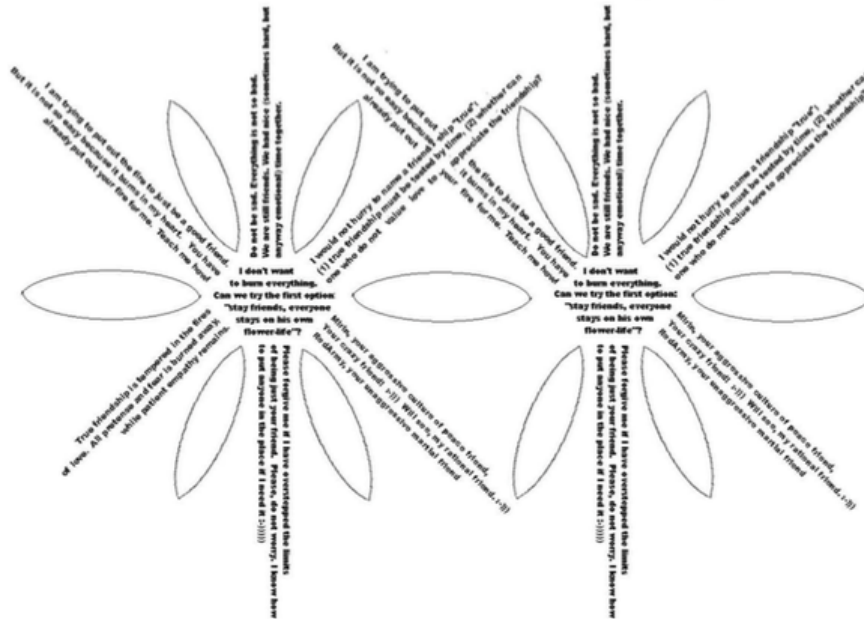


**The Epilogue to
Margarita's Double Diary**

The poor flowers are not yet happy, as they need to have their English translated into Russian so as to be complete. Perhaps you will be able to help?

:-))))

I don't want to burn everything. Can we try the first option: "stay friends, everyone stays on his own flower-life"? True friendship is tempered in the fires of love. All pretense and fear is burned away, while patient empathy remains.



I would not hurry to name a friendship "true";

(1) true friendship must be tested by time,

(2) whether can one who do not value love to appreciate the friendship?

Do not be sad. Everything is not so bad. We are still friends. We had nice (sometimes hard, but anyway emotional) time together.

Please forgive me if I have overstepped the limits of being just your friend.

Please, do not worry. I know how to put anyone in the place if I need it

:-))))

I am trying to put out the fire to just be a good friend. But it is not so easy because it burns in my heart. You have already put out your fire for me. Teach me how!

Your crazy friend!

:-)))

Will see, my rational friend. :-)))

Your unaggressive martial friend.

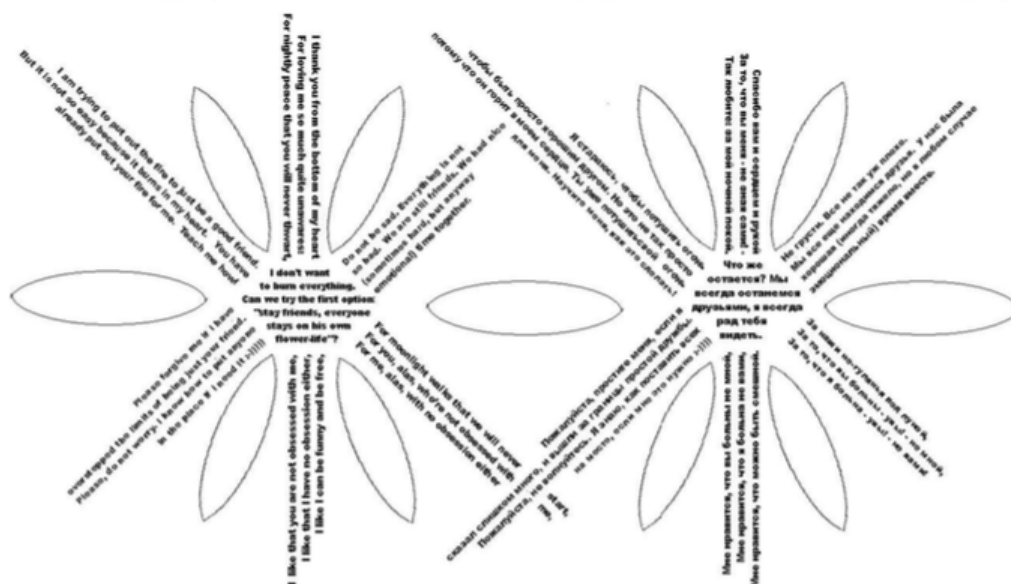
They are nice. But maybe it is still cold for flowers and they should wait until spring?

