

# RAINBOW FLAVOURS AND OTHER SCENTS

by Shmavon Azatyan



Rui M. Publishing

# RAINBOW FLAVOURS AND OTHER SCENTS

poetry book by

*Shmavon Azatyan*

Winner of Nature 2015



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*<http://talesforlove.blogs.sapo.pt>  
<http://contosdasestrelas.blogs.sapo.pt>*

*“The Armenian poet Shmavon Azatyan builds a gift made of poetry that creates on us a deep feeling of astonishment when staring at the small details of nature. Love is everywhere, specially when inspired by nature. His poetry seems to emanate from a spring of poetic dreams.”*

*Rui M.*

**IMPORTANT NOTE:**

**This is a short version of the book “Rainbow Flavours and Other Scents” by Shmavon Azatyan. If you want to obtain the full length work, please contact the author at [shazzai@yahoo.com](mailto:shazzai@yahoo.com) and give a small donation of 99 USD cents for nature conservation and art development.**

## SHMAVON AZATYAN

Shmavon Azatyan was born in Armenia. He studied English Language and Foreign Literatures at Yerevan State University 1993-1998. Shmavon got inspired by John Updike's prose and started writing poems in mid 90s. Shmavon's first poems were either about the political regime in Armenia or love. After the military service Shmavon wrote more love poems – that became an escape from the harsh reality of the decadent political system and the lawlessness in the armed forces. Still later, writing love poetry became a way for Shmavon to explore relationships between men and women, boundaries of love and challenges of its manifestations. In 2002, Shmavon got enrolled into the English program at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette and in 2004 he got his MA in English / Creative Writing. During his studies in America, a few of Shmavon's poems were published in Southwestern Review. These poems are about love, the unnamed and the mystic. Soon Shmavon's poems appeared on the website of Armenian Poetry Project (based in New York). A turning point in Shmavon's career was the publication of "We're Clocked the Zero Time Love" in 2012 by Firstwriter Magazine. Other publications ensued in the following years – a love meta-poem "A Day About Her" by Lost Tower Publications and "Boysen and Berries" about negotiation and balance in a relationship by Stand Magazine. In 2015, Shmavon won the First Place in International Literary Contest with "My Island," a poem which celebrates relations between nature and feelings of love. In the recent years, Shmavon has further explored love and elements of nature in his poems, where these two phenomena are interdependent and figure as metaphors of each other.

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## BIRD IN A PARCEL

Why do you send me  
a “Bird of Happiness?”  
A porcelain red creature,  
speckled,  
perching on a bough.  
A little box inscribed  
“May You Reach New Heights.”

It has come on a flight  
spanning vast waters.

Why do you call an amalgam  
of a humming bird and a hawk  
a Bird of Happiness?

I remember in the summer,  
when you were a taxi ride away,  
you never mentioned  
happiness,  
talking your head off.  
We drank wine,  
you gave me beautiful eyes,  
palpable words,  
and an opportunity  
to splice mine with yours.

And in the night,  
when our hearts raced,  
you didn't even think  
that there was happiness.  
You didn't make me  
reach for heights,  
our bodies tightly loving each other,  
pivoted into completion.

## SUMMERS

I have known summers  
come and go -

they become one  
with the wildly pounding  
of my heart.

I know when June bursts,  
the grass needs cutting,  
acacia's golden spittle  
drips first,  
then apricot's sap  
streams down the tree -  
a silver blob of dew drop  
appears on my knee.

In the throbbing heat  
herbs flower,  
each in its turn,  
bivalve and tuber,  
bushy and bulbous.

July and August  
appear in ordained sequence  
withholding depths within.

I know when nights get chilly,  
peach is ripe,  
and grape is coming in.

Under the laden warm sway  
of late summer  
I discover the moon  
peering over my shoulder  
out of a sky  
still blue.

All still new...

## THE SNOWFLAKE

When I study a snowflake -  
a hexagon with branches and limbs  
linked to the centre -  
I understand when it really snows in winter.

Each snowflake is unique,  
and one of them reminds me of  
her –  
almond shaped eyes  
pushing forward her lyrical nose  
that graces her frilly mouth;  
her penchant for the funky boots  
and rainbow dresses,  
from behind which  
her vigor to choreograph  
thunders.

And I know  
why we married choreography with literature,  
for it truly snows  
only once in a wintertime.