

The Throne

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The Throne

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~ *Poetry collection* ~



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Glass floor

Somewhere underneath
the thick layers of ice and snow
a heart beats fast, then slow;
and every snowflake
weaves a new song,
for the gown to jive and dance
on the glass floor.
Will it break
or will it endure?

Purple and gray

Could these purple dreams
suddenly become gray?
Oh, but they already have!
The colour of ash
has spilt over the skies,
cheeks, poems and the eyes.
And could the verse turn into
muteness?
Could your Love become
nothingness?
Hope says – no!
But the gray dreams
keep echoing –
We won't let go!

Won't be

My words won't be hushed!
My wings won't be cut!
My soul won't be spread
like ashes in the wind or haze.
And my poems won't turn into silence
but shout and scream,
perhaps impart wisdom
in the lines, between.
My hand won't stop;
it will be writing till it drops...

Anguish or happiness?

Tailing off into nothingness –
anguish or happiness?
Better be the former
with an ash, tarnished crown
on the head
slither along the ground
like an inveterate smoker
begging for the last one
before the soil covers it up;
smash the anguish into smithereens!
Why should happiness
be on the guillotine?

Efface

Don't efface
like a coin,
by wear.
Don't fade
into the thin fog of yesterday
but, be the stamina concrete statue
that withstands the impact of wind;
be the light to the blind,
be the guide to your offspring!
Pangs efface
and you still breathe.

Restore

Pallid pages stared at me
in awe;
now they don't even
lift their eyes open
when I knock.
I ream the door
but they are still,
numb and cold.
Wake up
and restore!

Covet?

Covet?

What do you covet?
Or isn't this the cruelest word?

A fiend that talks sweet,
entices and lures;
for what you wish
is just a ghoul
you think you saw
but it was pretence,
a veil, false!

What you covet -
poisons your soul.
Hope will purify it,
Repentance and **Love**!

The suitcase

We all carry a suitcase full of monsters;
some tame, some vicious.
It depends on what you arouse -
the suitcase will unleash its contents.

So, come in, the door is open,
leave the suitcase in the hall,
come, for all the monsters
will rest till we have a ball.

Don't hurt, don't agonize
if my monsters cut your soul.
I will patiently wait
for yours!
And I'll let them roar and sport
around my weak,
twig lot.

Shall we start with a brandy?
Or with hot cocoa foam?
Whatever your heart desires
or your monsters in the hall!

Write to me

When?

Oh, when will I see you again?

The curve of your smile

and hear your rhythm inside?

But you seem to keep avoiding me

when I knock,

you pretend you don't hear.

And you concoct an explanation

when I ask – where you've been.

You sneer at me

Oh, when?

When will you write to me?

How dull!

How dull this is! -
To sit and wait for the clock to strike two.
How tedious to spend
hours, doing nothing in the gloom.
Why waste time
on weary discourses
and fading faces?
Instead, we can enjoy the sun,
scorchers, or even, the frosted places -
to count the snowflakes,
or every drop of rain.
I want to litigate for damage
Life! - You are to blame!
How dull - your face!
Wrinkled, pallid - a disgrace!

Stroll

Across my heart
and down the poetry avenue -
take a stroll
every afternoon.

Breathe in all the fumes
that will intoxicate your blues
and colour them in a riot.

All that you desire
will come true
just, if you step into this world.

Don't hesitate
but across my heart -
Glide!

Questions

“Do you believe in dreams?” –
the heart asked the mind.
But the mind remained silent
for the rest of its life.

“Do you believe in Love?” –
the second question came
but the mind sighed
then, let forth a cry of despair.

“Do you believe in Fate?” –
the heart was persistent
but the mind rolled its eyes
saying – “How dumb this is!”
“What do you believe in, then?” –
the heart fell crushed on the floor
but the mind picked it up,
saying – “We go together
forever more....”

A scratch

A scratch on a plastic
piece of paper –
a non-existent poem
that echoes in the head,
and a crystal pen that
darts into pieces,
cut the soul
and bleed....
bleed forever...and more:
That's a poet's life!
Breathe and love.

Breathe again!

Refurbished!
Life and love and poetry!
Revived!
Songs, enthusiasm, reverie!
A new throne
on the golden horizon,
new air –
Now, the poetry can breathe again!

Write no more!

What is poetry to you?
Is it a breath
at the end of the life road?
Or just a cloth
to wipe away the sorrow dust?
Is it a rainbow
to colour the dim past?
Why are you silent?
Don't you believe in poetry anymore?
Have the ennui waves
washed your soul?
So you write,
write no more!

