



A rose in the dark

(a collection of poetry)

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Evanescent breath (2005)

Like a leaf from a tree
you suddenly became evanescent.
Everything is like it used to be
I am bearing the heart omnipotent.

I feel the love hunted,
no treading upon the earth.
I got my wings again
that's my second birth.

Like the breath on your skin
this life is everything but everlasting.
Behold the world we live in,
hear the cry you are causing.

I feel that we should leave,
leave this body, leave this breath.
Take my hand and believe!
Let us prevail the Death!

Imperishable

Leave me a letter
at the cemetery
before our grave
saying that you will lead me
till doomsday.

Leave me a soul
that hasn't soared yet,
leave me love
that I cannot forget.

I shall wait for you to come
on the same place,
at the same time;
sitting under the moonlight,
looking at your eyes bright.

So pretty and so wild!
Where have you been hiding?
Like a blessing in disguise,
like in the bright sky, a lightning.

There are people
who care for us,
but we shall vanish
in this imperishable dust.

There are songs
that will be written,
but we won't be here
'cause life is beaten.

So pretty and so wild!
Where have you been hiding?

Just a lump of sugar

To love we are slaves,
for mercy we don't exist,
our beds are our graves,
we have to live if He permits.

Under the dark shadow you are born,
under the veil of strength you are hidden,
look yourself in the eye when you're torn,
confess yourself to be a toy.

Running from the things that represent you,
breathless, down the wrong path
every day, every hour they teach you
how to worship life, how to laugh.

And you keep laughing
and you keep crying inside yourself
and you keep running
everybody is trying to beat themselves.

And the day will come
when you'll have to stop,
that day you'll realise you're just a lump
of sugar and life – both.

To love we are slaves,
for mercy we don't exist,
our beds are our graves,
we have to live if He permits.

Almost a sonnet

Let me live for a second
to hear the dying hour.
Let me love for a second
to feel the pain,
to be seized with grief
and after to stand on a plain –
there where life is,
there where the pang is.
Meet me at midnight,
you'll recognize me by the light
I bear in my eyes.
Let me love, let me live
for a second, I surmise.

The sweetest

Hello my sweetest pang
Where have you been hiding?
Your picture in my mind I drag.
Your ephemeral beauty has been blinding.

You recall those days in June
when you and I met?
You played the sweetest tune.
You cannot forget

those nights, that Moon
that laughter, the sun
our walk by the lagoon,
our lives have begun.

Here you are again
on the threshold of my doom,
laughing, speaking, singing
sweet, callous lines of a poem.

But I cannot hear you,
your deceptive voice will not touch me.
I am leaving you,
flying away, nothing can break me.

Adieu, my sweet mystery for evermore.
We shall see each other again
in front of the azure door!

A sepulcher full of dreams

This is a sepulcher full of dreams
but none of them belongs to you.
You can take my body and mind
but you can't have my heart too.

This is a sepulcher in my void.
No sound can be heard.
All the fortunes of the world avoid
me and you; none of this is absurd.

In the deepest ocean, under;
there lies my handful
of dreams, love and life
and your eyes beautiful.

This is a sepulcher full of dreams
but none of them is you.
My dreams slumber and never wake.
That's because I don't want them to.

Why should they wake?
In this world made of dust
when all I do is forsake
them and you because of the lust.

The lust I feel for failing!
Never succeed in things I do!
The lust I feel for sleeping
for the time of this life plus two.

Here, under this moss

I sit quietly and wait,
wait for another loss.
Cover me up, my fate!

A Cliff diver

I want to dive in
the coldest depths of the sea
I stand on the brink of a cliff
and wonder if I could be -
a bird with no wings,
a violin with no strings,
a cliff diver who never jumps.
Who am I if not a man
with no lungs?
This man – he doesn't know how to breathe
even though he lives,
even though he sometimes speaks,
he is silent most of the time,
he knows that his work
will never become sublime.
Still, he writes!
Still, he stands
on the brink of a cliff
but he never jumps.
Does that make him a coward?
Less important than everybody else?
Does that make him just a spot in the crowd?
Unwanted here and everywhere else?

...a bird with no wings,
...a violin with no strings?
...a cliff diver who never jumps?
Am I?

The sleeping beauty died

Life can be perfect
but the sleeping beauty died
you know you don't deserve it,
so don't ask why.
Why did she die?
Why angels die?
Why do you cry?

Heaven has an angel,
it is you
that I'm looking for
in this perplexity
to smile as you did before.
Walking from a dream to death,
the dream that stole your last breath.

Life is not perfect
but it can shine,
your voice sounds divine;
Still you exist
wrapped in a cloudy sheet,
these tears don't permit
eyes other face to meet;
only yours stands
here and now, for evermore
this false happiness pretends.
Hide the sorrow – can't do,
show the pain – see you through,
through this mist,
you will be missed.

Walking from a dream to death,
the dream that stole your last breath;
Heaven has an angel
it is you
that I'm looking for
in this perplexity,
to smile as you did before,
to sing as you did before,
as you did – never more.

The sleeping beauty died,
a new dawn has arrived.....

Dedicated to T.P. (1981-2007)

A Midget

Life is a midget
dwelling in the eternity
and I,
being an inch of the midget
dwell in vanity.

Breath is the essence of life
but is not everlasting
as we inhale the air
we can see its end coming.

Life is a dwarf from a fairytale
magical, with its fail.
But we can rise again
from the bottom of the sea,
how beautiful this life is – to see.

The eternal darkness

Imagine,
the eternal darkness
descended upon the world,
no sun, no light
just the dust cheaply sold.
No breath,
and there's no one there
to light a candle, just dare.

The eternal, we are not
hard to believe
that once we walked
and then we stopped
to start decomposing
in a grave,
the grave of the eternal darkness,
we turn into its slave.
So the darkness remains
there's no one to blame.
It is the time when life flourishes.
It is the second when life vanishes.

Loveless winter

The winter loveless
to say – it's cold – is needless,
airless, emotionless
the state of the heart
loveless winter embraces the mind.
You should have come
to break the silence
with your resonating voice,
to say – there is no need for patience,
since I am here
to cover you and in a mere
embrace of your hands
to hear my bones break in despair.
You should have choked me
in your heart and banished me.
The wind screams in the electric branches
I feel your hand squeezing
my small heart made of a flake,
crystal or metal,
nonetheless, it'll break.

Suddenly, I snap awake,
it was just a dream.
I feel for my heart
but there is 'none';
beating nowhere from the start.

It was a fierce winter,
I recall,
somebody with me,
taking everything I love.

Tepid poetry

Words with no passion,
no meaning, no digression
lines straight forward
thoughts lack a point,
the poet lit a joint.
Pondering and brooding over the paper
a world of illusions
was lit by an igniter.

It burnt all the night
but not a poem came in sight.
The poetry is like warmish water,
supposed to be hot,
the poet is like a loner,
supposed to be shot.

Doesn't deserve to be called a poet;
produces lines that resemble the void,
the void in the soul
tepid poetry is the poet's hole –
into the space,
to disappear with a hasty pace.

The creative moment of inspiration

Waiting, craving
for the creative moment of inspiration to come;
the narcotic artist is done,
flouting on air
in the strongest despair
but the moment never comes
and the artist never strikes
the brush against the canvas
since he is worthless
and his life is pointless.

Waiting, hoping for the moment's advent
but it is only the commencement
of another fake work
give up, you worm!
Never will it arrive
on this vanity you thrive.
Nobody is innocent
and you are certainly not an exception,
drop the brush and join the dead sea,
nobody has eyes your art to see,
and realize you are a genius
but throw your efforts down the drain;
Life is art and art is pain.

The suicidal

Don't blame the suicidal
don't blame the brave
don't judge them
'cause you don't know
they have to be hailed.
Master the courage
to take away your own life,
Can you do it?
I thought so,
you're just another coward.
So, don't judge them
they know that life is precious
but they just didn't grow
the plant of fortune
in their graveyards
all those souls
succumbed to their wicked minds.
You don't know
what happened in their heads,
you don't know
what urged them to dip their hands
in the blood of their veins
the suicidal rest in pain.

A gun, a rope, the river, the oven
gone for good,
away from our breath driven.

Don't blame the suicidal,
don't blame the brave
don't judge them

'cause you might be the same.

The question is-
did they commit a sin?

Fog

I walk through night
and a strange person follows me.
I dread the sight,
can't look back, the fog it is.
Gray and hollow
as it is,
makes me shallow
in these deeps.

Winter comes

Take me to a planet
where love like a river flows
but winter comes
and turns the river into ice cold.
And it lasts for a long, long time
and it breaks
the hearts into a frozen valentine.
The only hope is a sunray
but it does not come.
Its advent is awaited so, let's stay,
wait for our hopes to turn into pulp.

And all hopes vanish eventually
and all loves erase themselves freely.
Why to love
in the midst of the cold,
iron-clad world?
Love is a dream
and a dream is a thing sold –
to us,
to deceive us for a time.
A dream is shorter than a second,
elapses fast.

So winter stays
and in the snow we dance
to a toneless piece of music
we embrace our hearts of brass.
Take me to a planet
where love like a river flows
but winter comes

and turns the river into ice cold.

Scissors

All of them wear masks,
pretending to be something they're not,
all of them shine in the dark,
crystal skin, seductive eyes, they are a spark.
But all of them are scissors
and love is their piece of paper,
in the midst of summer snow blizzards,
at the funeral of your love they'll caper.

They use you
and when the goal is reached they leave you,
capable of eternal patience, so it seems,
waiting till they get you in the net.
There, you lose your dignity,
there, you lose everything.
So stupid and so betrayed
you fell into the net!

They wage wars,
but none of the wars is for love,
they are the history's lore,
but a thing they don't know.
And they can cry,
weaker than a petal,
under a veil of the false strength they hide.

You can't do without us,
maybe we can do without you,
you are nothing without us,
you were made to serve us, you -
are, have been, were and will be

the mere means to sustain this humanity.

We shall treat you as we please,
we shall kill you in our bosoms,
we will win in this quiz.

The question is -
Who am I talking about?
Read these following lines
and you'll find out -

All of them are scissors
and love is their piece of paper,
in the midst of summer - snow blizzards,
at the funeral of your love they'll caper.

A freelance lover

I am a freelance lover,
but my still heart palpitates
when you're closer
to my lips, it frustrates
me, but I keep cool
thee, I would like to fool
but it seems I can't
you're better than me,
it seems I am captivated by thee.

Freelance lover,
but my paycheck keeps coming in tears.
You're something I've never seen before,
you're the one who can tease
my mind and heart,
without you I am just a shadow in the dark,
a vampire in the light,
your love comes in doses slight.

I am trapped.
If I wanted to go
I wouldn't have a place to stay.
My soul is stripped,
I'll cling to you anyway
'cause my heart misses a throb
every time you're away
my eye drenched in sob
you changed me, I'm afraid,

of you, but still, can't breathe
'cause you don't sleep.

By nights you disappear
the bed is cold
someone else wants you near.
I swear I've seen you on the top of the world,
running fast, you're absurd.
Sometimes you fire me,
then you're cold as ice.
What is wrong with this
image of you that I have in the mind?
You are a hero-killer;
dark and shine.

I was a freelance lover
and my glacial heart was never on fire
but then you came closer
to seduce me, you liar!
But I won't fight,
let you do whatever you want to do with me
your eyes bright
have already mesmerized me.

