

Poetry Series

Nero CaroZiv

- 198 poems -

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A bird at my window

The relentless rain and the whirling winds
The first pushed with violent gusts the other pelt
The windows shutters banged in sound grimed;
The roof's gutters over brimmed
The two culprits smote the garden bed
The new flowery sprouts in horror knelt
And lay lodged motionless in the ground as dead
I watched and I knew how the shaken flowers felt

The howling gales scud through the flower plots
The rusted nails squeaked on its knots
That held the tree to the gable-wall
All night long under the foul dark pall
The broken shades torn by the winds
Are hanging loose from silver white rings
Uplifted was the clinking thatch
Upon the lonely deserted grange

It is a dark chilly dreary morning
Sun delayed over city with gray sky in mourning
The day comes suddenly at last- A dull red ball in chock
Wrapped in snake drifts of lurid smoke

At my window a naked bird sate chirruping for her love
Upon a wintry bare with congealed pores boughs
The frozen wind whirled creeping on above
As the wire cold twigs took shaken bows

There was no leaf upon the avenue trees bare
No flower upon the solidified ground
And very little motion in the calm air
Except the train moan wheels' sound

What made the bird to sing at my window with no rest
A furlong from the castle of her warm nest
Her betrothed knight she all day at the sill pray
For the weal of him who is that's far away

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Nero CaroZiv

A book bazaar

I was in Manhattan in a book bazaar with lots of bargains, none interested me.
I kept my eyes wandering around not really knowing where to look,
At the strolling people or at the static street shelves books
It is just like being in a Zoo
Here too you do not know who
You may meet or see when passing thru
An anchor women from a famous channel
She looked so much prettier down the street
In a stealthy walk trying to hide her notoriety
I could not believe how they can do such a budgeted make up
In a channel with such fame fashion and prestige
In the screen she looked more like total disaster and fatigue

Through all the colors which the sun bestows
And among every character of form and face,
The Swede, the Russian mixed with Albanian
The Frenchman and the Spaniard from the remote south
The Indian; Moors, Malays and their neighbors
The Tartar and the Chinese, none would miss the event
All humans gathered around the scent
Even the African Ladies in white muslin gown
Followed what the winds carried for miles on

Oh what a blanket of colors what a blank confusion
True epitome of what the mighty city is herself,
To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
Living amid the same perpetual whirl of
Trivial objects, melted and reduced
To one identity, by differences
That have no laws, no meanings, and no conclusion
Tossing and dodging in symbols of eternity,
Of first, and last, of midst,
And the one without end

Like anthill on the plain
Of too busy world before you will flow
Endless stream of human ants and moving things
Your everyday appearance, as it strikes
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe
Or vexed by internal gnaw
Strangers of all ages encounter your pace
The quick dance of colors, lights, and forms
The deafening din the broken roar
The comers and the goers; face to face
Face after face; the string of dazzling wares
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names
And all the tradesman's overhead:
For instance here, fronts of houses, like title-page,
With letters inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian saints;
There the instance of allegoric shapes, female and male,

Or physiognomies of real men,
Land warriors, kings, or admiral of the sea,
The attractive head of nowadays current celebrity
Some quack-doctor, famous in his day
The brag lines of a fortune teller
A palm reader or other benefactors of any sort

Enough, the mighty concourse I surveyed
With no other thinking
Just take the right turn into a quiet street

Then the magnificent cathedral in fifth avenue
The images at its lofty wall never lose their magnetic power
Always enthralling the eyes of pedestrian
But on its back stairs among hidden nooks
A homeless find shelter a piece of dry bread with of soup

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A Cankered Love or

When she loads frowns and frets
With her taunts and tantrums
And you equally spend time with dreads
In assiduous execration under thundering drums
You know by then too well
Your helpless love worth you a hell

But Alas, why rush to heedless destructive judgement
And arouse forth the monster of solitude, the dragon of torment
So much irreversible damage these hast conclusions
May bring horrors to past joys and first love hopes and illusions

Women through all out history have been like this on the land
Angelic on one hand and dreadful devils on the other end
Like thorns encircling a balmy vermilion rose in a morning dim
Like the honey in the milk before it boils and spreads over brim

Take the more cautious and sophisticated approach
Rarely speak of her beauty or her manners good
As beautiful as she may be in look or style, leading the torch
Or her wings are sleek like dove's wings in the wood

Never call her wicked; be it even at utmost fit; that word's touch
Will consume her and the relationship like a curse;
But love her not too much; in sigh and in scaling, too much,
For that is even the devil worse.

Look! after all she is a human; she is neither good nor bad,
But her nature fluctuates from innocent to wanton and wild!
Enshrine her in your heart if love goes and dies, who had
The stone hard heart of a green child.

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A child winter night

Wailing whirling wheeling winds
When shall you blow again
And let the momentous drops of little rain
Come down mossy rocks and on fields of vast terrain
Hush under the cloak of night the nightingale hides and no more sings

Come back howling winds of winter night
Shake the stature of every tree tall
Its leaves long had reddened to a point of fall
Bring back the moments of a child
Scared and fetuses shape cuddled from winds wild
Under his blanket adoring a world of joy and bright

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A dark chilly dreary morning

It is a dark chilly dreary morning
Sun delayed over city with gray sky in mourning
The throng of comers and goers in my face flits and fleets
And will not let me be
I walk passing eave-drops lofty fall
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city subway sounding wide
The day comes suddenly at last- A dull red ball
Wrapped in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty East river tide

I loath the city of solitude in squares and in streets
And the faces of stutters that one meets
Empty aloof hearts arrogant introvert souls with no love for me
I crave to crawl, to crouch to creep
Into some under street cafe' deep
And there to weep and weep and weep
My whole soul out for you in silent grief

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A day at the zoo

Watch the animals, or us, in their or our daily routine
locked up for ever behind bars by people so mean
Life without meaning for them and for us.
One long and sluggish being without a fuss
When we go to the zoo, my lover claims
innocently without malice or any aims
That the people around the cages
can be studied for years and even ages
Here in the possession of my eyes
the glorious object of my attention lies
A most beautiful, nonparallel, tall lass
Studied curiously by a gorilla nibbling on tuft of grass
He can nimble and stare as much as he can
This beauty and grace is not in his clan
What may dare he think? She is more for me than for him
But at that moment the jealousy of my companion grows to its brim
without hesitation, with one resolute hand
She snatches me off my fantasy land
'Men you have a brain of one cell
which can answer to one and only bell'
Tut, this maneuver I strongly contest
The personality of the ape was the mere goal of my quest.

After such a nerve-raking rift a hiatus is in declare
And comfort to the fatigue legs is offered by near by stair
The steaming odors of food into the vaults of air float
No doubt makes the empty stomach takes a note
It was not a French cosine that lured me forth
But it still came as a pleasant breeze of the North
And so we sit to eat all variety of smoked meat
Amid the crowd of all specimens of man lunching taking no heed

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A Day Of Laugh And Love In The Sun

A day of laugh and love in the sun
The winds blew gently through whitening leaves as naked flames
The scent of spring flowers spread softly as carried by hands of a nun
Sea and vast echoing duns, her sound speaking, repeating my name

My name on her voluptuous lips erupted my heart so high
That there was noting left inside me; my spirit flew free
Bouncing on the sands; lifting into the vaults of boundless sky
Diving into the sapphire depth of the magic sea

A day of laugh and love in the sun
Where are you day? where you hide where you run?
All I know your comrades days gray and slow come and go one by one
Her picture froze; never to return to meadows and do the not done

The day of laugh and love do not hesitate, come not of late
Flinging the gloom secluded nights
On my painful heart; bring back your joy, laugh and lights
Pull me, take me out of this horrible mind of state

Come again with morning fresh light mist
With her again, the beauty queen whose stately brow
The dew pearled winds of dawn have kissed
So incorrigibly I yearn to re play that day in meadow and in show

Stay on her floating locks and lovely freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
In lea of green hues, yielding safe pledge to their fruits
we will watch the bird leading her soft colored broods

Now in cold winter tide on what shall I hope or stare?
Except naked trunks, and the black frigid earth with brilliance rare.

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A dialog with the sea

I wrote her a poem upon the surf sand
But came the scudding waves and washed it all away
Again I wrote my verse the next day on the strand
But came the proud tide and made my pain its prey.

Mighty sea that sway up and down and breath by ancient shore
Along which the lady of my love, perchance when she
Walks by your pebbled brink you may bring to her more
Of the lines you have stolen virulently from me

Colossus vast sea what if your deep sapphire stream should be
A mirror of my pain and pangs where she can read
The thousands of thoughts you have betrayed from me
As wild and tempestuous as your inner powerful streams treat

Ah now the mirror of my love forlorn heart
Your waves and currents are sweeping dark and strong
Such as my feelings are along every part
Constant and persistent as you are such are my passions long

Ah, proud ocean of the sea, do not mock me
Time may not tame them as well you may see
For as you overflow your banks shore
And then your floods subside, yet my feelings for ever soar

And if you refuse, reject and not relent my plea
My lines will live and gnaw your inner bosom sea
The only way left for you to regret and repent
Your betrayal deeds is to succumb to my demand

For now that you have stolen my verses out of love I spell
You will suffer and live under its venomous acidic spell
Vex and tormented for days in eternity
Unless you release the imp and capture her heart for me

As a messenger of my love you let your wave sweep beneath
Her as she stroll along your white sand shore and murmur at her feet
And her eyes will look at it as she shall breath
The gentle breeze fresh distilled and unharmed by summer day heat

She will examine my lines as I have written upon your bosom
Full of that thought and from that moment on never
your waves can I dream of, name, or see any joy or blossom
Without the inseparable sigh for her

My lines will be imagined in your waves of stream
She will meet the waves; they will roll on to her show
I cannot witness even in the wildest dream
the happy gallant wave re-passing her in its flow

Her bright eyes will shine as she reads the lines in your depth

They will meet the mighty foaming wave I gaze on now full length
The wave that bears my tears returns no more
As my love engulf and swallow every word of your glamor

My verse will live in your depth as the sea grasses live the the sea
Brought up by each wave as it passes, drawn down by each ebb that regresses
For I have expelled my soul of all the dreams that I gathered for her into thee
So that I beat with her heart as it beats; I follow her soul for all its blesses

Time writes no lines or wrinkles on your azure brow
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, you roll on now
As we wanton with your breakers for miles in duns acres with no rest
These lines mused by her will for eternity live in your vast endless chest

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A gracious silhouette on the path of light

A gracious silhouette on the path of light
She was a phantom of delight
when she first gleamed upon my sight
A lovely apparition, upon the earth, sent
to be the world's ornaments
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair
Like the golden dusk her glided hair
But all things else about her said or drawn
are as the joy of emerged from dawn
A dancing spirit, a wanton shape, an image glee and gay
to haunt, to startle and beguile as a piercing ray

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A lover laments

Do not leave me love
Please stay with me longer
Do not hastily go and rush to the world yonder
To the place in heaven and angles soaring above

Do not leave me love
Please be with me on my final path decline
Keep up your strength and trailing devoted sign
Be to my final end, be my enduring cherished dove

Do not leave me love
To roam in empty house of dusty suffocating rooms
With cracking doors, talking to your ghosts and shadows
Of happy past days before this time of age and doom

Do not abandon me love at night nor at dawn
Let me not attend your horrible ceremony
Oh heart break, Oh crushing agony
Just to hear the coils cracks when you are lowered down

Do not leave me love before my time comes
Talk to me of days of joy and courtship young under sunrise
when the look of fire in your eyes looms and rises
To amaze and to stun all beholders and ever some

Yet me think if I can kindly ask the lord
That he takes us both together, swiftly at once
So we together as always be as one
To avoid this dreadful ceremony we each cannot afford

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A Midnight summer hour

A Midnight summer hour, in the streets of a dormant city
That has not a sound from the warm dusty, pavement
The pale moon has lost her memory in nightly orbit of pity
She is smiling alone in awkward mockery, madness no sentiment

In the dimming lamplight the withered leaves of late summer
Are collecting at my feet and at the corner streets
And the wind by them begins at their hiss to moan
So terrifying sounds that it delays the hesitating dawn

The memory of her all alone in the moonlight
I can smile at the reminisces of old happy days
She was so beautiful then under the sun at the bay
I remember the time I knew that happiness was a delight

Let this divine memory live again in my fantasy
As I walk desolated in empty streets as every street lamp
Seems to beat a fatalistic beacon of final flame
A warning, of its doom approaching end and agonizing ecstasy

Someone mutters at the street lamp gutters band
And soon a fierce and foul dawn rises on the beach sand
The light from her window into the darkness beams
She is no longer mine such an abrasive realistic it seems

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A Morning Awakening

A diamond of a morning din and city cars
I was waken from a dreadful dream; too early, abruptly soon
By then dawn had unshelved the sky from the flickering stars
Just left the stubborn faint, stark white moon

Oh drifting white pale moon forlorn and lonely
As me, abandoned by my love the night before
You have been left for me to watch one and only
Her slaying eyes I am still not tired to admire and to adore

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A Morning Rush

The seasons gather flowers from the rain
And bring the firstling to the flock
And in the dusk of dawn the unrelenting clock
beats out the little dreams from the eyes of drowsy human

The morning settled on horizon too soon
It pushes, it rolls off the late orbiting moon
Hurry, rush, no more time to sleep
Delirious dreams, reminisced thoughts not to keep
Here comes morning rush loom
The clock is ringing in light or in gloom

Leave the warm bed in hast
Take a bath, shave, brush teeth ignore the awful taste
Grasp a cloth or any meaningful attire
Take the elevator or run down spiral stairs

catch a bus hop on a train
Join the crowd march with the throng
In sunshine, in frosty gale, in wind or in rain
So many beings walking the world cannot be wrong

It does not matter where they all go
As long as one keeps up with their flow
The city bells are ringing loud
A beautiful day on high rises without a cloud

Nero CaroZiv

A night at a garden

A river crossing in the forest gloom ground
Brings me down from a hill secluded and tall
The garden roses that once we stroll
Is empty and forgetful of you and me
And lost it seems in troubles that circle endlessly around
Here at the head of a tinkling fall
The rivulet at the chasm trying to pass its way to the sea
The rivulet struggles the mounting rocks at the fall
As I do to hear you once again whisper
In odor and in color
"Be among the roses tonight"

Come into the garden of roses love
For the frightening black bat night has flown
Come into the secret garden dove
I am here at the gate but the moon alone
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses in the night air is blown

For the breeze down the bank bay moves
And the garden of love is as high
Being to faint in the din of a remote horse hooves
On a bed of daffodils sky
To faint in the light of the rising sun I love
To faint waiting in its light and die

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A night mood

The moon reddish color looms through horizon's fog
In the dancing mist the hazy meadow sleeps
By the green lush a reptilian creature calls his mate frog
There where a shadowy movement stealthily creeps

Water flowers fold their petals round
In the distance tall and in close array
Yellow willows outline their shadowy forms to the ground
And towards the dark thickets the fireflies stray

The screech owl wakes and soundlessly scouts its links
It beats the dark air with heavy wings
And heaven is filled with muffled light
Pale moon appears and spreads the splendor of the night

Rise up! Rise up!
Sloth forlorn silver moon
Send your gleams through the forest glooms
From every branch and leaf
There comes a voice beneath the bower to relief

Oh precious divine moment
The shy sleepy pond not too late behind
Joins to reflect shimmer mirrors
The silhouette of the dim willow
Where the wind calmly lament over water

Oh vast and tender universe sky
An appeasement seems to lower
From the firmament start-adorned
Let us love, let us dream
It is the hour of glamor sheen

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A silhouette of childhood

Flow down, cold distilled rivulets never make it to the sea,
Your tribute waves into my childhood memories deliver:
Yet, no more by thee my old forgotten steps shall be,
For ever, and never again for ever.

Flow, softly flow by newly built houses; among reeds; by little lawn or lea,
A host of joyful rivulets never to join and to bond into a river;
Time has taken my steps away, not at your banks to be,
For ever and never again for ever.

But here still will smile your century old fig tree,
With a huge trunk and sturdy blistered boughs the wind will never shiver
A gang of cheerful kids with mouthful of figs sweet like honey bee
For ever in my silhouette memories; again and again for ever.

Here in my childhood scenes and voices I shall ever be
Under thousands of suns stream and moons sheen, figures dance and quiver
Even though not by these scenes my steps shall ever be,
For ever and for ever

I walked through your streets gaunt and grim; none of the past for me to see
I came to relive, to remember, to reminiscence but I was left an abundant receiver
My bosom sank; my voice choked gnawing within me
For ever and for ever under such burdening painful endeavor

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A walk in Manhattan

Faces that float in rivers of people I meet; I see and pass
Throngs thrust through bustling city, buzzing noise and broken roar
Faces that come and go; faces I see and lose in windows glass
All portraits new I will never see again; I have never seen before

Strangers of all ages and all human specimens encounter my pace
The comers and the goers, marches of face to face
Parades of face after face in string of dazzling colors ware
An endless human streams too busy world to stop and stare

An ant hill city of maddening crowd's ignoble strife
With sober ambitions without boundaries into all four winds to stray
Along cool sequestered decorum of life
All morals bent with insentient apathy out of way

People in rows, crowds in queues, clans in knots
The famous the anonymous, the have and the have not
Diamonds and ashes in street ashtrays
while corners vendors and nooks players reciting their pray

Have you ever imagined how much you can tell
In the instantaneous encounter of human eyes
In ants path where no words are exchanged like soundless tale
You have the brief glimpse of a moment to pierce one's fragile disguise

Hurry, capture, net the rushing secrets of joy, agony and indifferent fatigue
Feeling crying, characters shining from all garments, styles and hidden places
A strode of strives and struggles in all passing faces
Walking, rushing ecstasy of success and the scare of failure and critic

On brandished high heels fashion ladies treat
With the rhythm of sculptured legs on stone walk beat
Tall on burnished hooves astute lawyers; vain confidence that the world fate
Is in their crocodiles leather-ed suitcase encapsulate

In this worlds of stage a middle age woman passes upon whom I gaze
The measures she takes to hide her waning beauty leave me amaze
She is all wrapped in colorful deceit and counterfeit labors
That so immodesty displays nature's gone favors
With its fallacious arguments of colors and elaborate cloth
Is to the senses cunning counterfeit and cynic loath

Rushing people in elongated avenues; restless streets flocks
I froze for a moment in trepidation and fear of thee
In the meeting of our eyes lock in streets shaded oaks
I can tell, you can tell, as much, so much of me

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A walk in the park

I saw them walking in a park under bright summer day
She and him in a walk of lovers calm pray
He the man I might have grown to be
She my lover, I so yearn to live and love in rapture and glee

His hair was full in mane drawing light and people sight
Tall and handsome, an ora in stature and in height
Unlike me of insignificant form and small diminished frame
Shall I compare myself to him, I can make no claim

Yet His body was a thing grown thin stark,
Like as if hungry for love that never came;
His soul was frozen in the park so aimless and dark,
Unwarmed untouched forever by love's flame.

I felt my lover instantaneously look at him
And then turn suddenly to me –
Her eyes were magic to defy in grim
The unfortunate compare I dread; the man I shall never be.

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A woman at a café'

She is a burning beauty so beguiling bright
As she sits in a café' of a city under the night
Her skin over her face and limbs is spread like a dream
All the lights around her turn their heads in shame dim
Her legs peep beneath a dark collied skirt
Setting all passers by into anguish alert
What mortal hand or eye
Could frame or design your thigh

In what clay, in what mould
Were her eyes of fury and beauty rolled?
In what distant depths or vaulting high skies
Burnt the fire of her eyes?
He who framed her what dare he aspire?
What hand could dare size this intense fire?

Her shoulders, what an art
What craft could twist the sinews of her heart?
And when her heart begin to beat
What dread hands what dread feet?
Where is the hammer where is the chain
In what furnace she was give birth where it all began

The stars above the city threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the man make thee?

She, she, the burning fire of the night
Lent her ore to the canopy of the city so bright
The flames of the candles at her table
Competed to reflect their image in her eyes like shadows fragile

Her glass of wine did not delay; it had stelled
Her beauty's form within its convex heart
So proudly its bounty to the world it held
Claiming it never captured a better art

Burnt! Burnt! Beguiling beauty in bright
As the city approached the edge of the midnight
The trees at the avenue their blooming boughs dropped
To feel her blood in her veins throbbled
What immortal hand what heavenly eye
Dare contrive your fearful symmetry beneath this sky

And there was none in the city's daughters
With the magic like her when she sat down to eat
And like the night music on the East river water
Was her voice loud in tease and in din beat

When as if her humor and soul were causing

The charmed river pausing
The waves at its banks to lie still gleaming
And the lulled winds seemed dreaming

And the midnight moon was weaving
Her bright image over the water deep
While her twin breasts were gently heaving
As if an infant was asleep

As she got up to leave
She walked in beauty into the night
That a city of cloudless climates can give
And all that was best in dark and bright
Were reflected in the lofty vaults of starry skies
And met in her structure and in her eyes
And thus mellowed to that tender glow of night
Which heaven bestowed on her yet to the gaudy day denied

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A woman pray

God, make me this thing that is rare and uncommon
That all my love's friends envy; be silent and attend
This wonderful reasonable ever beguiled and desired woman
As my love likes me: gorgeous witty yet obsequiously flattering friend

Please God bestow your ancient wisdom upon me
So I can understand and worship my man
Please enhance my soul with enduring love up to be insane
So that I have the wide heart and generosity to repeatedly forgive him

Oh God, wrapped me with passion for him, to be awed by rumor
Not grave through vain pride, nor too gay through world folly
Mingle inside me this equal mixture of none challenging good-humor
And soft sensible none engaging to absorb his bitter melancholy

Enslaved me God to love, to be totally helpless and abandoned
Leave me merely to tend upon the hours and times of my love's desire
Shrink me down with no personal pursues; no precious time on my own to spend
No interest, nor service of any kind, till and unless my love list requires

I will not dare him to question or to chide the endless idle hour
While my love counts the time and watches the clock for me
Think I not the bitterness of waiting the love's absence sour
When my love vanishes, bidding me unexpected adieu to bare and be

Would I dare to be consumed with a jealous thought
Where my sovereign may be and whose affair he does suppose
But like an obsequious slave I stay and think that I ought
That my love in soaring Narcissism is happy making time with those

I should ignore; I should culture a fool love at my own expense and will
By never questioning, by always thinking anything my love does has no ill
So I was raised and to obey taught
The way of the world to which we all ought

Please endorse me with endless patience and deep account
So I can relate to his capricious swinging moods
Yet, God bereft me of any independent strength or power shrewd
Unless God, you do not mind me killing him for what has been surmount

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Abandon your books

These lines I would have sent to a beautiful maid that over toiled herself with books,
till her radiant face gathered dust and spider web wreathed upon her hair:

Oh listen to the falling rain and shake your dusty looks
Why all this toil and languid trouble?
Oh this swirling slanting rain, abandon your books
You will grow bold and double

The glorious sun above the mountain's head
A freshening luster mellow,
through all the long green fields has spread,
his first sweet evening yellow

Oh leave your books this is a dull and endless strife
come and listen to the woodland linnet,
how sweet his music; on our life
there is more of wisdom in it

But hush! how blithe the throstle sings
And he is no mean preacher
Come forth into the lights of natural things
Let nature be your teacher

Oh nature through rain, sun and wind has a world of ready wealth
our craving minds and questioning hearts to bless
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health
Truth! , Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood
may teach you more of mankind and of man;
of moral evil and of good
then all the dead sages can

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
our meddling intellect
Misshapes and misplaces the beauteous forms of things
we would murder to dissect

Enough of science and of distilled art;
Close these books, these barren leaves
Come forth and bring with you a heart
that throbs, that watches that thrives and receives

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Ah a happy lover once was I

Ah a happy lover once was I who had come
To look on her the one I loved so well
She who lightened and rang my gateway bell
Then to learn her gone so far from my heart home

Her departure saddened and dimmed all magic light
Happy time dies off at once from bower and hall
And all places are dark, dark in whole and all
The heart chambers are empty of any delight

I reminisced pleasant memories of a familiar spot
In which we two were wont to meet
Under a tree in an open field, in a chamber down lyric street
Foe all in dark now where you are not

Yet as I walk other streets wandering there
During those heart break deserted walks, I find
A flower beaten down with rain and wind
Which once they fostered up with gentle care

So she left me torn and tattered in deep regret
My forsaken heart my devastated soul
And this shaken flower like our love used to stand tall
Which she used to care for fades not yet

Oh poor love, Oh wilted flower hardly to rejoice the heart nor to please the eye
The force that nourished you is now your own demise and final tomb
Where is the hope that it can ever once again bloom
If dying, let it vanquish in the place where I myself die

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Nero CaroZiv

Ah love, but a day

Ah love, but a day
And the world on me has changed
The sun is away
And the birds to me estranged
One painful word from her voluptuous lips
And my whole world eclipsed
A bitter punctuating word, in a piercing phrase
My life is phased

The wind in mid air has dropped
And the skies grey, dull, deranged
Summer has stopped cold
Autumn perplexed over warmed
Stars in the murky skies madly shot
The pale moon in its orbit lost

Come, grow old with me
And the best yet to be
So you said
So I dread
Look me love in my eyes
Will you change too?
Shall I fear what I did not see?
Shall I find aught new?
In the old and the dear
In the good and true
With the changing year

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Nero CaroZiv

Ah, past middle age woman upon whom I gaze

Ah, past middle age woman upon whom I gaze
The measures you take to hide your waning beauty leave me amaze
You are all wrapped in colorful deceit and counterfeit labors
That so immodesty displays nature's gone favors
With its fallacious arguments of colors and elaborate cloth
Is to the senses cunning counterfeit and cynic loath

This which your self pity practices to delete
The cruel years accumulated horrors
Constraining time to mitigate its rigors
And this oblivion and age defeat

Oh old sunken brittle woman in vain you carry such vanity
Your mask of musk is playing havoc and delirium with your own sanity
Your efforts of concealing what time jaws is peeling and revealing
Is like to play with the devil a hypocritical dealing
As any mortal being you in the path to be a cadaver, ashes, shadows ghosts
The time of your prime irreversibly forever forgotten and lost

And yet you old beauty do not regard these lines
As demon devouring fierce lions
Revealing in their occludent guile
In every stanza, strength and force
In every line a binding spell and leading course
For such is their suppleness of style

But remember this copy that is your prime semblance
Was by tenderness and fortitude of your past beauty inspired
Whereon a clumsy hand ambitiously conspired
To give your pains and suppressed emotions an utterance.

