

Poetry Series

marieta maglas

- poems -

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marieta maglas (19-05-1964)

I was born in Romania and I graduated from dentistry in 1987.I was started writing poetry in 1977, participating in national literary contests (where I was placed the second) and publishing poems in the newspapers of literature.

+Your words of love+++

I am seemingly missing your words of love,
those words that were written on the sand
and erased by the first wave.
Do you remember, my love?
I have enclosed them hermetically
with that last kiss.
And, after that,
another kiss
and another exotic beach
and another feeling, autumnal feeling,
of another ostensible seemingly love
fulfilled my nothingness...
Among corals and shells,
dried by the winds of the sea,
I awake in following my lost steps,
taken by the waves
and redirected to the great unknown in the sea,
that great eternal.....
I still love you
I love you more, miss you more
yes, I still miss you.
And i realize that all I can do now
is to lodge near the moan of the sea sand,
which feels like a silk slipped worn-out dress
when I touch it.
And slantingly I elect the oblivion
when
I want to kiss again and again
your gray-haired temple
but, in reverting I receive only
the kiss of our child...

in top 500 poems

marieta maglas

+ Anticipating your kiss for my pain +++

(for the unknown hunter, a "dream lover")

If that morning would be my ideal unimaginable realness,
In a forgotten time of the telluric and most desirable land
Your gleams of love would come to utter my secret happiness
Kissing tired eyelids, caressing my body with your tender hand.

We would wait for the mercy of our dearest Lord Christ Jesus
Who quintessentially has freed us from our sins by his blood
Purifying incessantly our souls by our obedience to the truth
Greeting one another so deeply with the kiss of our love

I would still be sleepy and I would be like a sheltered deer,
Twilight unequivocal zone would be in its dim red resilience,
Always tossing in between these two worlds of virtual and real
And His love would fulfill fascinatingly our benevolent radiance.

Your soul would keep in touch intimately my soul with embrace
The intangible feelings would turn into tangible unequivocal shivers,
The old world changing, to the new world of seconds yielding place
Being enlightened by our eternity that these two worlds dissevers

Waking up with our deep thrill as enclosed beneath heart intoned,
Transfiguring both of us, while yet melting our inexpressible sorrow,
We would awake for forgiveness, our glittering eyes being absolved,
I would know how deep is your love, I would have hope for tomorrow.

When our shining sunbird into the horizon would fly and disappear
And the sun would rise by reflecting a thousand colors in the water
Pervading a realm of space from our empyrean dreams, drying the tear
Understanding that if we no longer could be alive, it would not matter.

marieta maglas

+++Latina Time+++

This game is the way in which slaughter becomes an end in itself.

Acta est fabula plaudite
The play has been performed; applaud!

Surely, less obvious ways exist
The Darkness seeks to manipulate us into its service.

Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea.
The act is not guilty unless the mind is also guilty.

Once all of them have won a very special princess prize,
the game is over....
and they will never buy another one.....

Alis grave nil.
Nothing is heavy to those who have wings

And maybe we cannot understand what's going on,
but we can understand that the players
skillfully hide behind the walls....
They think....

Cessante ratione legis cessat ipsa lex.
When the reason for the law ceases, the law itself ceases.

We seek escape from reality, we undermine our self-esteem.
Maybe we are unable to see them, but we need to talk about this.
And maybe they do not trust us when we tell them to come to us if they need
to talk....
....about those who become their victims.....

Sed ipse Spiritus postulat pro nobis, gemitibus inenarrabilibus.
But the same Spirit intercedes incessantly for us, with inexpressible groans.

in top 500 poems

marieta maglas

++A princess of Romanian folk died+++

Romania is in mourning.
A princess of Romanian folk died
a few hours ago.
There will be many trees on this land
without the forest
and other cords of the guitars,
and some kind of vibration, maybe more pleasant,
but there will never be another Tatiana
impeccable Stepa, ineluctable Stepa, irresistible Stepa.
Because she could let her love
trickle into our souls,
until all her songs on the altar of praise were laid,
until today, when our eyes are glittered
from the reflection of our tears...
Her extraordinary talent melted our hearts...

