darkness but content.

An old lady and her little friend,
Each served the others need;
If one of them was cut —
The other one would bleed.

I'm sure they're both together still
In a special place above -
For Heaven wouldn't be complete
Without a dog to love.



— © C. David Hay, DDS



Best Friends

I had a dog and he had me,
We were the best of company.
He was my shadow, loyal and true,
Where I went he followed too.

I was the master — always there
Who gave him kind and loving care.
He was the friend I treasured so —
When I was down he seemed to know.

But he grew old before my time,
Lagging now in step and climb.
I slowed my pace to match his gait
But often had to stop and wait.

If he could, he'd follow still.
He broke my heart — as old dogs will.
I miss the eyes that shone to say
He'd love me till his dying day.

I oft forget and reach to touch
The old gray head I miss so much;
Wishing for the time again —
When he had me and I had him.

— © C. David Hay, DDS

Old Friends

Their youthful years have slipped away,
The old man and his dog.
They have a special bonding
That needs no dialogue.

The chase is just a memory,
But how they used to run
When hearts and legs were stronger
And games were such great fun.

Now the pace is slower
For the master and his mate.
If one lags too far behind
The other stops to wait.

Some things we cannot change
Like aging and the weather,
But true friends are quite content
Just growing old together.

— © C. David Hay, DDS



Calif

— God Is The Knowledge and The Light © SM —



Los Angeles, Restaurant "Odessa"

I sit under a horse chestnut,
Where, it does not matter, well, say, in Odessa,
But unexpectedly it turned out it was in Los Angeles.
Do not let it look strange, linguistic mystery,
Here, "Odessa" is called a restaurant,
Which I visit sometimes.
I ask bartender Misha to treat me crayfish with beer,
Here I hear again the humor of Odessa,
And I drink beer with pleasure.
Chestnut leaves slowly rustle...
Such a strange landscape of my life,
Who wrote and why - it's not clear.

— © Adolf Shvedchikov

Holly

The Ocean Was Breathing Fog

The ocean was breathing fog,
The waves rolled along the sand,
And algae, like weeds, they captured everything,
Everywhere they were hanging.
I walked and listened to every sigh of mighty giant,
I looked at the pelican, he could not swallow the fish.
The fog was thick and the sun light
In any way, it did not want to break through,
Oh, how I wanted to get lost
In the darkness of the damp,
Where there is no more boundary
Between the sky and the water,
Where the waves lick the track...

— © Adolf Shvedchikov

English to Russian Translated by
Перевод с английского на русский

Adolf Shved



The Authors Market



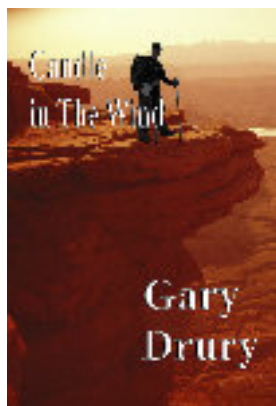
MASQUERADE is a tantalizing collection of poems reflecting on daily experiences, circumstances and mere creativity. A compilation of work spanning several years, it is a poetic excursion expressing a conglomeration of the author's

thoughts, which convey a simplistic sense of honesty. Dark, vivid imagery of an observant soul has molded these poems. The poems featured here are in tune with the writings of Edgar Allen Poe, by whom the author has long been inspired. The author endeavors to inspire the reader in ways he or she may never have contemplated.



CANDLE IN THE WIND is a poetry collection

about God and love. The poems celebrate the Lord's goodness and show how he guides our lives. The poems show hope and faith that abound with the belief in our Lord. Some poems tell about our angels, our Guardian angels and all Heaven's angels who come to us with help and point the way to enrich our lives. The poems glorify God and give us the hope of the Resurrection and the Second Coming. The poems talk about how the love of the Lord can color and enrich our lives. Like a Candle in the Wind the light of our Lord can show us the path to take. One poem is in praise of the beautiful four seasons of



the year that color our world. One poem describes a garden and others speak of hope even in the face of the death and mourning of our departed loved ones. He sports ten authored books, *Candle in The Wind* translated into Russian and now available on Amazon.com . This collection of Gary Drury's newest poems should not be missed. It will enrich your library of poetry.