And do not blame these lines as conspirators with time
For robbing you out of your beauty and prime
Neither send me any comments on my verse
I have this human weakness in me of adverse
To judge wise those who sing my praise
Especially in the absence of the wit
That sinks what seemingly it tries to raise

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Nero CaroZiv

An Autumn Night

An autumn night, so bitter chill it is
An owl, for all its plum and thick feathers is cold
The hare long ago rushed limping trembling through the frozen maze
Into a lair, and silent stark are the song birds on a woody enfold

Naked trees with barren boughs, no leaf does tremble, no ripple there
On the streets, all abandoned still under the night sleepy eye
The world so deserted from any human sign or care
Darkness reign on dreary routes with echoing cry

And the moon whether prudish or shy in this cold night
Has fled to her bower, well reluctant to lend her dimming light
No light in this oppressing darkness, no fume no torch in the gloom
Is this world ever waken, do these trees ever bloom

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Nero CaroZiv

An ecstasy of solitude in an estranged city

An ecstasy of solitude in an estranged city
With the company of a winding spider swaying on its pall
At dark, dusty, sticky, silky corner wall
A craving anticipation for the monotonous music of a solitary cricket
At midnight sound and fury of streets wicket
Pondering at the queue of laborious ants
Undisturbed by on going neighbors rant
Indifferently they are pursuing their heavy task
As I wonder how long and how far it may last

Cold damp frigid winter night at the edge of city
In the middle of the garden wood
A folded leaf is wooed from out its root
With wind rising and gusting upon the barren branch
It floats and falls down to the dark dreary air
And now bouncing between barren boughs in a macabre dance
To the sound of the music of the whispering wind there
This black spotted yellow leaf joins his clan
that dances as often as dance it can
A back choir of hissing leaves at the curb
Of deserted street in a slumbering suburb

At dark sleeps isolated desert city

A stale out of its prime apple hangs at a naked peak
Once fully juiced and waxed and sweetened with summer light
Drops in silence into this winter night
It rolls into the chilling water of a winding creek
It falls it fades and rolls and has no toil
On the leaves bedded damp soil
So as I strut and fret my peak hour on stage
Like this apple my time will come to be a solemn purge

My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of rotten leaves
The thin window glass into my room gives
The persistent rain keeps hammering hard on the plain
And on the remote jog of a mountains' crag
My inward is gnawed and shuttered with unbalanced pain
With the piercing acidic ache of isolation rack

A foul air hangs over a ghost city
A heavy spirit haunts the weekend last hours
At my window the sight of yellowing bowers
The cold damp earth is a grave of scream chilly
Moldings beaten down flowers hang over a tattered lily

Slumbering indifferently sunk in weakness and in woe city
The blackest moss is engraving its path on a tiled wall
There thickly crushed through the cracks one as a whole

Not thick enough to bar from a neighbor bath
The burst of a seductive maiden laugh
Entrenching my memories of my maiden passion
for the first encounter with love session

Encircled by these deep dire solitude walls and awful room cell
Where heavy pensive suffocating contemplations creep into brain to dwell
And ever musing melancholy holds me hostage under its reigns
My blood frizzes, it stops flowing in my veins
Relentless walls whose rectangular darkness contains
My repentant sighs and isolation imprisoned pains

Time drags slothfully at deserted empty city

Tonight the rough winds begin to flow and rise
A roar from the far West dropping day
Blows dust and hay and whirls them away
The flock of alarmed crows blown to the skies

In the stormy East the wind rushes roaring straining
The frightening bare wood twigs are waning
And the broad Sacramento River with brimful banks complaining
Of heavily loaded low clouds raining
And the bolted levee sighing and water gaining

A sudden tumult shakes the city in violent dread
When a sullen thunder in the streets has crushed and rolled
And in haste I wake to the sounds of the night with my dream fled
And in the shuddering daunting dawn I behold
With blunt awareness with indifference of an annoyed and self pity
As the drama of the night enfolds in the streets of isolated city

By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom of cold shade
The lonely wind whirled twist and howl strong
And the night before me is still long
The shadow of the dark is still heavy the same
My heavy eyelids my anguish hangs like shame

When by this dreadful night of solitude I sit
And hateful thoughts grasp and enwrap my soul in shadow gloom
When no fair hopeful dreams are in my mind to repeat
And the bare burden of life' toil offers no bloom

Where are thou starry fires of summer's night vault
in the blue unclouded calm weather
When choirs of stars and some bearded metros trails light together
You foul night soon to draw the dismal solitude cult

And with your capacious pall
illuminating the sky with lighting and sullen thunder roll

placing a death-like colors in all things
As the rusted nail fell from the knots in piercing ring
the stressed shutter bang without a rhyme on the wall
the broken sheds looked outworn, sad and strange
Through the lifted clinking latch the naked branches vacillate out of range

Then out of helplessness and boredom I fall into long sleep
So heavy was my rest as death deep
And in my dream I am dead
Buried at the cemetery remote row edge
By a fence where a heavy load train may at dusk pass
My face and my body full of worms and dust

And in my dream I lay dead
All dust and sand over my head
My tomb under the night calm starry arc
But it is quiet chilly not dark
The thin gray cloud is spread sparingly on high
It covers but not hides the sky
The moon is behind, and at full shape
And yet she seems remotely small and out of grape

A high heels lady walks over taking no heed
My grave is only few yards from a busy street
And she walks with heels beat beat
And I long to see the face of these passing feet
But she passes away leaving me beneath sand and stone tomb
How awful different distorted deformed to the scene coming from the womb
And she prompts away on beds of amaranth and molly
As the nightly sweet breeze lull her legs blowing lowly
I try to push grave and stone wholly
To watch her face so divine and holy
But she draws away far slowly
As the lunar face is hidden from earth
I lay here in the grave dust with ruined blood
That once used to burst in veins and throb
Now it is all turning into mud
As worthless liquid thrown down the tab

In a remote tavern I hear men sing
Their song collapses at the grave yard brink
Fill the cup and fill the can
All winding paths of man
Are but dust of nothing that rises up
And likely lightly laid down again

As the gloomy sanguine sunrise with fiery eyes
And his burning wings plumes out spread through the skies
I wake and I rise the eave-drops fall blurring my eyes
And the yellow vapors chock the frail morning air
That floats from the mist over the river tide flail

Last night showers brought relief to the thirsting flowers
At a city with no towers encircled with vast bowers
The moss in the wet night rapidly breeds
The water in the river has covered half way in heights the marsh reeds

In the morning the wind shakes and trembles the woods to and fro
Bending them aggravatingly into shimmering forms that flash before my view
They mingled and melt in green as the dawn stars melt in dawn blue
The scudding winds waves whitening the green wheat fields in caress
Like tender maiden hands the embracing gales express
A subtlety of mighty tenderness, free of stress
Engulf sky and earth, the beauty that leaves us out of breath
Over the rills and crags and hills in depth
As a slanting and whirling swarm of golden bees
Twirl swirl and flee in front of me
As the day comes back from the death

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Nero CaroZiv

An Enemy Within

With stern haughty and piercing glance upon the surrounding
He started each day with an inner contempt, despise to all rounding
As if he said to himself: 'The wanderings of this most intrigue Universe
Teach me the nothingness of all things, the insignificance of any adverse'
As if creation could not have happened or creep or be
Beyond his existence; the horizon where his eye can see

He spoke of beauty and humanity, yet dull was his soul
To see any divinity in growing lush grass
Or life in solid dead stones; spirit in the air
He adored his look and he loved looking at the glass
When he smoothed his chin and sleek his waning hair
And said the world should have been created at different goal

with his students his crystal Narcissism soared
As he spoke of virtue and math, never of Gods and kind
He carried his speech, but to vain proclaims of spirit dull and soured
As in his ideas and philosophy he stood aloof from other minds
Devolving his rebuke in a cold drawl
with dissidents often he exchanged barbs and drawing brawl

At rare times when he spoke to me
'You are so full of misfortune and black misery
Were it not better for you not to be'
Then inside me to the harsh voice I said:
'Let me not cast myself by these words to endless shade
This world is full of wonders and hope so wonderfully made'

Yet, still today it is a fearful thing to glance
Back on the gloom of childhood miss spent in torture of years
To deal with shadowy forms of thrusting vain guilt in constant dance
These dreads, these thousands of repelling fears
The 'vices' attached to my life of growth and rise
Portrait in shape so vivid yet untrue
And no one beam of hope to tell the truth would break through
To cheer a child young widening eyes

He is remembered with lips depressed as he was coward and meek
Himself into others and into himself he constantly sold
Upon his vanity he himself did feed
Aloof, introvert so dispassionate to other feeling so stark cold
And other than his form of imposing creed
With well chiseled features and doctrine clear and sleek

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Nero CaroZiv

An Evening Of Roses

An evening of roses scent comes to the world
As the wind beats the far mountains; it blows
More softly around the open grassy wold
Where the shy timid tulip hides as it grows

The evening is descending calm like a nun
When at the far sky the first star glows against lowering sun
This is when through waving silky hair in your exquisite ear
I shall whisper a song of love and cheer

And me this knowledge of evening so rare, bolder made
Or else I had not dared to fantasize and to flow
In these lines towards you, and invade
With this verse your peace or your holy woe

Listen to the holy music of the creatures night
The sounds of evening choirs so distilled and clear
As the moon climbs so slowly to its high orbit bright
You she constantly follows and persistent at you to peer

Come love to the garden of the balmy roses
The silver cheerful moon is at your command
Grape her, touch her by your extended hand
Before she reaches the mountains peak where she poses

In ever climbing up the up growing trees
All flowers wreaths come to rest at the top canopies
In silence withholding their secrets they are all in ease
Yet their plots and dreams in the forest have not cease

How sweet it is hearing the faint breeze among the trees
The soft inland murmur of downwards flowing stream
As the vivid water rise and fall among the outcropping rocks they tease
No where else you can contemplate such a beguiling dream

We shall sit beneath an old oak tree hear each other in love speech
As the moon shines and spreads her silver rays
We watch the crisping ripples on the pebbled beach
And the tender curving lines of forest sprout under light spray

Do not be so shy and coy to play your love part
In our time-beguiling art
This primrose bush on which we lean
Never can guess or deem what we mean

None of its buds can see or blab
The gaudy grasshopper is too busy after its pulp
And the heavy smug frog
Into the bottom lake after its prey plops

We can hide well behind the vermilion-veined tulip
On its flowery bed we can rest or sleep

The crowds of cowslip ahead never prattle
Nor their distinguished neighbor the shy myrtle

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Nero CaroZiv

An Old nymph

Old nymph guarding your gracious mirror you may find
And by this taunting picture learn to dress your mind
None of your frowns can make a tender lover afraid
Soft looks of memory grace your unfortunate shade

And while your gaze at what your prime used to appear
Waning passion forbid; locking your tears
Like narcissus has a different fate to prove
Even your walk and your gait are out of your past moves

And my verse has not this powerful rhyme
That outlives marble and gilded monuments
Of kings and knights to let you shine in these contents
When lying beneath unswept tomb besmeared with sluttish time

For against death and other all oblivious enmity
It offers no pace forth where your praise can find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wears and tares our world down to doom

So live temporally like a season flower
In the judgment that your generation rises
And die with this not to eternally dwell in lovers' eyes
With my verse in shallow river bed to rush never to tower

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Nero CaroZiv

And the was

And the was like it never had been
As if it is forgotten to be a never happen
It drifts away into the far mists of the past
Lovers first sight, zeal rapture and the engulfing lust

Time is a generous entrepreneur it let us grow old
The memories will be encapsulated in thin fragile patina
Being dappled with daily events unlikely attendants in our arena
Thus the was story never happened its shadow flickers into me cold

It is the world habit that love asks more than life can give
And once this lesson learned all essence is earned
Yet in its self web of fantasy and dreams love is its own fugitive
Rebellious, tenacious, delirious unwilling to give or to bend

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Nero CaroZiv

And Thus Love

And thus love, your supreme beauty enlighten bright
Over my worn, tattered soul forever gleaming
Like some far star flickering its fire into the night
Along the strikes of desert echoing dunes deep streaming

And I never loved you for your comely grace
Nor for your keen pleasing eyes or your lovely face
Yet any outer features of your rare part
Convey the inner depths of soul and consent heart

I have never loved you for your outer
Since it be foul with years and turn and alter
Your mute symbols of love like a joyful morn
A prelude to your mischievous tricks yet unborn
The joy you have brought to every wandering breeze
In meadows on wall rocks and on the trees

And what enriching beautiful thing is to glance
Back on bloom of love and sweet years
What blur forms of happy hours advance
And fill my soul with thousands cheers

For if beauty may alone be found
In all proportions of its parts around
It may not be perceived by ear
But is beauty that eyes can hear

And yet I stand now at the autumn of my life
I rise like an oak-tree, old torn dry and gray
Whose trunk bare leave less brittle with age jaws failing
And whose dark bough reflect against the mirror bay
The winter wheeling with winds moaning and wailing

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Annulments and Vows

Oh, mighty strong God, immortal love eternal grace
Whom we your flocks, never saw or fancy your face
By faith and by inner conviction alone we you embrace
Believing what we cannot prove, yet we admire you no less

Let us now bow to the power under day's holiness and the moment's serenity
For it is dire, awesome, frightening and stalwarts.
On it Your Kingship Reign will be elevated and exalted;
Your throne will be firmed with kindness, your chair with divinity

And You will sit upon it in truth alone
It is true that You alone are the One
Who judges, proves, knows, and bears witness and elevate;
Who writes and seats, counts and calculates;

You who remembers all that was forgotten.
You will open the Book of Chronicles -
It will read itself, and everyone's signature is in it have gotten.
When your obedient seraphim stand on your distinguished Oracle

You the ever great sage, you will be sounded
And a still, thin sound will be heard rounded.
Earth and air will shake and tremble
At the dread of your steps all evils will shrink and crumble

As you walked in the garden of Eden
A fierce and loud horn will proclaim your sovereign
Angels and seraphim will gather and hasten,
A trembling and terror will seize them fasten

And they will proclaim loudly in solemn
'Behold, it is the Day of Judgment,
to muster the heavenly host for judgment and condemn! '
For they cannot be vindicated in Your eyes in judgment.

All mankind creatures will pass before You
Like members of the flock gathering under sturdy tree of oak.
Like a shepherd pasturing, examining his flock,
Making sheep pass under his staff and savage view,

So shall You cause them to pass in serving,
Count, calculate, and consider the soul of all the living;
And You shall apportion the fixed needs of all
Your creatures and inscribe their verdict and toll

On this judgement day you will be inscribed
And on this day your vows will be sealed
How many will pass from the earth
And how many will be created with new breathe;

who will live and who will die;
who will die at his predestined time

who will succumb before his time;
who by water and who by fire,
who by sword, who by beast,
who by famine, who by thirst,
who by storm, who by plague,
Who by harm, who by earthquake,
who by delirium, who by pandemonium,
who by strangulation, and who by stoning.
Who will rest and who will wander,
who will live in harmony and who will be harried,
who will enjoy tranquillity and who will suffer,
who will be impoverished and who will be enriched,
who will be degraded and who will be exalted.

For Your Name signifies Your praise:
Hard to anger and easy to appease your grace,
For You do not wish the death of one deserving death,
But that he repent from his way and live and breathe.

Until the day of his death You await him;
if he repents You will accept him immediately.
It is true that You are their Creator
And You know their inclination for they are flesh and blood.

A man's origin is from dust
And his destiny is back to dust and to rust,
At risk of his life he meagerly earns his bread;
He is likened to a broken shard,

He is like a withering grass, a fading flower,
A passing shade, a dissipating cloud, insignificant deem
A blowing wind, flying dust, and a fleeting dream.
A scudding chafe in a hot summer bower

There is no set span to Your years
And there is no end to the length of Your days.
It is impossible to estimate the angelic chariots
Of your glory and to elucidate your ways

Your Name is inscrutability in heaven's blue.
Your Name is worthy of You
And you are worthy of Your Name of fame
And you have included Your Name in our name.

Nero CaroZiv

Another year, another day

Another year, another yearn at our door to blow
Another dream another quest suffocated and overthrown
And we are left or shall be left abandoned and alone
Who would dare to struggle a dicing fate or shadows gloom of foe
This will well be from this day forward; we shall swear we know
That in ourselves our safety our fate must be sought
That by our own hands it must be wrought
That we must stand self defined and defiant or be laid low
Oh dear soul in me rise, rise and renew your growth spread your glow
Let your spirit be free
Let it be
Come fly away with the pert and nimble winds
That will carry you with Cupid new love wings

Another year, another day
Another season, another delay
Don't let it go
Act, do what to yourself you owe

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Nero CaroZiv

Aren't you jarred and jaded of my poems

Aren't you jarred and jaded of my poems
All include faint signs and predictive omens
My lines so dull and deprived of new pride
So far from variation and nimble change
Times passes and I never glance aside
To new found methods and complicated compounds strange
Why I write still all one, ever the same
And bar innovation keeping it a tattered weed
Every word every line screams my name.....
You would know in advance what I proclaim or how I proceed
Oh NO! Know dear love I always write of you
You and love are always the subject of my argument
So I put my best to dress old words new
Chewing again what is already by generations spent
So as the sun is daily new at dawn and old at dusk
So is my love still telling what is told and forever lasts

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Nero CaroZiv

Be near me when I fade away

Oh dear love! Live with me all we shall endure
Even when all seems to suffer turbulent shocks
Rise then we shall to set firmly on solid rock
To flow through all our deeds and make them pure

That we may lift from out of wind and gust
A voice within us that calms and hears
Our cry above the youthful unconquered years
Yet we ever lust for them and in our faith we put our trust

With faith that comes of inner strength
Of truths between us that never can be proved
We can never close all within us that we loved
With our serene pleasures and moments stretched at length

To be with me when my days are cold and my light is low
When the blood creeps and the nerves prick
And tingle, and the heart is frail and sick
And all my wheels are slow

Stay by me when the sensuous frame
Is racked with painful pangs that defeats trust
And Time, a maniac scattering dust
And life is still hungry as a child watching a slinging flame

Be near me when I fade away
To point the term of human strife
And in the low dark verge of life
I see the twilight of eternal day

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Nero CaroZiv

Blue night

Blue dark dusk a prelude to a moon struck night
Once more as long time before
You appeared in front of my door

Blue dark dashing night
At the edge of a city sleeping tide
Once more before the ore
Twinkling shades play behind closed door

Oh come back and take hold of me
A sensation that I long and love from thee
Oh come back in sinew and flesh so long forsaken
When body's memory revived rekindled awakened

And old longing again moves into the blood
When lips and skin stir and remember
And hands feel as if though they touch again
And all comes back alive vivid and so plain

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Nero CaroZiv

Catherine

Some, as many other find Ashley's beauty strikingly stunning
Most of these things I freely feel and admit.
I find Ashley to be attractive, tall, slender, and regal of fair complexion
But stunning? No!
I deny it, the girl is scarcely venomous
There is not a morsel of spice in all the length of her body
Not a pinch of love's enticing in her character
Not a pint of elusive excitement in her personality
Now, Catherine is stunning
For Catherine's beauty is rare and total
And by that sum all women are diminished
This walking beauty overshadows any feminine stature
A magnet of men, has she not plundered woman's head of all its graces
Flaunting them as her adornments
Regard her as she walks a beauty in elegance
Listen to her as she talks, a sophisticated wisdom
Her smile, her style, her laugh, her fret
Her look when she rebukes
Is an expression of a fashion
Dream her face as she sleeps
Ever such budding eyes have been seen
And Catherine inherited with her blood
Though in perverted ways, a burning zeal
For law, nature and God in her demeanor and mood
Transferred what was perverse to the ideal
Catherine is ice as she is fire
You hate her and you love her
And if you wonder how can you do both
I cannot say,
But I can feel it as it shivers me
Being torn and tortured between the two
Catherine is a person you can never stop loving or adore
You can only hate her, and abhor her more

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Nero CaroZiv

College heart aches

Morning glooms emerged stormy and waning pale
No light no sun but a wannish glare
In layers upon layers the gray clouds summons converged
And the budded peaks of the wood are dump cold congealed
Caught and cuffed by the cools gale
I had fancied it would be a spring day fair

As I flung myself down a craggy slope
Of bushes and outcrops
Ever muttered and madden and ever waned with despair
To attend a class of no slight interest or share
Whom but her should I meet

I the morning glooms when sunrise like sunset sank
In the blossomed gable-ends
At the head of the college street
Whom but her should I meet
And she touched me with a smile so sweet
That dwelt merely at the corner of her eyes
During which she kept her lovely lips tight
She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not returned

And as she passed me so suddenly and so swiftly
She left me with a delicate spark
Of glowing gnawing growing light
Through the long elongated lectures of the day
And the long live hours of the dark
Which kept itself warm in the core of my dreams
Ready to burst in a colored flame
Till at last the next morning came
In a cloud, it faded and seemed
But an ashen – grey delight

As gloom as that morning was
What if with her sunny hair
And smile as sunny as cold
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit
Delilah like trick old
To beguile me and entangled me when we met
As a spider has its prey in a silken net
And fawn at the victor's feet
To assume me just one of many at her treat
One of unanimous many who just written
One frivolous line in her book

Yet, if she were not a mirage or a cheat

If she were all that she seemed
And her divine face and beguiling smile were all that I dreamed
Then the world were not turn so bitter
And her smile like thousands suns would put it sweeter
Ah, a coal black raven ever croaks at a pine tree top
Keep a watch and ward on surge of overwhelming feelings at the back yard
Of one's heart or you will prove their tool
Myself from myself I must guard
Beware the ways of man often his own angry vain pride trap
Is cap and bells for a fool

Yet sick, sick I am of jealous dread
That day and night plagued my head
I was walking less than a mile
More than a mile from my dormant door
Between the faint Carmel cloud and the moor
And treading the craggy landscape at the set long lectured day
Over the dark slanting moor land
Rapidly walking far a way
She acknowledged me with half hand
And there was another at her side
The new made suitor
A vainly appearing looker
Something flashed in the sun
And down the hill I saw them dodging
In a moment they were gone
Like a sudden swift spark
Struck vainly in the night
Then returned the dark
With no more hope of light

Left in dark silence alone
The curtains on the painful scenery drawn
Stand dam to the torrents of torture
The is being with them blotter
O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Let my fragile form hold
The ripples of pain on my body enfold
Yet, silence around, what a beautiful voice
Be still and trouble my mind
With joy in which I cannot rejoice
On a glory I shall never find
Still I will hear her no more
For her sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to wander in vast fields and fall before
Her feet's own trucks on the meadow's grass
And adore not her, who is neither courtly nor kind
But her galloping phantom upon lea and lawn

Once, only once I approached her

Oh catch not my breath clamorous heart
I begged and plead in pitiful obsequiousness
Let not my tongue your own servant
Be a thrall to my eye
For I must tell her before she part
I must tell her or die
With the strange unfamiliar voice that struggled
Up my throat I asked her and she let me
I had lead her a part way, my love, my only friend
So swiftly the convey took over my mind
There was none like her, none
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly on and on
Calming itself to the long wishes for end
Full to the banks close on the wishful
For in calm times in peaceful memories
The road still led to her
The chained heart always rebel back to her

None like her, none
We spoke as two long time acquaintances
As she paced her light legs along the gravel walk
And it shook my heart to think what luck pebbles
Just awakened as we reached her dormant door
The gates of heaven were closed
And she was gone.

