**happening**

*Lazarev:* Hey, Bornikov, let's go catch some criminals

*Bornikov*: No, I'm not up for that, let's catch Loskutov instead

Lazarev and Bornikov are a police captain and lieutenant

personnel of the Novosibirsk Region GUVD “E” center

once

Artem Aleksandrovich

at an unidentified time

in an unidentified place

willfully

illegally

without intent to distribute

for personal use

acting willfully

aware of the unlawful character of his actions

purchased

from an unidentified person

for an unidentified sum

a plastic bag

with a substance

of vegetative origin

and green

which was the narcotic drug marijuana

the total dry mass of the substance was eleven point zero grams

which is in fact a large amount

after which

putting it in his carrier bag

in the same way

illegally

willfully

without intent to distribute

carefully keeping on his person

an illegally purchased narcotic drug

Artem Aleksandrovich

began

to travel

across the territory of the Dzerzhinksy neighborhood

\*\*\*

The state arrives

through the pipes every day

into every house

The President

approved this a long time ago

the Patriarch also

don’t be a fool

blessed it

And now even there

Where it didn’t go before

Gagarin arrives

For the blood of Soviet babies,

Smiling broadly,

and offers a pin

To those who had time to hide

and jumped out the window

and had time to call

the emergency services

a tender voice answers

the voice of Yuri Alekseevich

explaining the details

of the procedure for peaceful surrender to the authorities

and subsequent departure

for the summer labor

therapeutic camp, “Fatalist”

in 2 shifts.

**On an unusual transformation into a scoundrel**

Once K. woke up and realized that his hands were clean

Although he remembered not making any particular effort in that regard yesterday

During the day he barely recalled this strange event again.

And by evening he’d completely forgotten it.

The next day K., with increasing alarm, discovered that he had a cool head.

He also tried to explain this to himself in a rational way

But his cool head wasn’t particularly well disposed for this

Moreover the general trend was all too clear

On the third day, resisting speculation with difficulty

He discovered all the same that he had a flaming heart

After this he understood everything completely (but this had been a long time coming),

looked at himself one last time in the mirror, which couldn’t really help much anymore,

got dressed,

gathered his things,

shaved,

and began working for scoundrels.

**Taxonomy**

Poets can be divided into those

who write

because

they have a gaping hole

in their hearts,

those who

Read something similar

And decided to share,

Those who do filigree and senseless

ornamental embossing

or create coded

messages about

things too shameful to impart

simply –

plus, by virtue of their mediocrity

and by virtue of their marginal experience,

there are those that belong to the Emperor

embalmed ones,

those that are trained,

stray ones,

poets included in this classification,

poets running like madmen,

and innumerable others,

many, many miscellaneous others

miscellaneous and from the past,

incidentally, it’s also worth mentioning

poets who have broken the flower vase

and also those that at a distance resemble flies.