Violet clouds

Was the poet coerced
into making a confession?
That the poetry had been murdered
cold-blooded?
Or had it been indeed?
and buried deep within
oblivion and sin?
All the poetic wine
has been spilt.
Now, the throat is dry.
All the violet clouds
have vanished from the sky.

Rifted

I think the moon melted last night
over my mountains of hide;
it spilt its milky shade
then, turned into red
burning my poetry days
leaving the pale ashes
for the wind to mercilessly scatter it
and the next morning
the earthquake shook it.
Now, the hills are rifted
and the pen and the soul.
Now, how will I bridge
the gap and this hole?

Those words

I can't remember those words,
the words of yore.
I can't remember your lips
uttering poetry
to me –
it's all blurred.
I can't remember the words;
or my love....

Outstanding debts

Poetry,
you and I have some outstanding debts
towards love, life, and pain.
So, shall we start with a line,
a word, a pen?
Shall we combat the old fears,
pierce them with rhyme spears;
rinse all past hopes;
poetry, let us dance
in a whirl of stones
that used to hit my heart and bones;
hit and crush them
till nothing's left to mourn...
...for...

I remain faithful to you -
poetry, always, and more!

Bird

Is there a bird with no wings
that still lives and has faith,
still believes it will fly,
soar, hover and glide?
Above the blue waves and mountain peaks,
below the clouds
then, land somewhere near a creek
to rest and drink the youth water
to revive the stamina,
become the forest`s daughter!
Be free! Absolute! Alive!
But there is no bird, is there?
Nor faith, nor glide!

Fight for justice

We learn to fight for justice
but there is none!
In a world of the foul and unfair
the keys to freedom are lost!
We learn to be just!
But people seem to misunderstand.
What is justice? And what is a sham?
We learn to die for justice
on the battelfield,
to shed blood, tears and sweat
but we are simpletons;
marionettes – jeering at our face!
So, shall we fight for justice
one more time?
Or, toss the spears?
We are done!

Rain!

Why rain?
Again! On my doorstep!
Go away, you wretch!
Con! Rogue – sozzled!
Filthy!
Rain!
Again!
Go! Live your life!

Bin

They say that the violet colour
is the colour of a killer;
Or a suicide is always painted
in such shades
and I used to write
with a violet pen!
And the verses bled;
torrents and rivers
broke the dam;
Now, merely drought
choking this pale skin;
I should send all of this to a bin.

Nothing to say!

What do you want me to say?

After my betrayal!

I have no words to play –
with, on my burnt pages royal!

Once, they were!

Royal! A crown sparkling
on their heads! Forsooth!

Bow down – we used to
whenever they glided on the
waves of air.

I have nothing to say!

Ashamed!

Do I leave the pen?

A sun

Is this the Poetess
who promised to never let go?
Let go of the pen
and verses galore?
Look at her now!
Cleaning the dust on the poetry
shelves; scouring the alien
city to unearth novel lines.
But she just sits in the half-dark,
waiting for a sun to light up
those stars!
....Again!

The days past

Did I dream
a perfect poem last night?
Or was it just a nightmare?
It said: "Don't fret,
you won't have me,
anyway,
I am uncatchable,
elusive – a dark day!"
No light to burn your eyes.
No sky for a bird to fly.
Or is this simply a recollection
of the days past?

Under the neon blues

So, poetry,
shall we dance again?
A waltz
even though I don't know the steps.
I shall glide, and soar
above the dance floor.
But you broke your leg, didn't you?
On purpose,
and now you just sit
under the neon blues,
listening to the old songs,
and not my voice!

The safe port

Is it snowing again?
Covering all the steps
to infinity and poetry,
never, ever thawing?

I can't see the path
to the future anymore
or was it just changed;
into the unknown,
it has transformed.

Not sure I want to go
farther from here -
the safe port.

Puff!

Steam?
Was that steam
in this swamp of sham poems?
Whirling around the drowned poet?
No! It was just a puff –
the last hope
for the long-gone days
and then, it disappeared
into the ink clouds
melting, fading away...

When will the swamp
start to seethe again?

Razor-walking

Do we live
or do we just razor-walk?
Slipping every now and then,
bleeding, then pretending
it'll never happen again!

But again and again
and always and always
we slide down the blade –
sometimes with a whimper or a cry
but inveterately with a shade
of glee;
we razor-walk
even when we sleep!

Kissed!

Is there anything new
I could say to you?
Except for –

I kissed a dead man in a dream!
Is there anything warm
that could light up the cold
parlour of my poetry home?
Where is it? Or, rather, was?
It was all in the past.
Now, the present is cold!

The Throne!

