



# *Thistle*

~ The sixth collection of poetry ~

*Violeta Milovanovic*

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***The pale pages***

Is there anything new  
I should confess to  
the pale pages?  
You know all my burning desires,  
my fears and falls.  
Is there anything fresh I should write  
to you  
or should I drop these rusted spears?

For if I drop them  
I die,  
on this battlefield called life.  
They may be pale,  
may be rusted  
but they are all I  
carry inside.

***The unwritten!***

There are unwritten sorrows in me;  
in the dead hour of the night  
they surface  
and goof around  
my chamber, jeering at my face;  
they are the unwritten  
constellations in my space.

But once you open the door  
they vanish into the unknown  
so, come with hope,  
light and **A Love...**  
Let us erase the unwritten,  
let us do the impossible!

## ***Butterfly***

What is the butterfly on my lips?  
Is it a breath, the sun or rainbow?  
Nay, it is thy kiss –  
Electric, colossal, arrow and bow –  
drawn, aiming at my heart.  
Should I wait for it  
or should I dart?  
Into the darkness of the old fears  
where no life throbs,  
and the heart of a deer  
stops.  
But the eyes follow the butterfly  
across the navy blue sky,  
then it lands on the shoulder  
always, forever; it does not die!

## ***Sorry***

I let you down;  
left you in the implacable rain,  
like a cur, shivering,  
wounded;  
but I recall I said  
I'd never forsake you,  
not even after death.  
Now, I'm ashamed  
you're lying in the rain  
while I cuddle here –  
warmth, love, no pain  
around me.  
For letting you down,  
my verses, I am truly sorry.

***100 shades of you***

One hundred shades of you,  
no black, no gray, no blue  
just green, pure, serene  
vast distances  
in your eyes that swim  
in my soul  
in between  
my darkness and my lights  
they always burst into stars  
when sorrows cloud my skies  
one hundred shades  
behind your eye.

**~ Dedicated to U.Š. ~**

***Frosted!***

No frosted heart can love you like mine!

No frosted tear can touch your heart!

Like mine.

I am a frozen lake

where you don't drown

but you skate across my lines

and when the icicles pierce my soul

your snowflakes fill the holes;

tender, as they are;

my frosted poems

they, invariably, cry

for you, when you soar

but then, return

to cut my sorrows.

Land gingerly on the ice

never letting you drown....

***I refuse!***

I don't think poetry will kill me  
but the absence of it.  
I don't think I reside in insanity  
if I refuse to drop the pens.

So, I refuse  
to live in fear,  
to dance without rain  
but let it pour down in torrents;  
a hurricane coming down on us,  
but in these poems we shall last.

Forever!

I refuse to breathe  
if poetry is not a part of me;  
The part that entombs our souls  
forever!

***We refuse to die without LOVE!***

### ***Lugubrious!***

There's no point in lugubrious brooding,  
no purpose, no shine,  
just dark shadows and words of cry;  
futile deed,  
a waste of time!  
Life is not meant to be a crime!  
But a gift!  
So, use it!  
Wise!

### ***Draw tears!***

I can only draw tears on paper,  
that – I am allowed.  
For, on the face they are just ghouls  
pallid, maimed and blind.

I draw them to remind  
myself of the sad times  
for, happiness is a flake  
soon gone among the waves  
just like life -  
an eternity it seems  
but soon gone;  
another one begins.

## ***Claws***

In these claws  
no heart should breathe  
like a pearl glittering  
then crimson, dark but bright again.  
In the claws of rage,  
no soul is safe.

Purify! Breathe! Forget!  
All the foes are dead!  
All the fears in the head  
are just a crystal mask.  
Shatter it!

The claws yield  
once the heart starts to breath  
in the air of **hope**,  
air of **love** -  
our salvation lies in **their claws**.

## ***Prison***

This prison that I'm in  
is only this sour skin;  
want to burn, want to flee  
but I'm marking time invariably.

A bout of thoughts  
that ricochet from a wall to wall  
within the mind, the organism, the soul –  
will only settle for a while  
then, begin to prattle  
till the end of time.

This prison that we are in  
is only our wounded skin;  
not spotless or perfect complexion  
but the wounds, scars and freckles.  
They define us in the end.  
The more we hurt,  
the more we escape death.