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Nero CaroZiv

College love encounter

If you are who I think you are, your face, your name
I may be lost, not knowing, not to be who I am
Such a swift unexpected encounter to bare in my face
It brings all past passions confusions back to surface

Well at first sight I wonder how life have been with you
Are you happy? that I should thus be happy too
For still my heart regards your weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do, as always was thus its will

I am unconsciously courteous unable to suppress my brimming sighs
The piercing melting power of your eyes
A vision I always longed and dread to see
It now brings the old havoc and tremble all over me

Oh dear; let it be short, adieu I must away
While you are blest I will not repine
For near you, I still can never Longley stay
My heart would soon again crave to make you mine

For years I wondered whether time or pride
Had quenched at length the youths flame
Nor knew till this hasty random meeting on street side
My heart in all save hope and expectations the same

Yet I am calm in this ghastly encounter, I knew the time
My chest would thrill and rebel against your look
Well, well by chance we meet and not a nerve is shook
As thus love of youth frozen encapsulated in its prime

I notice the gaze upon your face
yet we meet with no confusion there
One only feeling could you trace
the sullen calmness of despair

Away, away I brush my early dream
remembrance, reminiscence sleep again never awake
Oh I bagged life not to be derailed but back to its daily routine stream
Oh foolish heart be still, stop torturing my soul, if you rebel you again break

Thus lady of past early youth love
I must view your charms no more

For as long as this encounter lingers as the heaven above
I sigh for all I felt and experience before

In short I shall be surely wise
To escape from temptation snare
Your beauty and charm with years of patina is my paradise
I cannot view you, without the wish of re dwelling there

As Adam was expelled from Eden bowers
A moment I lingered near college paradise gate
Recalling the scenes of happy vanished lost hours
And bade myself to curse my future fate

But wondering through life long years
I learnt to bare my load of grief
Just gave a sigh to my vain pangs and tears
And found to me remedy, recovery relief

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Nero CaroZiv

College love lost

She came to the class of physics
And sat by a tall white pillar never alone
An angle watching the board of elongated equations with no lyrics
I sat few rows behind her carved with stone
And once, but once she turned lifting her eyes
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed
To find they were met by my own
And suddenly, sweetly strangely my heart beat stronger
My blood throbbed thicker until I heard no longer
The Thermo dynamic transformations laws
I was long gone under a pensive dream, an utterly estranged show

The bell's ring pealed up the vaulted hall
What untimely abrupt call
I stood up on my feet stunned like a child
Would she remember it the passionate dual of our eyes' meet
Ah well, very well, I might have been beguiled
By some coquettish deceit
Yet if she were not a cheat
If she were all that she seemed
And her smile had all that I dreamed
Then the world were not so shakily bitter
And her gracious smile would have sunken on me so much sweeter

What vile winds had scudded away the war
Of roses and daisies at her garden door
As she fled fast through sun and shade
The happy pine trees winds upon her played
Blowing the ringlet from the braid
She looked so lovely as she swayed

I stood watching her a man in his pride
Or a puppet on a string
The rein with dainty finger-tips
A man who would give all other bliss
And all his worldly worthy for this
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips

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Nero CaroZiv

Comfortable life

One bright day you came and said to me
Let us leave behind all troubles and agony
Life is too short
To be spent on anything rather
Than beguile, laugh and sport.
Deep thought, careful planning should be tossed
To the wind and waves of the vexed surf
They are so uncommon to simple life
Of glee and mirth

A rented room at edge of the metropolitan
Will suffice the goal of simple easy being
A routine job at a decaying suburb
Amid a throng of dull ugly ghost houses
Will support adequately such life of no significance
From moment to moment our life will drag.
The fantasy, the dreams are phantoms of
Instantaneous excitement merely in our world
Like flames in dark short being,
Of meaningless existence.
And live the life that we pretend to apprehend.

May be you can write a novel you said
Of no important subject or meaningful end
Without pretentious ambition or satire laugh
A story for the emotions of the literate mass
That will stir fragile, evaporating thoughts
In the nevus minds where they die at birth
Without impact on the human mind,
An empty story that will die before us
A simple, shallow story without complicated metaphors
Let us chose a simple mind hero for our tale
A drunk, a gambler with no too many phrases to tell
May be a simple love story of routine mediocrity
Like our love story
Dull without complicated feelings
Of people who rarely stare or say
A meaningful thing

Is there such a thing as an easy passing pain?
That leaves behind no scars in our heart
No dreams false and vain.
That exhausts the source of our tears
Let a soul in tact after turbulent storm
A mind with shuttered sanity, shaken world
A human voice how awful in the gloom
Of coming night, a direful din resounding end

Of dark and cold ceased existence
An unexplained infinitude
Beneath encrypted stone door

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Nero CaroZiv

Do not disturb the cemetery guard

Do not disturb the cemetery guard
He is in charge of your after life chart
Just lie down, silent and deep in your grave below
And do not yell, stir or ask for a furlough

I know how much you yearn
To know what has become
While you were in your coffin forgotten for some
Or see your relatives and the neighbors
And check their toils, hardship or labors
But you are new in eternity, so much to observe and learn

I know how much you earnestly crave
To burst out to the air from this grave
To you it will be a sense of human generous just
To leave behind, if for a moment all this decay and dust

A repeat may be just for one more time
Grab your books bag in a child prime
And rush in fresh air morning without homework to school
And be rebuked by your teacher 'You dammed fool'

Oh, lie down in your gloom and let wise Nature work her will
And on your clay tomb her darnel will grow
In first years your relatives will visit you when days are bright and still
At your blemished headstone they will bow and whisper low
And tell you of their life, and events you have missed in the show

We all as humans of any color or faith
Hold common scorn and defame to eternal death
The creaking sound of cords lowering us down
As earth returns back to earth with no rising dawn

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Nero CaroZiv

Endless love

You have stormed upon me and I have played thee without pardon
In vain I hinder you by highest walls and deepest moats; and oak thick gates
My heart and my passion spell under your flowers garden
As my body shakes surrounded, dizzy and lost in the presence of your light gait

Through ancient time and sage books you are the sinner and the judge
Oh, ever capricious soul, as my eyes enthralled to your control
At sunset summer street as gored dusk claims its reign and role
You will gather my shreds and pieces as piles of wheat with a farmer touch

Never beg or appease those who from your vicinity withdraw and shun
I alone will walk through your secret gardens abundant with various hues
As my pray is solely and unpretentious yearning for none
My pray is one only and unique praying but for you

Till the endless of paths of sadness, till the depth of lonely nights
In long desolate streets of iron slummed gates in a dormant city under moon bright
Love ordered my loyalty and commitment to you not short of a kill
To bring fresh bread and harvested salt upon your door sill

Hold my heart in your capturing hand
Leave it no pity when it rises to burst or to bend
Let it not be in dark dimming isolated room
Without the outdoor flickering dancing stars of the sky gloom

There rise the hot passionate moon as a burning kiss
There heaven wet with thunder and wind and a witch's hiss
There a rose bush will dropp its petals of treasure
As I pick them up for your bloom and eyes pleasure

There will come the time by the sound of drum and bell
In city throng din and broken roar
I would fall my final withdrawal
As my smile vanishes like sparks from fire at last burst soar

Yet till the end of long paths of sore sadness, till the depth of lonely nights
In ever stretched desolate streets of iron gates in a dormant city under moon bright
Love ordered my loyalty and commitment to you not short of a kill
To bring fresh bread and harvested salt upon your door sill

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Nero CaroZiv

Fair is my love from far

Fair is my love from far, but she is far from being fair
She is fickle, her nature is false and her character full of frauds.
No beauties can compensate for such flaws!
Yet her face; her face is so divine without the touch of impurity
She is mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty
Brighter than glass, and yet as glass she is brittle
A soul softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty
A lily pale skin, with damask dye to grace her clad
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips how often she to truth and to logic she joined
Between each of her oaths of true love swearing
How many tales to please the truth she coined,
Dreading the truth, the loss of love and strength still fearing
Yet amid of all her pure protesting
Her faith in love, her oaths of the truth were all jesting.

She burned with love, as straw with fire flames
She burned herself out of true love as soon as straw out burns
She framed her feign love, and she foiled the framing
She forlorn with phantom of love, dark shadows and foul fair
She bade love last, and fell into a bust
Is he a lover last, he that inflicts pains in caress
Agony in soft whisper
A lecher, a vampire of the soul whichever
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither

What for me in all of that, any aspiration? Any goal?
Old, crumpling tattered soul
Do not look at the mirror tonight
For I profoundly hate thee for you keen sight
Rest; take your sleep in the tempest of the night
No comport will lay by your pillow
After such an acid, such a poison spilled by your ink
You awakened sleeping devils, released bottle of imps

O stay at the table! Cried the lines I wrote
We have no power to let her read love by rote
And watch her not able to spell
For her soul is enthralled by the devil of hell
I watched the silver moon plays upon glassy streams
Twinkle another counterfeit beam
How she can not tell
Foul from fair and fair from foul
So seems her gorgeous beauty to mine eyes
But I see her mind full of foul and follies
Fain shall I try to woo her wit, yet again? I dare not speak
Let me back for a pen and an ink I shall rather write my mind
Cowards have no tongue no character
Their comfort is in hide their pride is in hypocrisy
Is she not here?

Will you be daunted at the woman's sight?
Beauty's princely majesty is such
That it confounds the tongue
And makes the senses rough and the mind blur

Can such a villain woo such a virtuous woman?
Can she thus be won?
What side of the bed?
I shall rest my exploding head
My body is in flames of pains
Oh let it not start again!

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Nero CaroZiv

Fantasies and dreams dear enchanters

Fantasies and dreams dear enchanters
Why summon up to my view
The memory of love, which banterers
All as if it was never true

Why torture and turbulent me
With thoughts of love gone by
Which like foul shadows over vexed sea
Hover dim like a ghost in distant sky

The days of that love now dashed and shaded
By the twilight of long ominous days
Flowers of love before you bloom you doomed and faded
Though bathed in my tears of sorrows and prays

These agonizing thoughts of love which waken
Mournful regretting feelings now
Green fruits before your prime you were shaken
By rough winds from your parent bough

Where is now the young heart exulting
In sweet pleasure and unmeasured sense
And spiritual joy never in satiety resulting
For it emerged from conscious innocence

Love gone with the foul wind parted
A sweet sensation that I so prized
Which she stoned, cold hearted
Never has realized

I knew not then its course or its strife
I knew not then its rancor
Why, Oh Why in every rose of life
There lurks a canker

I lament the palm tree springing
With succulent fruit hanging, at its waste
Cleopatra's asp is clinging
To sour the fruit to our taste

Who will cover my age's frosty naked mansion
So cheerless so tattered and so chill
After love doomed bleak with no expansion
And what pain and loneliness lie ahead still

All, as a whole have past and fled
Leaving behind forlornness and soul lonely
All these dear feelings are dead
Sharp painful remembrance wakes them only

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Nero CaroZiv

Farewell and be well ungrateful adulterous lover

Farewell and be well ungrateful adulterous betrayal detractor
Audios! Vanish! Evaporate! Get lost unworthy perjured swain
Let never an injured, wounded, saturated with wrath and pain
Creature believes a man like you again
Roam in the comfort shadow of mother creator
Let her lull your troubled nights as a tender narrator

If it was not for my weak innocence and delirious insane
It would not be so easy all my marrow bones to retrieve
Leaving me so fragile, trapped available to deceive
And when I loved, you leave me to rail at you in vain

The pleasure of possessing such love
Seemed at times to surpass all experiences from heaven above
Yet there was no bliss in it to the effect of stable lasting
And once I tasted its soreness I abjure any longer casting

When I was in love with you
I was fresh, clean and brave
Miles after miles my doubts thickened and grew
To question how you handle, how you behave

Truly just feign passion you excel to pretend
I was only to take, to use, and to obtain
But as all things do, your charm reached its end
And you ingenuine fraud charmer sank into my disdain

The vice and the dice of your life arise
portrayed in shapes of horror and scare so true
and no one beam of hope breaks through
to comfort the pain in the chest and sooth the redness of the eyes.

Your love lacked warm, support by any measure
It faded and died in me; it vanished like a sea treasure
And I find such dying a pure refreshing pleasure
When living being in love with you was just a pain.

I shall never more play the helpless part
Of a lovely woman who stoops to folly
To find too late that her man is a deceptive bully
Spare me this hallow raucous Cupid dart.

We no longer two souls that balance joy and pain

With tears and smiles laugh repeatedly time and again
Fresh and reviving like the maiden spring upon the plain
That comes in sunlit against a rainbow full of rain

Oh what a fearful thing to remember to glance
back on the gloom of love mis-spent years
What shadowy forms of guilt advance
to fill me thousands of regrets and fears

I shall never yearn for our days back
whatever change the years have wrought
I find not one lonely thought
that cries not against the turning back of the clock

Sure there will be other fools to bath in your cunning betray
While my life ship sails far and away
To new shore of love, hope and reason
Solid, without the trace of human treason.

So it is time to quit the table
Love has been totally consumed, crippled disable
Dead not by decease, claws of seasons or jaws of time
But cankered by the most heinous human crime

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Nero CaroZiv

For you woman I shall not die

For you woman I shall not die
You woman of notorious name and high fame
Only foolish men with piercing eyes you may slay
But I and they are not the same

Why should I expire
for your eyes' fire
Ha slender waist? So what?
And for your swanlike limbs? I say tat

But I run from your round breast
the fresh skin, the crimson checks
hair like a waterfall, long and rich
Indeed, Indeed I shall hold
through sturdy high walls and wide moat
Please God! Not me for any such

yet the golden hair my eyes enthralled
the forehead thin, the gracious ears
the rounded heel, the languid tone
Oh fools! For fools alone find death from these

Mercy, your sharp wit, your perfect palm
The chaste mien, the white neck,
the brown eyes, your beautiful soul
has my heart as its goal

You graceful woman as a swan
wise man, while still wise, run
Or else plea to guardian God:
Save me or stab me before I succumb
Little palm? A White neck? or a bright eyes?
I shall not die for thee
Oh God let it not be me

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Nero CaroZiv

Forgive me Love

Forgive me love that I cannot speak
On these mighty, between the two of us things
Forgive me that I have not the lion courage nor the eagle's wing
That what I want to be, I know not where and how to seek

And to think that I was not over meek
In rolling out rants and raves up followed thundering's
Even to the steep of haughty in vanity of springs
Were I so of ample strength to bestow on you such freak

If I could only see what in me had not created gentler observation
For the presents and your divine presence that I was blest from you
And our walks along bright golden sands of the vast ocean
Which the emerald wavelets at your feet gladly threw

Who can bring back the nights we loved on a fair summer eve
Just before streams of waning dusk poured down from the vermilion West
And on the balmy wind tranquil rest
The silver clouds, like old clan were far away to leave

All in meaner young careless thoughts, and take sweet reprieve
From your laughs and your wantonness and find with easy quest
This moment of eternal fragrant wild wrapped with nature's beauty driest
Such a pure and holy precious delight with its mortality my soul deceive

Forgive me love if you can
Now in gray autumn leaning on my wooden cane
I saw and I failed in existence for you and me
What I wanted and yearned for you to be

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Gettysburg

Today at Gettysburg the woods are calm, nodding to and through
With shimmering forms that flash before an observer view
And then melt in green, variety of hues as the dawn stars melt in blue

The smiling leaves wave whitening against one's cheek in peaceful caress
As the hands of shadow widows against the wide meadow still express
Even now, their mighty subtle tenderness over this past battle field duress

Embracing boughs at the wood depth into a little wind whisper start
That noise like the echo of wounded fire heart
The agony of despaired screams coming from lips smoking wide apart

It is all quiet now, the trees dream in balm undisturbed by past wrong
The scenery is innocent in beauty, multiplying and strong
The scent of flowers scan through the valley of breath calm and long

Yet reminiscence does breed the stress and the urgent of war
The haunted ecstasy of humans and beast cries tore
The smoke, the fire, and bullets rushing into blood gore
The wounded, the battled deformed dragged behind steeds neighing roar

This morning the dew plashed road is clear and dry
Rich wreathes grape the spacious foreheads of sturdy pines
And from heights breathe ambrosial passion from their vines
And like a timid child they hide from human eye

As I stroll in past paths, I pray with mosses and flowers shy
And as they lift adoring perfumes to the July sky
I slowly move, with ranging looks that pass
Over corn fields and matted miracles of grass

My route leads me into veined complex of space
Where the vast sky with elongated leafage interlace
So close, so calm the heaven of sapphire is seen
As if in woven with heaven of infinitude pastoral green

One may feel the urge to summon the prophet Ezekiel
Who as that past miracle bones revival, will conjure you from hell
Back to here where I pause, my forward faring eyes
Take these magnificent harvests, where the stately vigorous corn-ranks rise.

Oh spirits passing before me as I behold
Your faces in the kingdom of mortality are unfold
Deep eternal sleep comes to every watching eye
Yet yours came so swiftly unjustly under dire battle sigh

Along your bones the creeping flesh did quiver and quake
As your damp hair stiffened with agony and fear it hardly spake
Is man more just in morals than God? , is man more pure
Than he who deems all of us in basic sinful and insecure?

I do mourn you creatures of clay, vainly fell to dwell in the dust
The fields around beauty and calm survive defiantly of your unjust
Things of the day happen and go about their cause before the night
You are the victims of heedlessness and blindness to wisdom wasted light

For politicians like poets should build up their hardihood
From human humility and universal moral food
Drawn in proportions unselfish un individual fair
From honest mould and vagabond ancient wisdom air

Shall man be eventually wise to learn from antique ashes departed flame
Which can bestow on him finer life and longer fame
From past battle wounds and historical balms
From tempest storm and following peace and calms
From archeological potsherds and dry bones
And ruins of past emperors and lying unturned broken stones

Across Gettysburg the woods are holy and calm
Under summer night they absorb the gorgeous moon charm
The colors of splendid night, as the veils of dusk turn deep
Mother earth takes back her sons' sorrow as it turns to sleep

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Nero CaroZiv

God or nature?

I do often wonder God or nature
Which is my soul nurturer?
Nature; everything in you moves me in awe
The fruitful orchards, the roseate echo
Of pastorals in midday summer bowers
The grandeur of dawns welcomed by birds' choirs
The solemn ruefulness of sunsets at dusk
The summer's haze canopies the forest foliage tops

I used to laugh at art
Scorn songs debase verse
Ancient temples and spiraled towers
Cathedrals spread across empty skies
Arrogance and ignorance led me
To see good men and evil ones with identical eyes

I must admit the guilt
That nature is my guide
I do not believe in God
I deny and abjure all thought
As mankind's false utter naught
And as far as love that old
Elusive irony, a tale so many times told
I would never be warring to search and to reinvent
It again and again until my final end

Yet I am not air or fire
Weary of living, fearing to die the end so dire
Like a torn tattered bark toyed by time tides
My soul to dread disaster seems to ride

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Nero CaroZiv

Green Grapes

I have some green grapes at their best
And I am waiting for you to pass by
For these grapes are of such great taste
It is the truth so I swear and so I sigh

They were raised upon mountains high
where the wind softly murmur and blow
And a herd of wild horses feeds nigh
On tall grass blades rooted grow

So this is why my grapes are so sweet
The mountain spring by them lead
Tall reeds guard the fenced gates
To keep out the ugly crow's gait

Quietly my green grapes wait
For the clock sounds the hour late
What makes you hesitate?
What makes you not keep your date?

Therefore my green grapes with me are so sad
And I am waiting not have gone yet to bed
If you only give your saint like smile in a glance
My face will be covered with happy countenance

But here I hear approaching steps from the south
My green grapes are full of hopes for your mouth
But still I am so lonely and sad
Since to bring flowers you forbade

May be next year you change your mind
And to my request you be more kind
And I will bring you flowers from the bowers
Wet with rain of rainbow showers

A flimsy fancy flattered my mind
Yet again it seemed overbold
If you can just love me for a while short
I always consider you gentle and kind

But sometimes you are remote and cold
May be my approaches are too bold
And most hurtful are your scorns
Sharp and fierce worse than a thousand thorns

Alas, I hear no more sound where I stand
But the rivulet on from the lawn
Running down to the wood sand

And my fear like an evil feeling drawn

My hopes diminished that you eat my green grapes
And feel my pangs and heart aches
This is why I keep talking to my green grapes
So one day you feel my pains and shakes

So please be kind and rethink again
And let me bring you flowers from the plain
Flowers are so much nicer and have various scents
Although green grapes are my dear loyal friends

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Nero CaroZiv

Grow Up Flower Child

Grow up flower child and be happy, happiness like diamond
In beauty that is good, fair, exquisite, comforting, calm and clear
And even when now and then along life's pathway ups and downs
This joy breaks in million pieces, shattered, scattered far and near
You shall see the shining fragments fall
Back to you in so many pieces that no one can ever catch them all

And yet in spite, be wise and balance in your journey ever
Treasure every fragment of pleasure joy beyond any measure dim or clear
Build your happiness from pieces that consolidate, convert back to you together
Imagining our shattered world, learning, accepting to be ever thankful and clever
Through whatever life bestows upon us, as the share of happiness small
For it has so many pieces that no one can catch them all

For it is in our wisdom to grow, to love, to live
And take what fate, God or life may us give
While we ask and draw our prayer and question our goals or flow
We grow to have, to hold and in time to relax the grasp and let go

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Nero CaroZiv

Guard yourself

Guard yourself from the evil behind your wings
Hide yourself from the storm, the rain, and the winds
The forest gloom foster danger with deadly weight
which haunts us in some sad reverse of fate

The thoughts which bow the kindly spirit down
and break the springs of joy of pleasures flown
Keep away from the blast that whirls behind the hill
Stay away from the wave, the gale, and the rushing rill

Shy your ears from the overwhelming sound
of hail-stones showers pattered round
Beware of the lightning it will blind your eyes
Take heed! At its heels the thunder's wrath rises

keep your steps away from the edge of above
dark, deep, endless holes, the colossus of nothing
Love should yield us with strength of kings.
Strength should nurture us back to Love

The strength of acknowledging weaknesses and adverse.
Time is the fire on which we burn,
And among all the heavenly stars in the universe,
This is the planet where we were born.