And step by step,
ab initio Stepa, ab ovo Stepa

She sang all her songs to us,
but she was the most beautiful sound
we have ever heard.
And she could make us squeal with delight.
The more beautiful we became just after hearing her songs.
And if we learned to exist as part of Earth
when only love could keep us together,
it was because
she lived to teach us how to live.

Pro tempore and in esse
Tatiana Stepa died.

in top 500 poems (9 and 10/08/2009)

marieta maglas

++Shadow of life+++

I am a victim and you know that I know this.
Je suis une victime et vous savez que je le sais.

You say that you love me,
but the words lose their meaning,
when they are passed through the filter
of reason and truth.

Vous dites que vous m'aimez
mais les mots perdent leur sens
quand ils sont passés par le filtre
de la raison et la vérité.

I would have wished you to be the man of my dreams
or at least I would have preferred that
our seemingly love to be
rather an illusion of reality
than a reality of illusion

J'aurais voulu que vous soyez l'homme de mes rêves
ou au moins j 'aurais préféré
notre amour apparemment être
plutôt une illusion de réalité
qu'une réalité d'illusion

I wish you to be aware that
with every victim that dies
you're increasingly poor with a feeling..
and still less able to love again
Je veux que vous soyez conscients cela
avec chaque victime qui meurt
vous êtes de plus en plus pauvres avec un sentiment..
et toujours moins capable d'aimer de nouveau

and every time you kill
love itself, of yourself, of herself
you just stay only with the shadow of life.
et la chaque fois vous tuez
l'amour lui-même, de vous, d'elle
vous restez seulement avec l'ombre de vie.

marieta maglas

+10-10=0

If we could combine
the perfectly good and the perfectly evil,
we would obtain the imperfection.
If we could take
a piece of paradise
and a piece of hell
and we could gather them in us,
our souls would become less beautiful.
Because the truth of inside would swallow
the lie of inside and, indeed,
the absolute truth would be relative.
And if our love could swallow
our hatred,
than we would love less.
If me and you together,
we could form an amphora,
by trying to find the absolute truths
in a new and perfect love for Him,
we would need all our faith
to remove
all the lies and all our hatred from us.
If our lie and our hatred
could become two trenchant
weapons
and if we could choose Lucifer for hitting
our relative truths,
in terms of mathematics,
than they would fall, by becoming
downright uncertainties.
The wounded love would disappear in us
and we would turn into salt stones,
as Lot's wife, by seeing Sodom burning..
And if the truth of us
could rather be equal to the lie, inside,
as love and hate
could be equal,
we would become
absolutely nil,
by dying slowly and and by melting ourselves
in nothingness..
So, the reason for saving every second of us,
by looking for purity,
while the absolute truth and the absolute lie
are in no touching,
is that their arguments are always perfect....

in top 500 poems

marieta maglas

+A delicate rainy morning+++

If I felt that you would be here,
it was because your angel had touched me with his wing, like a breeze
and
you have been there, with him,
in a certainly indestructible sensation.

Maybe you thought that the angel had told me,
but he would never say,

So, I've been waiting for you,
to give me your love,
in rainy mornings
with hopeless awakes.....

marieta maglas

+A ray of sun+++

A ray of sun that slips on your sad face,
By drawing a circle,
Is not only a ray, it is light,
But my feelings,
That slip in your soul
Until your heart
Begins to vibrate,
Means all.

marieta maglas

+An incurable kiss+++

Your steps,
By frightening the red leaves.....
Your sight,
By caressing the limb,
Which seemingly is searing.....
The shivering limb waiting the winter
Your lips,
By kissing the crust of the tree;
Ligustrum vulgare,
In that special zone,
Where it lose continuously the life...
Yourself,
With an incurable and irreversible
Kiss.

marieta maglas

+By making a child+++

Making a child
For giving a name
To love,
For giving its own sense.
Let make the child
By creating him,
Slowly,
By kisses and touches
Until we can feel him inside, frightened,
In both of us.
Let give him his own body,
That clay that belong to us,
After this;
In that special moment
Of losing control,
Of fusion of souls,
When the happiness
Seems to be so much
Like touching God.

marieta maglas

+By painting+++

I'm drawing a circle,
which is concentrically diminishing,
with each gliding of the pencil on the paper,
until it becomes a spiral.

