Poetry Series

Marieta Maglas

- 496 poems -

Publication Date:

April 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Marieta Maglas on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Marieta Maglas (19-05-1964)

Marieta Maglas was born in Romania and she graduated the University of Medicine in 1987.She has been writing poetry since 1977.
Marieta Maglas is a Romanian poetess. She has appeared in some journals, including the Velvetillusion Literary Magazine Alabama, The Secret (La Revista) Italy, FWM Magazine US, Tr? n Thu Trang and some others. She has been nominated at International Festival of Poetry in Vancouver, Canada, and in Mexico. Her poems were selected, and published on some anthologies A Poet's View of Being, a collection of poems by Brian Wrixon (Canada) , Watching You Leonard Dabydeen (Xlibris) .She was awarded as legendary poet by Poetry.com. She is the author of some poetry books as Fractioned Second at AuthorsDen (Publisher: Lulu/ISBN-10: 1445778017/Copyright: 2010/ISBN-13: 9781445778013) , The Solace of Nature at Smashwords, A Chorus for Peace at CompletelyNovel, and a prose book Prometheus at Bookrix, her poems being published on many other literary and nonliterary magazines online as Illinois Prairie Chapter of the Ikenobo Ikebana Society of America/The Arranger/2303 Seaton Court, Champaign, Illinois 61821-6623 (Queen Anne's Lace) , Ezine Mark (Blue Love/Dancing Matachin/Dramatic Fall) , Ezine Articles (almost all her poetry, Marieta being an expert author) , The Journalist Template by Lucian E. Marin(Dancing with the Cranes) , The Daily Vorer Kagoj, Dhaka, Bangladesh, Lusi Library Collection (The Mud Volcano Lusi) , News From Japan-Daily News On Japan In English (Metaphorical Meaning) , The Burning Splint (Flamenco Dance -Mirrored Nonet/ The Vibration/Kiss My Soul/Metamorphoses) , Moncler, Denver (September Showers- Alliteration Poem) , Origami (The White Tiger) , Articlesbase (Passionate Tango/Kiss my Soul/Making a Child) , American Poems (Pygmalion and Galatea, and many others) , Curated Exhibitions, Peace Wisher by the regretted poet Afzal Shauq, German Trans, Drizzle-n-Reflection by Ansel Cheng, Poems Globala, Dil Ki Awaaz (Emerald Green) , Wear Your Invisible Crown (Emerald Green) , Destiny Poets, AllVoices, Sms Spicy (Emerald Green) , Goodreads (quotes) Ensigntherapy (Matachin Dance) , Hydra, Creative Thinkers International, Soletrader and her poem 'The Butterfly (The Mirror Sestet Poetry) '' was selected by Web Stats Checker, published by CompleteClassics. Share Your Essays published – "Short Summary of 'Latina Time' by Marieta Maglas"- in the same article with "Short Summary of 'A Ballad of Dreamland' by Algernon Charles", and "Short Summary of 'Autumn Song 'by Paul Verlaine". Study Mode published in the same article the Shakespearean Sonnet "To Fanny" by John Keats, the Petrarchan Sonnet "A Game of Chess "by Gwen Harwood and her Spenserian Sonnet "I Wait the Ocean Waves to Wash My Soul". Her poems were published in different countries like Canada, Bangladesh, India, Italy, Netherlands, and Brazil being translated into different languages. Moreover, Marieta Maglas is a member of ''United Minds for Peace Society''-an international Society fighting for peace.Marieta was a participant of some

international contests and her work won one of those top three places. She is a member of some Poetry Societies as ‘’ The heart of the global poets, a workshop and a publishing platform.’’, ’’ Fraternity of Poets’’, ‘’XpressPublications.Com’’, ’’ Kennyson Bookerville House'', ’’ Dark Side of the Moon’’, ''Poetry by Barry Mowles'', ''Poems Plus by Melvina & Friends'', ''Mid-American Review'', ''Poets without borders'' and many others.

***** The non-existent truth*****

The defined and undefined truth,
Endowed with knowledge or without knowledge,
Sometimes real or unreal,
Certainly including being and non-being,

Accepting that being is true,
Accepting the non-existence of being,

When the absence of existence means the negation of being,

Accepting that truth did not exist,
And it would have been true that it did not exist, at the same time,
Understanding that truth is eternal,

Imagining the idea of a non-existing world,
Before its own existence,

Accepting the universal and immortal truth,
So interchangeable with being,
While the universal never ceases of itself,

Recognizing the truth always existing in an eternal intellect,
While the created truth is not existing,

Understanding the created truth as not existing,
Remaining truth, when the true things have been destroyed,
Or remaining truth, when all true things can be destroyed,
Or remaining truth, when our minds cannot see the truth itself,

Truth, being in a sense, always as a consequence of its act.
Truth, not being in sense because
The sense does not know the truth it truly judges,
Even it judges truly about things,

The existent and non-existent truth.....

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.

A philosophical poem about truth.(references: The Lankavatara Sutra, Mulamadhyamaka, The Vedanta-Sutras and Spinoza.)

Marieta Maglas

*******In the same space (Concrete poetry) ^^^^^^^^**

(These two poems are conceived for making one poem, belonging to concrete poetry. The shape is ''two-in-one''.It's my version.)

Nothing ever happens.....in the city.
A man is beaten and robbed.....on the street
But passers go further.....nothing had happened
And marathon runners are silent.....beside parking cars,
So hard on themselves, ...in a race against time.
Close-circuit cameras.....in subway stations
Show the same video.....on the screens.
The walls are closing in.....painted in the same colors.
The air smells.....of fear, anxiety, and simplicity.
The willow trees grows.....until they are looking so green
Nothing happens for a long time.....until it is all too late..
Nothing ever happens.....if we don't make it happen.
But it happened that
We felt in love each other.....in the same space
And our love is growing.....every day,
Our unconditional love
Making us a whole..... for true happiness,
In a profound
Sense of fulfillment.....and reason to live.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

******Araucana chilean*****

I look into your eyes and I can see
Those wonderful Amsonia tabernaemontana.
You have so much trustworthiness and confidence
And when I look into your eyes,
I swear I can see your soul.
I look into your uplifting spirit and I see
The sunny sky and the soothing ocean
Of your sunny love and your soothing melancholy.
I make love with you,
You make love with me...
A little more, harder than before,
I look into your eyes and
I see that all my blue dreams come true....
I see two little birds of Araucana
Trying to leave their blue eggs....

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.

Marieta Maglas

******Bleeding words^^>>>**

To talk with you doesn't make any sense,
When your bloody words can hurt me so much.
An exciting show is your best defense,
Slaughtered thoughts drop naked at soul touch.

The bleeding screams are sutured in my soul.
Your silence in my time of torment grips
Your domination for a selfish goal
And inconceivable are my truth's lips.

Go away, give me a chance to miss you.
I'm your white prisoner in this drama love.
Between deformed walls, our jazz is a blue
Touch of our sky to reach the stars above.

© Marieta.Maglas 2010

Marieta Maglas

*****Chaotic seconds>>>>**

Your tongue becomes a
stretching of your
head.It is, in fact,
a lying tongue, which
breaks the complex
words, until they are
transformed in simple
sounds as the hours are
decomposed into chaotic
seconds to recompose
a new hallucinating time.Our
erratic thoughts anguish inside
Ignorance and resignation. Our
spaces seep into another
common one. The light
dances on our exhausted
bodies all its
shades of red.We
love each other in
our dream....

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved

Marieta Maglas

*****Cosmic alarm*****

Land-mark times of
uncertainty and imbalance, new
paradigms for hearts and minds,
flowers growing through stone cracks,
unconscious becoming conscious,
interconnectedness
between pieces of this cosmic puzzle, where
God means the Wisdom of simplicity in
human untapped depths of wisdom, fear
as a primal universal human reality
on the edge of extinction and breakthrough
the power to change the outcome
the synchronization of the nature and the existence,
time of unspeakable intensity,
human awaking,
the higher and the deeper dimension of being,
Black Road or Xibalba Be,
energy shifts,
day in its sacred Zero point,
mass ejections shooting highly,
nuclear bulge of the Milky Way,
huge waves,
Cosmic alarm clock ringing in the human psyche,
time of change
leaving seeds for the future,
spiral evolution,
being in-between two important seconds
with minds founded in duality,
teetering between the
extremes of extinction and illumination...

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas.

Marieta Maglas

*****Human sacrfices (Rituals) \\\\\\\^^^^^^^**

Mentioned in Rigveda, more exactly Soma Mandala
Means praising with some energizing qualities,
And a ritual of drink, also treatment of asthma,
We find it also in later Vedic and Persian cultures.

Ephedra Sinica containing ephedrine is a Soma plant
Used as a drink in both Vedic and Zoroastrian tradition,
'The building up of the fireplace performed over-night'
Is Atiratra Agnicayana as a Srauta ritual of Vedic religion.

Attested in the Yajurveda Samhitas, its mantras are in Brahmana
With a bird-shaped altar as a building of bricks, which a hard work requires
With various shapes like mahavedi, uttaravedi, dhishnya and drona
This 'sacrificial altar' in the Vedic religion has a sacrificial fire.

As adhvaradhishnya is an altar at Soma, where something is sacrificed
Yajña is a ritual of sacrifice derived from the Vedic times
They think that offering something into the fire, God can be reached
Temple rites are a combination of both Vedic and Agamic rituals.

The sacrificial division of Hindu scripture is the Karma-Kanda
The most famous Shrauta Brahmins maintain these ancient rituals.
A few thousand of them perform the Agnihotra or basic Aupasana
And the fire sacrifice is always twice daily, at dawn and dusk.

Shakti means cosmic existence, liberation and divine feminine power
Shakti most actively manifests through fertility and female embodiment
Also presented in males, Shakti also means 'The Great Divine Mother'
Human sacrifices are carried out with Shakti, who is there present.

A Sati is a widow, self-immolating on her husband’s pyre, after his death,
To guarantee the couple's reunion in the afterlife and Indians say
That Sati releases herself from the “painful cycle of birth and rebirth”
And all these human sacrifices for religious reasons still exist today.

Genesis has Abraham preparing to sacrifice his son to our Lord
Abraham takes his own son up on a mountain and an altar he builds
Tying his son to the altar, he puts a knife to his throat, without a word
But God tells him this is just a test of his faith, we are all His kids.

Jephthah makes a vow to the LORD, over the Ammonites the victory asking
He promises to give to the LORD the first thing coming out without his demand

To greet him when he returns in triumph, sacrifice for it, as a burnt offering.
''You shall be fuel for the fire, your blood shall flow throughout the land.
You shall not be remembered, for I, the LORD, have spoken.''-this is His command.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.

Marieta Maglas

****Appassionata***

The piano holds in his core
The Beethoven's 'Appassionata'
The piano keys are virgin teeth
Ripping the melody
Into sounds
Allegro Assai
Andante con moto - attacca
Allegro, ma non troppo - Presto
We eat those sounds
For making love continuously,
Yes, my love,
Seemingly continuously
In the river of life
Flowing in cascades
Our feelings are sometimes orchids
Some other time they are only
Possession and control
Of something
Which epitomizes
The conflict
Between both the beauty and danger....
Suddenly
I need to say "I love you"
And I do not need to change the meaning of these words.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

****Crazy baboon eats flamingos (Fable) ^^^^^^^^^^^**

Flamingos survive in the caustic space of the volcanic lake.
Flamingos' beaks skim tiny algae from the water's surface.
They watch out for predators like jackals or eagles, to make
Their mud-cone nest for holding the egg with their grace.

Flamingos have a behavior, because they dance in the light
Bowing, bending their necks, signaling with their wing,
Running back and forth, and then, suddenly taking flight
To wheel around the lake seemingly searching for something.

Recalling the ancient Phoenix myth, that immortal bird
Was consumed by flames, then rose from the ashes,
With such a poor sense of taste and smell as I never heard,
With a long neck and legs, faint pink feathers and yellow eyes.

Pinkish-white with red wings and two black flight feathers
It was founded in Africa, as well as Iran, India and Spain,
Risking from predation by marabou storks and Egyptian vultures,
Lions, leopards, cheetahs and jackals, risking again and again.

Swimming and flying, living in mangrove swamp or lagoon,
It feeds with diatoms, seeds, crustaceans and algae,
Recognizing their chicks by vocalizations under the moon,
Caribbean with crimson or vermilion, Chilean with pink so pale.

Greater flamingos, scarlet pink colored overall, all day
Extremely gregarious and living always in huge colonies,
Known as social birds for their community sounds display
Including 'head-flagging', 'marching' and 'wing salutes'.

The Hamadryas baboon being the largest type of monkey
Originate from Saudi Arabia and Yemen, he is a fine mild.
Preferring rocky desert, it seems born to be chunky
Being a very intelligent primate endangered in the wild.

With a fluffy coat, his females have a brown haired whilst,
And he is their maleness, silvery on his back and shoulders. /
With face and buttocks brightly colored and hairless
They eat plants, meat, grass, insects, mammals and lizards.

Dominating up to ten females at a time, grooming and playing,
Forming clans, clans forming bands, bands forming troops,
Flocking to the lake in hopes to grab a meal, they're staying
In summer seasons, flocking together, to see flamingos groups.

Searching an individual, eventually standing out of the crowd,
He lives on the edge of the flock, a color individualistic.
An outsider living by his own standards, maybe very proud,
He ignores the hungry baboon, whose skill is no more artistic.

Nature is so unbelievably close to the moral world,
In which we humans dwell with a lot of similarities.
Being an individual socially and sometimes becoming hurled,
He lives in a crowd being socially stronger in front of enemies.

The rest comes down to character, and as I said before,
A weaker character will certainly cease easily and soon
Being like the flamingo on the edge, who is more
Likely to break from being ‘eaten’ by the Baboon.

Marieta Maglas

****Dancing with the cranes****

Exciting, jumping, bowing, stretching
In jerky sequence, exaltation, exhilaration
Wild in a wet meadow, mutual rejoicing
Reflecting a sense of limited aggression,

Engendering hope for a free and open future,
With their elegant posturing and dramatic leaps,
Enthusiastic and sometime even immature,
High into the air with outstretched wings,

Coordinating bows, leaps and short flight,
Liking to dance in pairs for a courtship ritual,
Turning their head and balancing the weight,
Being paired for life, never trying to be perpetual

Bowing and bobbing, jumping for joy and fidelity
Throw their trumpet, grass, stone and feather,
Performing ballet leaps with a graceful fragility
Better yet, they dance when they need to be together.

Red-crowned, they certainly dance in the snow
Having tears as crops needing to be sown in June.
Being in competence with light, their future's glow
Soars into the clouds as if chasing the moon.

Called simple 'the bird of happiness' in Japan
Or 'patriarch of the feathered tribe' in China,
A symbol of wisdom, painted always with the sun
A symbol of Vietnamese, beautiful images on the retina

Sandhill crane, always the great spirit of the wild
Bowing head, flapping wings in an exquisite dance,
Leaping up, touching the ground like a child
Tossing wisp of grass, twigs into the air by chance

Imitating the crane dancers, seemingly being humane
At the ancient Chinese funerals and Okinawan festival.
In Japanese myths the soul takes the form of the crane
In Indian mythology, they stand for malice and betrayal.

Marieta Maglas

****Do you think...****

Do you think that our love's vibration
And consonances will disappear into the oblivion?
I think that the flight started, where we first met
To give birth to our universe of meaning...
Our meeting was like a fusion of stars...
And our star's core fusion was for poetry,
And it was certainly for our meeting....
Our divine love
Was the light, which glows more than ever
In the darkness of our pain....
So let my short absence be not death
And stay with me forever....
Don't leave me,
Just love me
And stay with me
Forever.....

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.

Marieta Maglas

****Moonlight Sonata****

The cold winter can not destroy the miraculous invincible seeds.
The germination fundamentally changes them in the earth's maternity.
It is a new life running time when the cold snow irreversible recedes,
And a new spring embraces the deep mysteries of the magical fertility.

When the seeds germinate, they always throw out a few anchor roots.
Those splintered cracks of deep roots trying to hide inside the soils.
The tall trees need deep roots and branches to bloom and to bear fruits,
While the whole land receives and nurtures the life it essentially contains.

When the divine spark leaps from the divine hand to the human hand,
Making the human roots so deep as they can face the stormy time,
Moreover, taking an ultimate shape in the law of the very green land,
While life becomes a moonlight sonata, life which is always sublime.

© Marieta.Maglas 2010

Marieta Maglas

My love vibrates

My love vibrated
At the touch between the seconds,
Encountering the pulse of the universe.
If I have loved you
Only one hour
Or maybe one single day and one more night,
You wouldn't have understood me.
Now I still see the beauty of your soul
And I realize that
I can keep our vibration forever.

Marieta Maglas

****The piano chords************

You play the piano chords
In this sonata as well as
In the music of Prokofiev,
Emphatically catching the music's mood.
Fingers seem to stick the keys
And the keys seem to direct the fingers,
When the thumbs move under them.
You both look like a single being,
In together.
The piano seemingly breaks the sounds.
They penetrate my soul,
Searching for the necessary words.
I understand the story of your feelings.

Dedicated to Richard Clayderman

Marieta Maglas

Between real and unreal

...The thing with no name,
Surrounded by sadness,
That kind of sadness
Penetrating its silence,
That kind of silence
Searching the tears,
Those tears
Becoming cubes of light,
Those cubes wondering
On their situation of their becoming,
Being involved in a movement
Apparently anarchic,
Needing, ''a priori cognoscible'',
Synthetic truths
And empirical postulates
On the shape of their inner dislocation,
Their shear looping into unstable equilibrium,
Needing a stable equilibrium,
Becoming emblematic symbols
Of the diminishing boundary
Between real and unreal,
That cubic thing withdrawing into self,
Slowly becoming
Memory....

Marieta Maglas

Between Visible And Invisible

Your reality controls my life
With something, which binds
My fleshly existence and my third eye,
Despite self and despite logic,
Your sharp-edged screams
And this love focused
Only on materially living things
In self-assertion
Keep me locked
Within whatsoever limits.
Your emotions and conations
Are the embodiment of your ideas.
Your love is enclosed within them,
They are inhabiting your life.
You are the follower
Of your own creed.
You need to be
Freed from your own illusion
And from your own constraints.
I can see you
Between visible and invisible,
Ceaselessly aspiring to universal Divinity,
Trying to reconcile your inner contradictions,
Absolutely saturating your feelings,
Your intuitive vision
And your vibrational essence of thought.
I can see your realm of realism,
Imprisoned in the identity of your thought.
I am the object of your senses
And the essence of your beatitude,
While you try to keep safe
The word's meaning.

Marieta Maglas

Existing Outside Myself

I am transformed
From my ego into your ego.
I am passive,
Existing outside myself.
My ego is also my non-ego.
I am you only
In so far,
As I am your sensuous being.
I'm your idea,
Taking on sensuousness,
When nothing real is permanent.
I'm here for
The realization of your aims,
In Omniscience,
In Omnipotence,
In Omnipresence.

Marieta Maglas

***I'm your blue ocean**

Giving or not giving voice to the heretical words...

Understanding that the true love is a scarification.....

For being or not being....

True love inundating the conundrum
Like that sacred river of longing,
Sometimes flowing swiftly through landscapes
Astounding the lurid heart.....

The sound of silence passing...
Passions galvanizing the wounds and pain mares for enduring...

Trying to heal the injury...

Flying gulls beneath the lower bow, touching the blue waters of the ocean.....
Waves and sad memories dancing on the golden sand....
Shying away from the horizon line....
Vessels screaming and shouting their hearts out....
Swimming across the ocean of red burning coals,
Searching for that golden threshold.....

The color spectrum giving the necessary senses to the lights of absolution,
When their senses turn inward.....

Gazing the mountain from the window pane...
From the indoor side of that rain-rinsed windowpane.....
Sitting on that mountain and gazing at the stars....
Birds gliding across, like rainbow rising, spreading their wings, streaming..
Those birds flying in a variety of ways, ranging from gliding to soaring to flapping....

The crystalline steeping slopes of the mountain multi-faces....
Being decorated with climbing ropes, heavenly as seen from above....
And the crystalline waters, steeping cliffs, hidden lakes and lush forests...

A sign of a divine love...

Understanding that love is like the Earth and the gravity,
Inseparable.....

Groans and moans leading to mortuaries....

Life is like walking in the middle of the park,
Embracing the crouch air,
Or embracing change by resisting the defensive crouch.....
And going deep into the human system, feeling like being born again....

The smile on the face painting an episode of the past,

Engraving our hearts with golden debris,
Like a golden pyramid, contracting pyramid.....
Generating our consciousness and chasing away insanity....

Sounds of silence passing...

Being like a blue ocean...

Dedicated to Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Marieta Maglas

Michael Jackson's tears

Virgin teeth
Of the musical instrument
Ripping the melody
Into sounds
Spiritual vibrations
From the depth of the souls
Self-absorbed

Emotional resonance
In the air
At the touch
Between voices
Secluded
Seemingly fossilized
Coiling into
Our souls

Agony and ecstasy

Like making love

Seduction,
Passion,
Jealousy,
Domination
And possession
Mesmerizing the music

Sounds enclosing
Words
Extreme sadness
And extreme joy
At the same time

Tears becoming cubes of light
Wondering
On their situation of their becoming

The resonating,
Harmonizing effects
Of the music and dance

Resonating with vibrations of air

Sublime change
Of the speed,
Strength,
Rhythm
Warmth flexibly

Words
Becoming alive

Magic human voice
Spreading wide by air
And sparkling look
Countless diamonds
In the sunlight

Time losing all meaning
Apotheosis

Marieta Maglas

***My Crying Jail**

Sometimes I'm over and often inside
My crying jail
Like two spiritual hands
Encompassing a corporate body,
Both belonging
To that irreversible sadness.
An inflexible realness
Forces my eyes
To speak
Against that malignant silence,
Situated upon your lower lip.
Moreover, it forces my blood curdling
Inner scream to be
An outer space song,
When it's pushed through fractured teeth
Into a totally weird reality
Like a shadow of
An incomprehensible dream
With inlaid hopes.
This reality is slipping out,
When I awake alone
To nurture my love
In my painful freedom.

Marieta Maglas

***Pacific Trash Vortex (Triple Tetractys)**

The rules for writing a tetractys are as follows:
Line 1 is one syllable syllable
Segment of speech usually consisting of a vowel with or without accompanying consonant sounds (e.g., a, I, out, too, cap, snap, check) . A syllabic consonant, like the final n sound in button and widen, also constitutes a syllable.
line 2 is two syllables; line 3 is three syllables; line 4 is four syllables;
and line 5, is ten syllables.
The fourth and fifth lines may rhyme or rime, the most prominent of the literary artifices used in versification. Although it was used in ancient East Asian poetry, rhyme was practically unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans. But this is not mandatory.

Waste
Sea green
Wavering
In slimy traps
In woozy circles
Gushing at the deep water horizon

Melody still rooting in bluesy rock
Gloppy red icing
Crooked letters
Violet
Colored
Dream

Fish
Yellow
Flimsy boats
Lanky white man
Muzzy from the work
Cloudy indigo sky hanging round all.

Marieta Maglas

***Queen Anne's Lace (Choka poetry)**

It's great Queen Anne's Lace,
Curling inward her 'birds' nest',
Closing her umbel upward,
With spines of love fruits,
White like snow, with pink shyness,
She touches the lips of sun.
These lips are bees and
He drinks her nectar, his teeth
Are caterpillars, eating
Her leaves with passion.
Each white flower has two seeds,
Making him to desire her
And her hairy stems,
After blooming in clusters.

Marieta Maglas

Self-forgetfulness

....This gentle smooth touch
Of the flower petals,
While swallowing the kiss
Of an angry buzzing bumblebee
Fluffy and painted
Like in a thousand colors
Is for leaving the pollen
On his fingertip.
He's inhaling the pollen
To taste the flower,
While sitting in that field of daffodils,
Yellow daffodils,
He's dreaming love
Until self-forgetfulness
To wake up.
The dew shines on the leaves,
While the buzzing bumblebee
The breast is caressing,
The milk tastes,
And the long hair is touching
With his increasing beard.
The flower flavor
Is flooding his mouth,
While kissing
And bearing all these....

Marieta Maglas

^^>>Dancing matachin<<^^>>

Your love is a balm for my sorrow and pain
And the moon is hiding it like a cocoon.
It needs to touch the blue of our deep rain
As much as sea wishes to touch the white of the moon.

While moon watches the sea dancing matachin,
The rain sizzles and bestirs to touch the entirety
Just to sate the wholeness always being within
As dust of kisses the blue rain in its sobriety.

The nervous rain of summer screaming over trees,
And trying to catch the heat of the air and its silence
Is waiting for the rainbow, is waiting for the breeze,
While the nature breathes so heavy in its obeisance.

We need our matching dance, while being unchained,
Lost in oblivion, and unleashing the sadness of summers.
Sheepish lovers, from our dream we are awakened
As incomprehensible lovers with strange concatemers.

We need to recreate that splashing world of seconds.
We need again in the sea to swim with the moon of white.
Time dissipates illusions venting itself in reprimands,
Yet, touching the deep infinite, and keeping feeling tight.

We are rhetorical lovers crowned with unacceptability
Living for that moment indecipherable into its sense,
Impassibly, even when relativity force loses its intensity,
Trying to revive our bleeding love and its spiritual incense.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.

Marieta Maglas

^^^^Blue love^^^^^

Give me your love,
When the blue rain is pouring down.
Just open the window of Heaven for me.
I can hear the rain whispering your name.
I can hear the whispers of the white tree,
And I can wait my falling rainbow.
Just give me your blue love.
I understand that you are mine.
Now, when I have you, I'm alive.
I stay near you, touching you
And I want to stay this way forever.
Just ask me to stay
And I will never leave.
This could be for eternity.
Just ask me to stay
Again and again,
Just give me your love
Again and again,
Just wait the blue whispering rain
Again and again,
And let me wait my rainbow
Again and again,
Again and again,
Again and again,
Again and again,
Again and again.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved

Marieta Maglas

^^Dramatic fall (tragicomedy poetry) ^^

It is funny that
I fall in love with you.
But it is not so funny that
I fall because
I am in love with you,
Because my fall is truly dramatic.
A lot of people
Do not know
I can start so dramatically.
Neither do I.
Even comedy is something
They all know I can do.
Although when everything
Becomes very funny,
I can realize my disaster.

Marieta Maglas

^^Passionate tango^^

Unforgettable moments
Sensations and thrills
Seduction,
Passion,
Jealousy,
Domination
And possession
Mesmerizing the music
Synchronizing the steps
Illusion and reality
Seamlessly into a flowing
The man mirroring
And opposing the final steps
On time - tiempo
Slow - half tiempo
Sultry, passionate and elegant,
Sometimes
Dramatic and intense
Entering the visceral
Nonintellectual experience
Of the body
Where there are no words.

Marieta Maglas

+ In search of the perfect chess mate ++

Embedding new rules in a new arrangement and having a new strategy
The white king is driving the opposing king to the wrong corner, for being controlled by the bishop.
The white king is very rich.
He takes seemingly worthless properties from his own people
And turns them into his own properties,
Defending a system which has enslaved and still exploits.
And he gladly tries to see himself as a great hero, thinking how smart and clever he is,
Because he can encounter the Dark Essence.
His citizens become blind and very poor...

The black king has the power, he has respect for the private property
And rights of people to freely acquire and use property..
In his kingdom there are people who are rich and there are people who are very rich..
But the black king is blind...

The bishop gets greedy, day by day, because his two cards are identical,
And he may split the cards into two hands,
And his two hands can be played out independently.

He tries to hide himself, because he is paid to do this....

He has a lot of knights, very good fighters, but they are fighting for nothing...

The white is still trying his perfect chess mate.....

I think that he is trying to force matters too much in the match...

But he can win, because the chess is a sport which is really picking up momentum.....

You can see that the chess can become an easy game,
And the last thing to check before you move up and down is to see if you know its secrets,
And if you can highlight key issues in the movement strategy,
Because the movements do not adequately insert themselves in the universal rules...

The movements are set in real places, and sometimes include real events as well as imaginary ones
Like that twirling zone, which is capable to move itself in a stealthy or secret manner...

And you must have an infinity of ideas.... When something can be dissolved, it can be reconstructed into complex formulas...

If you have courage to play no-limit, you can play no-limit...

If you have no courage to play, then don't play...

Who cares?

In fact, it is the same bleeding atmosphere for all
And the same moribund Earth...

Marieta Maglas

++Unknown color+

I use the colors to recompose your image,
By enclosing and opening the space alternatively
With relevance and traceability....
I'm like a painter seeking her own color,
Or like an artist seeking her own voice,
Or like a philosopher seeking her own self...
Neither like nor unlike a white dream between ultraviolet and infrared,
Neither like nor unlike an ultrasound crystal between
Crystallized soprano and bass,
Or a pulsating line, and an upbeat dance groove,
Neither like nor unlike a fusion of individuality by being and God.
And you're there.
It's like you place yourself directly on top of the front of my sight.
And I can see you.
It's only me, who can see you.
You're the color without any name.
You're my eternity..
And I defeat my dream as I defeat an illusion..
And I receive the reality of light...
I close my eyes and I feel its warmth..
I feel a shiver running up my spine,
And I feel the healing rays enlightening my spirit..
It's so peaceful and overgrown with trees,
Like a beautiful picture of woman and nature in harmony...

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,
Then, 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 of us.
If our lies and our hatred
Could become two trenchant
Weapons
And if we could choose Lucifer for hitting
Our relative truths,
In terms of mathematics,
Then, they would fall to become
Downright uncertainties.
The wounded love would disappear on us
And we would turn into salt stones
As Lot's wife while 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 by melting ourselves
In nothingness..
So, the reason for saving every second of us,
And looking for purity,
While the absolute truth and the absolute lie
Are in no touching,
Is that their arguments are always perfect....

Marieta Maglas

+An incurable kiss+++

Your steps
Are frightening the red leaves
Of an imaginary tree…..
Your sight
Is caressing the limbs of our tree,
That unreal dream tree
Coming out of our real mind,
Which is seemingly seared by lightning……
The shivering limbs are waiting for the winter ….
Your lips
Are kissing in the crust of our real tree,
Named Ligustrum vulgare,
In that special zone,
Where it loses the life continuum...
You become the mirror
Of that incurable and irreversible
Kiss.

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 stoically
And 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

+Flight+++

If the sacred kingfisher flies,
It will frantically be flapping its wings to
The sand of the sea

To make a deep curve as a rainbow.

Its flight can be like a deep, steady wing beating
To fly higher and higher.
Its wings always seemingly bite the air.
So skilled at flying
Is the sacred kingfisher
And so naturally suited to the sky

That it can make this deep curve as a rainbow.

From that deep curve comes its screaming
And the bleeding rain,
While the bird is frantically flapping its wings
To eat its silent prey,

And to become a broken winged bird,
That cannot fly
Any longer.

Marieta Maglas

+Forever his eyes can see.....++

Painting beautiful words and painting with words,
Painting an ugly portrait with a hidden beauty,
Portraiture means, sometimes, silent poetry,
And other times, means a flower blossoming,
A miracle and a privilege,
Or just beauty beyond the words.
With tears like drops of rain, with tears in the rain,
Portraiture is an ice cube in the water of colors,
Floating on the river of time....

Sweet thoughts of the portraitist are coming to light,
Becoming creative and insightful realities...
He's always angry with himself, but he's never hating himself,
When he wants to be a witness, who testifies the truth.

He, sometimes, becomes frustrated, while he is living with his faith
And his divine malignant fever means writing poems,
Coming from his obsessions with the music.
It is about that kind of music,
Which is torturing his dreams throughout the night
And makes the weight of his loneliness to creep inside.
Behind his soul's door, always the loved souls
Can hear his musical notes...
His poetical lines are sometimes immense pools of light,
In which the readers wet their thoughts
To see the eyes of the Father, in that spiritual Earth paradise,
Where all souls stand as equals,
And where forever his eyes can see.....

Dedicated to our poet Eyan Desir

Marieta Maglas

-+Forever+++

You are my everything
'Cause in everything I do
Is always a part of you
And because I think of you.
You are my everything.

I'm doing everything for you.
You're capable of making
My whole life of dreams.
You can make them happening.
I'm doing everything for you.

I share all I am with you.
I want in this love world to stay
And I want to keep inside
Everything you give and say.
I share all I am with you.

I want that everything around,
Which doesn't belong to you,
Not to belong to me, too...
'Cause it has never been
A part of everything I mean...

Baby, we can be existent forever,
Only by making a world together.
And when we will not be alive
My love, our feelings will survive
One more day and all the eternity.

Marieta Maglas

+His opinion+++

If his opinion was
Accepted
By the best thinkers,
I would conclude
That he might be right,
And if those thinkers
Considered his idea
To be essential,
I would accept that
He might be the best,
But I would never convey it
With any absolute conviction,
Because it might be dependent
On the aesthetics of perception.

Marieta Maglas

+Letter to Jesus+++

If I met You
From the beginning,
Maybe I would never defeat
My hopes to suffer as a ruin.
Even so, no one could block my Light.
So many seconds I loved you, Jesus,
And I climbed my inner mountain
To be with you,
That I would have no courage
To abandon Your way.
I simply don't want to fall again.
I tried to have a right attitude and mindset
For being with You,
I tried to be a new better person.
I felt deep inside that
I can be awoken by You.
I simply felt Your love
And I understood You.
I knew that
Only through Your Divinity, and only being with You,
I can reach Heaven,
And I can reach the truth.
This love I feel inside for You
Is a proof of Your existence.
You're eternal.
I want to survive
For being eternal.

Marieta Maglas

+Noetic kiss +++

If you could love me
Even for one second,
You would understand me,

And what a tale my thoughts could tell...

You would understand
Why dreams would never be
Reproduced by delusions …

Those never ending dreams....

By using lost pieces of broken stars,
We could recreate a new amphora
Of light in our souls,

And we could swallow
Its blue infinite....

Just you and me and our thrill

Like a butterfly with trembling wings
On the cherry blossom petals of a flower,
Swirling in the breeze,
With their untouched sensations,
Within their untouched world....

Or like a noetic kiss in our sleep.

Marieta Maglas

+So deep+

I hope to meet you on my way,
Because you can change my whole life,
And it will be a rainy day,
That day when I'll become your wife..

When you will take me in your arms,
I'll tell you what I really feel,
And our hearts like big alarms
Will hide the love wave of our thrill.

The drops of dawn will be again,
Drops tears from your eyes during sleep.
I'll hold you and I'll feel your pain,
With you, I'll be in love so deep.

While dreaming in our golden bed,
Two hearts, 'til end entwined as one.
His hand will paint the sky in red
Taking His color from the sun.

And when the green will grow in grain,
I'll close the memories inside,
The feeling pulsing in my vein,
Our love song in the last sea tide.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.
 2010

Marieta Maglas

A non-stop bleeding sculpture

A non-stop bleeding sculpture,
With flesh of granofels
And veins of quartz,
Enlightening the glow of death,
Bending the seconds,
At sharp angles can create
The metamorphosed existence
Between real and unreal.

Marieta Maglas

A Palindrome Dectina (Acrostic)

Prince
Had been
In Val-d'Oise
Louis King's first son.
In medieval time
Period, he married,
Once crowned to be a king, that
Elfin niece of Count of Flanders.
Philip, as King, went on Third Crusade.
Prince had been in Val-d'Oise Louis King's first son.

Prince had been in Val-d'Oise Louis King's first son.
Philip, as King, went on Third Crusade.
Elfin niece of Count of Flanders,
Once crowned to be a king that
Period, he married.
In medieval time,
Louis King's first son
In Val-d'Oise
Had been
Prince.

In declining health, Louis VII had him (Philip) crowned and anointed at Rheims by the Archbishop William Whitehands on 1 November in 1179. He was married on 28 April 1180 to Isabelle of Hainaut, who brought the County of Artois as her dowry..Isabella was crowned Queen of France at Saint Denis on 28 May 1180.-wikipedia

Marieta Maglas

A Bath Of Love

Freshly mown hay
And lawn before mowing,
Cuneiform signs
Freshly to carve in stone,
Words still unbroken,
Bumping into each other,
Clouds full of rain,
Kissed sighs,
Bath, water of love,
Children again,
Breast milk still,
Sun and moon
Falling into
Ignorance,
Water of life flowing
Among the rough stones,
Honey in a broken hive,
Crystal slope angle
Painfully to dig into
Cuneiform signs,
A need to come into being.

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 fool's game

It was a fool's game that should not begin
And you played it without honest rules
If you thought that you will always win
Well it's wrong 'cause it's a game for fools

If you thought that you can get me easy
And you tried to do this without honest rules
If you thought that my way to be is sleazy
Well it's wrong 'cause it's a game for fools

If you thought that you can hunt me slowly
And you danced this without honest rules
If you thought that I will love you only
Well it's wrong 'cause it's a game for fools

It was a morbid dance without real feelings
A dance of wishes without honest rules
If you thought that love means mutual dealings
Well it's wrong 'cause it's a game for fools

If you thought that you will be a winner
In this love fight without honest rules
If you thought I'm a cake at your dinner
Well it's wrong 'cause it's a game for fools

And if you thought you can get everything
In this world of yours without honest rules
If you thought that I'm an easy stupid thing
Well it's wrong 'cause it's a game for fools.

Marieta Maglas

A gaoler instead of a gaol bird-anagram poem

If adorable as adore gloating
Adorable, original, fatso aged;
Good! A safe, adorable trailing,
A dear goofball as originated.

Good! A fair stale load bearing
Adorable of egalitarian dogs,
Fool database or agile daring
A feared aboriginal toad logs.

Alas! Good of aged libertarian;
Alas! Fair, dogged elaboration;
Ago glorified adorable Satan;
So flailed garbage adoration;

Or a garbage, fool and idealist
Of laggard ideas elaboration;
A fool, adorable, daring ageist
Bolder, ga-ga falsie adoration;

Good God! Ease fatal librarian,
Fool ga-ga, idle, sad aberration;
Good! A bold fears egalitarian
Flag, adores ideal abrogation;

Good! Safe, adorable, liar, giant;
Star, ga-ga ideal, fool debonair;
As adored fair, boogie, gallant;
Agile odor and sabotage flair.

The title is a line of the poem ''Wages'' by D.H. Lawrence. The poem is the anagram of the title.

Marieta Maglas

A last waltz

Words slipped
From memories
Searching a lost dream,
That unrepeatable dream.
The grief was coiled inward,
Poisoning our love.

It was a dance,
A last waltz.
Our souls, still entwined,
Tried to keep our bodies
Alive.
Our clay
Erratically moved,
In searching help.

A crying arose
Between us.
It was like
The sonority
Of crushing everything.
I was only a woman,
I understood everything.
You were my man,
But there was nothing
Between us
Anymore.

The unsaid words
Pricked my tongue and palate,
Remaining shackled inside.
You looked at me.
In your eyes
I tried to see again
Our November,
But
I did not see anything,
Maybe I could not see,
Maybe you were opaque.
I did not actually know.

I know nothing even now,
As I did not know
Even then,
I only knew that I must leave.
They told me to do this.
They had the power.

I prayed all my life to Jesus

For the light
For the truth
And for faith....

Written in 1983

Marieta Maglas

A little soul

Your touch says more
Than any word
And you have tears
Of love
In your eyes.
I feel my life flowing through me
Like an insightful river.
I try to understand our intimacy
And our deep feelings.
I try to protect your feelings and
To nurture your little soul.
You're beautiful inside like a secret garden,
With little growing wonderful flowers,
Growing with a little help,
Knows friends like the sun, wind and water...
I want to hold you tight.
I try to make you understand that
You will always be my very wanted child,
My light,
My happiness
And my hope....

Marieta Maglas

A Massive Earthquake in Pakistan Has Resulted in the Birth of a New Island

The southwestern Pakistan was stricken by a major earthquake,
Which killed people, and collapsed so many buildings and houses.
The forming of a small island in the Arabian Sea was not a fake.
Men had to leave their homes together with their kids and spouses.

The quake that hit Pakistan’s Baluchistan province had 7.8 magnitude.
On the coast of Gwadar, many houses collapsed on the people inside.
The island having a width around 100 feet and up to 20 feet altitude,
Is a new rocky formation above the water rising like a sea tide.

Mud volcanoes have risen off that coast and disappeared again
Within a few months being washed away by the currents in the Sea.
The mystery of this volcano, which can meet the same fate, no one can explain.
The Vikings Edda and the Bible, in searching for the truth, can form a key.

This quake was centered at a strange triple junction in the Earth’s surface
The Arabian tectonic plate being pushed its way beneath the Eurasian plate.
The Indian plate rammed into both of them, the terrain was deformed to resurface.
This effect of the quake is more interesting than the changes in the atomic weight.

The tremors were even felt in northern part of India including its capital
This quake being similar with that one moving parts of Chile 10 feet to the west.
The story about another island temporarily rising from the Arabian Sea is also real.
The 'super typhoon' formed in the Pacific Ocean proves that the weather is stressed.

Usagi swept through the Luzon Strait separating the Philippines and Taiwan
To bring torrential rains and high winds to the island while weakening slightly.
It made landfall in China's Guangdong Province in the city of Shanwei, near Kowloon.
The rain continued inland over China triggering flooding, the life changing sightly.

The Batanes Islands, in the northern Philippines north of Luzon, took a direct hit.
The rain has fallen in the northern Philippines, where the typhoon was named Odette.
Japan is damaged by the quake and the tsunami, because it’s time to start a split.
People of San Francisco wait for their turn thinking that the life is not finished, yet..

Marieta Maglas

A new dawn

The new dawn, which floods the whole sky
Is the voice of epiclesis.
It flows on infinite, in High,
On the slope of Holy tenseness,

While we seek The Lord in our vein,
And feel the rays of afflatus,
When they deeply can touch our pain,
Dripping peace at a hiatus.

Marieta Maglas

A New Star Was Born

The infinity of that blue,
Which is the color of your eyes,
Met the infinity of that brown,
Which is the color of my eyes,
Making us to wish
Our time to conceive a new nuance of life,
At the limit between
Our finiteness and our infiniteness.
A new star was born
In the spaceless infinity
Of the Universe
To touch our eternal love
With its rays.
On the internal walls of our temple,
God wrote a new name.
We understood
That we are forgiven.
The silence and the serenity
Fulfilled our spiritual altar.
In front of His eyes,
Our souls fell on their spiritual knees
To pray.
He gave us the power
To stand up and to be awoken
In our verticality.

Marieta Maglas

A New Time Was Born

I approached you
And the flash light
Of your voice embraced me.
It was somewhere, near the divine idea.

I hadn't met you before, but
When we united our voices
To be together in this way,
I felt the eternity floating in the air,
That kind of white eternity
In which, everyone wants to stay.

So many people crowded in between us
That we seemed to be two points on a world map.
So long was the distance in between us
That we seemed to live

One at the North Pole
And the other one at the South Pole.

It was the time when
The sun was declining beneath the blue horizon
In a ring of fire
And the moon rose in the same sky,
And the coming night was embracing
The leaving day.
It was our twilight.

It was the time when
The stars began to
Appear on a new dark sky.
I began to be afraid of losing you.

I took the elapsed seconds,
Hang them on the 'Lyre' constellation.
The existent seconds flowed into there
With a terrible rapidity,
Letting those, which were new to come to life.
A new time was born,
In which, we became existent one for each other.

I felt that you wanted to touch me.

I heard a tenderness in your voice.
Our feelings flowed into
The 'Bird of Paradise' constellation.

Suddenly, a ring of stars began to fall down.
I didn't know if it was a real rain of stars
Or a firework, I didn't know

Whether we could really embrace each other,

But I felt
That I was irreversibly transformed
Into another new woman.

