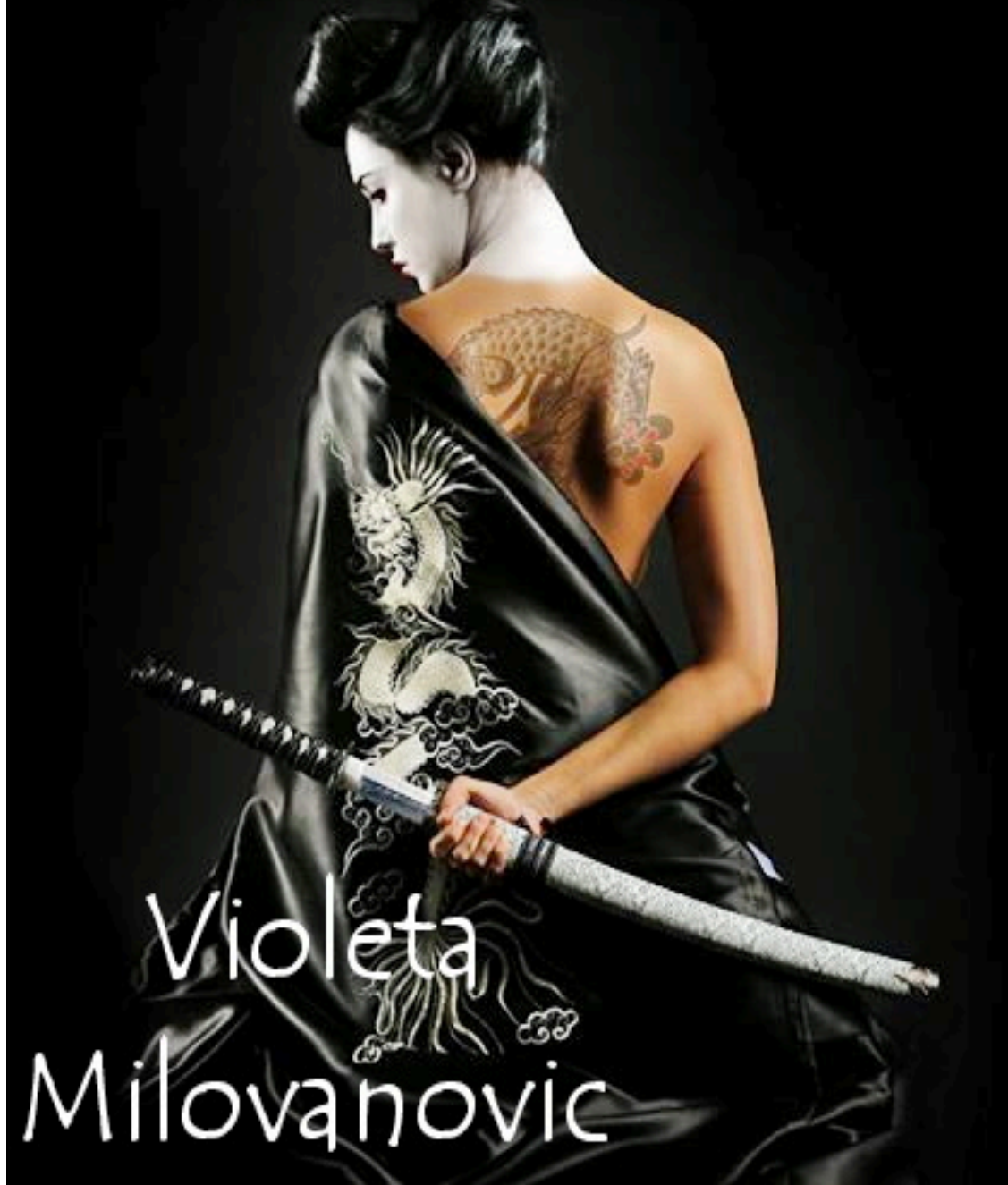


*DRAGON*



Violeta  
Milovanovic

Dragon

DRAGON - Violeta Milovanovic

(The fourth collection of poetry)