:-)))

They are not in a rush and can wait for "sunny" days!

:-))))

Maybe these flowers need a little help? But, you see, spring is really coming! :-)))



Nice flowers, I think they are OK and do not need special help or care. To be honest I do not see any reason for these phrases to be blooming, but it is up to the author. :-)))

Writing poetry is sublimation for me. Do you think it's a pathology? :-)))

PS David, in comparison with previous poetry, your last poems are not coming out of the heart. Am I wrong? :-))

I have been learning to not have passion and poetry without passion is not so poetic! But guess who is my teacher!!!

It is up to you. You should not share if you do not wish, and maybe I do not need to know. Actually it is not so easy for me to separate the tragedy from farce

Tragedy or farce? If passion then tragedy, and if no passion then farce.

I have no plans this evening. Would you like to

- 1) go to the concert?
- 2) have one more night together - "simply, gently, cheerfully and without tragedy"?
- 3) begin our time apart?

I think you know what I would like, but I don't want to be a hypocrite, and I want to be a good friend for you! So please tell me what you would like. :-)))

What should I do if I want all 3 options together? :-)))

Don't forget that it's a full moon, and although you didn't see the staircase last night, I think I did!!! :-)))

This is in your imagination only. It does not exist anymore:-))

OK. Please be patient with me, as I have changed more slowly than you! Also I don't want to lose all imagination or I can't write poetry anymore! Even if, as you say it does not have the passion as before.

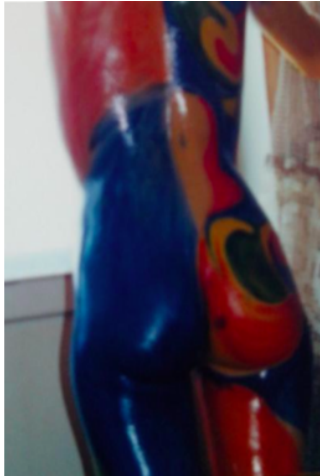
O! Do not worry. I'm sure you will be inspired by something/one :-)))

I have written more poetry since meeting you than in all of my life before! :-)))

May be it is natural process; and you simply changed the temp of writing:-)))

Yes, and the natural process is named Margarita! :-)))

Thank you for the lovely vase.



It inspired the following non-poem (since you don't want poems)

You gave me a vase that had no flowers and colors impossible to match. You gave me a puzzle with missing pieces and a picture impossible to see. You promised me to make no promise and in any case you plan to leave. And yet it makes me love you all the more! It's clear that I am some crazy cat!

It's not so much the flowers as the search or missing the pieces as imagining the scene. It's not so much that you're going to leave, but time becoming more precious every day! And longing that puts ink in my pen and makes me think of nothing but you!

As always, you see simple things as very complicated, and vice versa - complicated as very simple things. Definitely I need to look at your brain! :-)))



* * * * *

Little kisses for your working day.

As for me, I am still with you in the mountains :-))))

Good morning.

Thank you for the nice trip.

:-))))

Thank you from me too!