A dead heart pulsates
in this unreal story
you and I are different
species, are you worried?
If they find me
one day next to thee
drenched in my own blood,
in your embrace tonight,
tomorrow we will run,
this hasn't still begun.

Two paramours, two dead hearts,
I guess I've changed sides,
now I work for you,
no longer freelance,
now I depend on you,
no one else stands a chance.

Let you lead me through the day,
years, centuries, in my soul you forever stay.

Suffocation

Unveil my sorrow,
ignite my pangs,
leave me each morrow,
a tear on a cheek hangs.

This town is a spot in the world,
a drop of water in the ocean
I am like a slow motion,
reluctant to move from here.
My wings were clipped, my fear
of flying got worse,
the bubble of illusion burst
two hours ago and I realized
you're so remote, I can't see your actual eyes.

My silent love is killing me,
driving me to insanity.
A poet with no words,
a sky with no birds.
My suffocation is airy,
I can breathe
Still, I am weary
of the little box I am in.
I shout but no one hears me,
I've been locked
but someone else has the key.

I wish I could sing
a song that will stab everybody's heart.
I wish I had been a villain from the start.
I turned into one on the go,

I changed many illusions, so,
it is merely me
who ends up getting hurt again,
I hurt myself so many times,
but never again.

The choice was mine,
decided to be a loner,
the power is thine
to turn me into a lover.

But,
it is too late
I already suffocated.

Unveil my sorrow,
ignite my pangs,
leave me each morrow,
a tear on a cheek hangs.

Nil desperandum

The world is a small place,
but the people don't dance.

Wars break out
without a reason, without a shout.
Why don't you bury your problems
into the ground?

Draw a smile on your face
let us saunter down this maze.

We won't find the way,
but never despair!

Your love has just forsaken you
the world has died and you
are preparing yourself to kick the bucket
What is love if we don't live through it?

The pang you cannot bear
is the pang that tells you –
never despair!

You have just been given the sack,
a financial crisis on its way,
you cannot remember the time when you were in the black,
Money, come and go as it may.
but money talks -
Never despair!

You failed time and again,
your dreams won't soar,
don't you worry about the door
you left ajar when you came into the house
of losers to slumber in a blouse

that looks like a straitjacket.
It's an asylum, I'm afraid
you had gone insane
'cause you had despaired!

Oh, solitude, leave me
let my heart caper for any –
one who would love me.
But would someone enter this life of mine
and make me tremble in his arms?
I am alone and just dare
to tell me – never despair!

Have faith and live the miserable life,
laugh whenever you can
and into the pool of alcoholic drinks dive.
Forget the past, no use weeping,
embrace the present however it may be disappointing.
Love and share
and remember this – never despair!!!

A heart beats only once

A heart beats only once,
a soul has only one chance,
so, take it and don't think twice,
a second of life,
an eternity of dust.

A heart beats only once.
A passionate, quick, fun dance
on the platform for the world lovers.
Why should we lose time?
Let us dance under limes.

Say – it is not true!
Life does not fail.
Crushed in an instant,
the air you breathe in became stale.

A heart beats only once.
Sweet blossoms dance.
You cannot believe
that wind moves so smoothly,
takes away a heart quickly.

So, why don't you say you've loved me
from the moment we met?
It's been a decade almost;
caught in your net.
And just when I thought I had forgotten you
you show up to disarm me, you
will never know the truth.

A heart beats only once.
So, don't waste your time!
Love, love, love, and shine
'cause the heart can abruptly stop
unexpectedly, all of a sudden, inexplicably!
Ephemeral pleasures of life

What is youth to you?
And what to me?
What is youth in general
if not a pale memory?
Of the days past
among the lovely faces.
But what are faces
if not forgetfulness?
But yours defies any
oblivion, like a penny
with its head and tail.
Always in my memory you stay!

Tonight, a lady poet is writing a poem
with no lines.
Tonight, she's trying to paint a new moon
with no shine.
The night is charming,
the air seductive,
your beauty's blinding,
mine does not exist.

What is love to you?
And what to me?
What is love in general
if not a fatal misery?
That thrives on pain,
but it's never sick.
To live without her is a shame,
to live with her is a pain.

So, I am shameful,
I admit,
but my life's been painful
whenever a candle of fresh hopes was lit
by 'her' and only 'her'.
Youth and love are true,
ephemeral pleasures of life
and art makes life dive.

One hundred poems

One hundred poems in the mind
but never on paper.
One hundred tears behind the irises of my eyes
but they'll fall later.
Right now, I don't want to let them leave
the realm of my thoughts.
Right now, they are asleep,
helping me write a poem.

There is no poem without sorrow.
There is no bright verse without a morrow.
Joy can't make a line;
I chose sadness to be my
well of inspiration
which never fails
and together with it loneliness sails.

The two of them write every day
the purest thoughts of decay.
My freedom is in prison
where the lonely sleep.
My lovers are nonexistent
with the heartless they plead.

One hundred poems in the mind
but never on paper.
One hundred tears behind the irises of my eyes

but they'll fall later.

There is no poem without sorrow.
Still, we open our eyes every morrow.

Gossamer

Gossamer is love,
dreams are in the wind,
all we ever wanted
is under a melting shield.

Love is gossamer,
cobwebs in your hands,
my heart a part of them,
yours is already dead.

There is a spider
who crawls away,
the web is done
we may stay.

Until we have slain
the last bond between us,
until we have drained
the last gulp of dust.

Gossamer is love
and you are the spider.
I am in love,
but that's just a reminder
that life is the same
gossamer in the house of water stale.

The bloody lips

You bit me
and my lips bleed.
You crushed me
and my heart does not sleep.
It is awaken
and it will never die;
you dwell there, you're sly.
You know how to survive
in the forest of pain -
to leave me and to fly.

You bit me
and my soul bleeds.
You left me without a twitch
on your bogus face.
You may be beautiful
but you are a disgrace
to the world of lovers,
everybody sees
your flaws apart from me.
Blindness is the cruelest pain
when you love the monster Slay!

You bit me
and my lips bleed.
You left me
in the forest to sleep!

A

A plume, a piece of paper
a day, a dawn
a love, a departure
a night alone.

A plume, a verse
a dying hour
a trembling hand
in this lower
level of hell
a depth deeper than the deepest den.

A plume, a piece of paper
a word, an end.
No heart to read it again and again.

A silence in a love life,
a poem with no line.
A plume, a piece of paper,
a true love that comes much later.

A plume, a piece of paper
a day, a dawn
a love, a departure
a night alone.

Guide dog

WE are blind
love is just a guide dog,
we are the kind
that always stays strong.

We are the branches
and life is the wind,
but we are the leeches
drinking blood under His shield.

The dog ran away
the wind stopped
there's no reason to stay
the leeches were dropped.

WE are blind
love is just a guide dog!

My faithful Godot

How tedious to be alone,
how desperate I am to think of the one
and only love in my life.
I am waiting for Godot to come!

I kissed you once,
I'm not going to do it twice.
I killed you once,
I wish I could do it twice.

How tedious to wait for you!
I am wasting my life on you.
The same mistake over and over again
made by me in this den
of loneliness.
I am waiting for Godot to come,
I've been sitting here since the dawn!

I kissed you once,
I'm not going to do it twice.
I killed you once,
I wish I could do it twice.

I killed you once
in my heart,
but you came back to life,
stronger than before;
weaker from now on -
I am; you know
you're my faithful Godot.

I kissed you once;
I wish I could do it again.

The obsolete

A love has just caved in
'cause love is an obsolete word.
The chances for its resurrection are slim
and all paramours are absurd.

Romeo and Juliet,
the funniest show;
Othello and Desdemona,
victims of jealousy, died long ago.

Great minds don't wallow
in the pathetic love passions.
All they say is – tomorrow
I shall love you in digressions.

A dictionary lacks a word!
It begins in letter 'L'.
The rest of the letters are blurred
like eyes with tears; a sentinel...

into pieces torn, like hearts,
into tears bursts a stupid girl
for her lover parts,
death is the ending, of that I'm sure.

All paramours are absurd!
A love has just caved in!
Obsolete is the missing dictionary word!
The chances for its resurrection are slim!

A black dove

What are you looking for here?

Who are you?

Are you my sentinel?

The one I can trust?

Will you bring the freedom to me?

Will you release me

from the fear of love,

my tender black dove?

You are not alive, I see

Now, I feel

you came to me

to keep me company.

Let us hurt silently

in the darkness of my chamber lonely.

Who says that we have to feel?

Numb – we are in fact!

We hide behind the veil

of false happiness.

Admit, you are cold

as an old, old tomb.

Admit, you are alone

and no one will come.

To save you, but you don't care,

to love you, you know you don't deserve.

So, let us enjoy the peace of my world,

let us destroy every happy heart!

You may rest your weary wings here with me

I won't tell

you fell so deep
and came to dream
in this sepulcher together with me.

Will you release me from the fear of love,
my tender black Dove?
An eve of tears

My tears are silent,
my fears are nonexistent.
I am a servant
of this eve distant.

Your visage is blurred
and haze won't let me see it.
Tonight I am being lured
by the power of this eve.

Why is the sun so remote?
Oh, I know!
It actually loathes
the people below!
The eve is everlasting
like life
replete with tears fighting
all the pain miles.

Silence and pang!
It creeps away -
the happiness that sang
last year and today.

The night descended
upon my cheeks.
They are delicate
for sorrow to touch them this week.

So, I am asking a question tonight!

And I am giving the reply!

Why is the sun so remote?

Oh, I know!

It actually loathes
the people below!

Black BOX

A black box
and all my poems in it.

The key that locks
my heart for everyone.

A black box
and all my pains in it.
Purple spots
in front of my eyes sick.

Where will they go
from the black box?
Will they stroll
into the world of dust?

Or will they soar
up to the sky
to find the door
of secrets or of lies?

I feel they will sleep
for an eternity in the box.
Somebody else will keep
them locked in hearts.

A black box
and all my verses in it
will remain locked
till the death of the poet.

A black box
and all my poems in it
have spread their wings
into the void.

Edible art

Your lips – edible art!
The sweet venom kills me from the start
but I feel we will fail,
I see my love is frail
like a petal in the fierce wind.
I can't keep you
just because I see you fell in love
with my armoured heart;
maybe, I am pretending to be a lethal dart.
Yes, you are right
I love being alone every second of my life.

Your lips – edible art!
I love to kill the desire to be apart
from them; they dwell
in my memory, incessantly they play
a game of love and seduction,
a threat of a love revolution.
Edible art on my florid cheeks,
edible art of love, a kind I'd like to meet.

So I can bite and never let go
'cause my heart tells me so.
So I can swim in the ocean of your dreams
to find a better version of me.

Your lips – edible art!
I'd like to bite
just once more
to feel the edible art of love.

Yes, you are right
I love being alone every second of my life.
You know well that's a lie!

A short poem and nothing else

Let me write you a short poem
for you deserve it.
Such was your love for me;
short, brief and obscured.

Let me write you few verses
to see how it feels
to be a tiny grain
of sand under your feet.

This is a poem for all the lovers
who died shamefully!
This is a poem for all the others
who loved them after their death single-heartedly.

Caricature

I drew a caricature of my life.
It had no features,
no eyes, no lips,
just a tear
on a pale cheek
bitten by the ferocious truth
that the caricature would stay alone
at the end of the road.