I'm drawing the line of your oval eyes,
which is concentrically diminishing,
with each winking of yours,
until becoming only a memory of your sight.

I'm drawing the line of your elliptical lips,
this beauty of your lips,
which is dwindling concentrically
with each whisper
until becoming only the memory of your word.

I'm drawing your great feeling,
as a noble heart,
and it is eccentrically enlarging,
until we become, seemingly, one soul.

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+Cleopatra+++

Under the mask of gold,
I see only venomous snakes
poisoning that name forever....

marieta maglas

+Common sense+++

The matchless difference between
a falling rock and
a bell, rocked by the wind,
consists of
the sense of the motion.

The difference between you
and the whole world, by the sense of motion,
is that you can move the world away
by being so statically,
by being so obviously imprisoned
in your own memories.

Moreover, you say
that you will never demote,
by staying in order to typify
our memories
in the eternity of delays....

I

marieta maglas

+Curved eyelash +++

I could feel the vibration of your screams in the air.
I could perceive your sight touching this vibration, by curving the time.

I could understand this vibrating touch.
I could realize the sense of curve

And the sight of the second curve, the sigmoid curve.

The air would be very much compressed, it would beget the sound..

The twinkle in your eye would be aslant
Through an opening and it would reach the ground,
By gliding rapidly along your very long, curved eyelash...

You would re-enter your own world, deep inside you,
You would become the curve in itself.

Love would become an unstable point of equilibrium...

A grey cloud would form when the air would be heated by the sun
And a sphere of incumbency would engrave your insular thinking.

I wouldn't be able to keep that second anymore.

The second would glide between my fingers

My praying fingers.

The horizon by the sea
Would be photoengraved with corals and shells..

The eye horizon would receive this for comprehensiveness....

That would shiver the universe...

You would be awake, you would be able to be revived.....

marieta maglas

+Flight+++

When the sacred kingfisher is flying
It is frantically flapping his wings to
The sand of the sea.

In the form of a deep curve, as the rainbow.

Its flight is mothlike with deep, steady wing beats
for flying higher and higher.
So skilled at flying
Is the sacred kingfisher
And naturally suited to the sky.

In the form of a deep curve, as the rainbow.

And from that deep curve comes the screaming,
And the white bird falls
To eat its silent prey.

While its life becomes a broken winged bird
that cannot fly
any longer

marieta maglas

-+Forever+++

You are my everything
You are in everything I do
Because I always think of you
And, my love,
I'm doing it all for you.
Because your capable of making
The life of dreams
And you are able to make it happen.
I share a part of me with you
Though forever is not in this world to stay
And I want you to keep inside
Everything that I give and say.
And you know that everything around,
Which doesn't belong to you,
Doesn't belong to me, too...
And it has never been
A part of everything I mean...
We can be forever,
By making a world together.
My love,
And if I will never meet you again
My feelings for you
Will survive this day
And all the eternity.

marieta maglas

+His opinion+++

If his opinion could be
considerable assimilated
by the best people
I would conclude
that he is right.
And if the best people
consider his idea
to be essential,
I would accept that
he is the best.
But I would never convey it
with any absolute conviction,
because this is depending on
the aesthetics of perception.

marieta maglas

+Let's make love tonight+++

Let's make love tonight
until our bodies will transcend their shapes,
by becoming one single corpse.
Let's make this love to be tonight
our eternal emotion of dreams
and not just a fleeting dream.
And if we will accomplish
the abyss inside,
we will be like two butterflies
released from their cocoons.
We will awake
in our novel world of seconds,
were we will subsist for being eternal..