When you have time, please send me lots of photos!



Hi!

Would you tell me are you travelling next month or staying here? If you stay, may I ask you to water the plants in my apartment once while I am gone?

If not, please, let me know I will ask someone else.

Thanks :-)

I'll be happy to water your plants, since I'll be back in town, invisible but not free until the middle of the month.

When do you plan to come back?

Your good friend :-)))

At the end of the month.

Are you ok? Sorry for asking, but I have a foreboding and I'm asking everybody I know.

I'm OK. Just missing you. How are you?

Thank you for responding. I'm ok, thanks. Take care

missing you!

Thank you for one more cherry tree. They are beautiful now,, but, unfortunately, for a short time and never fructify

Is everybody OK?

Currently yes. I called all relatives and friends.

But I am still worried, since I saw bad dreams this weekend and in the morning a bird knocked and knocked in each of my windows in bedroom, living room, trying to get in during half an hour that scared me completely.

I know that something might happen but I do not know what and with whom. All these things may seem silly but I know my instincts and I afraid.

Ok, never mind. Just take care of yourself

Maybe the bird was trying to bring you some GOOD news! :-)))

No it means bad news or somebody's death. I'm not ready to laugh or make a joke on it. I just only shared my worries. Sorry for bothering

Again and In- In- And raise
again we visible divisible our arms Like
birds flew and yet to trees
we to free touch we
When soared the the dance Now
we on the moon to we
were the updraft whistling are
young we wind and older
flew together grow
by
one
way
or an-
other

Please understand that I am not laughing or joking. I am serious. How often have I written to you about the birds and other animals (plants too?) carrying "spirit-messages"! But how can we be sure about the nature of these messages?

I am afraid that your foreboding might be telling yourself that you will have a health problem in your own body. Are you sure you are OK? It worries me. :-(

Nevermind I'm ok thank u for caring

I'm glad!

:-))) and don't worry about the bird. He comes from our magic garden where spirits come and go in animal form, bringing us messages from other worlds . . .

Hi, I'm glad that all goes well for you! For me too, except that I miss you a lot. :-)))

O, As for your remark about missing me. I still did not leave and did not die. You know that you are always welcome. If you are not allowed to see your friends [that's very common in marriages, believe me as a specialist :-)))],

it is your choice. So, you cannot complain to me that you are missing me. :-))

:-))) Why God Never Received A PhD

1. He had only one major publication.
2. It was in Hebrew.
3. It had no references.
4. It wasn't published in a refereed journal.
5. Some even doubt he wrote it by himself.
6. It may be true that he created the world, but what has he done since then?
7. His cooperative efforts have been quite limited.
8. The scientific community has had a hard time replicating his results.
9. He never applied to the ethics board for permission to use human subjects.
10. When one experiment went awry he tried to cover it by drowning his subjects.
11. When subjects didn't behave as predicted, he deleted them from the sample.
12. He rarely came to class, just told students to read the book.
13. Some say he had his son teach the class.
14. He expelled his first two students for learning.
15. Although there were only 10 requirements, most of his students failed his tests.
16. His office hours were infrequent and usually held on a mountain top.
17. No record of working well with colleagues.

Thank you for the note about God, but be careful. God is coming and she is pissed!

Meanwhile, here is another tree. I hope you like it!

:-)))