And in this very world,
which is the world of all of us, where our story is told
The place where in the end and as a whole,
we may find our happiness, or not at all.

Even as we pursue it in persistence
Our perception of it changes as does our existence.
There is not a joy the world can give
Like that it from us may deceive

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Nero CaroZiv

Harbor me beneath your wings

Harbor me beneath your wings
and be my soothing strength and comforting pillow
For all my denied prays and rejected pains, scoffed by the wild winds
Be where I lay my heavy head and hurting soul crave a rest so low.
My youth abandoned me; the autumn of my life is at my door
Light up my dark alley, my death dungeon's soar

Oh, let me wither calmly, slowly in your arms
Here at the quiet limit of the world at the edge of time
A bald white-haired shadow roaming like a ghost in a dream, out of charms
The ever silence world, mists of decay suffocating my prime.

Shall ever again a soft air fans the clouds and cleave them apart
And I shall see a glimpse of past glory of a child new born
Once more shall the passion of courtship zeal and rapture in the heart
Strive to bring back scenes and memories ruptured and torn

Shall I ever see you again
For I am a coward that have not the power to die
Or the strength to let these horror days and nights to pass by

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Nero CaroZiv

Have you ever been enslaved by love?

Have you ever been enslaved by love, that you are totally abundant
And merely tend upon the hours and times of your love's desire
You have shrunk with no personal pursuits no precious time on your own to spend
No interest, nor service of any kind, till your love list requires

Dare you not to question or to chide the endless idle hour
While your love counts the time and watches the clock for you
Think you not the bitterness of waiting the love's absence sour
When your love vanishes, bidding you unexpected adieu

Dare you contend to be consumed with your jealous thought
Where your sovereign may be and whose affair he suppose
But like an obsequious slave you stay and think that you ought
That your love in soaring Narcissism is happy making time with those

My dear, true, you have cultured a fool love at your own expense and will
By never questioning, by always thinking anything your love does has no ill

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Nero CaroZiv

He who would never his name write

He who would never his name write
On this bouquet of flowers
Yet your face in his heart inscribed
Your exquisite stature in his eyes a tower

He who one day you will forgive yourself to forget
His memory from mind and heart you will let
And he will be far away
Like the sun at the end of the day

He who will sink into a minuscule oblivion
Never to appear in mind or in opinion
He who will cease to be
In the dearest heart of thee

And those who would walk behind his coffin
Will never tell the roads of love
His heart and soul toiled and trod

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Nero CaroZiv

Her two great eyes

Her two great eyes will slay me suddenly;
Their beauty so stunningly shakes and penetrates me who once was serene;
Straight through my heart the wound is quick sharp and keen.
This is such a rare beauty my eyes never before have seen

Only her word; her smile or any tune will heal the injury
To my hurt heart, while yet the wound is clean -
Her pair of two great eyes will slay me suddenly and savagely without a jury;
Their beauty shakes me who was once serene.

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Nero CaroZiv

How about dawn?

How about dawn?
Do you like dawn descending on Blue Mountains tops?
Or may be a background with another hue
will better fit your view?
Then let us pretend there will be no dawn
No morning no new days
we all in a glorious kingdom of the moon
Where silence and dark mingle so beautifully
The bewitched gloom of the night
be our friends
Where two beings would walk wordless, speechless
with green tuft on their both sides
with the grass blades gilded in the moon sheen
No word exchange between them
without a word they know how much they love each another

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Nero CaroZiv

How happy he, who is free from love's bare

How happy he, who is free from love's bare
The gnawing pains, the spiral downs
Contently he breaths his native distilled air
At his own terms in his own grounds

Bless he who yearns for the simple life
No antagonism no confrontations no strife
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread
Whose flocks yield timely his warm attire
Whose trees in summer lend him protecting shade
And in winter comforting sighing popping fire

Who would believe of such thing so uncommon
so out of this world as a reasonable stable woman
Pretty, witty and yet a friend
But a foll such a fairy session will attend

Bless he who can unconcernedly ignore such phantom and find
His hours, his days, his years slide away
In good health of body, lonely yet in peace of mind
In the comfort of the night in the sun break of the day

And at night he sleeps unbothered or studies at ease
Together mixes sweet dreams, thoughtful recreation
And silent innocence which most does please
With pure divine meditation

Without a woman wrapped with passion and awed by diverse rumors
Grave through false pride, and rejoice in glee of folly
No equal balanced mixture of maturity and good humor
Nor sensible, sensitive poetic melancholy

Oh thus let me live, unloved, unheard, unknown
And thus not missed, aloof and secluded let me die
Flee from this world; steal from love's claws and not a stone
To tell where I lastly lie

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Nero CaroZiv

I am two fools

I am two fools, I know
One for loving the other for saying so
But where that wise man that I would not be
Deny, ignore, bury, build a wall, trench a moat and be like he
Then as the earth inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea waters fretful salt away
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rimes of vexation I should them allay
Grief of love when brought to words cannot be so fierce
For he tames it whoever fetters it in verse

When I am dead and doctors know not why
State official authority their curiosity obey
Having me cut up to survey each part
When they shall find up your picture in my heart
A surge, a wave of love
Through their senses move
It will work on them as on me
So is the power of the picture of thee

Whoever comes to shroud me after butchery do not harm
Or question much
The subtle wreath of long blond hair which crowns my arm
Let it be, let it lie
As part of my body

When my grave broken up again
Some second guess or thought to entertain
And he the digs it, spies
Where my dry bones lie
The tuft of long blond hair wrapped around the bone
Shall have the dignity to leave it alone
And think without disturbance
There is a man wrapped with passion

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Nero CaroZiv

I dread the calm

I dread the calm in the morning of a mourn without a sound
It is a calm that comes to foster a greater grief
It is a calm light of dusk before ever dew was falling from leaves
It is a calm sinking in calm pattering to the ground

I fear the calm and scudding winds in the high wold
And on the dews the drench the gorse
And all the silvery gossamer
Shaken into gilded gold

Is it calm and still in the dusky light over great plains
That sweeps late and swiftly in autumn bowers
Of secluded farms and solitary towers
To merge with the bounding and the saint

Is it calm on the vast sea under the spangled silver sleep
The waves that sway in colossus to lull themselves to rest
And the dead calm in the deepening breast
Which heaves with the heaving deep

Yet calm is the mute peace in the meadow's air
The forest gloom with loom of leaves that redden to fall
And in my chest if calm can ever dwell at all
If any calm is there, it is the calm of despair

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Nero CaroZiv

I found your foot print on the sand

I found your foot print on the sand
By the host of roses, on a grassy bank
Of eye sapphire bay, on whose watery face
Our world is reflected in reverse circled by tree's lace

I was sitting beneath clumps of sturdy old trees
Adoring the fluttering dancing breeze
When suddenly this view of delight
Had gleamed upon my sight

Such a lovely ornament on the womb of earth
Just recently has been given birth
Which a cloud that floats on vaults of heights
Never in its long wandering has spot in sight

Calm and hash, there was no peril from the sky that day
Except the summer sun's haze scorching ray
The birds were playing on this spot of land
They dodged in the grass or bathed in the land

The birds around it whirled and galloped
On a sprightly dance of glee and hope
The air blinked with pinions of mirth
And so in a hurry followed the smooth green turf
Touched by the thrill of pleasure the jocund band
Encircled the air and rolled on land

In a long, never ending line
As stars in the milky-way that twinkle and shine
Sparkled the strips of glittering butterflies
Outlining their rainbow colors in the skies
Their wings flared the air and glared the sun without a din
In a dazzling riot of soundless scene

All creatures adored in owe your sand trace
Except one who would not embrace
The little Narcissus with jealousy his head shock
Craving helplessly its image in the rushing brook
Heedless, no notice it took
But the other way it turned its look

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Nero CaroZiv

I Had a Love

I had a love and the sweet love's heart died
And I have thought it must had died of grieving
Oh what could my love grieve for? her lovely legs were tight
With a silken blanket threaded by my own hand's weaving
Sweet little fresh love why would your heart die
And why would you leave me, sweet little bird why?
Leave me to live in this forest, human jungle tree
Why pretty thing, could you not live with me?
I have kissed you so often and land you with white sheets
Why not live and love sweetly as the birds in the green trees.

Then why, lovely girl, should we lose all our blesses
that only a mortal fool such happiness misses
Be loving in pert and nimble spirit, and give me your hand
With love looking, passion locking and a voice sweetly bland

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

I Have Loved Thee

I have loved thee
For all the years that were and the more to be
I have loved thee and it is not for nought
Except for love's sake in pure. I never say
'I love thee for your smile, your look or your way
of speaking gently with slaying eyes or your tricking thought
That fell well with my own and certainly brought
A sense of pleasant ease, an inner calm of comfort on a warm summer day'

For all these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee, the ware down of the days and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. I Neither love thee for
Your own dear pity and extend a hand to wipe your cheeks dry,
You were always a creature who forget to weep, who bore
His love discomfort long and steady, yet never lost your love thereby!
Therefore I have loved thee merely for love's sake, that evermore
I may grow and love on, through love's eternal divinity

Nero CaroZiv

I have no thought in me but you

I have no thought in me but you
No other dear debt to me is due
If yet I have not all your love
I shall never have it all
I cannot breathe another burdening sigh
Nor entreat one more tear to fall
All my treasure, all my franchise fails to conquer my heart's goal
Dreams and sighs, tears and oaths
Pleadings and pledges, letters and eulogies
I have spent; I have sent and no more can be done by me
If by now still your gift of love is partial
That some to me, some should to others fall
Oh my Dear, Dear soul! ! !
I shall never have you all
In pleasant pains, in sweet aching, in agonizing aches
I shall never have what my heart yearns my body shakes

I have no desire in me but you
In me but empty ways and futile clues
If then you ever gave me all
All was but all, which you had then
But if in your heart, since there was
New love created by other men
Which have their entire stocks put
In tears, in sighs, in oaths and letters to outbid me
This new love may foster new fears
For this love was not vowed by you dear
And yet it was your gift to others
Gnaw my inwards to pieces and to utter
Yet, your heart the ground of all your love
Is mine, and whatever shall grow there
I shall have it all

Yet, I would not have it all yet
He that has all can have no more
And since my love has the nature of the wind
Every day admits new growth
Every hour commits new change, deems a new dream
You should have new rewards in store
Let our love leaves through the door
You cannot give me your heart every day
If you can give it, then you never gave it
The quest of having it all
And yet not losing it at all
If we in all shall be one
And one another all
Be it all, partial or not at all
All my souls be
Imparadise in you
In whom alone I comprehend grow and see
The rafters of my body bone and brain
Be all still with you, in you and about you

The muscle, sinew and vein
Revive, thrive, renew again

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Nero CaroZiv

I have some green grapes at their best

I have some green grapes at their best
And I am waiting for you to pass by
For these grapes are of such great taste
It is the truth so I swear and so I sigh

They were raised upon mountains high
where the wind softly blow
and a herd of wild horses feeds nigh
on tall grass blades rooted grow

So this is why my grapes are so sweet
The mountain spring by them lead
Tall reeds guard the gates
To keep out the ugly crow's gait

Quietly my green grapes wait
For the clock sounds the hour late
What makes you hesitate?
What makes you not keep your date?
Therefore my grapes are so sad
And I am waiting not have gone yet to bed

But here I hear approaching steps from the south
My green grapes are full of hopes for your mouth
But still I am so lonely and sad
Since to bring flowers you forbade

May be next year you change your mind
And to my request you be more kind
And I will bring you flowers from the bowers
Wet with rain of rainbow showers

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Nero CaroZiv

I love to leave you like this...

I love to leave you like this...
laughing at, mocking my love life
the love I labor so much to live it
the way I choose to
Not that I ignored the existence other forms
which lead me to fight the flames of temptation
for not in utter nakedness we come to this world
but on trailing clouds of glory
that love and strength nourish us along
to protect our fate from falling grace
save our life from dropping as a leaf
or shed like the rain

I would leave you at your street corner
in any form or way
except the one I really hate to see you in
I would leave you at any time of the day
as long as your spirit be a win
When you suffer grief and pain
It is hard to part or meet again
So laugh my flower, rejoice my spirit
join the winds that woo the woods
and makes scorn of my love
Then, dearest child, move along the shades
of purity, in gentleness of heart, with gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods

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Nero CaroZiv

I love you no more

I love you no more
I run from you at every open door
When I think of you my blood is cold
My tears are dry, my days grow old
I deem myself without you an empty life
A state of constant, stale, and vain strife
My hands start to shake
My skeleton rattles to break

And my heart is torn to pieces
My chest bursts
My veins explode
Drag me behind a galloping horse
Roll me from mountain heights
Turn off on me the world's lights

I will hear your voice no more
It will echo in the chamber of my heart
Lingering my pain, burning my flesh
Pounding my head, dashing my soul
I will bring you flowers no more
The sun from the sky has disappeared long
The birds among the trees stop their song
The cat had changed its voice in its corner crumbled
The dog had barked at me in dismay; I trembled

And my heart cries for mercy
My throat is choked with a strange disease
No medicine can redeem its ease
I will stop an ocean from flow
I will quench the volcano mountain from glow
I will block an avalanche or a whirling rain
But it is all in vain
No rest, No escape from your love
From your laugh
From your face
From your little perfect frame.

By foul, starry night I lingered on the damp lawn
for underfoot the hub was dry
And genial warmth, and over the sky
The silky haze of summer drawn
By its edge only one light cloud left
A reminder of the storm that passed
Of the love we lived of the life we shared
That came to an end
That was so soon cut short
Before we had time to grow old together
To feel to grasp the glory of the moment
The splendor of our rose

Pour acid on my face, guillotine my head
Announce to the world that I am dead
Cut the olive tree and shape my coffin
Chose the spot and dig my grave
Dig it deep beneath the earth
So I will avoid your laugh
So I will not hear your steps
Yet I doubt of all of this will help
You are imprinted in my soul
My grave is not an escape at all.

The bats went round endlessly in fragrant summer skies
And wheeled over and lit the filling shapes
That haunt the dusk with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes
An odd hunger seized my heart, so as if I only read
Of that glad years which once had been
In those fallen leaves which reaped their green
And now lie brown on the ground dead

And strangely on the silence around me broke
The silent speaking words, and strange
was love's dumb cry defying, ignoring our life's change
To test our worth to scrutinize the words we spoke

I am out of faith, of vigor, of bold, of walk of breath of dwell
No hope in sight, no wishing well
I live on doubts that drive the coward back
As if my life has no start no end no track
For suggestions to my inmost all
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul, the solutions of all was flushed
But it is all too late, my love
Our love was brought to its final rest
Around its grave the flowers will grow and spread
Like infants peeping over a coffin of the dead

And my heart is sobbing
My soul sails in sea of sore and grief
An endless torture under unbreakable lease
I seek the strength in lying
Turn off the lights I am dying

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Nero CaroZiv

I never stooped so beastly low as they

I never stooped so beastly low as they
Which on eye, cheeks, lips, neck or limbs can prey
The expense of purity the dispense of divine
They with the unworthy contempt are lined
To put your virtue in a waste of shame
When lust in action love no more lasts
But being murdered by perjures lust full of blame
Savage, violent, extreme intender, rude, cruel without trust
Not to enjoy but despised straight

Treason with foul reason hunted and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as swallowed bait
On purpose made to make the taker more feverishly mad
Madden In pursue and in possession
Unworthy enterprise untamed lesson

I never stood so basely with zeal and rapture bound
Upon these blessed keys whose motion sounds
With your sweet fingers when swiftly swayed
That board under your lap confounded
I do envy those tabs that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of your palm

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Nero CaroZiv

I passed by the place where you abode

I passed by the place where you abode
Where lofty trees and ivy-beds grow a lot
I left some flowers by the door
And I carved some verses on the wall

The sweet flowers field I plucked and banded
Will wilt and fade away unwedded
It shall not give birth to an heir
Which bears forth its reflection and glare
These lovely cups are doomed to die
While with riotous colors your door sill dye

Their beauty to captive your love serves
As my royal on their mission stand brave
Their soft silken balmy lap is a sacrifice
To entrap a higher beauty and my anguish to pacify

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Nero CaroZiv

I shall speak no more

I shall speak no more; I shall breathe no more your name
There is pain in the sound; there is guilt deeper than shame
In the hollows of the chest there the fire of despair burns
Yet it never dissolves nor breaks the chains and the turns
No walk in the park; no laughter with friends may impart
The deep sullen thoughts that siege the silent heart

Too brief to enjoy or endure by our patience, too long for peace
Bring back the glorious happy hours why let their joy cease
What have caused us to repent to abjure from links fair and girded chain
We denounce that we part never to see one another again

How I yearn to see you joyful and glad, be it mine the guilt
Forgive me adored one! Forsake do not let the flower wilt
Your love in your heart expired not debased
Leaving me in this world alone and gazed

As always stern to haughtiness but humble at your request
This soul in its bitter blackness shall fulfill your quest
And our days seem as swift and our moments so sweet
With you by my side the world seemed at our feet

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Nero CaroZiv

I stand and watch a tree of sturdy oak

I stand and watch a tree of sturdy oak
It braves against the rain, the sun and the gust
Thunder roars through its boughs with blast
Yet its leaves whitening in sight like a royal cloak

An oak proclaims against echoing dunes and scourging sun
Through the storm, tempest and chilly damp dark
Its boughs wave against torrents and bent in arcs
As it stands against the events like a calm nun

The clouds above its foliage are straining
The pale yellow woods around its trunk are waning
And a broad stream by its roots is complaining
Of heavy low skies constantly raining

With one black self reflected shadow at its feet
the oak through all its lush foliage shines
As summer haze brooding heat
And holy still silent in its dusty lusty vines

Oh I wish I had the strength and stamina of this oak
My life would be so much in a better clock

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Nero CaroZiv

I wish I could remember the first night we met

I wish I could remember the first night we met
First hour, first moments of stolen glances
Your silhouette in my arms as we lead our first dances
If I only knew back then the ordeal has a life spread

If bright or dim with summer haze that night might be
It was summer at the sill of autumn not winter for aught I can say
Yet so unrecorded the night slipped away
So blind was I to see and fore see

One cannot make the budding of his tree
That would blossom for many Mays
If I could only recollect that night of our love to be
Such a night of all nights amaze

If I only could collect back that show
And let it not come and go
As trace be in a thaw of meadow snow
But as a star that eternally at the edge of the sky glows

It seemed to mean so little then yet meant so much
If I only can recall that first touch
The first touch of hand in hand in youth dance
And forever seal this first eyes locked glance.

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Nero CaroZiv

I, the son of fragile mortality

I, the son of fragile mortality
A living soul and then nothing
me who would be cast as a die
standing and adoring the yellow sunset declines
and its long rays and shades the landscapes shines
to mark the barks of trees and flowers stems all with golden light
that lit the dark slant woods of dusk with silvery white
all quiet and calm before the moon takes its roll in the East
adoring all this holy scene I realized that
I am not even a leaf on the blooming bough
Just not a part of this beauty and bloom

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Nero CaroZiv

If I Had

If I had this solid perfect frame of a gorgeous man then my love sighs
Would be echoed swiftly like drugs through this ivory rare shell
Your lovely ear, and tangled earlobe, to find and to stir your heart so well
That my passion arm me for my grand enterprise.

And if you continue to regard me as the knight whose foe falls and dies
You find none; my attire is simple no glistens on my bosom swell
If you trace me to find me as a shepherd in the mountainous slopes before a dell
My lips cannot sing to the lambs nor with shaken limbs I tremble at dusk skies

And yet rapt with the rage of ravished thought,
And through divine contemplation of your goodly sights
Your thousand glorious images in heaven wrought
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet breeze delights

And stuns me in kindling love in high conceited uprights
That my heart throbs and dances scanting all over delights
I wish to tell the things I feel, the views I behold
But my wits fail, and my tongue frizzes to a halt like a paper in fold

So fondly I will breathe your existence, as softly I will sigh
That you may think a wild amorous breeze to caress you is nigh
And as I will be by your side, the wind blowing wide, you shall see
That the sigh comes from me

Who can paint your lovely image in wording of praise
To illuminate the dim and dulled eye with your fair immortal beam
Such a beauty is the world duty to an oracle be raised
That the world would watch with awe extreme

For myself as any other immortal to eternal decay
I will declined and my existence subdue on my last day
And my body disassemble and so be wiped out likewise my name
But you shall live eternally by this gracious frame

Nero CaroZiv

If you go away

If you go away and you have set the day
In my heart I foster a blessing, in my lips a pray
That you shall guard and protect yourself
And your life be under these heaven and sun safe

And if you wish to say 'Good bye' and if for ever
Still for ever... as 'ever' is such deafening, I do wish you well
Even though my heart with painful pangs gasps for air, never
Against you shall it bare to rebel

Yet quietly and reclusive it retreats to dark solitary
To vanquish its sorrow and sweet pains and deals daily with adversary
It has to unchain to unwind and to wean
Itself from her, the one that had been

I, I his master have locked it in the chamber of my chest
Where shaken and frightened it will seek but never find rest
For I have thrown the dungeon's keys
And condemned it to live by fading memories

And If I hear it sobbing long into a cold winter night
I will command it to be a proud daring knight
And so I shall say:
Dear heart! There is not a joy life can give, like that it takes away

Oh it is such a fearful thing to glance and bare
Back on the bloom of love long wielded
It is a flower beaten down with rain and wind
Which once they fostered up with gentle care

Your words sounded like the howling winds on barren branch load
When the joy of laughter ceases
Suffocated love dries out and frizzes
And there are no morning breezes to move away the ominous cloud

And the heart within me crying in the bewitched night
It is crying for its deprived light
With no language with a wordless cry
And yet so potent is its sigh

Howling, howling, howling the wind over dark land and sea
No refuge no comfort can come to me
Wailing, wailing, wailing the sounds of the night
The ominous moon stares at the snow and the downs are as a day bright

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Nero CaroZiv

If you go away (2)

If you go away
Like you always say
Bestriding over our tattered love once
A vital breeze which gently traveled on
Over things we say, over thoughts we dream
So it becomes a tempest, a rough storm
With redundant energy and blurred form
Vexing its own creation, gnawing on its own flesh
A faint gale stale with no passion
Which blows through empty chambers

So if you go away
As you always wish
It will come upon you as unrecognized storm
Which breaking up a long continued love frost
Brings with it vernal promises
And the hope of new blooms
You will come out of the house of bondage
From its walls being set free
A prison where you has been long immured
Now you are free, enfranchised and at large
The earth is all before you, with heart
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty
Spared of any feeling that echoes guilty
You leave behind the long months
Of deprived peace, if such a bold word
Accords with any expectations in human life
And towards long time of ease and undisturbed calm
Your heart will find comfort with no alarm

Then if you go away
As you always deem
You kill the dream in us once thrives
You take the sun with you
You make the earth spin the other way
You leave me with trances of thoughts
Mountings on my mind
Dealing with madness
Of unmanageable pondering

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Nero CaroZiv

Imprisoned by my own heart' s gate

Imprisoned by my own heart' s gate
If I could only weave the route of my escape
My mind is stunned, all the paths are blocked
How can I break love's heavy locks
Submit myself to the sweet rapture of love
And face the cruel torture of loath

I went to sleep last night so late
When all the flowers had long ago closed their heads
My eyes were left to the dark to hesitate
When my heart to contend with turmoil so great

So strong is the appetite
For being loved, so definite
That though we know it profitless
we never learn to forfeit it in effortless

Does love need love in return
Yet we seek that reciprocity
And cannot help but to yearn for it
If transgression, I tell you of it
And if my blame, I shall avow it

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Nero CaroZiv

In storm and in tempest we two parted

In storm and in tempest we two parted
No grieving silence but rage and sour anger over dry tears
Souls once harmoniously united departed broken hearted
With agony to sever for years

How pale grew your checks under raging cold
Colder were the words hissed by your mouth without a truth
That very moment that very instant foretold
The ominous sign of punish and torture without sooth

Lie by lie like dew drops of the morning
Sank the quiver in my limbs and chill in my brow
It felt like the dire warning
Of what lie for me ahead of what I feel now

You denounced all your vows leaving them scattered and broken
How lightly you withdrew your fame
I can still hear your knives-sharp words spoken
It brings within me an utter self mockery and deep shame

When ever I hear your name before me
A deafening peal locks my ear
A shudder comes over me
How I let you grow so dear?