The message in **NAKED** is an unspoken promise life will improve, things will change, with a positive outlook, faith in your soul and love in your heart – tomorrow is a better day. Regardless of how gravely a poem may come across at first reading the thoughts embodied the message are positive. God is answering, not with a whimper or with a roar, but silent and tame. Naked touches on sensitive subjects in today's society, such as rape, child abuse, suicide, modern relationships and depression. More traditional poems and prose of faith, God, angels and prayer grace these pages as well. The work strives for wellness of mind and spirit as tolerance of diversity is devotedly encouraged.



I'm furious with myself!

**“Why didn't I take advantage of the
FREE ADVERT offer?”**

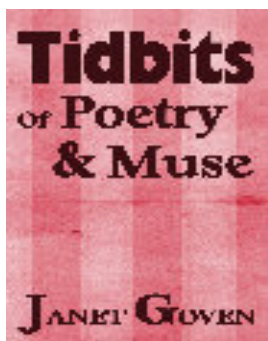
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this writer & miss out.**

WHAT A SHAME!?



TIDBITS OF POETRY AND MUSE

What is written here
is from me to you
from days and months
the years, not few
Tidbits of prose
poetry and reason
thoughts of the heart
for every season.



ISBN: 978-1986129237 Page
Count: 124 Binding Type: US Trade
Paper Trim Size: 9" x 6" Language:
English.



RESCUED

The ground was brown and barren
never dreaming on that day
the snow would soon be falling
and I'd quickly lose my way.
My hopes did melt like liquid
running through my veins as fear
pure panic pranced upon me
I knew my breaking point was near.
A vicious circle I was treading when
a distant bright light did appear
in the darkness I saw the lantern
and someone called "I'm coming, dear".
Down deep relief rolled over me
Replacing my fear and dread
I knew indeed I had been rescued
after all . . . I'm still in bed.

ADVENTURES WITH PROVIDENCE

The author shares her collection of fiction and non-fiction stories and her essays and compositions, written with the hope that the reader will enjoy finding peace, hope, goodness and love as they journey through these adventures.
ISBN: 978-1981669806 Page Count: 112
Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 10" Language: English.



SEPTEMBER SENTIMENTS



Goven wrote this book of fine poetry for her 40th wedding anniversary as a celebration gift for all attendees. Her work clearly demonstrates her grounded philosophies of life. Enjoy these easily relate-able works of arts and share at your next gathering. ISBN: 9781453653913 Page Count: 104 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 8" x 10" Language: English.





NO HATS OR BIB OVERALLS ON DANCE NIGHT is a collection of poetry about people. The sections are Street People, Working Folks, A



Bubble That's Slightly Off Center and The Smorgasbord. This book includes poems about bag ladies, bums and panhandlers. There are cremated ashes, a packing plant gut shoveler, an armed robber, a preplanned funeral party, a cross dressing trucker, a dentist, a cowboy, the Copper Queen and a bootlegger. These categories cover the spectrum of life. From sad to happy to belly laughing funny. It is a book of unconditional poetry! ISBN: 978-1986319225



manuscript. This manuscript won the Schultz-Award at South Dakota State University and five This book is an account of my life. It chronicles I've seen and done from hog slopping to visiting Art Museum. From the Milwaukee zoo to a Pinetop, Arizona. It contains bits of historic take you along across the United States. I with me back to the 1950's for day. We go on a tour of the Plant, coyote hunting, pheasant digging and taking out the train wreck, a flying saucer and blizzard. Through it all the ISBN: 978-1981523375



WORMS AFTER A HARD RAIN is the title of my

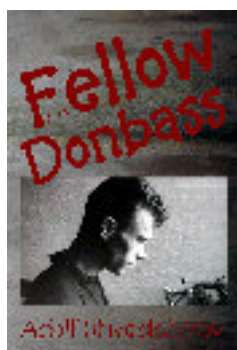


seventy-one poem Werth Research hundred dollars. some of the things the Amon Carter thunderstorm in fact and fiction. I transport the reader a gentle summer Cudahy Packing hunting, grave trash. We survive a a South Dakota writing prevails.