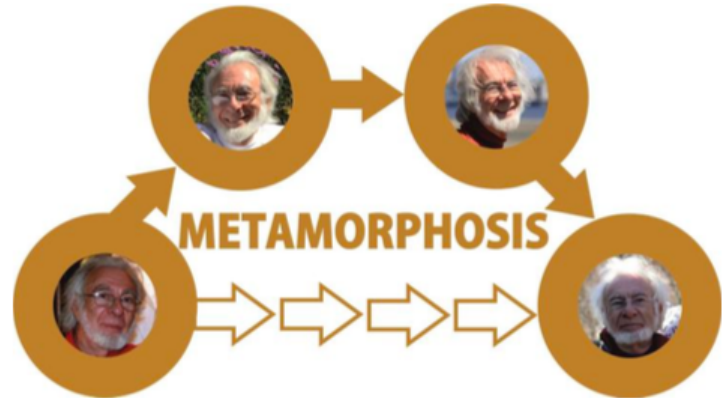
I know
Maybe I should not say it
In spring next year
do you think
I know, This year again we did not see the spring
This year the spring was cold and did not stay
The cherry blossoms have given way to leaves of spring
Their petals are blown around in heaps by the wind
They bear no fruit and live so short a time.
I'm missing you
but I want to find our gone with the wind
my fault, I know, This year again we did not see the spring
It was my fault, I know, This year again we did not see the spring

Trees, birds, garden, spring, etc and some thoughts on this point: Maybe it is very symbolic but we have never had the spring time during three years, only the fall when everything dying. And suddenly you started to care about our time (especially that no guarantee that I will be here next year), OUR time gone.

Once, I read (written on a cherry tree) that we grew up. I feel, growing up I lost the wings. [Think you too; remembering the change of your look at me.

I even made a plot, "the metamorphosis of a look", after that St Patrick day; it's interesting, very graphically and very sobering. You must see it (attached) to realize that you never loved me, maybe my feeling of love to you, but not me.] And I should say, it is not so bad and less painful to walk on the ground without fear to fall down from height because somebody broke my wings.

Do not plant trees in the garden. Since the only entrance into the garden by air is closed for wingless beings, nobody cared to water the plants, and the garden turned into herbarium with dry pages of the diary and the book of poems.



Look back, David, all the time you were free making a choice: to love or not, to betray or not, to hurt or not, to say goodbye or not, to go back or not, to hold my love in your hands or to drop it (you didn't care and it's done), including the last decision to stay friends.

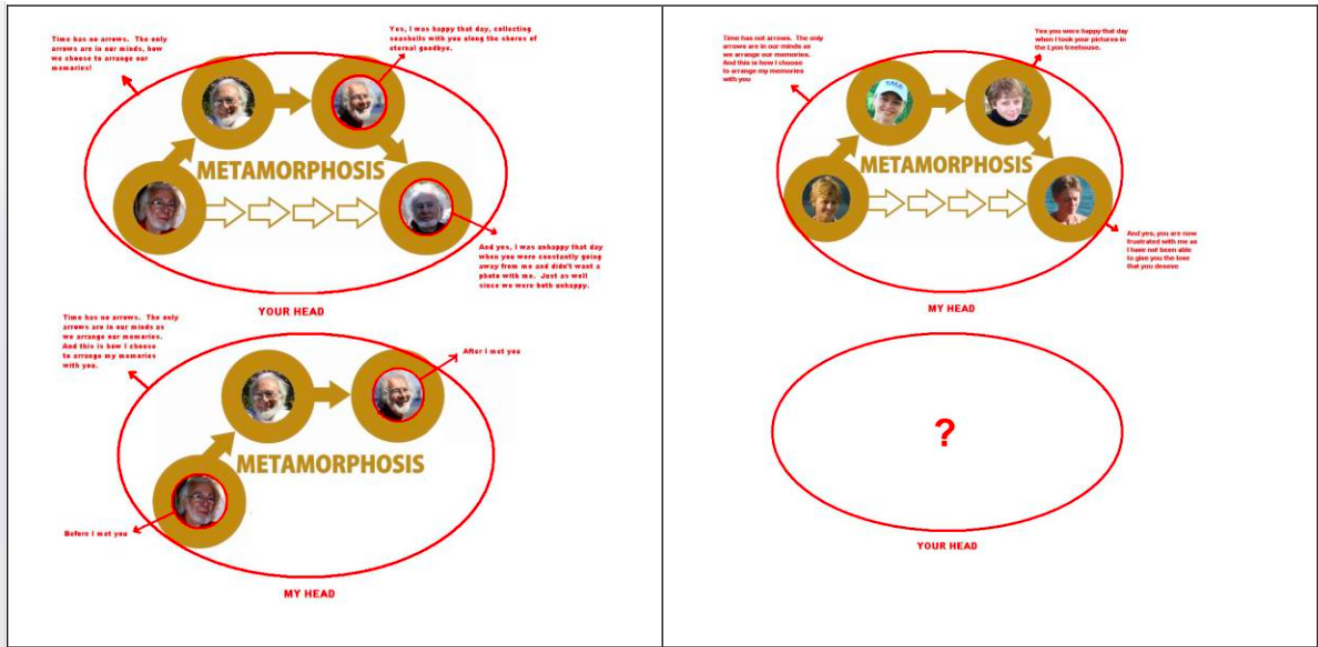
Loving, I never contradicted before; respecting, I agreed with the last one, and I should say I do not regret about this. So, let's be consistent and keep the direction to stay friends without the romantic tinsels from the past; leave your romantic mood to someone you really appreciate but not only use, if such people exist.