I know you not any more
I who once knew you so well
Long I shall rue you behind slammed door
Too deeply too painfully to tell

If I ever should meet you
After long separating years
How shall I greet you? Or welcome your view
With thundering silence and dry tears
Or as new acquaintance under courtesy and cheers
I may never know
The ceremony how
Nor shall I ever wish that day to be

And yet, until and when convulsive throes deny my last breath
The faintest utterance of my dizzy fading thought
Will be to you; only but you; even in the last gasp under dire death
My soul turned in tempest and turmoil more than it can be bared, oftener than it ought

Thus and so much more and yet you love me not
Never did, in spite denial; and never will; love never sustained as my will
Where ever I turn
Acidic pain of gnawing burn
Upon the burden and twist of memories it be my lot
To helplessly, meaninglessly, wrongfully, vainly love you forever still

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Nero CaroZiv

In the inferno of my love session

In the inferno of my love session
And in the madness of my passion
It was heedless on my part
To empower and to delegate authority to my heart
Once bestowed merely on my reason

Herein my reasons I construe
Because my feelings were so full and overwhelming
I could see you in my soul
So much in my soul whole
That I spoke to you within my soul

To such madness I had come
In the blessing of your love
That even imagined your slightest boon
Could drive me to delirium

This I find in my affection
And even more that I cannot convey
But you, from all I did not say
Will sense the love beyond expression

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Nero CaroZiv

Is it gone?

Is it gone? Is it Silent? My pulses beat
What is it a mock trick of the brain
Yet not, I thought I saw her stand
As a shadow, a speechless phantom with awe at my feet
And then like a lightning flashed vanished from the land
She is gone, and heaven start falling in gentle rain
When they should burst violently and drown with deluge storms
Uprooted sturdy trees; blown rocks into air as morsels grain
Turn the earth on its face and call upon it the vexed sea
The feeble vassals of tormented blood boiled with anger, love, lust
The little fragile robbed heart that knows not how to cope or to forgive
Summon God or devil to strike death and canker to be just
For I cannot breath

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Nero CaroZiv

Is It Love?

Oh, is it love or the devil in me
How can her eyes so slaying be?
Is it infatuation or the gypsy of my heart
Her image from my eyes would never part

For she has sown her shadow so wide and fair
That it follows me constantly, relentless everywhere
It awakes me in the middle of the night
Making me watching the moon and the stars's bright

Oh, her image so firm in sight
It has the wings of hot desire
In the day it draws me like a guide
And at night overwhelmed me with fire

Nero CaroZiv

It does not fade

It does not fade
It does not let
When it gnaws when it hurts

It does not pass
Day and night with me it lasts
Like my shadow
Or my image in the glass

When I laugh when I smile
My pain with me to torture to beguile
It is so insistent
It is utter and persistent
May be it will release its grip soon
I will have relief and peace by noon

Yet it does not fade
It does not let
Being alone is like being dead
It drives me sad; it stirs me mad
I am losing my mind
Where have I tossed my head

It has no reasons it mocks all senses
Me alone while all eyes around devour me by glances
This emptiness, this suffocating fence
It is foul; it is the demon dance
Against this dire consequences
I have no remedy I have no defense

Is it a fate, is it a joke, a destiny hoax
To prison my life under a nightmare of locks
What is the end of it; what is its progress
Can I ask for a pause?

Bad does not fade
And foul does follow its glare
No use to sit, to wait, to mourn, to fret
But from the deepest inner me I draw strength and dare

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Nero CaroZiv

It is that you have fled from me

It is that you have fled from me that makes me seek
With barefoot stalking your ghost image in my chamber
Where once I have seen you gentle, tame, naked and meek
That now you are free and wild and do not remember
That since you have left me you put yourself in great danger
You the one that took bread at my hand, now you range
Busily seeking other love with continual change

True I shall thank my fortune for crossing with your life; otherwise
What joy or happiness could have been so special
In thin array after a pleasant guise
When your loose gown from your shoulders fell
Exposing the silhouette of lovely breast too intoxicating to tell
And then you caught me in your ivory arms long and small
There withal sweetly as ever sweet you did my lips kiss
And softly and lowly whispered "Dear heart how you like this? "

Was I delirious? No it was not a dream I lay broad waking
But now all is turned through my gentleness
Into a strange fashion of forgivable forsaking
And reality is forcing me to let go of your goodness
And you roam else to use newfangledness
But since I, so kindly of you, have been generously served
Forsaken at pebbled shores your sailing ship observed
I fain would know if life has bestowed you what you deserved

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Nero CaroZiv

Jealousy

He is the supreme divine in my eyes
The man who is allowed to sit beside you
He who listens intimately
To the sweet murmur of your voice
Were it only me being your choice
This enticing laughter
This beguiling look
That makes my own heart beat fast
If I meet you suddenly my breath in my lung lasts
And I cannot speak
My tongue will not obey
The commands of my brain
A thin flame runs under my skin
Seeing nothing hearing only my own
Ears drumming, I drip with sweat
Trembling shakes my body

I turn paler than the dry grass
At such times death is not far from me
Yet the man, he sits tranquilly at your side
To enjoy the secrets uttered from your mouth
Ugly surmise turns me into an ass
Come, come sweet death
Better you than this bitter jealousy of jess

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Nero CaroZiv

Late contemplation

I keep asking myself the question, but myself has no answer for me
I am either overwhelmed with happiness or being gilded with gloom
And I bounce between peaks and depths of moods with dreadful time at my trail looms
Age has made me what I am not now
And every wrinkle tells me where in my youth the plow
Of time has furrowed, when an ice shall flow
Through every vein of mine and all my head wear snow
I wish, not even that for I am bald even before my time
I will be deprived of this glorious aging, the contend with death
will bare no signs of glory
When death displays his color of coldness in my cheek
And I, myself in past own picture seek
Not finding what I am, but what I was
In terrible doubt and confusion which to bless, this or my glass
Yet though my outer has altered, I remain the same
The same spirit and the same soul trapped in a frail, failing frame
And the sight of first complexion in maiden; here as wild as it can be seen
As blood rush on cheek and chin
The first thrill and rapture of youth in high school yard, such a pleasure to the eye
The ruddy lips of giggling maids and hair of youthful glossy dye
The picture of me in a middle of wide meadows in early spring
Where wild tulips called their reign upon hills in expending rings
The cheery stood proud with balmy bloom upon the boughs
And the grass wrapped with smell of fresh horse hoofs
A beautiful maid passed in the meadows
And her hair waved in whirling gales and dappling shadows
I was a free child then, enfranchised and at large
The immense struck of pleasures that her sight
On me bestowed, her forms of beauty often stayed with me
Passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration these feeling
Of unremembered obscure joys.

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Nero CaroZiv

Late summer evening

Late summer evening, the sun went down in gore and stream
At orange dusk hue, the hot and feverish night succeeded
There was a windless calm, a dismal pause the succumb world greeted
The moon showed, the splendor of clearance, and deadlier gleam

Sitting on a porch under the night dark stark pall
Life weaken like the flame in a waning torch, a gripping stall
The moon climbed in sloth through the dilated orbit
Her ridged face scared, her surface uneven and morbid

My spirit grew fragile, weak and withdrawn; the ever mortality
Of all creatures of this amazing world, and adversity
Weighed heavily on me like unwilling, unwelcome sleep
Hovering like an ominous shadow; breathless feeling engraved inside me so deep

And each imagined spiritual pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship and religion tell me I must perish and die
Like a sick wounded sinking eagle plunging from the sky.
Yet this is a gentle luxury in me to sadden and to weep,

That I have not the cloudy winds to keep insane
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim-conceived glories of the mortal brain
Bring round the heart an indescribable feud and inner cry

So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles human grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old time -with a surging main,
A sun, a shadow of an awesome reverence and magnitude.

Glory and loveliness have passed from my life away
For if I wander out in early morning towards the glorious East
The blemished splendor, the incomplete happiness encounter my way
A feeling of estranged departure; being taken; un belonging deprived of rest

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Nero CaroZiv

Learn to obey the rout of your destiny

Learn to obey the rout of your destiny
And follow the horizon to its final edge
For you do not abode where the internal are
Nor your nostrils breathe air among the stars
Your path in the universe is not an endless orbit
But too straight line, narrow and languid
Short without the touch of heavenly infinitude
Brief upon the face of earth
Scarcely touched by happiness and mirth
Your pace never crosses and never runs with these orbs
Of mingling lights
And you estrange in the harmony of universe delight
Sweet mother earth's womb
Where you feed and thrive
Is your final end and your dark tomb

Go search the great cities, the pride
The paradise and glory of ancient days
Now in grave of wilderness hide
Their wrecks like torn waves of vexed sea foam plays

Their monuments like shattered mountains rise
And wild weeds and baleful corses, dress
The bones of their desolation's nakedness
By the edge, gray walls molding in their duds falling prize

On their mow dull time feeds
like slow fire upon a hoary torch lulling peaks
While the laughing flowers along the grass are spread
As an infant smile over the coffin of a dead

Those mighty ages those power full empires
Dreadful tyrants and savage emperors
The all lie buried in the ravage they have wrought
For what their memory can lend you borrow not

Submit to the laws of thee nature
And follow the lights whose smile kindle the universe nurture
The ORA and splendor that in the firmament of time dwell
That may never be eclipsed or veiled

The glory of mountains's peak blazed with morning sun
That at early dawn to its extreme heights climbs
Leaving death, down beneath collided clouds
To roam in our celestial world
with low mist that cannot blot
The eternal light or veil the human spirit

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Nero CaroZiv

Let Me Wake Up Young

Let me wake up young at early dawn again
And welcome the showers of spring first rain
Let me love and peer up at the morning sun
With half shut eyes and comfortable fresh cheek
Let me live a sweet life tale full often to seek
Through meadows and pathless woods where rivers fall and run
Let me love again my brightest beautiful one
Of heaven and divine let me slowly speak
These love tunes to the night and the starlight meek
Or the moon, if that her hunting be begun
Let me know, let me relive these delights and be prone
To moralize upon a smile and a tear
And find at once a region in a world of my own
A meadow, a bower for my spirit where it will steer
To alleys of forest gloom where pine tree dropp their cone
Where foxes hide, robins chirp and leaves are fallen sere

Let me wake up in strength and vigor hope
Worship the morning, the mystic night, the light the shade and lush lea on slope
Let me glance again fresh on wide plains, fair foliage trees, and at sprouting flowers
Call on birds over clear streams, smooth calm lakes, and long stretched bowers
Let me lost in the happiness of pathless woods with tall towers

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Nero CaroZiv

Let me woo you in the wee of the hour

Let me woo you in the wee
Of the hour when we are sitting beneath a shady tree
Among its boughs we laugh and kiss
There no adder dares to hiss

When kissing speaks with lustful language
Troubles would be gone, oh vanish anguish
My lips will roam in your garden of roses
Missing none of your thousands posies
Seven kisses short as one
Would leave the work undone
And even one long as ten
Would not bring our happy scene to its end

The day will seem as an hour short
When dealing with such pleasures and sport
Your lips cloyed with loathed satiety
Turning red and pale with fresh variety
You lie tied and tangled in my net
I cannot tell
Is it content or is it fret?
Though you tender panting shows you are unripe
I will let none of your advantages slip

Do not be so shy and coy to play your part
In our time-beguiling art
This primrose bush on which we lean
Never can guess or deem what we mean
None of its buds can see or blab
The gaudy grasshopper is too busy after its pulp
And the heavy smug frog
Into the bottom's lake plops
We can hide well behind the vermilion-veined tulip
On its flowery bed we can rest or sleep
The crowds of cowslip ahead never prattle
Nor their distinguished neighbor the shy myrtle

No doubt our scene is not in sight
So be pert nimble and full of conceit
From your tempting lips I will rob a drop
And my blood in my veins starts to throb
Who can believe that one dropp from such a barrel
Makes one's eyes see but pearls

Then we can our pose exchange
And let your voluptuous lips do the command
Mine, what love-slaves would love to obey
While yours never feed on such luscious prey
As a fierce falcon sharp by fast
Your lips on mine forever last
At dusk we can love on the lawn
Where no one peeps or glances except the moon alone

Leave our lure on the bosom of a lush lea
Never the world has known such glee

At midnight we lave at the falls of the vales
Encircled by lofty trees and sturdy dales
On the glassy face of a spangled bay
We chase the moon light quite a way
You are naked and gilded colossus
Against the moon-luster blazes
Outdoing in beauty and grace
Any ocean nymph with human face

You bask in the starry string of a night dark
Amazing the heavily sleeping lark
Dive and plump in the silent lake
Leaving around circulates glittering idly without a break
Until they all melt into one glamorous track
To contend with the moon sheen
Such a war of lights was never before seen
Then dip and leap and dive again
Splashing liquid pearls on every lane
Some watery stones took a longer pass
Falling on the long bladed grass
Turning it to studded swords of mighty kings
The imperious supreme of all mortal things
Only one stubborn watery gem earnestly craved
To use the lovely vale of your breast as its internal cave

At dawn we site upon lofty hills
And watch the farmers lining furrows on the fields
Or we can mount the craggy rocks
And watch the shepherds lead their flocks
By shallow brooks and rank springs
The melodious morning birds would for us sing

Come love; gather our flower days on their prime
Or they would be consumed and wasted by rushing time
The days of our youth are sweet but short
They race to their end as the foaming waves to pebbled shore

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Nero CaroZiv

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits
Or waves that own no curbing hand
Thus I followed the hollows of your craggy mountains
From sunshine to sunless land.

I paced my legs silently in what was once
My beloved moorland, my beautiful streams glide
Along a bare and open valley
You were my shepherd and my distinguished guide

Like unearthly ghost in your lands I wander
Touching and feeling the plants of time
I study the vaults of your skies,
I embrace the chambers of your heart.
When I take this arduous journey towards you
Through this arid and harsh land
As merciless as it is to my feet
I follow my heart towards you love
As long as there is a breath in my nostrils
So go my feet in this pilgrimage
I know it is a long way towards you love
With waving long and languid paths
But your roots have sunk so deep in my heart

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Nero CaroZiv

Listen to my voice my lost love

Listen to my voice my lost love
Within me it pants and cries loud for you
From the depth of my soul my sighs reach above
Wherever you are; for you I endlessly rue

Listen my love in far land to my heart's throbs
Wherever you are in this wide wonder globe
Within me rages the tempest of your sweet memory
Since long you left, you abandoned me in agonizing misery

There was a time I remember when you were kind
When your voices were softly waving into my mind
And their words gently inspiring and inviting
To yield these divine thoughts so exciting

There was a time when love for us was blind
And the whole world was a dreaming song
And the song was lastly maddening
Then it all crashing went wrong

And now I dreamed a dream of time gone by
When hope and joy were high
And life was so worthy of living
I dreamed then that love would never die

Then I was young and unafraid
And dreams were made and used and wasted
There was no ransom to be paid
No song unsung, no flower unsmelled, no wine untasted

Where are you love in this wide world
With ways crossing and paths mingling
Where humans meet in thin
And part for ever not to each other to be seen

A human soul craves and yearns
Yet the feet fail, and body shrinks
It will never find nor meet
What was eternally lost

I dream that God would be forgiving
And the heart persistently prays
And wish you well beyond the touch of time's prey
From the maze of my heart my voice longs for your living

My final days upon the land
Are closing near at hand
The day of sad mourning
The finale of anguish and yearning

Yet I will wait for you my love until
The last of my moments upon this world is killed
Until all pages of life are flipped and that day will come
And I to my cankering age succumb

As the dark night tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing sheep linger slowly over vast lea
The field ants homeward plod their weary way
And leave the world to darkness and to me

Soon far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife
I will lie away from sober wishes never tamed to stray
Locked in coffine in cool sequestered vale without life
As this whole world keeps its on going noise astray

My spirit huants my lifes last hours
Over the window hangs moulding flowrs
The air in my room is damp, and hushed and close
My life before the angle of death takes repose

My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
As my wish fades to see you just once before I leave

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Nero CaroZiv

Listen to the mid night falling rain

Listen to the mid night falling rain
It has such a magic divinity sound
when it hits the tardy ground.
I am going now to spend some time contemplating and warming
The rain has stopped suddenly without any warning
As if it will not disturb me in thoughts of you
Or may be it is curious about the lines I owe
to you and to your pangs and pains.
It is good that it stopped with no regain
The drops of rain that fall in the dark of the night
On their way down without a guide of light.
The moon is shy and behind a cliff cloud it hides
They fall they tumble and bounce
Reaching every corner in the garden without announce
One from the lap of a balmy rose under the moon gloom
The other from the earring of unknown bloom
And the third just slide along the blade of a longitude grass there
To face a frightened rabbit in its lair.

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Nero CaroZiv

Live and love

Live and love
Young as old
Like running brook
Bright, distilled in spring
As Love strengthens its wings

Summer – vigor
Passion and quiver
Autumn changed
Soberer hue
Don't miss love queue
Love again

Until all love's leaves
Are fallen at length
Look at love, it stands
Bones and boughs
Naked strength
Die loving
Not love dying
At the end of your sky

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Nero CaroZiv

Love Aches

Have you ever craved the waves of flowers perfume
That float in the garden of roses under the moon sheen loom
They come and go whence no one knows at night gloom
As spring renewed his reign in colors and in splendor bloom

Thoughts of sadness wave and sail in my mind
They come and go leaving memories of pain and agony behind
Like that keen fragrance in the garden, born on the wings of soft wind
And yet none of the flow of thoughts is soft, soothing or kind

But in the instant the thoughts of air remain
To ignite the memory I knew of laughter and of joyful pain
Of times unlike now that will not come again.
The mountains of aching thoughts the earth under heavy clouds of rain

I try to catch and subdue my mind of these many tunes
Like tears of light fallen from the forlorn moon,
Flattened, scattered and bright on a dark lagoon,
Where high reeds lull and sway by echoing duns

But my mind is dissolved under such bare
My anguish floats away, I am too timid, for who can hold
The pain of Youth, the perfume of a flower or a moon so bold?
Where one can ask the strength to dare?

Nero CaroZiv

Love at first sight

There comes time when I watch an ancient sea at its slow ebb
Long hours with howling winds echoing over vast sand
Since I was entangled in your beauty's eyes web
And trembled at the touch of un gloved extended hand

Since I met you I never looked at the midnight ora of summer sky
But well remember each moment your slaying eyes memorized light
Nor I can look or compare a wild rose vermilion dye
But your cheek where my lips will crave to dwell in bright

Can I look in adoration at any budding flower
When my fond ear adores every sound uttered from your lips
And heartbreaking for love sound, passionate wording- it does devour
Any sweetness you may speak under the sun eclipse

Every delight you may bestow is a sweet remembering
Followed by subtle grief this may into my heart bring

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Nero CaroZiv

Love at the lips

Love at the lips was like a heavenly touch
As sweet as one can bare or breathe
Never close to satiety never seemed too much
On the contrary a lightning a dream too brief
A passion written over running water
Time and again she conquered my lips for another slaughter

The hurt that followed was never enough
It made me long for reason and strength
To bare the ripples of pains the waves of agony so rough
The throng of aches through all my body length
The sword of love like I never knew before
Was cutting me faster than the sword of war

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Nero CaroZiv

Love at wonder

Shall I tempt to wonder, by my inner truth, that you and I
Whatever we did when we loved, have we now this daring treasure
Weaned from it; obsolete, out of passionate greed by any measure
And all other flesh desire when we daily sucked on lusty pleasure

If ever any beauty I did quest or I did see in any shape or hue
Which I desired, and got, in plenty queues,
It was but an only dream of you
All other pseudo loves I adamantly deny and rue

And now it is a good morning to our waking souls,
Which we watch one another out of regret and fear
Counting and tallying our love tolls
Wondering how love us betrayed; how it flew us out of controls

Yet I do wonder in my soul that our love,
Exceeds and controls, all love of other sights
And makes one little room, an everywhere precious light.
Let cede discoveries to new worlds we have gone above,
Let map to ourselves the worlds no one have known or shown,
Let us possess our world; each has one and is one

Look love my face in your eyes, yours in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces calm soothing rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres,
Without sharp North, without declining West?

Remember the days I used to observe you from far
As the moon woos the earth among the watching stars
Whatever dies, was not attended uniformly with care;
If our two loves be one; or you and I
Love so alike that none does relax or slacken, none can die.

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Nero CaroZiv

Love by The River Bank

Once there was a maid that caused me pangs of a lover
When day and night I had sighed all in vain
Ah, what a pleasure it was to gaze at her and discover
In her eyes rare beauty that caused me ecstasy and pain

Once early morning when the sun rose in the East
She took herself to the margin of a river and set by the bank
I followed her foot print on the white ivory sand
I became delirious by what my eyes had to feast

Never did I know was it from heaven or from hell
That I at once was transferred to ferocious giant whale
Into the cold river with hat and cloths on I jumped
Struggling through waves of that magnificent swamp

Moving through elongated kelp and tall erected reeds
I went through the water gashing deep
And I reached the silhouette of her fine legs below
I bit her lovely maiden toe

'Go away' she yelled, 'you rotten villain'
She would not hesitate to let me apologize or explain
The dear rush of hormones in my brain
As if I was like that every day, normally insane

She pushed down my ugly face into the river depth
Until I faint and lost the control of my breath
But once this love saw that my breath became too heavy
She tightly pressed my head to her lovely levee

I would never imagine by what measure
This utterly heaven bestowed upon me pleasure
Is scaled, I can only equate it to a divine holy treasure
If that is how people meet their dire end
Such sweet death every Friday I will pretend

Her neck upon my shoulder was pressed
Her swan-like breast upon my manly chest
'Don't die' she exclaimed, 'Be brave and breath'
As she was overwhelmed by sincere seethe

And as I watched the varied hues of stalks and ears
By the river bank a shinning mist like canopy appeared
Of butterflies with glorious riotous colors bright
And gossamers with wings transparent light

Scarcely seen when they were hovering above
And though they hummed they hardly seemed to move
The fierce eagle clasped the rock with crooked elongated claws
For once he delayed his thunderbolt fall in blow

Nero CaroZiv

Love In Ashes

When I have opened unto you the gates of my inner being
Like a tide stirred by storm you have flowed into me
And I have embraced you in my holding arms like the foamy waves by the sea
So blindly that my innermost recesses of my spirit are full of your seeing

And then we were as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How with impetuous restless they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness through woods and dales, and yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever, as we were.