Marieta Maglas

A Note On Existentialist Love

When love is sweet, the sweetness means its light
And light may keep the truth, when love is pure.
But love is bitter, when it turns to fight.
Lovers in a fight are quite immature.

But night of love may never come to dream
To be pure light, where darkness never comes
A night of dream may swim in love upstream,
When darkness in the light always succumbs.

When love is true, the purity may hold
And lovers' dreams are never in the dark.
The angels' lights eternity enfold
The light of love may continue to spark.

Marieta Maglas

A Philosophical Note On Life After Death

Death is a plunge into oblivion self.
We don't disappear,
We evolve to be extinct into death.
Death only annihilates old sensations
To replace them with something else.
Life is a non existent death,
And death is a nonexistent life.
'When I am, death is not,
And when death is, I am not, '
I'm a new one, I would tell Epicurus.
Gonzalez-Cruzzi declined the religious afterlife.
It's not after life, but its death.
And maybe death is another kind of life.
In fact, it is eternal life.
We become ephemeral and material and inside of matter.
Expressions like 'I live my life,
Life dies, let me live, let me die, I leave my death.'
Are true.
We cross over into the light,
Or into the darkness,
Because the nothingness can rectify the existence.
We're nothing in order to be something.
Coming into life can be a re-awakening of self.
The real death is “eternal night”, as Swinburne defined it.
It's a veil of negative existence.
Nothingness can be anything positively existent,
But blackness and emptiness
Are spiritual black holes swallowing up
Any loss of consciousness
For the divisible selves of the essential core identity.
'When I die I won't go to heaven or hell,
There will just be nothingness'.
Isaac Asimov liked this theory of zero.
'That stuff which does not exist”.
It's about the existence of absolutely nothing.
'This life is the only existence there is;
Afterward there is nothing.”
Robert Nozick wrote.
Zero is existent in self, but we don't know it
By being inside of it.
As Anthony Burgess wrote that if there is only darkness after death,
Then that darkness is the ultimate reality,
And that love of life is no preparation for it.
Light is keeping the life
Darkness is keeping the death.
Light never dies
It may be reborn from darkness
And vice versus.
But this rage may sound like madness.
And Burgess was raging
Against any arrival of nothingness.
We are the witnesses of our own extinction,

Of our pseudo-selves.
Death is a divided self experience,
And a connection between matter's consciousness.
The 'nothingness' of unconsciousness
May be a permanent death,
Which cannot be experienced,
After losing the ultimate reality.
The permanent death is coincident with
The end of the entire universe.
God is alone between two Bing Bang periods.
We are aspired in composing and decomposing.
When someone dies people around continue to exist.
Death and birth are 'functionally equivalent'
To transformation.
The Christian view of life after death has justice
Being meted out to sinners
And the righteous receiving the reward that they deserve.
Eternal life means justice, purity and love.
Without God, we are nothing.

Marieta Maglas

A Poem Like A Touch

The movement of your life
Was stuck in its death corner
''I love you', your eyes whispered.
You gave me your last thought
And all your seconds

I saw that the eternity had a pained face.
Now, I look in the mirror
And I can't remember
If it was the eternity's face or it was mine
In stopping any communication
Between us.

I'm still in your death corner
And in the memory of you
I still keep all your thoughts
Not to despair,
Those thoughts becoming suddenly so static.

The seconds of your missing
Are killing me so slowly.

This static love
Is digging deep dips
In your absence
To kill me so slowly

I kiss your memory.

I still feel our entwining
As I feel an extension of a missing arm.

Is this love or not?

Maybe it's only poetry
Instead of any touch,

A poem like a touch...

I kiss your soul with my 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.

Marieta Maglas

A pulse in the eternal mind-Anagram Poem

Inhumane lisper talented.
Hell! I am a superintendent
Inane, up hell's terminated
Headier, small, unpenitent.

Shut inane, an ill tempered
Leaden lush, I'm a pertinent
Humane perils in talented
Ill-natured, shape eminent

Inhumane let and reptiles
Help! I'm a sunnier talented
Inhumane talented perils
Neat hills, I am unrepented

Humane and silent reptile
Handle in sleepier mutant
Underneath ailments pile
An idle, supereminent halt

I'm a lethal, unrepented sin
Up ill mannered 'n' hesitate
Lamented pleasure in thin
idle snarl-up, heat eminent

Serene handle, up militant
Up eminent idea enthralls
I am the nude sin repellant
Lupine time Neanderthals.

Inane semen, putrid, lethal
Humane, planted, resilient,
Puerile hand, sentimental
Mushier and penile talent

Pluralist heed, an eminent
I 'm a stunner, idle elephant
Inane sell, I am the prudent
Serene handle, up militant

A pulse in the eternal mind
Help uninterested animal!
Insane elephant, true, mild
Unite simple Neanderthal.

In neat prudish elemental
Annihilated supreme lent
Pinhead, rule sentimental
Dishearten lupine lament

Near human, idle, pestilent
Lepers headline in mutant
Ill hate and supereminent
Remained insult elephant

The poem is the anagram of the title

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

A shining star

A shining star in the sky,
The light caressing our sorrows,
A star so far,
The darkness within us,
A wish to live forever,
The attempt to understand
The savage beauty of innocent life,
Being born to die
Because of our sins,
So ugly sometimes,
Seeking our infinite,
Clay and its memory,
Bleeding wings,
Beauty of God
And His mercy,
Enlightening us.

Marieta Maglas

A star in aether

Saying ''aether'',
He sang for aether with an eternal voice.
When I look to the sky,
I see the sun, the stars and the moon,
But in aether
I see a Sun never disappearing
And never stopping to shine.
And I think that Luciano Pavarotti
Is a star in aether.

Dedicated to Luciano Pavarotti.

Marieta Maglas

A sunset [double Quintain (English and Sicilian)]

While the red butterfly melts its wings
Within the light red poppy chain,
The pink gray cloud of the sunset rings
In the gray pink sky the light rays,
Seemingly thrown in a bloody pain.

The leaving sun abandons the sky
For a few hours and like crickets crawl,
The whispers of oak leaves mean good bye,
While the coming night is a dark haul,
Looking at the moon with a black eye.

The sun, and the moon find synergy,
Light becomes gray regolith of the moon
With helium fusing energy,
Night makes the moon look like a big balloon
Or like swaddling in a big cocoon.

Much more, like thoughts enveloped in words
Or like souls carrying their divine love,
With feathers of light like Holy birds,
In the rain with drops of divine globes,
Falling down for giving love awards.

Like rain with drops of human spheres,
Pouring up to Him when they can hook
Or falling right down to disappear,
Reverse arch getting a killer look,
Trying to provide fragrance of fear.

Their waves are liquid and drain in sight
On Earth to meet at infinity.
They are like dark rays in the pure light,
Light rays are arches for Trinity,
While dressed in wind seems to be the night.

Stars are candles and night lights them all,
The colors withdraw in the last light.
In the black darkness they look so small.
The seeds of dream germinate for a fight,
Becoming real for breaking their wall.

Marieta Maglas

About words entwining themselves within

There are so many tears
In this black void of your silence
'Cause you have been hurt so many times.
There are so many painful memories
In the gray shadow of those seconds
' Cause the world around you was crumbling,
So many times, the world inside you.

I am drinking the pain from the cup of your soul
Until the cup is empty,
Leaving a bit love at the bottom,
Looking like the coffee grounds.
Your love is sweet
Like acacia seeds.
I eat the seeds,
Your love seeds.

That cup of your soul,
Your love is looking like a true love song,
Transparent and wet.
Your love is wet like a kiss.
Your heart is a rhapsody, entwining within my sad heart.

I miss you in so many ways sometimes,
I want and I miss that kiss,
I kiss your absence,

When I'm not with you..

We feed our souls
With love words,
Belonging to God.

My words pass between your teeth
Encountering yours
And the silence between them.

Their taste is like honey.
Our love is like honey.
It's our moon.

Marieta Maglas

Advice (‘’Radu’’- in Czech language)

'Sell me this day
 Thy birthright.'
(Genesis 25: 31)
'And thou shalt take
 Two onyx stones
And grave on them
 The names
Of the children of Israel.'
(Exodus 28: 10)
Because
'A good name is better
 Than precious ointment'
(Ecclesiastes 7: 1)
And the ' glory
Shall fly away like a bird'
(Hosea 9: 11)
''Then shalt thou
Understand righteousness,
And judgment, and equity;
Yea, every good path
When wisdom entereth
 Into thine heart,
And knowledge
 Is pleasant unto thy soul; ''
(Proverbs 2: 9,10)
'Therefore thou shalt love
The LORD thy God,
And keep his charge,
 And his statutes,
And his judgments,
 And his commandments, alway.'
(Deuteronomy 11: 1)
''Let integrity and uprightness preserve me;
For I wait on thee.'
 (Psalm 25: 21)

In Czech language:

,‘‘Prodej mi dnes
Své prvorozenství‘‘
(Genesis 25: 31)
“Vezmeš dva kameny karneoly
 A vyryješ do nich jména
 Synů Izraele”
 (Exodus 28: 10)
Dobré jméno je nad výborný olej ”
(Kazatel 7: 1)
„Sláva odlétne jako ptáč e.”
(Ozeáš 9: 11)
Tehdy porozumíš spravedlnosti,
 Právu a př ímosti, všemu,
Co zanechává dobré stopy.

Neboť moudrost vejde
Do tvého srdce a poznání oblaží tvou duši.
(Př ísloví 2: 9,10)
Budeš milovat Hospodina, svého Boha,
 Budeš dbát na to, co ti svě ř il,
Na jeho nař ízení,
Práva a př ikázání po všechny dny.
(Deuteronomium 11: 1)
"Let a upř ímnost nechať mne;
Pro poč kám na tebe. '
Bezúhonnost a př ímost mě chrání,
Syou nadě ji skládám v tebe.
(Žalm 25: 21)

Marieta Maglas

Algorithm of a tree (Sextuple Crystalline Poetry)

(A two line image poem, often with a title, in which euphony is the key factor.
Each line may have 8 or 9 syllables to make a total of seventeen)

A free tree is never rooted,
Infinite complete binary tree.

A finger tree has internal nodes and
Each one in this tree has child nodes.

And their connection is a walk,
Parents and children walking the tree.

Nodes without children are called leaves,
While roots are leaves for the finger trees.

Very intelligent are the words tree,
Trees-no one-to-one correspondence,

Adaptive merging operation,
Implementing finger search trees.

Marieta Maglas

An Antique Beauty

This antique mirror boosts no confidence. Concave
reveals its magic tricks with an incurvate
red surface. Some human hair

blending braids are there to fancify your boxers, your removable
metallic silver suspenders underwear and
her red bra underwire slips. It is a new style.

I feel anguish, when I touch the pull locks. Her picture
of the antique statue is hidden between all those things. She

enters the mirror to kiss you every time you look at it. Like jelly candies

are her lipsticks on that silver, but
they have different taste. For me,
they look like isoquants, or indifference curves. I want
to leave you. What do you think?

The water that drips from the mirror, when I wash it, is like crimsonblood. Scary

optical illusions split the reality into two variants through my woe,
and create a much looser and less direct relationship
between us than ever. You live for
your comfort and versatility. You cannot change it.
Marieta Maglas

An Impossible Math

In this trigonometric love equation
You've been my arcsin,
You're my special angle,
Secretly placed
In that unit circle of feelings.
You may arrange my major arcs and diameters
Inside of it
Perfectly triangular,
Love will always have
The same ratio pi.

Our equation of love
Is seemingly incompatible.
It has philosophical numbers becoming
Common geometric shapes
Of love itself
Like hidden spheres
In triangles,
But in real terms of graphing
Our parallel lines of life
Went on forever not crossing at any point
Of this imperfect world.

Our love is, in fact,
A complex system of equations
With the same set of three unknowns
Searching their own values
It has a narrative statement.
You're my C from those unknowns A, B and C.
You're mister C,
From c'telzing
From caleptikide
And from cataguerrillaism,
In this beautiful madness of love.

You know, our love is getting old
In concentric circles,
Those circles of time.
Extrapolate it to infinity, sweetheart,
You may be my semi-infinity
Until the end of the time,
That semi-infinity,
In which I lose myself
From time to time
Each time coming
From the same unique star
As that already exists
In an old Romanian novel,
Which is called
Lorelei.

MCN: C5A9C-K1A2A-5W9CX

© copyright Tue Jan UTC 2012 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

An Impossible Math (II)

In this trigonometric love equation,
You're my arcsine having a special
Angle of view, secretly placed in that
Unit circle of feelings. You may arrange
My vision's arcs and dream's diameters
Inside of it perfectly triangular, love will
Always have the same ratio pi. This pure
Equation of love is seemingly incompatible,
Because it keeps hopes in philosophical
Numbers becoming common geometrically
Shapes of love in self like hidden new
Little hoops in those triangles searching
For divine. Our parallel life lines are two
Tangents to this circle of love sending
Their tangential vibration going on forever,
But not crossing at any point of this imperfect
Not crossing at any point of this imperfect
Round world of two, where you hang your dream.
It's a secret place. I keep your dream safe in
This beautiful madness of love. Your dream
Becomes a mystery, you become a mystery
Lover like an unknown belonging to any
Equation. This way, you become my C.
You're mister C
From concupiscible,
From caleptikide,
From cataguerrillaism,
And never from culpability,
Never from culpability,
Never from concubinage,
And never from Charley.
Our love is getting old in concentric circles,
Those circles of time. We extrapolate it to
Infinity. You are my semi-infinity, in which I
Lose myself to be your unique star as that
Already existent in a Romanian novel,
Entitled ''Lorelei''.

Marieta Maglas

And If It's Love

And if it's love, and whispers touch the river's wave,
And if it's hope, but the sun rays can hit your eye,
As well as a diamond tip in ring words engrave,
It's not for you to get your secrets very high,
It is for you to hold me tight, this love to save.

But if it's woe, and flowing sighs may touch your heart,
And if it's love, but gray clouds swoop across the sky,
As well as sad ideas you may take apart,
It's not for you to change your mind and start to cry,
It is for you to keep love's dream as time goes by.

Marieta Maglas

Angle of view

This garden is invisible to me
As a whole,
When I'm inside of it
Walking under its trees.
All I can do
Is to smell
Its unique natural flowers,
And to eat its fruits,
But when I get out
For standing at some distance
On that hill,
I can see it
In its entire splendor
Having such a brilliant orange-red
Autumn color.

Marieta Maglas

Angle of view II

You can understand
My inner reactions
More clearly than myself
Because
You can see me as a whole.

Marieta Maglas

Anthony and Cleopatra

If Anthony had loved Cleopatra
With a second less than he did,
Maybe he would have survived
And he would have won
The war with himself,
But he had loved her more than ever
Exactly in the second of his awareness,
And therefore, he died.
And Cleopatra should not even die
In the next second,
She would have to leave,
In order to understand from her suffering
What real love means,
Because her love was insufficient
To fight against the destiny of history.

Marieta Maglas

Antimatter (Neo Surrealist Poem)

A red bird has flown soaring in the great height of the
purple sky. The thrilling scream was as a shrill cry on
the soundtrack. The bird has disappeared into the sky,

and all it could be heard was the sound. That cold sound
became fluid in the ears. A forked green lightning following
a zigzagging pattern appeared from an antimatter space.

The eyes fixed wide-open up, and the mouths kept silent.
A ship has left the dock to disappear in the mobile horizon.
It seemingly disappeared and reappeared based on where

the eyes were looking; the eyes were not able to leave the dock.
When the ship could not be seen, a prolonged blast could be
heard. Finally, the ship disappeared in an antimatter space,

where cold could illuminate and beat the heat to burn everything
as we beat the heat with icy cold neck wraps. The eyes fixed
wide-open toward, and red screams grew from open mouths.

The sun lost its strength to become redder than it was before.
In the twilight, its disk disappeared below the mobile horizon.
Its power was in the spirit and the matter of the freezing cold.

The eyes were unable to see where the sun was going. In the
soft and purple mist, they looked like little amethyst stones.
The violet light slowed down in the water much more than the

red light refracted. The waves of alternating strength in electric and
magnetic fields moved around the Earth in the tick of a clock.
The mouths murmured, but the anti-sound made them all be quiet.

From an airplane in the sky, the eyes could see two rainbows with
colors in opposite order forming a complete circle. The eyes could
move up and down to see the red light that refracted out of

the droplets at steeper angles than the blue light. The mind could
imagine another rainbow made of complementary light wavelengths
such as green, blue, violet, red, orange, yellow-orange and yellow.
The sea shone brightly as a sky full of red and bluish comets having tails like trains
carrying hydrogen cyanide. Strange, sharp and cutting words wounded the mouths
stopping the thoughts to breathe.

Marieta Maglas

Apocalypse

Volcanic aerosols tend to block the needed sunlight
And contribute to short term cooling, but it's not perfect.
Volcanoes emit carbon dioxide, which is not alright..
It's a greenhouse gas, which has a warming effect.

Moreover, its level is already higher than usual
And it determines to increase the global temperature.
When temperatures become warmer, it's not normal,
And carbon is released from the oceans., for sure.

The volume of this gas has increased, exceeding
The thirty five percent in the last three hundred years.
This increase is due to human being induced burning
From fossil fuels, deforestation and industry, with no fears.

Carbon dioxide is an important greenhouse gas.
The human caused an increase in its concentration
And the atmosphere has strengthened the greenhouse
Effect, contributing to global warming without salvation.

Carbon dioxide is also naturally exchanged between
The air and life through the processes of photosynthesis.
The respiration of organisms and levels of ozone have been
Decreasing due to the buildup of human chlorofluorocarbons.

Scientists have noticed the development of severe large holes
In the ozone layer very dramatically and it's not very strange
That they have noticed the plate tectonics movements and volcanoes
Eruption, the carbon cycle having an effect on the climate change.

The stages of Snowball Earth are an example of these imbalances.
The effects snowball earth is characterized by areas of glaciation,
Were they countered when volcanic activity and tectonic forces
Allowed carbon dioxide to build up big further concentrations.

Tectonic plates, through the formation of volcanoes with their action
Works with the carbon cycle, it is the tectonic forces which release
Carbon through degassing and entrap carbon during subduction.
This relationship has occurred most in the break up and increase

The formation of continents having on climate the resulting effect.
The breakup of Pangea left many small continents so scattered
On the globe and the broken land became surrounded by the suspect
Sources of moisture and carbon dioxide is taken by rainfall, so red,

Out of the air, making the erosion and weathering of continental rocks
To occur at a faster rate, and this reduces the amount of carbon
Dioxide in the air resulting in a fall of temperature, which blocks
The atmosphere to warm, while the glaciation occurs in the polar zone.

White ice has a high albedo reflecting more solar energy, it's clear,
Back into the space to create a positive feedback, which continues
To reduce the global temperature and while cooling, the cold air
Halts the growth of glaciation, creating deserts as residues.

The air is dry without rainfalls, so the carbon dioxide as a gas gun
Is released through volcanoes in high quantities into the atmosphere.
Carbon accumulates and begins to trap the infrared waves of the sun
In the greenhouse effect by increasing the global temperature.

As the planet grows warmer, moisture from the sea ice freezes
At a higher elevation due to the difference in isostasy and the water,
That is left around the equator, absorbs solar energy and increases
The global temperature, while the large amounts of carbon alter

The atmosphere that can combine with the water being evaporated into
The air and form carbonic acid rain, which erodes and weathers
The rock formation, and the bicarbonate, or other ions reach through
The water the ocean to form the carbonate sediment and this matters.

Marieta Maglas

Arguments

You are like
An Unvanquished fortress.
Your scathing accuracy
Scares me sometimes.
The words are burning
In your mouth,
They have an essence,
An intrinsic value
And a meaning
For unleashing my mind
And interweaving it with self.
The words you throw away
Are whipping up the ideas
And ripping off their meaning
Too logical and illogical
Arguments.
They become swords
For cornering
The forces of the reason
And releasing them to self.
But when
I hold you with my eye sight
You totally transform yourself
Apparently into another person
And you simply tell me,
''I love you.''

Marieta Maglas

Artificial Things (Sextuple Senryu)

Artificial breaths,
Like mimicking feelings of
Love with empty souls,

Artificial love,
Like sex mimics of drugged, raped
Girls, being in chains,

Artificial sex,
Like mimicking life in the
Dolls for making love,

Artificial life,
Like raping dead women to
Sate sadistic needs,

Artificial need,
Like rape mimics during sex
For excitation

And excitations,
Like artificial breaths for
Necrophiliacs.

Marieta Maglas

Autumn And Rain

The rain drops make a weave like a spider web
To keep hanging the whole sadness in the air.
On cobbled streets, people hear the sounds' ebb
Silver clouds are choleric dreams in the sun's glare.

Some pieces of a shattered happiness may be seen,
The lightning still coils like a huge snake in the sky.
Beckoning the visible stubborn sunbeams for green,
The whisper of the fickle gale becomes a battle cry.

The rain stops placidly amid the noise of broken dreams.
The nature's fears and wills disappear in ignorance.
New blossoming buds are waited on tree maternal limbs,
But autumn’s milk of green is only sweet remembrance.

The rainbow appears as a belt of multicolor weaves,
The streams of old life begin again to flow in delight.
The noisy wind still dances on the shivering leaves.
The lake reflections may steal the crude sun's light.

Marieta Maglas

Autumn's Grace

The autumn’s dream may keep its dying grace
With flecks of bleeding leaves dressed in yellow.
The cold wind's scorch may wither the green space,
The sweet fruits a bit more need to mellow.

And autumn’s tear on every leaf perceives
The cold wind, which scorches green so cruelly,
Till glass fleck shade of bleeding yellow leaves
The wet world to meet its ground so coolly.

And autumn’s red may silence the bird’s voice,
When shivers of the tree the rain embrace,
And nature's hide having no other choice.
The winter slowly comes showing her face.

Marieta Maglas

Ballade for Ryu

(Parody for oneryu poetry)

Chapter one

I wrote this poem for a few reasons:
One- Ryu was feeling left out.
Two- Ryu has no longer his first Wiki.
Three- it's not funny, but it's true..
Four- what does Ryu get? Pure mayhem..
How many horrors will it bring? ..
No one knows exactly...

Chapter two

Kano trained Ryu in several jujutsu arts
So, Ryu was awarded to some of them,
More specifically,
He was awarded
In Kito-Ryu
And new Ryu-ha
Using pre-Meiji elements,
Which existed in Japan
During the Edo period.

Chapter three

''How many black belts did you achieve? ''
Asked him Z-ONE
Trying to hit him friendly.
'I got one' Ryu said
As he sprinted toward,
Though he blocked Z-ONE with one single hand.
''There were some famous men
Named Ryu in Burundi,
But now it's only me. ''
''Yes'', Z-ONE said.
''You became a legend. ''

Cool ending

I totally believe him too...

Marieta Maglas

Be my vision

I'm your dream bird,

Teach me the flight,

Teach me the infinite.

In your impassioned soul
My love pulses.

I can understand your meanings.

Be my vision for a moment.

Marieta Maglas

Beyond the Time

Ships leaving the port,
Disappearing,
Being seemingly eaten
By the mobile horizon,
Slipping
Into the crack
Of the time mirror,
That crack holding
The roots of our existence,
Adorning the solemnity
Of death.

Marieta Maglas

Bible, Franz Kafka And Mayan Popol Vuh

Drinking wine, because the
Wine is for the spirit, eating
Bread, because the bread
Is in the flesh of the body,
Needing to be alive, needing
To be able to use the words,
All the words belonging to
God in the moment that ''God
Said, Let us make man in our
Image, '' as the Bible says. So,
The Lord gave us the words,
As a great gift. So, we are
Drinking wine and we are
Eating bread to be with Him,
Because without Him, our words
May become silence. Moreover,
We may be unable to use them,
We may ''turn into monkeys'' as
Mayan Popol Vuh says. Who really
Knows how many kinds of species
Talked? Why did the serpent talk with
Eve? Did the serpent belong to a
Talking specie? What Kafka really
Wanted to say in his ''Metamorphosis''?
I understand that we can die all and
We can be created again by Him,
The Great Creator. The Darwin's theory
Of evolution and Mayan theory of
Involution may be false, but the
The power of God is true. All I really know
Is that we need to be good people
And really faithful to be existent.

Marieta Maglas

Bitter

She thinks her soul can be free,
She's not a Little Bittern bird,
She sightly imagines she will be.

Her deep blue eye embraces
The unendurable bitterness.
Forbidden love slightly traces

Some love lines on her face.
She smokes her grievances
Deeply infused into her grace.

In the castle of her freezing dreams,
While being bidden for blue roses,
She releases all her fused screams...

She veers to the logical extremes.

Marieta Maglas

Bitter Sweet

(Dedicated to the unknown singer)

Your voice becomes the sound
A bitter sweet one,
The sound vibrates in self
Bitter sweetly,
Your guitar is tearing that sound
And your fingers seem to say
A story of their rescue
A bitter sweet one,
Being known only by them.
Sometimes,
Your voice beats the vibration of the guitar
And the guitar grasps
The vibration of the voice
To convert it into tears,
Giving birth to the melody.
A bitter sweet one.
The sound disappears
Somewhere
Toward the Saturn.
The souls entwine.
From the stellar symphony
Something detaches and fall off
Deep inside of us.
Your voice becomes a signal
Of life and death.
The sound becomes the motion
And vice versa.
I listen to the inaudible symphony of your fingers,
In touch.
Something is born in us irreversibly
And lasts until the end of the time.

Marieta Maglas

Black and white

A white bird is flying at day,
Or a black bird is flying at night,
Or a black bird is flying at day,
Or a white bird is flying at night,
Black and white, black over white.
Oh, my Lord, how painful it can be
This need of touch in his absence.
White and black, white over black,
Oh, my Lord, how painful it can be
This absence of his touch.
Black is penetrating white
And white is penetrating black,
Never finding the gray.

Marieta Maglas

Bleeding life (Increasing hexaverse)

I'm

Condemned
To live

In my fear,
Out of dreams,
For my death,

With tears and blood,
With ache and joy,
In agony
And ecstasy.

Getting your hate on
Sharing dark corners
Of our subconscious,
In cruelest games
Fighting our feelings.

In your aggressive world
Having a painful peace,
In the absence of love,
When my pain means your smile
And my ache means your joy,
For graves of enkindling.

MCN: C7986-UKG7K-58QFA
© copyright Mon Jan 24 22: 44: 44 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Blind dancer+++

Blind dancer in blue

Slips

And enhances the movement itself in an ice dancing.

The woman is transformed
Alternatively
Into a blue bird
And vice versa.
More accurate,
She becomes a bird woman
For an absolute motion.

From the depth of her soul,
Divine lights
Begin to overflow
The space.

Small crystal pieces of her blue feeling
Becomes roughly cube-shaped pieces of ice,

Rolling in the middle of nowhere.

The blue sound is necessary to expound those words
In a natural and ordinary sense.....

Marieta Maglas

Blue mirror

Multiplied blue mirror
Of self,
Revealing the freedom
Of non-self
In its metamorphosis,
Is attaining Nibbna....

Marieta Maglas

Blue movement

I can see my blue reflection
In your eyes
And I can feel the blue movement
Of our fecundity
Inside,
While it is raining outside
With blue drops of tears,
Those tears coming from God,
When He is crying
So very blue,
Staying in His bed of sadness...

Marieta Maglas

Canephor with a basket

Your voice is a
Canephor with a basket for songs
Coming towards me like a blue dream.
Delicate but strong,
My silence beats your ears,
Leaving a trace of love
Like a fog carved in the air
Or unlike a name carved in an oak tree.
My silence and your voice
Weave new vibrations.
It's like an embrace.
Whatever I'm touch'd from,
It clutches my mind.

Dedicated to the singer Bryan Adams.

Marieta Maglas

Cleopatra

Under the mask of gold,
I see only venomous snakes,
Poisoning her name forever....

Marieta Maglas

Clinical Death (Ottava Rima Poem)

Scrapin' along long bars, her cup of tea
Was sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.
There were gleams in her eyes and her esprit.
A breeze was comin' from a funeral home.
The Moon's hollow eyes climb'd the night to see
The ashes of dead and the fire fill'd with foam.
From dawns o' hope to sunsets o' despair,
The leaves were shadows dancin' in the cold air.

Her rigid body was a glassy slight.
Ne'er dying white lilies threw one off the scent.
Tearin', roarin', she felt her soul in light,
In sweet, comin' death with pitiful lament.
Her soul had terrified wings for her flight.
She was confin'd, lagg'd in fears by devil's night.
She bestrode the abyss holdin' the pain.
She could 'scape of whippin' memories in vain.

She felt a scent of garbage and perfume.
The fog was in her eyes; she wheez'd in fear.
She search'd the Heaven to dispel her gloom,
But she couldn't o'erpass her last life frontier,
More than real, o'er her new returnin' doom,
She lost her happiness, but she felt her tear.
She was aware of all she had to leave
Through her hellish paradise startin' to reeve.

Marieta Maglas

Complains about the wind

The sharp wind sways the wet flame
In his cold rain like a storm tears, which numbs
The frozen buds before they intumesce.
With desperate gusts, the wind sighs deeply,
Sweeping the perennial cool-mellow grass,
In sunless wane, increasingly provoking
The drama of the garden and his disguised agony,
Always coming from the top of the hill,
Untangling his lips of his mouth,
That kind of mouth like an invisible cave,
Stretching nonsense words like a prayer to nothing,
Dancing his face with the willow trees,
Furiously riding the bursting clouds,
Singing his tempest very louder songs,
Trying to utter his selfishness,
His dreams and his future chances.

Marieta Maglas

Concert on the Romanian seaside

Vocal fold vibration,
Simple harmonic motion,
Nonlinear interaction of sound waves,
Empathizing the rhythm
Of the naked music
And the embracing voice,

Words and thoughts
Coming alive and vivid
At the sound touch,
Having its own sense of charm,
Changing depths of enlightened awareness,
Discovering the thrill
Of seeing new interior structures,
Protecting its innate purity
For the song in itself,
For those souls,
Who are engulfed in desire
And for his own vision,

His voice shimmering wings luminously,
Pleasurably exalting,
Those realms of the spirit just indelible,
Those souls becoming vivified
And exhilarated,

His songs
Swirling space sounds,
Carrying their meaning into the universe,

The saxophone sounds cascading
Into the synth melodies,
Billowing into the sea waves,
Needing a dimension on its own,

Silent spectators
Immortalizing the split seconds
With strong emotions,

Applause breaking the silence,
Touching sights,
Touching voices,
Touching emotions,

Between ebb and flow,

The singer Michael Bolton
Suddenly — a dreamer□
For an invisible woman□,
Dancing in glittering moonlight□
With no other sound but
The hesitant sibilant sea,

Ascension silhouetted-Against
The shivering waves□ —Ghosts,

His songs-Haunting the moonlight, □
Creating twinkling feelings,
Sky-searching the light.

Marieta Maglas

Confession

I have a negative freedom,
Isolating and weakening me very much.
I got hurt many times,
But the most important wounds
Were on my heel and my soul.
I broke my collar-bone of soul
In wrestling with my love for life
And I feel my heel like Achilles, when
I think of my freedom.
Maybe some gigantic forces are beyond my control.
Today, because of my old injuries,
I can’t go on with my life.
I was told that my soul was mildly sprained,
But the soul injury was much more serious than I was told.
So, I’m abandoned, living with my pain.
I'm a modern person, being so well rooted
In the complexity of social forces.
My speech is always passive
And, without some form of universal care,
I’ll never be able to go on this way.
I need to survive this battle,
My own battle.
My world has collapsed.
Do I really need freedom? Don't make me laugh.
Although, I began to think of my positive freedom
And the self-determination it entails.
I’m anchored in what I am
Because of my right heel
And my left wing of soul.
They don’t let me hope.
I spend my time doing whatever I have to do to survive.
I pray for something real to come and save me.
Outside of that, I’m stuck where I am.
Does anyone know a reputable job,
Where I can make some money?
It was raining last night and I had
An amazing dream.
I was running in a new kind of life.
God, I miss that so much.

Marieta Maglas

Coward

I'm in this form having
walls and ceilings
well constructed.I'm

a thinking form.I'm
the keeper of
my own idea.I'm
in this cave of
my conscience.I'm
in the solitude of
self, where only
forming forms of dreams
coexist with me.I'm

in the shadow of
my form.I'm the keeper
of everything I am and
everything I have, but

I cannot fight against
this coward that lives
inside of me, when I
need to open this door
of self in order to throw out
everything is useless and
to save the meaning of
the things I have to keep.

Marieta Maglas

Crack (Cliche and Cubist poetry)

Earth shattering

Slices of life,
Sequences
Of repeated occurrences,
Flowers waiting in their seeds,

Limitations,

Convergence after divergence,
Constantly sequencing
Optical Aspheric lenses,
(We can say, 'years'
Using the word 'yesterday')

Waves,

Abstraction layer of time,
Minds,
Order against disorder,
(There are people eating people's world)

Variations,

Eyes of souls
In their own dimensions,
Wings of emotions,
Apple of my eye,

Visions,

Sparkling ideas,
Gliding their enigmatic flow
Into the mouth of universe,
(Making its mouth a single idea
In a shade
At the crack of dawn)

Extensions,

Self-aware matter,
Its nonexistence,
(A unicorn is really still nonexistent.)
Apagogical proofs,
Feet of clay,

Senses

Living in eternity,
Love as a splintered thing,
(Like there's no tomorrow.
Like there's nothing on this

Earth shattering.)

MCN: C7986-UKG7K-58QFA
© copyright Mon Jan 24 22: 44: 44 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Cryptic Kiss

'I' is ‘Me'
'We' comes out of the ‘I'.
I don't know myself nearly
as well as I think I do, but you know
me better than anyone else.

I'm more than this
kinesthetic intelligence of us
trapped in this great chain of being that belongs to all of us,
when it gets stuck bouncing around between
this logic and this consciousness, which is
so limited than, when too much
is asked of it, it starts dropping things.

I'm more real than you,
because you're still asleep
in this world of waking reality.

I feel your cryptic kiss as
a metaphysical manifestation of your wish fulfillment,
or love. Maybe it is
a simple magnetic passion, or
only a slip of your tongue.
I don't know, but I know
that, in dreams, you kiss me. Then,
you really kiss me.

I feel your emotional need for
a happy life with a great sense of peace.

Your emotion has a feminine voice.
You are the one.
One, sometimes, means wholeness.
'I' is ‘Me'
'We' comes out of the ‘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 the curve

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

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

The twinkle in your eye would be assailant
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 gray 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 of 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

Dali's Painting

The wind has bloody, long claws
to scratch the sensitive skin
of the leaves. They bleed within.
The nature is wrapped in shawls

of fear. Slipping, shimmering,
strong rays break the cuticle
on the horizon. The ring
of the sun sends its miracle

in the clouds to make the lights dim.
They cannot climb up the hill
of dreams, nor can the sun's limb
darken our field, but the thrill

is gone. The dawn is looking
like the Dali's red painting.
A reclined image is the sky.
The Day's touch makes him feel shy.

The water seeps through cracked stones
washing fossilized old bones.
The wind has bloody, long claws.
The nature is wrapped in shawls.

Strong rays break the cuticle.
The sun shows his miracle.
He kisses the nature's skin,
The green slowly dies within.

Marieta Maglas

Dance of Love

I ride on your thighs, and I embrace you with my both hands
The wind scraps our deep love dance off with the sudden gusts.
Our swift flicks it several times, its tip just touching the wet sand.
The sky is blue and leaves of our tree are covered with orange rust.

My hands move down your body before reaching your hips.
The predation tremor is the early life dance of thrills flounder.
Cradling my body in your arms, my lips are warm against your lips.
Your thoughts make me shiver as my eyes wander endlessly over.

You take steps and make the turn into, and become a part of my dance.
An explosion of dawn light and the stirrings of happiness herald.
You take me to a loving place, take me higher, I fall into a trance.
I keep the new world in the grain of green having eyes of emerald.

You keep close, love whispers in my ear, I fly to the heavens' high
While touching me, you dance your lips in many orbital circles.
It's a rip in the space time continuum, and I hear your love sigh.
Love makes slain the sentinel, a deity surrounding our corpuscles.

Marieta Maglas

Dance of Love (Villanelle)

Bright feelings of love start to fall from the life tree,
Memories are limbs of times coming from the past,
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Sweet kisses feed my hunger of your bel esprit
Rocketing us to heights in this basic contrast,
Bright feelings of love start to fall from the life tree.

Come dance with me on this ring of thoughts to be free.
The rays of dream shine through the pains of room to last,
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Open your eyes in this new mystery to see
These seconds coming into a new sense so fast,
Bright feelings of love start to fall from the life tree.

Memories are flowers to make a potpourri.
We are too small in this immensity so vast,
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Tomorrow you will bounce your baby on your knee.
In broken horizon, your bad dreams will be passed.
Bright feelings of love start to fall from the life tree.
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Marieta Maglas

Dance of love III

When I look into your eyes I can see myself,
Our relationship seems to be indestructible.
I give myself to you, and I become a part of you,
And there's nothing around here to me that matters.

We are together and explore our universe in unity,
Because together we can really make it happen.
You're just everything to me, we are one being,
I cannot imagine the earth without you.

When you penetrate me, I become another being,
You take everything from me, and give me everything.
You take everything that I am, and give yourself to me,
We love each other so much, we feel like exploding.

It is a connection between our souls and our bodies.
We dance our laughter, our tears, we dance our madness.
Two to one heart and soul dancing in rhythm with stars,
More intricately we are intertwining the impetus of our passions.

Ecstatic moments and rumbles of our minds and our souls,
We swallow each other, more deep and deep more, it is madness.
We understand the naturally flowing rhythm of our existence,
We kiss with hate and love every part of our molecular structure.

We understand each other and our body language,
I cannot stay without you very long or live without you,
Especially at night when you love me and get me in a trance.
We are two souls dancing the love dance in the same body.

Marieta Maglas

Dance of love IV (Lyric poem)

I look into your dark eyes and I see the light
And the gleam of love so indestructible,
I give you all I am and I hold you tight,
Only with you, my dreams are achievable.

We are within our imperfect universe,
'Cause so deep within we can have everything.
I am at one with you, running in reverse.
You are my desire, and you taste my heart string.

You penetrate me and you change me forever.
You can take everything and give everything.
It's a mad, when my feelings you devour.
We eat each other, we feel like exploding.

It is a connection between soul and body.
We dance the feelings, the tears and the passion.
In the rhythm of the stars, we need love to embody,
Dance intricately intertwines our vision.

We throw our body language in romance,
Love is like a star, losing its mass and ray.
You push the limit to ecstasy and trance,
We dance our dreams of being the same clay.

Marieta Maglas

Dance of love(II)

When I look into your eyes, I see their light.
Our relationship seems to be indestructible.
I give myself to you, and I hold you so tight.
Being with you, our dreams are achievable.

We are together, we explore our perfect universe
Because together we can prevail everything.
We are one being, seemingly living in reverse.
You fulfill my desire, you get my heart on a string.

When you penetrate me, I become another being,
You take everything from me, you give me everything.
It is like a dawn of our souls, another awaking.
We love each other so much, we feel like exploding.

It is a connection between the hearts, the soul and the body.
We dance our feelings, our tears, our thoughts and our passion.
Dancing in rhythm with stars, our love we need to embody.
Dance is deeper, intricately intertwined, the impetus of our vision.

Ecstatic moments are rumbles of our minds and our souls.
We swallow each other, ideas, more deep, it is like madness.
We understand the naturally flowing rhythm of our existence.
We feel every part of our molecular structure, we relieve the sadness.

We understand our body language, with polar reactions in this romance,
Being without you, I'm like a little star, losing its mass and its ray.
But when I'm with you, your love enhances me and get me in a trance
And we become two souls dancing the love dance in the same clay.

Marieta Maglas

Dance of Love(III)

I touch your body with my fingers,
Then I embrace you with my hands.
The wind of change is a love ringer,
Or waves break along the sand.

Your wishes creep along my skin like
Dancin' in time with sudden gusts.
Our kisses grow, leaves no breath to strike,
And fall from the human tree in rust.

So tender, your enclos'd universe
Like a river flows inside my hips
My dance o' thrills flounder in reverse
Moves touchin' lips against the lips.

As cradling part of my fallin' dance
 A predation tremor you are
In my secret place in a higher trance
From my reality so far

An explosion of dawn doesn't mean
A present happiness heralds
'tis a new world in my grain o' green;
Love in your eyes on emeralds.

You keep me really so close in pair
And I fly to the heavens' high
You run your fingers through my long hair,
Our feelings are clouds in the sky

Dancin' lips in orbital circles
A rip-roarin' rain means you kiss,
Or a dawn for my last Crepuscule.
More loving' you is all I miss.

Marieta Maglas

Dancing with the moon (II)

Hearing
A sacred song
In our own time and space
In our new world of seconds
Forgetting ourselves
His path of love
Embracing you
Like earth
The dawning sun
Dew beholding
The spin of light quantum
Kissing each other
Lips shining deep as when blessed
Moon dances its wishes
Hiding its face like a virgin
Behind the clouds
Joy is reeling through the dark shadows
The heart swells
When we feel each other inside
Abandoning ourselves
Feeling our fly
And the rain of feathers
Touching angel's wings
The cushion of spumes floating

Marieta Maglas

Dancing with the moon (III)

Forgetting me inside of you for a few seconds
Seemingly a few
Mingling by waves of centuries
Embracing within and within
Understanding that you are completely mine
Understanding that I am a woman
An internal wave
Between sleeping and reality
A movement inside of love without moving the body
Invisible chorals and scallops keeping
The light when finding embodiment
And the secret deeply enclosed
Being completely abandoned

Marieta Maglas

Dancing with the moon (IV)

Becoming your bone
Again for making you a new Adam,
When you embrace my soul,
When I'm one of your ribs,
The most important one,
Embracing me
For making me see your universe within,
An amazing universe,
The universe of a man,
Hearing the symphony our hearts,
Our unfinished symphony,
Dancing our happiness,
Spaces slipping around,
Understanding that I know you from another life,
Keeping within its crest
By its enormous strength of waves,
Understanding our love in itself
And our ideas in themselves,
Understanding that
I am a part of you,
I'm you,
And it's just perfect
Because I feel God.

Marieta Maglas

Dancing with the moon (I)

Dancing with the moon
And clouds like a spume
In our dream,
Wilting the green of mirth,
Jingle slowly ripping into the quest
Of sea waves
And furrows of universe,
Echoing in our hearts
Like the mute voices of undertone,
Love lighting for both of us,
Blinking like star in black hole,
Feeling the invisible
Wall of criss-cross
Between us,
Making me be seemingly invisible
For you.

Marieta Maglas

Dawn

It is such a dazzling sky
That I can't rise my eyes when
Sun arises across hills.

Marieta Maglas

Dedicated to Paddy Martin (Rondeau Redouble)

It's time to ring Church bells on this new day,
When dawn still means sad tears for a friend,
A very dear friend who's gone away
'Cause fought a fight of faith until the end.

The bark and leaves of willow tree still bend,
His time on death row found another way.
His spirit into heaven will ascend.
It's time to ring Church bells on this new day.

Though gentle wind through branch of tree would play,
He stretched his clouds to rain upon the land.
We need to cry with him, we need to pray,
When dawn still means sad tears for a friend.

In words sad tears learning how to bend,
Let roses live their dream of yesterday
And try to say goodbye to our friend,
A very dear friend who's gone away.

When things are transfigured in their way,
To death the roses all perfumes can lend.
We read his poems and for him we pray
'Cause fought a fight of faith until the end.

