Poetry Series

Besa Dede

- 18 poems -

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~A Poet's Journey...

A long time ago, while I wrote poetry
My hand involuntarily would create grief and pain.
Through all my verses, through my stanzas,
Wings of solitude had taken place.

So I threw away the pen one day;
I was so very tired of composing sadness.
And started the journey, I the curious poet,
In search of my inspiring lyrical happiness.

I went by the sea and witnessed how the waves,
Surging from the deep, the beach were gently kissing.
I placed their fiery passion in my notebook, with me,
To have it as a paradigm someday in my writings.

I captured the liveliness of the swift, swift wind and,
From the magnificent stars, I got their gold plated light.
The meadows and the mountains bestowed me their dreams.
The children gave me their laughter, sweet and bright.

As I was approaching the green lively garden
Fascinated, admiring the red blown rose buds,
I felt your company bringing me shivers.
Why weren't you present earlier in my life? !

No more did I chase the amber falling leaves
When the golden autumn let them fall down from trees.
For see, you became now my inspiring muse.
My half inner soul, got already fulfilled.

The pen in my hand is now merrily smiling,
As I find myself taken in your sweet embrace.
We're peacefully sitting on a rock by the sea.
The sun is setting down, with charm and grace.
2005

Besa Dede

A Dilemma

To kill or not the mockingbird?
This is absurd!
Remarked the boy.

Keeps me awake,
With the noise it makes,
Crying for love.

It's not a robin red.
Her voice is dread.
It has no shame!

I try to rest
But she's a pest
Screaming so loud.

It's been so long
With her crazy song.
I can't take no more!

Hidden I have a fire gun
She'd better start to fly or run
To save her life.

To kill or not the mockingbird?
Ah, this is absurd.
Whined the boy.

And…left...

Besa Dede

A Love Story

You are the fire
I am the ice.
They say we don't match.
But we don't think twice.
It won't suffice,
To stop us touch.

Your enchanting pleas.
Won't let me be.
All on my own.
They invite me closer.
And I fall for.

I call toward thee.
My echo roars,
Unearths, explores,
Your whole new world.
Of ardent desires.

I frost thy blood
That runs through your veins.
I can't stop the fiery burning.
It does not quench me.
Makes me more thirsty…
I can't explain.

You burn my heart
With the fiery darts.
That tear apart
My mortal being.
They amiably hurt me.
Make me want more.

I break thy bones.
You scorch my skin.
I frost…
You melt…
I do not know what to expect next.

But a beautiful, pristine feeling,
Already is born.
Starts to have meaning,
We call it simply,
Love…

Besa Dede

A Meaningless Puzzle

I often catch a glimpse of sadness in your eyes.
I wonder why?
What makes you cry?
You breathe in and sigh
So many challenged vies,
I see hidden within your eyes.
You cast your look up at the skies,
And say ' The sun will always rise
Even though some people might despise
The thought of it, and might chastise
At the one who tries
To explain how-s, and where-s and whys'.
I strive to ease your hurtful crisis.
Shush dear, please dry
Those tears of yours.
And I quietly advise,
Let's go out to be high
On pint-size drinks, and then let's fly
Both, from the top.
You say 'I will', I say 'I may
Be ready, not,
For these heartbreaking goodbyes'.
Demise I say…demise.

Besa Dede

Count Dracula

Hurtfully your claws tear into flesh.
Horridly they exhale pain and blood.
You mercilessly cast your hypnotizing looks
And grin with a ghastly gruesome smile.

You steal the silver from moonlight's rays,
And cast it cautiously upon your hair.
You use the black-night as your secret veil.
Now you are present, and then you're thin air.

No scary shadows frighten your stature
Among them you wretchedly reign.
The world itself shivers of your gloomy phantom.
For you are the living terror per se!

Bloody veins slither your face,
Poison and venom are filled, hither.
You bite with your teeth wherever you can.
Because your greed has never an end!

Crows and ravens, and famishing wolves,
Are your only friends remained.
Death didn't want you, therefore back it brought you,
So that who's alive, to suffer like hell...