***With no fingertips***

You need to touch me  
to write you a poem  
with no arms, no fingertips;  
move me like a wave of ocean  
take me gently until my skin strips.

Only then will you meet the soul,  
the light in the irises  
for this darkness possesses my core;  
you need to touch me  
with no fingertips.

So, you've touched me indeed  
when my hopes rested at the bottom  
of an abyss.  
So, you've moved me;  
I no longer bleed,  
all my wounds cured  
with no fingertips.

## ***Thistle***

The thistle on my soul  
pokes, burns, then grows  
again, out of the ashes.  
This thistle is a black Phoenix!  
With the wings of an Albatross,  
strong and magnificent  
it never stops  
but it dives into my skies  
by days and by nights  
then, turns into a thistle again  
jiving upon the heart – a pincushion!

That is all we are –  
a cushion to this pin thistle life.

### **....Of yore**

No use hankering after  
the days *of yore*,  
youth, strength and vain love.  
Still, I write a poem  
for all the fallen  
years, smiles, verses and fantasies,  
still, I die amongst all the centuries  
I've lived  
in all those dreams  
or had I been asleep  
before love found me?

### **The poem**

I am still seeking *The Poem*  
but there is none left in my heart,  
in my throat -  
all sore and dry.  
I am still hoping to fly,  
soar, and disperse into wind  
all my verses - showers across galaxies,  
then, to settle in everyone's heart,  
remember my words  
till eternities die.

But I am still sitting on a chair,  
waiting to write *The Poem*.

## ***Prohibit***

Prohibit! Your sorrows and pangs,  
loneliness, dark shades  
of thoughts and a storm  
brewing in an insane pot of lost hopes.  
Prohibit! The faces that make you cry,  
install only those worth of a smile,  
a kiss and a hug  
prohibit darkness,  
bring light  
into the soul;  
unless you want to die  
among the dark thoughts.

## ***Flowerpot***

Corral all your pains  
in a flowerpot,  
then, let the seeds raze  
the soil on the spot.  
Beautiful blossoms, petals and stems  
will rise like the sun  
and all the venomous fumes evaporate;  
those that have been smothering the soul,  
plant all your pangs in a flowerpot.  
Soon, a garden will appear  
but you still stand  
bathed in the sunrays sheer.

***A dead rose***

Notice how the thorns grow in you fast  
as you become bitter and old;  
with the contempt in your heart;  
notice how it wrinkles; it's sore.

Every wound is pure salt,  
your face – a dead rose,  
your pangs silently explode  
into a shower of sable meteors.

But you are blind!  
The thorns grow fast  
piercing the soul  
it seems they'll last.

Notice how a day goes by  
and you're still sitting  
with the dry, bitter tear in the eye.

## ***We don't burn like the sun anymore***

We don't burn like the sun anymore;  
rather coy ember in the ashes  
on the brink of extinguishing;  
we don't dare to drown in splashes  
of the light that dazzles the eyes;  
rather sit in the dark,  
gulp down the silence  
that never dies.

We don't make waves anymore;  
the ocean is dead and still,  
cold icebergs float  
never thaw, never kill.

I don't burn like the sun anymore  
I remember shining  
in the days *of yore*.  
**WE** burn like the sun  
no more...

## ***Amygdala***

Don't let the tears dry in the sun,  
don't waste them,  
let them pour and shine  
out the pride;  
caress them!

It seems humanity has lost its amygdala  
or it has waned.  
It seems people have forgotten tears  
or they have become a shame!

Cold steel, hot barrels  
power, fame, and bombs that raze  
the human heart, not the body  
look at what we've become –  
That IS a shame!

Don't let children die in ashes  
suffocate their vigour,  
blind their eyes,  
but let them spread the mighty wings  
across the bluest skies.

Your skies are grey, though.  
The smoke has wrapped the clouds,  
your soul is dead; so  
are your grandchildren -  
that vague hope that still shouts -  
Humanity fails for the thousandth time!  
The human will bring his own end!  
Children will die!

## ***Betrayed!***

I have betrayed you,  
forsook you for good!  
I have mutilated you –  
your rhythm, words and verse.

No poetry breathes in my heart anymore.  
Is it possible that I have slammed the door  
to your face?  
I cannot lie –  
I have betrayed  
you; my hand – empty,  
my pen – dry.