Our times were like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response; unpleasant sound to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood, comforting modulation or a regulated cast

Ah, dreams and expectations have the power to poison our sleep;
Yet the day with wandering thoughts and doubts pollutes itself;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away without self strife:

It is all the same, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of life departure still is uncontrolled and free:
Human's yesterday may ne'er be like his tomorrow;
We learn to endure love what ever it may be.

Nero CaroZiv

Love lessons

Will our love for ever
Run like a vivid mountain river
And Time's fierce jaws
Be avoided by sublime laws
And age's endeavor
Be tried in vain
To take a walk with you love,
A crave descends from heaven above
No other pleasure
With this could measure
And like a divine treasure
I would hug your chain
In sunshine in cold in rain
To eat with you the sweet field oat
There is so much to aught
To listen and lessons to be taught
End not my elongated sighing
In an abrupt dying
And formed for flying
Love plumes our wings
Then for this reason
Let us live and love a season
But let the season be only spring

Alas! Love not for ever meant
And soon harsh years yield its dent
When lovers parted
Betrayed and broken hearted
And all hopes thwarted
Expect to cease to exist prepare to die
Rather than perpetuate love of lie
But behold Time's remedy a few years older
Ah! How much the days are colder
You might behold her
For whom you vainly sighed
A girl of the nose not tiny
Hair stiff not shiny
The once piercing glow of her eyes is no more like the sun
Her skin brittle and dangling dry, her breast are dun
Stubby fat fingers
And a mouth forever spraying on linger
A language of aged refinement
Regard her fall!
With the darkest moss your flower plots
Were thickly crushed one and all
The rusted nails fell from the garden knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moat grange
When linked all that together
The sun, shade, rain sand and wind cruel weather

Pluck love's feather
From out its wing
It will stay forever
But sadly we shiver
Without love's plumage when past spring

Wait not you young fond lover
Till years pass and age is over
And then recover
As from nightmare dream's ardor
While each be wailing
The other failing
With wrath and railing
All hideous seem
While first it starts decreasing
Yet not quite over and ceasing
Wait not you young lover till teasing
All passion blights
If once diminished
Love reign is finished
Let it recover
The heart, the ever lonely hunting lover

True, you young fond lover, separations
Ask more than blind patience
What desperations from such have risen?
But yet remaining
In what is but chaining
Hearts which once waning
Beat against each other as against wall of prison
And their recover is beyond the reach of reason
You may find it an elongated torture
Though sharper and shorter
Is to wean and not to ware out the joy of love

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Nero CaroZiv

Love lost

She was so cruel and capricious making me bury our love
Not in a grave yard under a sluttish tomb stone
But beneath a tall oak tree of a forest dark, wide and alone
Where none can come across or see from above

There will be no memorial days or sad hours
And I shall never visit the tree or put flowers
Yet the mouth I loved so much to kiss and to treat
Was none like so daring and bittersweet

I shall never go to the under tree love grave
For the woods are hostile, dark and cold
My time I shall for new love save
New love, new joy, constrain the rebel heart, forget the old

All day long I shall stay in the sun
Where the wide winds blow and flowers bloom
But oh, I shall cry at night for my sorrow is still undone
When none will know my time of agony and gloom

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Nero CaroZiv

Love oscillations

We knew the flames of fire; we heard desirer's roar
When our love's inferno to its heights soars
Not once, nor twice we tried from each other to flee
Yet we were swept again by our love as by a vexed foaming sea
To its steep depth, to its sweet pains
Engulfed, from our love's locks escape was in vain

This chamber where I now dwell
Still bare the sweet memories of love's hell
Dappling grace, of more glorious days we knew
The trace of sweet storm that passed without anew
Here nothing is like it was so clear
Nor like it felt when you were here
Elusive pictures, shadows glooms, pale reflection
Of yours haunt me, mock my heart's devastation
Yes, nothing is like it was, and what was
Follows no clues, it obeys no laws
It does not resemble what happens now, what carries on
In my life, the living of love's deserted pawn

My dear love, my sweet witch
You are unique in my world, out of my reach
From dawn till dusk
About your being I wonder and I ask
Still love you dear, love you more
Than ever before

I know, as I knew, all your secrets, all your lies
Your beguiles, your deceits, your disguise
Yet their traps I failed to avoid
Your charm my vision, my sanity cloyed
The tormenting madness of forbidden love's cage
Rapture great, zeal of sighing sweet, suffocating rage

And yet in the dark of cold nights
Other knights had bestowed your flesh with satiety
Of fresh lust's variety
Upon the diminishing light of a rusted lamp
They left you lying jaded sweat in a bed lump

Time goes on, singing its own mourning themes
And each day is like a dagger, each moment like a scream
That never departs the throat
As it usually does, as it always aught
How can I tell our love that was but a flower?
Now turned into swamp of boiling sour

For now I know the danger of lover's trap
When it tempts us to lull in its perilous lap
If after all these decaying years
There are left for me few dangling tears

My heart will less explode, if you would cry
I have within me this caution of a lie

My dear love, my sweet dove
You are unique in my world, out of my love
From dawn till dusk
About your being I wonder and I ask
Still love you dear, love you more
Than ever before
So it will go on, and so it will be
As long and as far mine eyes can see

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Nero CaroZiv

Morning Spring

The foul mist has been replaced in the greening plain,
And the dew-drops shine on the ear lop of a balmy rose, not rain,
The coquette rose awakes facing East again
Its lovely self adorning in such fresh scent morning with no strain.

Oh, the vast plain is grassy, untamed wild and bare
Wild, wanton and wide open to the morning air
Which has built up everywhere
Making the little rabbit to the meadow tread and dare

upon the far horizon blue peaks in the distance rise
And ivory white against the cold sapphire sky
Shine out of the crowing crests of snow
Beneath their line the bushes stretching in a dominant grow

The morning wind is hiding, sighing, dodging among the trees,
A sighing, soothing, laughing tease, of glee, not tears
The sun is rising in bright dusk skies
Veils his fair head of glory while contently he spies

This morning it is my love unclouded luster of her eyes
Her beauty shines as nature does; and once it descried
The jealous vanquish roses lose their bursting pride
And back into their home buds their blushes hide

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Nero CaroZiv

Moth's love

You have loved me one whole day
A sweet short summer dream season
Tomorrow when you leave, what will you say?
What will be your reason?
Will you then antedate our love's vow?
Or say in disdain
That our love was in vain
And now we are no longer those persons who we were?
Or that oath made in reverential fear
Of love, by love own wrath may be foreswear?

You have loved me whole life of a moth
To abandon me to throw me into a dungeon of loath
Was it me? Was you?
Can anything be done or undo?
Or as true death does true marriage untie
So lovers knots be by time unchained unloose?
Or is it your own mortal end fear to justify
Having your course and your purpose change
Leaving me out of your circle and your chance
You have no way but falsehood to be true

Vain lunatic ways
Gaudy wanton thoughts with little substance to pay
Against these skeptic thoughts I could
Dispute and refute if I would
But I shall abstain to do
For tomorrow I may think so too

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Nero CaroZiv

My heart is heavy with fruits of love

My heart is heavy with fruits of love
Like clusters of ripe pomegranate fruit bearing down
The canopy branches of the tree
But I can never give you one from above
It is waxed and sweetened by the full sun as jewels crown
The fruits of my love do not belong to me; they are not free

Yet in the evening, at dusk twilight, I dare entreat you to hide low
When bats chase moths encircling wandering in lights glow
Under the crimson dusk skies' pall
A fruit from the tree may slip and fall
And when in the gray hour it drops as lust's prey
Would you take it? Hence no one will ever know or say

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Nero CaroZiv

My Home Town

The last time I saw my home town, her trees were dressed for spring,
And her people walked beneath those trees and birds found songs to sing.
The last time I saw my home town, her heart was warm and gay,
No matter how cruelly they change her, I'll remember her that way.

I dodged and hid in the fields of golden corn that I had dodged for years.
The chorus of the wind blowing the heavy loaded stems was music to my ears
I thought of happy hours and pure childhood lost, and laborious people who toiled
their day
Old women, selling flowers, in markets at dawn, kids rushing to their play

Lonely I was, scanning with lonely eyes, seeking her in vain
Her streets are where they were, but there's no sign of her; the pain is insane
Where are the children who ran in the park and in sun sandy paths
And those who danced under summer night looked at the stars and laugh

I used to watch as a child the fair morning fog clearly chiming in its flowing before my
eye;
Warmly and broadly the south winds were winding and blowing over the sky.
One after another the white clouds over the fields of wild tulips were fleeting;
Every heart that gorgeous May morning in joyance was brimming and beating

Ah, my home town, a place I love to come back like to music,
A place that hushes me and heals me when I am forlorn and tired;
I still see the phantom oak woods at the East with birds of sharp peak
In a flare of crimson by the frost old yet newly fired

As a child I spoke to the primrose that had opened her pale yellow flowers
And wandered under heaven lighting star after star after a day of spring showers.
A Place I love to come back to, be a child free, boundless and smiley
Mid-orchard, midnight, as the leaves are lulling drowsily;

The violet in mid field hidden in veil, on veil of evening calm
The hills across from the University sky line grew dreamy and far;
A wood-thrush was singing soft betraying no harm
In the heart of the hollow where the dark pools are;

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Nero CaroZiv

My lover and I

When the ever resilient nightingale to his date
Chirrup his songs day long and night late
My love and I keep our sweet state
In the lush and balmy bower
Of varieties bursting blooming flowers
Sweetening with love chat the fresh young air
All day from rose cheeked morning till dusk we are there
Till the watchman guarding in the tower
Announces the approaching close hour
The gored vermilion sun sank in the West
And the night rests on canopies and on crests

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Nero CaroZiv

My Utmost Fears

My utmost fears that I may one day cease to be
Before my quill has gleaned my still teeming brain
Too long before my piled childhood pains have been expressed in plea
Being held like rich garnerers full of ripen grain

As I behold, upon the deepened vaults of night's starred face
All decorated with high symbols of divine icons and romance
And to think that I may not forever live to adore and to trace
The secrets, the shadows and their magic chance

And when I see any piece of beauty presented by the hour
In full lament I shall be for I never look upon thee any more
How I relinquish the relish in observing the universe power
The skies, the sea and the vast sand on elongated shore

Upon the echoing dunes of solitary shore
I stand alone stunned with the beach stones to think
How what is, becomes no more
How love and fame are closed, to nothingness sink

Nero CaroZiv

My verse

There are those who dip their quill in honey
Before they verse the lines of love
There are those who soak it in agony
Before they lay the lines of solitude and loath
I am none of the above
My verse is simple
It puts a smile between two dimples

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Nero CaroZiv

My worst nightmare

My worst nightmare I dread and fear
To be buried beneath a street far from my dears
I will be long dead and my heart full of dust
The place, the dwell of my wherever lost lust
The wheels and hooves of machines and beasts rolling over my head
My bones will be shaken with pain and dread
This is how it will be
If no one is going to take a heed of me
If into a shallow grave my tattered skeleton is thrust
Imagine only inches beneath a heavy traffic street bust
The gallop of horses and the trot of goats and cows
Will keep their relentless beat with a chorus of crows
Beat into my scalp and my brain
Like never an end to the stream of rushing ants under rain
Heedless of poor me carrying, traveling, hurrying, leaving
In my life I shun away from front busy street living

When the wretched age catch up with my bones
Not a bell will be rang, not a pray or eulogy will be read
It is that which makes us noble in the world of the dead
Just like this lowering me down to my eternal tomb bed?

Ah, my spirit where does it wander where does it pass
My soul where does it dwell in heaven or in hell
In the face of immortality and ancient laws unveil
Deep sleep, eternal doom comes to every sinew and lust

No more pleasant summer night dreams, no more morning first shine
But this eternal entity; all formless kingdom divine
Along my bones the creeping tattered flesh will quake
And my all damped besmeared hair stiffened with dust and thus it spake

Do you find God there in this colossus universe of ultimate justice pure
Or you be-left to deem and contemplate in land of spiritual desolation insecure
Among creatures of grave clay; the vain dwellers of tomb dust
A moth out survive you; a mold digs and borrows under your gravel rust

Things of normal routine day you never see nor attend the dusk of night
Heedless, stale and blind to wisdom and light

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Nero CaroZiv

Night of dew and tangle

I recall a night of dew and tangle
As the dew fell on the cobweb from a wind at angle
To leave it threaded with stars
A night of scattering jewels on fences and pastures bars

As proud dawn rose against dry grass bright
Yet to come under human sight
And tangled boughs and weaved weeds
Bearing a rainbow gem on each of their seeds

Come again you blue dust of evening over slumbering city,
Over this ocean of roofs, walls, streets and tall towers
Where the window-lights innumerable claim skies without pity
And bloom from the walls like climbing flowers.

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Nero CaroZiv

Of human bondage

When my love and I mutually swear that we both are made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she is fickle; full of frauds and dry lies,
Making me wondering if she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the ways of the vast world's false cunning subtleties.

Thus lying to each other, I cannot tell if she thinks me young,
Although in her mind she knows my days are past their best,
Being an occasional adulterous myself, I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides hypocrisy thrives and thus is simple truth suppressed.

But wherefore I can never say or guess when and if she is unjust?
Consuming fresh young flesh wherefore say not I that I am old?
The thrusting thought that love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I do bed her, and she does bed me,
And in our faults by lies and by false evasive excuses we flattered be.
Beware when being seduced by sweet fresh younger nymph's kind
Love becomes a monster that plays havoc with your mind

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh ever present to my view

Oh ever present to my view
my warring, wafted spirit is with you
and soothes your budding fears
Which other conceive as gestures of leers
I see you all oppressed with perplex gloom
Wrap in dark shades of hollow room
Oh me see you all in sighs
The invisible trace of tears upon your check dry

Sometimes you are like a deep blue lake
I throw stones to its bottom with no response and no wake
other times I can not tell
the lake is full or it is but a phantom, a fairy tale
yet by its bank I still stand and my head shock
watching a jealous Narcissus craving its image in the watery nook

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh me, oh poor shrunk brittle me

Oh me, oh poor shrunk brittle me
Dead cold sunken eyes that will never see
Oh me why have they buried me so deep
What they were afraid of? What they want to keep
How deep is enough?
Is it kind to dig my grave in soil so rough
Oh me that was an ever quiet gentle sleeper
May be still I am but just half dead
Yet to be dumped so wholly deeper
I will never hear the steps over my head
Please some one, some kind heart
Will come and rebury me higher
Ever so little higher above this hole of dire
Some one must realize this horrible mistake
And please rebury me in scenery near a lake
And take this heavy soil that my chest bares
So I can breathe some lighter air

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh prophet!

Oh prophet! Oh prophet! get up and flee
The dormant city
Is vicious, merciless without joviality or glee

Oh prophet! Oh prophet get up and run
The dreadful city before the rising sun
The gentle night welcomes with cover and calm

Oh prophet! oh prophet get up and haste your retreat
The night city drums thunder and beat
A place so foul, no man is liberated or free in solitary streets

Oh prophet! oh prophet get up and hide
This city is filled with bigotry and shameful pride
The night is pure with divinity and delight

Oh Prophet! oh Prophet wake up and rise
Large treasure rapture city eyes
Their sins are blotted in shape and size

Oh prophet! oh prophet take a warning heed
Tomorrow God's wrath will over the city take lead
And with fury and fire burns her towers and her peaks

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh that it were possible

Oh that it were possible
After long grief and pain
You walk in the path of amiable
Innocence and repentance plain

And your bare sole
Will touch the field scudding chaffs
The meadow wheat elongated spikes will dagger your soul
And the wind will blow your skirt in halves

A throng of persistent rain drops caress
Your neck, your shoulders and your fresh head
And as you walk wet and soaked and careless
You shall see the vermillion canopy of dawn's shade

And you stand breast high amid gilded wheat field
Clasped by the golden light of a bright morning yield
Like a sweet creature a beloved of the sun
You draw many glowing kisses like one

And you rush brushing ankle-high in a sea of flowers
And you hear the wind behind playing in thousands waves of golden wheat
And you breath nostrils wide the field sweet
As the cows thick with milk and the buzzing bees honey your hour

Tranquility and calm will extend within thee newly bred
As a ray of dusk breaks through the edge of a dark cloud
And you will be free from scalp to sole of any doubt
Like a bird in the sky your soul will fly without a dread

And you shall smell the fresh cut field's furrows
As your breath grows calm as a nun
And you will watch the waning sun
In the mirror of a puddle wrapped in golden rows

And things turn so simple and apparent in life
Calm without a struggle or the din of a strife
And you can touch, and you can live under secure heaven above
And you can love! And you can love! And you can love!

Oh that it were possible
After long grief and pain
You walk in the path of freedom lane
Untouched by scourging fire along or by storms of evil

And you fall into innocence and repentance plain
And the divine spirit will canopy your life a whole
And you will be shy and innocent again
Like a lawn; like a lea; like a new born soul

Oh that it were possible
After long grief and pain

You walk wandering towards your beauteous hours
When summer haze hangs over short simmering showers
To be welcomed by lush grass and sprouting flowers

And you wonder in peace while you pace along
As the fields and woods are full with whisper and song
And shall be without a slough, a crust of sin or any other touch of wrong
And you shall stay away from the basest of mankind
Debark and astray from them with a clear mind
And let them be who harm you all these years
For them you shade no vows; from them withhold your tears
Let them keep battering the gates of heaven with fruitless pray
"Have mercy Lord, Take my flaws away"

Oh that it were possible
After long grief and pain
From this fearful thing you abstain
Of glancing back at the gloom of miss-spent years
When your heart sweats and weeps with a thousand tears
And you shall forgive these wild wandering cries
Confusions of wasted years; a beam of hope breaks through
Portrayed in shapes and shades of feeling of yearning true
To illuminate your night of darkness and to cheer your aching eyes

Oh that it were possible
After long grief and pain
You walk these pastures after rain
A pleasant gale urging breaks behind
And bruit your song to the very creatures in the grass down
Rain drops aflutter with gentle wind
Will fall on your goddess like shape gown
And on the wilding brooch of your dress
From which gilded drops fall on your breast
And you break forth from all past enslaving love
And you adore the freedom bestowed from heaven above

Oh that it were possible
After long grief and pain
You bridge back the river of your youth's years
To the first fountain of innocent love smiles and tears
And you would not trace again the stream of human lukewarm hours
Between outworn banks of life withered flowers
Nor shall you bid your time flow until it ripples and glides
Into number of meaningless nameless love wavelets tides

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh where are you the lost lamb in pain and in sour

Oh where are you the lost lamb in pain and in sour
You who have strayed from your pastor
where have you gone along
To a land without a tree and without a song
where do you wander
straying from me, from life you are sundered
You now in stranger land drink water
From broken wells

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Wordsworth! Wordsworth!

Oh Wordsworth! Wordsworth!
In vain you have scattered thy heavy words
Unanchored by human character, sighing, suffering or thought
They to be scudded by the winds towards
Nothing, but a pile of chaffs and morsels in midfield of naught

But once you did captivate the heart of a lad and lass
When you wrote about the splendor in the grass
Tented with the canopy of the glory of the flower
Since then your prose froze, sank never again to tower

Yet to the above well deserved praise
one small correction I am obliged to raise
This is done without any malice or bad intention
but the fact of truth should not be snaffled its mention

That these soft lines of human treasure
were buried in 'ode' beyond any measure
under the weight of ten stanzas that ware wilt any reader pleasure
Oh Wordsworth if you had just written half less
your message and verse would have so much more grace

Failing to recite your long lines of 'nature' at school
The teacher called me loud and clear 'You damned fool'
Stone cold at heart she could never feel or tell
How arid, dull to death and ludicrous was 'Peter bell'

Oh Wordsworth! Wordsworth!
In your rather long and tedious "Excursion"
A quarto that hold several hundreds pages
You have given a sample from the vasty version
Of your "new system" to perplex the sages
I assume that he who understands it would be able
To resolve the confusion at the tower of Babel

Oh Wordsworth! Wordsworth!
In vain you have summoned the earth, sun and creeks
That rush in the maze of forest gloom
Your verse is doused with heavy dunce to be a doom
And never your pen treads with your colleagues peaks

The wording of your prose in human aspect is low
It teaches me the nothingness of things
Word after word line by line about nothing
You gathered winds and storms but never let them see a show
The anticipated climax that never culminated into its conclusion
The converging clouds dissipated leaving the reader struck with illusion

But some dignitary scholars of the world idol you

As the distinguished poet of nature
They teach your philosophy in every college lecture
"He who has mourned and wept to know
The sweet memories of childhood, friendship and love first glow
Once they leave us, we forever live in vexing pain of their shadow"

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh, How I Love Late Summer Eve

Oh, how I love late summer eve
When rays of light rush pouring from the gore golden West
And the balmy night wind comes tranquil into rest
The silver cloud in the moon sheen has been long on its way to leave

All mal thoughts and fears take a sweet pause and calm retrieve
No more little gnawing cares, but find with easy quest
The night music, the fragrant bush, the silhouette of flowers with Nature's beauty
dressed
And there comes delight my innocent craving a miracle soul to deceive

That is the time when my heart is warm in ecstatic lore
Musing about the beauty of the haze under summer night
Oh, adventurous creatures of the night rise to take your dinted shields
And I see the beauty of the glory the wild summer night yields

Nero CaroZiv

Oh, if It is not God utmost forbiddance

Oh, if it is not God utmost forbiddance that you make yourself love's slave
Obedience in thought and discipline under the control of his domineering pleasure
Or at his hand the account of time with him to enjoy and to crave
Being his vassal, his dispensable tool, you bound yourself to stay his leisure

Shall you not suffer being constantly at his bidding beck
The imprisoned in the absence of his calm and cool liberty
And patience, tame to sufferance, bow and bide each check
Without accusing him or holding him account of any injury

To be where he lists his character is so strong
That he himself may provide his account and time
To what he will, to him it does belong
He to pardon himself of self doing mischief or crime

You wait for a change though waiting is hell
But it never comes,
Your comfort, your amends far delaying for years some
Yet you never blame his pleasure be it ill or well

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh, Pretty Woman

Oh, pretty woman strolling down city streets
You change my thoughts, my heart throbs beat, beat

Oh, nymph of downwards smile and sidelong glance
In what diviner moments of the night or the day
Are you most lovely I wonder? Is it when you go astray
In this city maze of paths and parks with labyrinths of human utterance?

Oh, pretty woman, is it when serenely wandering in a trance
Of sober divine thoughts, or when or when starting away
With careless red robe to meet the first morning ray
You out do the flowers in your hazy mazy dance?

Oh, nymph when your ruby voluptuous lips part so sweetly
To please the ears of men as a whole sound completely
Is it not more gentle than a wind in summer
What can be more soothing than your harmonious hummer?

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Oh, who is afraid of life

Oh, who is afraid of life
The passion the sorrow and the strife?
In front of my window the multitudes are asleep
Sheltered so easily in their beds
Happy in their sleep as if they were dead

Yet I am alone and not dead
I wish not to lie in bed
Dead, dead, dead
Dead without any company
Here alone on my bed
with all these gracious thoughts about the world
These thoughts are fed by the sun

O life there is about you
This deep sense of sweet being
I would not have been without you here
Yet, you without me would have been the same
So let me stay, and stay more with you
Sweetness, joy, breath and rebirth
Keep away the death

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Nero CaroZiv

On God laments

Oh mighty God you have allowed us to choose,
And in loose ambition we lose all we have
In making life choices, which meant only to those among us who are brave
Yet the majority of us toil in the maze of world fragile and loose

Rather than guide each soul to its destiny, fate and ball
What kind of creature to be? , what act to perform before the dust fall?
Much I have been raged since my early days as young
For being so oppressed in your world and lacking a shrewd tongue

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Nero CaroZiv

Once two friends

Once, Once upon a time we were friends an elder and a youth
Bond together in the quest of the light of truth
But what whispering tongues' poison what rough winds wedged to set us aloof

A riddle of constancy which lives in realm above
And life is a thorny path of youth in vain
And to be worth with the one we love
Does work like gnawing poison, a demon of madness havocking the brain

Alas since then neither of us could find the other
To free the hallow heart from anguishing painting
We still stay apart; the scares we meant to mend remain ailing

Like giant steep lofty cliffs we stand asunder
A dreary sea now follows between
Which neither heat nor frost nor quake nor thunder
Shall wholly shakes it away, I dream to wean
The marks of love which once had been

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Nero CaroZiv

Our marriage

So once I have thought how sweet it is to love!
And so I did follow in aught how beguiling is young desire!
And thus I have endured the pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach our love's fire!
And in truth our pains of love were sweeter far
Than all other pleasures were or are.