marieta maglas

+Letter to Jesus+++

If I could understand who I am
from the beginning,
maybe I would never be able
to defeat my hopes and suffer as a ruin.
but so many roads I covered without you, Jesus,
that I can not have the courage
to stop and fall again, any longer.
I wanted to tack my attitude
for being only with You,
I wanted to totally transform myself
into another woman,
that woman awoken by You,
that woman recognizing
her own new existence.
Now I know that
only through Your Divinity and only with You
I can attain love and I can be tangent to You,
with this love inside, as a proof of my existence.
and I know that only together with You and only through You,
I can reach the truth.
and I know that only together with You and only through You
I can get to Father,
and I can survive,
because life comes from Him.

marieta maglas

+Noetic kiss +++

If you could love me
even for one second
you would understand
how much would hurt this waiting
You would understand
why dreams would never be really
reproduced by delusions ...

By using lost pieces of broken stars
we could recreate another amphora
as a new light for our souls
just for me and for you
and we could swallow
its infinite blue..

just you and me and our thrill
like a butterfly with trembling wings
on a flower petal in the breeze
with their untouched sensations,
or like a noetic kiss in our sleep.

marieta maglas

-Eternity of silence+++

The wings, struggling
On a leaden sky,
Distorting the space and time,
Sinusoidally...

Eternity of silence,
Dividing moribundity,
Separating the flight
From the the oblivion sleep....

I need to save me from myself,
From the illusion that absorbs everything,
From the disillusionment that digest all....

Give me your warm hand.
I know, it is a man hand.
And when my fingers will touch you,
I will kiss your silence.

You give me the necessary strength,
So much desired, to continue
The great symphony of life.

marieta maglas

-Game+++

The game of seasons,
in which, if you had been the autumn,
I would have been the spring,
by giving you my flower
sweet chestnut-tree....

The game of universe,
in which, if you had been the earth,
I would have been your moon,
by eclipsing you forever, my dear....

The game of the earth,
in which, if you had been the mountain,
I would have been your valley,
by giving you a place to hide.....

The game of thinking,
in which, if you had been the abstract,
I would have been your value of judgement,
by keeping your ideas safe....

The game of love,
in which, if you had been in love with me,
I would have been your half of sphere,
by searching you, by searching you, by searching you...

The game of the existence,
in which, if you had been in death,
I would have been your part of life,
by continuing you, by continuing you, by continuing you...

marieta maglas

-Last love+++

If Anthony would have loved Cleopatra
with a second less than he did,
maybe he would have survived
and would have won
the war with himself.
But he loved her more than ever
exactly in the second of his death,
and therefore he died.
But Cleopatra should not even die
in the next second,
she would have to live,
in order to understand from her suffering
what means real love.
Because her love was insufficient
to fight against the destiny of history.

marieta maglas

-Loosing steps+++

Time shrinks
With so much strength,
Than I can feel the pulse of life.
I try to forget myself,
But your lost steps
Bring me back.
It seems to be evening, but no,
The immortal mobile horizons
Expand a part of themselves
In the still hot quartz of the sand.
We are trying to
Rely their shape on our sense of sight.
Trying to make them real,
But we understand that
The shape can be cropped. only inside of us.
We understand that the dream
Is lost in itself
Toward in the
Still hot quartz of the soul,
Like an imaginary horizon
Of the eye.
In the offing.
And we let the time
To go on.

marieta maglas

-Memories+++

Our love is mixed with algae...
It is tasted with salt.
It is the first fruit of a great struggle for our freedom...
Our love,
sometimes like a spring breeze....
sometimes like a hurricane....

We can see the green waves crashing
And cooling the sand....

Between this old hot sand and the new salty waves
We can feel our perfect love,
We can see its ripples
And its shifting designs, left behind by the tide
And sculpted by our steps.....

We can feel our angel,
That angel with injured wings,
We can hear him, still screaming,
We can see him in a sphere of air,
So well hidden.

Or maybe we are enclosed
In our sphere of reality,
Seemingly a dodecahedral geodesic sphere....

