



Violeta Milovanovic

A dark crystal queen

(The second collection of poetry)

Violeta Milovanovic

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The air, the rain...

Even though, hungry for air,
tonight I enter your breathless chambers,
though, hungry for rain,
I swim in the fathomless ocean of deserts.

Just few inches above the bottom
I hover, then to land;
here are your salty wounds,
on them I've been fed.

To heal them, I live,
to let you soar after I drop,
to give you air, I bleed,
forsake me before the heart stops.

But don't forget, the air, the rain
in the drought hour,
don't let oblivion drain
my visage of youth and vigour.

These clouds

These clouds will never be the same
as they are now,
to miss them, such a shame,
let's capture them before they take a bow.
Obsession is the disease of
an imaginative mind
and my imagination floats tonight.
I may be devouring your image bright
with my eyes dark and these clouds light
but I won't consume your soul,
just enter, settle and slumber
there forevermore....

These clouds, you cannot ignore,
and their tears galore.
They will never be the same again
so, close your eyes, kiss me now,
then, I can be dead.

The stone

Irremediable pangs in the dusty drawer
have been asleep for a century now,
once you open that door
they will spread their gory wings, love.
Don't open the ancient wounds,
don't wake up the ghouls
of the past tortures, and vain loves,
insignificant faces that flow
through your fingers like sand
but keep the genuine stone in your hand.
The grains – you can toss
into the waves, they're lost;
or in the wind; all the same -
The precious stone is in your hand.

So, leave the pangs in the dusty drawer,
let them be asleep,
leave all the scarred faces behind the door.
You're finally free.

Place the stone in your heart,
don't run away from your skin
all the grains of sand have flown
into the oblivious pit.

Drop and splatter

Fill your sand void with water!
This drought is not an excuse,
fight for every drop and splatter,
drown in the sea of lovers.

And I'll dive with you
to the bottom and under,
I'll die with you
just show me all the wonders
of the sea world;
this desert bites my heart bitterly,
fill my sand void with water,
let the flood wash over me.

...but when the tide came
you pretended you didn't remember my name...

Split

You split my lips
in the moonlight
and the venomous kiss
murdered my soul;
not a word came out,
just piercing silence of my core.

Under that moonlight's gossamer
I knew my fear;
it was smothering me,
thwarting my need
to spread the ashen wings
and soar till I succeed.

Nay, I dropped
down to the bleak wells of misery
but you were like a bat,
sucking my blood lonely.

You took my last breath
when you split me
like my lips, now dead,
cold, but burning with envy.

You are alive;
other lips than mine
make you seethe from within
till the pain becomes the skin.

You were my skin.

Wrecked

Wrecked in the sepulchral darkness,
dreaming of your fiery lips,
every nerve collapsing,
coal dust on my pallid wings;
they are heavy, numb,
I remember them once in a bright light
but this dark lies upon them
like death upon vain lines.

And these are vain,
I know;
like the hands that wrote them;
wrecked in the sepulchral darkness
still, I peruse them.

Deep in tender sable dust
these wings no longer soar,
waiting for the beam of light last;
all these worms galore,
crawling till they drain dry
the last fountain of joy.
You are not coming!
Love lifts you up
but it destroys.

Wrecked in the sepulchral darkness,
dreaming of your fiery lips,
every nerve collapsing,
Coal dust on my feeble wings...

The sound of pain

Do you know the sound of pain
in a deaf land?

Do you know the cry
of a dry eye
on a beautiful face dead?

Do you know a tremble
of a numb hand?

The sound of pain in a deaf land?

Can you hear these words
uttered here at the bottom?

Heights are so absurd
when we enjoy crawling together
in the thick dark,
no tear, no breath, no spark.

The sound of pain grows louder.

Do you know it?

Do you feel it?

But you moved to the deaf parlor,
forsook me, broke me;
living in the deceit
is the sound of pain
in a deaf land;
a tremble of a dead hand.

Desideratum

I've been waiting for you here
at the corner of solitude
and solitude is my faithful lover;
if you bolt,
I shall grasp it harder.

I've seen your face
reflected in my tear
and as I run through the woods
my hair streaming back and near
the dark and you.