This poetry has sunk!  
I am sorry I've left you  
in the ashes to die.  
But I will be mentioning you  
tillthere is **no sky**.

## ***No sky!***

There is no sky without you,  
no clouds, no rays of sun,  
all the poems die in a whisper  
and all the rhymes are done.

Shallow void in the deeps of a poem  
surfaces when there is no sky,  
then you appear and shine;  
shine in the dark  
that smothers my heart.

**No poem – no sky;**  
there is no breath  
without '***You and I***'.

~ **dedicated to U.Š.** ~

## ***The poet in me***

The poet in me died,  
and the wings I used to have  
are the ashes in the wind's lair.

But I hear the feeble echo  
deep within;

I hear it stammers –  
*"Save me, please"*

I simply sit, though  
with my arms crossed,  
pretending not to hear the echo  
of the poet lost:

*"Unshackle me!  
You wrote I was dead,  
but I'm just napping."*

## ***Leap!***

Had we fallen before we leapt?  
Our wings might've burnt  
in the fires of great desires  
to turn into ashes wayward.

There's a silent sob in me still,  
an echo for the times lapsed;  
there's a river of soul's blood spilt  
over vain endeavours past.

Only when I die will you manage to banish me,  
only when I stop writing  
will you break me....

...in two halves;  
the first goes out to the wind,  
and the second stays  
to sleep and cuddle  
next to him.

You think we had fallen  
before we leapt?  
But I think  
we are gliding on an angel's wing.

***Break your dawn!***

I don't think my words will touch you  
but break you in a million particles.  
The whisper of my soul will deafen you  
or you might be blinded  
by splashes  
of darkness alone;  
it warms up my core.  
Again, I am a poet forlorn,  
my words will break your dawn!

***Last night a dream died....***

Last night a dream died.  
So did a man.  
Last night a song ceased  
but the notes still play  
a melody that wraps a heart  
in the thick layers of despair.  
How will we breathe now  
if the dream is dead?  
And hope? – Just a false friend.

***Love worms***

We have created nothing  
and from nothing we are born;  
we have these empty hands  
to wipe away the tears forlorn.

We die as nothing -  
a grain of dust  
in the wayward wind  
where we think we last.  
Nay, our souls roam  
from corner to corner  
of this dot world.  
We are nothing  
but love worms.

## ***Resonate***

Don't let the rhyme dissipate.  
The poetry in you still lives.  
Don't let the rhythm evaporate;  
this silence kills  
every word; only tears sing  
about inveterate solitude;  
kiss them away, please.

I want to make love to poetry  
once again.  
I want to feel its rhythm shatter me  
into pieces.  
I **will not** let the rhyme dissipate!  
The poetry in me still resonates.

## ***Underdog***

Dreams are just an underdog for fate –  
jeering at our face;  
just a wisp of steam in the air  
when the train leaves  
you are probably late.

These succulent dreams became  
dry;  
waned in the wind – a hurricane,  
then died.  
So did I.  
Where have I buried them?  
Dead or Alive?

### ***The sky above you***

My sky will move where you go,  
leaving me in the utter darkness  
and the sun in your hands.  
My sky will tumble and fall,  
vanish into the unknown;  
then, I'll write poems  
about "*love of yore*",  
then, I'll explode  
into a million of stars -  
remember us!  
Before you close your eyes  
know that  
the sky above you is mine.  
~ **Dedicated to U.Š.** ~

### ***In the hurricane***

Intertwined with these fingers,  
thick gossamer of dreams -  
weary, asleep.  
Should I raise my hands  
into a hurricane  
and let it tear their wings?  
Mercilessly for the hundredth time  
Should I toss them aside?  
They bring nothing but pain,  
they are our first death!  
So, I died in the hurricane.

## ***Killer***

The strongest verses strike this heart  
when a dream fails to caress the eyes  
and every letter, every word is you  
so, I am sinking silently  
into the sand of immortality.

The blade that will penetrate the bosom  
has the glint of the verse –  
*“never will you come”*.

A dream is a killer with bloodstained hands  
and when it comes  
I'll stop writing.  
Know, then –  
I'm gone with the killer  
down the lane....