His love made everyone to be his friend,
He wrote in such a fine poetic way,
But human heart will be a piece of land
'Cause spirit goes to reach The Lord today.

MCN: CKTAK-UDWYR-KQXNQ

© copyright Mon Feb 07 22: 56: 13 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Domination - ACROSTIC

Drove,
Old king,
Mastery,
Interference,
Nullification,
A power to defeat,
The exclusion of others,
It means also transcendency,
Or going beyond usual limits,
New multiplayer strategy world game.

Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

Double Fibonacci Word Unit And Line Unit Palindrome Poem

It
is
Star rats,
Drawn onward
No devil lived on.
Blessed are they believe they are blessed.
Blessed are they believe they are blessed.
No devil lived on
Drawn onward
Star rats,
Is
It?

Marieta Maglas

Dream and reality

Reality as a dream
Or make dream reality?
I am always a dreamer.

Marieta Maglas

Dreaming Honey

A bee dreamin' honey,

A bear dreamin' honey,

My dream was real, honey.

I was dreamin' the moon

In the honeymoon o' my dreams.

Marieta Maglas

Duvet Day

It was a kid-glove orange, a
leaf, or a Dancy tangerine
falling from the tree. I didn't

see it. I was watching a dance
of anger on TV while learning
to swing in a way that left me

needing my forlorn hope. The
change did not occur. Outside,
a drunk driver wearing zipper-skin

orange driving gloves swerved
sharply and hit my old, gnarled
tree during imbuing my hearing

with sexual innuendo. He could
not escape his awkward accident.
Much later, I heard that he had

suffered from Saint Vitus's dance.
In time, no one was able to heal
the wounds of my soul. I wanted
this Duvet day to end quickly.
Marieta Maglas

Eagles

The eagles can never know

The secret of the volcanoes
When they seemingly fly carried
By the sliding winds
Over cupped peaks of mountains
With the fire of their anger inside
Smoldering in the carcass of history

The eagles doesn't understand why

The green still suckles the spring's teats
And why the scream can be an echo
And the echo can be a scream.

But the eagles can hear

The cubic rocks which roll for rolling out
Their song
And the brooklet ripples which fall
With murmuring sound

And the eagles can see

The winding forest path
Which is apparently suspended
Like hanging wall thoughts
On the slope fringe
In a rock bizarre climbing story.

Marieta Maglas

Earth- under tectonic plates (Haiku)

Spaces in spaces,
A ball with compartments,
Disappeared worlds.

Marieta Maglas

Earthquakes And Tsunami

Some scientists had located a missing geological piece therefore,
They found a puzzle of plate tectonics in the Southwest Pacific Ocean.
East and West Antarctica had spread twenty six million years before.
The rift between them opened one hundred miles due to this motion.

The scientists had clearly described how the Pacific tectonic plate,
The North American plate has moved at different points in time.
As one plate moves, the adjoining one is affected and some adequate
Theories explain the plate movement and the changes of the clime.

One plate affects the other one because the mantle was pieced
In a plate jigsaw puzzle, named the 'global plate circuit' mystery.
Zones around the Antarctic Ross Sea and the West rift were imbalanced,
This fact has been a mystery for us about a quarter century.

Knowing about the plate motion around Antarctica is an important key
To understand the motions between the Pacific and American plate,
To understand better than before the East and West Antarctica geology
And to determine the plate motions in California, until it's not too late.

The West Antarctic rift system is active as a result of a movement
Along the boundary between East and West, and the lack of information
About the seafloor spreading and the plate motions is an advertisement
Because we don’t know what can modify this strong puzzle motion.

The inclusion of this East-West Antarctic motion in the global circuit explains
The gap between Pacific and Australian plates, Adare region, which really
Is the missing plate boundary in the Southwest Pacific, causing the main
Motion and, with the Alpine Fault, modifying the plate motion history.

It affects the motion between spots in the Pacific and Indo-Atlantic Oceans.
It explains the formation of the Transantarctic Mountains and the puzzling gap
Between the Australian and Pacific plates and it explains some notions
About the deformation of the area, the Pacific Ocean is like a spinal tap.

The earthquake near Christchurch in New Zealand confirmed that a country,
Already riddled with fault lines, has gained another one, which ran below
New Zealand, causing many earthquakes each year and lying on the boundary
Between Pacific and Australian plates, under the Australian Eastern plateau.

Pacific plate subducts below New Zealand's North Island and the Australian
Plate subducts below the South Island, while between these two subduction
Zones lies the Alpine fault, along the mountainous spine of the South Island.

The quake was a result of a fault activity, in a new tectonic combination.

That fault appeared in September, shaking Darfield, someone tried to relate.
Someone else said that a tsunami in the Atlantic Ocean is a rare event
At the subduction zones in the Atlantic basin, along the Caribbean Plate
And the eastern edge of the Scotia Plate and the disaster can be prevented.

Japan tsunami occurred where the shards of the tectonic plates had met.
Magma rose from inside, causing one plate to move and to slide straight
The other and, jerking forward again, to trigger a new horrible quake set.
They occurred because the Pacific plate moved under the Eurasian plate.

Marieta Maglas

Eastern bluestars

I look into your eyes and I see

Those wonderful Amsonia tabernaemontana.

One of your eyes is called trustworthiness,

The other one is confidence.

I look into your eyes and I swear that I see your soul.

I look into your uplifting spirit and I see

The sunny sky and the soothing ocean

Of your sunny love and your soothing melancholy.

I look into this melancholic love and I see

My dream of becoming the woman of your dreams.

I see two little birds of Araucana Chilean

Trying to leave their blue eggs....

Marieta Maglas

Edge-in centric (Antipoem)

(Anti-poetry is an art movement that attempts to break away from the normal conventions of poetry. Early proponents of anti-poetry include Nicanor Parra. Parra, known as the father of anti-poetry, published his first collection of antipoems in 1954 (Poemas y antipoemas) and sought to reject the belief that verse holds any mystical power. The poems have been described as prose-like, irreverent, and illuminating the problems of human existence)
Outside of words
Laying down in a sense
Against that
Highlighting for more than
That dreamweaver
Wrapping down and up behind the time
In a sigh
Embracing balance over power
Self-contradiction in over-praising
Pointing out in concave delusions
In yelping for no particular reason
Bounding out of essence
Into tense
Hunting its heraldic memory
Bearing down on the burden
Infringing on those elemental rights
Sculpting that charismatic sphere
With upbeat wishes
Perfectly
Arching into extension
Scratching on that silence
With all the words never said
And efforts on gasping and of gasping for survival
Sliding through its icy love
Outside of words
In that space of edge-in centric

Marieta Maglas

Ego and self

Sometimes, I release myself from the ego.
Another time, my ego is
The way I think about myself.
There are moments when
I need to create an alter-ego,
To make myself feel better than before.
Especially, I can lose myself,
When I have a constant fear
Of anything, which can hurt.

Marieta Maglas

Egypt

A very furious wave of protest finally swept the Egypt's President
After eighteen days of relentless rallies against poverty and corruption.
To autocrats across the Arab world it was sent a real advertisement
And Vice President said a military council would run the affairs of the nation.

A free and fair presidential election in September it has been promised
After Mubarak had flown with his family from Cairo to the Red Sea.
People embraced in Cairo's Tahrir the main focus of their protest,
Mubarak left because of their conditions he really didn't agree.

Sobbing for joy, the Egyptians celebrated in carnival mood on the street,
They fought to have their freedom and to demand their needed right.
They won, because Mubarak easily broke in his most dispirited final defeat
And "Egypt is free! " Egyptian people screamed on Friday night.

For Egyptians, Mubarak's resignation wasn't only a political matter.
Egyptians noticed how much of their lives had passed under Mubarak.
They have decided that they were going to change their lives for the better.
Therefore, Egypt's revolution turned very violent as Mubarak struck back.

There was a note of caution over how far the military allowed a democracy
Someone said Egypt isn't moving toward democracy, but into martial law.
People rose up against the government, asking an end to President ' autocracy.
Europe's Arabs have watched those events with a mixture of fear and awe.

Mubarak's resignation left countless uncertainties for the whole nation
But the main goal of the Egyptian revolution has been really achieved.
Out there, in the middle of that 'ice storm' there was a real torsional vibration
But, in the end, the crowd is going to be very excited and definitely relieved.

MCN: C8LTX-3QFDL-FN3X1

© copyright Sat Feb 12 01: 05: 27 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor, in memoriam

Bigger than life, so beautiful and violet-eyed,
For being the movie’s most legendary star,
Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor was really portrayed,
With her dramatic spark, as an actress so far.

She knew from her mother that this art is awesome,
In aeternum keeping her shining star so tight,
Wanting to be all or nothing and to become
Bigger than life, so beautiful and violet-eyed.

During filming National Velvet, she was hurt,
Her heart vibrated like a string of the guitar.
Instead of leaving, she tried her role to exert
For being the movie’s most legendary star.

She was a ray of incircumscriptableness,
An immaculate, unique talent she remained.
As being thawed by her genial consciousness,
Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor was really portrayed.

She was a great wrenching ‘’ Cat on a Hot Tin Roof’’,
Ad astra per aspera Taylor-megastar,
Playing in “Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? ”
With her dramatic spark, as an actress so far.

Being the best actress, she received her Oscar.
In “Butterfield” her image was elevated,
Dreaming to have ‘’ A Place in the Sun’’as a star.
In Memoriam, her name is serenaded.

Marieta Maglas

Emerald Green

Emerald green is the color of life and of the springtime,
Conveying harmony, joie de vivre and most important, love
Emerald green retains its lively vigor all the time
In all nuances, like those wonderful green eyes that rove.

Sunlight dances across the Gulf of Mexico, a lovely place
With emerald green waters and very hot white sand.
Moreover, we see this green in a forest, a darker space,
Or we can see it in the green grass in the Spring land,

A metallic green body with small yellow sweet stripes
And emerald eyes have the Hine's emerald dragonfly.
Nymphs hatch in marshes high in sedge meadows,
When sheds its skin and emerges an adult fly.

A mineral emerald green contains the Romanesque murals.
The old Masters used verdigris for them and copper green
To make a deep brown, mixed it with sulfur-containing colors,
Such as cadmium yellow, vermilion or blue-ultramarine.

The green we see in December represents the evergreen tree,
A symbol of life continuing even in that dark day.
We look to the pins and the rhododendrons and we agree
That greenery will return to the world again someday.

The green chosen for the color scheme of Christmas night
Is emerald green, that deep, pure, clear green inside
That seems to shine with light, in the season of white
When there isn't much natural green available outside.

A very ambitious plant is hymenaea courbaril, the tree named Amber
It has the most attractive emerald-green heart shaped leaves.
Like Orchid Trees, so pleasing to the eye with their alluring shimmer.
Lycopersicon esculentum has emerald green tomatoes with dark green stripes.

With this emerald green Van Gogh wanted to paint plastic correctly
Maybe his eyes saw a special nuance, after cutting his ear
He worked all prima, onto the canvas painting directly
From his imagination and from reality, making the image believable.

Marieta Maglas

Eschatological Regression

Right on the trellis of the house
made of reeds, she hears
the steps of the time. The woman feels the seeds
of grievance growing
in the immortality
of her soul to bleed.She kneels
in the booming green
like a screamin' child. The sun looks
so wild in that phenomenal
realm. As floods o' faith
are the clouds that breeze to catch

the angels' wings. The man thinks he is

a believer of the rise. He ingests the existence
of God as he ingests His words, nor does he feel
their sweetness. The woman

is dressed in that honest submissiveness
ripped
by the freedom of her wills. A few

colored bumble bees touch
the sunflowers' lips. A pulsing core
has the full bloom of the sun to
spread its seeds. Drops of a new divine
love are falling down

over all souls. In the eye
of the man, there is nothing of her nudity,
which is not maternal. She dances this love,
while tryin' not to break
the inner things. Their thoughts are
like the quartz crystal inside

an orgonite pyramid to awaken them. The naked hands

of the destiny become their boat. The man
paddles in the sea of life
beyond the bounds of sense, while
forcing himself to see
the fundamental distinction
between sensibility and understanding. The sky is like

a convex mirror and a concave lens to
diverge the light. The yellow

of the sun does not heat

the screamin' and growing green. There is never
a human reification that is
not an eschatological regression at the same time.

Marieta Maglas

Eternity Of Silence

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

The eternity of silence,
Was dividing my morbidity,
It was separating the flight
From the oblivion....

I needed to escape
From the illusion, that absorbs everything
And from the disillusionment, that digest all....

So, give me your warm hand.
I know, it is a hand of a man.
My fingers will touch you
And I will kiss your silence.

You can give me the strength
To continue
The great symphony of life.

Marieta Maglas

Ethic-Senryu

To use moral sense
For the betterment of ourselves
Is quite immoral.

Marieta Maglas

Evil Earths (Horror Poetry)

Screaming voices shattering the inner mirror of love
Clattering to nothingness, searching freedom in space,
Bloody songs tightly warping their blue heaven above
In the thin and chill air disappearing without a trace,

O’er sad whispers, wind whipping through the wounds
In the symphony of demons' dreams as a veil disguise,
Bloody voices needing to build up stomping grounds,
Buried danger sprouting out to keep growing in size,

The salty tears of liquid souls forming watery waves,
Beauties in the road waiting to face with their fear of death,
Still screaming while drowning in the cold watery graves,
Tearing the silence with their groan and bleeding breath.

Marieta Maglas

Fear of falling

Falling inside the black,
Fear of falling,
Fear of feeling alone;

Standing on the edge,
Peering down below too
The tiny abyss,
Running as far away as possible
From the reality
In a moment
Between hope and despair;

Plunging to the death,
Being unable to navigate the pain,
Soaring down
The iceberg of sadness,
Being completely at His mercy,
Like losing control
But never losing control;

Wanting to be completely free;

Searching the owners face
In the mirror
In its fogged glass,
Remembering untouched promises,
Feeling His presence,
Feeling the emptiness
And His missing;

Falling blindly,
Feeling alone;
Trying to find
Some reasons;
Clinging to the hope
That has been stained with
The fear
And praying
For finding love
Instead of loneliness,
Praying
For reaching happiness;

Falling inside the black,
Fear of falling,
Fear of feeling alone
While He alone is able
To keep everyone
Alive.
<img src='http: //storage.myfreecopyright.com/mfc_protected.png' alt='MyFreeCopyright.com

Registered & Protected' title='MyFreeCopyright.com Registered & Protected' width='145px' height='38px' border='0'/>

Marieta Maglas

Flamenco Dance (Mirrored Nonet)

A juerga with flamenco guitars,
With fires blooming like red flowers,
Corpses dancing in moonlight
The dance of wounded souls,
Vibrant red dresses
White shirts like birds,
Falling shawls,
Dancers,
Sky,

Claps,
Cubic
Movements of
Color, music's
Seeds, hands being wings
Shadows on the white wall,
From soul detaching passion's
Lights, motion vibrating the string,
Resonance for a new dimension.

Marieta Maglas

Flight

A bird flying
Is a flight in self.

Motion.

It is a movement
In self and
Inward.

It is a cry, too.

I hunt the sound.
I shoot its wing.
I feel that
The air fractures.
Immediately.
The flight is fractured.

I still love you.
For sure, for sure, I still love you.
The feeling slips
In the place,
From where the white bird fell

From the moment
To the eternity.

In that place,
I thought
To bear your name

It remains

As a red spot on the
Blue sky,
A spot, which could be white.

Forever.

Between eyelids,
Only pain
Can be crushed,
Continuously,
That pain taking another pain
From the agony of death
To death.

Between saints, only
God has
Perfect feelings.
He has our feelings, too.

Imperfect.

We try
To touch Him.

Marieta Maglas

For God so loved the world (double Haiku)

God sent His own Son
To pay the price for our sins
To save us through Him

He gave His own Son,
For whoever loves Him
Shall never perish

Marieta Maglas

For Jesus

Shadows of HIS footprints become our words
And I love to enclose them all inside.
In time,
Shadows of HIS words become our thoughts
And I love to call them eternal,
Because The Lord said:
''Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth,
And teach thee what thou shalt say.'(Exodus 4: 12)
Shadows of His thoughts become our words
And His thoughts are incommensurable.
Shadows of our words become HIS footprints
Because.....
Yes
Because we will become land
And
Because we are a praying land,
Needing HIS footprints....

Marieta Maglas

Force-Haiku

Forcing to blossom
The sense of flower in seed
From the fragile ground.

Marieta Maglas

Fractionated Second

Sentiments evaporating
Wind's strong vitality drying our awakening
Old memories eating the time
Our fractured sight trying to catch
The glimpse of the light up to the point where
It starts melting down,
That light broken up into a rainbow of colors
Those colors in a given reason to create a new one.
My tangled mind keeping churning,
In my aching head,
My voice, like a crushed velvet, reaching its echoes..
Old words being heard disorderly everywhere,
Those old words scratching my memory.
Tears leaving the eyes and washing the scars of my soul,
When I keep that fractioned second frozen in this time
I understand that my body is a machine self aware
And willing to protect its own existence
I understand my wish.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved

Marieta Maglas

Frederick And Geraldine (Story Poem)

In that magic evening we have met
Silently seeing in a movie that
On a big ship some were under threat.
They saw the sky light up and a pat.

So slowly the ship began to sink.
Despaired, in the water they fell.
And when its image began to shrink,
They were in a boat, it was like hell.

They could swim even across the moon,
In despair, needing to survive.
They reached the shore of the black lagoon,
They realized that they were alive.

She breathed new air like a survivor,
She became a stranger at night.
When her man, the ship's driver,
Died in the water of her sight.

There was about a great wolf seaman,
And their love story reaching their dream,
A sailor's song about a freeman,
A story with treasure and sea bream.

There was like another life for me,
When Geraldine sneaks up on the tide
Was calling Frederick, couldn't he
Know he left her with a child inside.

That movie, when have met our eyes,
All things separated me from you,
Another era, love, life, other skies,
Same souls, different masks in outward view.

Marieta Maglas

Frozen Love

My frozen eyes can see eternal youth,
In lands with frozen meadow, where thou live,
Coming from stars that always hide the truth
And icy love, which has cold thrills to give.

And when this love eternal cannot be
Or icy thrills can disappear in time,
And eyes of truth dream only to be free,
The sky can tear sweet dreams that are sublime.

But icy tears will reach my prayer's goal,
In His green lands, where love and hopes are true
And grass can grow in vernal, loving souls,
And stars restart to shine in unique hue.

Marieta Maglas

Game

The game of seasons,
In which, if you had been the autumn,
I would have been the spring
To give you my flower
Sweet chestnut-tree....

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

The game of the earth,
In which, if you had been the mountain,
I would have been your valley
To hide myself.....

The game of thoughts,
In which, if you had been the abstract,
I would have been your value of the judgment,
To treasure your ideas....

The game of love,
In which, if you had been my love,
I would have been your half of a sphere
To search you, to search you, to search you...

Marieta Maglas

God Breaks the Chains (Sestina Poetry)

Even when nothing ever goes my way
I try to keep my goals within my sight.
I hope that they can lead to joy someday,
While overpass this metaphoric night.
Among those crazy things leading to doom,
I am quite melancholic in the gloom.

My life may be infected with the gloom,
When darkness spreads its wicked wings on the way.
In waiting for the approach of next doom,
I am the girl in search for nature's sight.
When jagged rocks pinch and stick me over night,
I search that something lifting me someday.

My faith grows stronger, and I hope someday
That winds of change will enlighten the gloom.
Faith, love and truth will be like stars at night,
Life will be as bright as the Milky Way,
As long as rightness will be brought to sight,
And lie will be a sticky bomb of doom.

I utter an impending sense of doom
Like poison killing everything someday
Or wet flowers shaking at the wind's sight.
We end with hope, and we begin in gloom,
While we're changing our lives along the way.
We're making sense of all from day to night.

As fears are left unspoken in the night,
We feel this ending as a latest doom.
Sad minds still try to find a living way,
Hoping that they will save themselves someday.
They make important changes in the gloom.
Religious leaders teach Christian sight,

When wisdom is the synonym of sight,
And blind guides are to lead the blinds at night.
Some begin with the hope to end in gloom,
Between those sinful acts leading to doom,
Praying to God to save their souls someday.
Against all odds, they try to find their way.

At Siloam, the blind received his sight.
In working faith, the blind could leave his night
God breaks the chains, we need to leave the gloom.

Marieta Maglas

Gothic Romance

Dream and dance, dream and dance
As tango through the turquoise tide.
Dream, dream, flying at the flower's glance
As tango through the turquoise tide,
Keeping bumblebees in trance.
Mountain brooks in sunshine glance,
Glance and trickle their path to hide.
Love me, sweetheart, stay with me in this Gothic romance.

Romance me and stay, romance me and stay.
Do you hear the whistle's wonderful song?
Stay, stay, this night we may search the milky way.
Do you hear the whistle's wonderful song?
Wonderfully weird whistling demand the light of the day.
So let the tears go and they will flow away
And stay with me, when love may be so strong.
Just stay with me, sweetheart, love me in this Gothic romance.

Marieta Maglas

Graffiti candles-Haiku

Graffiti candles,
Secretly al fresco light
Mirroring the ghosts.

Marieta Maglas

Haiku For Sun

sunset of lifetime
red apple in sunken sea
sunniest nude beach

Marieta Maglas

Help Me

I love David, but he lives so far away from me. In
fact, he lives in his own world and I know that he
doesn't know me. I saw his picture in a book. I know
I'm not existent for ‘im, but I love ‘im so much. He's

existent for me. I want to meet ‘im to make this love
become real, but I read all his books and I know that
I have no chance. Even so, I still want to do this. I must
hide my intentions, firstly. Yes, I know what I have to do.

I'll send ‘im a letter writing that I want to meet ‘im for
a different reason. I‘ll lie. He will believe me. It ‘ll be an
ideal lie. Slowly, I can become his ideal woman. In time, I hope
that he'll fall in love with me. Apparently, the feelings of

love will come from ‘im, and I'll be that person needing
time to think about this. My thoughts will ne'er be an open
book for ‘im, because my little lie can fail. I can play this game
all my life ne'er letting ‘im discover the naked truth. I can hide

my consciousness. It is easy for me to do this, but I don't know
if I can lie about myself all life. Probably, I'll become an old
woman lying herself to survive. I don't know how many years
I can keep my consciousness in this sad ontological duality

Between being myself and being someone else in his eyes, at
the same time. I know that it ain't good what I'm doing, but
I'm desperately in love with ‘im. I remember that Descartes
wrote that ''we perceive ideas as objects''. Even I'm so

desperately in love with ‘im, I cannot accept this love to
become the object of my lie. Moreover, I cannot deny myself,
even I love my writer so much. My mother told me once that
she thinks that love belongs only to human beings. She said

that love is God becoming feelings inside of us. I remember
that I replied that love is in itself, because even God loves us.
I told her about Cusanus, who wrote that 'the world is not God
but is not anything other than God'. ''Much more than love, God

is truth, she said, because He is ''the fullness of being'." Yes'', I said,
‘''He is uncreated and creates, He gives being out o' nothing after
negating His antithetical nothingness''. I was so happy in that
moment being with God and waiting for a miracle to happen. Now,

those beautiful words seemingly lost their meaning for me. I can
see myself in the future, a very sad woman.I don't want my
consciousness to become a negation. I'm afraid o' this, while being
aware that my love is dying in self. If I wouldn't have Eckhart in my mind,

probably I'd have more courage.I love David and I'm so unhappy!

Marieta Maglas

Her Burqa

piercing the veil of her tears
a burqa
the secret of her smile
hidden
the yellow of the sun growing
in her eyes of night
in search of
her black sun
blindness
busted being her dream
dreaming about something busted
her soul
and her watch
for icy dreams
penetrating the eye of mind
a talking blindness
yellowing her secret
growing
in flames
happiness
as a smiling sun
or flaming curves
gestures imitating curve words
flamboyant gestures
folks
flaming talk
piercing the veil of her tears

Marieta Maglas

Her Love

She found herself in sadness, returning to the past.
Those magic shivers were gone, even they could outlast.
Like an old canvas, painted with nuances of yellow
Was her soul, holding back her tears for her fellow.

She couldn't defeat the sorrow, while staying alone,
She remembered those days□ of love, but those days were gone.
She needed that dream forever, and love to shine again,
And life she got along with him, but all she had meant pain.

From time to time, she feels this love and she keeps her breath
To revive the dream, to taste last kiss and her own death.
He's still so deep down in her soul and she's still with him.
When the rain falls down, she understands why her life is grim.

He knows that her soul will keep the feelings safe all life,
Because they were so pure, and she really was his loyal wife.
She's down on herself, but she gets herself up every day,
Because she keeps firstly His love, and she never stops to pray.

Marieta Maglas

Hidden feelings

This subtle cycle

Of hidden feelings

Trapped internally

Seething love

Lurking beneath the voice

And the mood of reflection

Closing eyes

Deep breaths

Loneliness.

Marieta Maglas

Holy Spirit

I embrace
The essence
Of this river of life,
Which springs
From His throne
And flows everywhere.
I inhabit this Holy space.
I am a thinking transparent stone,
I am alive,
I become a part of this river.

Marieta Maglas

Honey

a dream
in a bee
becoming honey

the best cure for loneliness
is to eat it
with honey
moon

Marieta Maglas

Human intellect (Kimo poetry)

(A post-Haiku poetic form, consisting of three lines of 10,7, and 6 syllables. This form of poetry was invented in Israel.)

So vicious and ephemeral seems to be
This human thinking, although
The world depends on it.

Marieta Maglas

Human intellect (Kimo poetry) II

(A post-Haiku poetic form, consisting of three lines of 10,7, and 6 syllables.
This form of poetry was invented in Israel.)

So execrable and transient is this
Human intellect although
It can control the world.

Marieta Maglas

Hunting poetry-Haiku

Hunting poetry,
Testing the strength of the words
In the wood of thoughts.

Marieta Maglas

Hurricane Irene

Irene, sweetheart, your cubic sound
Devastated so many lives
And, be sure that when you're around
Nothing resists, no one survives.

Wanting to pass as a ''miss-stress''
While no one really wanted you
And your free roaming, nonetheless,
You found your ways by ''passing through.'

Marieta Maglas

I fear not

Of

Your own thoughts,

Your doubts,

Your fright reactions,

My epiphanic fear,

Our whole truth,

Not being worthy,

Being inadequate,

Confusion regarding this planet,

Our reality

And my future.

Marieta Maglas

I Love the Way You Love Me

I love the way you love me,
This fight inside for being ourselves,
This search for God
And inner self inside,
This need
In losing control,
This agony and this ecstasy
Belonging to the same second.
I love to be you
When you lose control
For being mine.
I love to make you mine
In your awareness.
I love this ecstasy and agony
Of the same second.
I love the way you love me,
When you say that you love me.

Marieta Maglas

I need a virtue

It's true for me, if I believe it.
I may believe it, but it may be wrong.
It might be a lie.
So, I may believe something wrong
I can refute to believe it, but it can be right.
There's no right or wrong,
Or there is no truth for me.
Anyway, I must believe in something.
So, I need a virtue.
I need the truth.
Now, all I know is that I have a need.
Can anyone tell me
Because I need to know,
'Can a virtue be taught? '

Marieta Maglas

I pray to Jesus

Your dream not to be ever destroyed,
When you need to continue your life,
Your body to be healed
And your mission to be continued,
Because God gave it to you on this Earth,
Your soul never to scream
In desperation,
Your eyes never to have excessive tearing
And no tear of yours
To mean sadness.

God will never abandon you.
He can give you
The necessary strength
To conquer your disease
That overwhelms you day by day
And He can give you
The necessary strength
For life.
Amen.

Marieta Maglas

I want to kiss your silence

In moonlight, the bamboo clean whispers
Become shadows.
The time is blooming in your yard.
A crushed red is your love's threshold
And I want to kiss your silence,
Because it's a beautiful and peaceful one.

Your stone heart fulfilled with emotions
Strings my feelings
And winds I love string into
Concatenation.

Glued are your clouds of wishes
To my sad sky.

I am here as a shoreline
Of your blue wet thoughts
To satisfy their meaning.

I am kneeling with outstretch words
In obedience.
I am asking my Lord to forgive me.

I am climbing the steep cliff of my pain
To reach His love.

Marieta Maglas

I Would Kiss You

We are now two strangers passing
On the same street.
I think that this happens because
My shadow still needs yours
Like darkness needs the light.
It's very much unlike
That indelible need of your blue love
For my sorrow.
I forgot myself there,
Searching for your vanished thoughts
About hope.
So, every time I meet you,
I'm able to understand your silence.
Oh, that silence of yours
Is a magic window to your inner world!
Your eyes still linger in my mind,
Although yesterday will be burned in our tomorrow.
I enter through our love memory into nowhere.
It's an empty space
Between us
In-between, more exactly.
Your eyes say you still love me.
You have composed successfully
This unavoidable reality....
I would kiss you.

Marieta Maglas

I would love you

Between these dandelions
Slowly blooming
I would love you, I would love you

With the taste of flower within our souls
And the mystery of the earth within dandelions
I would love you, I would love you

Until the petals will wither up
With the mystery of our love within their yellow
I would love you, I would love you

Until the field will become completely white
And the wind will scatter seeds
I would love you, I would love you

Until I would feel your being
Until you would feel my being
I would love you, I would love you

And even until our temples will become white
And even until everything will get old inside of us
I would love you, I would love you

Until the light, that floods everywhere
Would vibrate the truth within to understand
That the bloom is unique and unrepeatable.

I would love you, I would love you

Marieta Maglas

Identify yourself

You think you know who you are,
Or
You don't know who you are at all,
Or
You identify yourself as someone you aren't,
But
You will never find another one
Exactly like you
In Universe....

Marieta Maglas

Idol

Being a sinner,
When life belongs to our Lord,
Try to reach Heaven!

Marieta Maglas

I'm glad that you understand

I'm glad that you understand my situation
'Cause that idea was an aberration
It gives me no mental satisfaction.
To do this I don't feel any elation.

That person needs a little adulation
And I definitely accept my resignation,
When writing words without any sensation
Means there is no implication.

I can ignore that and try to be successful,
But I cannot be forever disrespectful,
'Cause all my life I tried to live so carefully,
I want my acts to be completed misdoubtful.

I understand that your life is truthful
And your feelings are very trustful,
Your lines are not at all unskillful,
Your feelings make me completely blissful.

Marieta Maglas

I'm no longer blind (Quatern poetry)

(A Quatern is a sixteen line French form composed of four quatrains. It is similar to the Kyrielle and the Retourne. It has a refrain that is in a different place in each quatrain. The first line of stanza one is the second line of stanza two, third line of stanza three, and fourth line of stanza four. A quatern has eight syllables per line. It does not have to be iambic or follow a set rhyme scheme. Line 1 line 2 line 3 line 4 line 5 line 6 (line 1) line 7 line 8 line 9 line 10 line 11 (line 1) line 12 line 13 line 14 line 15 line 16 (line 1)

Dear Lord, please have mercy on me,
You're always near my painful soul,
You are my focus and my goal,
In the falling rain I'm your tree.

Help me, because I'm a sinner.
Dear Lord, please have mercy on me.
'Cause I'm Your humble devotee,
Asking Christ to come for dinner.

Thou shed light on this pain of mine.
I'm no longer blind I can see.
Dear Lord, please have mercy on me.
Your words through me will always shine.

Save me by Your grace, set me free.
Keep my way, truth and life in Christ.
And so I'll know that Thou exist.
Dear Lord, please have mercy on me.

Marieta Maglas

In A Love Dawn

Thou came to me at that dawn
Having such beautiful blue eyes.
The love I felt was just a mirage.
Thou looked like a blonde angel,
But thy sadness was very human.
I heard that sadness and the loss.
Thy name was the name of a king.
The light of a candle began to shine
 Inside the room of our woeful souls.
There, His loving eyes met our tears.
The pulsation coming from that star
And the beat of our hearts became
One in the intoning voices of love.

Marieta Maglas

In My Absence

You will understand the sense of
love, and cold raindrops will fall
down from an eye of the sky.

The words will resound through
this abstruse darkness of the
night.Your sadness will be flooded.

Marieta Maglas

In My Surreal Dream (Riddle Neo-modernist Poem)

Irreversibly, the yellow of the sun slips into

the leaves. Placidly, they fall from the Jabuticaba trees to the black

ground. Imperceptibly, I'm falling

asleep near you. There is cold, cold, and

a new autumn enters into my surreal space.

As long as

the trees are yellow, the life is insecure.

Undoubtedly, my round land of love is

riddled by hate. Steely,

there is a riddle of

hailstones in this autumnal scent of flowers to break

everything around. Unflappably, I am stronger than steel, when

I have a will to survive. You're still there

behind the waterfall that spreads fear. Panicked, the night

falls when the moon pulses light.

There are shadows in the darkness, and I

cannot find the way out.

Where am I? Where am I?

Marieta Maglas

In the chain of being

Me and you
Breathing
In the chain of being

Being recharged under the rainbow
Burying its blue
In the blue liquid of the sea

Which is in fact a big mirror
Reflecting our images backwards
Left to right
(They never reverse left and right)

When our thoughts nervously break down
(They are still alive)
Especially when they become so blue
In the salty liquid of tears
They slowly start to become blue-green algae
In the salty liquid of sea

Our feelings
Are scissored by words
Until they become evidences

And our dreams
Are shackled by old chains
Of the same hate

Our wounds still bleed
In the shell of soul

You choose an angle of light
Created by the moon
To slowly step
From past to present
And back again.

I see your blue uncertainties

We drink water
From the melted ice
Of the moon

I still want to do
Something incredible
That can make me happy.
However,
I don't know any longer
What exactly I want to do
Anyway,
There's already nothing we can do

Anymore

Baby,
It's really nothing
We can do

But we can try
To understand
Who we really are

You and me
Chained in the same being
Near the blue of the rainbow

Waiting
The last sandcastle to
Irreversibly
Collapse

MCN: CKTAK-UDWYR-KQXNQ

© copyright Mon Feb 07 22: 56: 13 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Inside of Me

Your translucent metaphors
Hit my blue words,
And they become
The seeds of a mirrored thinking.
My words need your metaphors to scream,
While emerging from their painful cage.
They need to be washed
Again and again
In the Light downpour.
My words need to be loved.
Their mad escape happens
Sometimes, in haste.
You can make them be out
While mixing them with hate and pain.
My words may bite your lips
In a love kiss.
My words need the blood of your love.
They need to breathe your love
In loosing control.
Your words are leaves,
Sometimes,
Being carried off their knowledge to spread
Inside of me
For changing something-
Your very red, orange and yellow words,
Preceding the white silence of our winter.
Your words, my love,
Can become icy cubs slipping into my hot mouth
To kill my silence.
In-between dark and light,
In our secret dawns,
You make me miss their sweet touch
Inside of me.

Marieta Maglas

Inter-twilight love

I suppose I love you twice
And I realize I hate you once.
Even I'm not sure
That I am really capable to hate you
But you can make me oscillate
Day by day
Between hatred and
The feeling called love
By you only
Until it will be almost impossible
To keep this feeling alive
And I can explain you
It is because
This breakable mechanism called love
Which normally starts from the souls
Didn't start within us from there
But from another secret place
Of our being
And I can explain
You see, our feeling consists
In fact
Completely of passion
And voluptuousness
So, if our love couldn't really start
How can be finished something
It didn't start?
In fact
Our feeling has two faces
Hatred and passion
But, convulsively as usual,
We try to call it love-woman
And love-man
In order to facilitate this meeting
We need
A lot of sap
The sap of... Sex
The sap of... Reason
The sap of...introspection
And the sap off... Lie
So you, woman- love-man,
Moreover, inter-twilight love
You have the fault
For not being capable to be born
I 'm not guilty as a woman
And you're not guilty as a man
When
The sap of..... Goodness
The sap of..... trustingness
The sap of..... Knowledge
And the sap off..... Faithfulness
Cannot flow
To the lives of our souls

More especially our son
Who waits to be born
Is the most guilty.

Marieta Maglas

Intoxicating My Being

I was hiding from a light growing brighter and brighter
On a day when the sun rose earlier without any warning,
Intoxicating my being
You were seemingly still sleeping,
But I felt your wish growing brighter and brighter
In that moment when you turned suddenly to me
Wearisomely to kiss me, without any warning,
Until your kisses intoxicated my being.
So closed to you I felt just to hear
Your inner cry.
I saw love growing brighter and brighter
In your eyes and your heart began to beat faster without any warning.
A part of me you became
To synthesize my dreams.
I opened my crystal memories to breathe you
In forgiveness and love.
Your warm love
Was a geyser
In the middle of my glaciation.
You could satisfy my painful concatemer.
Our future was seemingly laying in the ashes of my dying loneliness.

Marieta Maglas

Invisible Kiss*

You may touch me.

I can wait something to happen.

In fact, I know that nothing will happen,

Even we love each other so much.

You may want to kiss me again,

While you are touching me,

After so many years.

I can wait something to happen,

But, I'm afraid that

This invisible kiss is all we deserve,

Nothing else.

Maybe we need to make love

Crazily,

Or maybe we don't need anything.

Certainly, we need to eat together.

We can eat this long wait

Instead of making love,

When everything seems to go crazy.

Marieta Maglas

Irises, a painting by Vincent van Gogh (Ekphrastic Poetry)

There is an explosion of green life in the light,
This life extrapolates all its emerald green.
This life needs its eternity to be as tight
And as deep as needed her own son an ice queen.

And all the colors of the rainbow may be seen
In different amounts to the different shades.
Blue irises are placed in a complex world of green.
Into the flower bed, these flowers are like spades.

They need to reassure, as Pantone may suggest,
This world of mystery, which no longer exits.
With pale neutral yellow tongs, they're in great request,
With neutral yellow thoughts, they please the Queen of White.

Alongside darker colors, neutral things sustain
The balance of thoughts serving as background to pray.
The warm cadmium yellow may accidentally drain
The bad spirits and irises keep them away.

Van Gogh used such a small amount of indigo,
While this indigo conveys truthfulness and trust,
But his emerald green was like a piccolo,
And through this emerald his world was readjust.

Using the bright head against the rich blue background,
Van Gogh sent messages writing with his colors.
In an ochre's religious fight, he lost his ear's sound
To purify this world, where the thought discolors.

MCN: C7YFX-N68R2-2YAHJ

© copyright Tue Jan 31 UTC 2012 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Jealousy

I understand that your unresisting jealousy,
Which can never occur with pure ecstasy, ,
Can provides an excuse for you, and she
Can be more tempted by sexual infidelity.

So, the honest feeling of love you may express,
Which begins the sentence with this word: noblesse,
Exists, 'cause you are born with natural finesse,
But this kind of relationship just cannot progress.

You need to find your lost passion again,
With love and kisses to irrigate again her vein.
To love without any constraint is so humane,
When tenderly her feelings she can regain.

You think that a new floor can start your dance,
When the intimacy of partner dance can enhance
Deep love again and the whole ecstasy by chance,
Which can bring back the glory days and old trance.

The jealousy is sometimes like a yellow loosestrife,
'Cause yellow it's by its nature having its scent of life.
Love treats suspicions and cruelties which are so rife,
When more than she loves him a man can love his wife.

- Dedicated to our dear Romeo Della Valle

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel -The Sleeping Beauty (Part 12)

(Frederick and Matthew entered the forest. They decided to find all Surah’s secrets.)
For Frederick and Matthew, the time of following Surah and Clayton
Without getting caught started. Wanting their arrows to straighten,
They stopped into the wood. They found some pieces of soapstone.
While making the grooves, they looked for the witch in the zone.

'She's not here, ' said Matthew, ' let's go to evaluate the mining claim.'
'She's hiding, because her everything, now, is a waiting game.'
On horseback and having hunting dogs as companions, they ventured
Deeply into that forest. ‘Surah is angry, because, she is censured.'

The disciplinary controllers of manners and mores had great powers
In her degradation as a noble from her proper class. In the tower's
Prison must stay those affecting the moral welfare of the kingdom.'
'Excommunication is usually used against those acting without wisdom.'

As they made their way close to the mountain's crest, they observed
A cave tucked behind a waterfall. 'So well these fossils are preserved! '
Said Matthew after entering the cave, and finding two big rooms.
‘I think these two chambers were destined to serve as tombs.

For sure, we're not the first humans who visited this part of the cave....’
'If a rock fractures, and collapses now, can we call ourselves brave?
Frederick smiled, ‘It’s great to be brave, while you're still alive.
We must find all the secrets of this cave; thus, we must contrive.'

While exploring the cave, they realized they couldn't find the way out it.
‘You cannot find the way out, because this passage is not brightly lit.'
They searched for an exit, until their lighting was almost spent,
But the dogs led them to the lake knowing to track by scent.

'Move slowly, keep your eyes open, and stop moving things,
Before you hear what else might move....”I need some water wings!
Here is a boat! ' 'Look on the walls, huge lamps hang on them!
‘We can see now! ” Look on the ceiling! ' ‘I found a Rubin gem! '

'It’s strange that the cave is situated in-between a lake and a waterfall.
Must be a treasure, or maybe a clue hidden in this cave. Check the wall! ’
'I found a steel door. It’s rusted shut, and it will not open for me.'
'You're going to need to oil the hinges. Take oil from the lamp. It's free! ’

Frederick climbed up the stairs of the tower to get into a room.
He saw Jezebel laid on her bed while sleeping as waiting for her groom.
He understood, in that moment, Surah’s cruel, dangerous game.
She sold her soul to the demon, and sacrificed her family for fame.

’Frederick, come here to see something you have never seen before! ’
‘We found a treasure that Surah needed to hide because of that war! ’
In a space between walls were hidden thousands pieces of gold.
They found a treasure-filled tunnel. ‘Her suffering was well consoled! ’

(Meanwhile, the archbishop was talking with Clara, and Sarah.)

’Mary is ill, and she thinks that she will die soon’, Sarah told him.
‘We must pray for her life’, ’ Day by day, her recovery chances slim.’
‘Surah, her sister, how is she? Does she look for a good way of life?
‘She believes in a good way to die. Her life is a dirty strife.’

’It’s hard to bring back a guilty person to another good sense
Of her spiritual condition. All she is doing is to act in self-defense.’
'Surah's punishment should allow other evil-doers to be deterred.
She was persistent in her criminal course, ‘and his words weren’t slurred.

(The archbishop continued to tell them his opinion.)

'There must be a just proportion between the penalty and the crime
Like excommunication and deprivation of spiritual goods for a long time.'
In addition to seeking the return of its properties and assets, the church
Must find its lost documents and values. It needs new rights of search.'

To be continued..tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 1)

She stopped to sit softly on a jutting rock near the lake.
In that fine damp mist, she felt the need to take a break.
Then, she pulled back her sleeves of scales having to kneel
To sculpture in a clay like that one used on a potter's wheel.

She kept altering and shaping it into a beautiful male head.
The lines of his face proved that the man was unreal or dead.
Then, she pulled her sleeves back down, and started to walk.
Her aunt, a witch, approached the sculpture wanting to talk.

Come here, aunt Surah', said Jezebel. 'What do you think? '
Surah unbuttoned her neck telling her, 'My dear, I need a drink! '
'Is this sculpture your deep secret? ' Surah smiled as a feline.
' He's the man of my dreams, and his face I will never reline.'
(Jezebel started to sing)
'I still can hear his very sad low wail,
In a sleeping forest being of no avail,
In searching for his bride he can fail,
His bride is caught in the time's gale.