As though being hidden in psychological twilight.....

However,
We can hear the sound
That sound just like a screaming echo....

marieta maglas

-My love for you+++

If my love for you had made you become
more beautiful for a moment,
it was a sign that there is love and there is God in heaven.
And if you're not beautiful any longer,
it means that God is still there and there He will be forever,
you're just no longer in my love,
and this is why
you'll change very soon.

marieta maglas

-My love is like the proxigean spring tide+++

Too long for those who's really feel this sorrow
My love is like the proxigean spring tide,
But it is no hope and no desire for tomorrow
And all I know is that The Lord is by my side.

As certain things are to be loved in secret,
I love thee to the depth with wall I know
I keep the loneliness and I feel no regret
My love is much the same as Arctic Glow.

And when my heart is filling with this thrill
I need lost precious moments to envy,
But like a storm your angry and my shrill
Embarrass little hope and I begin to cry.

marieta maglas

-Obsolete quiver of the universe +++

Call me when you breathe in your universe
To feel your thrill and to love you into my verse
Because I know so well that from the same clay
Our bodies and Galaxy have been made yesterday.

That from the same stones could forever envies
Both planet Venus and the light from your eyes.
When I am with you, I'm not surprised that I brace
This branch for holding your entire universe.

I conceal you in my soul as an ancient skald,
As I hold back the moonlight in my emerald.
And I feel your pain by touching your tear,
When gentle I incline myself for loving you my dear

marieta maglas

-Our vertical movements +++

I would be
Your reclusive word
In your own inside
I would disintegrate
Your ideas
And recompose them
For love
And yes, I would be
That inferred light from you,
Lost, somewhere, in the Orion constellation.
I would be a part of you,
As you
But everything would become
Painfully.....
By waiting that morning,
When you would be awake
For being only with me
In your mind,
By embarrassing
My absence, and your tear
Gliding on your cheek
for being again yourself...
I need to understand
Your fictitious existence
By being 'enclosed'
Into another feeling,
Where, you and me,
We would form
Only the memory of our feelings...
The blue bird, the bird of happiness
Is flying again
On the sky,
By being absorbed in it,
As much as
I can perceive
Only the movement...
To the limit
Between visible and invisible
I hear only that sound,
Lost in itself....
Nothing is perfect around....
Perfection and equilibrium
Are all I mean..
Only The Lord
Can save
Our vertical movements...

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-Poem for the blind dancer+++

Blind dancer in blue
Slips
And generates the movement in the ice dance.
She is transformed
Into an alternative
Of woman and bird,
More accurate,
In the bird woman
For an absolute motion.
From the depth of her soul,
Divine lights
Begin to overflow
The space,
And give it the appropriate, necessary meaning

marieta maglas

Revelation+++

I can see an angel with a wounded wing.
I can see the drops of blood.
I can see only the angel,
In fractions of images,
Like a pulsatile light
With a duality that absorbs.
I feel the pain of the angel,
inside of me,
As a touch.

I can see the light of a burning candle,
I can see the drops of its wax and light,
Near that incurable sadness,
Generated by the death of loved.

I wake up and let the selected words
In ascesis.
I select the ideas and leave them
In ascesis.
I keep the selected feelings
For the perpetuation of love moments,
And I feel the light,
That absorbs the darkness....

marieta maglas

Sad woman+++

I would that my mouth could say
The feelings that are inside of me,
As this white lily that blooms today
And tomorrow it may not be.

But if I knew you would not come,
No longer would I wait for you,
For you was all I had built at home,
For you was all I tried to do.

You left my love to sadness and to flight,
Your choice was to plod your weary way,
My heart, once fulfilled with celestial light,
Mingles its gray melancholy, today.

My thoughts are an ocean of darkness,
My solitude is a chosen pray, is pure.
So might I, waiting you with this hopeless
Have tears, that would help me to endure?

marieta maglas

Seemingly endless+++

As the stars shining in the sky at night
So it shines in my eyes the tear.
With my deep silence I can hold you tight,
By searching our love, my dear.