The road to nowhere,
the road to eternity.
I am desired nowhere;
the pallid caricature's vanity
is all I drew
on a pale canvas.
What shall I do
after the days of youth?

They creep away
with a mischievous smile on the lips
they terrify
the caricature that always permits
others to undermine
the confidence and the knowledge
in its mind.

I drew a caricature of my life.
It had no features,
no eyes, no lips,
just a tear

on a pale canvas
destroyed by the ferocious truth
that the caricature
is at the end of its youth.
Perhaps?

A rose in the dark

Let me fall
like a rose in the dark.
Then, accidentally stroll
through the halls of the dark.
Grove for me there
in the dark,
touch me for a moment
you will feel
under this skin
there lies a shivery heart
like a rose in the dark.

An amaranth

Replenish my sorrow,
turn it into the amaranthine dust.
Never let go
this heart, these lips, the bust
of lead, the cold hands.
Replenish your love for me,

make it be
an amaranth that never ends!

The forgotten Courtly Love

Where have all romantic love letters gone?
Write me one!
Can you blame me for
wanting to go back
to the times of a pen and a piece of paper,
burning love like an igniter?
Where has Courtly LOVE gone?
Will She be here anon?

This era is an era of decay.
Thoughts, loves and dreams are in despair.
Don't write me a note!
Don't send me a request to be my "friend"!
Don't pretend
to be a fiery heart!
This is an era of decay from the very start!

I demand poetry!
A pure love and heart!
I demand letters black and white
piece of paper and a pen,
write me those syllables if you can.
Write me She is not forgotten,
She is not dead,
She is merely lost,
trying to find Her way!

Where has Courtly LOVE gone?
Will She be here anon?

You can't make me

You can't make me live in pain,
you can't make me shed a tear,
you can't make me be friends with disdain,
you can't make a thorn be dear.

You can't make me hate myself!
You will not succeed.
Stronger is the power
I have over me!

You can't make breeze stop blowing.
Nor can you hush a singing bird.
All your attempts are abortive!
Love is the key word!

Are you a clown?

Clowns are the saddest creatures in the world.

You are one of them.

Clowns weep under the shield
of powder, their smiles are lame.

They hurt,
through song, they cry.

Happiness is a rare
ray of light in the dusk.

Clowns are the saddest creatures in the world
even though they laugh.

Their masks can hush
the strongest cry.

I feel sorry for them,
I do!

Indeed, they are one part of the two
sides of life -
joy and sorrow,
peace and strife.

Clowns are the happiest creatures in the world
but the happiness they have is a sham.

All the clowns are absurd.

Who is to blame?

The world? The life? The everlasting pang?
Or they? For falling down over and over again?

Clowns are the saddest creatures in the world.

Did you know
that I am a clown too?

So let me ask you in a voice low
Are you a clown too?

Are you?

Never-ending love,

I wish it would stop,
would flow down the river
and never return;
I wish it would die,
would to the ground burn.

But a wish is an empty weapon of the weak!
Will is what I need
to wipe away the silent tears.

For they are silent
as I am.
They are lonely
birds of prey!

I wish it would stop,
would vanish in the wind,
but my wish is lost
under your spell shield.

So, continue, please!
Kill me with your yet unrevealed smile!
I don't know what you have but
your beauty is deep inside.

Nevertheless, I wish it would leak
out of my heart
but a wish is a weak,
empty weapon in my arms.

Tame

Tame my passions,
tame my love.
Do it gently,
on the go.

Harbour all my secrets
away from the prying eyes.
Don't let the loveless hands
touch my glacial heart.

You touch it, instead
to make the pang go away
before everything in me is dead.
Tonight you'll stay.

Be my guardian angel,
and don't be afraid
I sometimes might fall
into the faithless state.

That's why I need you
to pull me up
Dark sentinels might call you
but you just don't give up

on me.

Tame my passions,
tame my love.
Do it gently

on the go.

A wonderful, doleful life

Wonderful, full of wonders,
doleful, full of sadness.
What's it going to be tonight?
Let's make a mixture –
a wonderful, doleful life!

A plethora of innocuous dreams,
a voice that cannot sing.
Tweak the last paragraph
and the love story will be perfect
even if perfection does not exist.
Lie to the lover stupid
and the heart will sink.

Thinking of you
is an ingrained habit.
My loneliness had the chutzpah
to tell me I was pathetic.

But you can't have it all!
Full of wonders, wonderful,
full of sadness, doleful.
What's it going to be tonight?
Let's make a mixture –
a wonderful, doleful life!

Your love is pittance
but I can survive
with the help of the plethora
I won't dive!

A mixture –
a wonderful, doleful life!

Equilibrium

Beauty requires ugliness,
life requires death,
a violin – few strings
and the moon – a side we haven't met.

What is the other part of your love?
Goodness cannot exist without evil.
Is it a rock or salt?
A firm body or its shiver?

What will a child do
when it discovers the other side of the moon?
Who will tell him that
beginning is the ending, in fact?

Land sleeps
while sea sings.
Land will die
without the sea's lullaby.

Virelay

Imbued with curiosity
every pore wants to know
the lush love's legacy
I'll even fall very low.

You still sleep below
the perfect golden luck
I want to know
your kiss thunderstruck.

The issue of pain let us duck
release the obsolete dreams
let me take your luck
tonight on my lips your love sleeps.

In the morning it leaves
nobody cares about its veracity
today with sorrow my soul breathes
later my love will be burnt in effigy.

Poetry's shiver

So sweet, the venom of the lips;
they bleed from the poisonous kiss.

So obscure, the poet of yore
wrote a poem for you, and your
hand tore it apart.

How could you lie to him from the very start?!

So lovely, the face of the angel appeared
in one dream long ago.

So deceiving, your face beamed
in front of my eyes long ago.

I still see it by day and by night;
of losing your image, I dread the sight!

So far away, the hands of yours;
I'd let them choke.

So tender, the death of love
that lifted me above
the highest mountain in the world
just when I have enough strength these words to murmur:

Let us die for 'her'!

'She' is worthy.

Let us fight for 'her'!

'Her' petals are lovely
even when they wither.

LOVE is the eternal poetry's shiver.

All my demons

All my demons have fallen asleep
and I'm feeling kind of lucky tonight.
I shall push them so deep
into the pit of the ultimate goodbye!

For all my demons are asleep.
That is a great chance to sell them
to the devil or forgetfulness;
with all my strength I curse them.
But they told me once -
"You can't curse us!"
Nevertheless, I try to peruse them,
remember them by heart
so I can act wise from a fresh start.

They are my demons, my mistakes
but I am thankful
for they keep me aware
of all the good and bad in my eye.
I am just a human with two sides.

One is a demon, a wild flame;
the other - an angel, humble and tamed.

Lo! My hand shakes
at the thought of pushing them
though I know
seldom are they asleep
and the only chance should be seized.
I feel sorry for them

now that they bleed.

All my demons have fallen asleep
at the bottom of that dark pit.

Supplication

Last night,
with bowed head
my solitude supplicated me -
“Don’t leave me here”.
With raised head and a smile of scoff
I told her -
“You’re not dear
to me anymore”
My solitude implored.

I didn’t have mercy!
I burnt her at the stake
like a witch!
Last night I’d like to forget.

Her eyes were limpid
like water;
they incessantly cried.
I pretended not to hear her
say the last goodbye.

Her voice was tremulous,
her skin burnt,
I was being more than callous.
“To hell, to hell – you bird
of prey
you have no say
in my life anymore,
to your scar face
I am closing the door!”

Last night
with bowed head
my solitude supplicated me.

The CURE

Under the hidden mask on thy visage
thy candid soul slumbers
and the heart vintage
wildly, wildly pounds!

I shall placate the throbs of it.
No worry in sight!
I was born to caress it,
I am the light

thou have been waiting for
in the dimness of thy world;
thou shall be lonely no more
I possess the cure

for the plague of a lonely heart.
Do not be afraid!
For we shall never be apart
though love is a razor blade.

Under the hidden mask on my visage
there lies a silent tear,
just one and the ancient vintage
of that lonely year.

And the cure I spake of
is the one you know.
And the plague is loneliness.
LOVE is its cure!

New eyes

Let go of your dreams,
let go of your illusions,
forget the wishes of your greedy heart,
take a look at the world with new eyes.

Only then will you succeed,
only then will luck knock on your door
and the greedy heart will not bleed
anymore, anymore.

Free your mind,
free your soul
of the sham words and desires.
Stop coveting more and more,
stop dancing on the floor
where your dreams are reality
but in fact, they are not!
You hurt your wit,
you hurt it a lot.

You should know your place.
It is not among the stars!
You should realise
there's nothing to embrace
but your loving ones.

And don't forget to breathe
slowly, having no wish!
Forget every need
and you'll find the true bliss.

You will need new eyes
to watch the world in a different light.
You don't need a disguise
to liberate your soul from the tarnished shine.

Icicles

The glittering icicles fell and pierced a heart.
The deadly silence remained.
Few words were uttered.
No one stayed
to pick the heart and try to deliver it.
And you? What did you do?
You stepped on it
and didn't look back!
The world one soul lacks.

The heart was mine.
The step was yours.
No, I don't mind.
I lived for love and I died!

The glittering icicles melted
but the heart did not awake.
The icicles will return
but no heart will be there.

Incessantly mine

I wish I could be
the last word on your lips,
but you are on mine.
Let me surrender the last breath

to the heavenly and sublime
and as I go, know this –
in my heart
you'll be incessantly mine!

She

Why is she always sinful?
They say -
when bloody rivers flow
and when a new life is on its way
back to the pit of pain;
the pain she felt,
back to the horrible disdain.

Why is she always weak?
They say -
the weakest link
in the life chain.
But she possesses leviathan power!
You cannot deny it.
She is not a lower
type of life, you know it.

Why is she always worthless?
They say -
when she is born
they wish they had been given a male.

Why has she been tortured?
Through centuries
bloody tears she shed.
She is an animal
that shouldn't have been bred.

She has suffered.
She has been in pains.

She has slumbered
in fear of disgrace.
No longer will she be mute!
No longer will she cry!
The silent tears will turn into a smile!
She IS free nowadays, or is she?
The shackles that are given to her
are tightly clung to her chest.
Who is she?

She is you and I am her.
Let us not be divided!
Under the constant threat of execution
WE STAY UNITED!!!

Sonnet One

A sequined soul lies in the rain.
The tarnished metal hurts the eye.
The yellow flowers have lain
on the bed of a mistress shy.

It was long ago.
Thou had the soul,
but thou let it go
to slumber no more.

Now, it is awaken!
Every wound is alive!
Every bone broken
but the love inside doth not die.

Still, the pang-clad life is not a foe.

'Tis but a friend we all adore.

Vulnus profundus

When will it heal?
When will the rain stop?
This pang cannot be concealed.
The wound is not enough
to bring down;
to wring a heart dry,
but a thought is here;
the thought that the heart will die
without first tasting your lips.
This doll still sleeps
upon the crystal wish
to have you for a second, at least.

This doll has a broken smile,
with your reflection in its eye.

Much to my chagrin

Much to my chagrin
you never knew how I felt.
Yet, you slumber on the hummock of my love
and you're ignorant into the bargain
how you and I met.

It was long ago,
by a crimson night
you were sleeping below
the sorrow's lethal light.