Besa Dede

Coz' I've Got The Blues For You

The sky is playful with the clouds,
He won't deny the love he has.
For he isn't shy to speak his heart
To his beloved betrothed cloud.
What about me? My poor old heart
Keeps hiding in the shadows
Of my own downfall.
I have the shivers just like the leaves
That shakily are cast away by the autumn wind.
Coz' when I told you that you're the one
You glanced at me with those big doe's eyes
And told me 'Cry me a river!
Oh boy, cry me a river!
I'm so over you! '
Now I can't enjoy the joy of spring,
Coz' you have taken everything.
You broke my dreams in bits and pieces
And stepped on them with a wicked grin.
The sky is playful with the clouds,
He won't deny the love he has.
I wish I could be playful too...
I'll always have the blues for you
I'll always have the blues for you.

Besa Dede

Delirium

After all that time, she finally realised it; the voices in her head were tearing her soul apart. So, she tried not to cry; she tried to turn her head away and go. But she could not just simply proclaim her rejection and fade in thin air. The bounds between them were too tight now. The voices grinning a terrible smile, tell her not to go. They tell her to love the world, for it soon will be all hers. Alas, she knows it is all a big lie. The voices have covered her being, just like the snow wraps with a white mantle all the place and makes everything immobile and silent…

The feelings in her soul have departed. They have gone too far in the dark distant, horizon. How much she wishes she could follow them, but it is too late now.

The music pummels in her ears and turns her little world upside down, while the voices smile their appalling smile and draw near and near. They harden the air and bring delirium around. And as she feels drugged by their poisonous breath, she wants to scream on top of her lungs. She wants to bite in their cold, white flesh; to poke their eyes from their empty eye-sockets; to tear their sick smirk out of their lipless mouths…

A white, wounded dove descends from the ethereal heavens and its silhouette zooms in, in front of her. Its eyes are filled with crystal tears. 'My love, it's time! ' echo the words in the air, and she feels so calm. A beautiful sound enfolds the place, and it even obscures the screeches of the voice's voice. And the pain becomes more smooth, less dense, and yet more cathartic than ever. She tears open her chest and reaches for her thumping heart. A delicate thrust tickles her fingers, as she holds the heart in her hands. What a mesmerising sight! ! No pain, no blood, no darkness; just a soothing silence and a warm, heavenly gleam…

Those ghastly voices were no longer there; their dreadful smile was no longer threatening and sickening. Her soul was as light as dream and her feeling peaceful, as angels are.

She let go of herself, and she was freer than ever!

Besa Dede

Diary

Words...
Memories,
Broken dreams.
Shared pains of lost loves,
Innocent confessions, of the tormented soul.
Memories,
Pain.
Memories,
Happiness.

See you tomorrow dear diary...

Besa Dede

I Will Steal From You...

I'll go away one day, you know.
And I want to take as a reminiscence.
A fragment of your kiss on my lips,
Perhaps a hug, or an embrace ...

For when the wind will blow out strongly,
I won't be cold, nor will I chill
Around my shoulders I'll feel the warmth.
As a scarf your hug will stand by me, still...

When the summer sun will parch the land,
And people and plants will desiccate,
As elixir of life itself,
Your kiss will keep my lips immaculate...

And if it rains, with mighty thunders
And the sky gets split apart by lightning,
The whole world will linger in blindness.
But not my eyes, they wouldn't be.
I'll have engraved your own sweet kindness...

We will go far away one day, I know.
The paths of life will draw us apart.
But each of us will always keep
A part of one another, as a memoir ...

Besa Dede

I Wonder~

Monotony of days this life is.
I am always in awe from it.
Will it ever be worth anything?
Would it ever change a little bit? ...

Besa Dede

Matter in Existence

In the beginning there was only silence.
From nothingness began to appear the existence.
And from the form, the mortal was designed.
A form-spirit, invented by ideas.
The empty space started filling with subsistence.
Light gave its colors and recognized it.
A real breathing-being was created.
A new form of life was taking shape.
Something was being put instead of nothing.
And the wast space welcomed this new matter.
An essence conceived by the divine substance.
That inhaled and exhaled in the corridors of the cosmos.
Which slowly began to articulate words.
'Man' was descended into this world.

Besa Dede

Memento

And the song of the Finch,
awoke me from my sleep.
From the open window,
the wind sent me sweet whispers of the leaves.
The poplar had blossomed during the night,
and the pavement was covered with a snow of flowers.
The air was imbued with fragrances of reincarnation.
I wholeheartedly welcomed
the spring ..

Besa Dede

Naked

I went away from you one day
My shoulders trembling, my legs shaking.
I cried and cried and cried.
The ocean put a barrier between us.
My pain made the ocean deeper, my tears brewed it saltier…

I went away from you, my dear ones,
... I left, keeping my head back …

And as I drag my heavily packed suitcase
Through the corridors of this huge airport,
I scarily think who will take care
About my poor memories
That painfully were scared by time.