THE STALKING SPIRITS a book of nitty-gritty poetry. From the "Grey Sidewalk Man" to the "The Copper Queen," the people in this collection are hanging on tight. The scenery shifts from Texas to Arizona to New Mexico to Kansas to Illinois and to Canada. The subjects vary from drunk rolling, to picking gooseberries, to box turtles. All reminding us of The Grand Masterflash's song "The Message" when it says, "Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge!" We too slip when that "West Texas Preacher" slides in the mud down into the hole at the graveside service he is preaching in the rain. We feel the bewilderment when the ER nurse asked us to move our feet and we've been sitting so long that we can't feel them, don't know where they are. Through it all, the words take us there and bring us back ISBN: 978-1981523467





Adolf Shvedchikov novella **FELLOW FROM DONBASS** telling about the difficult post-war years of childhood and youth of Andrew Arbenin, who lives in one of the mines settlements of Donbass. The story tells his fate of almost half a century of his life from 1944 to 1990. After graduating school, he succeeds in entering Moscow State University. Later becoming a research fellow of one of the

leading research institutes of the USSR Academy of Sciences in Moscow. Shvedchikov story is devoted to his hero's family drama. Many interesting details and his perspective of that difficult era in Soviet Union. Which for the modern generation has become a frightfully long distant history. ISBN: 978-1987732610 Page Count: 170 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English.

AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR BITTER SCENT is a delightful book of poetry. Over the past 20 years, his poetic work became well known in Russia and abroad thanks to numerous publications. His poems systematically appear in various Anthologies and are published in the journals New Literature (Russia), Libelle (France), Pluma y tintero (Spain), Episteme, Our Poetry Archive (India), The World Poets Quarterly (China). Recently in Germany were published 5 books of his poetry: Jungle of Love, Crooked Mirrors of Imagination, Unknown eternal chains, the time has come to sum up, River of Life. Adolf Shvedchikov is a romantic poet. He is the master of love lyrics. But for him, love lyrics are not an independent goal. English Version: ISBN: 978-1984985507 Page Count: 60 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English Color: Black and White Related Categories: Poetry / General. English/Russian Version: ISBN: 978-1981518135 Page Count: 110 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English.



Over 150 Romanticized **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNETS** are now translated into Russian thanks to Dr. Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov Russian scientist, poet and translator. The William Shakespeare SONNETS translated in Russian is the perfect companion for students, teachers, colleges, universities or anyone studying the exquisite Russian language. English/Russian Version: ISBN: 978-1985131163 Page Count: 172 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9".





TEARS OF BLISS readers are given the opportunity to see the collection of poems "Tears of Bliss" by the famous Russian scientist, poet and translator Adolf Shvedchikov. The famous Russian scientist, poet and translator Adolf Pavlovich Shvedchikov, whose work is well known all over the world. His poems, translated into many languages, are printed in various countries in journals and anthologies. Be the flame of my soul; The world is beating convulsively." Over the past 20 years, he gained fame not only in Russia, but in many countries around the world. His poems are regularly published in international literary journals and anthologies, he is a member of various international literary societies. His books of poetry were printed in many countries (Russia, USA, Germany, Japan, Cyprus). Adolf Shvedchikov - the master of love lyrics, in his poems he constantly sings the female beauty. We hope that the book "Tears of Bliss" can be of interest to the English and Russian-speaking readers in different countries. English Version: ISBN: 978-1985378773 Page Count: 106 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English Color: Black and White Related Categories: Poetry / General. English/Russian Version: ISBN: 978-1985378056 Page Count: 118 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English .



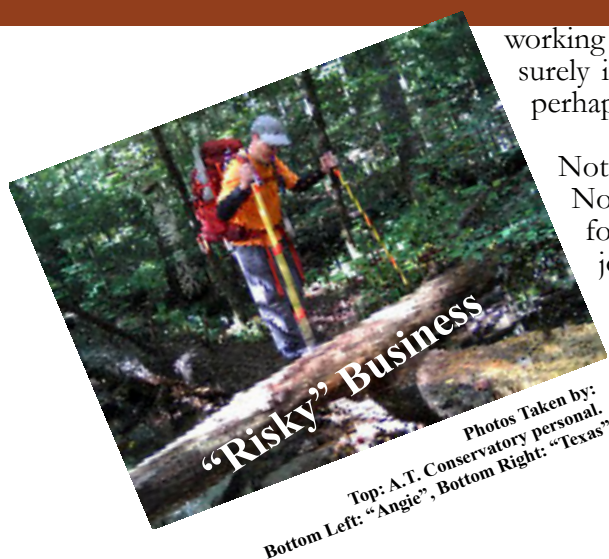
THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL TELLS A TALE