Bur you elude me
just when I come close
every time, you drag me
down to my core.

And there, I feel your presence again,
waiting at the corner,
breathing, but dead.
You are my DESIDERATUM:
pain, breath and death.

The more we chase,
the more we lose.
Sit back and wait
at the corner of solitude.

Kiss me before we go

“Kiss me before we go” –
your voice sounded strange
in the wicked twilight flames,
and you were near,
yet, distant, distant
the voluptuous lips swallowed
by the lovely darkness,
illuminated in an instant
with your igniter and tenderness.
There came a shower of stars
over the ghostly flammable night,
and yet, a thousand more
jiving down in my core.
You moved me like an earthquake -
paramount and omnipotent!

The moment elapsed,
as moments usually do
but I remained buried alive
in the memories of us two.

The sheaths

Put the pain back into the sheaths,
let it rust in a cold dungeon
for that sword has cut the veins
so many times before
in your absence.

The blood that flowed
left your name on the floor
and the heart that beat –
no longer alive; now asleep.
Put the pain back into the sheaths,
let silence veil the tears.

The wind jives among the dead leaves;
a remote light
this remaining darkness kills
Put the pain back into the sheaths,
close the iron gates,
let the heart bleed.

A dark crystal queen

A dark crystal queen
roams the world tonight,
searching for her heart
but dead is the knight
who delivered her last time.

And her crystal tears
penetrate the soul
and her mute song
rests down in the core;
kiss her only once
with those tender petals
and she'll rise like the sun
in the midst of dark deserts.

Shoot her now
should the kiss elude her reality
and chop her heart now
should you say -
'The knight is a fallen victory'
for she waits for him patiently
at the edge of eternity.

WARRIOR

You are a warrior, not a worm
writhing on the cobblestone;
hoofs beating in the vicinity.
before too long, they'll pass by
and the worm scattered here and there,
displayed on the cobblestone; not alive.

You are a warrior, not the worm;
its heart remained on the hot hoof
but you ride the horse
and spur it on!
All those who undermine you
are under the hoofs...gone...

For, you are a warrior, not a worm!
You dry the rain.
Nothing will hinder you
from rising above your pain!

Crescent

There's a crescent in your eye,
inchoate, coy, hidden light
that enshrouds my mind;
the crescent of burning delight
captures the darkness tonight.

And while I sleep
you bathe my skin in rays;
while I bleed
you tantalize my veins.

The crescent has landed
on the hot tarmac of my dreams -
now pale, weary, translucent,
it has broken my wings.

There's a crescent in your eye -
I wish it would see me
but a wish is a two-edged lie,
biting you to the point of bleeding.

A wooden plank

I'm a wooden plank,
you can throw me in fire.

I'm a word dead
in a deaf poem in exile.

Why do you want me?
To gnaw on your bones?
The strength, your valour and breath,
enthusiasm which subsides
every time you take my hand.

Why do you want me?
You're playing with death!

A waltz – strike a dance,
let us whirl in these fumes.
A kiss – of venomous delight,
let us die in return.

A wooden plank in fire
turning into ashes,
a teeming love in this poem -
in the end – it extinguishes.

In a cage

There's a soul in a cage,
please, let it loose
and a song undead
transmutes my blues
into your face,
it haunts me voraciously,
biting my memory
like a sigh, a tear and a mystery.

There's a verse in a tear,
don't let it flee,
the cage is iron clad
cold like a tomb underneath
your fresh wings,
robust and eternal
the clock strikes,
the tears fall into cubes crystal.

Silence, sigh and a pen dry...

A dark bride

At the summit of solitude,
she looks down and wonders
if her groom has followed her.
She is waiting for the advent patiently,
she's a dark bride
on the sleety edge of eternity.

At the highest peak of silence
she whispers his name
when no echo comes in return
she screams in despair.
He left her to weep and share
her sorrow with a snowflake,
her tears with the wind;
they come back every year
at the summit of the dead.

They say you can hear her scream at night,
they say she's the world's oldest bride -
a dark bird close to the sky;
neither land, nor fly.