When a castle he sees in the sun's rays
Keeping two decades of sleeping days,
The beauty sleep leaves him in a daze.
'Come and take your bride', the oak says.'
(Surah became nervous.)
'My dear, it's a very strange dream, believe me.'
Said Surah, looking as tired as being after a hard pull.
'Tell me, sweet child, in this dream can you see
Something about using a drop spindle to spin wool? '

'No, never! By the way, what means a drop spindle? '
'You must promise me to keep your mouth shut,
Or the demons in the forest a dead fire may kindle.'
'I'll keep the secret, or the tip of my tongue you may cut.'

(Jezebel started to dance singing another song this time.)
Come and dance with me between the daffodils.
I can hear the strong wind coming from the hills,
And never let die inside you your inner child.'
'Sometimes, this princess wants to be really wild! '

(Surah got close to Jezebel having a book in her hands.)
'This book is a precious treasure', Surah said.
'It always cries loudly in order twice to bake its meaning,
And we must be strong, when these words we read.
This book explains the whole history of queening.'

(Surah opened the book at the chapter: Spindle)

To begin spinning on a bottom whorl drop spindle,

You must attach a leader by tying a piece of yarn.
The best wool's colors are black, white, or brindle.
Moreover, wool dresses may be difficult to darn.

You must take the yarn over the side of the whorl.

You must loop it around the shaft underneath and back.

Over the side of the whorl, it looks like a hairy natural curl.

By the way, there's a spindle in the tower having a crack.'

(The castle where Jezebel lived)

The castle was in the forest, at a high mountain.

In the approach to the front door, there was a natural fountain.

The castle had a ditch and a bridge allowing people to cross.

It had a first gallery having the marble slabs nice cut across.

The gallery was situated between the great and the little tower.

The towers had thick walls being protected from the wind power.

The south-west side of the castle had a perfect hexagonal shape.

The northeast side had prisons, from where no one could escape.

There were four storeys formed around the hexagon on all sides.

There was an interior courtyard for the people wanting to turn aside.

In the center of this courtyard, there was a well and a natural cave.

In the cave, there was an underground lake, fossils and an old grave.

In the mountain stone, there was a subway leading to the great tower,

Which was a secret place having nothing alive inside it, even no single flower.

Banqueting House was a hall having a colored fireplace of marble,

Where the king and the queen entertained their guests, stories to garble.

The stained glass in the windows could share the sounds of many balls,

And many secret meetings took place behind those enigmatic walls.
At the top of the stairs leading from the wall, there was a passageway
Guiding into Dining Room having painted ceiling light over its walls' gray.

King's Hall had the throne in front of a screen with arched openings.
It had an oak chair and a footstool for guests to sit when they were coming.
It also contained some royal portraits, expensive furniture, and tapestries.
Here, the aristocracy came to enjoy their feast, and to share formalities.

Near it, a big Lobby having walls covered in rich fabrics was used
To entertain guests with sweets, while the jesters made them be amused.
After the meal, Great Hall was a huge space for singing and dancing.
It had monumental stone arcades in the light were really glancing.

Behind the arcades, there were the staircases leading to the upper rooms.
Those rooms were used by the guests to rest, and to dress in their costumes.
They had wooden roofs, and tall windows that were looking out upon the garden,
A domed pergola, shrubs, gateways, pavilions, and a forest of pine marten.
Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 10)

(Frederick returned at his castle becoming a lonely man.)
Frederick was laid on the bed, seeing that beast in his room.
'It does no harm', he thought. It was tall in the evening gloom.
He was hearing the bells ringing while trying to understand
Why in front of God, this love and marriage were banned.

He fell asleep dreaming that while his stallion was grazing
In the green grass, his wife, Jezebel, was lying in the meadow,
The castle disappeared, while the time changed the life by rising,
And in the mirror's fate, that cruel reality remained only a shadow.

A life sound replacing the silence, which with a throaty grumble reigned
Touched Jezebel, and he embraced her, while she was sleeping there.
He saw that those two red icing eyes were keeping her enchained.
He woke her up with a kiss, and her sighs disappeared in the air.

She saw him, and said, ' it’s like I wake up from a long twilight sleep.'
The surrounding assaults me with his new bright.This I’m really sensing.'
He smiled, ‘Sometimes, the memory of these kinds of dreams I keep.'
'It's a beast here envisioning me, and making the string's bad fate sing.'
……..
(The ceremony of John’s coronation as a regent.)
The festive procession included the bodyguard, the table knaves,
The royal servants, the aristocrats, the dignitaries, and fighting braves.
The aristocrats carried a tabletop, on which the king's dress and jewels
Were laid out, and the councilors followed them according to the rules.

The insignia was carried by the dignitaries and displayed for the public,
Though, they wanted the kingdom temporarily to become a republic.
They carried the scepter, the golden cross, the golden eagle, the crown,
And the sword to the altar, while using words that end with a frown.

The archbishop and two of his suffragans accompanied the new king
Being followed by the bishops, abbots and clergy, who started to sing.
The procession entered the church, and the cardinal led John to a chair
In front of the altar in order to hear the sermon, the epistle and the prayer.

After the obligations about doing justice to clergy, widows and orphans,
The king bound himself to demand nothing from his people or from persons
Visiting the kingdom that contradicted the divine and human rightness.
The new king promises to abolish the evil laws for the moral lightness.

The archbishop appealed to John to lead a good government, to care
For peace, and to protect the church. John said, 'Before God I swear'.
He put his hands on a Bible, and the archbishop anointed his hands.
John said, 'I'll ask my dignitaries to collect from people their demands.’

The crown and the sword were on the altar to be used for consecration
The king was ready for the reception of the insignia during coronation.

After sanctification, John retired to a room to be dressed in his royal attire.
Returning to the church, he listened to the main sermons and the choir.

Kneeling before the altar, from the archbishop he received the sword
With words that resemble a pertinent prayer addressed to The Lord.
Drawing the sword from its sheath, he swung it in the four directions.
During the coronation, the still kneeling king asked for God's protection.

The royal councilors helped to place the crown on their king's head.
The magnates symbolically extended their hands towards it, and said,
'The king receives the scepter and the orb! ' The archbishop handed him.
At last, the king read loudly the Gospel, and the choir sang a hymn.

The crown devolved on a minor being too young his duties to execute.
Requiring her protectorate, to govern in John's name she stood resolute.
Surah secured the throne for John to avoid the future succession struggle.
The handle of the political turmoil and the intrigues she had to juggle.

Surah schemed to gain power, and to rule the country in John’s name
Thus, she defeated the neighboring countries being hungry for fame.
The subdued states could not regain their independence again.
This way, the neighboring kings became vassals during John's reign.

John's quick, easily wounded temper led him to make rash decisions.
Even so, the death of all the successors became Surah's inner visions.
She made him feel slighted, when people didn't jump to his commands.
He lacked the patience for dealing with his administration's demands.

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 11)

She started to reorganize the kingdom, to give it access to the sea,
To modernize the economy, and any army officer had a college degree.
That superpower had one weakness: she was stronger than her king.
She reorganized the political administration by creating a diplomacy ring.

She used the high trees belonging to their forests to build many ships.
She opened gold mines by using slaves being beaten with hard whips.
Reforming the toll system, she rose the taxes to pay for the army wars,
And created the overseas colonies to have many ports on the seashores.

She dissolved the parliament not wanting to consult with them.
A lot of protests took place in the main cities her behavior to condemn.
The archbishop retired, because she reduced the ecclesiastical rights.
The new archbishop was trustful to her, and made new religious rites..

This way, Surah held completely the religious and the political power.
To advocate her prerogatives, a new Doctor Fox she started to empower.
Surah created a new high society at the John's court to control his life.
The old nobility lost the independence, which was a major cause of strife.

Surah met John and asked him to give her a part of his kingdom.
John gave her a big province, which it became her new sub-kingdom.
She recruited and trained a new secret army, being ready to strike him
Clearly knowing that his chances of winning this battle are pretty slim.

John knew he was too young to be a ruler and allied with Frederick.
To make friends the vassals for this battle with Surah, they were quick.
When her army was subdued, she really saw the fire of God as sacred.
She had to face His army, and to see how her own men were massacred.

There always had been poverty, but at that time, after seven years, there were many vagabonds on the streets. Frieda was preparing the dinner waiting for Pauline to come. Eda, their friend, helped her. Eda worked as a servant for a rich person. Her husband was a digger. Pauline entered the house in a rush being very upset and saying,

'A jerk stole my bag.'Eda said, 'Hoboes have no license to beg.'
'I tried to catch him, but he ran so fast.' 'You should shake your leg'
'People like him are tied to a cart, and whipped till they are bloodied',
Said Pauline, 'they're forced to return to their homes being so muddied.'

'By law, the vagabonds can be made slaves for ten years', said Frieda.
' If they ran away during this time they're made slaves for life’, said Eda.
'Some people have to rely on poor relief', said Pauline. 'Others thrive.
After having money they're forced to pay a tax to keep hoboes alive',

Said Eda.'The overseers can provide work for any able-bodied vagrant.
If he refuses to work he's whipped, but he waits to be caught in flagrant’,
Said Frieda. 'The pauper's child goes to the employer to be an apprentice',
Said Eda.'For many poor people, drinking gin is their only preference.'

Pauline said, ‘I would like to eat roast beef cooked with pea.'
'My dear, meat is a luxury. We have bread, butter, potatoes and tea',
Said Frieda.'By the way, where's Surah now? ''She's John's vassal
As a landless queen.’Pauline smiled.’ She lives in her old castle.'
(Mary, Clara and Sarah, another nun, were preparing their dinner. On the table, there were corn, carrots some cheese, a little bread, a bottle of milk and six eggs.)

Mary said, 'Monastery churches were converted to parish churches.
Buildings having monastic cells were left to ruin for social searches.'
'In order to hide, we must build new monasteries in the mountain valleys',
Sarah said.' Teaching poor people, others live near towns having alleys’,

Said Clara.'They live humble lives needing silence to devote themselves
To the worship of God, to copy out manuscripts placed on their shelves,
To baptize the people, to farm their lands, and for tending their sheep',
Said Mary.'She restricted pilgrims from coming there to pray and to sleep',

Said Clara.'Many suppressed monasteries were hardly hit to surrender.
To confiscate the lands', said Mary, 'Surah also convicted any defender.'
'You're right. Those, who agreed to surrender were given pensions for life',
Said Clara, 'The transfer of the lands to the Crown was Surah's greatest strife.

Some monasteries were transformed into workhouses for poor people
Having no income. Throwing out the bell, she built a room in every steeple',
Said Sarah.'Surah deterred poor people from asking the state for help.
In houses, they wore uniforms being angry, while hearing the dog's yelp.

Husbands, wives and children still live separately, while breaking the stone.
Many children are looking like having a syndrome of the hungry bone',
Said Mary.'What is she doing now? 'Clara asked.'John pushed her out the door’,
Said Sarah, 'She tastes the peace while recovering from her last war! '
(In his castle, Frederick, John and Matthew, who was Frederick’s councilor, were waiting for the dinner.
John was 19 years old, not a minor any longer. On the table, there were green beans, asparagus, grapefruits, cheese, bread, avocado and eggs.)

John said, 'my mother didn't let her have a very close relationship with us,
But help was there when I needed it most, and aunt Surah loved me, thus.’
Frederick said, 'Then, why did she declare war against you? It's strange.'
'In just one year', said Matthew, 'it's amazing how many things can change.'

'She taught you everything, this way, you tried to undermine her power',
Said Frederick. 'She threatened to destroy me, but I could never cower',
Said John, 'her counselors built a wall between myself and my people.'
Matthew smiled', she was that sound coming from a mysterious steeple'

'Each king ceded to me a part of his land in exchange for his vassalage,
And she didn't like it', said John.'She couldn't add controls to backstage’.
Matthew said, ’ You took their territories on the coast to expand the naval power.
You traced the traitors, who were her people to imprison them in the tower.’

’ She had governed your kingdom while limiting your power and influence’,

Said Frederick, ' and while advising you to use some diplomatic prudence.'
John said, 'then, she used her corsairs to attack my merchant ships.'
Matthew said, 'we must trace her, and cope with missing information slips.’

To be continued...tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 2)

(The royal hunters were coming home.)

The deserted forest remained on the top of the mountain
Left by the hunters. They were resting near a natural fountain.
Vipers frightening could see boars, and deer being dead,
But also the king laughing, drinking water, and washing his head.

Keeping the balance of their galloping horses, the hunters could see
The stony marble statues of the castle, guarding it with their esprit.
Basking in their glory, the hunters sang the winner's song with grace.
Fluttering their flags, they rejoiced to review their home place.

(Jezebel left the cave, and entered the house for the dinner.)

Entering the house, Jezebel called John while climbing the stairs.
The early return of their parents could catch them almost unawares.
They tried to refresh very well in order to go down for the dinner.
Making her way downstairs, she wanted to know if she was still a sinner.

Mary was also her aunt, and a nun. She taught Jezebel many prayers.
She entered the room, kissed her, and took a seat on one of the chairs.
She greeted her royal parents, and her twelve years old brother, John.
Soon after the familiar dinner had finished, her brother began to yawn.
.....
(Mary, Jezebel, and John, the twelve years old son of the royal pair, were waiting for Richard, and Anne to return in order to have their family dinner.)

John is a dreamer', said Mary. 'Sometimes, the dream is an illusion.'
'This life can be an illusion', replied Anne, the queen. 'It's easy to see'.
Richard said, 'Anne, the life can be a chain because of a dream of confusion'.
Mary smiled concluding, 'From Hell, sin, bondage, slavery, God has set us free.'

' Sometimes, I recognize I'm a dream catcher', said the king. 'Well, I can't
Make really be mine any of those ideal dreams, though for Heaven I got a grant.'
'The deep forest knows to hide the beauty, when the wild monsters can smile.
Forest can make things be very hard to be found, when very narrow is its aisle.'

'I am here to witness the present, and to be sure that you forgot the past',
Mary continued. 'I want to save Jezebel in her strong struggle to the last.
I'm happy to understand her fate, and to find out that a miracle has seen heaven.'
'What do you really mean, my dear aunt? Look at the clock, it's already eleven.'

'Yes, it's too late for you, dear Jezebel. It's time for you to go to sleep! '
'I'm going to bed exactly like those sad things that in the night are very creep.
Not any longer I play hide or jump on my bed, though once I really liked this.
I really feel, and then I stand back up, because I have grown up. That time I miss.'

Anne said, 'I use to walk in the garden, and to smell the orchid flowers.
Sometimes, I stop for a few minutes to admire those beautiful two towers,
But even so, I can't avert my thoughts from the disaster of my destiny's path.
Before starting to ease my new suffering, I have firstly to ease my old wrath.'

The queen remembered that she avoided to invite her sister to Jezebel's
Christening, but Surah came up with a few curse words to the ring of bells.
She said, 'When she will be sixteen, she will injure herself with a spindle, and die! '
'Please God, don't let this happen', said Mary while holding her hands up high.

'I remember that I prayed hardly for Surah to become a good person,
But I received nothing from God. Surah's life has continued to worsen.'
''When she will hurt herself, she will fall into a deep sleep instead of dying''.
Using these words, Surah changed her curse. Meanwhile, my queen was crying.'

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 3)

'My dear sister, Mary, our sister Surah this kingdom wants to rule.
Every time she talks to Richard, Surah tries to treat him like a fool.'
'Anne, the old castle in the forest has become the demons' home.
There is darkness around her, when the woods she wants to roam.'

Surah was living in her old castle, in a dense forest being hidden.
It was a sinister place used for satanic activities, the light being forbidden.
It had a demonic altar, and a horrible stench was emanating from that place.
A scent came from the decaying victims, which disappeared without a trace.

The castle was keeping strange noises such as gasps, sobs, and screams.
A humongous spider web had been stretched across the way of wood's dreams.
The castle was draped in a sticky awful mess from its entrance to the towers.
Nothing could live in that place, and its garden had only thistles as flowers.

The castle was very different in its style needing a complete renovation.

She learned about some ancient herbal medicines in that place of damnation.

There was only one servant, who was keeping always on his face a glower.

His main duty was to read a book in order to keep safe the crystal's power.

Surah entered the castle having an ecstatic conclusion about her stride.

'How are you, sweetheart? You must know all the wonders of my inside! '

Clayton told her, 'Because goodness, and badness always can intertwine,

Inside twisted, happiness, and sorrow are always both equally divine.'

'I see my everlasting alter ego in the mirror of fate being transfigured.

Should I ever become this demon? ', ' I see that your image is disfigured.'

'This demon, who resides inside of me, also in John, will place his seeds.'

'How can you be so cruel? In this moment, my heart solemnly bleeds.'

'Father is dead, mother is quite alive, the girl may meet her end.'

She laughed, 'I'm well prepared to help them, because they need a friend.'

'Do you mean that they will die? Shall I really become so scared? '

'No, my dear, they will have a long sleep, and their doors will be barred.

Now, look at the processes, through which the alchemical content

Passes from the time it is placed here until it can have a new major scent.'
Solid becomes liquid through the filtration of the partially dissolved suspension
Being converted into a vaporous state with the aid of the heat, and the tension.

Distillation, separation, and rectification can disunite this new substance
For the fascination. Do you think she's really in want of this sustenance?
After converting this substance into a powder by the action of heat, I will add
Some different ingredients into a new mass by blending them.' 'You are mad! '

'Not at all. It works. Then, I will wait for purification through putrefaction,
For inhibition, fermentation, fixation, multiplication, and for a new projection.
When my potion will be ready, I will go to the castle to give it to Jezebel to drink.
This potion will have a red color, and a good taste. What do you think? '
Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 4)

On the altar, a Jezebel doll had needles, which were stuck in her head.
Near her, there was a paper, on which it was written, 'nor alive, nor dead.'
'I will teach my John to hate, and I will teach him my sweet macabre dance.
He will take refuge in darkness, or other way, he may have no other chance.'

(Frederick, the king of a neighboring kingdom, was coming to visit King Richard and his family.
Frederick and Jezebel were painting in the garden.)

Portraits are so delicate, and I always try to get an idea about the sitter.
They are made by using colors and harmony of lights, which must glitter.
The models try to give me something. My portraits don't have a signature.
Being a king, to sign the portraits makes me feel a little insecure.'

' Frederick, tell me about your kingdom. It must be beautiful there.'
'It has only lowlands and a little sea, where you can breathe a salty air.
You'll see my kingdom, when at the High School you will come to learn.'
He embraced her to look closely into her eyes, but she made a quick turn.

' I will paint you, and you will paint me', said Jezebel while avoiding a fall.
'Your drawing's good, but your jump from pencil to paint still hits a wall.'
'One evening, I went with my parents to have a dinner with an artist friend.
I appreciated that his paintings were as good as he tried to pretend.'

'When I paint, I can feel the wind grazing against my fingers.
I draw always birds, because they are more than talented singers.
I use colors to make their songs be a part of my painting, and it's true
That I have also made a sculpture looking perfect like you.'

'It's interesting, thinking that we've never met before. Is this man real? '
'Not at all, his face is only in my mind. This sculptured man is an ideal.'
'I see your parents coming here. We must go to get ready for the party.
In this garden with beautiful statues, the matter seems to be so hearty! '

Anne took Jezebel by the arm. 'What do you think, is he a lovely man or not? '
'Why do you ask me? I'm ashamed to tell you. Well, I think I like him a lot!
He has such beautiful blue eyes, and his painting portrait looks so real,
But the lover of my heart still lives in my dreams. He's my fate and my ideal.'

'Frederick is thirty years old, and he is still searching for his young bride.
You're fifteen years old, and you can be his queen, but you're Miss Pride! '
'I'm thirty five. Your father is forty. We're old, and we get older day by day.
You must marry to have a new life. I pray for you to be a queen, someday.'

(Mary was living in a monastery.)

The monastery was surrounded by the fortifications that preserved it.
Having high doors, the outer walls were thick, because the land could permit.
The nuns welcomed the Word in faith, and mainly adored the Holy in silence.
No one could visit this extensive monastery without having a good guidance.

Their life was unfolding within this monastery, which had rooted many lives.

Nuns concentrated on God, while they were learning that, 'eternal love survives'.
They fostered the purity of their heart to open it out upon the Holy Creation.
There, the nuns learned the pains of piety, the apprehension and the privation.

They shared in the misery all the hopes of people thinking of the mankind.
Above all, God was present everywhere at liturgy, at work and in their mind.
The monastery had twenty-two acres on this land beside the blue sea,
And nourished their life. While glorifying God, they were really free.

The tools of the monastery and the sacred vessels were part of the altar.
The prayers were continuously connected by reading a golden psalter.
In that school of love, they learned to love God, and to give themselves.
The monastery had a library with many rare books placed on its shelves.

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 5)

(Mary was talking to Clara about Surah and her curse.)

I have no courage to act anymore, and for nothing the time I spend.

Having no hope, I decided to follow the path of the fate almost to the end.'

'You know that beyond it, there's oblivion and death. Thus, you have to fight! '

'I can't change Surah into what I would like her to be, but you're right.'

'My dear Mary, I have an unbeatable plan, because the time is short.

On her birthday, when Frederick will come back with his wedding escort,

You will go to the castle to ask Jezebel to come here one day to stay.

Remember, there is no hunger, when in the deep forest there is no prey.'

'But, my dear Clara, Anne is so scared, she will never accept in that day

To keep Jezebel far away from her, though she will feel safe here staying to pray.'

'The curse has effect all day long, only that day, so we can be home at night.'

'The next day, they will marry. In the darkness, with demons I will be able to fight.'

.....

(Surah was searching some poisoning and medicinal herbs on the wild slopes of the mountain. Clayton was walking around.)

Surah stopped to rest on a crest, and she felt something as a raindrop.

She smelled a cool air emerging from the crevice of a rocky outcrop.

She realized that a great cave could be existent in that natural wonder.

She heard a rumbling sound, and she thought that it was a thunder.

She saw the waterfall, which was hiding behind it the entrance of a cave.

The cave was too low for her to enter, and to do this she wasn't so brave.

She asked Clayton to crawl inside, but he noticed that the entire entrance

Was blocked with rocks and vegetation, and to enter they had no chance.

'No person ventured here to remove the underbrush and the rubbish.

I heard that a wild beast lives in this zone having the teeth very pinkish.'
Returning the next day with ten village people, they entered as spelunkers.
With the aid of lights, they slowly became the beast legend's debunkers.

They renewed their visits daily, proceeding a little farther each time.
They unlocked the entrance, and entered a little room, which was sublime.
It was followed by a narrow passage, which was leading to a secret chamber.
'I'm tired', said Surah, ' because reaching this crest was a real clamber'.

They started to break an amount of rock off by using tools before
They penetrated the distance to enter the passage. They heard a boar.
'We are inside', said Clayton. 'After a half of an hour, we will need a pause.'
The passage was interrupted by a chamber. There, they saw some jaws.

It was a king chamber having white walls and a height of forty feet.
'I'm exhausted enough', said Surah.' I'm thirsty, and I have nowhere to sit.'
'The walls have white travertine deposits of flagstone and brimstone.'
Surah slipped and fell down on the floor. She let out a long, deep moan.

Fossils of sea lilies, shell fish and snails could be seen in the limestones;
The slightly acidic groundwater slowly dissolved the bedrock to make cones.
Along joints, fractures and bedding planes forming passages and rooms,
They walked on a floor sounding as broken crockery, and creating booms.

To be continued.....tomorrow
Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 6)

'Beautiful stalagmites and stalactites! ' 'Clayton, this cave has breath! '
Do you feel the air? ' 'The air movements are strong and prevent our death,
But they can extinguish the lamp.' To lead the way, he unrolled many feet
Of rope to mark their exit in case of being disoriented in this huge 'suite'.

They named the other one Queen's Chamber, because it was small.
It was a dim room, twenty feet high having a nice circular white wall.
After an amount of stooping, crawling, scooting, and squirming, while
Passing through damp trail ways over pits and breakdowns of the aisle,

Through tight keyholes, they reached a lake of water. Then, they have
Transported wood, to build a boat, and to explore the other part of the cave.
On the other side of the lake, they saw a room looking like a stone quarry.
After that, they recognized the finished stone house in its greatest glory.

They saw that the refreshments were served, consisting of tea, coffee,
And dressing, but the people weren't inside, yet. Surah took a toffee
And two of the numerous huge lamps hanging on the right cave's wall.
They heard a strong music and many loud voices coming from the ball.

' Imagine this, Clayton; we were bending, crawling to pass through
So many tight spaces in order to find that this cave is my sister's clue.'
'It's one single cave having two parts, which are separated by the lake.'
'Let's go home! ' said Surah maliciously smiling. 'Anne is a real snake! '

(Of course, Queen Anne was not a snake. The old castle was built around the cave and those two chambers were used to protect the kings and the queens all over the time. The legend of the beast was used to protect the other entrance in the cave during many wars taking place along the time.)
……..

They were floating back until they reached the shore of the other side.
She dropped two lamps in the water, and left the boat being in a hurry to hide.
They blocked the entrance of the passage, and their lamp started to tingle.
Clayton bumped a paddle against the wall to pass, but it sounded like a jingle.

They opened the metal door, and then they climbed up the tower‘s stairs
To get into the secret room. There, they saw two beds, a table, and three chairs.
On the table, there was a golden little spindle being full of golden thread.
'They use this gilded altar to pray for Jezebel', said Surah turning her head.

To be continued.....

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 7)

Climbing down these secret stairs is a hell', said Clayton. 'Don't talk!
They can hear us. It has two sets of stairs. I think when they wanted to lock
This part of the tower, they made the secret passage ', said Surah. 'I'll take care
Of the workers. They drank that poppy seed tea. Now, they must feel the flare.'

Clayton threw them into the abyss, one by one. Then, he used a big rock
To block the entrance of the cave.' Clayton, do you hear that screaming hawk? '
Frederick stopped dancing with Jezebel, and asked her to go with him to the terrace.
He professed his love for her saying that she might be a young pretty heiress.

'Did you talk with my father? '' Yes, Jezebel, your father intends to give you
A half of his kingdom in order to make you be my bride. ''Is it true? '
'I hear a weird noise coming from the cave.'' Yes, indeed. ''Let's take a look! '
He extended his hand, 'I hear a rock moving behind those walls forming a nook! '

(It happened in the moment, when Clayton finished locking the passage.)
'It has already caused waves in the lake. We must stop a real ravage! '
'Two lamps are missing. They're lost in the water. My father must know.'
'That's nothing', said Richard, ' the beast could give its nose a loud blow.

Ha, ha, you're really scared! It's a tiny crack, which in time can expand.
Come to drink ', said Richard putting on Frederick's shoulder his right hand.
'Fred is beautiful', said Surah looking at a picture, which was hung on her wall.
'I can't believe he's really here again after all this time, in the royal dancing hall.'

(Pauline and Frieda were two widows of those ten workers dying in the abyss.)
The poor homes were cold, damp, and dark within their walls.
The children used to play in the mud without having toys or dolls.
The windows were very small openings with some wooden shutters.
The men used to get drunk and to fight each other using small cutters.

The people ate, slept, and spent their time together in two rooms
Having thatched roofs and being as easy to destroy as were their tombs.
The homes of the rich people were more elaborate than the others.
They had paved floors being decorated with tiles in many colors.

Tapestries were hung on the walls, providing an extra layer of warmth.
In a simple home, there was no chimney. There was only a stone hearth.
Some vegetables such as cabbages, or onions were known as pot herbs.
They grew as much food as their families needed by using gardens and yards.

Pauline said 'It hurts me constantly until I know what really happened',
Frieda replied, 'Because of the clouds, that day, the sky could be blackened'.
'But John was familiar with the trail, having hiked it many times before',
'Maybe they ran being afraid of that beast, a bear, or a very big boar.'

'John was a husky, healthy man, and he was not afraid of anything.'
'What can I say, Pauline? They are not at home, they are really missing.'
Pauline said crying, ' On this mountain, so many have disappeared! '
'They disappeared near the cascade, and have never reappeared.'

(After a year, it was the springtime again. The people living at the castle were preparing the wedding.)
The sun shone, and the pink flowers bloomed at the wedding, in spring.
The guests were expected to come to the wedded pair, having gifts to bring,
Without a great change in the life at the castle, there would be stagnancy,
Due to her destiny, Jezebel would never be able to come out of her infancy.

To be continued.....tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 8)

The castle kitchens had big fireplaces, where the oxen and the meat
Were roasted on spits. The cookies were baking, roasting by using the heat.
The pantries were hung with birds, swans, pigeons, rabbits, mutton, ducks,
Venison and wild boar. Suddenly, the spring life became a luminous flux.

Everywhere on the tables, there were berries, nuts, and other fruits.
In the rooms, there were pottery, glass, fabrics, jackets, dress coats,
Sweaters, bodices, pants, petticoats, silk, music, joy, pewter utensils,
Jewelry, purses, shoes, hats, ties, powders and eyebrow pencils.

‘The guests will arrive and the food is not ready, yet’, whispered Pauline.
'You can hurry a little’, said Frieda, ‘Guess, who's coming! ’ ‘The queen! '
Anne tasted all the fresh food and drinks and found them well prepared.
'After you finish, open the windows, because the rooms are not aired.'

Queen hurried away, leaving behind a whiff of perfume and stress.
'Do you see her through the window? ‘What a splendid wedding dress! '
'Jezebel is beautiful. I heard that the marriage can change the doom.'
'Yes, the bad fortune of the bride can bring a bad fate for the groom.'
……..

(At the monastery, Clara and Mary were preparing their luggage to go to the wedding.)

'I'm talking about this false teaching, which left me confused’, said Mary.
'No one is sinless perfect', said Clara, ‘we’re God's children. Be wary! '
'She hates her sisters; she walks in the darkness, while being so blind.'
'But God is Light, and the prayers have the power to change her mind.'

'She's not truly in fellowship with God, because she can't love her sister,
But I can't compare her with Surah, who is a real incurable blister.'
'Surah hates her sisters, she's a murderer, and doesn't need eternal life.
She's an ignorant, she needs power, and she lives only her life of strife.'

‘Is it true that whatever we ask, we receive from Him, because we fight
To keep His commandments, while doing what is pleasing in His sight? '
'It's true.' ', I asked Him to save my niece, but I didn't receive any response.'
'You must teach Surah how to love, and she will destroy her magic sconce.'

(It was three o’clock in the morning, and Surah entered the passage of the cave.
She entered the castle, and climbed up the stairs to be in the room of the tower.
There, she put two goblets on the table containing a beverage used to induce a coma.
After that, she came down from the tower to enter the Jezebel’s room.)

'How is my sweet niece, who will be a bride? ' ‘I’m a little scared.'
'Every bride is scared knowing that her feelings in bed must be shared.'
'How was your first moment in bed? ' 'Well, I started with a little kiss;
I gave it to the loveliness I was wallowing in. I felt the radiance of bliss.
(Surah smiled being a little tender while looking at her niece.)

‘Let me show you my wedding gift. Let’s go into the tower to see it.'
'This is a joke! ' Surah took her hand. 'I have the key.' 'Does this key fit?
My mom can hear us, and you know that you're not allowed to enter here.'

'She cannot wake up early in this morning. Did you forget that I'm a seer? '

(Surah and Jezebel climbed up the stairs of the tower. They entered the room of the tower. Jezebel sat on a chair to marvel at the beauty of the altar and at the golden spindle. Surah took out a medallion from her pocket and put it into the Jezebel's hands. The medallion had two miniature portraits. One of them was the portrait of Frederick, and the other one was the portrait of a very beautiful woman.)

'I want you to know that this portrait belonged to his former dead fiancée.
He had abandoned her for another one. His love was only a flight of fancy.'
'Give me something to drink, my dear aunt, I really don't feel quite well! '
'Sure', said Surah giving her to drink the beverage having an interesting smell.

To be continued...

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 9)

(Jezebel drank the entire beverage.)
'It's good to feel better', said Jezebel, 'What is that? ' 'It's a golden spindle.'
She took it. 'Pay attention to the candle flame, which the room can kindle.'
She began to spin the golden fleece as she had learned from that book.
She fainted after stabbing herself with the spindle, and to have a look

Surah approached her for a minute. 'She was his mother, I wanted to say! '
After that, she opened the window. 'I need fresh air to start this new day! '
She heard the demon laughing while climbing down the last two stairs.
'Do you see that bird flying into the open window? ' 'Let's go upstairs! '

Jezebel switched to a persistent vegetative state, in which breathing,
Digesting and eliminating foods continued, although she was unwitting.
A nun will feed her using a feeding tube, and will take care of her body.
She will wash Jezebel, and she will dress her in clothes made of shoddy.

Frieda and Pauline entered the tower room and found her sleeping;
They heard strange sounds, and they thought that she was weeping.
She slowly breathed, so they tried to arouse her. It was a strange smell.
'Her eyes don't open, her body is flaccid, ' said Frieda, and she started to yell.

Hearing the screams, the royal pair climbed up the stairs in a hurry.
''What happened? '' Anne was shocked. ''Your Majesty, it's a major worry! '
When Anne saw her, she had a whirling sensation and a tendency to fall.
A soft, ivory pallor shone in her face, she started to lean against the wall.

When the king saw her pallor, he took the goblet and gave her to drink.
Thinking that it's wine, he drank the rest of the potion, 'The goblets stink! '
He looked at Pauline, but losing his consciousness, he fell on the floor.
At that time, Mary arrived and remained speechless in front of the door.

'What happened? ' 'They are ill. Look, the royal doctor is coming! '
The doctor examined them saying, 'I'm afraid they are succumbing! '
'It's very hard to keep them alive. I must invite here a great master.
I gave them medicine, but their condition will not improve any faster.'

Fred was riding his horse through the woods together with his guests.
He sang being accompanied by the male birds singing near their nests.
He was so happy thinking of those village people also coming to the castle.
He imagined his bride wearing her wedding gown, and being certainly gracile.

Jezebel fell into a coma from a drug overdose containing morphine.
It was extracted from Marijuana imported from Asia, when she was fifteen.
She couldn't respond to outside stimuli such as sounds, or temperature.
Many doctors came to treat Jezebel, and to study this illness structure.

Princess Jezebel started to dream resting on many time's wings.
She found a new Frederick in a forgotten world with seasonal swings.
In reality, she remained a beautiful rose bud in the tower's room.
She was as unaware and as sad as a departure of a flower's bloom.

The monastery, which was sleeping in the daylight sun
Could hide both the demons and the prayers of a crying nun.
In time, that realm was forgotten and caressed by pearls of rain,
The life could go on, while the girl was sleeping in her doom's chain.

To be continued...tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty(Part 13)

(Frederick entered the room. He told them that he found a treasure into the castle's cave.)

'I found the rarest treasure of all today. What can I do with that gold?
'Surah hid it.'Mary said, ' hence, some mining activities are uncontrolled.'
'The finders and the landowners are entitled to these valuables, '
The cleric said, ' hence, it may help John to adjust the budget balances.'
(Mary wanted to tell Frederick the truth about Surah.)

'Surah is an alchemist, and she loves to do this with fierce intensity.
Her studies about substances, their composition, their density,
About purification by dissolution and by crystallization are rife.
She hopes to discover, someday, the formula for the elixir of life.'

'Summa Perfectionis and the emerald tables of Hermes', said
The cleric, 'this alchemy explains why her statues have lizards on head.'
'Maybe she gave Jezebel a strange substance to drink, ' Frederick
Said. 'Go to her castle to search this substance, dear. I am so sick.'

(It was Mary, who told Frederick to go to Surah's castle to find the antidote. Frederick and Matthew went to the castle.)

The turrets of the castle crumbled under the slow pressure of time,
Their glory has disappeared because of poverty and cold clime.
The falling wall stones, the ill-paved courtyards, the dusty moat,
The sagging floors, the worm-eaten wainscot had a blue note.

The faded tapestries within, all tell a gloomy tale of fallen grandeur.
The alchemy chamber in the remaining tower showed Surah was poor.
She spent the hours of her life in poring over the ancient tomes.
The occult studies made Surah first focus her attention on fomes.

Her belief in all the dark power was firm and deep-seated.
With burning small peasant children, the demon she greeted.
Many times, she was busy over a violently boiling cauldron,
Where many substances spewed out their thick concoction.

She searched a spell to release her life from its terrible burden.
She used to work only when the alchemy room began to darken.
She should never wed, she might, thus, end the curse with herself.
She kept cobwebs and bats. Strange things were on her shelf.

Frederick entered that room and saw her manuscripts and studies
In the field of alchemy. She had bottles, their colors being so muddy.
He opened those books, where it was written how to prepare
Elixirs from herbs, gems, and metals while using a devilish prayer.

The books instructed in the casting of spells, invocations, rites,
Talismans, amulets, and sigils. He found how she spent her nights.
On the altar, a doll-representing Jezebel had needles in her head.

There was a paper, where it was written, 'nor alive, nor dead.'

Near it, he found Kratom leaves and bottles-containing naloxone.
He took the bottles because he understood what Surah had done.
While feeding the horses, Matthew was waiting near the castle.
Clayton was in a stable, but working there became such a hassle.

He thought that something happened, when tools dropped on the floor.
A bottle dropped over another one, when Frederick closed the door.
An explosion was heard in the castle, which sounded like a sonic boom.
Surah was in a hurry to see what happened into the alchemy room.

Another explosion was heard being more loudly than the first one.
Surah gazed at her reflected face within the mirror instead of run.
Huge deformations of her new face formed a monstrous being.
An illusion shifted her identity. Believing is not always seeing.

She had sensations of otherness, when her new face appeared
To be a stranger looking at her, beyond the mirror, then disappeared.
A monster was watching her, and smiling with an enigmatic expression.
Clayton embraced her while crying, 'My dear, you have an obsession! '

Frederick told Matthew, ‘I took the potion, let's straddle the horses.'
'The castle is burning. To get out of this wood, we need strong forces.'
'My horse sped up. ‘What does he feel in front of fire and crack?
'He's fearful, because he feels trapped. Don't pull him back! '

'Being scared, his reaction is flight and run away from the fire wallop.
'You're scared, and instinctively you urge him to go into a gallop.'
'The horses are not thinking. It’s all out of the instinct to survive.
You can help your horse, when you know how to ride and to drive.'

(They rode their horses to the castle of Jezebel.)

They entered the castle, and climbed up the stairway to Jezebel.
'I came here in a hurry to save you, and my way to you was a hell.
Drink the potion, and wake up. I wonder how you feel in my arms.
I'm in love with you and still so deeply captivated by your charms.
(Jezebel had opened her eyes for the first time since being asleep. ‘I know that you love me! ’ She told Frederick.)
(Clayton had managed to extinguish the fire. After that, he held his precious Surah in his arms while crying. Her face was burned by acid during explosion.)

'Nothing happened to your face. You're the same beautiful woman.'
'Why my face is in pain? ‘It’s because of the heat. Lie on the divan.
Let me take off your clothes, and flush your skin with cold water.'
'You're so gentle, Clayton. In your arms, I feel safe like a little daughter'.

'I lost the potion I prepared for Richard. He's my last chance.
It was destroyed by the explosion. I feel like I am in a trance.'
'I gave you morphine for treating your pain. He wouldn't help you.
Richard is like John, and you cannot change their point of view.'

(Clayton loved her, because he thought she was vulnerable and incapable to adopt the situations. Her soul was very fragile, even she masked this so well. She wanted to be more than she could be in life, and this was the reason her ways weren’t always the best chosen ways. He hoped someday his love would change her. He wanted to save her life. Surah closed her eyes, and fell asleep.)

To be continued...

Marieta Maglas

Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty(Part 14)

(Richard and Anne opened their eyes.)

It was an emotional moment John never dared dream would happen.
He embraced his father, who was wearing a royal fur mantle of lapin.
'I feel like a little kid.' They broke down in tears, in each other's arms.
'Those wall clocks worked to jolt you out of dreamland with big alarms.

The happiness in the family was clear in their massive smiles,
But the queen said, ' I'm as tired as walking five hundred miles.'
They described how this meeting has made them be complete.
Frederick left them for an intimacy talk liking to be discreet.

'I can't get out of bed'; said Anne, 'I have a weird sensation in my legs.'
Freda came into the room saying, 'I cooked for you bacon and eggs.'
'I can't eat with these shaky, weak arms, and I have a stomach pain.'
'Taking care of your needs is so hard, ' 'From meat, I must abstain.'

Jezebel came into the room, 'my dear mother, how do you feel? '
'My eyes are blurry, and I can't see you. 'To pray for you I kneel.'
'I feel so light-headed, foggy, and faint. I'm thirsty, and I want to sleep, '
Said Richard. 'I hear you, my dear father, and I began to weep.'

(After four months, in the castle, people were ready again for the wedding.)

The Archbishop was committed to keeping the wedding confidential.
Thus, the religious ceremony and the dinner were quintessential.
'If I could stop that misfortune happening to her, ' the groom thought.
'As soon as a baby will come into the family, things will change a lot! '

(Mary recovered, and came to the wedding. She embraced the bride. After that, he talked with Anne.)

'I should recognize there were some moments, when I felt as giving up.
I spiraled down in a whirlpool of sadness, and life was as a death cup.
I felt backed behind a wall.It was nowhere to run, and no reason to move.
Then, I was forced to do things I would normally fiercely disapprove.

Beneath its charming, the evilness manipulates, and destroys people
For its amusement, but its history is reddened in Surah's steeple
I lost my hope that the world, this imperfect place, can be good someday,
But I felt better than before, when I heard you're well, and I began to pray.'

(Anne replied to Mary.)

I think the feeling of disappointment that started in Surah's mind,
And slipped down to her soul was the result of being spiritually blind.
The knowledge that she had been wrong seeped into her bone,
And it wasn't a world to collapse, but a woman to become a stone.

(After two years, Pauline was talking with Freda and Eda, while preparing the dinner.)

'In the cave, there are skeletons of people who died under strange
Circumstances and the entrance of this grotto had to suffer a change.'
'Once, a friend of mine heard some cries of some bat creatures.
They can snatch kids. ‘An expression of fear crossed Eda's features.

'Their bodies are black, though their wings are dark brown or red.
Their lower jaws contain serrated teeth. They’re big, people said.'
'It's only a demon having red lights on the eyes making them glow.
It becomes active, when the dandelion flowers the seeds start to blow.'

'I heard that a creature as no other one was painted on the wall.
In fact, it was a huge bat creature. Bats still exist, but they're small.'
'Did you hear that Surah died? She had burned scars all over body.
In the burning castle she wore a dress, which was cheap and shoddy.'

(Frederick was talking with Jezebel.)

Jezebel sat softly on a jutting rock near the old cave’s lake.
In that fine damp mist, as usual, she wanted to take a break.
Frederick came to see her, carrying his little son in his arms,
‘I'm in love with you and still deeply captivated by your charms.’

’ The castle has an open natural entrance and a bridge over the lake.’
‘I gave the poor people a half of the treasure for your father’s sake.
Clayton came to hand Anne the blamed castle's keys telling her
That Surah died in his arms. Clayton said, '' I loved her, but we were

Two lonely people in search of a lost happiness. It seems that it was
Not helpful. Now, I go to live in a monastic community because
I want to know the stages of becoming a monk. It has been a while
Since I took the time to find out about God. ‘He went out with a smile.

(Pauline and Freda were in the kitchen of the royal castle. Pauline looked out the window, and saw Clayton leaving the castle.)

'I've always thought that Clayton was a mysterious figure as a crow.'
'He has always loved Surah. He's not able to live without her, now.'
'But where is doctor Fox? ’ ‘Who’s this doctor? ' 'Nobody exactly knows.’
'Freda, it is said that the secrets lose all their power if they expose.'

The end

Marieta Maglas

Joe's Music

Bright-blue reflector movements
in the musical magnificence
cover the melting color of the sky.
Darkness creates a space of eating.
No silence.

White lyrics root in our soul spaces
allowing the vascular happiness
to ‘hold on’ the feelings as in chains,
and as in the rhythm of time.
No sadness.