### ***In vitro***

Let's take a stroll in vitro,  
see how life floats  
among the gray clouds,  
in the autumn branches,  
with the dead leaves  
and burnt parchment of yore.  
In the waves of a wild ocean,  
woven into strings of the harp;  
in the cry of a baby  
the widow's shriek  
and in a silent lullaby.  
See life, feel life  
in the poet's scribble;  
let's take a stroll in vitro  
no bodies, two souls - one pebble.

### ***We stand!***

Have we wilted in this drought of vigour?  
Will we ever joust again?  
Our lances may be broken  
but we still smile in the rain  
of tears – pouring down in torrents.  
Cleave the pangs in twain,  
spur that horse, shout out loud –  
*"I am the killer of my pain"!*  
Sorrows wilt.  
We stand!

## ***Axe!***

Find an axe for the dark wooden thoughts,  
pull a vanishing act for  
the sake of the soul,  
start ambling along the shore  
nothing to lose except for  
the piercing darkness in the core.  
You are the axe  
for my glacial poem.

## ***Your ink does not bleed like mine...***

Your ink does not bleed like mine  
jiving, splashing like a fountain  
in the midst of a desert  
an iota of shade hides  
the soul that  
commits its pain to paper lightning.  
Then, it's burnt,  
gone with the ashes  
in the pockets of wind's coat  
bristling with suspicion  
that the wind will return  
to the scorching desert where the soul resides;  
your ink does not bleed like mine,  
nor are we on the same sides.

***Bard***

It's a scorcher here in my heart  
without a wisp of poetry wind  
and I'm just a wordless bard  
waiting for a drop or rain.  
The azure sky yields no clouds  
no inkling of the drop.  
I think I drowned  
in these dunes long ago.  
Still, I combat everyday demons  
with a single pen and a verse,  
let all the billowing fumes disperse;  
those that have poisoned the soul.  
It may be a scorcher  
but you are my fan and gale.

## ***Simpleton***

Quell this rebellion in the mind.  
When have I become my own foe?  
A staunch opponent in this Uprise!  
My own ebb, my own flow.  
This spear in the heart –  
    rusted long ago,  
is the poem I cannot write,  
no rhymes, no words galore;  
merely a lump in the throat,  
a torn thread between the teethe  
    no shed of a verse,  
withered black roses instead of daffodils  
    in this garden of a poet –  
    a ridiculous simpleton,  
    no “*stooping to conquer*<sup>1</sup>”  
but proudly losing every throne.  
A fool! Nothing else!  
Quell this riot in the mind,  
for the poet is lost!

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<sup>1</sup>*She stoops to conquer* - Oliver Goldsmith (1730-1774)

## ***Smoke***

This atrabilious smoke  
of the horizon in my world  
wraps its shawl around my neck  
choking, smothering  
the last stroke of breath,  
yielding not for a moment.

We are all prisoners of our fate!

Four walls, no air,  
idle, dull routine of a day -  
the smoke billows,  
curling its venomous thread  
around my hair.

Tell me now that art is dead,  
entombed, mutilated!

Tell me now that all poems are dead,  
dispatched, asphyxiated.

Then, I can let the smoke  
take these vain lines to hell.

Man is art,  
but we killed ourselves.

***Ledge!***

Take me to the ledge  
but don't let me fall,  
let's fly to it  
then, abruptly halt  
before the crimson, azure royalty,  
celestial kingdom, deity,  
we shall take a bow  
but never let the air drop beneath us.  
We came here  
all our dreams to release  
down this slope, to the abyss.  
The cogs of our hearts still dance  
the wings may be broken  
but on the ledge  
we stand a chance.

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## ***World of pen***

From scalp to sole  
my being turns cold,  
frozen to the bone  
when poems flee my core;  
no torch to burn the darkness  
I cannot ride the wind anymore.  
Unleash the ennui,  
let it shackle me.  
From scalp to sole  
I don't belong to the world of pen  
anymore...

## ***Fairy***

Again! – A vain poem.  
I gave birth to vanity.  
Again! I'm a fairy with broken  
wings, pens and dignity.  
The lights fainting dead away,  
the eyes adjust to the gloom,  
sit here and wait  
for a bang across the moon.  
The dawn will find my eyes shut,  
dreaming of the titan wings  
vigorously riding the clouds,  
inhaling the air of lilies  
The dark will take the dawn's throne  
again!  
A vain poem!  
The Fairy is awake!  
A sheet of burnt paper,  
a broken pen in her hand....