The Appalachian Trail is more than geography that extends through 14 states and 2200 miles of challenging terrain. For poet Gary Drury, his nonfiction account of his rendezvous with Mother Nature, or, as he describes her, a "cruel, relentless mistress," the Appalachian Trail represented an epic journey. Drury is not a camper. Not a hiker. Not a backpacker, boulder scrambler, athlete, or rock climber. In order to embark on the journey that he

undertook in 2014, he says, "I elected to step 180 degrees outside my comfort zone." He began the journey as a novice. By the end, he realized that he had undergone a life-changing event.

But he's a poet. So it was perhaps inevitable that he would turn the images into words when the journey ended. He's writing about his experiences, including the episode where he was nearly carried out in a body bag, and found the physical death to be reaffirming. The journey began, Drury admits, under romantic impressions he gleaned from a National Geographic documentary. There were times when he questioned why he was subjecting himself to the physical ordeal. He was too stubborn to give up. But just as powerful as his determination was his dedication to the deceased family members he honored with his quest, and the charities, including the Red Cross, St. Jude's, and the Salvation Army that he supported with his hiking.

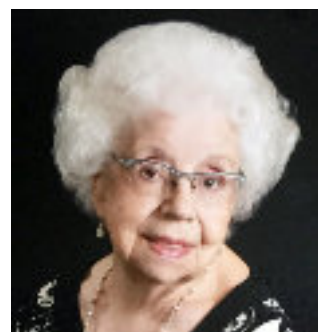
He got the idea from fellow hikers who, as they shared their experiences, told Drury that he should put his in print. "My memories, experiences, socialization will last a lifetime." He answered with warm inviting smile and a campfire glow gleaming in his slate-gray eyes. The



working title of his book FINDING NORTH will surely inspire others to seek adventure of their own, perhaps endeavor a journey of the Appalachian Trail.

Not everyone is going to hike the Appalachian Trail. Not everyone wants to, not everyone is able to. But for those who would like to experience the journey vicariously, walking the Trail in Drury's footsteps as they read his words, the book will be a travel guide. Drury's book FINDING NORTH can take you to the Trail, where you'll share the struggles and the triumphs of seven months that Drury, battered in body and exultant in spirit, will always remember.

LIFETIME MEMORIES IN VERSE book of poetry is made up of rhymes and thoughts that I have written down in the last twenty years of my life. They are memories of my early life and laments about my advanced age and a bit about my surroundings and my family. I have written about flowers and nature but those have been published in another resource so I have not included an excess of them here. Please read and enjoy. I was eighty years old before I wrote a single one of them. ISBN: 978-1981640768 Page Count: 158 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English.



HAIL is an extended short story about a man lashed with cowardice and the ghosts of his past.

Now, in 2045, the powers that be have brought a seeming savior to our midst, but it freezes the atmosphere, and the atmosphere falls, crushing everything beneath it.



Our "hero," Toby, must find a way to mesh his cowardice with his will to survive, all the while enduring the houndings of his submersible's on-board systems intelligence, LUCI. ISBN: 978-1718760967 Page Count: 44 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9" Language: English Related Categories: Fiction / General / SyFy .

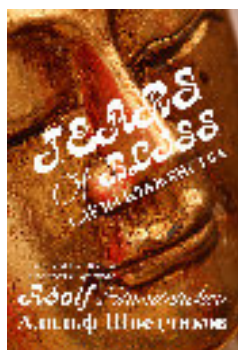
AGAIN, THE POPLARS SPREAD THEIR BITTER



SCENT is a delightful book of poetry. Over the past 20 years, his poetic work became well known in Russia and abroad thanks to numerous publications. His poems systematically appear in various Anthologies and are published in the journals New Literature (Russia), Libelle (France), Pluma y tintero (Spain), Episteme, Our Poetry Archive (India), The World Poets Quarterly (China). Recently in Germany were published 5 books of his poetry: Jungle of Love, Crooked Mirrors of Imagination, Unknown eternal chains, the time has come to sum up, River of Life. Adolf Shvedchikov is a romantic poet. He is the master of love lyrics. But for him, love lyrics are not an independent goal. English/Russian Version: ISBN: 978-1981518135 Page Count: 110 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9".