Then, I came to rescue you
to lift your eye open.
you never thanked me
but you left me broken.

Then, years elapsed
and your sanguine lips in my mind dwelled.
You never came back,
I am still living on a vestige of your spell.
You hit me hard
Heavy, the odour of our past,
Heavy, the mute tear on a cheek;
Everyone moves on; my solitudes last.

They are waiting for a knight
to deliver them with some light effort,
with a smile and delight
to erase all the jitters on the spot.

The knight never comes.
The night is never crimson.
And you and I are the ones
who defy the fleeting years.

For we shall live forever
through my silver pen!
The verses will deliver
the message letter to all the men.

The last heartbeat

Fell asleep in the midst of my insomnia,
just when I thought I could not breathe
a breath returned like a plethora.
In that dream I did not see you,
in that dream I wrote to you.
The poem was the shortest ever written
The pain was the strongest ever felt.
It had one word and one word alone
for my pen dried out my soul.
I guess I died in that dream
thinking of you,
I guess I heard my last heartbeat,
losing my love for you!
Died in an instant!
Lived in a second!
Wrote for the ashes!
My pen was taken!

The Marchioness

There's a chasm yawning betwixt us
but I shall always be your very humble love servant,
the Marchioness of the highest passions,
the walking cane of illusions.

But woe is the stamina
you claim you possess;
you refuse to die for love on the battlefield;
the gore of it, you say, engulfs you with distress
my heart relapsed into silence,
a fathomless ocean of solitude.

My mind, a coy mistress
who knows not the world's magnitude.

Tired of loving with no results,
the Marchioness assumes an air of sheer coldness.
Life moves on like a petal in the breeze
the yawning chasm will not squeeze
her heart anymore
for she is a wonderful monster now
and they'll say when she falls –
"She went through life
touching it scarcely at all".

Hovering over the bottom

Hovering over the bottom
lost in the past
never ending the hope
that you and I shall last.
Hovering,
yet, not landed.
Smiling,
yet, not stranded.
I have my poems
to keep me company
and all the lovers
are above me.

Resting on the pile of everlasting dissatisfaction

I wonder what I truly need.
Nothing – must be the answer!
My verses, however, bleed
over the unattained aspirations.
The world is a cup of tea
and I want to dive deep.

Hovering,
yet, not landed.
Smiling,
yet, not stranded.
Listening,
with the deaf ear
to the voice that speaks near.
It says – “The more you want,
the more you lose.

You may sacrifice everything
but in the end, 'nothing' you will choose.

Lost in the wind,

...words, kisses, voices,
messages, poems, verses
and the bogus declaration of love.
Don't waste your breath,
they are lost.

But a stark craving is not;
'tis still here to drown the soul.
Your voice didn't know
I was not out of earshot
when it said – "She is lost"

in the wind
never to return again.
Am I just your sin
ready to be dead?

Lost in the wind
the words, the kiss
the poem, the voice –
I pushed them away
down to a slope.

But it seems they echo back,
like little boomerangs they come back.
Every night I shut my eyes
to me, they sing the sweetest lullabies.

This face

I saw this face in my dream,
tender and wild.
It said – “You fit here”
and it pointed to its heart.

It took me through the wilderness
to see the world’s end.
It said – “I’ll be here
waiting for you at the end”.

We danced and we whirled
in a vortex of everlasting love.
It said – “Remember, you are in a dream,
and a raven can even be a white dove.”

But a dream is smooth-tongued
and the face looked divine.
I paid scarce attention to its words
just to enjoy the lie.

I saw this face in my dream,
tender and wild.
It said – “You fit here”
and it pointed to its heart.

The Alarm! The face on the pillow
vanished long ago.
Now I walk through the wilderness
all alone.

Walking through the past

Wake up the dead spirits of the gloomy past,
in a silent madness
I stumble, stutter, limp,
running away from the ghouls of the past
I try to erase your face
from my obscure mind.
But if I do that
the sole light will vanish;
If I murder you,
the sole breath will not replenish
my lungs and thoughts of you.
You keep me alive!
If I let you loose, I shall die!

Lifting the dreamy eye,
in the dark groping for your hand,
failing over and over again
to find the bright end.

Forward, backward –
all the same.
To and fro –
Let's do it again.
Sinking, blinking,
the eyes shut;
in a silent madness
the day is shot.

Wake up the dead spirits of the gloomy past,
I stumble, stutter, limp,

with weary steps I stride,
uttering your name in the second last.

Debris of a poet

A big patch of crimson was spreading in the ashen sky.
The chariot sprang forward and was gone.
The death-rattle grew louder,
the cadaverous visage paler.
The river shuddered in the fierce wind.
The song of the last breath was keen.

Who was roaming the deserted lands -
was the one who was having suicidal thoughts;
The one screaming within,
the one pale; and louder than the din
inside the head, inside the soul
lay down onto the green grass,
released the hushed screams
in the wicked twilight.

Every faked smile covered an ink tear.
Every breath drew near
the dark and the end of the day.
Whose eyes were closing there?
The night was cool.
The wind jived on and on.
The rattle stopped.
A new day was born.

And on that grass,
the greenest you have ever seen
amongst the iridescent flowers,
there, someone has been,
alone, forsaken, shivery

remained, of a poet, the debris.

Summer's slave

Who knew that death was a summer's slave?

The hideous face appeared
on a bright August day.
It had a sonorous voice
ready to break the spirit
when there's no other choice
but to step forward and follow it.

Who knew that death was a summer's slave?

When least expected,
a gruesome, heavy man came,
the dark thoughts dilated
like the black irises of the man
ready to shout out your name
on a bright summer day.

Isn't glacial winter the master of the dead?

Isn't gloomy rain the leader of death?

But, nay! It chose a sunny day
brighter than an electric bulb!

Who knew that death was a summer's slave?

A minute ago breathing, now numb!

The silence of your love

A swan and a sword plunged through its heart,
a love, and in a windowless chamber – a cry,
the wind which moves not the dead leaves
life takes it away but it gives!
The glacial winter froze your eyes,
two placid lakes in disguise.
They vanished,
turning the warm lips into ice;
this strong heart, without you, is a lie.

By night, only by night
when the candle flame flickers
I want, want it hard
to turn my heart into pebbles
but it does not fly
all the silences I am surrounded by
and the strongest of them all
is the silence of your love.

A swan and a sword plunged through its heart,
a love, and in a windowless chamber – a cry,
the wind which moves not the dead leaves,
life takes it away but it gives.

Always in a fairytale

Always in a fairytale,
never in reality
always somewhere on air,
never struggling to evade the obscurity
the mind resides in,
the pain under this skin
covered hard, in armour and lead
to the real dreams never wed
but always one step ahead.
The step takes it to the edge,
the edge leading to the abyss,
the abyss of the eternal bliss.

So, where are we now?
In the profoundest melancholy?
Or are we here whatsoever?
In a tale that sounds like a fairy?

Reality check!
Fairies don't exist!
Please, heart, come back,
step away from the sweet abyss!

Nothing at all

Spending the day
with head glued to the window pane.
Ethereal light creeping in,
enshrouded the darkness within
the sangfroid of the mind.

Now, eyes see clearly
love is luxury
likely to be besotted with sadness,
likely to make you dart away
to so many hiding places.

Taciturn as it always is;
garner memories to eschew oblivion
sink down on your knees
and our future envisage.

Tell me, love –
What do you see?
Bright days or obscurity?
Speak just once and no more!
Let the crimson light suffice
the face pallor.

Tell me tell me –
What do you hear?
Write the words if it's easier
Then, the words appeared
carved on the wall
In the silence echoed –

No future, nothing at all!

Speaking to the eternity

Crumbled to dust in your arms,
I hear the echo of eternity.
Soaring on the hope that some day
you'll bring me back to that eternity.

Every smile conceals a yawn of boredom
in the world of dust,
every joy – a misery
waiting, listening, speaking
the silent words to the eternity.
Can you hear me?

I, smitten with pang,
am calling for you to bring
me back to the world of the alive
now I am an olive with no tree
I am everywhere
but where I want to be

in your arms, crumbled to dust
in my world sorrows last
for a long time with no semblance of end,
for a long time now, on torpor I've been fed.

'Damnant quod non intelligunt'
and so, I am condemned,
forgotten, banished, dead
still calling, still speaking
to anybody out there.
One day someone will hear me pray.

Treading the sky avenues

A poet's spirit in an angel's form
treading the sky avenues
far away from home
listened to the lyre with strings of steel
its music a new dawn revealed.

The new dawn opened its sleepy eyes
the clouds were sweet cherries.
The meadow blossomed into a flowery garden,
the love – into Eden.

The peace of it enchanted the spirit –
It fell into a profound sleep,
the breeze jived while petals began
slowly to wither.

It slept for a long time
with a smile on the aspect
but an avalanche of doubt
was launched the next second.

Am I really here?
Sleeping on a cloud?
Treading the sky avenues
listening to the voice
so captivating, so sincere?
Am I really here?

Nay, it is just a car in the street
grumbling about its engine

the spirit has just returned
to the soulless technology century.

Treading the concrete streets
a poet's spirit in a human form
listened to the moaning
of the destitute people, forlorn.

One of them

It's easy to fight against the weak
when you are one of them
try staying focused in a combat
where the strong make you bleed to death.

And so, you return from the battlefield,
wounded to the bone.
And so, you fall deep
just to realize you are all alone.

Who told you the lie
that you could survive
in the world of the ambitious,
merciless and robust?
You are the utter antonym
of the words above.

They displayed your frail soul on a salver
for you had lost it on the field.
How can you move on now
when they laugh at you while you bleed?

They torture you, haunting the weak mind.
Tell me – Is it easy now
against the weak to fight?
Even they deserve the throne!
You had wanted all!
Now you lost the one

soul you had –
It's there on the salver
ready to be dead!

Ziggurat

It was not just the autumn,
not the spring, not the summer
but years and years of loneliness,
it was not just a second
but months and months of regretfulness.

At every ziggurat
there's an abyss underneath
once you climb
you might fall back deep.
A frog never turns into a prince -
that is the stark truth -
a ziggurat is never a guarantee
that you reached the highest goals.

I should've known, should've expected
the summer, the autumn, the spring
years and years of dark light,
I should've perceived
the bogus ziggurat in sight.

A dead pigeon's head

I saw a dead pigeon's head
in the street, torn apart.
Are my dreams like that?
Lying somewhere in the gutters
without wings,
windows without shutters?
And a looming storm knocks on the door.
Who will protect them?
Are my dreams like the pigeon?
Which will never fly again?

Perhaps, they are a falcon
soaring high above
ready to land on its talons strong.
But, nay, they are a butterfly
living for a day
when the hour strikes,
life is, of death, afraid.

I wish they were a Phoenix
vigorous and undying
the forceful wings of his
will take me to the highest bliss
and my lungs will be filled
with the sweetest air of pride.
But the constant image before the eye pops –
the dead pigeon's head
lying on the pavement all alone.

Behold my crown

Leave the tears standing in the eye,
don't let them fall
but give wings to your mind
wild thoughts of what you can achieve
wild imagination makes you believe
in all the impossible victories
that are waiting for you
along with the glory
that is smiling upon you.

Shining armour, glinted blade of your sword
hoofs of your horse
trotting proud,
you – singing loud –
“Here I am! Behold my crown!”
The crown you won
and the throne you claim –
all for the sake of true happiness.
The tears you cry,
the sighs you sigh –
all for the sake of dead quietness.