The full cold moon

In the night of the full cold moon,
bound up with deep sorrows
in darkness and doubt
I give birth
to a poem so shallow.
Where is depth?
Hidden in the snow
Where is a verse?
Died long ago
and where are you
to light the sable dark?
Instead, you extinguished the fire
and every star,
forsaking me
in the night of the full cold misery.

....take my pen.
....the hand shakes on the paper;
....embrace my end,
and the verses – the igniter.

A rampart

This virulent darkness -
the pestilence of my life
voraciously devours
my soul and my mind.
Your whimsical feelings
keep me in suspense
and the rain beating
down in torrents.

A hoard of diamonds
wouldn't illuminate these dark chambers
let alone your minute spark
glimmering in the distance.

Waft the sighs
as moving in the wind
dejected verses supersede
your image strewn with lead;
you have no business to do here
but, as you leave
write these words, please
upon my soul that bleeds –

“She's a loner
behind a rampart of deciduous trees”.

Beautiful wings

You can leave my crime scene now,
spread your wings into the darkness,
I shall stay here till dawn,
listen to the heartbeats forlorn.
Your image, though,
will remain buried in my head
even if you're not my fate.
I shall ensconce you in a crystal grave;
leave my crime scene instantly,
spread your beautiful wings into eternity.

But before you leave
lay a killing kiss on my lips,
smother me
in the fumes of your sweet poisons,
shackle me in the silence
of these dungeons
where I shall sleep
write, tear verses, then weep.

***Tired of dreams
(the final spark)***

I'm tired of dreams,
weary of illusions,
I want something tangible
to drink and taste it,
something visible
so I can caress it.

I'm disgusted at the thought
of closing my eyes and dreaming again;
disgusted at the fact
that those dreams will never end;
and the hope –
a dying light in the distance;
and a dream – a new swollen blister.

If I could have a penny
for every dream, I would be rich
but, what is a rich man
without a dream? –
A living dead,
a shadow in between
lightness and the dark.
Hope is always the final spark!

Battered dreams

Battered dreams
collected in an old jar
at the bottom of a sea,
sleeping day and night,
waiting for the perfect tide.

Some day they'll surface
with the strength to fly,
soar on the steel wings
their glint will poke the eye,
blinding those who did not believe.

But the merciless waves
toss the jar to and fro,
beating the will and the hope,
washing the fading strength away
then, pulling it to the depths again.

There's a jar
at the bottom of a sea
buried deep.
Long ago, someone
laid their dreams in it.

Cogs

This heart among the cogs
half alive,
waiting for your
kiss, to bring it to life;
they crush me, they break me
still, I rise!

This heart among the cogs
that relentlessly dance,
breathes even though
they're coming down fast
one after another,
pounding callously
till they surrender
my soul to the heavenly.

Still, I rise,
they crush me, they break me
still, I don't bow down
before the cogs mighty.

The bridge

A pure light evening
dissolved and vanished in death,
the lights collapsed upon the sable void.

On the verge of caving in
there stood a bridge lonely;
its strength on the wane
and under its old cracks
two souls were kissing in death.

The still of the night
coloured the river in dark shades,
the souls shuddered,
but the lips were brave.
They stood proud in the electricity of passion,
enshrouded by the stars of cosmos
and though, the dark was creeping in
the lips revealed a new flesh of lightning.

But the bridge started crying,
one by one, the tears of stone
died in the still river
and the breath of a new love
suffocated under the pillow of cold shiver.

A free verse is dead

And when I sleep in my world
the outer darkness is dead
banished, sunk in the callous dimness;
and when I breathe
I heave no air of this world,
I'm half asleep
among the awoken souls;
over the mountains and creeks
I fly to settle on the Moon,
a small, dark piece of it
hidden in my soul.
Too young to vanish,
too late to perish,
locked in chains –
a free verse is dead!

Werewolf's howl

These silver words
kill me tonight
in the full moon,
they take my pride
and as I bleed
and whine in the dark
I see your eyes –
a malicious spark.
You stand there like a cold statue,
watching me wane.
The last howl and the last cry
of disdain
dissipate in the crack
of a bloody dawn –
The last howl and a love forlorn....