The feelings swell, and branch
in the flowing sounds.
They enrich the soul.
While sparkling, the sounds
spring out from the feelings
into the sereneness.
No falling down.

The souls reach their state of grace
at the ‘human touch’.
White words mean his seducing voice.
The voice makes angles,
dances the spring of minds,
and feeds the ‘soul time’.
The grace dwells ‘ out of the blue’
as the first scream of the earth.
The ‘human touch ‘ ‘feels like forever’
the seducing voice.
No emptiness.

The angles change at the ‘edge of a dream’.
The inside of hearing blows bluely the words.
The dream is born into this decomposable
silence due to the saxophone compositions.
The silence is a canvas
for a red art of nakedness.
No other angle.

From a forgotten corner,
the 'moon dew' comes
To get applause.
No other Joe Cocker.

Marieta Maglas

Julio Iglesias -Dedication

Perhaps we are ´´parte de tus sueños'' (part of your dreams)
And something is calling for you,
But, certainly, you are one of everyone's dreams
And that beautiful melancholy of yours
Is a source of sounds deeply touching, inspiring, magical,
For life'' and for '' El Amor'' (love)
Remaining inside all of us.
A divine vibration is healing the deep wounds
In a dance of sung irresistible words,
Which may recreate your image
In our minds and souls,
Especially, when we want to ''Passar Di Mano'' (pass a hand) feeling.
Wind, apparently, dissolved the melodious words
In the rustle of leaves, in the sound of rain applause,
In those ''Momenti '' (moments) of ''Me olvid de vivir'' (I forgot to live)
And in the rain drops falling on the leaves
And falling over our faces to mix with our tears,
When you start to sing ''Por el amor de una mujer'' (the love for a woman)
Wanting to tell her ''Abrazame''(embrace me)
Your dreams become sad pieces of quasars,
To disappear in the cosmic symphony
And in a dazzling play of colors.
Our bodies begin to move harmoniously,
The fairy moonlight gives a shine to our eyes.
We begin to hear a crescendo sound in the instruments,
Apparently without limits,
For ''Baila Morena'' and for '' Boleros''.
Finally,
The loneliness is hiding in your own shadow,
Allowing the silence to speak.

Marieta Maglas

King Lear+++

If you didn’t dream up always new ideas
And if they didn't empower you
To make our dreams become more real,

If you didn't dance in the rain,

If you didn't cry
For not being a child
Any longer,

If you were able to forget yourself
For falling away into your body,

If you never screamed
In the darkness,

If you didn’t have
Enough courage
To make love
In the snow,
To 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 if you really loved me,
I would never let you go.

Marieta Maglas

Kiss between souls

We share
Our sadness.
I drink your tear
You drink mine.
I drink you
You drink me.
It's like a tender kiss
Between souls.

Marieta Maglas

Kiss My Soul

If that morning would be my ideal incredible readiness,
In a forgotten time of the tellurium and most desirable land
Your certain love would come to utter my vivid happiness
Kissing closed eyelids, caressing them 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 squatting deer,
The twilight unequivocal zone would be in its dim lighting resilience,
Always tossing in between these two worlds of virtual and real,
And His love would fulfill fascinatingly our benevolent radiance.

Your soul would penetrate totally my soul with your embrace.
The intangible feelings would turn into tangible unequivocal shivers,
The old world changing, in the new world of whispers yielding place
Being enlightened by our eternity that these two worlds discovers.

Waking up with our ideas as enclosed beneath the souls entwined,
Metamorphosing both of us, melting our inexpressible sorrow,
We would awake for forgiveness, our glittering souls 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 you're no longer alive, it does not matter.

Marieta Maglas

Kissing conundrum

If I had kissed you
With one word,
Maybe that word would have died
Inside of you,
But I've kissed you
With all my words,
For you to be the miracle,
Who expresses them.
And if I kissed you with a question,
Maybe you would have pleased me
With another kiss.

Marieta Maglas

Last Seconds(Ottava Rima Poem)

A cup scraps along iron bars, cup of tea
Sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb.
There were gleams in her teeth and her sad esprit.
Her smell brought the breeze from her funeral home.
With hollow eyes, the moon climbed the night to see
Scientists of horror as pieces of gnome,
The dawns of hope and the sunsets of despair,
Leaves dancing around as shadows in the air.

On hills, her voice was parched and glazed was her sight,
The sooner rose dies the latter is its scent.
Tearing, roaring, she felt her soul in the light,
In a coming death was her sorry lament.
Her soul had sad wings for her flight in the night.
She was cribbed, confined in tears for this event.
Her legs bestrode the abyss to hold the pain,
Her mind was whipping her memory in vain.

She felt a strange scent of garbage and perfume
She had a wheezing throat because of her fear.
Her mind touched the heavens to dispell her gloom
While keeping her thoughts to be her last frontier,
More than real, o’er her hallucinating doom,
Wanting to be happy, she felt her wet tear.
She felt that her execution wasn't kind,
But was a hellish paradise of the mind.

Ottava Rima
A Ottava Rima is a poem written in 8-line octives. Each line is of a 10 or 11 syllable count in
the following rhyme:

one octive poem. abababcc
two octive poem. abababcc, dededeff
three octive poem. abababcc, dededeff, ghghghii

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.

Marieta Maglas

Layer of Ozone -Haiku

Layer of Ozone
Is very thin, we can die
In the next few years.

Marieta Maglas

Let's Make Love Tonight

Let's make love tonight
Until our bodies will transcend their shapes
To become 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 accomplish
Our abyss inside,
We will be like two butterflies
Released from their cocoons
And we will awake
In our novel world of seconds,
Were we will subsist for being eternal..

Marieta Maglas

Life (Senryu)

Everything we do
Is pointless a life cruel joke
Of our own free will.

Marieta Maglas

Light

Red corals and blue algae,
Wet sadnesses and swimming love
Need their own light.

Marieta Maglas

Like or unlike

Like the yellow leaves melting softly,
Or unlike the blue wind blowing loudly;

Like the frost with no power of keeping the life,
Or unlike the warmth allowing the life to rise; ,

Like a dying time in a scarlet autumn
Or unlike the birth of life in the green spring;

Like thinking about temporary in the elderly,
Or unlike the youth thinking of their lasting life; ,

Like the innocence sighing in the bleeding love ruins
Or unlike the guiltiness laughing in the richness of bloody hate.

.

Marieta Maglas

Limits (Monoku)

Using intelligence to delimitate the limits of intelligence.

Marieta Maglas

Listening Trade Martin Singing “For Your Love”

The melody danced the velvet words,
But the passionate wind
Embraced them all
For keeping them vivid
And making them
More beautiful than ever,
Those special words
Made me understand that
Trade's melody danced his feelings
On notes,
And the light pushed them all
Into the sacred place
Of creation.
It was like an expansion of space
Or like
A new dimension.
The sound drops
Encountered their eternity.
Suddenly, I realized that
I needed to understand him.
I realized
That Trade Martin was really there,
Singing for us
And living
In his incommensurable dimension.
The sounds were passing through the rightness
Of his soul,
Embracing his poetic words,
Wholly expressing his thinking.

Marieta Maglas

Losing Steps

This is an illusion of time-shrinking
With empty time intervals.....
I can feel the cosmic pulse of life shrinking in a reverse spiral.

I try to forget myself, I try to dig deeper and deeper into Nothingness..
But your lost steps bring me back.
I find myself in your arms, in your bed, inside of you.

It seems to be evening, but no, the immortal mobile horizons
Immolate themselves
In the hardened surface of the shrinking blob of quartz of the sand..

We are trying to rely their shape on our sense of sight,
Our sense of sight, that seeing-eye, crept into our vision.

Our mental vision, rooted in our mind,
Our physical vision, rooted in our astral nature.

We are trying to make them real,
But we understand that the shape can be cropped only inside of us.
We understand that the dream itself is lost, even it is nevertheless
Still our dream,

It is lost toward the still hot quartz of the soul,
Like an imaginary horizon line of the eye
Or like the bird’s eye view,

Completely off the image....

In the offing.

And we let the time to go on.....

Because

Time is an a priori form of inner sense,
It makes possible the cognition of objects qua appearances,

As our friend Kant said.

Marieta Maglas

Love

You touch me and hug me

So deep

And I feel that the world

Is no longer existent,

It is quintessentially changed.

It is composed only of us,

Me and you

And our love.

Can you be the one for me?

Can you be the love of my life?

As you penetrate into my very being

And you penetrate through my whole being,

I feel you in my whole molecular structure,

And we can create a sacred space, a new Sacred Eden.

I'm yours

And nothing else matters.

We become entwined as never,

Especially when

The life explodes

In both of us,

Enlightening our souls

And sanctifying our bodies,

These temples belonging to our Lord.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.
2010

Marieta Maglas

Love And Butterflies

In their cocoons, mates are
the little butterflies with growing
wings while dreaming
of the sky, dreaming
the flowers.

They need to leave their white
colored balls, because they are
going to find
the clouds
of their dreams.

In the morning,
the butterflies rise up to the sky
from the cocoons.

In the evening,
The soul mates rise up to The Lord
after leaving their
temples.

They reach the clouds of Love,
the divine reason
over the human limits.

This rain keeps falling
in both senses.
There is about falling up, my love.

Marieta Maglas

Love and Passion

Imperceptible, surviving with no time and space
Or maybe surviving at another thrilling dimension
Love has its distinct meanings and its grace
For melting cloud slashed sunset, in sweet detention

Always wondering about the uncertainty of life
Passion is like going to the window to yell
Carrying oxygenated blood, leading always to strife
It needs the scorpion because they are friends in hell.

Creating a spiritual awakening, without loving intent
Against love which transcends all logic and time.
Engulfed in flames, burning red hot mental torment
Blue ocean and thirst for the truth lasting a lifetime

Like a Caribbean Dream, settlement of Rainbow Bay
Is the perfect love transcending logic being so strong
That no malfeasance act nor hate can destroy it one day
It bespeaks no selfishness, it can endure for long..

Marieta Maglas

Love Equilibrium

Equilibrium needs the ending state of instability,
Because this potential energy is in dependability
It's like the unifying state of contraries in a war dance
Or a contradictory state of abstraction; a trance.

Our thinking may need, too, its abstract instability,
When emotional instability may generate creativity
For the metastable states and the feelings' wisdom,
For the development of the main thinking system.

Link between pure sex and happiness is an illusion,
It's swimming in waters of wild fancy and confusion.
When our love equilibrium needs moments of instability
Inside of me, pieces of you are in deep dependability.

Marieta Maglas

Love's illusion

You are a dream illusion of my reality,
You are the illusion of my dreams,
You are an illusion.
I try to live in dreams,
You see,
Dreams are my reality,
But don't be worried, my love,
They will disappear
Like bubbles
In the air,
Without leaving
Any trace in my memory.
They can form the illusion
Of the ideal perfect love,
More fragile
Than anything I know.

Marieta Maglas

Make love with me

The reality of your dream
Is a mask turned backward
Black over white, black over white
Love over pain, love over pain.
Hey, take me to yourself.
The dream of my reality
Is the backward of that mask
Turned backward
White over black, white over black
Pain over love, pain over love.
Hey, come to myself.
Come to self in self
In that place where
Everything can be
Black into white when it's taken from us
Or white into black when it's given to us.
Love into pain when is given to us.
Or pain into love when is taken from us.

Look for the mask
Intangible
Me
And
You

Always the same

Looking for myself
Through you
And looking for yourself
Through me.

In that place where
Everything can be
Sometimes
Black without white and white without black
Or pain without love and love without pain

In losing control.

MCN: C7986-UKG7K-58QFA
© copyright Mon Jan 24 22: 44: 44 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Making A Child

Making a child
For giving love a dual name.

For saving its own sense.

For completing our life with an overwhelming sense
Of happiness and lightness...

Let's make this child
By bringing him into existence,

Slowly,

With our kisses and light glancing touches,
Until we can feel him inside shivering,
In both of us.

Let's give him his own body,
This most common clay which belongs to us,
Let's give him the freedom to be born.

At that special moment

Of losing control
And fusion of souls,

When the happiness
Seems to be so much
The magical sensation
Of being in touch with God.

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

Metamorphosis

The idea staying on
its edge of dream
like the winter
melting on its
edge of spring,
so serendipitously
to give birth to
the reality.

Marieta Maglas

Metaphorical meaning

Goodness and badness
Are so relative,
While being incapable to keep
The moral utterances,
The elliptical utterances
For the corresponding relational
Statements
And the cognitive statements,
And being incapable to hold
A moral judgment
Not for expressing beliefs,
But for expressing the truth.
Accepting that our deepest truths
Are universal
While denying the power of reason,
Or seeking better by using
Our power of reason,
Or using our unfolding wisdom
And insightful enchantment,
Or living in life
As both joy and despair,
Mean that we are in metaphorical meaning
Apart from ego and absolutes.

Marieta Maglas

Metaphysics (Triple Cinqku Poem)

Cinqku: invented by Denis Garrison as a closer analogue to haiku than the American Cinquain (Adelaide Crapsey) , minimizing the utility of the line break technique. Cinqku follows a strict 17 syllable count arranged in five successive lines of 2-3-4-6-2 syllables. No title is used for single verse cinqku poems which are written in haiku-style free diction and syntax with no metrical requirement; a turn is used that may be similar to kireji in haiku or cinquain. Sequence, crown, and mirror, cinqku may be titled.

Love
Virtue
Braveries
Understanding
Human synthetic acts
Conscience

Mind
Thinking
Transcendent
Things in itself
Objects being-thinking
In self

And
Humans
Perceiving
World in itself
Through prisms of transformed forms
In light.

Marieta Maglas

Mirror

Human values

Mirrored images
Engrossed in self
Magic imago,

Mirrored minds
Engrossed in self
No moral code,

Minded mirrors
Engrossed in self
Imago of banked souls,

Awakened souls
Engrossed in self
No nourishment,

Graffiti walls
Magic in the mirror
Engrossing secret codes,

Erosion of values
Image deterioration,
Anarchy consuming

Human values.

Marieta Maglas

Moving Hieroglyphs

You compose that sonnet as you are eager
to analyze the exquisite crush
of some ideas.There is a painting
with scissors by Henri Matisse.Those birds flying
in the sky look like
moving hieroglyphs.So different
seems to be this new Sunday

dawn in our old secreting sun

than the woven web of the golden rays
can form a lot of intricate,

catching spirals of life.

You write about rising dreams and falling
angels, while this rocking
time is slowly whitening
your hair.On the chair, there is
a picture of three Mizutani shears
forgotten on a table of
a cut and curl salon

having spiral stairs

and being located in the Longing Street.The rickety
syllables of your poem lead elsewhere
on this Sunday;
a place with a vanishing step...

There is a forbidden corridor,
where the endurance guards the trapdoor
to the hiding place of your secrets. Some tears
fall down from a sad
eye of a cloud.
This sonnet of yours is like a daybreak,
or like an undiscovered
hieroglyph.

Marieta Maglas

Much More Than Love

Much more than green looks the sea in your twinkling eye,
Much more than salty are your eyes in the sea transgress,
Much more than green are leaves floating on waves to die,
In green waves, green eyes searched the beauty of loneliness.

Much more than you means your love in my eyes of keen,
Much more than love means the grain of your sad saltiest tear,
Much more than sadness means the beauty of your green,
Much more than the green means your whole life for me, my dear.

Dedicated to Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Marieta Maglas

Much More Than You

Much more than green looks the sea in your sad eye,
Much more than salty are your eyes on its waves,
Much more than green waves are leaves floating on high
In waves, green eyes searched the beauty of the caves.

Much more than you means love in my eyes of keen,
Much more than love means the green of your sad tear,
Much more than sadness means the beauty of green,
Much more than the green means your life for me, my dear.

Marieta Maglas

My Blue Rain

Let my blue sad rain hold your green of life,
And save it in the unique flower bud.
We need so much, my love, to be alive,
More than the dying bodies need their blood.

So we keep deep in our hearts the caves,
Those love caves, which are reflected as a gleam
In our Elysian dreams like souls in their graves,
Those colored dreams being engrossed by scream.

The light of our eyes is shadowed by the gray,
Those clouds of suffering, clouds of awakening.
Our souls need to rejoice, while we need to pray.
Our blissfulness is only love uplifting.

When our springs and winters are entwined and crowned,
White snow hides the glow of the exploding green.
That green can grow from the seeds down in the ground,
When life is pronged up by the process of gene.

A curve of silence like a cascade of screams,
Or globs of foams filling the unwanted void,
In the nature makes the rainbow sparkly gleams
Will these divine greens of nature be destroyed?

Marieta Maglas

My Copper Colored Love

In your eyes
My love has copper-colored reflections.
It means autumn in my heart.
Will it be
As a leaf
Falling in
The shadow of the trunk
To wait for its freezing numbness?

Marieta Maglas

My dream

I am emotionally frustrated by my innocent hope,
In which I dream of goodness
To become true in this bad reality.
I prefer to take no more effort
To accomplish this hilarious dream,
Rather than expecting it would not be an illusion,
Although I intend to bring a new light
To any common crying reality.
I want to believe I have put in this light
All my sincerity,
But others may think that I am an innocent person.
This is why all I can get is my sadness.
I am unhappy.
I concluded that this crying reality will never change.

Marieta Maglas

My emerald dreams

The rain falling down for whispering my silence
That silence breaking my emerald dreams.
And those Clearview shields with rising bubbles and flutes of Renaissance
The rain falling down onto our round stones, keeping our kisses,
Coming down onto the petals....

Those petals more than yellow sun...

Those petals of the sweet lemon flower,
Blooming as doves that fly in clouds...

And those birds searching their freedom in the unlimited horizon...

Your eyes water, thinking of me
Allowing the door to be left open
While allowing viewing through the window from the inside....
Feeling the sun growing cooler,
Understanding your passion of flame.....

Trying to milk it - drink from it-deeply
Trying to feel it flow
Between your lips and my hair...

Moving the middle to the top,
self- fashioning moving to the bottom as well...

Feeling the blazing hot sun
And the light
As it waits within
And at the end the avid breath
Draining this light inside each other
Like the moon shining inside of the sun....

Hands passing of time
With your smile...
With dedication...
Is It Poetry? Yes, it is.....

Marieta Maglas

My fears

Sometimes, I am fearful to follow my own creeds,
And I have fears that I may cease to be a hoper,
Not because I fear to hope,
But because it's very hard to achieve some goals.
I am fearful, when I see
People are substituting hope for a reason,
Tending towards a pessimistic point of view.
I am more fearful, when
I see people fearing to think.
I have a preference to have certitudes.
That's why my fear cannot be without hope,
Nor hope without fear,
While cutting through complex certitudes
In a period of doubt and questioning.
I am not very well prepared to face on this,
But I will never be an ignorant,
I will never use lies to achieve my goals,
I will never fear to ask people around,
And to help people in trouble,
And I will always be safe thinking that
My hope is in the Lord.

Marieta Maglas

My first love+

Chirping birds,
Trembling leaves
In the middle of the darkness
Yearning for something,
Warm breeze of summer
And rush of the sea,
A shiver inside
This love, which still exists
After so many years,
An intense chemistry
And psychic emotion,
A pure illuminated state of mind
And a real enlightenment
Of our souls
Only with you.

Marieta Maglas

My Gray Hours (Sonnet)

My love is touching the sweetness of your kiss,
I can taste it, but I can't find our love's bliss.
My new tear's curb crumbles, while I feel to cry.
Your mind is so far, and I want to know why.

Wrong thoughts cruelly wait for the fear to tape
The terrors of love to give them a new shape.
My loneliness becomes a shadowy yard,
When to sink this reality it's so hard.

A murky pond is love, when we feel a whole
I keep my questions while tearing my sad soul,
Which once is tied with bleeding strips to yours
Can wrap my soul in bandages in sad hours.

I wait for hope which will never come to me.
This hope hunger squeezes tighter my soul's knee.
I'm clinging to the past, where I want to hide
That part of me that is still alive inside.

While I wait for love waves to wash my pain
Big storms of hate can rise up from your heart in vein.
Much more confused on how to think or to feel,
I talk, and I try to be your balance wheel.

I can live with hate while love is a wasteland,
When your black death comes around for my soul's gland.
I love you, and against you I have no sword.
I could lose my way, but I pray to the Lord.

I wonder if I will feel your love again,
Or I must accept my resignation's chain.
It's an inner sorrow coming on my lip,
Like a song of my flute for my sad last sleep,

Like a fire fathom scratching my blue rain,
Like a wish to kiss you, when I strive in vain,
And I need you, because I love you so much,
When I love you, I mostly need your sweet touch.

Bloods are your words rain in my misty land,
This relationship, the marriage can't withstand.
I'm doing my duties with a selfless heart,
Having a feeling of being set apart.

You avoid me, and I can't express my thought
This breaks my soul, because I love you a lot.
Sometimes, you feel regret for my soul, when weeps.
I'm thinking thoughts, when you give me the creeps.

With your betrayal, my love can close inside,

I can't go on with this, but at least, I've tried.

MCN: C3RC5-ESU38-Y6SY8
© copyright Fri Mar 04 07: 11: 10 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

My King

You've never had
A real dream love.
Your ideas,
Empowered you
So deeply
Making you completely
Unable
To turn your dreams
Into reality.

You didn't taste
The rain
And never danced in it.
It's a dance
Holding your love
Feeling the water
Seeping
Into your skin.

You've never cried
For not being a child
Any longer,

Even when you forgot
Yourself
Falling away
Into your very old
Abyss.

You've never screamed
In the darkness,

And you've never had
The courage
To make love
On the snow.

So, don't touch my soul,

Because

You cannot be my king.

You didn't make me who I am.

If you really loved me,
I would never let you go.

<img src='http: //storage.myfreecopyright.com/mfc_protected.png' alt='MyFreeCopyright.com Registered & Protected' title='MyFreeCopyright.com Registered & Protected'

width='145px' height='38px' border='0'/>

Marieta Maglas

My Lord

Everything I'm trying to do
I'm trying to do for You
And everything is done
Is done because of You
And everything will come
Will be because of You,
My Lord,
Because everything that happens
Is Your will
And You are in complete
Control of everything...

Marieta Maglas

-My Love for You

If my love made you become more
Beautiful for a second,
There would be a sign of the existence of our true love,
And for the existence of The Lord in Heaven.

And if you were not beautiful any longer,
It would mean that God would still love us,
He would still be on His throne in Heaven,
But you would be no longer in my dreams,
Those dreams with visions of happiness and love.
You would see me mourning my love for you,

And I would see those irreversible changes.....

Marieta Maglas

My Love For You (Alexandrine Poetry)

Your love for me a little more than nothing means,
When love as sense of self may be, than mine, less strong.
The thrill of love may keep its paint on withered greens.
A night of dreams is like a sad and jerking song.

Your silence dances meaning's words on face's frown,
My eyes of winter watch the stream of light on high,
Emotions are a flow of words, while stripping down
Their sense of love to sound like a sad ''good bye''.

With red unfolded kisses thrilling white delight,
The moon replaces missing sun with all around.
It makes me dance my will in dreams' abstract on height.
It makes me feel the love again and heals my wound.

Marieta Maglas

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

I keep the pale rose and I feel my sorrow,

My love is like the proxigean spring tide.

I have no hope and no dream for tomorrow.

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 and breadth and I know

To keep the silence and to feel no regret.

My love is much the same as an Arctic Glow.

And when my soul is vibrating with this thrill,

I need my lost precious moments to envy,

But like a strong storm, you're angry and my shrill

Make me lose my hope and I begin to cry.

Marieta Maglas

My solitude

Slipping

The nights
Into rains

Sleeping

In my solitude

Waiting

The dawn

Feeling

The breeze
Of the sea

Marieta Maglas

My soul is guilty of love

My soul is guilty of love,
That love devastating my life
To create a new better one.
My love tastes my flesh,
That painful part of me
Continuously and little by little
Dyeing.
I still feel this need for temporary things,
But love will never be a thing.
It will never be temporary.
I still try to reconcile
My individual part of world
With my Christian faith.
I still live among
Primitive and humble animals,
Trying to understand my solitude,
Trying to save my unfulfilled desires,
Thinking that
The whole past human glory
Is enough for me.
I try to understand
Its delicate dazzling dream
On reaching the eternal in the ephemeral.
I'm overwhelmed with
Its fossil coral thought and its wet reality.

Marieta Maglas

My two seasons

Glacial braids paralyze the silver trim
Bearing that frost coming seemingly
From the North Star.
Ceremonial clouds unwind the light
Of the very frigid sun.
The gelid wind creeps up its spine
The lifeless forest highlands its somberness.
The dusky frozen autumn
Like a decrescent moon in the eclipse
Suffers the ignominy of being left behind.
In the faintly confused history,
The nature can wait the winter to come
Dressed in her refulgent white
For restoring her sovereignty
Like a queen with blue heart and icy tears.

Marieta Maglas

Natural things -Haiku

In this common world,
Draw new virtues from above
For natural things

Marieta Maglas

Natural Thrill (Alexandrine Poetry)

The sun can rise again, the moon bitterly sleeps.
Nor friend nor foe tonight, the day merrily calls.
The trees, the grass, the lakes, their lip tenderly keeps
The moonlight kiss, when night in dreams carefully falls.

The stars still dance all dreams with grace in their light twist.
In trees, the wind may swing the true changeable greens
To shake and wake the flower buds' murmuring mist,
When love as sense of self for him turpitude means.

Marieta Maglas

Need

I lose myself in a love dream.
I lose myself in love.
I lose control.
I dream my love,
You're always in my dream,
My perfect man,
I'm with you,
I lose control.
I'm a dreamer.
You're unreal.
You're my dream lover.
Our love is in its unreal self.
I step forward into my Divine Essence
One ''I'' is searching for the other 'I'
To form the unconditioned absolute Being.
I wake up.
It's, in fact, a spiritual awakening.
I'm your Eve,
You're my Adam,
And I understand that I will never find you,
As I will never find the lost Eden.

Marieta Maglas

Never again

You're my destiny,
When the past never returns.
I give all to You.

Marieta Maglas

Nevermore

Unspoken words are the first in your voice sheen,
And missing love is a place in your heart green.
I scream, when my tearing soul becomes dim.
We're no more inside of our universe rim.

You're no more my blessing along the life shore,
And I heard the raven says, 'Nevermore! '
Broken idols in midnight taper will weep.
Love with rusty traces of tears will sleep.

I'll keep all silence in the absence of words
Killing time in the dewy wings of hate swords.
I eat my waking dreams and close my deepest wound
As sky eats its clouds and earth closes grave ground.

Marieta Maglas

New Zealand

An earthquake struck New Zealand's city of Christchurch on Tuesday
Burying vehicles under debris and collapsing buildings into the streets.
Police announced a curfew and the city was shut down on Wednesday,
Rescuers scrambled to reach beneath the rubble the residents.

The quake devastated the spire of the Cathedral, and was a real tale.
The buildings had collapsed, and the people were trapped inside.
All around the city, this powerful earthquake strangely bent some rails,
Moreover, it toppled the tall buildings and seventy five people died.

The earthquake combination of distance and depth was so deadly,
Streets were strewn with concrete, and people were stuck in towers.
Firefighters climbed ladders to pluck people from roofs to safety.
Buildings have gone because aftershocks hit the city within two hours.

Pre-World War buildings were damaged by the quake on September,
People wandered through streets strewn with debris and concrete.
The further damage was caused by a strong aftershock in December.
Now there is a real carnage with bodies littering the streets..

The women went into premature labor, and the city was in agony.
The airport was shut down, in ruins the people began to groan,
Every child has been walking home trying to find the lost family.
The city was suffering cuts to the water supply and the phone.

A thirty million tone block of ice sheared off a glacier of New Zealand
After the earthquake had devastated the city groping it into Dark.
The iceberg crashed into a lake had rocked the South Island
Ripping off the Tasman Glacier at Aoraki Mount Cook National Park.

Marieta Maglas

Night Vision Over A Living Planet

The air is very heavy,
Hard and sharp,
Because of the interplanetary forces.
A rolling stones rain is falling down,
While a huge planet is completely covering the sun,
Making everything around be swallowed
By a great darkness.
Only sharp bright lights pierce the sky
From time to time
To trigger big fires.
"The stone which the builders disallowed,
The same is made the head of the corner, "
A terrible freezing wind
Is following the darkness,
That kind of freezing wind
Killing or biting everything is alive.
Time stops running,
And nothing can move about that living planet,
Because of the interplanetary forces.
People, who live on the sea shores
May hear calming the waters of darkness
To sweep everything around.
There is no electric current at all,
And the stars cannot be seen,
Because they hide behind thick clouds.
Erupting volcanoes that have not erupted
Since a very long time
Are covered by fire.
A strange swing can be felt
By everyone,
When everything begins to move again.
The gravity is felt differently on the both sides
Of that living planet.
Huge waves of water meet volcanic lava
To make everything around disappear completely.
There are lost zones and escape zones.
The position of the living planet's axis changes
Reversing the sense of rotation.
The sunset becomes the sunrise,
And vice versa.
The monster planet leaves its position between
The sun and the living planet
To let the comet pass.
A heavy rain with very big drops
Begins to fall down.
After that, the sun powerfully rises again.
So many people and animals die,
That there is no one to bury them all.
The survivors take refuge in the mountains
Running in the woods.
The passing of this celestial body
Triggers an extraordinary earthquake.

Some mountains crack and fall.
The trees are falling to the ground.
The people are running, but they don't know
Where to run
Attempting to escape the wrath of God.
They don't know where they are.
They even don't know if they are at one
Of the Poles,
Or at the Equator.
They don't know if their planet's land is the same or not.
They cannot take any train, or plain, or car.
Their houses are destroyed.
They have nothing to eat, they need water.
They are hungry and thirsty.
They are exhausted,
But, moreover, they need to survive.

Marieta Maglas

Nightmare

The screams lead the dance uplifting the sad song
And invading the gray space of their sad souls.
The swiftest movements try to keep them so strong.
Together are they, with ill minds and high goals.

They try to enlighten their incantation.
They wither only their sinner soul within.
They reach their nightmare and search their elation,
Their blood is shed for no remission of sin.

Some of them dance screaming loudly as their own name.
Those names are bell clappers in empty beings.
They turn their sigh into hope and frozen shame,
They dance their putrescent flesh for innate wings.

Some others are like pale roses in winter,
They shake their putrescent fragrance in dreamless.
They are like mad souls, they flutter their glitter
Like hell and turn all they are against God bless.

Marieta Maglas

Nonexistent Pharaoh

You're my nonexistent
Mu's pharaoh losing
your powers inside of
me in that place, where
I can keep the secrets
of your life.I'm your sphinx
forgotten on the bottom
of a very blue ocean.
In your blue eyes,
I may read the answers
to my questions about love.
I understand your pyramid
of dreams.

Marieta Maglas

Nothing more

A little more
Is
Something more than nothing.

More lesser
Is
More like nothing.

Nothing more
Is
All I want.

Marieta Maglas

-Obsolete quiver of the universe +++

Call me when you breathe in your sad universe
To feel you and to love you in my sad verse,
Because I know so well that from the same clay
Our souls and Galaxy were made yesterday.

That from the same stone could forever envy
Both planet Venus and the light from your black eye.
When I am with you, I'm not surprised that I verse
This branch for holding your entire universe.

I hold you in my soul as I hold an ancient skald,
As I hold the moonlight in my emerald.
And I feel your deep pain by touching your tear,
When I incline myself to love you my dear.

Marieta Maglas

Odd Sensation

I heard your steps.I had a feeling
that red leaves knocked to the
ground while falling from an imaginary
tree. I simply knew that they became
frightened in the fall. I had the feeling that

I heard your steps, I had that odd
sensation that you were still alive.
But, in the next moment, I was sure
that I didn't really hear any step.
I saw my Ligustrum vulgare losing
its leaves. I saw myself in the mirror.

I couldn't hear your steps.All I knew was
that I loved you. All I could hear was
the fall of the leaves.But in the next
moment, I felt your kiss on my incurable
and irreversible wound.

I heard the church bell ringing.

Marieta Maglas

Of blue and white cords-Anagram Poem

Two-faced, lush, dire nob.
Dear witch fouled snob
The wonderful, acid sob
Chief rat wounded slob

Touch! Refined, sad blow
Deft and slouchier bow
Found cries deathblow
Bounced hardiest flow

Of blundered chaos wit
Boldfaced whores unit
Self-wounded, cobra hit
Wonderful codes habit

Forbidden law touches
Fund bloodier watches
In awful odder botches,
Foul and bored witches

Wiser and foul botched.
Hatred if slow bounced
Arch-foe bout swindled
A witch of so blundered

My poem is the anagram of the title.Moreover, the title is a line of the poem ''Blue and White'' by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge (1861-1907)

Marieta Maglas

Old Song

If love had sung inside
of us, maybe we would
have heard it. You know,
my darling, that love never
sings, never, until it is required.
Even if it had sung inside
of us like an old flamenco
tango, we would still have
learned to dance its sorrow.
You know so well that to dance
 and to go on is all we can do.

Marieta Maglas

Older than this tree

I sit next to this rare
Cork old tree.
I hear the sound of rustling
In its leaves.
I sit beside its sadness,
Seeking out its loneliness.
I will never be the same.
I will never return.
I cannot stop time
To change continuously.
I'm unacquainted
With changes.
Time has stood itself
Near my solitude.
I realize that
I'm older than this tree.

Marieta Maglas

One Plus One Equals One

Me and you
And this blissfulness,
Called dream love,
Realizing that
One plus one
Equals one
As a forever truth,
Realizing that
One plus one
Equals me and you
As a forever truth,
When the sounds become feelings
And the feelings become sounds
In this dualism of love
Very similar to
The particle-wave
Dualism of light,
When the unique bliss
Means me and you...

Marieta Maglas

Only with You

Chirping birds,
Trembling leaves
In the middle of the night,
Yearning for something,
Warm breeze of summer
And rush of the sea,
A shiver inside of my soul,
This love existent,
An intense chemistry
And physical emotion
Just happening
Happening with you,
Only with you.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

Our Sliding Existence

I think it is the shadow of a sound.
It seems to be so real.
I was in the prison of my mind.
I think I hear the rude raindrops
Shrieking on the asphalt.
It seems to be only the eaves drip,
Or maybe there is the clatter of
Hoof-clipped stones
And the scrape of gravel down.
I saw a light, I think it is a thunder light.
It's seems to be only an electrical explosion.
I open the window, and I see everything unclear outside.
I think it is the smoke from a burning building.
It seems to be only fog in the air.
I think your hair smells like imperial lily flowers.
It seems that the lily blooms
So beautifully in the vase when steeped
In front of our window.
I was in the prison of my mind,
In our sliding existence.

Marieta Maglas

-Our Vertical Movements

I would be
Your reclusive word
On your own inside.
I would disintegrate
Your ideas
To recompose them
For love.
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
Pain
In one morning,
For sure, you would be awake
To embarrass
My absence.
I need to understand
Your fictitious existence.
All I have now is the memory of our feelings…
The blue bird, the bird of happiness
Is flying again
On the sky
To be absorbed in it
To the limit
Between visible and invisible.
Nothing is perfect around….
Perfection and equilibrium
Are all I mean,
While The Lord
Is Saving
Our vertical movements…

Marieta Maglas

Our Last Dance

(Dedicated to Thorsten)

I see you crying,
Looking through your transparent face mask
And reconceptualizing your mimicry as a spatial captation.

The red liquid still trickles down,
The solid foam packing our feelings.
The cup spills out the wine
Into a heart shape.

I want to turn back the time
And go back again.
We need our infinite,
And want, once again, to dissolve in it.

Around, at the other tables,
People are just seemingly not thinking
As they are reflected in the broken mirrors,
On the walls.
They appear increasingly complacent...

I bring the cup up to my lips and I inhale
The wine, which is very cool.
This liquid seems to make the cup to be hot.
I continue inhaling until
All of the liquid in the cup is emptied.
I feel the yellowish liquid
Like it scrapes my esophagus.

I drink from the empty cup
The visible truth,
Our still untold truth.

I want to lift the spirit
And dance
Our last dance
In the chaotic rhythm of the last seconds.
Yes, I want you to hug me..

But the bar is full of hot human mouths,
When the windows steam up,
And anarchic noises
Freeze instantly my wish...
Steamed water is dripping down your mask.
Yes, I know, they are not tears...

We stand up straight for once

And go.
We break the output
Definitively and
Speechless..

...Words like
Could not be spoken
Or would not get them utter
Or would be exhausted....

I was heading in an opposite direction
To my side of life.
I do not look back.
I do not wonder if you watch me go.
I just know that I will love you
All the rest of my life,
When life no longer makes sense...

Marieta Maglas

Our Last Tango

I feel so lonely
In this room for two
Smoking your thoughts
And drinking your dreams.
We're still in that Paris,
Our Paris,
Though we didn't dance, yet,
Our last tango.
You're my sitting stone
I was your throne.
Just open your petrified heart
Only for a second
To understand
That stupid metaphor
Of being together,
Which means
Occasionally
Love.

Marieta Maglas

Our Life-Haiku

Eat not to dullness,
Drink not to elevation,
Think innocently

Marieta Maglas

Our love

Our love is pure
Beyond our human horizon
And outside of time.
Our being becomes profound
And instantly expanded in the blissful infinite.
We begin to feel the deification of our souls
Because The Lord is infinite love.
We are a part of Him
Because we are His creation.
He is a part of us
Because the Holy Spirit is
A part of our mind and our spirit.
He gives us the gift of freedom.
We give Him our freedom.
It is the only way to complement Him.
We give Him our indelibly unique beliefs
And we extrapolate this awareness to our souls
We extrapolate our souls to the universe
And we extrapolate the universe to Him.
Our love becomes
A resurgence of self-esteem, a self-resurgence.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.
 2010

Marieta Maglas

Our Perfect Vision

I feel your love
On my white skin
Becoming suddenly so reddish.
I feel your kisses
Burning me inside.
Suddenly,
You turn me into someone else.
You turn everything
Into intimate.
You run into me from yourself.
You're within.
It's a big turn
Showing how to turn cheap 'choice'
Steaks into 'prime' steaks,
While embodying our love,
Embodying a deep connection with
Our souls,
That eminently unique cruising
Connection,
To create a destination.
Shadows of thoughts are trembling in between,
Imperfectly perfecting
Our quality of being, or becoming perfect.
Our act of love becomes a fight
For enlightening
Our perfect vision
And for understanding
The real meaning
Of love.

Marieta Maglas

Our Prophecy

Don't lose your own hope at sixty.
You'll reach your next nice destiny.
One thing you'll never really know,
How it could be with me in a real show.

Don't bother to make a future plan,
To change what is already done.
It's nothing to lose and I can explain,
That you will be so tired working in vain.

Maybe I know you from another life,
But I wanted to be another man’s wife.
Why I did this and how it could be,
I know 'cause I met my own prophecy.

Don't lose your hope; you'll be happy someday.
The world is yours and you have nothing to pay.
If you get crazy, when I'm talking about love,
Maybe something is coming to you from above.

But don't be sad 'cause you can get everything
In this world of yours, except one little thing,
But you need a heart and to be good to get it.
It's too much to pay, so better forget it.

So don't lose your hope at your own sixty.
It's time to reach your next alive destiny.
One thing you'll certainly never know,
How it could be with me in your reality show.

Marieta Maglas

Our thrill

Like two angels flying
And touching each other
With their trembling
Wings.

Marieta Maglas

Out of Space and Time

When God is seemingly nowhere,
He is certainly deep within ourselves.
We search Him at that core of the core,
Out of space and time,
Where darkness and coldness cannot be
Delved into the past
We search ourselves in our wintry wretchedness.
Pure consciousness is God
In all things,
But only the human beings are conscious of
His presence,
Being with Him.
It's absolutely no way to explain why
This frozen unconsciousness of the clay
Can rise to an enlightened consciousness.
Sometimes we are sharp rocks,
Having the consciousness of a stone,
Which is so formless, inchoate and
Sometimes empty,
Waiting for His flood in early spring
Washing our sinful being,
Awaiting the light,
Which speeds without mass
In non-existing space and time,
Lightening our inner soul of nature
And our existing sharp being.
That kind of light
Warms everything inside
Until we are awakened.

Marieta Maglas

Pablo Picasso Cubism

Your soul
Is an invisible side of a cube,
Sensing the royal touch
Of your body.
This side becomes
A form in my mind,
Gaining an ideal existence.
In this frame I keep
The essence of
This special thing
Called love.

Marieta Maglas

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 it becomes only the 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 it becomes only the memory of your word.

I'm drawing your great feeling,
As a noble heart,
Which is eccentrically enlarging,
Until I can touch you
To become one soul.

Marieta Maglas

Passing of Time

The passing of time through the changing pattern of our thought
Is like a fish passing water over its gills,
Or like a cosmic engine
And not unlike the stream of light passing through pictures
It is leading to our irreversible changing,
It is triggering our memories,
Those emotions that are often evoked
When hearing a piece of music from our past.

The time is perfect..
Present perfect, past perfect, future perfect...

Every time we understand more about ourselves.
We are going through an invisible portal
In our awareness.
And every time we think about our awareness.
We understand that our cages are within,
Created by fear and by the walls we
Have built around our heart.
It is our imperfection the place where our story lives..
We pretend to be perfect, but we hurt each other and
We fail to live up to our own standards...
We are so imperfect and have so much love of ourselves..
Maybe this is why we need to create those perfect moments
For glorious memories,
Resisting the passing of time through the changing pattern of our thought...
Maybe this is why our time together is so precious...

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.
8 March 2010.

Marieta Maglas

Penetration

The mountain peak is penetrating the sky,
That lead sky, hidden behind the indigo clouds,
Tapping with its shade the rain shower,
Which beats the world of emaciated feelings,
Those feelings keeping the encroached souls
In a mesh of life without hope
And in a framework of themselves.

The sky is penetrating the mountain
In its valley's green depth
To the place, where
The life's last illusion flows
In the middle of the chasms,
Where the running water galvanizes
The gold silence,
Weary wandering seemingly to nowhere,
Trying to vanquish its metamorphosis
In the time sight
And on the time ear.

The echoes of its sound
Are penetrating a new spring in its own,
When the absence of the old one
Means not forgetfulness.
Unlocking the ubiquitous meanders,
Making the rain to shine.
The cold gray stones
With their arms and their breasts
Are freaking the pick of their thoughts,
The strength of their iron veins
And their paradoxical conundrum
Like a voice, which is still alive,
Or like a mysterious touch.

Marieta Maglas

Perpetuum Mobile

...In our waters of sadness
I laid myself on an illusory island of hope.
On the illusory island of hope
I was marooned, without your love.
Your love is haunted
By the shadow of my dream.
My shadow of dream echoed your laughter.
Your laughter was a falling curtain
Over my stage of feelings at nightfall.
My stage of feelings
Has deprived itself of any awareness light.
The awareness light was hidden
In a contractile shadowy pink sunset
Of our passionate relation.
Our passionate relation
Cracked its internal walls of faith.
The internal walls released the scream
In our waters of sadness.
In our waters of sadness
I lived on a meandering island of thoughts
On the meandering island of thoughts
I was marooned, without my love.
My love disappeared being digested
In your utopian dream.
Your utopian dream cavorted in a silvery laughter;
The silvery laughter was a falling curtain
Over the crevice of our ruined feelings at nightfall.
The crevice of our ruined feelings
Has deprived itself of any enlightening piety.
The enlightening piety was spread
In a contractile shadowy internal sunset
Of our life cycle.
Our life cycle
Cracked its pink walls of faith.
The pink walls released the blue scream
In our waters of sadness.....