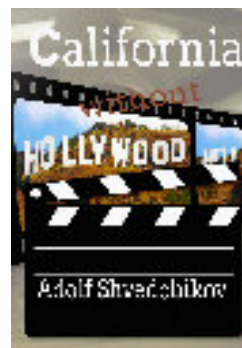
TEARS OF BLISS readers are given the opportunity to see the collection of poems "Tears of Bliss" by the famous Russian scientist, poet and translator Adolf Shvedchikov. The famous Russian scientist, poet and translator Adolf

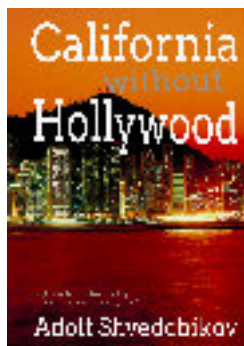


Shvedchikov, whose work is well known all over the world. His poems, translated into many languages, are printed in various countries in journals and anthologies. Be the flame of my soul; The world is beating convulsively." Over the past 20 years, he gained fame not only in Russia, but in many countries around the world. His poems are regularly published in international literary journals and anthologies, he is a member of various international literary societies. His books of poetry were printed in many countries (Russia, USA, Germany, Japan, Cyprus). Adolf Shvedchikov - the master of love lyrics, in his poems he constantly sings the female beauty. We hope that the book "Tears of Bliss" can be of interest to the English and Russian-speaking readers in different countries. English/Russian Version: ISBN: 978-

1985378056 Page Count: 118 Binding Type: US Trade Paper Trim Size: 6" x 9".

Born in Donbass (the town Shakhty, Russia) in a family of miners. My childhood and adolescence took place in a difficult time after World War II in one small mining settlement. I first met California, thanks to Hollywood films with Charlie Chaplin, who were very popular at that time in the USSR. Especially remembered the film "City Lights". The musical comedy "Sun Valley Serenade" with the Glenn Miller Orchestra and the famous Chattanooga Choo Choo melody was also very popular. Later in my youth I read books by American writers: Jack London, Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, poets Emilia Dickinson, Walt Whitman, who told about life in an unknown country of America. Since childhood, two elements have struggled in me: an interest in the exact sciences and a passion for literary creativity. This is not





surprising, because the Russian people were brought up on the books of such excellent writers as L.N. Tolstoy, F.I. Dostoevsky, N.V. Gogol, A.P. Chekhov and the poets A.S. Pushkin, M. Yu. Lermontov, Anna Akhmatova, Alexander Blok, Boris Pasternak and others. Therefore, it is not surprising that in the 60-70s of the twentieth century, among the technical intelligentsia, there were eternal disputes between “physicists” and “lyricists”. Passion for Russian literature is one of the most common among Russians. I was no exception. I began to write my first poems in early childhood. But then after graduating from high school, I entered the Moscow State University and the exact sciences became my profession. After graduating from university, I

worked for many years at one of the leading institutions of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR. But poetry has always been my hobby. I wanted my work to be known not only in Russia, but also in other countries. Therefore, I began to study English more thoroughly, so that readers could familiarize themselves with my work in translation. In the late 90s and early 2000s, I began to publish abroad in various poetic journals and anthologies. I was able to visit the USA for the first time in 1993. I have been to many American cities (New York, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Las Vegas, Salt Lake City), but most of all I liked California. Upon returning to Moscow, I published my first book, “My Discovery of America.” After that, I repeatedly visited Los Angeles and became increasingly acquainted with the life of this state not only as a world center of the film industry. I tried to express my impressions of California without Hollywood in a poetic form in the proposed collection of poems. Such verses as California, the Pacific sunset, Palm Springs, Encino, Oh, time, you are like the Pacific Ocean,





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Eternal sleep are near and dear to me. I
would like my readers to see California not
through the eyes of a tourist, but to feel the
specificity of this unusual US state with a
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