Lips – like the sun
burn my skin,
no flood to save me...
How to cut this longevity
of searching
for answers, posts and true poetry?
We are invariably vying
to win the Throne
of happiness and Love.
And if we ever reach it
the sun will merely burn our skin;
there's no flood to wet our shins;
only lips – like the sun
we fail before we are done!

"The new life"

Am I brave enough
to endure the shackles
that the "the new life" will bring?
To watch my freedom shatter
and flee;
each particle – into the breeze;
then, return – into my face
to mutilate what's left of me?
Is that what "the new life" brings? -
No freedom;
just the individuality bleeds?
All the hopes and dreams –
forgotten, slaughtered, buried
and together with them – ME!

The days

Those were the days –
 when my pens
 used to glide feverishly
 across the pale clouds.
And they wrote words of Love,
 fatigue, rage and more...
Those were the nights –
 sleepless, yet fertile;
they yielded poems galore
and they danced on the tiles
 of paramount fame –
 old, now,
 but still awake!

Pebbles in my shoes

Pebbles in my shoes
don't hurt me!
The absence of air
doesn't choke me;
the earthquakes in my heart
don't demolish my edifices.
But you!
You – annihilate the structure
of my soul.
You! You leave and let go!
Return to my home!
Let me write poems once more!

I write!

I write!
Therefore, I exist!
But my pens have ceased to flow
ink on my cheeks and lips;
do I write
or just wish to explode?
Into a shower of stars
that will scatter around;
and every star would be a poem;
every scintilla – a voice
echoing across constellations
leaving a trace in this century,
but I don't write,
do I?
Nor do I abide!
It's just a pity!

There once was a dream

There once was a dream –
paramount and terrifying!
Now, just a shadow of it
is dancing behind me, then dying.
Crack of dawn
and it vanishes into the unknown –
the Dream –
once with a regal posture
and now – just a pale picture.
Thunder was feeble
when the Dream roared;
lightning was blind
when the Dream splashed its glitter
galore!
I had that dream
in the palm of my hand;
I grasped it -
firm!
But the dream is dead!

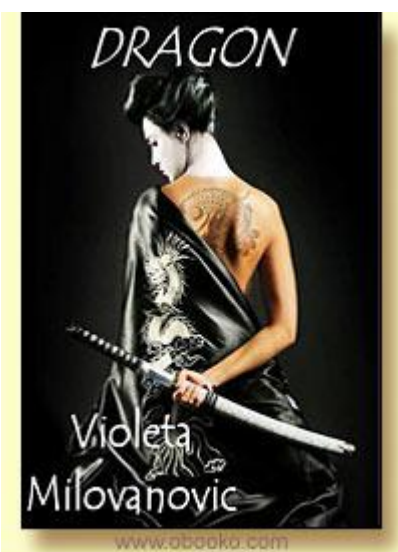
Interstellar

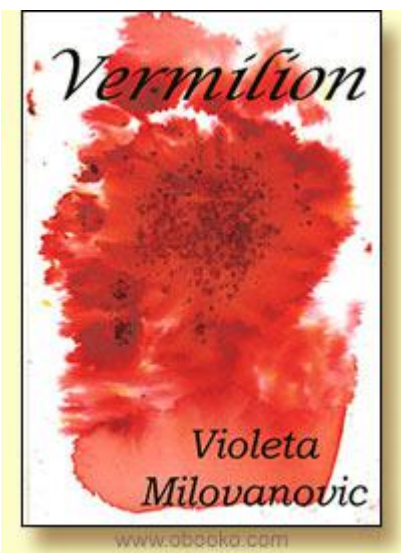
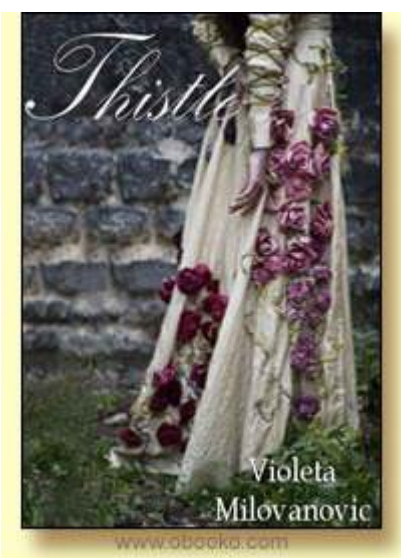
Bonds between us
cannot be torn;
somewhere between the two petals
in the sky
our breaths are intertwined,
never to be separated
never to be lost;
even if the eternal dust descends
our interstellar souls
shall rise again!
On the horizon –
painted in blood
our names will be printed
hand in hand – you and I.



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