Our early sighs which were from our love blown
Did but gently heave and calm the heart:
Even the tears we shed together and alone
Cured, like trickling balm, their smart:
As young lovers, when we lost our breath,
we bled away in an easy soothing death.

But now I ask why should a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago in years and seasons was made,
Still oblige us to each other now,
When passion is lost and love decayed?
We loved, and we loved, as long as we could,
Till our love was loved out in us both;
But our marriage is dead when the pleasure and fun are fled:
It was pleasure first made it an oath.
Yet with time and in years it grow into despise and loath

Yet now I ask not the cause why it turns sullen spring
That so long delays her flowers over our heads to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing, and quite are the lake rings
And winter storms invert the year under its gloom we lost our cheer
Roses are gone; and fate provides
To make it spring away where she resides.

And in this world of prison and loath in which we stubbornly stay
Your indifference of a spectator who is idle and aloofly sits
An icon of more a beholding than caring in a cold detached play
Of estranging and abandoning rather than amending my troubled wits

Take for instance the times when I enjoy glad occasions
Or in sad times when I wail and utter my pains and woes
The first kind you encounter with sulphuric retreats of desperation
While on the second you offer no kindness, a total cruelty in shows

Finding no delights in my mirth nor rues in my successes
Mocking me in my laughs, and when I cry
You laugh hardening ever more your remote heart and withdrawn passes
Where are this love and passion that used to dwell in your eye

And nothing in me can move you, nor mirth nor moan
Oh love, what is the process that has turn you into senseless stone!
How great our mutual grief, our joys how few,
Time have the slow years not brought to view

Your voice once so sweet encouraging and calm
Now can shudder glass and is heard through like drums
It beats to battle; dreadful bells that awaken alarms
Your face, once my phantom, delights of fancy, comes
In front of me to give the battle its utmost climax

Ah, the neighbors and other bold acquaintances
On us they have drawn their social acceptances
claiming we have the perfect life in pure marriage
little they know the horses hooked behind the carriage
Would ever such horses and carriage move forward
Sodomy and agony; suffocating oppression I feel so awkward

Shall I long and yearn to be happy again when I am alone
Do the things I want and call the day my own
Stop being dependent, be secure within and can say
Be your worse darling I have lived my day

Ah, be fair or foul, rain or shine
Who cares, my joys in spite fate are mine
No one on earth and nor you over me has power
Free from what has been I will seek my rebirth hour

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Nero CaroZiv

Our Orli

Of all the girls that are cleaver and smart
There is none like witty pretty Orli
She is the darling of our heart
Where she lives within chambers' alley solely

Of all young ladies of the land
none walks in such beauty and youth of proud descend
her master of art and math of high command
like cloudless climate of starry nights skies
you can meet the aspect of her eyes

The war of shades and lights
of rebel frowns and innocent smiles bright
are so softly lightened over her glance and face
where thoughts sweetly serenely express
How pure how dear is their dwelling place

And on those cheeks and over this brow
the soft and calm yet eloquent
smiles that win the tints that glow
but tell of budding life of respect and in goodness spent
A mind at its peace with all the universe show
A heart whose love and thirst to the world is innocent

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Nero CaroZiv

Past love

Is it you I keep thinking of, dreaming of still?
Should I feel like I do; shall I do like I feel?
I come to realize that I do miss your love and sooth
While I am not missing your harsh manners and capricious reproof

We ran our love; the golden largess of our praise
Till it was gone,
So it came; so it fell to the flower of cankered mal
It would not let it be as it was; sieged in fatal

It is not a word spoken or a gesture token,
Few words are said; silence is pure innocent guide
Nor even a look piercing of the sharp eyes
Nor a bend or a nod of the head,

But only a calm hush overwhelming the heart
That has too much to contemplate and to keep,
Only memories waking, running through the unsettled mind
That sleeps so light a sleep; if rests such a short.

There is no magic between us any more,
We meet; we behave; we react as other people do,
Your presence works no miracle for me
Does mine play any perfumed reminiscence to you?

Nothing will be changed now
After so many years all unshaken stand;
Like sluttish ware out tomb stones in grave yard
Life has not broken it with parting or panting tears;

Death will not alter it either,
My heart against you will never rebel;
My feelings in my heart do live on
Long after love past; they are in all my songs
When I am perished and gone.

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Nero CaroZiv

Rain, rain, rain

Rain, rain, rain
Why it cannot be another rain
The one that comes down
Whirling and smashing under a gust
With force with joy and with thrust
Bouncing from leaf to leaf
From earlobe to earlobe
Shines like a pearl
In the vermilion lap of a rose
And in the morning sun
A playful rabbit will chase
The vapor of its breath
On a lush green turf

Rain, rain, rain
Exits and ends are not joyful trend
Mortality, a monster ambushing life
Lurks our essential being
Craves its victims young and fresh
Devour like fire any piece of beauty to ash
Prey on any joy of ever
This horror of feeling, this dreadful sadness descended on me
Like a night on an owl
To rough and to shake me with dreadful foul

All things are hushed with the falling rain, nature's self lay dead
The mountains seem to nod their dawn drowsy head
The little birds in dreams their songs not repeat
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat
Even lust, Envy and hate sleep, yet loves denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes

Oh Dear, lay your trouble head to rest
Calm the palpitations in the breast
God renders our fortune sweet
If we aid him with our bravery and wits

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Nero CaroZiv

Reflections on a winter night

If you go away and you have set the day
In my heart I foster a blessing, in my lips a pray
That you shall guard and protect yourself
And your life be under these heaven and sun safe

And if you wish to say 'Good bye' and if for ever
Still for ever... as 'ever' is such deafening, I do wish you well
Even though my heart with painful pangs gasps for air, never
Against you shall it bare to rebel

Yet quietly and reclusive it retreats to dark solitary
To vanquish its sorrow and sweet pains and deals daily with adversary
It has to unchain to unwind and to wean
Itself from her, the one that had been

I, I his master have locked it in the chamber of my chest
Where shaken and frightened it will seek but never find rest
For I have thrown the dungeon's keys
And condemned it to live by fading memories

And If I hear it sobbing long into a cold winter night
I will command it to be a proud daring knight
And so I shall say:
Dear heart! There is not a joy life can give, like that it takes away

Oh it is such a fearful thing to glance and bare
Back on the bloom of love long wielded
It is a flower beaten down with rain and wind
Which once they fostered up with gentle care

Your words sounded like the howling winds on barren branch load
When the joy of laughter ceases
Suffocated love dries out and frizzes
And there are no morning breezes to move away the ominous cloud

And the heart within me crying in the bewitched night
It is crying for its deprived light
With no language with a wordless cry
And yet so potent is its sigh

Howling, howling, howling the wind over dark land and sea
No refuge no comfort can come to me
Wailing, wailing, wailing the sounds of the night
The ominous moon stares at the snow and the downs are as a day bright

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Nero CaroZiv

Remember me

Remember me when I am no longer near but gone away
Gone far away into a remote unknown land
When you can no more reach and hold me by the hand
Nor I half hesitantly turn to go, yet prolong the turning stay

Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of life and love netted and planned
Of changes, rehashes and plans you must attend
With courage without pretend or from the truth astray

Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to console, to rebuild or to pray
A murky river falls into the sea in a shore of vast sand
And the swift footed time will claim its prey

Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember again, please do not grieve
For if agony and anguish leave
A morsel of the thoughts that once I had
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than you should ever remember and be sad

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Nero CaroZiv

Sacramento's sacraments

Sacramento, Sacramento a city under twilight dusk
From your deserted streets the people one by one will not last
Where are all the lights and the young lads gone?
Where are all the flowers and the nightly gowns?

Solely and slowly the homeless roam in the ghostly streets
Searching morsels and shredded company in dark allies pits
Poverty and desolation scream from every corner wall
An inferno wall of fear cankering the human soul

A shady tattered figure with torn vomits on the side walk stone
His lungs and soul all widely, publically blown
His pal lays his liquids in comfort on a bank of murky creek
while a salty dropp slides down my dusty cheek

Sacramento, Sacramento in your elongated gardens
the black bat night has flown
In his path a wooden bench of lovers lane is unattended alone
And the roses by the hush of the moon lost their pardons

The nightly beasts will not come out of their den banned by fright
The little birds winged their way shrieking out of their natural game
As the broad moon rises looming like a beacon flame
against the red murky evening light.

Gothic ornaments attached to buildings with granite pillars broad and tall
Standing in support shoulder to shoulder, brother to brother
as the night shades on the weary city fall
their claws grasp and wrap your avenues like blight
Lovers will not whisper to each other
"be by the roses tonight".

A granite bright silhouette appears streamed into the air by the gable wall
As slowly steals the moon in a silver flame
Along her rarely naked breast she announces the starry night her proclaim
There among the tall pillars the glory of the night holds its fall

I muse upon her high state as the broad moon laves
The lawn by the cathedral through the door
Hearing the holy organ waves
Of sound rolling on roof and floor

Odd ominous is that lunar light
The granite rock column which stands on
Confronting the sanguine beam bright
Seems to change into a pillar of crimson

While its lower part is doused in darkness half averted

Shrouded in the densest pall of dark
And the vaults of blending beams of nightly arc
And a bronze snake twines his black folds and glossy neck converted

Sacramento, Sacramento the meadows around you are shining with splendor haze
As the sun daily gilds the wheat stems with glaze
And the night desert winds blow and the palm tree arms stir
a star barely peers through the thick heavy atmosphere
You are far from any native shores
Where waves roll high and foaming breakers roar

Sacramento, Sacramento the charmed sunset lingers in the West
The hot feverish night succeeds with parched unwholesome air
That softly falls on petals blown from roses crest
And your inner land cannot see the silent pinnacles of snow aged and fair

The hills around are full with flowers in bright bloom
Grow green and broad and take no care
except sun-steep at noon and nightly dew-fed at the moon
far from misery and despair

Sacrament, Sacramento no crocodiles in your briny creeks
The sun scorches mercilessly your mountains peaks
in the sand fields of your river foot
reluctantly avoiding the banks outcropping tree's roots

The plain in not grassy in your wide river, but wild and bare
Whirl, wild and open to the hot afternoon air
which has built up through the streets everywhere
Under high elevated train rail concrete gray
With inner voice the wide silent river runs
In it floats a dying half plucked swan

The willow trees sagging over the floating swan weep
On their shades on tangled blankets the settlements of the homeless sleep
the sadden trees with boughs drooping in deep lament
As the weary wind sighs and calms the grieving reeds tops at ascend.

Sacramento Sacramento
In your field the thundering steed
Rushes aimlessly struck by the long day heat
There is windless calm a dismal pause beat
The dust of hooves cloud the inferno air
Towering to the vaults of colossus blue without a stair
The lonely shaded spider's thin gray pall
Waves slowly widening over between a pole and wall

The bat hangs by the whispering reeds in the bower
And waits the kingdom of the night by the fortress of his power
The ominous owl usurps the beacon tower
The stray dog howls in despair over the river brim
By his emaciated human both baffled thirst and famine grim
As the line of dust on the human face lingers
The hands idle with patina of skin and sot on the fingers

Though the river never shrinks from its sandy bed
There the weeds and desolating dust spread
Unable to cope with the sultriness of the day
The children hide and do not play

A dark shadow flits before me where I stand
Murmuring old themes of ancient biblical days
He holds a worn out book in his hand
Trance in delirium he conjures prophets in his prays

Oh lo, finally approaches an old city bus
Making its way heavily across a track of phantom city cars
Its image faint against countless closed shops and abandoned bars
Its engine vocals its core in a choir with a shuttered glass din
Oh bus, where so long have you been?
But thank God you came at last!
Blessed the Lord, you are real and well seen!

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Nero CaroZiv

Savage Time

Savage cruel Time that in your claws we deposit our trust
And youth, and our joy, and our all, whole we have and hope
And what we are paid back by your deceitful trade? earth and dust
In that dark eternal final state of grave with no upward slope

You take us, pluck us from the world; before we mature our ways
Shut up, closed and wrap in shroud the story of our undone days
Ah, from this earth, this grave this dust none of us revive or last
We are gone abandoned by all around; left with no trust

Daily we count the clock that measures you Time
And we watch bereft of a brave day sinking into hideous night
Our violet timid and shy yields to you its prime
as our heads all silvered over with white

And nothing against your scythe can make defense still
Unless we breed our beauties forth to escape your eternal skill

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Nero CaroZiv

Scold me

Scold me for your eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing your heart torments me with deep disdain,
Have put on mocking mourners of nature to be,
Looking with pretty wrath upon my pains.

The morning sun of heaven knowing what my night been through
Better becomes the gray sobbing cheeks of the East,
And that full star that ushers in the heaven sees my day's blue
Loses half of its glory to the sober dark west,

And your two glorious eyes embedded in such complexion face:
Will there be some pity there for me to beseem your heart that I adore
To mourn for me and torture and despise me no more,
Since even mourning does your beauty grace

Oh, fair creature of the field let me speak and your heart yields
I would my rude words had the influence without offence or guilt
To lead your thoughts as your fair looks do mine
Then my world would never know a brighter sun shine

God knows I cannot force love as you do upon me
My words will be for sooth and spotless as my youth
A diamond set in lead will retain its worth and its truth
Though I am base in respect to thee

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Nero CaroZiv

Send me some words

Send me some words that my gasping hope may breathe
That my agitated thoughts may release my mind to sleep, to rest in peace
Send me a message that my panting passion may survive
That my mind pantomimes on sweet honey memories stolen from our past hive

Send me some tokens of our love
I expect no rib bond written on paper white dove
Nor letters in scripted in your own hands
To knit back our love in strong strains
Of new touched youth of a ring and vigor to sew the stands
Of our affection, souls connection that as that round ring is plain
So should our love regain its youth its origin and simplicity
No, send me not the coral that your fine wrist enfolds
Laced up together in harmonious congruity
To show that our thoughts should rest in the same hold
No, not your picture though most divine and gracious
And most desired, popular and the best
No, not witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writing which you addressed

Send me none of all
It will increase none in my store
But swear you know
I love you deeply so
Stall, hash and say no more

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Nero CaroZiv

Shall I care?

Shall I care at all, that in the dreams and in the languor of time
My poetry does not show me and my inner most being and prime
For my poems are fragrance, and not a credible reflection
Words like shadows in disharmony dance and daunt imagination

But I do care, for life will be over so soon,
And I will be lost, forgotten as my being never happen
Like a small candle in mid day bright noon
And my quill idle, blunt and not sharpen

yet, like barley bending in harsh summer winds throng
And rising again and again
So would I, free and unbroken rise from agony and pain
Day long, night long change my sorrow into words of song

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Nero CaroZiv

Shall I ever let

Shall I ever let my fancy and dream to roam
To bring this rare pleasure and conjure it back home
At touch this pleasure and memory melts
Like bubbles of water when the rain pelts

Nature has withhold Catherine beauty across the wide skies
What an adornment for the human eyes for next thousands of years
She has taken their cream of beauty, fairest dyes
And shaped and tinted sweet Catherine above all peers

When I behold her on the earth descend
My heart begins to throb and to burn; only in pains
This is my fancy and dreams that melt and vanish; my sad life's end
Love has poured her slaying beauty into my veins

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Nero CaroZiv

Shall I Make Peace

Shall I make peace and shall I accept this eternal enemy death
This unseen unfelt subtle that suffocates us out of last breath
And why shall I call it foe? Is it not our safest end of all our woe
We sinners the undeserved wretched do try to avoid it so

Does it not being a gentle drier of all love afflicted tears,
Is it not which nobly ends many times the cowards fears;
Does it not has this sweet repose to lovers sad despair,
Is it not the calm of human ambitions and rough over stretched care

Does it not move the seasons around to turn in different hues
Does it not make all things bloom, grow and replaced anew
If in regard of bliss and fortune he is but damned curse,
Yet the joys of Paradise were to Adam and Eve worse;

Since Adam had failed to sustain Paradise and from grace fell,
And God from Eden Adam and us the decedents did expel,
Death is no more an evil we so fear, but a relief;
The balm and cure to every Humane harm, sin or grief:

As impartial he is we all lie balanced equally under sluttish tombs
The same equal form or status we first left our mother wombs
Under his reign we shall suffer no illness or tooth ache as before
What man had forfeited, we now enjoy, and never can loose it more.

Nero CaroZiv

She

She never left the comfortableness of forty plus
Although her look is progressing to the point of collapse
Sometimes she may be seen in a dark cafe or flickering bars
Legs crossed; top buttons loose to announce the world her love scars

Some men of the past; some more than few
Knew her under better skies hue
To call themselves the noble term husband
But they all disappeared the relationships did not stand

Especially to one lover she is gone, the cruel fair;
For him she cast not back a look of pitying eye:
But left her lover to sink in desolate despair
To sigh, to languish, like a flower to wilt and to die:
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

To him she was the great Goddess of love that made
A face that can all hearts control and command
That all religions and cultures can invade
And easily change and reverse every law of the land
Where has such power been placed before
She should have mercy on him the more

Now lonely and lovely she is strolling in the market place
Carrying a basket of fashion to emphasize her waning grace
And still she steals whistles and shrieks from creatures standing by
Which she absorb in hidden content and with victorious sigh

Upon her head she wares a hat with a modest wreath
From whence her veil reaches to the side walk beneath
No one can tell her veil is artificial flowers or genuine leaves
Whose craftsmen either way left all beguiled by a total deceive

Many will praise the sweet smell as she passes
Is it her natural scent, a perfume, or her breath she casts
A kind of smell that the honey bee seek in vain
They would pursue it in high winds and tumultuous rain

About her chest hangs chain of crafted pebblestone
which is lightened by her neck like diamonds are shone
She never wares gloves, for neither sun nor wind
would burn or parch such skin on hands that make birds sing

What is her substance, from which she is made
that millions of strange shadow hues on her tend
Since everyone reflects one and only one shade
But she? She can every shadow of the rainbow lend

There are those who were lucky to observe her from close
To see a beauty beauteous framed in web of winkles and lines

As if by now is spared and skipped by years and by time
This beauty is preserved as in a book rests an eternal rose

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Nero CaroZiv

So Sweet

So sweet is the corner glance in her eyes
And so sweet is her voice in a morning greeting
How saddening are the adieux and the elongated goodbyes
To catch a peek at her beautiful face as time rushes retreating

So warm is the nerve in her welcoming gloved hand
It rises the earnest to bestow a kiss on her lovely brow
Oh, when and where shall I see her again in sea or in land
inexperienced with humane trade as unfurrowed field is new to the plough

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Stay Away Foul Death!

Stay away most foul and vile death
My heart and soul still beat in vigor of breath
Stop flipping so rapidly in my pages of years
My time is still far from mourning and tears

Yet my spirit becomes too fragile and weak
Your imposing mortality worse than the sharpest beak
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling, unwelcome sleep
And each imagined thing of pinnacle and steep
Of Godlike hardship or hell conclude my final bed
Must I like all creatures of this world be ultimately dead!

And how can I ever bid these joys of the world farewell?
Never, I must take them with me to a nobler life,
Where I may find great agonies and heroic strife
Of the human hearts, sages of all past ages with glorious rebel

And how do you imagine my final voyage to land so far?
Over sailing the blue craginess, a car
And sinew steeds with stream manes, and a charioteer
Guiding out upon the winds with glorious fear

And then the chariot numerous trampling quiver lightly
Along a huge white cloud's ridge; and then with sprightly
Wheel downward we come into fresher skies
Tipped round with silver haze from the sun bright eyes

I have seen many scenes of hill side grave yard
And none I found fit for my final depart
The town around the streets and the setting sun
The clouds, the trees, the rounded hills all seem
Though beautiful, cold, strange macabre as in a dire dream
The haunted clustered spirits of the dead in their nightly dance begun

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Nero CaroZiv

Stay shadow of contentment

Stay shadow of contentment too short live
Hover over my head float not your image
Fly not your inducing divinity
An illusion of enhancement I mostly prize
Fair image for whom I happily die
Sweet action for whom painfully I live

If to your charms attraction I submit
Obedient like steel to magnet fly
By what logic you flatter and entice
Only to flee a taunting fugitive
This is no triumph that you smugly boast
That I feel victim to your tyranny

Though from encircling bonds that held you fast
Your elusive form too readily slipped free
And though to my arms you are forever lost
You are eternal prisoner in my fantasy

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Nero CaroZiv

Summer

Here comes the happy season, the gay and gaudy comer
Is there more a gentle thing than soft wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the bee's pretty hummer?
The endless dark vaults of summer night glamour

Look the happy butterfly stays one moment at the gate of open flower
While the busy bee buzzes cheerfully from bower to bower
At a solitary forest wood rests in full glory and tranquil, a musk rose blowing
Hidden in lush greenery shy and secretive far from human knowing

Regard the healthy myrtle in the lap of dales
Where secluded nest is built by the melodious nightingales
And the Cornelia bursting countenance
Yields such a scenery for high passion romance

Bring your love to these summer pathless forest wood
All lovers quarrels and rifts will be vanish, and in truth understood

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Take me

Take me and be my love
Embrace me like an ivory white dove
Take me and let us live dear
Embrace me and never know fear

Take me as your honest obsequious pale
And you never know a moment dull
Have me as a sinner sick with passion
Our hearts will go through all love lessons

Take me as a fool sick with love on a string
Have me as an ordinary simple thing
That may blossom one day
Take me now don't listen to what they say

Take me as a dream that once may be fulfilled
Or have me as an idiot of lazy time killed
Just have me
Take me now not tomorrow
And I will be with you in happiness and in sorrow

Take as a thing that may happen soon
Take me as a dream that may bloom
Take me as fool sick with love and without pardon
Take me as scare crow to guard your garden
Take me as a spider to weave its web over your bed
Take me as moth encircling your head
Take me as a violin to play a tune of lament and sorrow
Just take me now, for a failing tomorrow
Just take me and then lose me
Just take me out of my anguish and agony
Take me have me as any thing
Inspite the trail of failures I may bring

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Nero CaroZiv

Temptation lurks

There is a pleasure in unploughed fields and in pathless woods
There is rapture and boyish excitement on lonely pebbled shore
There is freedom where none intrudes
The deep moving sea and the music in its roar

I love not my lover the less, but whole humanity more
Especially the feminine walking creatures; the look I steal
From all the beauties in crowded streets and fashion stores
They are like blossom of fresh flowers in throngs
Of dull existence; weeds of insipid wild thorns

To be with them all; among them whole and feel
what I can never express, yet cannot from within conceal

And yet, the expense of dignity is in the waste of shame
When lust is in action, how long does action last
Is it not perjured, murderous, bloody, irreversible damage full of defame
Indeed it is savage, extreme, rude a habit not to trust

All this is well known, yet none knows well
To shun temptation that leads men to shame and to hell
Who but fool to enjoy the fresh flesh which no sooner despised straight
It skips reason warnings and sooner had
Reason and logic hated as it swallowed the bait
A tempestuous bait on purpose made to make the taker mad
Wild and obsessed in pursue and in possession
In zeal and in delirium for the next adulterous session