As the stars touching the light of the sun,
When they sit good in the sky tonight,
So I lay in my white bed like a nun
and expect full of sadness His sight.

Waiting for thrill of love that you give me,
Which becomes more deeply when it rains,
By turning me in what I want to be,
A part of you, without deep pains.

As yellow stars are seemingly endless,
The body is ephemerally.
I realize that feelings are timeless
And happiness is divinely.

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Shooting stars like a rain+++

You passed me in the same way
As the comet passed near the earth,
Without touching it,
But leaving behind
A rain of false stars,
All of them,
Shooting stars....

I would like to meet you,
I would like
To be able to touch you,
But everything could become
Extremely painfully to us.

I prefer to stay single,
Elliptical as a rock,
By being forgotten on the beach of any ordinary sea....

Increasingly deformed by the waves
Increasingly being misapprehended
By the people around me.....

Day by day, more stranger to myself....

Until all I am now
Will be just a memory
And a final wave, a little more tunefully....

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State of wakefulness+++

When you keep sight on me,
My painful thinking stops turning into tears.
Your unsaid words are still being waiting,
Uttered to be expressed,
By cramming into palate.
I know them all,
As you know your fingers,
Which, apparently, touch me tenderly,
By sending me the thrill of separation.

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Stone statue+++

I am like a stone statue,
in a sitting position,
I'm your throne,
in which you take place,
nicely,
from time to time.
In order to kiss me
with the kiss of death,
you take a nicely place,
inside of me,
from time to time.

marieta maglas

Terminus Sam Shing+++

The thundering thunder rolled into the silence,
Among the flowers by the wind of spring.
I felt my empty soul, full with sadness,
Walking about the Terminus Sam Shing.

Clothed in white and lost in thoughts, alone,
In aftertime and thinking to my choice,
And dropping tears, and being like a stone,
And would have singing, but I had no voice.

With nothing taken with me, leaving all beside,
A voice in agony, that shivered to black hole,
The deliver of my heart's echoes in inside,
And the destroyer of my proper soul.

marieta maglas

The raven of Edgar Poe+++

We need only time
to undergo metamorphosis....
The girl and the child,
by gazing at the eye;
A woman and a child,
by keeping an eye on each other;
An old woman and a child
by seeing eye to eye;
The raven screaming, solemnly:
-Nevermore!
The raven of Edgar Poe,
Which had guessed
metamorphosis.....

marieta maglas

-The words+++

Sometimes your words are mixed
With words unsaid yet,
By changing their deep of meaning.
They turn me into something,
That you do not want me to become.
It's an escape from myself
Into my deep inside.
I run from you into my depth.
And this escape save me
In a certain place,
Where nothing changes.
Those that can save me there are
Either the memories,
Or the forms of air,
Or the forms in forms.....

marieta maglas

The blood of the lamb+++

Always the blossom on the blackthorn and the lily is the same,
And in the shepherd lands I stayed by thinking of Your name.
I heard the lamb's voice, when I passed the long grass in that field,
Waiting the bleating of the lamb and waiting to be healed.

I saw a flash of light so white, than ever seen before,
Descendant deep inside, until I perceived the divine chore.
Until I heard the angel's song and the dark was over all,
Until I could hear when You pass and break inside my wall.

You showed me all the sin I have and all I did in vain,
And now my only wish is to stay, until You'll come again.
And if I'm green and happy, even tired, and yet alive I am
It is because white is my soul and red is blood of lamb.

marieta maglas

-The door+++

If we couldn't meet each other,
no one would reveal me
the deepness of this perfection
Love.
But you could open the door of my soul
and touch me
in a perfectly enclosed relationship.

marieta maglas

The pottery+++

In the common clay,
that was transformed by modeling
with the movement of my hands,
I imprison my idea,
that you perceive
every time you stop for a moment,
to look at the art objects,
delicately modeled in shape,
which gains color in light.