The crown lost its glitter,
the birds on the trees still twitter
and you see the mind lost its wings
in your pathetic little room
you are still standing
like the tear in the eye
the throat captured another sigh.

Behind every laughter

How everything you've built for years can be destroyed in a second!

How everything that lasts for a long time can be lost in an instant!

How a leviathan love can become wee!

How everything you lost was everything you used to be!

Where is justice? Where is fairness? Where is a shout?

It can't be that you give in with no doubt.

Where is the eternity we all hanker after?

It can't be that a tear is hidden behind every laughter!

How I, allegedly, steely and unyielding, can turn into ashes?

How your, allegedly, fiery love quickly extinguishes?

How we, allegedly aware of what we have, don't care about it?

How people, allegedly powerful, can't jump over the self-created pit?

Instead, they fall and don't return!

Forever ignorant fools they slowly burn!

Reader

How words flow from my mind so easily!
And how they mean nothing so perfectly!
Yet, the other day my mind was utterly dry,
yet, to the end of a line I could not fly,

but I halted somewhere in the midst of terror,
realizing I had nothing more to offer
to the reader who eagerly waits
upon my syllables,
to the pallid pages – all my valuables!

The reader remained disappointed and verse-free.
Letting him down was the worst misery.
Now, he's trying to discern
the letters of the old verses in the darkness.
Pray, you do forgive me -
Verses are nothingness!

To my beloved reader
I leave these shadows in the pale light
but don't let them lie to you -
There's a hidden message
in every blind sight.

It won't come

It seems we are always waiting for something
on the brink of giving up,
just when you thought
you weren't strong enough
you remained there
to give it another try.

Now, why did you do that
when you could have fallen down?
Now you have to do it all over again
just to be let down!
Again! You know it happens every time.
It seems we are waiting for something
even though we know it won't come!

Extempore

Speaking extempore,
not one of your features flinched,
behaving courteously,
your beautiful eyes did not blink.
What were you talking about?
Oh, yes... your love with no doubt.
Well, let me tell you this -
your love is everything but a bliss;
plagued by fabrications and rotted words,
smartly absurd,
a vaudeville – that is all.
Here is the Oscar for your role!

My dear comedian,
stop barking silently at your failures.
I know you do that often,
deep within,
I hear the echoes of the din.
You scream at yourself
for not having the effrontery
to take a risk and love someone.
So what if your heart will get icy?!
You will never know until you try!

My dear comedian,
'tis not love what you feel for me
but gratitude, admiration,
everything you don't want it to be.
I worship, though,
your calmness, ability to act well

but I also know
I am certainly not your amour sentinel!

I shall certainly not guard your fears
and lack of attitude.
Find your own, please,
the century we live in asks you to.
What's the matter?
Don't cry, 'tis not the end of the world.
Oh, those are just faked tears.
Look who is now absurd!
You got me, I must admit,
for a second I thought you were sincere.
I shall never permit
my darkness to lighten my fears.

I do have them! We all do.
It's just that I am a fool
to say out loud
that I am proud
of what I am
and what I might be -
loveless, jobless,
only rotted words with me.

Speaking extempore,
I wrote these verses without a blink.
At the end I realise
to the bottom, with them, I shall sink.

Let's make a deal, my heart

I'll stop dwelling on clouds of illusion
and you will give me a love.
I'll stop hunting for what belongs not to me,
coveting with envy.
Let us forget all the wrong that we did,
let us pray together,
let us die amid
the greatest sensation.

My heart, do you not hear the sobbing of my soul
shipwrecked at the isle of stupidity?
How could She be so alone
all these years without a touch, a smile, tranquility?
Let me sign wherever I need to
I'll put down the worn-out letters of my name,
I'll merely listen to you
from now on, no one's to blame.

My heart, we have suffered for years
in the dungeons for the lonely!
Why should we continue to surrender
our breath to the misery?
Let us take off
like a fiery bird, up to the sky -
Who says it is the limit
when we cross it when we die?

Or where DO we go?
From here?
Other place I don't know,

so, I can see we'll stay right here.
But let's make a deal, my heart -
I'll stop hurting you
and you will survive
when others stop shooting you.

Don't you think it's time
we put everything at stake for love?
Even if it hurts!
It will! Inevitable
is the pain after the days of joy.

Now go to sleep,
I'll banish all the demons.
No one will look deep
into your hidden chambers.
Why should they?
There, they will see
darkness, absence and piles and piles of misery.

But don't fret, there's still time to waste
(like we haven't wasted enough).
Don't hesitate
the next time they tell you –
You are not good enough!
But shout! Scream at their scarred faces -
They are wrong,
they do not know the beginning of your first song.
Let me remind you.
It says –
A dark success with shiny armour is behind you,
you will never fail,
I am here for you
to pick you up if WE ever fail.

Before the day comes,
be patient!
I know I am asking too much,

but could you give me back
the love of mine, the non-existent?

My audacious heart, let's make a deal
but I know well this sounds surreal.

Worn-out words

"I love you" –
just a figure of speech,
the worn out words forever bleed,
from lips to lips
weary steps they took,
wounded, broken to the bone.

I wonder if they ever cry
in the silence of all lies.
They cannot be true
when they pour out of you.
Their tissue – fraught with gore,
they breathe this air no more,

but 'tis the venomous fume of untruthfulness,
'tis the drug for an addict,
'tis the black colour of the rainbow's end,
in a tarnished chain, the weakest link.

Why do you use them, then?
To be all the rage?
All the brain creatures of the planet
do that at a certain stage,
without asking themselves –
what the words truly mean.
For a word is a lie,
and the truth is a deed!

"I love you" –
just a figure of speech,

the worn out words forever bleed.

Shattered dreams

Give me words
but don't utter them without deeds.
Give me a balm to repair
these shattered dreams.

They are alive, though.
Still, hope hasn't marooned them
on a dazzling sunny shore
where sea salt is the balm for the wounded.

Nay, they are here with me,
crouched in a glacial minute icicle,
they are wizened, wee,
broken but worthy...

...of my believing in them,
if they are torn right now
that's not the reason
why I should forsake them.

Give me words
but don't utter them without deeds.
Give me a balm to repair
these shattered dreams.

Love, faith, hope

Hope is the biggest liar ever seen!

Love is the cruelest thief!

Faith is hope's bosom friend!

What do we have in between? -

- Nothing, and more nothingness,
ashes made of dreams and illusions,
bubbles ready to be dispersed into selfishness
after the loss of the three friends
you find a new pal – bitterness!

And he incessantly smears your soul!

You know that.

And he is every pang's thorn!

You feel that!

Still, you keep him close
even though he is not the tender rose!

Its petals withered long ago.

Now you see, now you know.

Once you called them

a thief, a liar,

now they are your wildest desire!

Hope is the breath in your lungs!

Love is the core!

Faith is irrevocably lost!

No need to write any more!

Just another frog

How ironic!

The charming prince turned out to be
just another frog!

How disappointing?! Well, no!

I knew it all along.

But I loved to enjoy the lie.

Aren't we all happy
when we are ignorant?

Aren't we all guilty
of permitting others
to leave us broken?

The charming prince turned out to be
just another pain.

Join the club, fair maiden!

They are all the same -
frogs and their captivating voices,
princes under the balconies
and their ridiculous excuses.

They say, let me guess -

"I cannot live another morrow without thou"

Well, let me tell you this,
fairytale is a savage blow.

So, toss the stupid frog back to the bog!

The charming prince was a hoax
all along.

A late August night

Another autumn of sadness in the air,
another vain poem about it,
another kiss for you, where
you dwell away from me,
another vain kiss for thee.

A late August night,
September on its way.
You are out of sight,
the shivering body is afraid
of the winter cold.
Or is it of loneliness?
Maybe of both?
Maybe just the remoteness -
where you dwell away from me,
another air kiss for thee.

By the window, standing
for the hundredth time
alone, sighing
in the silence of the late August night.

Another autumn of sadness in the air,
another vain poem about it.
For how long shall I stay?
Here, for somebody to come, waiting.

Outwit life

Life can slam the door
to your face
and the sound will be terrifying,
but in fact it is the call
for your waking.

Life can shake you brutally,
laughing in your face.
It will end ironically
just when you truly begin to feel it.

Just when you start to breathe
it will make you lose the air;
just when you think you need
another sunny day.

So, thwart it, outwit it
by loving it every day,
realising it is the one and only,
so, why should you waste it?

Set a bomb

Galvanise the dead torpor of my heart,
set a bomb
to remove the heaviest wall of indolence,
let it cave in
till it has reached the soil
then, bring me up again
from the ashes, extinguish this turmoil.

I have come to the bottom.
No more steps to take.
Lack of confidence undermines my efforts
to fly back.
Scared to live, scared to fail
for life is failing
and rising again and again.

Set the bomb
to raze the already evacuated city of my world.
Hopefully, new residents will come.
Hopefully?! I've always thought the word sounded absurd!
Faithfully, my dead heart won't stay alone.

When it has caved in
come to wipe away the dust
from my weary eyelids,
move my lashes slowly,
make me see again.
The dust will dissipate late at night
I am not letting you out of my sight.

But the bomb did not go off.
It seems I am not setting off.

Sublime

Throttle me, you despicable worm once again,
hide my light under a bushel
deride every endeavour of mine
applaud my decline
I shall rise all sublime.

You can shut me
in the smallest box in the world,
I shall surface,
to push a cork under the water –
It's absurd,
you can thrust me through the glass
I shall progress
for an eternity I shall last.

Pummel me into submission
hate me till blood pours out of you
there's the stark precision
in these verses –
I am higher than you.

You ridiculous simpleton,
you laughed at what you don't grasp.
Your ignorance weighs a ton,
in your arms tightly clasped.

So, go ahead, once again
deride every effort of mine
applaud my decline,
I shall, certainly, fly all sublime.

Writing wordlessly

Your hatred has hatched
in the wildest storm tonight,
my love has sunk
to the deepest well of bleeding.

Where shall we meet?
I am asking you now.
Should I complete
these verses before my bare soul I show?

You will see there's nothing so special in it
when we collide tonight
my alleged love will suffocate.
Where shall we meet?
In the midst of the storm?
Or shall we remain asleep
for an eternity plus more.

The wind roars in the branches
I can feel your presence
yet, you have come
to chain me to the pen's absence.
You know well I would die
should all the pens dry
all the words flee my mind
If you want to crush me,
take away my lines.

That's what you did,
that's what all of them do,
but even if

my eyelids – all ashes
I am still writing wordlessly for you.

Where do all the souls go?

Where do all the souls go?
Do they leave a trace behind?
Where is yours?
Floating, wandering,
at the end of the road, waiting for mine.

Where do all the colours of rainbow go?
In a sunray or in the restless wind?
Does hope join them on the go?
Why does the flame of a candle
extinguish in the dark, in the blink?

Or the souls might be colourless rainbows
before us endless railroads
and the silent steps
lead us slowly to the end.

End of a rainbow
where your soul sleeps
insecure, but with hope meets
floating, wandering
at the end of the road, waiting.

The earthquakes

Where is a hug when I need it?
Where is the kiss? Well, I miss it.
Where are you in these cold nights
when the earthquakes block the moon
and the lights?