# *Violeta Milovanovic*

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### ***This morning***

“You’re dreaming of escaping again,  
aren’t you?” –  
the courage whispered to her softly.  
“But your heart is trembling, isn’t it?  
So, ensconce here, in this safety,  
shut your eyes, don’t see the world  
and the stars,  
shut your heart  
don’t let it fly beyond  
spaces and constellations,  
locking yourself up is your best salvation” –  
All these venomous words uttered by fear,  
you stumble on it perpetually,  
all these words that penetrate  
your heart, like a devil in a land holy  
...are a scintilla of your mind,  
spread those mighty wings toward the light.

Are you dreaming of escaping again?  
Open your eyes and do it this morning!

## ***Waiting for the snow***

We need snow for kisses,  
I'm a snowflake in the corners of your lips.  
Once you inhale me,  
I'll become your syringe  
of sweet tortures  
that blossom in your blood vessels,  
once you see me,  
you'll know I'm not a desert  
but an avalanche  
that crumbles your bones  
then, suddenly, I'm a snowflake  
landing on your heart's corners  
and I'll perch there for an eternity,  
waiting for the snow patiently.

***Rest in my core***

Make them disappear –  
all my demons  
in a brewing pot of fears and doubts;  
you are the rain in my desert,  
a shower, a torrent, all the swollen clouds.  
So, I refuse to die wondering  
how it could have been  
but I'll dive deep within  
the crushing waves of your soul,  
lift me high  
so I can inhale this mortal air no more.  
Forever!  
You rest in my core.

***Your sorrow is beautiful***

Your sorrow is beautiful,  
dazzling, in fact,  
and if your eyes burn down to the soul,  
burst in flames wild and invincible,  
you are alive,  
nothing can erase you now  
when your pain stands as a reminder!  
Remember these tears,  
they are crystal,  
remember and release  
all the crestfallen sighs this instant.

***When all the sorrows explode***

When all the sorrows explode in me,  
take every piece, grain and spark  
and toss them into the wind of freedom  
where my poems caper in the light dark.

Infuse a new life into these veins  
then, blossom in my soul  
all the knives and blades  
won't make me bleed, won't cut my core.

When all the sorrows explode in me,  
write me into a poem  
so I can live eternally.

## ***Mirrors***

We are mirrors, in fact.  
Don't you see your own reflection  
in my sparkling lakes,  
undauntedly crying in silence?  
Just a mirror in front of you,  
here and there  
cracks yawning in despair;  
the thistles in your soul  
will become hyacinths  
once you stop  
whetting your darkness  
against a darker shade;  
once you perceive the tears in the mirrors  
they'll become your raw strength.

...a few cracks, here and there  
weeping, sleeping in despair.  
We are mirrors, in fact.

## ***Flickering lights***

A ghost between flickering lights  
approaches slow, then fast  
making the blood seethe in the veins  
then, suddenly I see your face  
the ghoul of the past has returned  
to wake up the sorrows and the gloom,  
to bury the quiet and the peace  
to bite, and then release  
its venom, spreading through the heart  
extinguishing this faint spark  
that flickered in the twilight  
'tis gone, broken, a dead sight.  
It has come back for me –  
a ghost between lights flickering.....

## ***The frozen boughs***

Shake the frozen boughs in my heart,  
enlighten the foul darkness of my mind  
and the wounds that fester and smother  
my breath, my dream; the mother  
of all the killers is the solitude in our souls,  
don't let it conquer  
your will, aptitude, and the core.

As long as you breathe  
I'll be waiting here  
in an icy tower between  
all the shadows of dark and light.  
Which one is stronger  
to hush the sighs?

And when you come  
shake the frozen boughs,  
crush this glacial sun!