A silent poem

I want to rip a poem out of my heart
but it's stuck,
deaf, maimed and blind.
I want to set it on fire
but it's hidden, cold and shy –
a thorn in a gory wound,
it makes me scream at night.

I think I'll escape to a deaf land
to find a vociferous note.
I think I'll burn the paper
to start a new poem.

I might kill life
to resurrect it again.
I might hate you
just to love you again.

Tulip

A single tulip on a graveyard
speaks the truth of the world,
a sword plunged into a heart
cold blade; hatred protrudes;
silence among the dead branches,
no wind to shake, but the darkness stretches
too far, to the zenith and back
the souls are weary, then dead.
But the tulip stands proud
glowing red, raising doubt
that the world's strength is not on the wane
but it's rising from the ashes
to vanquish the pain.
Tulips are dancing in the wind again!

The solid earth escapes

The solid earth escapes,
the feet levitate on a bubble of love,
life totters on the edge of an abyss,
to and fro;

need a push, just one;
enough to take the leap,
the solid earth escapes
while the heart sleeps.

It dreams of you – the unattained,
inaccessible, and blurred;
it dreams of you – the omnipotent,
dark, and cruel.

You have drowned my world
in a pool of these *wicked* dreams.

You have crucified my soul
without a tremble or a blink.

The solid earth escapes,
the breath hesitates.....

I'm gone

I am a love warrior,
you cannot defeat me.

I am leviathan power,
nothing can move or erase me.

I am the wind
and when I blow
your eyebrows disappear,
I am the iridescent rainbow,
always seemingly near.

When I come
I bring thunder, rain, and the sun
and when I love
I love till the last breath whispers:
"I'm gone....."

Drop

Pain condensed in a drop
while the rain beats down
and the drop – sleeping in the
warm realms of a palm,
never evaporating;
In it – you could drown.
In it I see your reflection -
beautiful and wild
and all the world's perfection
rests in the flaw of your eye.

I shall drink it!
This drop – I'll gulp down
to have you forever with me,
the pain, the rain and the moonlight drowned.
So, I see you at dawn,
the crack of it bursts my heart open
and by night this creature is alone,
waiting to become airborne.

Scythed

These scythed words
on the plum lips
broke the resonating silence;
they might be frail
petals on the horizon
but they proudly stand
before thee
as you squint in the deadly heat;
'tis the light in my heart
that made you blind.
How can you sleep
when my worlds collide?

Scythed – my words, and this breath;
alive, vigorous, then dead.....

BITTER

Your lips are bitter,
this melody pokes my soul
the birds on the trees twitter
that the eternity will drown at dawn
when the light steals the wave of darkness
we will unite in your bitterness,
subdued into silent passion
you keep my breath under pressure
and these tellurian pleasures
will burn up when the moon hangs itself,
releasing the sins in the bitter end.

I will be changing the world

I will be changing the world with my eye
for I'll close it.

I will be looking at the sun, with my heart, up high
standing on the porch of youth and past.

I will be changing the world with my pen
and those worthless words, at first sight
will thaw an iceberg, freeze molten lava
when you read them
everything within you turns into dust.

Leave it in your eye –
the tear, don't let it trickle down
but change the world
only one try is enough!

We will be changing the world together
with our hearts.
We will be changing people with goodness
and miracles.

We will be changing the world
with our eyes
for we'll close them
while somewhere, deep down, hidden
within us, a flame of light ensconces
itself.....
Close your eyes,
see the depth.

Bloated

These bloated eyes follow the path of infinity,
the feet drag slow and weary,
the bones crack and collide with misery
stumbling every now and then on the past feeling.

The head hung in silence,
the hands – numb and cold
finally reached that door.
Come in – no fear,
lie down, the night is clear.

How far the moonlight rays
stretch over the deadly silence in this room.
Time evaporated through the tiny keyhole;
these bloated eyes wander about
no air, no move, just a feeble shout.

These bloated eyes follow the path of infinity
sliding on the moonlight rays peacefully.

Spent

My dreams are spent
gory knees
tottering to and fro
on the edge of an abyss.

My dreams have been
the weapon inflicting no wound
against reality.
Still, my heart seems to bleed,
still, the pain within seems to seethe...