Many potters expose objects
in that place,
but you know which are mine,
even without my signature,
because I think only of you
when I make them to appear real.

marieta maglas

The solitude+++

I'm just a lost star,
With chains of darkness and of endless night
Trying to find my own inner strength
Trying to find my own destiny
When I'm getting off to you
When I'm better off without you
And I enjoy my solitude
One hundred years of solitude
Like Lorelei.
marieta maglas

The swelling+++

And if my long kiss could burn your lips,
Then you would allow the unwords
To be jammed between us,
As a swelling,
By forming a ghostly wall,
Which would get higher
Step by step
And day by day
Until it would reach the sky,
And certainly the Heaven,
Where The Lord would understand them.

marieta maglas

The syncope+++

You can find the absolute
If you deny the relative,
But you can never abandon the absolute,
Without the denial of yourself.
You can live with
The relatively truth.
You can search yourself
Inside,
In order to find
Your seemingly equilibrium,
But you will never
Find yourself
In love.
So, you can live with themselves,
In a continuously searching.

marieta maglas

The tear+++

He touched her
With his love,
His perfect love,
He thought,
He didn't hear
The cry of the angel,
But everyone
Could see,
At that time,
The tear of Christ.

marieta maglas

Unfinished requiem+++

A bird is flying,
But I see only the flight in itself,
The movement.

I close my eyes and I can touch it,
I close my eyes and I can feel it.
The sound of motion hurts my ear.

It is a movement in itself,
And inside of me,
It is like a scream.

Someone shoots
The wing of the bird,
And I feel the movement of the air,
Generated by the falling bird.

I understand, in a second,
My love for you.
It is a relic of a feeling,
Slipped into that place from where the white bird
Collapsed,
Like the soul from the moment to eternity.

My thinking with your name on it
Remains, seemingly, attached to that place,
As a red stain on the blue sky,
Which needs to become white

Between the eyelids,
Only pain can be continuously crushed
And transformed into tears.

Between the saints,
Only God gathers perfect feelings,
Our feelings,
That makes us capable to reach Him.

marieta maglas

Unremebering dream+++

Welcome ingrate malignancy into the cruel world
For silent words inside the frozen mouth to keep,
Unsearchable ideas to be used like a sword,
For sending meaningless reveries in our anxious sleep.

Your palaces of suffering, crowning the head of woe,
With sightless, hopeless human beings in icy, rayless lands,
Your dark, where the flowers and green grass cannot grow,
And people duty is to demand and receive your commands.

Inglorious, your never coming spring, your valley glittering in cold,
Your values, gorged in somberness, waiting to be destroyed,
And proud, a close friend of you, graven image of gold,
Will be your sad reality, when He will come and He will be annoyed.

marieta maglas

Walking around+++

If you couldn't be
That magical man
Who could dream up always new ideas,
And if they couldn't empower you
To make our dreams to become more real,
If you couldn't dance in the rain,
Ever,
If you couldn't cry
For not being a child
Any longer,
If you were able to forget yourself
For falling away into your body,
If you could never scream
In the darkness,
If you couldn't have
Enough courage
To make love
In the snow,
If you couldn't feel
That snow melting on the ground,
Certainly you couldn't touch my soul,
Because I would prefer
To walk around
And to put my love in my hands
And, like a beggar, to stretch my left hand in your direction.
Moreover,
Like king Lear, to stretch my right hand in your direction,
Because you would never stay here again.
Because, if you could really love me,
I would never let you go.

marieta maglas

White poem+++

Your teeth have a painfully shine,
Your smile is sad
In the absence of words.
Your eyes become transparent
To the wound of the soul,
Where only white descend for love,
Making us realize that,
Only through love and pain, together,
We are able to become eternal and
We are able of asceticism.

marieta maglas

Wreck without anchor+++

I disclose you with this love
and I let you be suspended in yourself
because you're a wreck without anchor
and your self is embarrassed by confusion
against your own sense
and assuming the idea
that no danger will
overwhelm you completely
for abandoning you
into nothingness
like waves that drive the boat ashore
I expect you to be disintegrated
slowly and waiting in your own
when no anchor can keep you in the offshore
because the wood is too rotten.

marieta maglas

Yellow November+++

I know, I "m not be able to see you again
And, I know, I "m not able to forget you
A strange world around me and an invisible train
And all those things that you ask me to do.