## ***Shed ink***

I don't want blood  
running through my veins,  
I want ink  
so when I bleed I shed  
verses, words, not blood or tears.

I don't want breath in my lungs,  
I want a poem,  
so when I run or dance  
I echo the sighs of melancholy.

But I do crave love,  
a wild, passionate dive  
into the darkness, the unknown  
chambers of my heart  
so, when it crushes me  
I can shed ink on the blank sheets  
of misery.

## ***Adamantine***

This adamantine heart  
can choke sorrow,  
drain the tears,  
this adamantine heart  
can move mountains  
break the rusted spears  
that were plunged to the bone  
the blood may be pouring in rivulets  
but the adamantine heart is reborn.  
Believe you have one!

***A white dove,  
a black crow***

I might be awake  
in your deep dreams  
but I might rot in despair  
in a remote galaxy.  
You could cross the space  
to lay a kiss upon my brow  
but you won't do that  
for your pride makes you a black crow  
perched on the peak of a pole  
looking down at my sable core.  
You could deliver us all  
with a light kiss, a hug  
but you won't.  
So we remain captives of your manhood  
that taught you not to say love  
sweet words, twitter them out  
but better shout  
to my heart  
all that rests in your deeps  
then, I'll turn into a white dove landing  
on your warm palm quietly  
forever, giving you everything.

***You cannot choke the verse in me***

You cannot choke the verse in me,  
you cannot cut it with your blades  
in the midst of a blizzard they'll blossom  
the verse the earth shakes.

Your heart will be dark forever  
if you don't let love in  
so don't squint when it comes  
with a torch to disperse your dark fog void.

You cannot choke it within you  
once it spreads wildly through your veins  
you cannot control its speed  
nor can you flee or play dead.

You cannot choke the verse in me  
you cannot cut it with your blades  
for, even when I bleed  
I bleed poems in different shades.

## ***Rime***

Rime over your warm lips  
bites my puny heart  
antiqued brass and silver tears collide  
this piercing silence  
in the middle of the night  
bestows no hope upon my heart.

Your cold body in my arms  
a precious pearl at the bottom  
of the blue deep sea  
your heart the dark diamond  
your eyes blazing  
through the mist, and the verses  
but my love never loses  
the spark that suffocates the darkness.  
Rime over your warm lips  
slays my loneliness.

***To all the men***

You cannot read her  
without touching her pages,  
you cannot touch her  
without unlocking her cages.  
She's not a reward to claim,  
she's a delicate petal in the palm  
of your hand.

In all the lustrums of her life  
she's alternately sad and blithe  
but never a tarnished lie;  
a warrior with gory knees  
then, a child – cheeks besotted with bitter tears.  
Lift her up when she is down  
and she will quietly perch  
on your heart's throne.

### ***Are you...?***

I am yours in death and life,  
I am yours till all the skies  
tumble over us.  
I am yours in the poems about us  
and every broken verse is  
a broken heart  
mended by your strong arms.  
I am yours  
but are you mine?

### ***Fogs never dissipate***

Creeping tendrils of fog,  
your ineffable love  
and the last day of hope  
condensed in this coffee mug;  
black waves stirred  
shoulders shrug  
for the future is just another bubble,  
a hot pin coming close to it,  
days go by, then shuffle,  
numb tears hanging like tendrils.  
Days and nights are the same  
peaceful, wistful, silent pain.  
Fogs never dissipate.

## ***Free in your arms***

Veil of her soul  
is a hard iron shield on a battlefield.

The moon over it  
exploded into a shower of stars;  
when the veil ripples in the wind  
kiss her softly, guide her nights,  
hush her fears for she trembles  
like a dry leaf in this hurricane,  
wrap her body with warmth  
when the earth shakes.

Her soul is a festered wound  
only your bandages can heal it  
but don't press too hard  
she's a broken bird  
death might steal it.