Where is the bliss we miss?
Recumbent love that sleeps
to wake 'her', or not?
to taste 'her' a lot?
Where is a hug?
Shoulders only capable of a shrug.

It doesn't take a plethora of effort
to lay a hand on a shoulder
painting a new world of wonder
where the earthquakes are milder
but a hug, where is it?
The hand, still travelling to deliver it.

Will it arrive eventually?
To calm the thunder in the bosom,
a lightning to illuminate the fears
in the dark; thus you lose them.

And in that dark, craving a hug
listening to the throbs
of the soils and the heart
here it comes, here it goes,
a hug or that stentorian voice?

If I could embrace the whole world -
Poor wishes dispersed in the quake!
If I could embrace you
tonight, just to hear your heart shake
Then, I'd know, then, I'd feel
there's a more leviathan power
than an earthquake.

Love your dream

Do not be parsimonious with the love
that you nurse for your dream;
be always combing the streets
of your town, for novel sensations
of your heart, for novel conversations.
You'd need words to strike you up;
You'd need people to bring you up.
all alone, you will not pull through
but listen to the voices in the street,
they are telling you –
How a colossal trouble is, in fact, wee;
How reality is, in fact, a dream
prepared to soar
waiting for you in front of your door.
However disappointing every day may seem,
never stop breathing
as you never stop believing in your dream.
Love it as you love your mother!
Should you stop believing,
then, to live, don't bother!

Notice of eviction

I've given my mind a notice of eviction!
I'll stay blind for the cause of revocation
of common sense and mental concentration
for I've given up on my poor self-possession.

From now on, what I'll let me lead
is all I have within me –
an insane heart that keeps only you,
insane poems that have no clue.

Adieu, my brain activity,
storming, fighting, and tranquility,
solely driven by emotionality
I remain buried in my fantasy.

For all I know it this –
Choosing love over brain is a bona fide bliss.

How can you slumber?

How can you slumber?
While the storm jives
And a rumble of thunder
to the bottom of your barren soul dives?

How can you chant
while a dirge is in the air?
How can you play dead
when you're not banished there?

How can you smile
while a tear hangs on your cheek?
And how can you cross a mile
when your legs sink

fast into the quicksand?
How can you slumber
When a love's about to land
on the hot tarmac
where the snowy dreams breathe
and the love falls asleep?

How can you be quiet
when the pang's devouring you
and the missing light
hides in the distance blue?

Ultimately, how can't you see
the non-melting love within me?

The die is cast

Contempt interspersed with love
and my trembling hands that hold
one of your letters that says –
'Forget me, I am already dead'.

Reinstated pains of loneliness
in the dimness of the candle light
keep capering around and around
my head; and my die
about to be cast:
I shall forever last!

Just to die again before your eyes
to hurt your puny heart of lies
to show you what I can do
to perforate your soul blue,
colouring it black and grey,
forsaking you with no breath.

You will see what I can do!
You will see I am your enemy;
once you dispatched me,
I reloaded the guns;
covered the dirt
my armaments still dance
lying on the floor
behind the latched door
I can hear the hushed blast.

'Twas my die
Now, finally, cast!

My worst foe

November halted,
December crept in
uninvited, puzzled me.
What do you want now?
When my heart is an empty shell?
Don't try to push me into a love
tentative, weary, slow
but leave, please
even though I adore your glacial breath,
I must ask you to be away
as far as possible from me
let me bleed peacefully.
Unhappiness is a state of the mind
created by the owner alone
No one's to blame for your miseries,
stand up, say it out loud
I am my worst foe
in and outdoors!

How many daggers?

How many daggers do I have to
plunge through my heart to expel you?
How many nights do I have to
spend sleepless to forget you?
How many days do I need to obscure you?
But it seems you are the incessant light
that burns my mind
to the ashes,
then, restores me
to the glimmering throne so soon.

Its flash is feeble
washing over me now and again.
Its darkness stronger
playing with me with disdain.
And I invariably lose
never to be taught wisdom
but I invariably choose
to replay for I adore them –
your games and schemes
though vile and ruthless
are the core of me
without them I am all emptiness.

The daggers tried in vain
to pull me back to life
I remained in the pain
that you had left me for life.
Thus, groping my way back to the bed
I lie down instead

of staying kicking and awake
but I dream about you;
For you – I shall never forsake!

Poetic coma

My words are in a coma,
they fell asleep.
My verses are an invisible plethora
swept by the fierce wind.

The only time I felt truly happy
was when I saw 'you'
standing there
on a piece of paper, printed,
my letters, my sentinels.

And no one knew your name
but I knew you were mine
silent on the ashen paper
my poems – echoes of my art.

The art that's now crushed
like a painkiller.
The grains of its dust
were once a proud leader.

Now, crippled
crutches under the armpits –
My words, these ugly creatures,
into your world – they don't fit.

When will I see them
in the shining armour
When will I be kissed
by a flammable lover?

I know when!
When I have stepped out of the coma
I know how!

- To leave my poems forever!

Expecting too much,
failing too often

Great expectations always dive deep
so, don't nurse them
let them be asleep.

Great expectations are always
great disappointments,
so don't caress them,
leave THEM disappointed.

Outwit them, expect nothing on the way
outrun them, embracing life as it is,
even trick them, you may.

Often did they fail,
often did you cry
now it's time you left
them on a deserted isle.

Be surprised by what may happen!
'Unexpected' is the word you need to use now
to wait for your heaven.

Combustion

Combust every breath,
transmit it from my living body
to yours dead.
I desire to resurrect your soul
from the torpor you adore.

The torque in my heart is heavy,
at the highest velocity I change position,
the revolution of the mind is easy
to stop when I'm out of depression
and when you capture my being.
I am not tired of bleeding
for you, and invariably for you.
Once you lose your heart,
it will be replaced soon.

At the end of this night
only frail ember will light
the darkness of the combustion chamber.
What's left of my heart
if not a thin ash layer?

You took everything
but I don't regret!
For I can vaguely discern your wings spread
in the distance up high,
but, return, please, to say the last goodbye
and to take the last scintilla of life.
I was made to cherish you
even after all eternities die.

Basiare

The frozen petals
waiting to embrace the ocean of lava
in the wildest dream tonight;
the last fragment of patience was a drama
where the fair maiden committed a suicide.

Bring the heated alloys
to this cube of ice,
light it up with millions
of flaring, yet undiscovered stars.

Present a new world of waves,
blue and deep,
push me down the crevasse,
let your power wash over me.
For I have reposed
at the bottoms of the heaviest darkness
for too long,
so, now I call upon those
who have the viable strength to bring me up....

and the petals, warm and sleek,
a whirlpool where I could drown
and the love that lasts longer than a blink,
an eternity that never comes down
to my world, my bottom
bring the heated petals
I insanely covet them.

Basiare my ink, hot but never tamed!
Basiare me, ready, but afraid!

Beast

A wounded beast
underneath the violet sky
crawling, whining; deep and high
knolls and valleys,
forest – dark and shine
and the lachrymose beast's eye
shed a crystal tear
and who would tell
that the fearless beast wouldn't bear
the loss of wilderness.

A flock of crows
hovering over the shrieking beast,
eagerly waiting to land;
the old vultures can't appease
the thirst for the dead.

There, it lay all night,
shuddering, vanquishing the dream;
languid eyelids kept the dark from the light
till dawn broke the sky dim
into sparks and shine,
then, the beast let forth the last sigh.

Shall we dance?

If I could soar high,
reach the highest top.
If my name could be written in your eyes,
but I accidentally dropped.

It might have been deliberately
for I had refused to fight,
languid hands, a molten shield
made me kill the spirit, and the light.

My spear broken,
my knees gory,
nowhere to stumble over a token
to show me the way in this story.

Am I a fair maiden
who stays alone for the rest of her life,
waiting in the solitary tower
with a silent throb, with a broken smile?

Scrap metal – the armour of the gallant knight,
no shine, no glitter, no spark.
Yet, he stands in the rain
beneath the towers,
Yet, he said –
“Fair maiden, shall we dance?”

And I, for the first time, no hesitant fool
descended the stairs to the rusted knight
whose eyes sparkled green and obscure

just like every darkness hides a coy light.

Something left me here

It beats down in torrents,
more than ever before;
pillowcase studded with thorns.
Something left me here and closed the door.

Was it my fear?
Anxiety? Vanity? What else?
It said to me: "Sit down, my dear,
don't fret! We shall do this in silence."

An embrace was a substitute for words;
I felt my soul vanish peacefully.
It still beats down in torrents
but I am no longer sleeping next to thee.

A frail sunray brought no tidings of a change,
only a maimed visage of sham happiness.
"My poems for my soul, may I exchange",
but you said: "Down with nothingness!"

Now, I may as well lose any hope of resurrection
for you have murdered me twice,
now I'll be a floating star of obscurity
and perchance, I shall die thrice!

Loiter here, loiter there
in the wind, in a wave,
no one knows where the sun despairs
so I can go and annihilate!

Clarion call

Detritus of your poor love
together with the debris of my soul
had started dancing fast and slow
in the silver rain before
the two rusted clarions issued a call –
“Hear ye, hear ye, this is the world’s fall”.

But we still dance
even though fiery skies
tumble over us,
and the acid rain rinses our skin,
filling our glasses to the brim.

Take a sip or a heavy gulp!
It shouldn’t be a dilemma.
Take a walk down the hot tarmac path,
but know that redemption is an anathema!

The two rusted clarions have already gone.
Shall we do the same?
But we remained dancing on the love dais
to show the world’s strength.

And just when everybody thought
the darkness had prevailed,
a coy ray emerged from nowhere!
It was love! It was growing!
The next century will be lasting!

Glacier

An entire glacier has just caved in
and it was the glacier of my heart;
the utter dark has just wrapped me
and I realised I had to dart.

Thus, my heart is exposed to
the possible rough winds of love
but I do not want to
be your slave anymore.

Leave me here and now,
don't regret and come back.
The sooner you take a bow,
the sooner I'll start to build back
the old stones around me,
bricks well-known and heavy.

My galleys have sunk
to the bottoms of the unknown;
my verses are drunk,
wingless birds that have fallen.

Winter will come back soon
and thick layers of ice will chain my soul again,
but right now you will excuse
the loss of my words,
they've gone to the mute lands.

The crack of Dawn

The crack of dawn, and silence
broken by a cold shriek.
Whose voice is that?
Smeared with tears bleak!

The fall of night, and of life
wasted on worthless loves.
Whose love was that?
It ends in defeating blows!

The crack of a new dawn, and silence
wrapped in hushed tears.
And there, not far away from the door
lies a soul, with blood smeared.

I don't remember

I don't remember the touch of a poem,
I don't remember the embrace of a line;
all my canals of inspiration are now dry.

I crave a lethal flood!
I wish it could engulf nobody but me
but the canals remain dry
and I don't want them to be!

I don't remember your touch,
I don't remember your soul
but all I know is this –
I can't write anymore.

To whom shall I devote this poem
when no one cares?
Shall I toss it in the wind
and spare it the disgrace?

I don't remember the touch of a poem,
I don't remember the embrace of a line;
all my canals of inspiration are now dry.

No drop,
no tidings of the flood.
Please, stop
writing before I drown in this mud.

The two souls

Down, in the thickest layers of dust
lies a soul iron cast
and a pair of eyes that you cannot forget;
the pair you have never met.