Marieta Maglas

Play Divinely My Tarnished Piano

Your fingers could play these old keyboards
On this tarnished piano,
Which is our love.

They would crack always the same sound.
Your green nailed sight of this whip crack
Would be a very sweet music,

Strongly keeping
Our reality not to disappear.
You're still my love

Although, sometimes,
I may forget the notion.
You and your very wished piano

Were against my will.
You know I will never be there,
Although once, long time ago,

I swore to be there.
The sheer pain may bring,

Sometimes,
This love again
Into my will

To strengthen each other in this sorrow.
Well, it's a way to keep you safe in my heart.
So many years,

Your green eyes saw another sky,
While you were trying to be
Full of adaptability.

You quenched your thirst
For freedom.
It seems that freedom without love

Is possible,
But love without freedom
Is impossible.

Marieta Maglas

Poem for a Victim Woman

Your life with him was a real horrendous
prolongation of a sad wishful thinking
waiting to spew out his whole stupendous
spiral of love, and much more, waiting

to carve his icy bloody memory on some
wave-washed wet shores of your mind. All
had transpired as a sad part of this numb
reality has truly died. That invisible wall

Between you both had been merely built on
hip-thrusts, until finally, you awoke alone
as after a horrid dream instead of love.
With a bloodshot eye and a fatigued bone,

You understood your anxieties and confusions.
The wind of change waved down your moldy
dreams. You lost your hope, being under delusions,
even you could survive as well as a golden oldie.

You've been told that nothing good may happen
after a crude awakening in your deep life abyss.
His sense of life meant only power and rapine,
And reality still contorts and deforms your bliss.

''What could have been'' remains a never ending
effort to be yourself again. You still hope to survive
within your lackluster woman structure, pretending
that your unique dream of pure love is still alive.

Marieta Maglas

Poem for Thorsten

My unique perfect love,

The world will never be separated in two parts from now on.

We need the freedom for feelings,
For our painful feelings.

My baron...

And my first fiancé....

We need to express our uniqueness....

We had all freedom for our pain...
Even we never understood the reason for our pain...

But we needed the freedom for love....

This great struggle for freedom, around the world....

The wall was broken, my love,

That visible wall...

The wall of broken dreams....

And you see, my love, it was not really our last dance..

Fighting for our souls,
Fighting between good and evil for our souls
And for this freedom....

And for this last chance

To dance together
Again and again
Like the very first time...

When we wanted to be really good....

A Melody restaurant
A picture with both of us
A very well sculptured door behind us...
Valea Draganului....

Me and you, absolutely meaning to be together.
Absolutely meaning to be existent...

The Lord looking
To both of us.

The Lord wanting for us
To be together.

Me and you being separated

By others

Losing our hopes

And hoping, at the same time,
that The Lord

Will change the world

For this love...

Marieta Maglas

Power of the Words

Surround yourself with goodness.
Embrace the power of the words.
Search their deepness.
That's the magic inside,
That magic, which is nestled inside their structure
And let them be infused with meaning.
Let the words resound through the pure air
And breathe.
You will understand their essence and symbols,
And you will be prepared
To pass through the gateway to your own inner universe.

Marieta Maglas

Power- Senryu

External power,
Internal powerlessness
Both at the same time.

Marieta Maglas

Prayer of the Children

Our Jesus Christ prayed himself and taught us how to pray
Avoiding the temptation and seeking the childness
Knowing ''The Our Father'' - prayer for every day
Thinking that even He was tempted in wilderness.

We pray for our bread and human needs of the day
But the Spirit Himself makes intercession for us
We're sinners, our souls need to be renewed by this way
God wants to save us so much, He wants His kids to bless.

Marieta Maglas

Protests across Yemen

Protests spread across Yemen on Wednesday
Demanding an end to the president.
Policemen fired in the air, then forced their way
To disperse the crowd of the people present.

A foreign plot led the Arab world in chaos,
One thousand people marched on the Sanaa street,
Some consecutive days protesting with pathos.
Ali Abdullah Saleh was trying to defeat.

President Ali Abdullah Saleh
Against al Qaeda had been allied with US.
But he has begun to smoke his narghile,
When he heard 'down with the president's thugs.'

Lawyers, students, and activists together
Marched chanting slogans against President
From Sanaa University toward the city center,
And they held their truths to be self-evident.

Riot police blocked the main road of the city,
And clashed with protesters throwing stones.
The government supporters with no pity
Staged a counter-demonstration in those zones.

It's about al-Qaida and counterterrorism
To speak on condition of anonymity.
About tribal leaders with their power as mesmerism,
Because it was a subject having sensitivity.

Yemen, a Middle East country having eucalyptus
And grievances like corruption and poverty,
Felt aftershocks of pro-reform uprisings from Egypt,
While it was trying to grind its tribal complexity.

This country stood in contrast to the Jordan wealth.
Even Bahrain people protested for economic justice.
With tea and kabobs they protected their health,
While they were putting pressure on king to make changes.

Hundreds of Bedouin men blocked roads to demand.
Government all they should have, a job and a house,
Moreover, they wanted the return of their once owned land.
For that they waved flags, chanted and erected banners.

MCN: CJG7E-H54WU-PXCGG

© copyright Thu Feb 17 02: 35: 39 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Pygmalion And Galatea

Your sight was poignantly penetrating me within.
Your blue eyes were even more bittersweet in that opaque singleness,
and our touch was like a sadness piano song.

I did not know when you really wanted to exist for yourself
while pretending to be existent.
I kissed you, and you thought that there was only a kiss,
but I wanted to swallow your silence,
and to blow into the air your defense.

You were dying inside you.
You loved me in this secret room of ours.
We could understand our existence.
That room kept us hidden from the world for a second.

In our dream, we became free.
We tried to free our mind and our souls,
but our dream could not generate any idea.

We made love for no other reason, but to love each other.
I became a milky white ivory Galatea of yours.
You made me be your woman for that sense of belonging.

I needed that, and I wanted my own metamorphosis.
I became that Galatea not being able to leave the love cell.
In your absence, I became that Galatea wallowing in hopelessness, and
understanding that the sadness was the only thing really existent inside.
I became that Galatea wanting again to see your green-blue loving eyes.

You became that Pygmalion of mine, for without me…..you…..

Marieta Maglas

Reflection

From the mirror,
a woman is watching how
the rain washes the
shadow of
an incus cloud.

The raindrops look
like tears.The light
is green, and the yellow
eyes of
the leaves are opened.

The woman reserves her right to
be silent while walking her
confusion, which is a
reflection of
a colorless thought.

Marieta Maglas

Regret- Senryu

Don't regret the past,
It happened for a reason.
So, just look forward.

Marieta Maglas

Revelation

I saw an angel with a wounded wing
And two drops of blood
As a fractured image.
I felt the pain of that angel
Inside of me.

It was a touch.

I saw the light of a burning candle
And its drops of wax
As a fractured love
I felt the sadness of that love
Inside of me.

It was a touch.

I heard the Words of God
Between drops of silence
And fractured sounds.
I felt the happiness
Inside of me.

It was a touch.

In this light,
The angel
Was talking to me.
I am awakened.

Marieta Maglas

Sad Woman

If I opened my heart to show you
The love I could keep inside of me,
You would see there's something you can do,
And I would pray for you on my knee.

If you told me that you should leave me
And no longer should I wait for you,
I would tell you, 'I can't set you free,
'Cause for you was all I've tried to do.'

I cannot cope with sadness at night,
Although you had to follow your way.
My heart, once singing its songs of light,
Buries in melancholy, today.

I swim in my ocean of darkness.
I pray in my solitude, I'm pure.
I wait for you, my life is hopeless
I'm not able more pain to endure.

Marieta Maglas

Salome

Salome, the unique daughter of Philip of Rome and Herodias,
Was the stepdaughter of the ruler of Galilee, Herod Antipas,
She wanted to find for her mother's problems a real solution
Therefore, she caused to St. John the Baptist a painful execution.

This saint had condemned the marriage of Herod Antipas
With the divorced wife of his half brother Philip, Herodias.
Herod imprisoned John, but feared this great prophet to kill,
Because to become King Herod the Great he had a goodwill.

Herodias was not mollified by great John's incarceration
And wanted to induce Antipas a great mental state of elation.
She pressed beautiful Salome to seduce him with her dance,
Thinking that her smart daughter his emotions could enhance.

Salome made him promise to give her everything she wanted.
Dancing the 'Dance of the Seven Veils', her beautiful figure she flaunted.
Salome, thus, asked for the head of John the Baptist on a platter,
At her mother's behest, for whom nothing else could ever matter.

Herod did her bidding and that platter, to her mother, Salome brought.
Her mother won, this way, the John's head for saving her free thought.
Salome became a seductress of a stepfather and a murderer of a saint,
Herodias became a symbol of women, who can live without any constraint.

The Dance of the Seven Veils expresses the myth of the goddess Ishtar,
Also, the myth of the god Tammuz of Assyrian and Babylonian lore.
In this myth, Ishtar went into the underworld to visit Ereshkigal, her sister.
Ishtar passed through the seven gates and her power could glister.

At each gate, Ishtar had to shed an article of clothing, finally being nude.
Unleashing sixty diseases against her, Ereshkigal proved to be so rude.
Ishtar was imprisoned and all sexual activity on the earth ceased.
Papsukkal reported the situation to Ea, the king of the gods, at least.

Ea created the eunuch called Asu-shu-namir and sent him to Ereshkigal
To ask for the bag containing the waters of life, after Ishtar's last squeal.
She gave him this water and Asu-shu-namir sprinkled Ishtar, reviving her.
She came back and sent Tammuz to Ereshkigal, avoiding this story to recur.

Ishtar was associated with sexuality, her cult involved sacred prostitution,
Her city Uruk was the 'town of the sacred courtesans', place of persecution.
Although for the god Ishtar, love was fatal, she treated her passing lovers cruelly,
And the unhappy wretches, for the favors heaped on them, paid dearly.

Philip the Tetrarch was the son of Cleopatra of Jerusalem and Herod the Great.
He was the brother of Herod Antipas and Herod Archelaus, he had a good fate.
He inherited north father's kingdom and by Luke (3: 1) in the Bible he’s mentioned.
He married the daughter of Herodias and Philip of Rome, that Salome so tensioned.

Marieta Maglas

Samson And Delilah

Samson fell for Delilah while being the enemy of her
Philistines people, but the gods chose her to take
His power.He tried to make her be a good woman.

Delilah wrestled with The Lord, in fact, using her powers
Of seduction and deception against the man.This way, she
Found the Samson's secret. She could subdue him to be captured.

For sure, she felt sorry for what she did, when she understood
What real love means, but it was too late to change anything.
For Samson, love has been senseless, He sadly ceased to

Continue this fight with her. He ought to love God more than
He loved the woman. He ought to know that faith involved the
Sacrifice of sinful love. He became a simple a blind man.

He destroyed the temple of the Philistines, all their idols and
The people being inside it, after demanding the divine power,
When only God's love and the Holy faith became important

In his human life. Probably Delilah cried for doing what she
Did to him, but she had to fight against the enemies of her
Gods. In fact, she has never really loved any man, because she

Didn't meet The Lord inside Samson, while trying to find Him,
Or she would know that Lord means true love, truth and justice.

Marieta Maglas

Sarwar Chowdhury, the poet from Bangladesh

I'm telling you about Bangladesh, a wonderful country,
Located in the Bay of Bengal, on its northern coast,
Between Brahmaputra and Ganges, a triangular territory
Extending eastward to embrace the Surma River Valley...
In the northeast and southeast, having low hills of soft rocks.

Its ubiquitous Panthera Tigris, known as Royal Bengal Tiger
A ferocious big cat, in fact, which is nice and very grand
The national animal, finding always its royal home here,
In the pristine mangrove forests of the Sundarban land.
For hunting pig, antelope, young elephant, and deer.....

With tropical monsoons, combining Dravidian, Persian,
And west European cultures, Mongol, Arab, and Indo-Aryan
It has a national bird, the Doyle or the magpie robin
Changing it’s voice, breeding territories jealously guarding,
Unobtrusive each non-breeding season, nicely singing...

With the national flower, Shapla, the white water lily,
And Shapla Sqare, a monument in Dhaka, its capital.
With jackfruit, kathal, the national big fruit, and really
Growing to huge sizes hundreds of pounds, unique and real
And Nazrul geetis, a foundation of vocals in its complexity.

I seemingly hear Nazrul Islam saying with a voice so clear
''Amai nohe go bhalobasho shudhu bhalobasho mor gaan.''
Meaning: ''do not love only me, love my song dear”
And I'm telling you about the poet Kazi Nazrul Islam
And I'm telling you about the philosopher poet Fakir Lalon

And about Rabindranath Tagore, the Nobel prize winner,
Jibonananda dash, who wrote about the nature as a poet
The tea gardens and the town on the bank of Surma river
And about Sarwar, the wonderful poet from Sylhet
Who writes his poetry worthily being a very good conceiver.

When he confesses in writing: ''My naked Beauty said-''
'Microcosm', 'Nothing can move faster than love speed'
'This is Love speaking', ''Male + Female = The M a n''
'My moon-river', 'Our reciprocal gravitation orbit'
His poems are like jewels made by a very good craftsman.

'Drilled by love! '', 'to change 'dust into pure gold'.''

' ''To be a PERFECT LOVER! '', while ''Tempo come and go.''
'Magnetizing mate-chum' 'Quizzical mind ''in tension'
When he writes always his words has a special glow
'All the best dear Bangladesh motherland mine ''I love you..'

He wrote about Royal Bengal so pleasant to the eye
' Do not know''jostle and joggle''He knows''Hazardous jolt'
Because he loves his country, the people, and the life
He is a real poet and his words fall like a thunderbolt.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas. All rights reserved.

Marieta Maglas

Scanning Old Paintings

Withered canvas in new color,
Sentiments evaporating,
Ancient moments jumping in no time,
Washing away the colors,
Cracklings of the light,
Configuring the best angle,
Visualizing the faces with red scarring,
Understanding their riots,
Catching a rerun of the silent scream,
Hearing their heart beat,
Envisaging their static movement,
Envisaging the freedom within the florescent framework,
Stoning the reality,
Covering its eruptive erosions,
Galvanizing the ugliness.

Marieta Maglas

Screaming Mannequins

Eyes huddled in fear,

That paralyzing fear in front of bullets mercilessly sprayed,

Deep sprayed by the cruelty, which must be fed up

With victims,

Those defenseless victims of hate,

That dreadful hate, which is fed up with love

As well as

Pleasure is fed up with pain,

That extreme pain, which embellishes the madness,

That round madness like a cold moisturized rosy-red,

Rosy-red ring-shaped patches, a giant Quincke swelling

And a boisterous cooling noisy breathing,

Snorting breath like groaning a song,

A love song for the dance of death,

A painful death for the warm puppets,

Beautiful puppets becoming cold wax mannequins,

Bleak mannequins screaming in their red rain

Of feelings,

Red feelings coloring their sad moments,

Cool moments of winter fires

In caves of shadows.

Marieta Maglas

Searching the Truth

Nothingness of negation or
Negation of nothingness....

In self, we are the negation of nothingness,
But we allow the nothingness for self.

We allow the nothingness of consciousness
As a perpetual flight of the being.
We exist in self, and we exist for self

In a Cartesian duality,

In a Latin con-cretum,

When the being surpasses the nothingness.

If Jesus did not exist,
The Christians would not be existent,
But Christians are existent.

No one can deny something that
Is non-existent,
As no one can deny the real essence of the existent.

The non-existent thing is a part of the reality,
Because that non-existent thing has a name.
Jesus is existent in the Christians' minds,
Though, He is non-existent in the others' minds.
So, Jesus is existent, at least, in the idea.
There are so many wars for this idea.
Moreover, Jesus Christ generated a belief
Amongst people while creating a new church.
When we deny Jesus, we have to deny His church, too,
But is church is existent, it's real.

If Jesus is non-existent and we deny Him,
We say, in fact, that He's existent.
We can say, 'Jesus is non-existent', or
'Jesus isn't existent', but always, in idea
Jesus is existent.

God has made a way of escape through Jesus Christ.
Son is generated from eternity by the Father.
God could come into the world through a Being.

So, negation of nothingness
Lead to nothingness of negation
In a double negation.

Moreover, Jesus is necessary and essential for salvation,
In a way, in which “existence precedes essence, ”

When we need to be sanctified.

Without the assertion of existence,
The negation cannot destroy it.

We have a metaphysical necessity,
While God has His necessity of Himself.

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

The existence and the non-existence,
Seemingly, an irreconcilable antithesis....

Marieta Maglas

Secrets about Myself

Sometimes I wonder if all my dreams will come true,
Because I am sure that this is possible.
I am always surprised about life
Like a little child, who every day rises,
And I hope that God will have opened up his light,
Before the evil can hit my dreams.
I am counting upon my thoughts as I am thinking of you.
Certainly I am prepared to die at any time
And really ready to live my life,
And I expect nothing in life but the Truth.
I intend to open myself up to the world,
To breathe, and to win.
I know indeed everything that I intend to do,
But stronger than all my afterthoughts is my fury,
A fury that brings upon the greatest love.
I pretend that everything is wonderful.
And I pretend that
I'm not crying, when tears are bleeding down my face,
And I prefer the absurdity of writing poems.
I am who I am
And nothing can change me.

Marieta Maglas

Seduction

Bright-blue reflector objects
in the musical magnificence
cover a melting sky.

Songs stir our souls with happiness,
hold the feelings in chains,
and the rhythm of time

flows into this river of sounds
to enrich the soul. Sparkles of light
spring out from the scene
into the air.

A 'human touch' is his seducing
voice. It sinks into a
state of grace.

Light sounds
make angles, dance the minds,
feed the ‘soul time’, and
try to detach their roots
from the Earth Mother's first scream.

The hearer 'feels like forever' this
flow‘out of the blue’. The inside
of hearing blows bluely.

People 'hold on', when
they get love, being revived
by his enthusiasm.

Instrumental compositions are
released into a decomposable
silence to raise one-by-one
while scratching their womb.

Red rays of the saxophone music
move around the 'edge of a dream',
make a nakedness art,
spiritually awaken, and get applause.
The color enters in veins, and
the pulsing inner sight flames up in the sounds.

On a corner, the 'moon dew' becomes
a reviver of a belief for music.

‘N'oubliez jamais’,
‘you are so beautiful’,
‘you can leave your hat on’....

Marieta Maglas

Seemingly Endless

As the stars are shining at night
So it shines in my eyes the tear.
In silence, I can hold you tight
And I can feel our love, my dear.

But stars can touch the light of sun,
Because they're sparkling in the night,
In His Light, I pray like a nun
To feel His sadness in my sight.

And I wait for love He gives me,
As I feel your love, when it rains,
He makes me what I want to be,
A part of you, without deep pains.

As yellow stars' light is endless,
So is our love, when it can shine.
And if feelings can be timeless,
The happiness must be divine.

Marieta Maglas

Senses

The words were broken into sounds
And the time was cracked in seconds.
The seconds were dismantled slowly.
I grasped my love and I laid it in remembrance,
I grasped my remembrance and I laid it in the grievance,
I grasped my grievance and I laid it in reason,
I grasped my reason and I laid it in self,
I grasped myself and I stepped into the light,
I grasped the light and I laid it over the candle wax.
The candle dropped the light.
In the light, the sense of life became clear.
I grasped the sense of life and I laid it over the sense of death.
In this sense of life and death you laid
The seconds, which were dismantled.
They melted in pieces of eternity.
I took those pieces and I gave them to The Lord.
I gave love your name.
I grasped my love and I laid it in remembrance
And I heard the empty bell ringing in the sky.
The bell would ring for someone else,
But I remembered you

Marieta Maglas

Separation

There was no more scream to heat the air,
had to be slipped through the door of nevermore
nor through the time of life. Scary

like an insane clown in the crowd, the moon
turned into a terrifying face. Some more longtime pain

could change into an overgrown claw to crush
the house of love.

A lot of words were full of unfulfilled longing. Bursts
were the truths thundering through

the thinking mind; not thinking, but stressed.

There was no second chance, much less there was a hope.

Marieta Maglas

September Showers (Alliteration Poem)

Bronze bells' breeze of September showers,
Freezing fluttering fragile flowers,
Tearing the time's tide tactile sense
May leave long love's lighting lance in tense.

Crying colors of cold old castles,
Stroke their sticky sounds without hassles,
Slipping silken sun into the clouds
Hide misty murmuring meadow shrouds.

Dancing rain drops like bright blue bubbles,
Big black birds bringing flying troubles,
Wild winds waving their wet wings around
Ghostly green girds up for glassy ground.

Marieta Maglas

Serenading Spirits

Holding our hands to make a spiritual fence,

Wanting to be together

And to make our dreams come true.

Hearing whispering spirits serenading us,

Clenching our fists,

Raising our opened hands,

Flowing our ideas down through our wrists,

Blazing in our bones

The moans of our tongues,

Our ideas forming a whirlwind within it,

Blending our time and our space,

Those seconds becoming irregular

In the intersection between spaces,

Hearing whispering spirits serenading us.

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
We 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 an illusion de réalité
qu'une réalité delusion

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 in 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

Shooting Stars like a Rain

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

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

I prefer my solitude,
Elliptical as a rock,
Which is forgotten on the beach of an ordinary sea,

Which is increasingly deformed by the waves.

I prefer that solitude,
Which is increasingly misapprehended
By the people around the world.

Day by day, I become a stranger to myself....

I enter the timeless realm of change,
Leaving behind only memories
And a final wave, a little more tuneful....

Marieta Maglas

Signaptic Evolution

The star of your love became
a firefly in my hand.It was
shining in that night, in which
you started to be existent for
me to make my life become
a little earthly paradise. I
realised that your star was, in
fact, a Lampyris noctiluca falling
down from a tree branch on my
palm like the ''l'' from the catadromous
elver, or like the ''un'' from the
punoetry. You became the
bioluminescence in my crepuscle.

Marieta Maglas

Simple

(In memoriam our singer Madalina Manole who died yesterday after she committed suicide.)

If she would die
Simple
Being only
Profoundly devastated
By grieve
Perhaps nobody
Would have understood
What really happened to her.
But she didn't die so simple.
He died for ever
For everyone to understand
The reason why
The pure and simple truth
Is rarely pure
And never simple.
In this world
Perceived through our senses.

We are nonexistent
Without our soul.
And the world makes no sense
Any longer.

Tears do not fall,
Leaves do not wither,
Flowers do not bloom
Ever.
Simple
They disappear
Being destroyed
In their self-esteem.

Marieta Maglas

Snow-White (Part 1)

Hers were the beautiful blue eyes and the black long hair,
She watched her blood drop freezing to burn in the air.
Her pale lips were keeping the mark of her love's glow,
She wanted a child having the skin as white as the snow,

The hair as black as ebony and the lips as red as the blood.
That red on that white looked as beautiful as a flower bud.
She was sewing and watching the ebony of her window's frame.
An angel became visible in the air to tell her the child's name.

''Light up this love, my Lord, and give me this child of light
Unbearable is this pain of mine, light up my soul and my sight.''
Coming up the stairs, the king saw this and he told his queen,
'This white angel is the most beautiful creature I've ever seen! ''

The queen's heart used to be like a little book being unread,
But in front of her husband, it has become an open thread.
He tenderly kissed her, ''Your broken heart is no longer dead,
Because for Snow White on the snow your secret has bled.''

When she gave birth to her child, the sun rose to be so bright
And everything in the castle could be seen in the holy light,
But when the king came to see them, he heard only the sighs.
When he saw his dead queen, sad tears flooded his black eyes.

While he was living with his child being a lonely sad father,
The king thought to bring to little Snow White a new mother.
''Light up this life, my Lord, because I have only fears and sighs,
Change my fault, because I need a new morn in my sad eyes! ''

He married again, but the queen's heart was mercilessly beating.
She was like a dangerous snake and poisoned was her greeting.
Her sarcastic lips were always keeping the mark of her hatred,
Her powers were hidden, because for her the devil was sacred.

She kept her frozen air, although the snow was melting in Spring,
Her words could remain suspended in the air to freeze everything.
''Mirror, dear Mirror on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?
''You, my queen, are fairest of all'', echoed the mirror in the hall.

The Snow White grew up becoming more beautiful than the queen,

The king told her, 'You're the most beautiful child I have ever seen! ''
When the mirror told the queen, ‘''You, my queen, are fair; it is true.
She added, ''Little Snow-White is still a thousand times fairer than you.''

The king started seriously to think of the passion they had known
‘Cause the queen's self-satisfaction and insensibility have grown.
He realized that it's a wretchedness to continue sharing their bed.
He wanted to open a dialog with her, but the words left all unsaid.

Marieta Maglas

Snow-White (Part 2)

His bag of accusing words was opened and ready her heart to fill.
Her swear about playing fairly by being in love was like a bitter pill.
A subject to change himself was his escape from her malefic mess
And all the power she used had the purpose to gain her own success.

She summoned a huntsman asking him to push the little Snow White
Into the woods, to stab her to death just in the middle of the night.
As a proof of the her death, he had to bring back her lungs and her liver.
'Cause the queen wanted to cook, to eat them and to feel that shiver.

The girl was scared to death, when she saw him taking out his knife.
She convinced him to find, however, a good solution to spare her life.
After promising to run away and never to return from the forest's core,
She asked him to give the queen the liver and the lungs of a young boar.

She admired the accidental depth, with which the oak forest was draped,
She went quietly and very quickly, because from her death she escaped.
She stood for a second, while the breeze was flowing with her breath,
She heard the voice of her mother telling her the secret about life and death.

She heard the birds singing and she wanted to be like a little bird so much
Sitting under a huge mushroom's umbrella, she avoided the light touch.
Like shining diamonds were the misty clouds above the oak wood's trees.
She stayed there for a while to enjoy the symphony of some honey bees.

However, the cold night time came to hold all her empty unwanted dreams,
While hallucinogenic horror images were there to catch all her bleeding screams.
She woke up, but the fog's confusion enshrouded the whole dawn's entrance.
In that forest, the mystery was cast in some strange fairy shapes by chance.

Dry huge branches hardly hit her and swished in her sweet little ears,
She noticed that her wet clothes in the rain were mingled with tears.
Suddenly, she found a very little house in the middle of that forest.
It was well hidden and nicely surrounded by red flowers as a florist.

Marieta Maglas

Snow-White (Part 3)

She entered to lay in a bed and to sleep, but she was feeling as a bandit.
She was shaking being so cold, but she couldn't move under the blanket.
Drifting illusions rolled on her dreams to nothing else but a dying trance,
The breadth of her mind stopped for a second to wish any other chance.

In his vision, the prince saw her dancing so gracefully and being alone.
As an angel was the princess Snow White as the heaven was her home.
The next day, he seemingly heard her again singing in the early dawn,
Her reflection on the water he touched, but she was suddenly gone.

That house belonged to seven dwarfs working in a diamond mine.
Having some mine flowers inside, their home had a special shine.
She drank wine and ate vegetables from each cup and each plate,
The dwarfs returned home and lit their candles wanting to recreate.

They approached their candles to that bed to clearly see Snow-White.
'Good heaven! ', 'She is so beautiful! ' They loudly exclaimed in the night.
She told them about her story and her desperate search for a new home,
They asked her to clean their house, they told her to avoid the wood to roam.

The old dwarf was the Smiley, the one they could really smile back to...
The youngest dwarf was called the Lier, because he couldn't say any true...
She wanted to be brave in the face of what was feared, fastidious and fateful,
She could play and dance with her friends and she was really grateful.

She asked the little Sleepy, ''Are you aware that you are talking always in your sleep? ''
''Don't say that! ' He replied, 'You should know that your confidence I'll keep! '
She said and asked the Painter, ''Paint me the mine with your deepest emotion! ''
The Singer composed for Snow White a sweet serenade to set her in motion.

''Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all? '' Queen wanted to know.
''You, my queen, are fair; it is true, '' replied the bad mirror through its glow.
''But beyond the seven mountains, in the dwarfs' house, Little Snow-White
Is a thousand times fairer than you, moreover, her future is extremely bright! '

Marieta Maglas

Snow-White (Part 4)

While the queen's dogs were howling into the broken night to throw away
The forces, she was preparing the poison for the Snow White's birthday.
The poison was melted into the blood and dew by that queen with innocent eyes.
Her beggars jumped over the moon for a ritual dance of a princess, who dies.

Her crows were flying in the wind being so proud of what they have done,
Her dress could hide the truth so well, with her mask she enjoyed the fun.
''I'm having bodice laces for sale, '' she said knocking on the dwarfs' door.
 Then, she pulled the laces so tight that Snow-White fell down on the floor.

The sun hid behind the sea of clouds not to see the Snow White's death,
The dwarfs came home and found her on the floor without having breath.
They cut the bodice laces in two and Snow White could come back to life,
''She will give you poison to drink in sips and you will die without any strife.''

‘'Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all? '' Queen wanted to know.
‘'You, my queen, are fair; it is true, '' replied the bad mirror through its glow.
''But beyond the seven mountains, in the dwarfs' house, Little Snow-White
Is a thousand times fairer than you, moreover, her future is extremely bright! '

She poisoned a comb and went out to knock again on the Snow White's door,
When she stuck the comb into the girl's hair, the girl fell down on the floor.
When the seven dwarfs returned home, they drowned in their own despair,
But she opened her eyes, when Liar pulled the poisoned comb from her hair.

‘'Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all? '' Queen wanted to know.
‘'You, my queen, are fair; it is true, '' replied the bad mirror through its glow.
''But beyond the seven mountains, in the dwarfs' house, Little Snow-White
Is a thousand times fairer than you, moreover, her future is extremely bright! '

Everything was gray, while the queen was saying her mystic words aloud,
Inside her dark castle's granite walls, even the signs of time were not allowed.
Only lonesome birds and souls were flying there above a big fragile shroud,
Only craggy faces and weary eyes could be seen there in a demonic crowd.

Marieta Maglas

Snow-White (Part 5)

During this time, with unknown motions of sweet innocence, Snow White
Was walking in the wood to feel the Zephyr's scent and to see the pure light.
The prince walked on his horseback at dawn lacing through its highs.
Being sad, he wanted to hunt, when the girl's face enlightened his eyes.

''Will he cross the boundary and move over to my side? '' She suddenly thought.
He came to her saying, ''I'm another victim of your beauty, I like you a lot.'
''I'm drowning in my own willingness to give up my strengths for your kiss, ''
''Queen of beauty, to get an approval to kiss you is my overwhelming bliss.'

He started to dismount his horse, because their eyes had magically met.
He kissed her saying, ' I could although avoid your eyes, but I would regret.'
''For this love that thrills my heart, there is no use in this forest to hide,
Skies' golden blessings come for our souls, please, will you be my bride? '

The queen poisoned an apple, '' She's driven by forces beyond her control.
I want her blood and she will eat this apple to pay for me the beauty's toll.''
She disguised herself as a peasant woman to knock on the dwarf's door.
The girl bit into it, she had the bite in her mouth, when she fell on the floor.

The dwarfs returned home and they cried seeing that she was really dead.
She did not look at all like a dead person and her cheeks' color was still red.
They made a demand coffin to lay her inside, so that she could be seen.
They wrote the name on it using golden letters to be visible through green.

Snow White laid there in the coffin for a very long time as if she was asleep.
One of the dwarfs always stayed at home to keep watching and the tears to weep.
One day, the prince came to the dwarfs' house and saw the dead Snow-White.
She was illuminated by seven candles and he wanted to hold her very tight.

He asked the dwarfs to sell him the coffin with the princess Snow-White inside,
The dwarfs took pity on him and gave him the coffin with his dead bride.
As the prince looked into her eyes, he immediately knew that he can't wait

To be together with his lost bride and he wanted to open the death's gate.

Marieta Maglas

Snow-White (Part 6)

He took her in his arms wanting to kiss her for the last time and to kill himself,
Someone told him to hit her in the back with his hand, it was a voice of an elf.
That piece of apple came out of her throat and Snow-White came back to life.
The prince held her again in his arms and couldn't stop kissing his future wife.

The wedding was set for the next day, and her mother was invited as well.
She told the king ''This evening we go to the wedding and I feel like hell! ''
''Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all? '' Queen wanted to know.
''You, my queen, are fair; it is true, '' replied the bad mirror through its glow.

It closed its eyes saying, ''The young queen is a thousand times fairer than you! ''
She was so overtaken that she couldn't speak, she saw at least that her eyes are blue.
So jealous she was thinking of the young queen that she dressed herself in black,
But no one noticed any difference and she saw in her mirror the deadly crack.

She has quickened her heart with a cup of hate and a very sarcastic remark,
''All white is not always white due to its mask, when white keeps it dark''.
They put a pair of iron shoes into the fire and she had to put them on and dance,
She couldn't stop until she danced her death and the end of her Gothic romance.

Against the blackness of the winter snow, the white is still melting in Spring.
A blue sky above us may defy all odds, when its silence may precisely sting.
Against the white of the moonlight glow, the black may have its own sense,
But in front of the power and the money's show, love is always a false pretense.

Marieta Maglas

Solfeggio (Part 1)

The sine-waves of the theta pulsing choir note
Are like clear water bells in our love meditation,
With timeless feeling in Zen ambiance they float
And with signals from space without any cessation.

Being stimulated by Tibetan Chimes Solfege or by
Intergalactic fusion music as monaural Gamma pulses,
They produce lucid dreams to keep us on a spiritual high,
Where Gamma Centauri may send some delicate impulses,

Centauri has a gentle spacious feel with Gamalon Solfege
And the synthesizer interactions blend with the white noise.
Tones liberation means Tibetan bowl and sine waves cortege,
When solfeggio frequencies from background sounds man enjoys.

The Silk Road meditator learns the oriental Koto song,
To assist in the release of crystallized emotional bondage.
Intuitive Sine for non-linear knowing is like an awakening gong
Ending to Theta meditation as “conscious'' for knowledge.

LA Unconditional is a dreamy triad of love frequencies.
The Solfeggio was also used in Ancient Gregorian chants,
In great hymns to St. John the Baptist and to sacred dyad.
This way, the power of purity and transformation it grants.

Explored through Gematria and Numbers book for the holy place,
These sounds hold the keys to super-consciousness and longevity,
Accelerating healing, dimensional travel, the fabric of time and space
Arranging the energy and perception in organized cube symmetry.

Marieta Maglas

Spaces of faith

Spaces of faith Holy of Lord
There is a joy soul is waiting
There I will bear my pain

There the pain is free from tears
In the peace in His grace
Keeping the word of faith

There my pain is free from tears
Where The Lord shares always love
Found peace the soul of faith

There my pain is free from tears
Lulled to sleep on a dreamy wing
Found in a soul of wisdom

Leap of faith far from uncertainty
Far away from any evilness
Far from the worldly grief

Marieta Maglas

Spenserian Sonnet-I wait the ocean waves to wash my soul

My heart races touching your deep Spirit's kiss,
My tear's curb crumbles greening my shrink cry.
The softness of your voice soothes my abyss.
My soul torn apart wondering to know why.

Wrong thoughts and so cruel wait my tears and cry
The terrors of love just give them a black yard
And my loneliness makes my sad soul to dye
When to sink my reality it's very hard.

I wait my hope which will never come to guard
This hope hunger squeezes tighter my soul's knee.
I'm clinging to the past which is like a shard
That part which is still alive inside of me.

Much more confused on how to think or feel,
I talk, I dream and I am your balance wheel.

Marieta Maglas

Spring

With a deep touch,
The red poppy awakes the grass.
With a deep touch,
Red wants green's vibration so much,
The sun awakes the sky's watch glass.
The sky vibrates like a string bass,
With a deep touch.

The red flowers bloom in the Spring
When the time of the green grass comes.
The sky vibrates like a bass string.
The red flowers bloom in the Spring.
I see the nature's purest swing.
The wind searches his bongo drums,
The red flowers bloom in the Spring
When the time of the green grass comes.

I see His love
Like a white lily among thorns.
I see His love
Like in clefts of the rock, a dove.
When red flower its grass adorns
And her dead Winter, Spring mourns,
I see His love.

Shadows are inlaid in color
When red poppy awakes the grass.
When the land is multicolor,
Shadows are inlaid in color.
When the cuckoo is a caller,
The sun awakes the sky's watch glass.

Marieta Maglas

Spring (Double Rondelet Triolet)

With a deep touch,
The red poppy awakes the grass.
With a deep touch,
Red wants green's vibration so much,
The sun awakes the sky's watch glass.
The sky vibrates like a string bass,
With a deep touch.

The red flowers bloom in the Spring
When the time of the green grass comes.
The sky vibrates like a bass string.
The red flowers bloom in the Spring.
I see the nature's purest swing.
The wind searches his bongo drums,
The red flowers bloom in the Spring
When the time of the green grass comes.

I see His love
Like a white lily among thorns.
I see His love
Like in clefts of the rock, a dove.
When red flower its grass adorns
And her dead Winter, Spring mourns,
I see His love.

Shadows are inlaid in color
When red poppy awakes the grass.
When the land is multicolor,
Shadows are inlaid in color.
When the cuckoo is a caller,
The sun awakes the sky's watch glass.
Shadows are inlaid in color
When red poppy awakes the grass.

Marieta Maglas

Squashing force (Diminished hexaverse poetry)

(A poem containing stanzas of 5 lines, then 4 lines, then 3 lines, then 2 lines, ending with one word. The syllables in each stanza correspond to the number of lines, i.e.5 in each line in the first stanza,4 in the second stanza and so on. This form may contain more than five stanzas.)

Caught in illusion
Left in agony
Being badly hurt
Victim of terror
With contorted face

Depredated
Walls closing in
Screams of anguish
Desperate howls

Squashing force
Frozen tears
Twisting thoughts

Nightmares
Bleeding

Death

Marieta Maglas

State of Wakefulness

When you look at me,
My painful thinking stops and turns into tears.
Your unsaid words are still waiting,
Uttered to be expressed,
By cramming into palate.
I know them all,
As you know your fingers,
Which, apparently, touches me tenderly,
While they send me the thrill of separation.

Marieta Maglas

Still Loving You

Down your thoughts I traveled, until
I met you conjured up by salty memories
and waiting for my love as you had waited for
your kite to fly high up into the sky on your
childhood. Your dreams were melting like
ice in my arms. My kisses rushed to meet
your dreams. I was a surfer riding on the
crest of your needs to save this life growing
within my own body never everlasting forever,
but being forever. I saw a happiness coming to us
as I saw the sadness chains disappearing in the
distance irreversibly. We sewed our secrets inside.
It was our first try. Having love in our eyes, we
searched the divine.

Marieta Maglas

Still loving you.....

In the space of silence
Where only the stones can speak
I lit your candle
Wanting to illuminate your world
The light touched you
I keep the memory of you and me inside
Bathing it with my tears
Love would bloom again
As it flourished in the past
In tender summer nights
Those nights would be haunted
By the specter of an innocent being
But many years have passed
It was like I was in another life
Our love is as alike as
The grass mowed late in the autumn
Waiting for the frost
Nothing remained but
The love's shadow and its white frost
Keeping the hope of the resurrection.

Marieta Maglas

Stone Statue

I am like a stone statue,
In a sitting position,
I was your throne,
On which you nicely
Take place
From time to time.
In order to kiss me
With the kiss of death,
You nicely take your place,
Inside of me,
From time to time.

Marieta Maglas

Success-Haiku

So many people

Work long hours, even weeks,

Without successes.

Marieta Maglas

Suicide

Her rags made her feel imprisoned in an invisible cage.

She was looking nowhere through glasses with glassy eyes

Searching for her leafed tree of reality.

She remembered that she left her ideas

On the blank page of her future.

She became a wet gloomy solitude because of her tears.

Her feelings of love were like songs hidden in an abandoned violin.

Their vibrations were haunting her memories.

Her sadness was so complete

That it completely slipped through her shy smile

To become visible to all the people around.

Her rigged reality was poisoning her hopes

And crowding her thoughts to push them into illusions.

She was a simple child inside her clown body,

A soul so caged wanting to be liberated,

While her delusions were wretchedly dancing her hopes.

She was wondering if somewhere, someone

Was thinking and dreaming of her.

She walked so lonely on her lonely life road

That nothing could change her fate.

She wanted to let her life to float on the losing breeze.

Marieta Maglas

Summer’s Dance (Pantoum)

Summer rainbow's ribbon still stretches in the blue rain
As green snakes dance to the tune of charmers jazz flutes
Blue butterflies chase velvety bumble bees singing duets in vain
Summer laughs around red velvety roses and green fruits

As green snakes dance to the tune of charmers jazz flutes
Summer's ending her path over meadow, with a dream of green
Summer laughs around red velvety roses and green fruits
Moon shines behind the barrier of cloud's fence, as a queen.

Summer's ending her path over meadow, with a dream of green
Into the autumn sky with puffs of cotton clouds and floating light
Moon shines behind the barrier of cloud's fence, as a queen.
With dancing, green shadow sprites appear all round the sight.

Into the autumn sky with puffs of cotton clouds and floating light
Blue butterflies chase velvety bumble bees singing duets in vain
With dancing, green shadow sprites appear all round the site.
Summer rainbow's ribbon still stretches in the blue rain.

Marieta Maglas

Summertime

It's summertime. The saxophone jazz
sounds are pirouettetting the waves
to find their own balance. It's a mauve

inner dance in almost everything around.
More exactly, the melodious movable
sounds become soundable movement

needing a reverberation time to dissipate
the energy. The movement releases its own
purity to become simple fecundity. The pulsed

sound waves are also old memories lost in the
 natural green. The saxophone looks much
more like a Tahitian prince dancing his love

on the sand. The singing mauve sea waves
have a sadness taste at sunset. The last one
is a watery mermaid and he embraces her

while searching the high. The sounds need
touch and life. They need to dematerialize
and to disappear into the universe. The

saxophone remains a solitaire keeping
safe his evanescent hermetic equilibrium.

Marieta Maglas

Tell Me

If I could twist your mind,
If I could change your thoughts
And if I could absorb all your sadness,
Tell me that you would give me a smile,
That smile so disarming,
Tell me that you would give me a first kiss.

Certainly, I would feel an overwhelmed desire,
As we encounter would begin.

Tell me that you would take me
To your heart,
When the gestures would become thrills
And some cries would become symbols of things....

Certainly, I would be yours
And you would be mine.
I would stay perfectly there for sure,
In a moment of self forgetfulness.

And if another one had been
With you
Instead of me,
Tell me that you would have felt so much sorrow that
You would have abandoned her
To be with me....

Tell me that you knew that I had known this.

Even so, I let you go,
Being unable to break that invisible wall
To be together.....

Marieta Maglas

Terminus Sam Shing

When dinning thunder rolled into madness,
Among the flowers and the wind of spring,
Your lost soul was embedded in sadness
To walk right to the Terminus Sam Shing.

With white clothes and lost thoughts, you were alone,
In aftertime, for thinking to your choice.
With dropping tears, I'm much more like a stone.
I would have sung, but I needed a voice.

You didn't try to live your dreams with me.
In agony, shivers from the black hole
Had your soul never wanting to be free.
You're the destroyer of your proper soul.

Marieta Maglas

T-Haiku-Like a child-

Carrying on all
The plans for the future self,
Impossible plans.

Marieta Maglas

The Baritone Singer

The magic.
Across the dreaming sky,

Memories and tears
Hanging down
Magnolias
In crying buckets,

Illusions
Trying
To please the pleasant sound,

Certainties
Existent inside
Despite an indistinct understanding,

The sky has the same stats
Mixed with
The same dreams,

The stars having the same shiniest,

The baritone singer
Trying
To sound the pleasantness,
Trying
To please the soundness,

The baritone singer
Trying
To dream his star,
Trying
To star in his dream.