You finally go to that town without a railway station
What was painfully I forgot or was never real.
It was an autumnal love for you with no passion,
By destroying our thoughts that have become unreal.

I watch you closely, as always, and the woman
Standing on your chair to surgical work, passively
Still may spitting blood is what you, like a man,
Try to cut up in her soul, when suture by surgery.

You decided to leave me and after that moment
My cheeks are still very warm and very wet.
You leave me without excuses, without any comment
Without that reproach of you which is not resolved, yet.

I know, I "m not able to see you again
And, I know, I "m not able to forget you
Please, separate me from that strange world of train
And take me as far as possible with you.

written in 1984

marieta maglas

Yes, denial of noes+++

Nothingness of negation or
Negation of nothingness....
If Jesus would not be existed,
there would be no Christians.
Denying Jesus,
but the impossibility of denying His existence,
if we would accept the idea that
He would never
being really existed...
No other solution, but to recognize His existence...

A double negation,

when nothingness has value
only by the existence of all that it denied....

when noes could never be between
the cause and the effect..
And if the really cause is
that Jesus was born,
by being necessary for us,
there were the effects, too.,
so many wars for this idea..

Without really being of the assertion of existing,
The nothingness could never destroy it.

And I can see God now with the eyes of my mind...
I can see God not accepting the lie
and I can see Jesus
saying about Himself
that He is The Son of God.
and what would be the purity of intention
and the truth of things
without this?

The denial of noes, which means fertilization, at Hegel,
The absolute duty to tell the truth, at Kant...
The human lie at Schopenhauer

His existence or His non-existence,
seemingly, an irreconcilable antithesis.
Statements and that opposites,
by trying to eliminate each other.

marieta maglas

You make me who I am+++

When You go down
As the light's great fall in darkness' stand,

Every time it rains,
And I know I can unshackle my soul.

You make me who I am.
I understand who I am.
You make me love You
You release me .
You let me be myself.

And every time I look at You I get tears in my eyes.
And every time I look at You I see my rainbow.

Between the kingfisher's large scream
And the sea waves sound ,
The feelings are my feerical failed ships.

Come and see your child's face light up
When this child hears Your name as part of a song or story....
I am this child.....
When You come forward with Your Son....

And Your light

Is touching my eyelids,
Is touching my thoughts,
Is touching my ships.

Between this sunrise
And the next sunset,
Red is the same reality,
And my fagged eyelids
Cannot change it.

In addition to the lone gull,
I sit down to look.
In addition to the scream of gull,
I lay out of sight.
I can see the pain and the flight.....

marieta maglas

You tell me+++

Tell me if I would twist your thoughts
with my sadness,
your kiss would bend me
to be deeply overwhelmed.

Tell me that you would take me
to yourself
in a moment, in which gestures
become thrills...

Tell me that I would be yours so that
I would stay perfectly in there,
in a moment of self-forgetfulness.

Tell me, my love, if I would wish to be gone
in that moment,
you would have felt so sorrow that
you would have abandoned your dreams
to be with me....

Tell me that you knew that I knew this,
the proof was that
I could let you go,
by being unable to break the wall
to be together.....

poem written in 1987

marieta maglas

You were mine+++

Now I understand that my love
has saved you from yourself ...

You were mine,
and I did not know that
you're mine

Now I know that you were mine,
but you're no longer mine ...

marieta maglas

-Your kiss+++

If the kiss of your lips,
slipped on my dying breast
could reach my deeply dormant eyelash
I would have slipped my mind to dream

And if you could come back
for a second, again,
for being lost in my arms
I would have understood
that the world is the same
and nothing has changed.

But we would have been aware
that we are so different one from another
that our touch would be impossible to achieve.

marieta maglas