Hear the cries of her soul,  
in the beginning their sound might strangle you  
but you'll breathe again  
once you perceive the light in her eye,  
she's decided to be free,  
free in your arms.

## ***You're just a dream***

You're just a dream,  
a fog cloud dispersed by wind  
you're intangible, yet enticing  
your somber sky lacks a lightning.

....always prepared for silence  
never dare to break its radiance  
and that shrieking sound,  
you are a mystery buried deep underground.

But you cannot refute grief.  
It's reflected in your lakes  
that sparkle, glitter, dance  
and dazzle me for an eternity...

you're just a dream  
around my heart, jiving....

## **DRAGON**

There's a dragon in everyone's heart,  
his fire flickering down in the core,  
let it rise to a roaring flame,  
let your voice be heard.

The beast is asleep,  
its weary eye on the verge of a lift  
silently, it bleeds  
in the deep shadows split  
suddenly by a blazing ray of light.  
Be awake, be brave,  
you're a dragon, not a kite!

All the storms and flashes of lightning  
will not kill you  
for your faith is an inkling  
of the power that rests within you.

## ***Your success***

Their silence is your success  
don't let it confuse you  
once you soar,  
they'll pretend  
they don't see you.

And your wings "don't flap"  
they pretend they don't hear you  
in fact, they can't stand the noise  
they snap  
every time you...

block their sun, green with envy  
you are a thorn in their wound  
festered, dark, heavy.

Their silence is your success  
you don't need an approval  
of pretence!

***Thank you***

My roaming has ended  
it died in sweet tortures  
the days of solitude  
that were splendid  
are now the dust in the deserts  
of the long-forgotten pain  
the soul I had is not the same  
as it is now  
my solitude, before your master kiss  
has taken a bow  
and the electricity of your arms  
everything that had been dead in me - you revived  
This is a "thank you" poem,  
you've brought me back to life.

***~ Dedicated to U.Š. ~***

***Where has your heart lost its wings?***

Where has your heart lost its wings?  
In the deep mire of their foul words?  
Where have they buried your belief  
in the strength, in survival, in you?  
And for **Whom** is this poem written?  
For the foes, for dreams or **You**?  
Read again, breathe through the lines,  
it has been written, indeed, for you.  
All the tortured souls that lost their vigour  
stand up, dismantle the pain  
for they're waiting for your demise and shiver.  
So, don't shake  
but stand proud in the eyes of an earthquake.

***Shine anew***

There's a rickety latch on my heart  
you can swing the door open  
but once you enter  
the thick gossamer might  
wrap your world; the unspoken  
words might pierce your soul  
but if I am the one  
you will burn the thick gossamer,  
bring the wild flames with you,  
just if you want  
my heart to shine anew.

***Never a rose***

I'm a thorn in your mind,  
you can never pluck me,  
I leap through centuries  
never out of your sight  
virile strength in me.

You can shut  
all your chambers and vaults,  
I'm sand,  
the wind is my brother,  
fasten the doors, stick all the bolts  
but I'll come from within you,  
sudden....

is my venom in your veins.  
Don't you know I'm that  
suffocating fume of your air?

Never a rose, always a thorn,  
I rest within your core....

***Free verse***

This little life I have in my hands –  
you cannot lead, nor can you take  
a piece or two,  
a day or night, for sure.  
I am not you,  
but an independent, free verse.

Allow me to fall,  
and I'll rise stronger  
than before;  
the more I crush,  
the more I know.

This little life I have in my hands  
Is my own free verse,  
I'm making a poem out of it.

## ***Waves of your soul***

Where did your love vanish?  
Perched quietly on the pillar  
of my being,  
flowing through my bloodstream,  
capering in my bones;  
silence interrupted by loud kisses  
and breaths that are waiting to explode.  
I vanished long ago  
in the crushing waves of your soul -  
You are the *invictus* of my core.