So, I am always glad to see you, but I do not miss you more then I miss others close friends. Maybe you did not understand that even if I share the bed with you it is not the same that it was in the past, and if you do not like it feel free to say and to stop this type of relations.

Please, excuse me for the long and maybe a little complicated e-mail and, please, understand, that this is not "the revenge of the offended woman" (even if I was hurt and upset it is not my style), I simply maximally honest with you as always.

:-))

Here are my versions of "metamorphosis."



Good morning!

I have all rights to say it, since I woke up at noon. I shut up the alarm clock and overslept skype, phone calls, shuttle to jupiter etc :-)))))

I realized how much I have tired for last 3 weeks, so, sorry, no biking today for me, maybe next time.

Thank you for sending the "Metamorphosis", but, sorry, I did not find anything interesting in versions, as well do not see any dynamics in fig.II.

:-))

Is there something else you might like to do with me today that is less strenuous?

Museum? Cinema? Original idea?

:-)))))

we can go to gallery if you like. what time do they close?

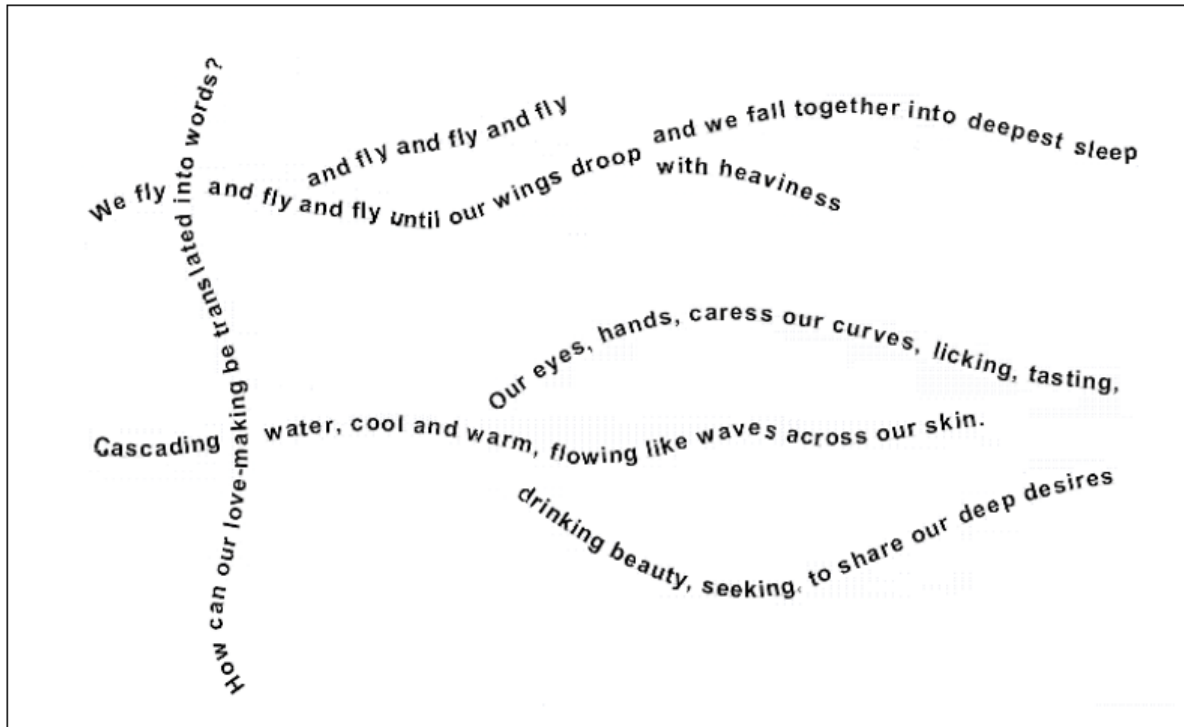
The wood sculpture (from the exposition at the Yale Art Gallery)