Across the ocean of flammable love
there, breathes a different soul
marooned on a deserted isle
waiting for a drop in that exile.

Will the water wash away the dust?
And the soul will surface at last?
Will the water come over here
to wash over the silver tear?

Then, the two souls will merge into one
like the blue sky and the yellow sun.

Still loveable

Somewhere between two raindrops
my tear fell asleep.

Once vociferous, now silent
these veins no longer bleed.

In the wind, soar up high
my words senseless and my effort dry,
my hand languid craves a pen
so I can write these words, and then
toss them in the same waves of wind;
up we go, and down in the breathless bleed.

In a whirl, and between the waves
flies my head like a wingless butterfly;
Its effect always counterclockwise
and my heart always tantalised.

I need words to describe you,
I need tears to remind you
that this being you see
is still loveable, still breathes.

In a white gown

On the edge in a white gown;
a chaos in the head;
the curls of the hair are blown
and the heart is already dead.

Tiptoeing on it
while the wind's tossing the white lace
like gossamer in a house deserted;
like emptiness in these hands.

Will a step be taken
to reach the final end?
Or will the gown be torn
to smear the innocence?

Don't come close,
don't pray to make the clouds go away
but let them rain over us
to wash away this sinful dust.

On the edge in a white gown,
a pain in the chest,
the curls of the hair are blown
and the bird fled its nest.

The truth teller

Bound and gagged verses
found their greatest safety in silence;
warped and crippled feelings
jived happily in pretence.

A coxcomb, vain and foolish
sitting before a broken mirror,
lying to himself
that the beauty will never go.

Torn and pale pages of a novel
in fire became ashes
with an unruffled conviction
that one day, they will be published.

Is anybody true to themselves?
Or is a lie just a smooth-tongued imp?
But the bound verses remain silent,
never hoping to sing.

I haven't noticed April

I haven't noticed April,
I haven't noticed the sunrays on my face,
but I have noticed your smile
and the voluptuous lips of red dye.

I haven't noticed blossoms;
sapling leaves on the linden tree
but I have been captured
by your eyes, brown and green.

So far, I haven't noticed life,
I haven't breathed properly,
but now that you have walked into my life,
I am sighing, breathing regularly, but heavily.

A whale

Delete your sorrows,
loneliness, ennui
and the stale breath of the past!
Install some fresh love
and a tremble of your heart!

Dispatch all the jejune speeches
delivered by your teen spirit!
It's time you stopped whining
and bit the bullet!

Make that breach;
the one you have been waiting for.
There on the surface you'll reach
the edification of your soul.

You are a WHALE
and no other mammal!
Remember that
when next time
you dive in surrender!

The first attempt at writing a rondel

The time is nigh for us to declare our hearts;
insipid comments will not count;
tell the truth, leaving behind no doubt.

Yet, words can be keen darts
aiming my blood vessels that shout -
The time is nigh for us to declare our hearts;
insipid comments will not count.

Should your courage and voice dart
to a dimension where emotions are so loud,
I'll be shot in that noisy crowd.
The time is nigh for us to declare our hearts;
insipid comments will not count;
tell the truth, leaving behind no doubt.

Victoria

Do you have ulterior motives
when you nictitate like that?
You connive to make me abdicate my throne!
Do you have any reasons to believe
I shall throw in the towel and start to moan?

Never!
Never will you see me at the bottom!
Never will these lines vanish!
As long as this heart pounds,
I am Victoria!
Never shall I perish!

You can nictitate as much as you like!
It will not give birth to a victory! Not even one-eyed!
You can try to benumb my spirit
but I am a strong edifice!
No earthquake will make me slide!

My victory has two big bright eyes.
It is not crippled like yours.
You cannot read these lines
but hear them; they are not false:

You connive to make me abdicate my throne!
Do you really have any reasons to believe
I shall throw in the towel and start to moan?

Feasting

Shovelling sorrow two times a day,
concluding this chapter before I lay
these crestfallen tears in a crystal grave;
their toes and fingers tingled with despair.

Scythed breaths tinged with melancholy
like fallen leaves of a meadow,
trying to get hold of my hand desperately
while I'm feasting here, in shade and shadow.

I dispatched you like a cur that you are.
I can't hear your whining anymore
for the music is loud and you're far
lying there in the snow.

Here, the sunshine bathes my sore skin
in all the shades of joy.
The snow melted; no inkling of a din;
only birds twittering high and low.

Shooter

You are my shooter,
I bleed eternally
in this dark, lower
part of the world; your lovely
eyes glow, illuminating my way.
I come close to you
just to be shot again!

You are my shooter
silent in this night of piercing voices;
my wildest, darkest, tempestuous lover
prowling the streets of noises
to hush every shriek, every tear.
I feel you are already here.

My palms are frozen,
my breath awaits for the moment
of your advent.
I open the door
just to see your shadow
and hear my heart no more.

A new quill

A dead man's breath,
a swallow with no wings
and this broken quill
are what he brings.

He doesn't promise joy,
he doesn't promise sorrow,
just tranquility and torpor
and some other things
he says I should borrow:

Love, could I borrow your wings
to soar and never land?
Sorrow, could I borrow your days
to be long and never end?

And could I borrow this new quill
to write to him invariably?
If you refuse, I shall have to steal!
No ink (quill), no breath, no eternity!

Fiddle while Rome burns

Fiddle while Rome burns,
while the world is crushing down,
you just keep singing, you deserve
a night out.

The firmament is no longer blue!
Who cares?
It's rather crimson due to
this insignificant flame.

You keep singing, you deserve
a night out.

Fiddle while Rome burns,
while the world is sinking down.

Forests are no longer verdant!
You are, unfortunately, colour-blind.
Masters have become servants,
and romanticism has died.

Oceans are golden deserts,
no drop to quench this thirst.
Summer has borrowed winter blizzards.
The bubble of illusion has just burst.

But you keep singing, you deserve
a night out.

Fiddle while Rome burns,
while the world is flying down
and love into hatred turns.

Close your eyes, my friend, and dream.
There's an abyss on one side.
Fiddle, my friend, fiddle,
fire on the other
and the world's somewhere in the middle.

Spears

Spears are not cast away yet!
Don't sink down and hide!
Disappointment is somebody else's debt.
Enthusiasm did not subside.

So what if the wound is still bleeding
and the skin is still sore?
What's the point? Stop complaining
but rise like the sun and give more.

The spears may be rusted
in all the tears you shed over them.
The foes may be reluctant
to spare the spirit; they want it dead.

Do not exhibit your weakness!
That - you are allowed to hide.
Don't use your bitterness
but the strength to defeat the tide!

With my pen and my heart

I don't want to become you,
I want to become 'ME'.
I don't want hearts two,
want one, a whole, deep.

I don't want a mask,
I want my face,
my voice, the naked truth.
All you see in the palm of this hand
is all you need to understand.

I don't want your apparel,
not even your gauntlet.
I don't want to dress my verses
in somebody else's richness.

I am poor
and all my words might be monosyllabic
but they are mine, I love them,
their simplicity makes me happy.

I want to write
with my pen and my heart!

Let's cross this bridge together

Why the long face, my friend?

 "It's not long,
 it's dead", you said.

But the sable eyes look at mine
with the ensconced strength of depths,
 across that path sublime
 where you taught me to fly.

Recall, my friend,
we flitted from mountain to mountain
like butterflies on a flowery meadow.
No one can hinder us, or me
from doing the same now.

Don't tell me your heart aches -
 that pain keeps you alive.
Don't tell me you'll forsake
 me and this life.

For I, bereft by love
 for so many times,
didn't sink to the bottoms of despair;
 neither will you; head up,
 don't look down,
let's cross this bridge together, my friend.

Reach the summit

There's a hamartia in your love,
don't perpend too much.
Just like a one-winged dove,
it tries to soar,
but it falls back to its crutch.

And it's wobbly,
staggering from side to side,
wounded perchance, deeply
to the bone; one eye blind.

It is not irremediable, though,
I bestow my hopes upon its slow
recuperation and a golden rise.
Before we reach the summit
we need to die, then shine.

Just a bitter lemon

Eyes, teeming with fallacious dewdrops
will do you no good.
Feelings, numb and cold
make you a stone, just like they should
have made you a melon,
sweet to eat
but you're just a bitter lemon
that torments my teeth.

And why have I ever written you a poem?
Like you deserve one!
As if my brain were a vacancy,
loafing forever in the green sun!
Have black crows stuck a straw in me
to drain all my wits?
Has your frugal love been
the sole angel in my life, with filthy wings?

Go, wash the sins if you can,
off your wings,
rinse them well,
don't pretend
you don't know what the soap is!

Carousel

On the carousel of life
people's faces swing back and forth
whilst mine halts.
Gumption is sitting far away from me,
hidden behind somebody's back
so I can't see.

Should you dismantle my heart,
only barren verses you will find,
nothing to break the line,
no tears, no love sublime.

I have a happy smile on the lips, though
when I hear dear people have moved on,
running still to vanquish death
whilst I sit here to embrace it!

Don't tell me how she loves you now
I shall never be 'she'.
Just tell me - Are you happy now
whilst I fall deep and deep?

The carousel has stopped.
Everyone went away.
Should I stand up?
Or just sit here till the end?

Success never kisses the coy

Success never kisses the coy,
the withdrawn and the listless.
It rather spits, with a smirk,
aloof, away from them.

Take the reins and move!
Now is the time for action!
If you don't want to,
When? Oh, *when* is the right question.

Become a creature of the air,
soar, hover, glide,
make the carpet of success unfurl itself
before your feet
where your fear of failure died!

Open the inner eye
to read people's souls.
Should you not find
them, turn around and move on.

A waste of time is the sham love
that's nursed.
The gallows is ready for the dull
to be used!
In this spiritual drought, a waste of life,
I always take my pen
and then, I rise!

Snowflake

A snowflake on warm lips
never goes, never thaws
when love skips
oblivion and downfalls.

It rather preserves the moment
in a night dark and white;
a snowflake lives for an eternal instant
when love revives the dead light.

They fall, but they don't vanish.
Over and over again
they're reborn, never perish,
life in every one of them.

Where are you going tonight
when they are about to pour
down the cheeks? A pure delight
to see them unfurl

its feathery fingers to intertwine with mine.
Kiss me this instant
to save the minute in the memory lane.

Sorrow writes the best verses

Sorrow writes the best verses,
poems cuddled up together
beneath its wings,
the cement tear peruses
each line and the twist it brings.

Sorrow tells the best stories,
pains and pangs excruciating.
The truth I'm telling worries
you, but you can't escape it.

Why is my face coloured in sorrow's dye?
Pen glued to my fingers?
Because I live when I write
with the sorrow that lingers.

We live when we suffer!
Don't cast aside your pain
but cast it into poems stronger
than the pain itself.

From afar

...have always loved from afar
...have always admired your being from afar
like in the dark sky, a hidden star,
I am the one who loves from afar.

...need a syringe full of passion drug,
chocolate emotions thawed in a mug,
bitten by a love bug
I need a syringe full of your drug.

....have always suffered in silence,
always smiled under false pretence,
in an invisible cage of loneliness,
I dwell in your absence.

May I stop right here?
Hail you in verse; feel you near?

Move a mountain

Does your tear always turn into a stone
when the world requires a smile?

Do you say you're not alone
when the question pops, like a vile
witch making a potion,
Is your heart always a slow motion?