***Hit this puny heart***

Hit this puny heart with a bludgeon  
to kill all the demons  
but the more it's hit  
the faster they grow  
and the deep blue skies slow  
down before their powers  
and all my universes end up in showers  
of stars that last for a second,  
dazzle you, then extinguish  
like you extinguished me;  
hit this puny heart with a bludgeon  
so I can be free.

***A wisp of smoke***

A wisp of smoke on your sanguine lips  
summons this frail embodiment of pure vanity,  
the weak flesh and wonky bones  
condensed in eternity;  
the dark of the room  
bathes this sore skin,  
the light and the gloom  
interspersed in your pupil,  
dilated like my love,  
procrastinated pangs in the soul,  
and this fear of yore -  
all whirling in the wisp of smoke.  
When the lips come close  
I die before the kiss one hundred times.

## ***Tears***

This morning I ordered my tears to retreat,  
go back to the watery pit.  
I cursed, screamed and whipped  
them to the verge of bleed.  
They bow their crystal heads  
and they leave  
every time I bid them to sleep.  
I will not show mercy for the tears,  
lachrymose verses and plastic spears.  
My spears will be made of steel,  
iron or brass,  
no, I will not sink down, alas!  
Nor hide!  
Tears are just a weakness in disguise.

***Every layer of sorrow***

Bitter wind in your eyes,  
the coldness of your marrow  
pokes my silent world tonight,  
and every layer of sorrow.

All the fumes and scents in the air  
swim through my dark veins  
and they choke me, break my bones  
you are a lovely black rose  
on a snowy meadow  
you are every layer of my sorrow.

And the more I scratch the surface of it,  
the faster your face appears,  
and the more you are in me  
the longer death lingers.

## ***Cobwebs in my lashes***

Cobwebs in my lashes  
exude more love that you ever will,  
my dark skies hide flashes  
of lightning  
that will pierce your soul  
once you see them –  
I'm nothing but love,  
but you?  
You are all alone  
sitting, pouting on your glittering  
throne.  
Cobwebs in your soul...

## ***Declarations of fear***

Dust of sleep in my eyes,  
and this quill in my heart,  
smeared wings blood red and white,  
I am no longer "I".

To soar now when slumbering in the gutters?  
I'd rather jive with shadows here  
and the dust of wind that shutters  
my bones, verses, and sincere  
declarations of fear.

Yes, I am a grain of sand  
among all the stones and bricks  
heavy, robust and brave  
I am the ultimate antonym.

Dust of sleep in my eyes,  
and the streams of your poison  
in my veins that tantalize....

## ***Archer***

There's an archer at the cliff.  
As my body descends to a watery grave  
he follows me patiently  
till I hit rocks and under water shades.

His bow is strung,  
his eye cold gray,  
he's waiting for my lungs  
to fill with waves.

And when the water steals my breath  
he will release his lethal arrow  
to make sure I am dead  
and with me every glimpse of hope's shadow.

There's an archer at the cliff  
and a storm in a cloud  
but no rain rinses my skin  
for I am an ocean loud.

## ***Paradox***

“You are not stronger than me” –  
she slammed the door to her fear’s face.

You are not a part of me,  
you are just sugar on a hot plate;  
salt in a wound  
when the pain is excruciating,  
a rainy day when it should  
let the sun be dominating.

So, who are you now?  
A faceless ghoul in a dungeon,  
no voice to call my name again  
for I’ve beaten you with a gory bludgeon.

You are not stronger than us.  
Fear is just a twisted paradox.

## ***Boughs***

Boughs are wet, black, slippery  
and my soul loves tree-climbing.  
Your kisses are deep, electric, shivery,  
when you press your lips against mine  
I'm dying;  
in this solitary hour  
when no sound echoes back,  
the wind crushes the boughs  
and my soul with them.

Boughs are weak, distant, invisible  
now that you've come.  
Your kisses are collateral  
damage to my mind.

Boughs are wet, black, slippery.  
Loving you is tree-climbing.