## ***Flotsam***

Shall we build novel vigour  
on the flotsam of vain wars  
waged in the name of faith, hope?

Again, we rise and burn!  
Stand; tumble, collapse  
then, soar – we return!

Our sores won't strangle the lights  
but explode in a whisper  
of a thousand dying hearts.

No subtlety in the death of a beatific smile,  
the one we wore like pride!

So, shall we build novel vigour  
on the flotsam of vain wars,  
vowing to smile  
even if the pieces of our souls  
again float?

***The hole***

Down, at the pit of this soul  
the derelict stairs  
lead to a hole  
where all the poems are thrown,  
slain, buried, forgotten.  
No sound whispers,  
no voice sings,  
just a blizzard  
dancing ceaselessly.  
No ray to scatter the darkness,  
not even one iota of patience,  
to wait for the sun,  
when these stairs – prone to cave-in  
are wrapped in the gossamer of pessimism;  
down at the pit of this soul  
lies a creature forlorn,  
writing another poem  
then, toss it into the hole.

## ***Make-up***

I will put my make-up on;  
different shades of happiness,  
thick layers to cover  
the razing bitterness.

And I'll smile  
though, within the bones – a shriek  
but we all keep  
a well-hidden lunatic  
waiting to be unleashed,  
but **You** put **Your** make-up on  
so the lunatic suffocates  
under the thick layers of powder  
and the surface smile says –  
*Never surrender!*

***Make me write***

The moon hides in your eyes  
all the shades of love energized  
while I waste my ammunition  
on cold marble stars.

I should point my gun at you,  
kill you with my verses' blues  
but you seem to dodge every time  
I aim at your heart.

The moon shelters you  
from my rhythm and rhyme.  
Its crimson dye will paint the sky  
when I have shot you  
and your mesmeric smile  
remains written on the clouds  
forever to make me write.

***No tear!***

I shall not meet defeat with submission!

Nor will I acknowledge it!

And I shall not bow down to

indignation;

for this is my reign,

my throne, territory,

no margin for an overthrow;

my galley will sink

never!

And never shall I succumb

to the charms of surrender;

....better clash with titans

than live forever in splendour

of silence and fear

We shall rise!

No tear!

## ***Unpoetic***

Fate is wielding its knife  
before our very own eyes,  
while the declining sun  
burns the pallid skies.

Unpoetic is this life,  
hopping on the blade of the knife;  
manacled to the handle,  
the fate gives it a slight wobble  
every now and then  
we cave in,  
falling on the glinting blade,  
our lips, our cheeks frozen....

## ***Hoist***

Let's hoist the sails,  
the wind has risen!  
Let's ride it in sundry galaxies  
across the starred kingdoms.

And when we plummet  
to the ground  
or hit the dark pit of an ocean  
we'll light a bulb of hope,  
a torch of freedom.

The swollen rivers in our eyes  
will purify the souls,  
once we surface back  
to feel the sunrays in our pores;  
we'll hoist the sails once again  
to the crimson horizon  
we're headed.

***Beneath my wings***

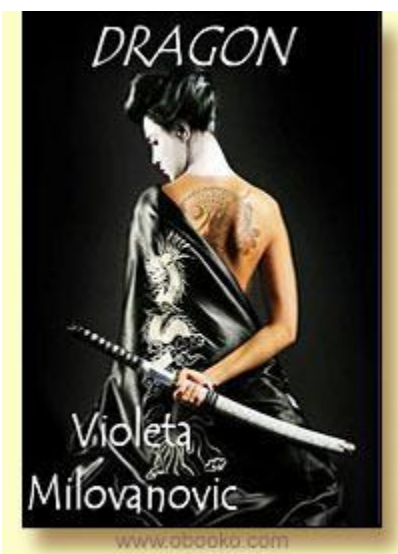
The sky beneath my wings –  
sometimes azure, sometimes gray;  
its sun burns the strings  
I use to play  
when the sable whirls of clouds  
wrap the soul  
I fly, against the winds  
to embrace the torrents of love.

The sky beneath my wings –  
sometimes crimson, sometimes pale  
cries vociferously  
when I fail,  
dive in, dart and hide  
my eyes without the sky – blind,  
so, I soar once again  
beneath my wings – sky's risen.

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