I came at the land of the sun, at the land of the snow,
At the place of the dreams of the fervent immigrants.
And alas, I'm naked!
My memories remained beyond the ocean.

Like a baby I will slowly pace.
But my footsteps will be felt above and beyond.

I will bring you happy memories,
You then, will ease your sadness.
And I ... I will finally dry up my tears ...

Besa Dede

Requiem~~An Ode To Time

Time moves forward, without stopping
And fastened on her shoulders, bind our existence.
Aged and tired slowly we saunter her
Most are left behind, diminishing in the distance.

Weary, withered, and forgotten
We try to helplessly hinder our steps
But the cruel bitch, the time
Will not rest into one place.

...And we follow... without knowing...
Memories shatter into thousand pieces
While life takes different forms
Cheating, hate, lies and all the vices.

The witch time sucks up our dreams,
Scars our hopes, smothers our yearnings.
Ruthlessly she chops our hearts
Lets our loves mercilessly burning.

She discards us one by one.
Rips up our souls, she steals our lives.
Time shoves us in the abyss of death
She easies her burden, and lets out a relieved sigh...

Besa Dede

Tears From The Moon

I swear,
Tonight I saw tears running down from the Moon.
You might think I am crazy,
Or that I daydream hazy in the middle of the night.
No Sir!
I swear, I caught a glimpse of those silver drops
Go down the scorched cheeks of that sleeping beauty.
I felt her pain grow big like a threatening black hole.
I saw her sadness spread all over the Milky Way.
For she can't be close to the one she longs for.
The Moon I mean.
She is the secret lover of the Sun.
Didn't you know?
Shush, don't pry.
You'll make the Earth jealous.

Besa Dede

The Broken Promise

Why did the Heart beat so fast? I do not know! And ah! It seemed as if the world got ripped apart from those crazy thumping beats, that the she exhaled. From the Heavens quickly burst the raindrops like tears, poisonous, salty tears! Only Life did not seem so surprised, or afraid, or even shaken. She continued her endless journey, explaining to her creatures, that it happens like so in the long course of existence...

But an injured Heart doesn't understand and doesn't heal so easily, though! The blood that runs in her veins is poisoned by disappointment. And disappointment kills!

Ah, what will now this miserable Heart do, whose beats are so restless, while are slowly moving toward its own annihilation, toward its own devastating end? Why does Love hurt and makes one feeling so wretched?
A whispering response came from the invisible wisdom of the wandering Wind:
'Because everything has a beginning, and every beginning has an end! '

While the Stars up in the ethereal heaven, slowly are extinguished one by one, and the ill looking Moon, fades away, alone, in the deep corners of the universe, the exhausted Heart lowers even more her beating rates. She is actually rather tired of waiting for so long. Those hopeful expectations, brought back nothing, just nothing out of the vast horizon. That waiting brought only sadness, pain, poisonous blood, and horrid shades that blackened in anguish the dawn of day. She could not fathom it. How could Love give wings of ecstasy to some, and break their souls in despair, to others? Anyway, she thought, it was not for her to decide on that matter, as she herself was now bleeding from pain and betrayal.

And as she lonesome meditates for the time that went away, for the dreams that she wove when she had Love, for the harmony born between earthly lovers, that she so much had herself coveted, the forlorn, gloomy Heart thinks that now is time to go. 'Not to worry', -she tells herself, -'this was your destiny. Some enjoy it, and some get lost in the great tides of life. Now everything has gone beyond your reach. Let others deal with it.'

Calmed down by the thought, that at least she had left a trace of her between the spirits of the mother-land, she slowly began to close its fragile valves. In doing so, she felt an immense melting joyfulness, which she had not experienced in years. Her self felt weightless as a feather, light as a white fluffy cloud that floats gracefully in the air.

'Let go', - she said to herself, and as cheerful as the laughter of a jovial child, slowly ascended towards the Heaven...

Besa Dede

The Sin

An offspring of the sin you were too.
Kindly you smiled
whilst furtively charmed me within this sinful world.
Now I, the supreme sin's indulgence,
by sinful people am being criticized!

Besa Dede

You And I

You said 'I'll love you to eternity'
and gently bit my lips with a kiss.
It looked like the twilight tore away the darkness…
…the world seemed more beautiful after this.

Besa Dede