terrible foreshortening :-((I had not noticed the face!)

Can I send you a new poem?

Can I send you a new poem, if it is a nice one?	You can do what you want.	I need another half hour to finish it and then I'll send it. I think you'll like it. :-)	Не обещаю	BOT ! Inspired by the wood carving you picked out, but hopefully this time there are no evil eyes! :-)))
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Very nice. :-) And yes, it is not evil eyes. It's 2 ordinary leaves on thin branch; 2 of the thousands of others. Which are ruffled and close to be ripped by the wind.	I'm so glad you like it! :-))))	I did not say this, as well as did not say that I dislike. The only I said that it is very good handicraft batch-production. :-))
Well, at least you said it is very nice.	Do not be upset, please. Now, having nothing to say, you are trying to re-shape the phrases that was said and apropos in the past. Good night! :-))	But I do have things to say and I say them in other poems that I do not send you, because you do not want to hear "my excuses." By making this poem from lines that did not upset you in the past, I succeeded to write you a poem that you could at least say was "nice." :-)

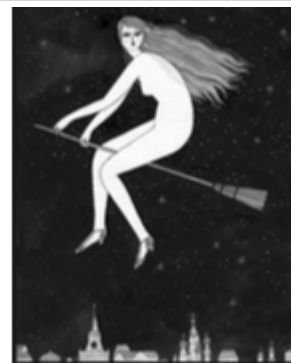
Thank you for your honesty and your friendship!

Счастливого пути - и возвращение

:~)))

Thank you, enjoy May, actually it is my favorite month of spring

:~)



Hi,

I feel, before I leave, I need to say sorry for the tough tone of the last e-mail. Everything truth, but maybe I should not say it that way. Your last poem made me pissed, think, everyone would be who sent an invitation (almost in the direct way) and got the response - maybe in the next year (even in poetic form). That makes me feel as a geisha or a prostitute, who provides a rest/vacation for tired from married life people and feeds the Pegasus sometimes. I do not want to be treated like them, I would not like to be hurt and abased anymore, unfortunately, you cannot or do not want (I do not think that you are so thick-skinned or indelicate) to understand it, and once again I have to explain all these things to you in direct way. So, I'm asking one more time, do not send me any ghosts form the past (such as the Margarita's picture in the last e-mail). If you want to keep in touch with me, please, keep neutral friendly tone of the e-mail exchange as I'm doing, or do not e-mail me.

Thank you for understanding. :-)

I will too have
We try will no Now the
heard not pass right birds The
The the to to are lost tree
cherry mysterious miss want and is Now
In tree songs you they dead the
the in of birds . crash and secret
secret flower through against no garden
garden, moved our the longer is closed
wild with windows moves and
orchids the . with will
used to dancing the never
bloom wind know
in the . the
spring
.
Now the
cherry
tree is
marked
in red
to be
cut down