Can't you move the mountains
and tranquilize an earthquake,
drain dry all the fountains?
For your life you can't remake.
Incapacity is a pretext of the weak!
Will you surface or will you sink?

Don't be afraid to cry, though,
the brave do that all the time,
I'm telling you, I should know
but I turned these tears of mine
into silver and gold,
my soul's to the wind sold.

You should be free like I am,
you should believe
you can move a mountain!

The room

The room will drain me dry,
all the words, all the rhymes,
the walls – pathetic, white,
each has its own line:

“Where is life?” -
The first speaks.
“Here it is” -
the second winks.

“Where is love?” -
The rhetorical third speaks up.
“Tis over here” -
The forth just won’t shut up:

“I am all in windows,
love flies and goes,
never stays
but I regularly throw
some ashen sunrays.

Be thankful, the second,
that you’re in the room,
this is your poem,
this is your doom.
And if the room drains you dry,
it’ll be because
you forgot your own lines”.

The room will drain me dry,
all the words, all the rhymes,

these walls – pathetic, white,
speak silence and a goodbye.

Crimson lines

With the sole, beating half of the heart
she treads the bruised waves,
tossing and turning by night,
elapse the silent days,
leaving these crimson lines
on white sheets of despair.

A pure petal in her tear -
wee, hurt, bereft, leviathan, though.
Solitude – colossal, sheer,
the horizon is never near
like life when we need it most.

Blades, axes and knives
won't cut the thick skin of gloom
but poems, cries and lines
might penetrate the walls of this room
where the other half slumbers;
try waking up the dead
when your voice shudders.

Try flying every day with broken wings;
so she lives with her inchoate heart,
try writing with broken fingers,
seeking the other part.
Where is fairness now?
SHE has spoken and taken a bow!

With the sole, beating half of the heart
we roam the world
until we find

the second part
to unite in this gloom.

The scent of ink

The scent of this ink in my nostrils,
wandering the bloodstream
till it gets to the heart
where it starts to write
verses broken in half,
waiting for someone in the dark
to fill in the fissures,
cement the loneliness,
bring torrents of pleasure,
shut the door to seclusiveness.

Until then, hide behind a smile,
until then, neither dead, nor alive.

Envoi

Life is already a short thread.
Why tear it?
Let's write an envoi to sorrow,
let's heartlessly sell it!

Why spend days arguing about
insignificant things that are out
of date, of your system?
Let's poke that evil blister!
Free yourself from the lack of faith,
negative thoughts, envy and hate.

This is an envoi to all that has been said –
hurtful words, broken hearts, false friends.

Adieu, wish you all the best,
nothing to add or subtract,
I'm leaving it all to rest.

I am free! I am free!
In the wind's shiver

For a second be me,
be him, then her,
for a second try to see
you're not different
nor are you a ghoul.
But a mirror reflecting
all the pain in our hearts -
you recognize it
for it's yours; don't deny.
You're not sand,
if we are river,
as much as you try to stand,
you flow in the wind's shiver.

Can't you see
you're no exception,
no difference to me?

In the wind's shiver
we all part
for a second
just to reunite.

The world of dust

Cowardice crumbles the world
into dust.

Courage and will build it fast.

Resurrect the old shine,
grope for it in the ashes,
find your own shrine
in one grain of sand,
find the impossible line
to connect you with splashes
of lunatic's audacity;
nothing is worse than
waiting on that edge
to be pushed forcefully.

Run away from the edge
into the world of dust.

Build it up again
this time – to last!

Who am I?

Who am I?

Just a drop in an ocean?

Who am I?

Just a second in a slow motion?

Who are you?

A change in the world?

Please, don't fool

yourself,

you are a drop too:

a grain of dust in a twister,

a drop in the poked blister.

Who are we tonight?

Just a web line and goodbye.

Do we stay linked?

Yes, for in the same ocean

we swim, then sink.

Glass heart will never surrender

Glass heart in the hands,
the pieces scattered here and there,
glue them back together,
glass heart will never surrender.

Watery eyes embracing the horizon,
its drops hanging in the air,
wishing to catch a glimpse
of the future impending everywhere.

Shivery voice, mute again
for the body's tottering on the edge.
Let forth a word, a cry,
don't trickle down but survive.

In the last minute
the eyes spotted the sign
on the crimson horizon
written in these lines –
Glass heart will never surrender,
put the pieces back together.

Radiant waves

Radiant waves across the navy sky,
floating to and fro in this night,
ignorant of the sun's light,
imagine living permanently in the dark.

There are abandoned souls,
wishing to espouse the waves,
thinking to escape
to a better place.

But the waves are a mirage,
a sweet imp who fled the flames
and the light it emits
on your soul will bring shame.

Don't lower your head
for you have succumbed
but be a proud example
to those who decide to come.

A flower becomes lonely

A flower becomes lonely
when it's plucked
don't be the flower
but the blossoms in an orchard.

Don't be the leaf
swept by the wind
but a storm
that makes everyone freeze.

Speak loud, speak clear
let your thoughts flow,
don't let others bring you
to the edge
where you tumble and fall.

Let them grumble,
let them pummel -
all that is in vain
for you know
you will NEVER leave the pen!

Rock castle

In this rock castle
where moss rests in every corner
and the piano's untuned, broken,
silence and dreams
roam the halls all night
and no foot or eyes enter
to witness the beaming light
in the highest tower
beneath the crimson skies;
'tis the light of the sleeper
in her 'blind' eyes.

The pieces of paper
scattered on the floor;
she had written a thousand letters
for Amor
but they remained unread,
silent, wordless and dead;
like her tears
in that solitary tower,
go by the fleeting years,
her skin bathed in solitude's showers.

Hope has left the castle submissively
to be replaced with loneliness
that permeates every nook and cranny
and the chamber of innocence.

Only solitude is faithful,
the other lovers die in vain,

only solitude is eternal
mind-catcher, and a soul's grave.

Straitjacket

Love is a hyperbole,
a straitjacket in an assylum,
it never comes easily
but it wraps around you like
a lunatic that you are
caged in the madness of a moment
which elapses fast.

Yet, you hope
you'll elevate to the sublime heights,
Instead you're stranded,
high and dry
among these extinguished lights.

Do you see now
your pathetic ridiculous visage
in this broken mirror?
Do you acknowledge now
that you plunged into insanity below
the thick layer of dreariness.
I wonder how you can't see
your own misery.

Love is a hyperbole,
and a staritjacket!
If you want to breathe easily
run away from the lunatic.

Don't judge me!

Don't judge me
if I wandered into an impasse,
if my underpinnings were
embraced by an earthquake.

Don't judge me if
I chose to roam the world in silence,
if my soul has got used to this loneliness.

This is who I am
and you haven't walked in my shoes.
I am sure yours are heavy too,
it's just that you don't write poems
about them; it's not about them, you know.

Don't judge me if I say I
would like to fall in love
but can't
for I am an inveterate infant!

World of paper

Ignite this world of paper
drain dry all ink bottles
erase every title
but leave the letters scrambled
at the bottoms.

Then, scatter the ashes,
standing on the highest summit of revenge
take a look at the world now -
no longer vivid, no longer orange.

But black and gray
this new world of dust;
better white paper
than iron cast.

Though it is liable to being torn
any second now,
the hot iron is jealous and forlorn
for it will never reach
the baronial flow
of verses and burdens,
the fire is out
let's bring down the curtains.

Declaration

Declaration of love
is just another false testimony,
insignificant amor
turns out to be a massive disharmony.
Either you love to the core
or you don't,
either you die for amor
or you live like a coward,
a worm in the rain
writhing in pain
underneath iron soles -
they stepped on you -
no, it's just amor.

Trained not to love -
those are the worst kind,
trained to declare false
words overrated, blind...

Don't declare it
but demonstrate it.
Don't waste it
but cherish it....

Pearls

I dived for pearls
but found electric eels.
I slept with ghouls
but never truly lost the fear.

I fought with all my strength
but lost in the end.
I loved from within depths
but was bereft...

....by the shallow
who don't deserve
even an electric eel
especially, not a pearl.

I flew with seagulls
but my wings turned black.
Then, I tried with ravens
and they gave me the sack.

I held my breath
but somebody pushed me
and I had to breathe.
I cut my vein
in a poem; but it didn't bleed.

I dived for pearls
but found empty shells,
clams happy but obtuse.
Life might be the pearl-less shell!

Where do we stand?
In the sea or in the air?
Once we began
we ended in the same vain foray.

Rhyme

My soul doesn't rhyme with yours
but you keep writing inchoate verses.
My soul's choking in your enjambment,
then, you make me peruse it.

Leave words, notes and the pen for a while,
a bloody white petal is falling
look at the sky,
right into your palms,
shivering on my heart
the wind that takes it calms
me down.

Why should I write
when the words are unread?
Why should I leave
ink traces of my soul
when the verses are dead?

My soul doesn't rhyme with this world,
everything I see, I hear, is absurd!

Dry pen

Poetry is written with black ink,
streaming from a red heart,
poetry is written by those who
never have what they write in lines.

Don't write about success
you will never seize it,
don't write about happiness
the hand can open and release it.

Dry pen in an inspiration hour,
paper cut in the silence of a room,
and vociferous words that devour
your heart, mind and the gloom....

Still, the hand opened
widely, it spread its wings
to find a sea of ink,
to drown forever in its waves.

Waiting

Waiting for another day to pass,
another year, century, alas!
To strike off a number on the calendar,
waiting to see your visage
from afar.

What are you doing, miserable fool?!
You're dissipating the days of youth!
Stand up, brighten up, let's go!
So many places, so many faces
to touch, to see, before

the century has elapsed,
the day has died.
In a whisper your restless soul
says to you – Don't stay, go!

Stop waiting! Let your spirit fly!
Thwart those who choke you,
they're telling you lies.
Let me reveal the BIG secret
that everyone knows –
Godot never came;
waiting is for fools!

Stand up, brighten up, let's go!
Yet, you're not at the end of the road!

Incessant flames

Scarlet thoughts on a dark night,
a rusted crown in the moonlight,
a remedy lies in the truth
but the truth is a lie tonight.

Either you will rise to the challenge
or you will withdraw in shame,
raise your head, your chin
let the haters burn in incessant flames.

Colour your thoughts with a rainbow brush,
polish up the crown
do everything they told you not to
be successful, and they will drown

in the ocean of envy,
they hurt, they suffer
for you rose to the peak,
around your neck, there's a golden collar.

You glitter,
you chime
while they loiter
on the scene of their crime.

Iron shield

I fell asleep
on a piece of paper
and my heart was glued there
but you came across an igniter,
you sold me to the flames.

Now my ashes,
scattered over your threshold
but you took a broom
this time, to the wind I was sold.

But I returned
on a bird's wing
perched on your window,
you took a gun,
you sold it to the celestial meadows.

I still live, though.
The more you choke me,
the more I breathe.
I still rise, though,
for my love is an iron shield.

Picture

I have this picture in my mind,
waves blue, sky blind,
with the stones they collide
like you and I tonight.

One far-flung light flickers
like hope in an old lighthouse tonight,
one sigh, one tear
in an embrace, they die.

I have this picture in my mind,
the roaring sea foam, and my eyes blind
with the depths, they collide
and death with life tonight.

One deaf note on your guitar
keeps me warm, keeps me alive.
I have this picture in my mind –
my bones break in your arms tonight.