## ***Collector***

I sometimes collect tears  
in a silent sob,  
a numb shriek in a ghastly dark night.

I collect them,  
never thinking of extinguishing  
all the sorrow's sparks.

I collect all your smiles, too  
and the shades in your eyes  
green, brown, then obscure,  
they help me survive the night.

...and poems,  
I can't forget them,  
and verses –  
always a better part of my world dead.

I collect trinkets  
for I find comfort in them,  
wisps of clouds  
on a pale canvas.

And I sometimes collect tears  
in a silent sob,  
they remind me of the years  
spent in brightness and joy.

## ***To the brim***

Raindrops reflect all the colours  
in your eyes,  
they smoothly fall over my skin,  
my brightness scourged by  
a thousand waves of darkness  
filling my soul to the brim.

But I won't fall without a shriek  
that pierces the heart and mind  
though, I know these pangs won't blink  
when they crush me tonight.

So I'll fall asleep on this last sheet of paper,  
a poem written in red ink  
and your igniter  
to burn the vain lines, and tears.

Raindrops on the verge of fall.....  
I've done this before....

## **HIDE**

We are what we hide  
deep within, underneath  
the crust of heart  
a laugh, a smile on the lips  
but a dead silence inside,  
for we are what we hide.

The cages may be of silver, gold  
and you never let your sorrow explode  
but you keep them selfishly  
to gnaw on your bones slowly  
and all that time  
you smile but you hide  
never realising –  
You become what you keep inside.

## **VOID**

Void –  
in the veins  
and if you ram the iron gates  
of my world –  
void, again, cast into words.  
I bring dry rain  
and acid to the sore wounds.  
Run away from my venomous blues.  
But remember this –  
There is no void in my love for you.

## **Arid**

These arid tears –  
a velvety dream on a bright day,  
a fume of your poison in the air  
and the wit which deigns to give love the throne –  
they all garner your words gone  
like echoes in the crux of this frail world and such  
is the vein of my heart  
bursting open,  
arid tears flow from the inside.

## ***Sentinel***

I don't think I have lungs,  
I have you to breathe for me.  
I don't think I have pangs  
in the soul  
but butterflies with your images.  
And I don't think there's a golden desert  
in the tombs of my heart  
but blizzards, avalanches, torrents of pleasure  
that you brought from the start.  
And should this light evaporate  
into thick dark  
you'll come, I know you well,  
with a roaring flame and a shower of sparks.  
You are always there,  
my angel, my sentinel.

***Where can I find wings?***

Where can I find wings  
to glue them to this heart?

For it has reposed  
in this soot and sludge.

And if they fall off,  
I won't complain,  
I have soared for a second  
close to star shades.

Where can I find a new pair of wings?

This old one is torn,  
ripped, with broken bones,  
watery eyes don't see any hope.

Where can I find wings  
of steel, copper and gold?

## ***Mistress***

There's a sword in this heart,  
cold steel, pain dark  
and a shower of new spasms  
ready to drown every breath  
in fathomless deserts,  
engulf every poem, every verse  
till it has crushed the bones  
into dust,  
still, words don't last  
but they flee their nest –  
In this heart  
the sword is the head mistress.

## ***Prison***

All hell is loose in your eyes  
when wrath soots your mind  
and you bite and gnaw hard  
on all your wounds,  
adding salt tonight.

But wrath is just another prison  
with no chance to break,  
don't lock your heart in those dungeons,  
don't let it shake  
the foundations of your faith,  
for, all hell is loose when you break.

You hold the key to the prison gates.

***If I don't wake up...***

If I don't wake up,  
I'll dream of your eyes again,  
and again the dream will last forever;  
when the two eternities die in a crash,  
in the dust – the debris of us, mortals;  
if I don't wake up,  
know that only your picture  
remained in my pupils –  
The dark may have covered them  
but the light has just risen!

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