But I think I'll win the world from this soot,
dusty eyes see the truth:
My dreams may be spent
but my spirit leads me ahead.

With a sigh and a smile

“With a sigh and a smile
I start this journey”,
said the weeping man
at the beginning of his life;
in his twenties he failed to
discover his own Self,
remained there,
blinking in the darkness of “hell”.

“Do I stumble or stutter
through the ash of volatile passions?
When they descend upon my vacant soul
will I, then, be at ease,
will the words fly out of me?
Like fallen birds with no wings
across the navy sky.....
Every shallow word has a hidden depth inside.

Everything you read throughout your life
is a sham, disguise, a lie!
Yet, you devour them
with a boundless zest
that whets your appetite.
The weeping man still tottering
from side to side...
“Where to now
when we have jumped over the thousand years of youth
burning up in a second?”
“Just how many tears
are there hidden in my eye?
Just how many days

will pass before we die?"
Though, "freedom" is on our side
we end just where we start –
with a smile and a sigh.

Power to the pen

As you waft the sighs
and your tears flow in rivulets
your sorrows are honed to perfection
which exists in the world of the forlorn.
As you stand by
a black locust,
its boughs scented,
suffused the darkness with a pale light
and there on the horizon
emerged a solitary star,
besotted with your insipid lines.
It spoke up out of the darkness –
"Stop writing, you fool,
you're beguiling the time
thinking that the days of youth
will bounce back.
Again you've taken the pen into your hands
bringing no tidings of the end."

Yet, undauntedly you raised your hand
into the air
screaming: "Power to the pen"!

Grandeur

Your ignominious retreat
has spoken volumes about you
and all of them end in defeat.
You've escaped!
But I can always refute grief.
There you are – wrecked in the darkness,
a sunken treasure no one seeks;
my subdued lights won't penetrate
to your core, to the deep.
I refuse to wet and weep
you may stay forever in the deep
where you belong;
I am by far the loudest song
in your silent sepulcher
your world is tiny
but I am grandeur!

Satisfied and shattered

Satisfied and shattered,
your love bleeds to death;
fulfilled and destroyed,
your soul heaves the last breath;
your beauty has vanished
through the thin clouds of a new dawn,
feeble ghosts of your heart
gave in
when the moon drowned.

And where will you go now?
To a golden desert
where the glint of the sword pokes the eye?
Or to a frozen mountain,
to shed tears
turning into ice cubes of a sparkling lie?
Remember!
The sun rises again
and the tears will never be frozen.

Flake of sorrow

Your love virus runs amok
together with the insidious drug
that you have on the voluptuous lips
through my veins,
smouldering in the darkness –
a dying flame of a bluish shade,
subdued notes in this silent lair;
'sotto' sorrow, 'sotto' common sense –
its grains dispersed into the vacant.
There, my soul roams
no heed of tomorrow
and what is 'tomorrow'
but another flake of sorrow?

Silence

I don't think you will kill me with your words
but with the silence among the notes.
Like a wave that tumbles and breaks,
I remain alone in the sea silence.

And when the rays disperse the mist
like the last hope and the truth
there, far on the horizon
one single tear, on your face, will appear.

Still, you killed me.
This silence has no ending...

Electric guitar

Take that electric guitar
and touch my aphonic heart,
take me into your arms,
play me till dusk.

My strings are untouched;
I'd like to hear your solo on the guitar.

Write notes just for me,
your muse – I'd kill to be.

How mesmeric your hands look,
flitting from a string to string!
How disappointing my thoughts
always tears bring.

Take that electric guitar
and touch my aphonic heart....

Reverie
(Firefly)

These quiescent thoughts about you
writhe under the imprisonment of pride.
I wish they could prattle
on about the beauty of your eye;
Wish I could be
lost in sweet reverie
but I am stuck in between
ice and fire and your dreams.
And this darkness lit by a thousand fireflies
reminds me, again, of your eyes;
You and I were once on the top of the world
but now we're numb and cold;
no words in thoughts
to lift us high;
a wistful reverie is a firefly:
a remote star of the universe,
flickering in the distance.

Violeta Milovanovic



Also on www.obooko.com

“A rose in the dark”

by

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