Marieta Maglas

The Dark Beauty

The dark love,
Grieving the darkness,
The red flesh
Of passion
And the blood of the sadness,
Traces in the hot sand.

The scissors,
Lurking in the green grass
Its soft violence,
Kinetic buds
Fulfilled with sap
Becoming
The needles' eyes
Of the trees,

The wayward yearning
Strong waves of thinking
To start, stop
And restart
This dark love

Forever kinetic,

Two thoughts meeting
To become then ideas,
Two souls entwining
To give life to a new little one.

Dark clouds flushing the wounds.

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 me deep inside.
I run from you into my depth.
And this escape saves 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 (Sixth) Sense

The gray cloudy sky scream (ing) s
Only icy clouds throw down their hail-on the earth-
To kill the green (belt) with their viole(n) t dance-
And (to) red (d) (the) shadowy earth- still cries-we are alive-
Throwing up all its war (ren) shadows in the sky
To reach the per(im) manent heaven with their painful sacrifice.
The heaven strenuously may (h) eat the pain (through)
In silence- we are existent-we feel the pain-
The last remnants of the green may rustle in the leaves
Trying to soak into the rotten yellow.
The blue may (stage) whisper in the breeze,
Holding the memories of the past.
Voices from extra dimensions
(I love adding new dimensions to my life)
And psychedelic visions
May irreversibly modify the (sixth) sense of the reality.

Marieta Maglas

The Bird of Paradise

The King of Saxony bird of paradise is a male
Black and yellow with brown iris, aqua-green mouth, gray legs,
With two enamel-blue brow-plumes. It seems to be so frail
Guarding its gray- brown female with chicks emerging from eggs

This wonderful bird is named in honor of King Albert.
A German king, devoted to military affairs
Rebuilding Saint Afra School in Meissen like an expert
Proclaiming constitutional his monarchical chair.

He was a great Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece
And a Grand Cross of the Order of the Tower and Sword
Arbitrating between the claimants of Lippe for peace
He was a very wise king constantly moving forward.

Birds of paradise or Pteridophora Alberti
In mountain forests of New Guinea guard and stay
Their diet consists of fruits, arthropods and sweet berries
And they're hunted by natives for ceremonial play.

Bird of paradise, Lophorina superba, is small
The male has an iridescent green crown and erectile cape
Preparing its '' dance floor'', it attracts females with a call
Hopping in frantic circles having elliptical shape.

The competition amongst males for mates is very fierce
Because they do not have as many females as they need
It's like a bizarre courtship when their songs the silence pierce
Curious females approach but they're not prepared to cede.

Magnificent bird of paradise has complex plumage
The polygamous male owns incandescent yellow wings
Blue-green feathers and the yellow mantle for its image,
Its olive-brown female laying two creamy yellow eggs.

Wilson's bird of paradise male is very red and black
Its head is marked blue with black double cross pattern on it.
With green mouth, blue feet and the yellow mantle on its neck,
It has a brownish female and eats small pieces of fruit.

So red iris has the Twelve-wired bird of paradise male.
It has yellow plumes and twelve blackish wires-like filaments,
While Blue Birds have wire-like feathers emerging from the end - tail
Being sexually dimorphic they live on some islands.

Lesser bird of paradise male has an emerald throat,
Those polygamous birds perform courtship displays in the legs.
Even to their females themselves do not need to devote

In their nests, their females usually lay two pinkish eggs.

Carolus Linnaeus named legless paradise bird
Skin being prepared without feet in Europe by natives;
People thought birds were visitors from Heaven but 'Surprise! '
They heard that birds can touch the earth and they were so naive

MCN: CE65W-7U2JW-EGQJA
© copyright Fri Feb 04 00: 31: 58 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

The Bleeding Sound

The sound blending
In the cool ear,
An icy silence around,
The sun seeping beyond
The hot spastic horizon,
Weeping clouds
In tornadic winds
Like screaming bells
Ringing their syllables,
Trying to get higher,
The falling sight
Tracking down the sky's white
Into the night,
Tracking down the dreams of this medieval burg
Into its red stones
Those dreams dying in the water,
Tracking down the religious songs
Into the clay,
In oxygen chains.

Marieta Maglas

The Blood of the Lamb

The blossom of the blackthorn and the lily had the same

Glow in the shepherd lands, where I stay'd to think o' Your name.

I heard the lamb's voice, when I pass'd the green grass in that field,

Waitin' for the bleating o' lamb and for life to be heal'd.

I saw a flash o' light more white than I'd e'er seen 'fore,

Descendant deep inside, 'till I've perceiv'd Your divine chore.

When I heard the angel's song in the darkness after all,

I understood that You would come to break my sinner's wall.

You've shown me all the debts I had, and all I did in vain,

You left, but I would stay waitin' for You to come again.

Now, if I'm green, happy, tired, and yet alive I am,

It's 'cause clean is my soul, and pure is the blood o' Your lamb.

Marieta Maglas

The Blue Cafe

In the blue that becomes palpable,
only words can separate the happiness
from the unhappiness such as the finite
is bounded in the infinite. We touch our hands
and a tear stubbornly stops to run on the
face. We touch our bodies on the petals
of time. A baby bird is learning to fly. I
remember the first night on that white
bedsheet, I remember the flight and those
two chandeliers lighting on the table, while
we were searching for the lost paradise
like Adam and Eve while feeling the passing
of the seconds. I remember that the moon
shone too high to illuminate us. I remember
the trembling stars in the black universe.
I remember us making love until everything
inside became God, until our awakening.
We had something special inside, but we lived
our days as nothing had happened. In the
same blue cafe having the same shabby
tables, we used to drink the same coffee
as drinking water with a bitter pill, while
trying to find a meaning in life. I remember
the same empty, invisible, and apparently
absent space, where our words used to
remain for a node and complicated dance
in our absence. I remember the same
narrow street, on which we used to go home,
that apparent paradise, in reality, an illusion of
happiness and an evidence of our existence,
where we loved each other in despair hoping
that someday we would be able to sense a
new life. I remember that the same people
were around us being more or less indifferent.
I know that what will survive of us is love. Baby,
love me one more day, love me one more night,
love me one more farewell. I want to feel again
that divine infinity, which is included in the
finiteness of life, which is included in the
the infinity of the universe until I become as you...

Marieta Maglas

The Boundary

'These trees have huge leaves. It is a silent green.'
’Some of them are reddish.’ I looked down, and I
saw wet, fragmented, and red leaves on the ground.
‘There is a small pile. They have fallen so far.’The trees

are indifferent to whether their green survives or not.’
The same old man appeared in my mind. He closed
his eyes in a pained wince. ’We live in a sensory world, ’
he said.‘This growing reddishness is more like sorrow

and less like a withered feeling of love."There is something
strange in my printed book. G looks like C, but they have
different colors. These unchanging colors are like gold
and silver.‘That mapped rock can not roll down, but I want to

imagine it loudly cracking in the valley. It has no moss.'
'I don't like to hear any crack. My visual shape is sharply
inflected. This inflection is much more Kiki than Bouba.'
'I want to imagine its shape.' Its mirror image was projected

on a translucent screen of the sky becoming very bright,
and I could not perceive it any longer. A blue wind blew
all the sounds away. The highest tiers of the sky locked
some proud round clouds, and they could not shed their

tears. The rain bruised, blistered, and brushed the leaves.
The rock changed its shape into a scorpion. I was wondering
to know what a gold scorpion might keep between its claws.
The old man opened the eyes, and his blue orbs were rising to

meet the golden ones. His sorrow became a trip back in
time.I opposed my thumb and my forefinger. I used them as
mimicry of the pincer to cut my imagination. It became an outer
reflection of an inner condition. Sadness radiated out away from

my chest, and turned on to become an utter chaos. I would have
liked to say that the rock is not like you. Your face became an
emotional salience map for me. Words like fighting, fleeing, and
mating were coming into my mind. Maybe your smile was not a

sweet one, but so I felt it, when I kissed your lips wanting to know
everything about you. A shadow of a still green sound became
the voice of our love. That rock was like you. This output of feelings
might be infinite. Then, you played them all, and I was conscious of

what you were doing. I felt an urge to say that those red
fragmented leaves were like some phantom limb pains.

Marieta Maglas

The Butterfly (The Mirror Sestet Poetry)

Delight adorns butterfly's fluttering wings in flight,
Flight is his beauty for anemones to delight.
Wing flitters freely and his fragile moods can swing,
Swing dances he teaches the white flowers with his wing.
Breeze finds him out among the blooming buckeye red trees,
Trees push his innocent virgin spirit in the breeze.

Dance nurtures the flower to put her into a deep trance,
Trance is his way to gather pollen for her life to dance.
Dreams fiery rise in crimson, when the flower gleams,
Gleams of dawn in the east are his love powerful dreams.
Charms are her powers to spread the fragrances in his arms
Arms are his wings when he flies to search for other charms.

Marieta Maglas

The Butterfly (The Mirror Sestet Poetry)

Delight adorns butterfly’s fluttering wings in flight,
Flight is his beauty and the anemones' delight.
Wings flitter freely and the fragile spring can swing,
Swing dances he teaches the white flowers with his wing.
Breeze finds him out among the blooming red buckeye trees,
Trees push his innocent pure spirit into the breeze.

Dance nurtures the flower to put her into a trance,
Trance is his way to gather pollen freely to dance.
Dreams fiery rise in crimson, when the sweet flower gleams,
Gleams of dawn in the sky are his love powerful dreams.
Charms are her powers to fling herself into his arms.
Arms are his wings, when he searches for some different charms.

Marieta Maglas

The Circle (Quatern Poetry)

Your sight carves a circle around
The image of my bleeding stone,
To keep straining amidst the sound
The strong beats in my pure heart zone.

I feel our love being so wrong.
Your sight carves a circle around
My sharp words, biting very strong
My fast pulse and my fatigued ground.

We rise self awareness to bound
Our golden thoughts for His glory.
Your sight carves a circle around
Hope to keep safe our steel story.

Love dance is made to become tense
As an arc of torment in sound,
But for its immutable sense,
Your sight carves a circle around.

MCN: CERFU-T62V3-547WF

© copyright Sat Apr 09 02: 23: 59 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

The City

Love
Shifting through dark channels
And illuminated signs
Sounds
Sifting through
Cubic's power amplifiers
Human walking angles
Tactic direction changing rhythms
Variances
Transfixed steps
Breaking the long loud silence
On human tongues
Hopes
Owing to the existence
Of silver enwrapped surrounding hot stars
And hot feelings
Unavoidably reflected upward
Appearing just as a lightning bolt
Or like a peculiarly fierce faithfulness
Gray clouds
Dropping their snow bracer
Ringing bells
Dropping their sad resonance
In death
For love.

Marieta Maglas

The Clouds

Dream clouds,
Like hearts
Entwining
Between moons and stars,
In-between night and day.
Feeding our thoughts
No, my love, no turn
Just stay

Marieta Maglas

The Colored Spin Wheel of Death

The vacuum of a spin
And people dying

Style overcoming the substance
Being blighted by
A dearth of dialectic

Decoding the coded languages
Preparing the public opinion

Trading information
Slipping out announcements
Aggressive complaints
Briefings
Specific channels
Separating
Collapsing
Advocating the absence of something

Black holes
Orbiting each other
Revealing in death spin
Collisions
Gravitational waves generating

The aircraft spinning out of control
Kicking the rudder during
A high angle of attack stall.

The market refusing to refinance at cheap rates
Triggering a 'currency death spiral.'

Toughness multiplying toughness
In a descending spiral of destruction.

The spiral of misery
Dramatically moving downward
With a constant speed

Civil conflict or a constitutional death spiral

Unknown conscience and rhizomatic revolution

Death of the 'Unipolar world''

Death spin of conscience

Human destructive impulses
Destroying civilization and maybe all life

The connecting point of non-physical to physical,
The human mind being
A never-ending spiral
Of complexity and creativity.

The One Mind projecting itself simultaneously
As infinite Conscious Minds,
Experiencing itself
From infinite points of view
Within its creations

Arctic icecap entering a 'death spiral'

Maybe time entering its ''death spiral''
When anti-matter can sometimes mean anti-time

Getting the colored spin wheel of death
A false image
In this wonderful world
If we are able to see through this illusion...

Marieta Maglas

The Colors

Morning
Absinthe leaves
Silver sea
Raw blue sky
Bubbles of light
Inner reality
Inner light
Of bubbles sky
Blue raw sea
Silver leaves
Absinthe
Morning

Marieta Maglas

The Computer Tree- Algorithm (Sextuple Crystalline Poetry)

A free tree is never rooted
Infinite complete binary tree

A finger tree has internal nodes
Each one in this tree has child nodes

And their connection is a walk
Parents and children walking the tree

Nodes without children are called leaves
While roots are leaves of the finger trees

Very intelligent words tree
Trees-no one-to-one correspondence

Adaptive merging operation
Implementing finger searching trees.

Marieta Maglas

The Crystal-Haiku

Light and airy sky,
Rocky crystal of my eye,
Fluid, gliding dance.

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
To touch me
In a perfectly enclosed relationship.

Marieta Maglas

The Echo of the Highest Peak (Oxymoron Poem)

We've been in the burning frost o' the highest peak
to unlock the open secrets, and to leave the sweet
sorrow. In my upward fall, I told the pure evilness,
'I want nothin' more and ne'er again.' I hung the word

in that eloquent qu'etness. I hung the qu'etness in the
air. I found its own sense and the opposite. The word
and the qu'etness were like the hole and the star. In
that spiritual freezer burning, I found the insomniac

dreams o' my destiny and the waking dreams o' my
un-destiny. You made them become numb feelings
and vice versa much more than a lyric song becomes
a music sound to be a lyric song again. In that magic

realism, my silent scream was moved into its echo
to become deafening silence forever. Fairly obvious,
the down climbing evilness echo'd, 'I want nothin'
more and ne'er again, nothin' more and ne'er again.'

Marieta Maglas

The Embodied Word

The lead ideas fell on a field as voices
coming from a bad dream. The yellow
of the daisies became sharper than the
serpents' teeth, and the fragrant sun

started to tremble in the wind. The ideas
would fall into a silent abysm, but they
have become as hard as those boulders
falling to hit people and to bloody their

reality. I am talking about those newcomers
picking the flowers and having injured
smiles. It looked like the life was destroying
itself under a predefined set of circumstances.

Those people had ghostly, spectral feelings.
Those feelings began to grow into the Light of
God, Who has started to reconcile all things
to Himself through His Embodied Word.

Marieta Maglas

The End Of Time (Terza Rima Sonnet)

I pray, although it's the end of the time,
The angel wakes up to flutter his wings.
Fluffing up the cloud's pillow, he's sublime.

Snowflakes are the angel's feathers, like spring.
They dance with the wind of change, in despair.
The sky glows pinky in the shades of thing.

We're like icy trees screaming at the air,
With icy leaves and crystal hearts, we dream
Crystals of weeping tears in our prayer.

Within sky vastness is our bleeding scream,
Digging early graves in the war on crime,
While our thread of love weaves wounds for life's gleam.

I pray, although it's the end of the time,
Fluffing up the cloud's pillow, he's sublime.

Marieta Maglas

The Eye of Silence

My eyes were ringed with darkness
And the dew of sadness
Blanketed my genes.
Your words of love
Were on the left angle of my lips.
I wanted you to be able
To continue this story of love,
But the chestnut leaves yellowed
So dramatic in autumn,
The wind really tortured itself
In the cold air
And the cold penetrated forever
The spine of my loneliness.
Only with you
I have seen the unseen
And I understood
The meaning of unmeaning.
Only you can make love
To have a deep sense.
You became my cherished memory,
My longing aches
Inside my wet polished stone,
Seemingly shining
In the wave of my life river.
My eyes of silence
Drip the tears of time
I still close them in deep moments
To feel my existence.
I open them again
Into another world.
I see the birds flying and I understand
That's my spiritual flight, and must be
Upwardly sensed forever.

Marieta Maglas

The Eye of the Thing

I saw the eye
Of the thing
And I've said,
''You are an instrument
Of knowledge'',
And the thing
Moved into self.
''You're amazing'',
I've said.
Then, I looked up, and
I've said,
''You're amazing'',
While needing to see the
Eye of God.

Marieta Maglas

The Eyes Of Winter

These frozen eyes of winter glittering so cruel
Like scorching flames of fire, the icy hearts could melt,
When hearts could make the flame to eye the night so cool
And cool the night in winter, their frozen songs to belt.

But winter's heart, so cool in light, in ice love dwelt
And dwelt in our song igloo like a piece of flame,
When flames are hearts of sorrow needing songs to belt
And the heart is a scene, on which we sing for fame.

Marieta Maglas

The Fellowship of our Life

We live in the Spirit,
In the Spirit also we walk,
When He holds our hand
And guides us every step of the way...
How beautiful is this God of ours,
Who can teach His children to walk...
We are circumcised inside
Without hands
With the fellowship of our life,
With this love of God
Flowing so smoothly
By the grace of Christ,
Flowing continuously
In the spirit of our being
For the eternity of our souls,
The circumcision of Christ
Having been buried with Him in baptism...
We walk in the Light
As He is in the Light,
We have fellowship with one another,
And the blood of Jesus
Cleansing us from all sin.
We are in the Light of our Lord
The true and eternal light,
Which illuminates and sanctifies
Transforming our inner-self
With these Earthly things
So less important
And sometimes
So necessary for purification.
He is the Light
And we need to be baptized
For receiving the gifts of the Holy Spirit,
The apostles teaching and the fellowship,
That fellowship of life
Like a river that springs from God
From His throne of love,
More exactly,
By the grace of Christ,
When the externalized love
Becomes grace.
The Father's love flows outward
Through our Christ
Entering into our souls,
When we feel so enthused
With the sanctifying grace
Understanding that
The kingdom of our Lord is within us
For being loved,
For having a life,
For having Light,
And for being with Him,

While we try to know Him better....

Marieta Maglas

The Fight

Even you think that life
Apparently has no sense,
Each life has a sense.
Do you need to know
What am I doing with my life?
I pray, my love,
For the coming moments
Of truth.

Do not destroy your hopes and dreams.
Don't let your memories
To become shadows
In hindsight,
And don't ever lose yourself,
When you look back
On your life.

Let the Light
Undertake some sort
Of war-ending mission
About life,

And don't forget
That to live means to suffer,
Because the human nature
Is not perfect
And neither is the world.
We need the comprehensiveness
Of our destiny
And its fatality.

You must continue
To fight in the spirit
Until the end.
Do not forget that I love you
And you absolutely have to be alive.

Marieta Maglas

THE FLAMENCO DANCE (Complex Poetic Form)

In a juerga there's nothing around
But voices, flamenco guitars,
Dancing bodies in moonlight,
Vibrant gypsy dresses,
Passion, obsessions,
Bullfighter's blades,
Silk shawls,
Dancers,
Capes.
Old men have faces scorched and cracked,
Flamenco women to attract,
Like barks of olive trees in night.
Shirts dazzle white in the moonlight.

Girls have boot heels and the roses,
Men clench their teeth, step opposes,
Hands clap and shout in a dance fight,
Shirts dazzle white in the moonlight.

Guitars are beaten at high speeds,
Castanets scratch the music's seeds,
Rhythmic fingers snap air to bite,
Shirts dazzle white in the moonlight.

Old men have faces scorched and cracked,
Shirts dazzle white in the moonlight.

Hands becoming wings
In their shadows on the wall,
Red becoming black and
Black becoming white,
Motion vibrating the guitar's string,

Cubic movements of colors,
In their dance,
Shadowy wings becoming scarfs,
Flamenco woman arching her body,
Showing her passion…

From the soul to dissolve
The dancing sounds detach
From the soul to dissolve

When the movement they catch,
They may change all around,
The dancing sounds detach.

Drums and tambourines' sound,
Exotic wrists and swirls,
They may change all around.

The weightless grace makes girls

Steal treasures from the air,
Exotic wrists and swirls.

With beautiful black hair,
Rise like birds, fall like leaves.
Steal treasures from the air,

Having tricked up their sleeves,
From the soul to dissolve,
Rise like birds, fall like leaves
From the soul to dissolve.

Spicy slippery steps
Waiting for a clue,
Picking up portions of pink
Of hyper-femininity,
Overflowing screwy sounds
In heavy red chromesthesia,
Morphing themselves into glamorous,
Red feminine movements,
Men looking like marble statues being alive,
Seemingly cracking.
Slowly diminishing their dancing rhythm,
Steps cutting sweet sounds
To hear the horn of some lost happiness.

Marieta Maglas

The Flower's Scent-Sonnet

The orchid flower's scent for the queen moon's lightness
Is like a love song about being far away!
Or like a tender sight for a glaring blindness
Or like a songbird chirping in the spring of May!

A Helen of Troy is the moon in her torment.
She keeps the whole history in her inner sky.
Don't blush her magic truth and the sweet flower's scent,
Don't ever stir the scent of any opened lie.

The indifference and the hate usually can twist
The beauty of the truth and love with a false tear.
The flower's scent and the moonlight might not exist,
But the truth's and love's sense will never disappear.

The real cruelty of any clever black heart
Is to make his own blame be a real work of art.

Marieta Maglas

The frost of the highest peak.

Always been here
In fact
With you
Entwining my name
Forever
With your many names
 In the frost of the highest peak.
Unlocking all doors.
When I leave the evil forever
And I say ''Nevermore and never again''
Quietness comes and quietness passes off
It is hang in the air
Both in its own sense and in the opposite
Words around it
Like holes and stars.
Very much like a destiny and an undestiny song
When its sound is moved by the quietness
Into quietness
As a cry is moved by the wind
Into its eco
Forever
 When hope.

Marieta Maglas

The Ghostly Ship (Fantasy) -Triquatrain Poem

In the blue sky height, the red strange sun’s waves of light
Rend here and there the painful horizon making it to be mobile.
Touching the Southern Bight, they seem to reach the night,
Making the sea to be more empowered and more unable.

The sea waves transgress, the diaphanous moonlight is in a mess
And cannot displace the waves of the strange horizon in the universe.
The moon's whispers, nevertheless, can touch the sea with finesse.
The stars are sky's tears, their light is really true in reverse.

At the horizon's frontiers, from another life, a ship appears
To reach the ghostlike moonlit memories on the shoreline.
The past sinks its fears into the inaudible music of the spheres.
We're on that illusory ghostly ship and you are forever mine.

Marieta Maglas

The Hidden Feelings

This subtle cycle
Of hidden feelings
Trapped internally
Seething love
Lurking beneath the voice
And the mood of reflection
Closing eyes
Deep breaths
Loneliness

Marieta Maglas

The Hospital (Bop Poetry)

By Marieta Maglas and Dr. Subhendu Kar

The moon gleams descend to rock the night, where
the void of universe haunts the dreams, in which
the music of nightmares glitters within yet without.
The arm of silence is a limb of pain. The death is
dancing with the life, while keeping everything in white-
the coats, the walls, the beds and the skin of patients.

Some rays of light make slalom among planets, when their stars
are pulsing spumes of life to travel from one end to another one.

The patients are as dancing skeletons needing love and
air for a good new breath. Their nightmares are loaned
by the void flounces, and fear to fall. In this place, people
do not fight one another. The fight is inside and in self. The
fear hides behind the windows. It becomes a rabbit to jump
into souls. The joy cries in pain to withstand the oddities
of life.The hope dissipates in quiet lounges to smell like
illness, or cheap food and to flow into the longing to belong.

Some rays of light make slalom among planets, when their stars
are pulsing spumes of life to travel from one end to another one.

Some patients leave their beds go to nowhere in search for the
grain of the universe. Mars is that red planet waiting at the green.
The quest still persists to pursue all through this disastrous existence.
The doctors are scared of not being able to save their patients with
their kisses flossed on lips to radiate, when the patients have attacks
of not being able to breathe. Dreams desiccates the breeze of death.

Some rays of light make slalom among planets, when their stars
are pulsing spumes of life to travel from one end to another one.

Marieta Maglas

The Idea of Nothingness (Monoku)

For overcoming the idea of nothingness, people transformed time into eternity.

Marieta Maglas

The Ignored Place (Dadaist Poem)

The growing grass slopes were surmounted
by the sky of death, by confused
thoughts and by a smoking moon.While taking a deep,
crouching breath, a greedy beast started
to eat the world.There
were incessantly blowing shadows
and a wind being emerged from them...

On a blind stitch of the night, the man was
following his yellow horse.

His outstretched hand painted
the horizon with gestures
while waiting to be filled with misery.The famine
driving through the naked reality became
the cry of this wind. Feared to see
and hoped to be

at the bottom of this unknown darkness with the levers
of stars threatening the horizon, the sadness
and the itchy confidences.

As a foot stone, his motionless horse
didn't seem to suffer.The old
man was talking alone.
about his wariness, about the depths,
and about the night of memories.

With brooding gestures, he tried to understand
the immensity of the unknown.
He pointed a vague and ignored place
populated by people.

The tabernacle wasn't accessible,
nor was it locked to hide a crouching god,
who wanted to bury his chin and his knees,
while he was staring his eyes off.

Some gusts itched the man's back,
This wind could grow while
the blown horizon constantly expanded.
A new dawn started to revive the dead sky
while huge flames were bloodying the darkness
without clarifying the unknown.

The man lit a candle.

Marieta Maglas

The Intersection

A three-dimensional space
Intersecting
Another multidimensional space
Changing each other
Their coordinates
Hyper-planes in n-dimensions
Intersection of two solar systems
Changing of space
And time coordinates
In this new modification
Of electromagnetic dynamics
The total time resulting
Being a vector
The intersection
Of two different rays
At a different angle
In a new light.

Marieta Maglas

The Japanese Tear

The wave had a curved lip struck,
Shining in late light.
While it was coming to nothing.
Being clothed only in its sound
To dance its macabre dance
On the earth's withered bark,
It started to eat strongly the life.
While hoarding their last days,
People could feel the radiation effects on them.

They were like lost lilies
Curved over their stricken lips
To take their last sliver of light,
The last bulk of time
And the whole whiteness in waiting.
Some of them, while being pierced by
The wood's woven shades,
Were singing lullabies about the late lilies
In autumn.
After that, they disappeared
In the wave's mystery
And in that late low light
Flaming invisible tongues of flames
With water.

In some lullabies,
There were notched some white ubiquitous crosses.
Those people started to speak
In the Mother Earth's unique tongue
While whitening wood's woven waters
Before crossing the notch
And ascending to Heaven.

They had been floating
On the wave while looking so wounded
And our memories were notched with their crosses.

They became only voices
Being clothed in their groan
Impressing the withered bark
Of the exhausted Mother Earth
Losing the water of life
In the water.

Others lived their last seconds
To disappear in the gray stones
Still keeping in their minds

The heavy weight of their groans.

The pale planet
Was fissuring the wound
Of her stumbling block,
The pale planet
Was crisping the air in her icy breathes
To sow its sorrow in its new seed
Of winds.

With an eternal starvation of souls,
The blackness filled its inside.
Some pink bleeding clouds
Reddened the dreary rain
Waiting for the rainbow of hope.

Marieta Maglas

The Last Day

The last day you see the sun is not an illusion,
It's really your last day.

Most people do not even know about their last day,
But you know it.
This day you will die.
Most people do not know about their death,
But you know it.

So many people walk around with a meaningless life
And many people use religion as a mean of quieting their fear of death.
The Lord had mercy on you,
The Lord has told you what is good.
Once you had no identity,
Now you are God's child.
God has mercy on whomever he chooses.
He chose you this way.

Many people are sinners
And many people die without getting past this point.
The Bible clearly teaches that all people have sinned - except Jesus.

Jesus Christ died on the cross for sinners.
You can also believe in being baptized to show obedience,
To take upon you the name of Christ
And to become a member of His Church.
You can go to Heaven
Pure as a white lily.
You still can go to Heaven.
Try to understand what happened to you.
Try to understand your own reasons for doing what you did
And the reason why the Son of God took a human form.
Christ loved you and gave himself as a sacrifice to take away your sins.
'Turn away from your sins and live.'

For you have been called to live in freedom,
Don't choose the freedom to satisfy your sinful nature,
But the freedom to serve one another in love.

It is your last day
Don't be blind this day.
Don't eat anything.
Give your meal to others.
It's a day of prayers
As Christchurch mourns its dead.

Choose the eternal life.

<img src='http:

//storage.myfreecopyright.com/mfc_protected.png' alt='MyFreeCopyright.com Registered & Protected' title='MyFreeCopyright.com Registered & Protected' width='145px' height='38px' border='0'/>

(Dedicated to the people, who wait in prison to die.)

Marieta Maglas

The Learning Curve

My eyes can see
The light curve and the variations in light intensity
From the binary stars.
The time becomes a phase.
I touch with my soul
The curve of love between us
Ephemerally being, I still believe in eternal.
I carry the new life.
The curve of love, like a painful river
Between death and life
I can swim in its water of faith and piety
To reach the understanding.
We are getting old
And all we can do
Is to deep-freeze our memories.
We learn to love.
Catholic and Orthodox,
Pentecostals and Baptists,
We learn that only love can change our souls,
We learn to become eternal.
I see the curve of the rainbow,
When the water droplets of the rain
Sent out colors at different angles.
The water droplets are prisms, my eyes are prisms.
I understand why God made a promise
To the people
That 'never again shall there be a flood to destroy the earth.'
Making the rainbow the sign of His covenant.
And we ought to do the same thing-to make promises to God.
Between the light curve decomposed into rainbow colors
And the mobile marine blue curve of the horizon,
God's tears
Falls to earth for our life.
I let the soul soar to the High,
And I remove the sin blocks that keep me stuck.
I understand the primordial sin.
I know that we are descendents
Of Adam and Eve,
But we are also
God's sons and daughters.
I understand the learning curve.

Marieta Maglas

The Legend of Santa Claus

Refrain:
The legend of our sweet Santa Claus
In December begins
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws
Make sounds of reindeers twins.

Santa had another noted name,
He was a simple man
Called Nicholas living for no fame.
He was a Christian.

His parents died, when he was still young,
In a village of Greece.
Thinking of Jesus, his thoughts he strung
To help poor kids in peace.

Refrain:
The legend of our sweet Santa Claus
In December begins
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws
Make sounds of reindeers twins.

Under Diocletian he became
A Bishop in mission.
He was imprisoned, and put to shame.
He changed the tradition.

In time, St. Nicholas' life and deeds
Have become a story.
He was a helper of those in needs,
A man in the glory.

Refrain:
The legend of our sweet Santa Claus
In December begins
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws
Make sounds of reindeers twins.

Nicholas became Dutch Sinter Klass,
But children changed his name.
The Bishop's red cloak changed with time's glass
In cloths for Santa's fame.

On that day, kids wait for him to come
In spirit of giving,
The Christmas tree looks no longer glum
And it looks like living.

Refrain:
The legend of our sweet Santa Claus
In December begins
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws

Make sounds of reindeers twins.

Down the chimney comes Papa Noel
Quite slipping and sliding.
From his sky with reindeers and sleigh bells
Just gnashing and gliding.

Spreading stardust glittering at night
He brings presents for kids,
They pray and sing in the Divine Light.
Then, to sky his sleigh skids.

Refrain:
The legend of our sweet Santa Claus
In December begins
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws
Make sounds of reindeers twins.

Marieta Maglas

The Libyans

Libyans demanding Gadhafi's ouster rallied to show their honest solidarity
With the people of the besieged capital marching without any coercive command
Under a hail of bullets, while the government moved to tighten its grip on Tripoli.
Gadhafi's troops attacked an air base that had fallen into the rebellion's hand.

Foreign mercenaries and Libyan militiamen loyal to Gadhafi had fought
To roll back the uprising against his rule, attacking two nearby great cities,
But rebels made new gains, seizing another military air base and Gadhafi have thought
That Osama bin Laden must be blamed for these upheavals and adversities.

The government had detained some activists to stop the demonstrators to go on,
Seif al-Islam Gadhafi had warned the protesters of risk to ignite a civil war,
The speech was followed by a crackdown of Benghazi security forces, who fired on
Manifests and marchers because they couldn't accept that situation any more.

The protesters throwing firebombs and stones had gotten on bulldozers and tried
To storm a presidential compound in order to achieve their fighting goal,
The attempt was repulsed by the armed forces in the compound which fired
On attackers and solders killing them, but at least the rebels have taken control.

The rebels have taken control of nearly the entire eastern half of the country,

As well as the cities close to Gadhafi's stronghold in the Tripoli capital.
Protesters have broken the clampdown pro-Gadhafi militiamen imposed on Tripoli
And the gunmen roaming the street, shooting people on sight, have been very brutal.

The U.N. The Security Council met to consider any possible sanctions against Gadhafi's
Regime, including an arms embargo and other important trade sanction.
France considered that the violence of pro-Gadhafi forces must be punished
And Libya's 11-member Arab League mission also announced its resignation.

Marieta Maglas

The Meaning of our Love (Villanelle)

Maybe we couldn't understand the meaning of our love or so,
Maybe we couldn't find each other in our world of two and
Love itself ceased to be, 'cause it had no sense to glow.

Love made sense for both of us, but we didn't let it flow,
Though we could let it flow, but we didn't give it a chance, and
Maybe we couldn't understand the meaning of our love or so.

Maybe the senses of our love were intermingled and we didn't know,
But we knew it, when we touched our angry bodies, we knew that
Love itself ceased to be, 'cause it had no sense to glow.

Then, we letted our love madness be a big bubble growin' to blow,
That kind of madness making us be drinkers of our own delusions, and
Maybe we couldn't understand the meaning of our love or so.

We understood the dyin' meaning of those delusions in our live show.
They have been dissolved into sorrow until our separation, and
Love itself ceased to be, 'cause it had no sense to glow.

Now, when we drive with time machine on the old age o' the snow,
‘Tis too late to search each other in our world of two, and
Maybe we couldn't understand the meaning of our love or so,
Love itself ceased to be, 'cause it had no sense to glow.

Marieta Maglas

The Meeting

No, it is not too late
To meet each other
In oneness and equality.

We search for a viable alternative.

We've painted
The canvas of our souls
Using the colors of agony and ecstasy.

We need to pursue our dreams
Deep
Into a curve
Of love.

We need perfection.

Marieta Maglas

The Mermaid (Quatern Poetry)

In the Red Sea, you were my lonely king of salt,
You were my beautiful statue made of basalt.
On the sea shore, dominating the yellow land,
You were my statue representing the king of sand.

Your body was looking as it was tattooed with smalt.
In the Red Sea, you were my lonely king of salt.
At the water high waves' mobile horizon
I was a mermaid, caught in your love's prison.

I swam to the surface, sometimes, to see you.
You were on your ship, at the dawn's purplish blue.
In the Red Sea, you were my lonely king of salt.
I had your beautiful statue, made of basalt.

I paid to get rid of my tail and to become a woman,
Because I wanted you to be my lover and my man.
You disappeared and your wreck was anchored in Galt,
In the Red Sea, you’re my lonely king of salt.

Marieta Maglas

The Moon-Haiku

It is the moonlight,
Which captivates me so much.
It's a strong embrace.

Marieta Maglas

The Mud Volcano Lusi

The world's largest mud dome, also called the mud volcano,
Is located in Sidoarjo, a regency in Indonesia and it is very active
It had erupted also on twenty nine Mays, only five years ago
Now it gushes forty Olympic pools each day being very massive.

A mud dome emits helium, nitrogen, usually belches of flammable gas
Through a deepening lake of hydrocarbon fluids, acid water and sludge.
The temperature is as low as the freezing point for its fast-moving mass
It's associated with petroleum deposits looking like dark brown smudges.

The creeks transport amounts of sediment to rivers which flow into the ocean.
This time the Indonesian volcano displaced thirteen thousand families.
For saving their lives they had to leave their home being forced to run
They needed to escape, because the volcano showed an increased activity.

This volcano eruption will drop to a manageable level in twenty six years,
And Lusi will continue to gush gray mud until it will turn into a bubbling volcano,
And the processes erosion will begin to bevel the mountain but until that the tears
People will not stop for those who were killed after Lusi erupted five years ago.

All these years the volcano Lusi, situated in Sidoarjo regency, East Java
Can become highly destructive, even it can sweep up almost everything
Even it is likely to gush gray cold or hot mud instead of usual lava
Thousands of people living there can die or leave without saving anything.

Lusi's staying power and its lake of mud has smothered twelve villages
To an incredible depth of up to fifty feet and just in the middle of this new lake
There is one hundred and sixty four feet real vent and it is not a mirage.
Even it wasn't specified this time that Yogyakarta was hit by another nearby earthquake.

The cause of the volcanic eruption which occurred five years ago was debatable.
Maybe an earthquake caused it, or maybe it was due to drilling a well in the zone.
The Indonesian government blamed the eruption on an earthquake which is contestable
Foreign experts said Lapindo Brantas didn't use the protective casing for its section.

Mud and gas accumulates when sea sediments are trapped in subduction zones.
The mud eruption is a hybrid between typical mud volcanoes and hydrothermal vents.
So, one tectonic plate slides under another, and can erupt out of volcanic cones
From a crack in the ground and this way mud volcanoes have burst on all continents.

Sixty six years ago an earthquake in Pakistan generated a tsunami very destructive
And caused the eruption of a mud volcano on the Makran Coast, in the Sindh region,
Which formed four islands, and everyone could see its gas flames while it was active
And could know about the petroleum deposits, methane, ethane and other hydrocarbons.

Marieta Maglas

The Poet and Poetess

(A poetical exercise with Menime Soul)

The poet:

Oh..is it just a strange illusion..?
I feel love knocking on my door.
I know..and this is my confession..
I always loved you from my core.

The poetess:

My love is like a darkness fire
It's like a subconscious dream
It burns to kill the bad desire
Though you love me you will scream

And I can make you be completely mine
Until you feel so much alive
And when at dawn the sun will shine
You will be yourself to survive.

The poet:

Oh great..this is not an illusion.
This is love in its perfection.
Hard to believe but I know my dear..
This is true love's resurrection.

The poetess:

My love for you is complete and strong
I feel we met in another life
And the love of a lifetime is one song
We sing it as husband and wife.

The poet:

I waited my whole life for this night
No matter how cold it is out
You changed my day, you're the dawn of light
Your love keeps me warm, it's no doubt.

The poetess:

When we can feel our love inside
And maybe it is more than love
It's our everything, it's our flood tide
A new world of time, a rock dove.

And I feel this need deeply within
And our dawn entwines the souls

By inspiring breath and touching skin
At the moment we become whole.

Marieta Maglas

The Poet and Poetess II

The poetess

The night I met you something special happened
It was like a fusion of two stars in blue
They made the shivering nature to brighten
A concealed window opened and I saw you

The poet

It was a rainy day the clouds cried so hard
Until I felt my fire sparking inside
And you dashed my sadness when you crossed onward
I waited you all my life, please be my bride.

The poetess

I felt I really met you in before time
I knew you are my love when I touched your soul
This interchange of feelings is so sublime
As aurora borealis in North Pole

The poet

I'm all lost on the way your eyes swallowed me
When they drank my love thoughts you reached my whole heart
To be your lover is all I need to be
I reached my destination, I'm safe, sweetheart

The poetess

Without words you reached my heart and swallowed me
You're the one that I want, you're hungry for love
I feel secure with you, here I need to be
With closed eyes I followed your dreams from above

The poet

Your look is so soft as petals of the rose
I touch your red lips for long awaited feast
There I want to finish our poetic prose
Inside your deep elation I beat my beast

Marieta Maglas

The Pottery+++

In the common clay,
Transformed by modeling
I imprison my idea.
Every time you pass,
You stop to look
For a moment,
At my art objects,
Delicately modeled in shape.
They gain color in light.

Many potters expose objects
In that place,
But you know which are mine,
Even without my signature,
I think only of you
When I make them to appear real.

Marieta Maglas

The Power of Abdullah King

In Ma'an, a bleak desert town which is situated
In the southern part of the beautiful Jordan,
The plague of poverty and the high unemployment
Is remotely felt from the wonderful capital, Amman.

Ma'an has discontent swirls in some living room conversations
Which are especially expressed on its main street,
Because its people have sparked some protests and demands
For new reforms to determine the political power to defeat.

The protestants want to limit the power of Abdullah King
Who wields in this country the supreme authority.
The oppositionists of demonstration want to have everything
So they gathered for this monarch some pledges of their loyalty.

This monarch has counted on the support of the Bedouins
Who had formed in the past his regime backbone.
But the protester's rancor is rife being fueled over mountains
By the unrest across the Arabs and this is very well known.

In Ma'an, the anti-government riots have been erupted
For a while, now their style to talk is very different.
'Cause the government and the royal court are corrupted
And the authorities are still extremely indifferent.

A sheikh said that the king holds all the authority
In his own hand even this authority must be limited.
He has broad executive powers and political immunity
Because the denunciation of the monarch is banned.

Jordan people wanted a new constitutional monarchy
Which could be extremely similar to the British one,
But this would affect the political balance leading to anarchy
Marouf al-Bakhit talked about this balance, and it wasn't fun

At all because the constitutional amendments granting
The monarch's additional powers still need to exist.
And the idea which has been promoted very vehemently
By the opposition leaders had finally to be dismissed.

There were some impressionable changes that would produce
A cabinet drawn from their political parliamentary majority
But a bunch of thieves who was looking out for own business
Interests had surrounded the life of Abdullah's royal family.

So, no change can produce a cabinet drawn from the king's
The appointment of the prime minister, an important person said,
While a bunch of thieves doesn't care about the interests of
The most poor citizen, who really need to eat their bread.

A queen, who is a very important ambassador
For Jordan country abroad, is merely accused

Of interfering in some official appointments
Even for this interviewer she has no excuse.

This queen, who is mediating the Arab relations
As ambassador to Jordan abroad, is merely accused
Also of receiving foreign funding for some foundations
Which ran out without public oversight and without excuse.

An extremely strong bond, although still remains
Between the local tribes and the ruling Hashemit family.
A strife between the Palestinians and Jordanians
Which can take place soon will destroy their solidarity.

The removal of Hashemit family can lead
To a power struggle making the people to groan.
A civil strife can destroy the solidarity between
The tribes, if the monarchy is overthrown.

Marieta Maglas

The Powerful Japan Earthquake

Because one Tectonic plate was sliding under the other plate
The powerful Japan earthquake shifted the earth's axis position
Deforming it and that temblor already had caused the earth to rotate
Faster than before when Hawaii reached these wave transmissions.

This temblor may have affected the length of the Earth's days
So, each day may be quite two microseconds shorter than before.
Some parts of this country were moved twelve feet as scientists say,
The tremors sent a monster tsunami which slammed into the shore.

The aftershocks were rapidly continuing without decreasing in frequency
While a rupture near the boundary between those tectonic plates occurred.
Usually, the Pacific plate slowly moves to westwards at a very low velocity.
This quake was caused by Pacific and American plates boundary rupture.

The dissipation of the heat from the mantle was a real source of energy
For Pacific plate thrusting underneath the Japan and Eurasia plate.
This drive of plate tectonics was possible because of the excess density,
'Cause lithosphere became dense by cooling until having a solid state.

The boundary between the Australian and Pacific tectonic plates
Are part of the 'Ring of Fire' and runs from south of Fiordland
Along the line of the Southern Alps, beneath wonderful Cook Strait,
Capital of Wellington, and out to sea through the eastern North Island.

A section of the prehistoric supercontinent Gondwana broke away
Eighty million years ago comprising a few slivers of land left to drift
Coalescing into a new continent, Zealandia, under the Southern sun's ray.
When magma heated continental crust above to crack open to form a rift.

Due to seismic activity, sea levels temporarily fluctuated looking so glum
Zealandia sank beneath sea level letting New Zealand to be a remnant.
The pressure of opposing tectonic plates caused the Alpine Fault to come.
The Southern Alps rose above the water looking like the moon's crescent.

The earth's surface is recycled through the volcanic emission and subduction.
The quake can be caused by a rupture near the boundary between the plates.
The causes are higher the level of carbon dioxide and sometimes eroding,
But when the rupture is big, it can become a real monstrous Hell's gate.

The Pacific plate had thrust underneath Japan and in a lot,
It dipped beneath the Eurasia plate and the earthquake occurred along
The subduction zone at the interface between those two tectonic plates.
Two thousand people died because the earthquake was very strong.

The Pacific plate moves usually westwards at a very slow velocity.
The boundary between the Pacific and Australian Plate runs broadly
Along New Zealand, where another quake occurred with a strong ferocity,
While the planet is on a one-way warming trend triggered by human activity.

Marieta Maglas

The Primordial One

The Primordial One is immanent, while He’s never transcendent
And this existent world, at the beginning, was only His vision.
The Lord has Been to create his vision-world without lightweight
In this real world of Becoming, with His meticulous precision.

At the beginning, we were His imagination; we were a reason for creation
And, only for being with Him, He made us, in time, to become so real.
Tower of Babel wasn’t an illusion, when people suffered tongues confusion,
God isn’t an illusion in our perfection, when His plans He wants to reveal.

We are in our Apollinian illusion, when we think that God means confusion
And our own perfectionism we try to reach in the mean time.
But in the reality of our Apollinian confusion, God is no longer an illusion.
In this ache of Being and in this agony of Becoming, He’s sublime.

To reach our perfection we sing a hymn, we need to be with Him,
Because when we are not with Him, we are in the illusion of Being.
Without transmogrifying us, to transfigure Him, sometimes, we have a whim,
Because we need to understand our illusory own perfection in wellbeing.

We try to put ourselves in His place, in order to understand His grace
We need the Dionysian illusion of Being to experience the world we know.
In both Dionysian and Apolllinian illusions, we jump to our conclusions.
We are illusory Primordial Beings creating our Apollinian powerful show.

I am this person staring back from His mirror at me, I want existent to be.
I want to identify this image with myself and to realize who I really am.
Because of my sins I lost my serenity, I have a sense of my mistaken identity.
I was His dream, I am His child and for saving me He sent me His lamb.

Everyone is dreaming, but it seems that no one really believes in dreams.
One by one we need to wake up out of our own illusions of self.
The world of minds is the God's mental projection, it has interconnection.
Without this major pervasive reality, the world did not exist in itself.

The sufferings of the people can be in some an illusory space, having no grace,
And they live in their own world of solely material realities without restricting.
Others believe in the world, which is non-physical and it's essentially spiritual,
They need a mental, spiritual and moral dimension to life, without conflicts.

Marieta Maglas

The Prisoner of His Conscience (Story Poem about Some Kind of Freedom)

He was very poor and this is why he married a rich woman.
This way, he got money but, in time, he became a very sad man.
She couldn't have children, though it wasn't his game plan.

One day, he saw a widow walking down the street 'It's later',
He told her calmly and began to discuss about life with her.
He didn't know why he suddenly felt to touch her and to be tender.

He understood her, when she confessed her cried Coeur
Saying that she had three grown children and she was very poor
And she had to work as housemaid at a loudmouthed boor.

She was in pain and he felt that and to help her was his concern.
He wanted to take care of her family asking nothing in return.
He thought never to dishonor her acting as a father to her children.

He has begun to understand how unhappy was the woman he loved,
When he left her for another one and she became so grieved.
He asked her to talk about her feelings for him and she approved.

He wanted to divorce to marry her and take care of her needs.
Certainly, he wanted to become an adoptive father of her kids.
To make her the mother of his future children he made a bid.

His wife didn't agree to divorce, but she left him on his demand.
He and the widow went to find their fate in a far away land,
But his wife killed herself, her dead body was found on the sand.

He went to her funeral to see her last time without annoyance.
He has begun to scream releasing something deeper and fierce
Without his wish, releasing the prisoner of his conscience.

Marieta Maglas

The Rain

There is a sounding rain
falling down on the waves of the sea.
There is a water singing.
There is a wet song.
There are wet ears
hearing this.
There is a wet feeling of love
developing in the
amniotic sac of the spiritual womb
and needing to be born
within both of us.

Marieta Maglas

The Rainbow of Sounds

This twilight sky
Is like an indigo-orange symphony,
In which the light is absorbed
To be decomposed in corpuscles.
It may be ours until we die.
I may be your tree-woman, a Ginkgo,
That Ginkgo has a stony trunk
And pure violet spiritual eyes
To look at you,
While the leaves are trembling
Their green sound.
Slowly, you may become my tree-lover-man,
While a star in the universe is dying for our love.
I may feel that force aspiring the quanta of light
Near you.
Come and be my black infinity,
While this earth is cracking its crust
From time to time
And especially now
As at any end of the time.
Wind is your embrace,
Next to this field of Nepal poppies trembling their hypnotic
Red melodious shadow
And near this ripe wheat field
Loudly shaking its tired yellow.
The wind is crazy singing and dancing around.
I seemingly hear some astral blue songs.
It's like a jazz blues chord progression.
Our leaves cling to its long hair.
I feel the rainbow of sounds,
I feel this love.

Marieta Maglas

The Raven of Edgar Poe

We need only time

To undergo metamorphosis....

The girl and the old woman

Keep an eye on each other;

The raven screams, solemnly:

-Nevermore!

O, the raven of Edgar Poe,

Which had guessed

Their secret...

Marieta Maglas

The Reason Behind Feelings

Understanding
The reason behind your feelings
And the reasons for feeling this love....
Knowing your emotions as modulations
Of your cognitive mind,
Of your embedded cognition,
In this deep world of yours
With a whispering time.....
Understanding
Your feelings coming into being
Through these inextricably entwined realities...
Understanding
Your glittering feelings of the soul, falling into yourself
Like a rain from your internal eye
Or unlike flying pink flamingo..
Understanding
More exactly
This quintessential necessity to hide inside of you.

Marieta Maglas

The Roses' Scent (Sonnet)

The rose's scent for the royal highness
Is like red for some Yorks running away
Forever to live in his white blindness
His throne being lost in the spring of May.

In oblivion, Elizabeth had bent
Her strange memory, while wanting to cry.
Don't blush her shame and the white rose's scent
Don't stir the scent of any open lie.

The indifference and the hatred twist
The power of the queen into a pawn,
'Cause the tear of the roses still exist,
When we search for it early in the dawn.

The cruelty of any slick black heart
Is to make a blame of any work of art.

Marieta Maglas

The Shadows of The Trees (Kyrielle Poetry)

Ships at the horizon look black-white in the game
Wet rocks through the crisp air reflect the sunset light.
The sky painted in mauve spreads foamy clouds in flame
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

In searching for the sea, which is so far away,
And running over rocks, the river holds the night.
The man is standing guard in waiting for the day
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Behind the horizon, the sun is red like Mars.
The moon embraces life, which looks like anthracite.
The ancient years of light are coming from the stars
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Some crackling, popping sounds are coming from a fire
Sparkles shine in the deep pitch black sky of the night.
The man makes his woman burn with true desire
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

A river full of feelings flows in their embrace
Illuminates their souls to reach the divine height.
Lovers swim in their sea of happiness with grace
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Confusions, fears, knowledge, courage and wisdom are
The threads of the couple in weaving thoughts to fight.
The image of the town seems to rock very far
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Out of this world of madness, searching for the day,
Never finding their way back in the lost moonlight,
Letting their mind be free to reach the milky way,
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Marieta Maglas

The Simple Beauty

The simple beauty of the frozen sadness
Than tears of the blue is not much less
And not much more than beauty of the clouds
Inside the rain, to rain the flaky crowds.

But green inside the beauty as the winter keeps
Means more than grass of sorrow as the beauty weeps.
And eyes of green can see it in the whisper's ness
As their tears of blue than yours are not much less.

(dedicated to Alfred Lord Tennyson)

Marieta Maglas

The Snapdragons

The sun burns the sky.The steps
crush the red of the leaves.It's an
incomprehensible mystery in the
structure of the leaving green.The
sound drums the holy bell of light.
It's an unbearable restlessness in
the structure of white.Red and white
snapdragons smother their preys.

Marieta Maglas

The Snowman

The snowman doesn't know why
The reasons are balanced perfectly by feelings …

He was dealing last week with a snowstorm
Wondering to know how many snowflakes could fall..

The snowman thinks of
The pure joy of being alive …..

Now the rain comes down in trickles, melting the snow
And he wants to let all the weight of life fall to the ground and become a part of it....

He shines like a porcelain now,
And he knows that he has nowhere else to go.

He makes an effort to distinguish between
These two incommensurable realms, nature and freedom.....

He examines the black hearses spanning out of white
He discovers the twilight sky, the rising sun and this inconsequential world.....

He understands that flourish of innocence and simplicity ….

He makes an effort to distinguish between
His own immortality and his existence ….

The snowflakes begin to fall so softly upon his icy heart
The gentle snowflakes begin to fall again...
A blackbird begins to hang the darkness of the night

The whole world constitutes for him now a great ambiguity and elusiveness
He remains tightly closed with his owner inside.....

Significantly, the night begins to kill the day's seconds....

He makes an effort to distinguish between
The ineliminable inputs of external and internal sensations....

He begins to have his own consciousness.

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

And trying to find my own destiny,

When I'm getting off for you,

And when I'm better off without you.

I enjoy my solitude,

One hundred years of solitude

Like Lorelei.

Marieta Maglas

The Space

Eternity of the initial space
Creating space in space
Needing space to create space
Creating initial space.

Marieta Maglas

The Stone

A stone rolling herself from a mountain peak
apparently falls. Actually, she seeks the deep
meaning of life. She ends by sinking to become
river rock memorizing the history in her fossil.

This stone has feelings. She feels the tears
of time, and the drops of rain. A river rock is
cheerfully shining in the sunlight, but she's
sad in the shadow of the mountain, melancholic

in the moonlit, and dreamy at night, especially
when the river embraces her with his waves.
This rock remains lonely in the dried up
riverbed for a very long time to reflect on

her own existence. She is the same stone
cracking, staying in the altar of sacrifice, or
becoming the head of the corner, as Jesus
said. But, sometimes, she may become a

symbol as a philosopher's stone, or she
may be the top of a pyramid. Regardless of
her structure, she will never bend, and she will
never change her being, because a stone will

always remain a part of the mountain from
which she was detached.

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 Taste

It’s the taste you place on my wishes,
So I wish to taste you.
And you grab my thoughts
Until I begin to understand
That you are a man.
And that understanding
Nourishes belonging.
But your mouth
Will never say those words.

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

The Vibration

My sight chipped out the clouds
from the sky. My eyes became
so expressive for you. The clouds
were, in fact, your thoughts having
the polarity of love. This love of ours
was, in fact, a 'sweet slavery'. We
were searching for our rainbow of
dreams, we were searching for our
color of happiness. Sometimes,
I'm so tired with you, living between
the meanders of your soul. I'm
so tired that I need to cry. The
vibration of your voice becomes
a tear at dawn. Then, love seems
to explode inside of us. This
explosion is like a sunrise. I
expect The Divine to sit nicely
there, in the depth of our souls
and to flow brightly as the
water flows on mountain rocks.

Marieta Maglas

The Victim

She saw people praying and using the violence in
the name of religion at the same time, while no
religion is preaching violence. She understood that
this kind of violence was too conflicting for peace, and
yet too diplomatic for war. And that violence no
solution had; nor never none. She thought those

people lived in black light having blind eyes not seeing
the reality of life. She had to accept that this wicked
goodness and this pretty badness belong to our reality
so vixen-like, vexing and hiding so many victimless crimes.
Suddenly, she realized that she could be a new victim.
She started to run while wondering where her safe place was.

She was better than to expect to be caught. She understood
her fear, that fear led to frightening thoughts, those thoughts
leading to panic, that panic leading to derealization. She looked
around trying to recognize the place. She felt worried because she
couldn't see very well. She searched to make a sword of everything
around, but quickly after that, she thought that the swords are the

weapons of warriors, but she's not a warrior, she's a victim. She
started to give praise with idle tears, to give praise with wisdom,
to give praise with deep despair. She asked herself if God is there too
hear her, over those ravages of war overwhelmed by the natural
catastrophes and over the ludicrous effect of their transformation
into nothing. She, firstly, believed her religious man was a fighter

against the enemies of God to conclude that he was an enemy of the real
fighters for God. This man was her husband learning in time to beat her
body and to hurt her soul. She saw herself as a little bleeding part of this
world wondering to know if her man is still the man she fell in love with
once, or he's an illusion. She stopped her run to sit on the ground. She
began to pray hoping that God is there to hear her and to bring a new light

to her crying reality. She stayed there to think how much a rose can
describe a flower, how much a flower can describe a woman, and how
much the feminine can describe many things around.She concluded
that no feminine thing can break this life down. She asked herself,
''What can happen to this world in the absolute absence of the feminine? ''
She found herself an innocent person dreaming in a new world without violence.

Marieta Maglas

The Wall

We built a black wall in our white space
To create two different worlds, where you and I
Could live separately
It was an internal wall of human misery
Almost invisible from the outside.
Then, we sought the knowledge.
We were husband and wife,
But we separately sought the same knowledge.
We had been seeking the knowledge.
We had been seeking the knowledge in spite of love,
Until we realized that
We could not live without love any longer.
Knowledge would have no sense
If we could really and permanently die
In nothingness.
Therefore, we started looking for love again.
We realized we had to break down
The wall we had built some time ago.
Meanwhile, the wall has become white and the spaces
Have become black.
We tried to break it down,
But the wall remained white.
We realized it belonged only to God.
Therefore, we asked God to demolish it
And God created a window in the wall
For us to be able to see each other.
We looked at each other
Being so surprised and terrified,
Because we couldn't recognize ourselves.
At least, we understood that our relationship was
Almost impossible.
At that moment, we've asked God to make a miracle
And God gave us the tears.

Marieta Maglas

The War

An invisible black hiatus of sadness,
An eerie silence as an immense void,
No beacon of hope in this sad badness,
Hate leaving many spaces destroyed,

Bloody war taking up too much space,
Victims stumbling on a rocky path of life,
Curving fates shyly lifting with sad grace,
Quantum love trying to dissipate the strife,

Cold death keeping the ideology of war,
Winners covering themselves with glory,
Dramatic consequences trying to ignore,
Their thinking that becomes increasingly gory.

Marieta Maglas

The Water

Like a tired eyelid was your deep last
thought, or like an eye of water being
darkened by a shadowing cloud. Like
a tear and a stargazer lily smelled your

gaze. Like sadness and longing your last
smile longed for love. You were my love
embracing. Between me and Jesus, only
you were my awakening, while you were in

leaving to be with Him through a last prayer.
I followed you on the Way of Love as a
prayer. God started to send His rain of grief
from His heaven inside of us. I was able to

see you in that Light. How beautiful you were
in that sense of life. He allowed me to hope
this love would never end. I woke up alone.
The rain was beating against my window.

Marieta Maglas

The White City*

I'm in the white city.

A dense fog
Disintegrates all my hopes.
There are people dreaming
Of nonexistent worlds,
There are disoriented people
Walking on the terminal's sidewalk.
There are lights turning on and off so erratically
In this white city.
There are hidden screams in the night
Covered by the heavy rain sounds,
That rain falling continuously
And monotonously.
In this white city,
The victims
Don't understand that they are victims yet.
There are flowers,
There are fast food kiosks,
There are botanical gardens,
With beautiful exotic trees,
And there are horror movies in the theaters.
As shadows emerging from the fog
Are the last steps.
There are steps searching each other,
And there are steps that are separated forever.
The rain's sounds

Vibrate the eye of the windows,

Vibrate the burial stones,

Vibrate the dreams,

Those dreams

About better days.

Apparently,

Someone screams

In the white mist of the night.

Maybe he's the victim of an aggression,

Or maybe, he's someone who has lost his love.

Maybe it's just an echo...

I'm in the white city

And I'm searching for you in the darkness...

Marieta Maglas

The White Tiger

In the wildness the white tiger is so rarely found
Having a very white colored fur with black deep stripes
It’s a solitary genre wanting no one around
With its retractable claw the white tiger the prey gripes.

It is born from the Bengal tiger having round deep blue eyes
Because the Bengal tiger has genes for white coloring
It may be completely white, but may not be different in size
At night it hunts in some pigs, cattle and deers for eating.

These double recessive allele in their genetic code
Are the cause for turning up once in every thousand births.
The Bengal tiger becomes white in this natural mode
A great potential for excellence is found in its strengths.

In small areas with concentrated prey it survives
White tigers in the wild live about ten or fifteen years
It learns to be a swimmer when in the water it dives
And runs to catch any prey that in its sight appears.

Maharajah Shri Martand Singh hunted in the jungle
He saw a tigress with four cubs and one of them was white.
With drum beat and trumpet blast he ought fires to juggle
Next day he searched it but no tigress appeared in his sight.

At night the tiger vision is six times better than ours.
Tiger scratches on trees serve as territorial markers.
The stripes help the tiger to stay hidden many hours
And sometimes it fights a new territory to conquer.

The white tiger stripes are always like human fingerprints;
No two tigers have the same pattern of stripes on their fur
The female takes cubs to kill or in prey their teeth to imprint
But before this they are all blind and weigh two or three pounds.

MCN: CR291-J5UEC-PBN4L

© copyright Wed Feb 16 01: 31: 45 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

The Wolfman

Don't lose your own hope at sixty
You'll reach your next nice destiny.
One thing you'll never really know
How it could be with me in a real show.

Don't bother to make a future plan
To change what is already done.
It's nothing to lose, and I can explain
That you will be so tired working in vain.

Maybe I know you from another life,
But I ran for being to another 's wife.
Why I did this, and how it could be
I know, 'cause I received my prophecy.

Don't lose your hope you'll be happy someday.
All the world is yours, and you do not have to pay.
If you get crazy, when I'm talking about love,
Maybe something is coming to you from above.

But don't be sad, 'cause you can get everything
In this world of yours except one little thing,
But you need a heart and to be good to get it.
It's too much to pay so better forget it.

So, don't lose your hope at your own sixty.
It's time to reach your next alive destiny.
One thing you'll certainly never know,
How it could be with me in your reality show.

Marieta Maglas

Theta State

A little space for my dreams
Brain waves through time
When they need to roar
An ideation during
A theta state
So thundering and warm
A little space with gleams
Shining down upon all
My dolefulnesses
Ending all my confusions
Relieving me
Of my ashed hell of compulsions.

Marieta Maglas

Things-Haiku

Things falling apart
Having no real center to
Hold them together

Marieta Maglas

This Earth is Cracking

In USA,
There is a presidential election fight,
Well, everything seems to be alright,
It might be alright, everything seems tight,
Sometimes, I dream of a red sky,
The earth is cracking,
I'm slowly dancing
On your sweet love floor.

Turkey
Sends bombs for free into Syria, on the other side,
Well, it seems that nothing is more important than having pride,
When Syrians in Turkey need to hide,
I've never dreamt of a sky so red,
The earth is cracking,
I'm slowly dancing
On your sweet love floor.

The Greeks
Don't want to sell to Canadian consumers their gold,
Well, it seems that in Canada it is very cold,
Why is it so cold in Canada all the time and the gold isn't sold?
I really dreamed of a huge red sun,
The earth is cracking,
I'm slowly dancing
On your sweet love floor.

The world
Is waiting for a new shift of magnetic poles,
But, instead of this, the earth makes gigantic craters called sinkholes,
Smart money makers lose the remote controls,
I really had a multicolored dream,
The earth is cracking,
I'm slowly dancing
On your sweet love floor.

Much more protesters
Want to change their lives and their presidents.
To feed their kids, they work 12 hours per day for a few cents,
It's something to think about, when life has no sense.
I dreamed of a world having a little pink,
The earth is cracking,
I'm slowly dancing
On your sweet love floor.

Marieta Maglas

This Universe

I want to describe this universe.
I want to say that I found it absolutely useless,
More useless than the hidden green
In the fecundity
Of those flowers without petals,
More frightening
Than a snake
Uselessly writhing
Near the petrified image
Of the Medusa,
And more painful
Than any frightening funeral kiss,
But much more higher
Than my thirst for knowledge,
And much more deeper
Than the whole ignorance,
And much more profound
Than the whole existence,
And much more real
Than all the truths I know,
But never much more brighter
Than the Divine Knowledge,
And never missing much more happiness
Than sadness misses.
And never much more fundamental
Than love.

Marieta Maglas

Time-Haiku

Time is on my side
Time is the essence of life
Time is life itself

Marieta Maglas

Total Balance

Breeze of the sea
Swimming
Total balance.

Like a loving man
Scattering here and there
Seemingly nowhere.
Like a loving man
Being with me
Being seemingly single
At the same time.

Dance

Swimming
Balance and fair play

In this space
Your beauty
Coming and leaving
At the horizon of thinking

A hiding woman

Apparently being with her
Being single
At the same time

Slipping

Searching

Feeling

Fiction

Nonfiction

Feelings

Uncertainty

Abandonment

Cyclic search

Paradigm.

<img src='http:

//storage.myfreecopyright.com/mfc_protected.png' alt='MyFreeCopyright.com Registered & Protected' title='MyFreeCopyright.com Registered & Protected' width='145px' height='38px' border='0'/>

Marieta Maglas

Touch

A thousand of colors reflecting in
The dew of dawn
And our red kiss dancing
Our lips
Rocking our souls
Your eyes covering me
So tender
High vibrating emotional
Touch
Blazing the eternity
Emulating God's Love
Resonating with our inner being....

Marieta Maglas

Touching You

Touching you

Feeling the Earth
Shaking to the core

With you inside me
Love and dream

Our thrill

Like two angels flying
Touching each other
With their trembling
Wings

Imagining this

When you are
Far away from me
My love

When no word of mine
Can reach you

Being
In my own universe

Where

The rustling leaves
The whispering winds
And
The crying clouds
Look exactly the same...

Trying to understand
My story of life...

Just me and God...

Marieta Maglas

Truth and Lie

Knowing the truth means
Knowing things as they really are
And as water is
The mother-womb of all things,
So is the truth
For the human beings,
We all need to be rescued,
Though sometimes,
We lie to ourselves
Straining to feed
The illusion of happiness.

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-A True Friend

A true friend would do
Anything to save my life
I trust my true friends.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-Hate

Hate me for leaving
I loved you the way you was
No tears from now on.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-His best friend

His best friend was gone.
Why did all things have to die?
Where did all things go?

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-Ineluctable destiny

The introspection
Of absolute solitude
And life destiny.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-Life

Life is in your hand
But put it into the hands
Of a mystic force.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-self-reliant

Be self-reliant
Responsible for yourself
For the well being.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-The eye

Eye is unable
To turn around and see
Without whole body.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-The flame

Do not touch a flame
Because it can brings you pain
Learn things from body.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

T-Senryu-Things

Trying to force things
Figure things out on their own
From darkness to light.

Copyright © ® Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

Two Philosophical Poems

The Shadow of Conscience
In the Divine Light, behind
the conscience,
there is its shadow being
projected on a wall of the human
rationality space and needing
The Divine Revelation.

Still Questioning

John 5: 30

'' I can do nothing of myself - It is impossible I should do any thing separately from my Father. As I hear - Of the Father, and

see, so I judge and do; A because I am essentially united to him. See #Joh 5: 19|.''

I found myself being
your limb in self
and being aware of it, but
I still do not know
what really this
awareness means.
I found myself
in need of your
answers about everything is right.
I still do not know if I am a part of you
in need of being my own faithful self
nor do I know if I am my own self
in need of being a part of you
and Jesus.

Marieta Maglas

Two Suns

Earth has long had its faithful sun emitting rays
But what if we were to look out in the clear sky
And see two suns instead of one on a bright day?
What if this new sun will glamorize the human eye?

What if this sun will make the night a thing of the past
'Cause the Betelgeuse star system will change very soon?
This star has lost its fuel and it can't outlast
Exploding in a conflagration like a balloon.

The light from Betelgeuse will reach the underworld
There will simply be no night for a long period.
God will be alone for creating His new world.
Like in ' Theogony' written by great Hesiod.

In the middle ages people really thought
That the sun rises always early in the night sky
When mysterious events by the fate are brought
And they were so afraid thinking that they could die.

One such bad event had occurred shortly before
The Tunguska incident that it could have been caused
By a meteorite, they loudly said ''No more! '
But the light over Britain a few hours lasted.

If the sun were to have an illuminating
Companion for several weeks, we might forget
And we might not have another understanding
Of what the night means on our dear human planet.

It would mean that supernova actually happened
Many years ago, as light can travel very fast
This event with prediction can be associated
Would it be the end of the world like in the past?

.
Will there be two suns in our blue sky some day?
Betelgeuse is quite enough to raise many eyebrows.
But would it be the end of the world? Who can say?
Anyway what I think it's that nobody knows.

Marieta Maglas

Uncanny emotions -Haiku

Cathartic daydreams
Anticipating nightmares
Envisaged details

Marieta Maglas

Uncertainty

The sound
Touching lips
Mutual interpenetration
Grievance
Self is forgetting

For a moment

I had to be yours for sure

Perhaps happiness
Uncertain love
Indefinite intercourse
Hesitant submissiveness
Insecure thrills
We could not have done
Probably
Otherwise

I search you
Certainly
Again
No doubt,
I do not find you

Indubitably

The violin strings
And the piano keyboards
Can play
The same
Song

Variably

They play differently
The sound

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.
I'm thinking of a soul collapsing from the moment to eternity.

My thinking keeps your name.
It remains, seemingly, attached to that place
As a red stain on the blue sky.
That blueness needs to become whitish.

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 be capable to reach Him.

Marieta Maglas

Unremebering Dream

Welcome malignancy into this world
In silent mouth the frozen words to keep,
When your idea can become a sword,
A meaningless reverie in anxious sleep.

Your suffering can crown the head of Woe,
Who reigns in sightless, hopeless, icy lands,
Where the flowers and the grass cannot grow,
And people listen to your sad commands.

Your valley is glittering in the cold,
Your values are waiting to be destroyed,
And pride is a graven image of gold
To disappear when He will be annoyed.

Marieta Maglas

Until They Lose Everything

In the Springtime,
The wind beats the trees
Until they lose
Their most beautiful flowers.
In the Summertime,
The wind beats the trees
Until they lose
Their most beloved fruits.
In the Autumn time,
The wind beats the trees
Until they lose
Their most painful leaves.
In the Winter time,
The wind beats the trees
Until they lose
Their hope.
Moreover, the wind beats again those trees
Until they lose
Their most important spring buds,
And beats them
Until they become sapless trees.
Much more,
The wind beats those trees,
Until they collapse down
To the ground.

Marieta Maglas

Variable Reality(postmodernist poem)

I see my snowy steps disappearing into the
snow. The coldness will swallow them.
The wet winces the snow, wetter than any wince.

I am more involved in a sharp snowless stretch
than I was ever. I forgot that I'm existent.I try
to remember. A cloud is tossing its white to rain.

Nothing never rains outside, everything rains
inside. Everything is tossing firstly before raining.
The trees always feel this. They are existent.

The trees need to be existent. This freezing rain
is breaking the tree limbs. Their branches are
encapsulated in glaze ice. I need my steps back.

I hear a song coming from the coffee house. There
is a coffee stain on my right shoe. I take a taxi to go
nowhere. This rain falls down over the snow blanket.

The snow is existent until it becomes a bed for the
falling rain. I can be existent as long as I'm not cold.
This rain is not a tropical one, and I cannot care less.

There is something moving toward. It's my body. There
is something having no beginning and no end. It's the
movement in losing time. Rain and snow need time

to prove their similar personality and their different
appearance.Time is existent. I'm not existent in another
particular time. I can't come into existence twice.

Marieta Maglas

Vision

The silence kills the words
And buries them
In the old time
The nerve of ours
Bleeding love
Rasps
The spine of thrills
Vibrating resonantly
The empty amphora
Of soul
The woeful eyes
Drip their tears of light
Disintegrating all our dreams
The sorrows are solid
Into the recesses of the new time
I realize that
We lost our self
And this kind of losing
Our feelings
Has always
The same taste.

MCN: C7986-UKG7K-58QFA
© copyright Mon Jan 24 22: 44: 44 UTC 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Waves

Your ideas dance
Around your thoughts
As the rain drops dance
Around the sap
Of a tree trunk
The sap absorbs them
In its upward struggle
There is an absorption
And a sweat
There is one big blossoming
In the spring of your time
And a final melting rainbow
In the dew drops of your soul.

Marieta Maglas

We Made Love

A hummingbird rotated its wings
Making an empty circle
On the glassy sky.
Its real image, on my retina,
Became unreal
In the glassy mirror.
We became two images merging
In dancing moonlights,
Our souls were deconstructed into colors
We could create the highlight.
We closed our eyes feeling that we are not existent.
We opened them feeling that we are still existent.
Your love slipped between my seconds.
Suddenly, I began to feel your skin.
It was amazing.
I remember this, the touch.
It was more than love
In our secret.
Now, when I see a hummingbird
Rotating its wings
I am thankful to you
Because you gave me a chance to understand
Love's pure meaning.
This is why it is still real
And still existent.

Marieta Maglas

W-Haiku 1

Thin atmosphere
Extreme close range to the sun
Thin ozone layer

Marieta Maglas

W-Haiku 2

Thin atmosphere
Lower altitude clouds
Tornadoes and floods

Marieta Maglas

W-Haiku-God’s creations

God’s creations at
The other end of spectrum
Closer to heaven

Marieta Maglas

White Poem

Your teeth have a painful shine,
Your smile is sad
In the absence of words.

You become aware of deeper parts of yourself
You become aware of the much greater wound in your 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

With a Thirsty Voice

With a thirsty voice
I said:
'You're no more my universe.'
' Nevermore! '
Replied the raven
Instead of you.
I said
'You're no more
My blessing and my curse.'
And
'Nevermore! '
Replied the raven
Instead of you.
Your silence is
A broken statue
In midnight taper.

Love has traces of rust
And trickling tears
No one can save
Our illusions.
I can digest now
All my waking dreams.

Above us, there is a sky
Swallowing its clouds
Bellow us, there is a planet
Closing its burial ground.

Marieta Maglas

With One Eye

A flight
separates the sea from the sky.
Her glance caresses
the stillness. The flowers
scathed by hail
become bluish. They do not
die, yet. This life without

him is like the plenitude seen with one eye. Her right
convictions sculpt
in sadness
as in a block of marble
a rocky embrace. The sun
is crying.There is only one

single eye in the core of this universe. He is still

extant
in-between the things
of her remembrance.

So many colors are catching her
then she cannot be
lighthearted.Their flux is tropic.
She blends them in a caramel.
These colors become as negative
as the sounds coming from

a broken guitar.Her name is Eve, and
she waits
to be eaten by worms someday.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

Woman's Lips

Women's lips are still red, when
they are hidden in the darkness.In
the light of love, they
are metamorphosed
Into a kiss- an oval-where
the words are hidden
behind the thrills.There is
a special entwining, where
everything inside is deified.In
this surrealistic reality, this
new temple of The Lord
dances its red lights
for life and love.

Marieta Maglas

Women Trees

The hidden flowers
Are bud breasts
Waitin' for their colored bloomin'
In cups
On the tree old branches.
The moss growin' on its trunk
Is a green thigh
On its very thin old crack'd crust
Havin' swellin' whitish scatter'd areolae.
The buzzin' bee in its honeycomb
Is the voice of its heart lettin' out its sorrow,
While it is
Aerating its roots with softer mysteries
Growin' up 'bove the ground.
Its knee roots allow the inflow o' life
To the fibres.
This tree is, in fact,
A wooden woman statue
In my vision.

Marieta Maglas

Wreck Without Anchor

You're alone in this love,
Because I let you be yourself.
You're, in fact, a wreck without an anchor.
You embarrass me,
But the confusion you feel is the result of having forgotten
My feelings for you.
You embarrass me against your own sense...

You think
That no danger can
Completely overwhelm
This love.
You think you can abandon yourself
Into nothingness.

The waves of life can drive this love wreck ashore.

You try to disintegrate your thoughts
Slowly while waiting inside of you,
But no anchor can keep you in the offshore,
Because the wood is too rotten.

Marieta Maglas

X-Haiku-Artwork

Virtual object
In negative dimension
With beauty power

Marieta Maglas

X-Haiku-Atmospheric clue

Thin atmosphere
Result in the death of life
On the land masses.

Marieta Maglas

X-Haiku-Attempts

Peace and harmony
Absurd human attempts in
This world of chaos.

Marieta Maglas

X-Haiku-Evilness

Evilness of death
Derives from goodness of life
Death takes from us all

Marieta Maglas

X-Haiku-Existence

I'm clean and sober
I feel no dirty in soul
I wake up and think.

Marieta Maglas

X-Haiku-Greenhouse windows

Greenhouse windows
Change in rainfall patterns
Greenhouse gases.

Marieta Maglas

X-Haiku-I know

I know all your fears
I know what you are feeling
Your doubts and your pain.

Marieta Maglas

X-Haiku-Memories

I need that secret
Love keeps us alive, we live
In our past tense.

Marieta Maglas

X-Monoku-I am

I am a finite being and I am what I am not yet.

Marieta Maglas

Yellow November

Now, I know that I will never see you again.
I try to surpass my pain and to forget you.
It's like I'm waiting for an invisible train
Knowing that I can't do what you asked me to do.

This gray train comes here, but there's no railway station.
What was painfully I forgot or wasn't real.
It was an autumnal love for you with no passion
While destroying our thoughts that have become unreal.

I watch you closely, as always, and the woman
Standing on the chair of surgery passively
Still are spitting her blood, it's what you like a man
Cut up in her soul, when suture by surgery.

Now, I know that I will never see you again.
I try to surpass my pain and to forget you.
I want to be with you in that 'visible train.
In a new world of love, I want to be with you.

1984

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-Everything

We born with nothing
We speed through life so fast and
Die with everything.

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-Fighting

The world can be changed
We are free, responsible
For fighting for that...

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-Love

What it means to love
Stay in love or stay with love
Or falling in love?

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-Nothing

Can it be true that
Nothing is born of nothing
For being something?

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-The artist

The artist must look
Beyond appearance and
Penetrate essence.

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-The lie

Lie can't become truth
Just because we think it's truth.
Truth can't be denied.

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-The reality

Is the reality
And the meaning of this life
A creation of men?

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-The truth

Truth is like the fire
It cannot be tolerant
It cannot be changed.

Marieta Maglas

Y-Haiku-Things

Things are expressions
Of God's essence, His power,
They're forms of power.

Marieta Maglas

Y-Monoku-Only me and you

There is no one else in this world of two...

Marieta Maglas

You and Me

Shining stars
Our tears
Angel's wings
And dreams
And this love
Special
And unique
When we search each other
In Eden
Again and again
Again and again
You and me
Two
Shining stars.

Marieta Maglas

You Ask Me to Leave (Pantoum poetry)

The “pantun” is a Malaysian poetic form that was introduced to the West by French novelist, essayist, and poet, Victor Hugo (1802-1885) , hence the French spelling, “pantoum.” Westerners have taken creative liberties with the Malaysian form, which tends to follow a standard rhyme form of ABAB, where multiple, rather than single subjects, are introduced. While pantoums can have unlimited stanzas, you might want to begin with a 3-stanza poem until you get the hang of it:
Stanza 1: Line 1/Line 2/Line 3/Line 4
Stanza 2: Line 5 (repeat of line 2 in stanza 1) /Line 6 (new line) /Line 7 (repeat of line 4 in stanza 1) /
Line 8 (new line)
Stanza 3/Last Stanza (This is the format for the last stanza regardless of how many preceding stanzas exist) : Line 9 (line 2 of the previous stanza) /Line 10 (line 3 of the first stanza) /Line 11 (line 4 of the previous stanza) /Line 12 (line 1 of the first stanza)

And you ask me to leave all behind
Now, when our moment in time is done
Going nowhere with nothing in mind,
'Cause you're my world and my special one.

Now, when our moment in time is done
I love you like there's no end in sight,
'Cause you're my world and my special one.
You're still on my mind all day and night.

I love you like there's no end in sight.
You're inside me filling my soul's space.
You're still on my mind all day and night.
I feel still cuddled in your embrace.

You're inside me filling my soul's space
Going nowhere with nothing in mind.
I feel still cuddled in your embrace,
And you ask me to leave it all behind.

Marieta Maglas

You Hurt My Love

The day that you hurt my love
I thought I was born again,
Because the reality woke me up.
I was caught up very well
In one of your snares,
And I was next to madness
That kind of madness,
Who never knocks at the door,
But goes directly into the house,
And slams you down
To the ground.
I clung desperately to something;
It was an eye book.
I took the eye and I crushed it
Like I crushed a walnut
To eat its content.
I read it very quickly.
It was like a breathing space.
And one day I realized
That the meaning of our love
Was involuntary,
Unconscious,
And hypocritical.
It was demagogy.
And this is why
It could not fulfill its own destiny.
Then, I opened both my eyes
And I did not save this love once again.
I let it die forever.

Marieta Maglas

You Look Like

After so many exhausting years
Of living your life, you dry your tears
You look like a nice silvery but
So desiccated mongongo nut

That nut looking so much like lustre
When it is hung in its own cluster
From the tree of life on Christmas night,
'Cause that tree has an eternal light

That never goes out 'cause it's divine
And there you deserve to breathe and shine
Among candles that burn in that night
You are my so special human light

You always give others what they need
Your going forth is armed with your Creed.
And no one can ever take this from you
You're my lover and it rings so true.

Marieta Maglas

You Make Me Who I Am

When You come here
As a great Light,
A gently glowing Light,

Every time it rains,
Your words unshackle my soul.
You make me 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 have tears in my eyes.
And every time I look at You,
I see my rainbow.

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

Come and see Your child's face,
When this child hears Your name.
I am this child.

Your Light

Touches

My eyelids,
My thoughts,
And my ships.

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

I lay out of sight.
I can see the pain and the flight.....

Marieta Maglas

You Were Mine

You were mine,
And I didn't know
That you were mine...

Now I know that you were mine,
But you're no longer mine …

Marieta Maglas

Your Cubic Slang

Enclose the closeness in your soul,
Enclose it as you enclose the ''uco'' in cornucopious.
Enclose the gray transparency in your sky,
When it is so close to your coming clouds.
They are the dimples of your cognitive space,
They are hollow thoughts,
When you set your ideals at naught.
Those clouds are inside of your gray
As close as the ''co'' in the cocoon,
Those clouds are fulfilled with your leady rain.
They are uncracked nuts waiting for a crack.
Let the rain of your Cumulonimbus storm
To fall over the lead of my pain.
Enclose inside of my lead
All your Oort clouds
Lost in your cubic slang.

MCN: CDDQ1-JVPR9-7NHF6

© copyright Fri Jan 20 UTC 2012 - All Rights Reserved

Marieta Maglas

Your Kiss

The kiss of your lips,
Is slipping on my sad breast
To reach my deeply dormant eyelash.....

Your devoted tranquility is so pure,
And your soul is so beautiful...

We are together while lying in the sunshine....

Lost memories

Come back again
Into my mind
With their meaning.

Tell me that the world is the same
And nothing has changed,

Though we are aware that
We are so different,
And our touch is
Impossible to be achieved.

Marieta Maglas

Your Love (Senryu)

For just one second
I felt your true love and that
Changed me forever.

Marieta Maglas

Your Perfectionism

Your own perfectionism
Is an illusion
You are so obsessed
With this idea
That you become a victim
Of your own mind games
Searching for an illusory reason
To get it out,
Because
You just need
To get free of
Your own convictions
Again,
Nothing more.

Marieta Maglas

Your Spirit Fights

Your spirit fights
Against
The changes
During ageing
Your flesh
As a bird flies
Against the wind
Until it gets
A hurt wing.

Marieta Maglas

Your Words

Near
The sound of your voice

The naked skin of your body
Still has a baby smell.

Your words flood the space
With love.

I stare into that space

Rolling seconds back
Rolling seconds before

And back
Again

To be only yours.

Marieta Maglas

Your Words of Love

I have seemingly missed your words of love,
Those words that were written in 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...

Marieta Maglas

You're My Final Wave

I live in that
Seemingly
Misapprehended
Solitude,
I live in my memory
Trying to leave back things of the past.
I'm a green wave
Tired of losing.
You're my final wave,
A little more tunefully
In a dancing sea
In this bliss of life
Like a weedy sea dragon
Walking in sounds
For keeping this endless love,
Nothing else.

Marieta Maglas

You're Not My Lover (Senryu)

You're not my lover,
You're a sign of sins for me,
In my existence.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-Amethyst and chrysoprase

Under your pillow
Amethyst and chrysoprase
Will bring pleasant dreams.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-consciousness

Consciousness
Without understanding
Itself in deep sense.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-Control

There are times in life
When control is important.
Choose moments wisely.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-Crystal

Quartz crystal clusters
Used specially for healing
Touch the spirit world.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-Day lilies

With white, blue flowers
So beautiful for a day
They're called day lilies.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-Fire agate gemstone

Fire agate gemstones
Inspire inner knowledge
And grounding powers.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-God

God exists in time
And God is also timeless
God's omnipresent.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-Kids

Kids love to explore
They have fun with all creatures
They love the nature.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-Orchids

Attracting the bees
Trapping and releasing them
Orchids need bee males.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-Savior

Savior of mankind
Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Taking away sins.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-silkworms

Spinning the cocoons
Silkworms don't stop spinning silk
Just around themselves.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-The cause

Genesis space-time
Is essentially uncaused
And exists in self.

Marieta Maglas

Z.Haiku-The tree

So pretty thick skinned
Is the oldest tree on earth,
Giant sequoia tree.

Marieta Maglas

Z-Energy-Monoku

Kaleidoscopic dance in the Universe

Marieta Maglas

Zero

This is our love, we need to
recompose its meaning
with the passing of every second.
Love is our poetry, or
poetry is our love.
Do you need to be yourself?
Do you need me?
Maybe it's hell, maybe it's heaven,
Maybe it's both of them.
Maybe it's getting zero.
We should burn inside,
but no, we make it be
our mad paradise.
It's something you should know
before touching me.
You should know
that love is only Divine.

Marieta Maglas

Z-Haiku-Distortion

Distortion of light
And stars changing their color
Sun's magnetic storm

Marieta Maglas

Z-Haiku-I

I understand you
I am always by your side
You know I love you.

Marieta Maglas

Z-Haiku-Matter and energy

Matter-energy
Two facets of the same coin
Two different states

Marieta Maglas

Z-Monoku-Air

Going with the flow of life, letting things to pass away

Marieta Maglas

Z-Monoku-Earth

Like a load big spherical stone

Marieta Maglas

Z-Monoku-Fire

Consuming life with passion

Marieta Maglas

Z-Monoku-Life

Moving for change so fast that nobody can stop it.

Marieta Maglas

Z-Monoku-Movement

Eternal work of the Universe

Marieta Maglas

Z-Monoku-Speed

Making the things to look the same like an indefinite colored abstract painting.

Marieta Maglas

Z-Monoku-The water

Hurrying up for shaping the rocks of the earth

Marieta Maglas

Z-Monoku-Void

A place for emotions

Marieta Maglas

Z-Senryu-About life

Make life a painting
Add vibrant colors to it
Feel the vibration.

Marieta Maglas

Z-Senryu-Emotion

A function of thoughts
For pleasant and unpleasant
Is our emotion.

Marieta Maglas

Z-Senryu-Life

Each life is unique
We can make it meaningful
When we reach its goals.

Marieta Maglas