A bliss in question that breeds lies and counterfeits vast as the sea sand
A world to collapse, the slightest true wind blow it would not stand

So let not my love in adultery be called
She is kind, fair and true

Fair, kind, and true so often lived alone in none
This triumvirate until I knew my love never kept a seat in one

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Nero CaroZiv

That you have abandoned all will and strife

That you have abandoned all will and strife
Discard any other activity which implies getting on with life
You do not want to break away forfeiting any bail
And you are punishing yourself, putting yourself in jail
put yourself in some kind of curfew under powerful bolt
put life and the world around in complete halt
Until yourself will give you what yourself has taken away from you.....
All in the name of this precarious love so divine and dear in your view
It melt you down as dawn stars are melt in blue
And all other suitors you disdain discarding so many
It raises doubt if you ever find true love with any

Your heart is always heavy for him with fruits of love
Like clusters of ripe pomegranate fruit bearing down
The canopy branches of the tree
But you never intend to give him one from above
It is waxed and sweetened by the full sun as jewels crown
The fruits of our love are subject to your status; they are not free

On the other side of the wall
He the fox is waiting for your fruit to fall
He knows this tree will shed its fruits
It always did, it ever will whenever ripe its shoots
Punctually by the season queue.
December, followed by May all season thru

And then on evening time, at dusk twilight, this fox dares to hide low
As bats chase moths encircling wandering in lights glow
Under summer night night with crimson skies' pall
The emotional muscles ware out and a fruit from the tree may fall
And when in the gray hour it drops as lust's prey
The fox feeds fiercely on its flesh, no one will ever know or say

As for me in all of this...
My work is done closed in uneasy halt
This heath, this strange calm and quiet scene
The memory of what has been
And never more will be
But it will ever live with me

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Nero CaroZiv

The rose

Vermilion hue decorates your gracious head
Bloom for any man in the universe
Some men will find you in haste
Other will miss you in search in toil late

Bless he that on timely found his rose
Alas the one who his rose miss
At the path of his life no bliss
His light vanquish
And he left like a blind in solitude and anguish

At anguish evening of forlorn winter
When meadows hide beneath dark clouds
Look your image in the mirror of your life
Your lovely rose plucked by a stranger hand
And you left naked to bare and to pretend

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Nero CaroZiv

The butterfly

I have watched a butterfly now a full half hour
So self-poised upon a yellow budding flower
And a huge winged butterfly with all rainbow colors indeed
I know not if it sleeps or it feeds
How in pure calm motionless it stands on leaf so thin
Even more still as it visits a stump pale with green
And then what joy waits it when the light breeze
Has found it out among the trees
It carried it up, down and away
A whole world on a spangled ray

This plot of Orchard-ground is ours
My son's trees they are, My family flowers
Stop here whenever you are jaded and worry
And take a rest in our green sanctuary
Visit our rich wreath glorious foreheads of lofty pines
And breathe ambrosial passion from their veins
By the balmy flowers seek refuge from human eye
And smell their scent being shoot to the sky
Come often to us fear no wrong
Sit near us on a balmy bloom of a bough long
We will talk of sunshine and of song
And summer days long lost, for ever gone
When we were young and strong
Our days of youth vigor and rapture sealed in our memory's throng

My fragile creature, stay, do not take haste your flight
A little longer stray around, delay in my sight
So many converses I have with you in a day bright
You are the historian of my infancy
With you around I can relive my fantasies
Float longer near me, do not yet depart
Tell me again the days of my childhood of lost heart
My sweet times in you I revive
Gay creature as you are to you I owe my strive
You bring solemn images of happy times to my heart

.....
These innocent days of sun and joy free of care
With no worries no burden of life to bare
How sweet, how pleasant were these days
The times when in our childish plays
Some giggling budding girls, few boys and I
Together chased you the flying butterfly
A very hunter did I rush
Upon my prey I leapt, I sprang, I fell
And the heavy odor of the trodden grass I smell
Oh that precious moment in me forever dwells
I lay on my back aloof and watched the sky
The thin gray cloud was spread on high
Sealed and carved in my bosom stone
Inside my very marrow bone
I got up and followed you from brake to bush

In open meadows in dales over brooks and creeks
As the sun of dusk sets behind the mountains peaks
But at the very last moment I feared to brush
The feathered dust from off your wings
This sweet joyful time makes my heart sink

Under huge broad-breast old oak tree lush and green
With trunk and boughs spread with bubbles skin
There under the tree in the warm summer day
I kissed a young maid with gems entangled in her hair
The day was not harsh no clouds in gray
The forest was in full foliage not bare
And the wind moaned sougning bleak
As I kissed her warm enthralling cheek
Yet there was not enough wind in the air
To move away the bright ringlet curl
From her lovely soft cheek
The swans' lake flapped their wings
And trumped their shrieks in full beak to sing
And as I was sunk in this heavenly bliss
My eyes caught in swift a glance of the lovely valley of her breast
The smell of her silken robe and the scent of her inner vest
Shy and perplexed at her first maiden kiss
Painting in passionate pangs she looked for a liss
She folded her arms beneath her cloak
And she stole to the other side of the oak
At once into the summer air you bounced and flew
And took my joyous soul to fly away with you

Fly, Fly and tower into vaults of heights and heavenly bowers
Creature of sun and joy, wind and sky
My memories of past glory, my soul are with you even as I die
And return to us right after spring thundering showers

Guard yourself from the evil behind your magnificent wings
Hide yourself from the storm, the rain, and the howling winds
The forest gloom foster danger with deadly weight
which haunts us in some sad reverse of fate

Pass by lakes pores and ocean shores
Leap and rest on the back of cloudy rack sailing in ore
A child born out of his mother sweet womb
To turn into a hovering ghost over his stone tomb

Fly butterfly over earth and ocean with waving holy motion
Ride on winds that shake the dew drops that wake
The sweet budding spring flowers in balmy bowers
Carry these divine memories of joy and love to contend eternally with stars above.

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Nero CaroZiv

The dancing whirling leaves

I will befall into my tomb
As a waning river falls to the sea
I embrace death the existence of 'not to be'
As a child welcomes his calm night dream

I walked in the shadows of darkness and sorrow
Unfriendly and cold and alone
As dismally gurgle besides me
The bleak river desolate moan
The rise of the volleying thunder
The mountain's lone echoes repeat
The roar whirl wind around me
The galling autumn leaves at my feet

I stooped in shadows of darkness and sorrow
Uncheered by the moon's spangled ray
Not a friend that I love but is dead
Not a hope I have but have faded away
Oh Shall I rest in the tomb
Wrapped about with the chill winding white sheet
For the roar of the wind is around me
And the waving yellow leaves above my head

I heed not the blasts that sweep over me
I mind not the hail the storm and the raging sea
I blame not the tempest of night
They are not the foes who have banished
The visions of youthful delight
I hail the wild sound of their raving
Their merciless presence I greet
Oh let it be! Let me join these eternal elements
And roam the land and rove the vexed sea
Yet my fate is the roar of the wind engulfing me
And the piling reddened leaves at my feet

In this waste of existence and solitude, for solace
On whom shall my lone spiral call?
Shall I seek shall I fly to the friends of my bosom
My God I have buried them all
They are dead they are gone they are cold
My embrace no longer they meet or feel
Fall to the roar of the wind around me
The yellow leaves hissing in a macabre music at my feet

Those eyes that glanced love into mine
With motionless and cold slumber are pressed
Those hearts which once throbbed are no more in line
They are chill as the earth where they rest
Then around me my wan withered form
Let the pestilent gale beat
Submit to the howling wind around me
While the mocking leaves dance at my feet

Like the voice of the owl in the hall
Where the song of choir and the banquet ceased
Where the green weeds have mantled the hearth
Where raise the proud flame of feast
So I cry to the storm whose dark wings
Scatter on my eyes the wild driving sleet
Let the roar of the wind around me
And the dancing whirling clan leaves at my feet

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Nero CaroZiv

The din of the metropolises

The din of the metropolises has dimmed
My whistle
My faint brittle whistle
That never left the sill of my lips
The lips that were sealed with silence
the words that chocked my throat
left inside me in awe....
never left just lingered inside and gnaw

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Nero CaroZiv

The Eagles

They come flying on high sapphire vaults, from far away,
Traveling by savage winds through dales and peaks, night and day
As I watch them in the skies enthralled under their spell
I love hearing the stories they to the morning breeze tell

They have seen places beyond my reach land
And they have found new vast far horizons of dwell
They speak strangely as they fly but I do not understand
Oh I wish I can fly like them and listen to their tale

Over steep mountains slops and pathless forests and raging seas
Shall I be like them; Shall I go anywhere that I please
Roll in the waves of wanton winds and chase the morning breeze
Toss the air; scud the high foliage of the trees in glee and tease

But watch as one clasps the sandy crag with crooked yellow hands
A statue close to the sun in lonely secluded lands
The canopy of the azure sky world over where he stands
As he spreads his wing wide across the rock a majesty in grand

The wrinkled spring meadow beneath him crawls
He watches and stalks from the lofty mountains walls
As like a thunderbolt into the air he folds and falls
Swift and sharp in the air, shrieking like a canon ball

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Nero CaroZiv

The gloom of an hour

I have at times gnawing fears that my days may soon cease to be
Before my quill has exhausted itself in teeming my brain,
Before my high-piled books, in character, and in gallantry
Hold like rich wheat, the full ripened grain;

When I behold, upon the night's vault starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high youthful and fresh romance,
This blessed moon lending its sheen where I shall never trace
Its shadows, with the magic hand of zeal, rapture and chance;

And when I feel the air of a fair creature in the gloom of an hour,
That I shall never look upon or company my kinsmen more,
Never have relish in the fiery power and emotional tower
Of unreflecting love; youth on echoing dunes of an isolated shore

Of this stage wide world a human stands alone, and thinks
Where are all love moments and banners of praise
The human soul they try to cherish and to raise
No answer; his love collapses forgotten; his fame to nothingness sinks.

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Nero CaroZiv

The Grave Digger

I am a quite, humble, honest and very generous man
who likes to aid people around as much as I can
And I should not be utterly despised for my vocation
Just because I am a grave digger by profession

Indeed, I do not desire or wish the dead
People should live long and loved side by side
Pure life with no baseness, shame or sin to hide
But if no one dies how shall I pay my debts I dread

I pray and mourn any human that rests below
And as the grasses in the cemetery wave
I passionately take care of every stone grave
In passing the dirt and dust I blow

I never wrong a grave with fears and tears untrue
Nor can I be blamed for carrying on my job with no faith
There must be wisdom and sense in death
Life cannot continue forever, once all must be thru

And yet people find but faults in my case
I have never been saluted in friendly grace
They pass me by without leaving any embrace
In a sublime whisper: Here come the funeral face

For I am near you when your light is in halt
when the blood creeps, and the nerves tingle and prick
And the heart heavily throbs; it is tattered and sick
And all the world comes to a close; the wheels of being thwart

Come at night within the cemetery walls
When the moon light shines on time wracked stones
Those who lie with legacies and dreams dead unborn
As the lunar splendor stretches shadows as it falls

Those who lie beneath their fancies and fears
when alive sorrow and grief dug deepening down
And with muffled motions blindly drown
The agony and anguish of their life in tears.

People hate me with deep rancor and loath
Because I am a grave digger in truthful oath
And I am upset full of anguish and misery
Impossible to get a friend, were it not better not to be

Can't they understand all human things are subject to decay
Life do not go forever upon the land
For every beginning there is an end
When fate summons, even monarchs must obey

We all as humans of any color or faith
Hold common scorn and defame to eternal death

The creaking sound of cords lowering us down
As earth returns back to earth with no rising dawn

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Nero CaroZiv

The haunting of a hunter

Once upon a time in the early hours of dawn
A man got up and sallied from his cottage door
Athwart his shoulders a bow and arrows he carried
And towards the forest his steps he hurried.

All day he searched a target for his arrow
Finding none, his anguish grew sharp and narrow.
Hunger and thirst tortured him all day till dusk
And fatigue and pain settled in his limbs to last

Toward the evening as the sun sunk
He by the lake watched a pair of dove white swans
Tall and amorous they looked
As they court their image in a shady nook.

At once an arrow he lanced at one.
A stream of blood red gashed out of the swan.
Late at night his heavy limbs upon a pallet he laid.
Seeking comfort from an adventure long and languid

An unfamiliar dream claimed his haunted rest.
A tortured maid into his slumber burst.
In her one hand she held a white snow feather.
Her tearful, beautiful eyes at him all night were fixed for ever

'What sin what crime you have found in my white dove love? '
She cried engulfed in her loath
Back and forth walked the man in his chamber
Trying to shake off a day not to remember

At the early hour of the next dawn
A man from his cottage door was gone
Across his shoulders a bow and an arrow he took
And in the forest gloom for a well known lake he look

Against the morning sun a single swan he found
With statuesque grace and divine virtue she circled around
A long hour he spotted the sailing swan, alone among none.
Recalling his dreadful dream he knew she was the one.

His inwards were gnawed by regrets
He wished he had never so far strayed
Despair and sorrow dried his tongue
And then at once, he lanced the arrow in his lung

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Nero CaroZiv

The left

Infatuate left will you still persistently proclaim
Your own mother land final doom, your direst foulest shame
Dis-patriate yourself in insanity so deformed and by the devil damned

Ah, when I hear your traitorous lying cunning bell
This gallant betrayal vane knell
It pains my wounded ear; the lies you tell

An ignorant and unsettled crowd of pretenders in self invalidation
Rush to culture their homeland destruction
And nourish a bantling who has already learned to lisp sedition

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Nero CaroZiv

The man who loves a coquette

Why lost man
Your heart is sour with complain
Over this pretty damsel's disdain
Why thus let your despair
Yields hellish chest tare
For months you may fret
But this will not get you your coquette

Ah! How can you teach her to love
Frustration compel you to ask
As time runs out to spin and to rove
It is not easy and simple task
At first they all frown like a house pet
But leave her alone for a while
She shortly will show you her smile
And you may sit or stroll by your coquette

For such are the fickle airs
Of love and flirt mingling in fanciful fairs
In king's palace or in a cave-man lair
They all think our homage is merely in debt
Fulfill it with projection
Without a touch of neglect
And as you show your strive for perfection
Soon takes the effect
And humbles down the proudest coquette

Dismantle your thick thought brain
Dissemble your pain
And lengthen your chain
Let her think she is using you
False or true
Let her self conviction be in taking advantage
It will all be to your vantage
And show her what a banter she may regret
If now you sigh
She can no longer deny
And you may caper in your coquette chamber

And still if out of false women pride
Your panting pangs she may deride
Be brave and full of thoughts and conceit
The trail is on; hold the raging thorns tight
Let not this untutored whimsical girl forget
That you have other admirers
Who would melt in your fire
That no one but you
Who can quench their burning desire
And thus laugh at you little coquette

Take an advice from me I adore
Some twenty or even more
And loved them most dearly but yet
Though my heart they captured in an enthrall
I will abandon them all
Did they act like your capricious coquette

Young loves' woes no time now to think
If your love to your arms you want to bring
Idol thoughts will make you sink
With no solution or a link
No longer repine
Adopt this design
And break through her defiance fence
No longer despair
No longer anguish care
Now you may kiss your captious coquette

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Nero CaroZiv

The screen is down on our show

All rivers end in the sea sand
All things must come to their final end.
The sound the drama; the sigh and the pray
The audience hopes at the end of a play

The screen is down on our show
The girl with the villain will go
The last laugh, the last sigh on our stage
will echo in the audience ears as long as an age

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Nero CaroZiv

The sea by night

The sea at night is not calm,
The scudding foaming waves sound the alarm
The savage winds abrasive, feverishly court the waves
Rejected, they continue upon the surf into the rocky caves

The night-high tide solemn, rakes upon the stony shore;
Along the rugged cliffs and chalky ivory caves
Mourns the hoarse ocean, suffocating seeming to deplore
All that are buried in his restless agitated craves

Into the mined by corrosive tides, of the hollow rock
The waves rushed climbing, rushing to its turf height,
Falling back to relentless shakes with long-resounding shock,
Loud dire thundering on the ear of sullen dreadful night;

Again and again in relentless endless train of unearthly attire
Like long swaying tongues of consuming fire
The waves bounce hitting the fall prone rock
There once upon its peak thrived a nest of a family duck

Above the desolate and stormy deep unrest,
Gleams the wan moon, in gloom by floating mist depprest;
The light towers on vexed shore stand wrapped in blanket of foam
The sea is not quite, the sun is shy reclusive at the bells of dawn

Where is Nature's nurture and calming soft nurse
By wrath or by rage Nature lend us its curse

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Nero CaroZiv

The shade of death

The shade of death is made of a canopy piercing cold
That mortal eyes ache and cannot comprehend or behold
Yet when mortal eyes are closed
And death, cold and pale the limbs reposed
Shall the disposed soul then wakes and roaming it seen
Asking: 'where are Eden's Golden keys? '

Some claim that grave is Heaven' gate
Where rich as poor, royal as commoner, all around it wait
A tale, a fairy, a feeble since old age told
Yet no one from there returned to this story enfold

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Nero CaroZiv

The shell

Look what a beautiful shell of ivory white
Recently thrown at the sands by the rushing tide
See what a lovely shell a pad of a soft sloth snail
Small and pure without the notoriety of a pearl

Lying on the back of sand hill so nigh to my foot
Brittle, frail spared by the violent breakers loot
Oh what mind what hand has made it so fairly well
Ah, empty, vacant from the creature that within it dwells

Its delicate spire and whorl
How exquisitely are weaved its stripes of colors in whole
A miracle of design, that lives through ancient time
No less in beauty and charm than a poet rhyme

A piece of beauty is called a 'shell' by man
Not a pearl, not a jewel but unmoving dull clumsy name
A 'shell' which does not recall any treasure or historical fame
Let him who did not create it call it as he can
He who passes by it without notice, this pleasure from his eyes to ban
Yet this beauty holds in the sands and its charm contends the same

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Nero CaroZiv

The ship has left the empty coast

The ship has left the empty coast
Leaving behind him who is worried and lost
The ship has departed the desolate port
For ever or for a while short
The ship has sailed into the dark hazardous sea
An unretractable track, its fate what it to be

You are walking away from me love
A most dire constancy descending on me from above
If you are, I bid you farewell
Fare well to you and if forever
Still forever farewell and be guarded well
Even though gnawed with anguish and pain, never
Against you my heart rebel

Walk down away like a cold rivulet to the sea
Thee steps and the waves their tribute deliver
No more by thee my steps will be
And if forever let it be forever a never

Walk down away by lawn and lea
Walk a rivulet and hurry a river
No more by thee my mind will be
And if forever, let it be forever a never

Yet in vast pastures still for thee sighs a tree
And by thee a bush will shiver
Among sprout of balmy sprouts will hum the bee
And if forever, let the world be shaken and quiver

Let thousands of suns stream on thee
Followed by thousands of moon shot over thee head
But not by thee my steps will be
And if forever, let my heart forever be dead

It is in vain to struggle, let my love perish young
It lived as it lived; it loved as it loved dwelling in my breast
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung
And then at least my love can never be upset
Rather be it weaned than be ware out
To keep what it left behind beneath the cloud of doubt

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Nero CaroZiv

The soul and the core of every language

The soul and the core of every language
lie in the lines and rhymes of its poetry
As the divine poets spirit should
Guide us to built our emerging human hood
With universal sublime inner soul nurturing food
Drawn and scale in select proportion fair
From honest mold and vagabond air
From that foul awful dreadful night
Into joyful rebirth bright day light
From antique ashes, whose departed flame
In us a finer life and a longer instated fame
From injuries and wounds; pains and balms
From the quiet after storm that calms

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Nero CaroZiv

The Sun

The sun, we all admire her great glorious red eye
So in the depth of the universe it may roam high
Yet, does it see and comprehend as much as I
Even on warm hot summer day when to the earth it is so nigh

And regard her kinswoman the solitary moon all sliver proud
As she floats and travel in her ordained orbit, she spread no doubt
Of her divine state with the divine scenery of night cloud
The amazed owl usurps the tallest oak will shriek and shout

Oh, the lovely young season of spring
How many happy hours to human it may bring
Rolling in trodden lavish season grass
I had observed in so detail every pretty lass

I do look in curiosity where no one dares
I examine as a child where no one stares
And as the quite evening behind dusk draws nigh
Creature of the night, lambs in bars sweetly bleat my lullaby

Nero CaroZiv

The umbrella

One morning in a city of din and roar with no pause
A maid walked along into my wandering glance
So pretty, pure, and sprouting she was
under her feet the cobble stones lulled in a dance

Such a beautiful maid jumped into the street
And in the middle of rain rushing creek
I am such a reserved, shy, modest guy
So swiftly, intuitively I extended my umbrella
Under dark ominously pouring summer sky
To that lovely, bare orphan Cinderella

Her still small voice whispered to me
'Thank You', as she joined with youthful glee
And by that she washed away all my misery
Ah was there ever a better way to be

Ah, what a face! what cheeks to my shriveled lips
When coal black blanket wraps the sinking day
When the rotten street edges tear and drip
And the shaken leaves are stamped to muddy clay

What music cannot passion raise and quell
As we walked closely under the umbrella shell
All streets walkers and merchants stood around
And a stretched wondering on their faces fell bound

So lucky were I that rainy low clouds day
The precious umbrella so handy under showers of may
Like the fisherman net on the bank of sandy bay
What a price for such umbrella I would make a pay

And the blessed rain kept gashing as if it just began
through all the compass of notes it ran
such a diapason closing full on me
Was there, is there ever a better way to be

And so I walked with comely maid young and tall
She with such elegant and grace of gait that all
The crowd turned their heads as in greeting parade
They stopped for an instance what ever they made

She saw me, I was smiling pleasantly
Quite plainly grateful for her beauteous courtesy
Observing which she lowered long lashes eyes and hushed
And like a budding rose all over blushed.

Then I stood in wet streets long alone
My soul like the earth after the sun has gone
And it grew slowly cool and numb, drawing a darker hue
I mused what could had been but from my dreams no comfort drew

The girl had gone and all the magic scene
Had vanished. Had that divine tracery been
No more than an instance of fantasy, rain on the land
I stood frozen lonely under an umbrella at my hand

Gnawing my inwards like poisonous minerals so eagerly
Gone, gone was the spell, the charm and the mystery
Under that summer flood gorging down ferociously
Into Noach ark I would have prisoned ourselves eternally

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Nero CaroZiv

The Village

In the village where I usually stroll along and live
An ominous plot against me is put into high contrive
These villagers do not like whoever is not rich as their glamour
They hold deep rancor to whoever does not march and sing their hummer

I would not let you for long guess or think
What would happen if into their hand a silk noose will sink
Upon my fragile neck they will happily let it fall
As they push and tight me against an ancient stone wall

Once when my leg by the river was broken
No one stopped by to offer any help or even a token
Beneath an old oak by the village side
I sat in long weeping, in the whole village wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept
And so for hours under summer heat I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Dry and cold as my immense fears

The other time when walking down village streets
A guy pass me by and kicked my butt as a treat
He laughed and encouraged his fellow to follow the same drag
But the other wished he could, since he was missing a leg

Those people of village friendly and kind
Those who will not put an obstacle out of a mockery sooth
In front of my legs since practically in truth
They are themselves disabled blind

And those who will not mock
Me are simply dumb, they use their look
And around they go to hide behind a rock
With some friends who are deaf and cannot rebuke

Oh gentle folks of hostess village who owe a grudge
To my calm and unintegrated distant existence
Stay on your own hellish folish trudge
In spite of my unprovoking persistence

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Nero CaroZiv

The wagon

I pushed a wagon through a muddy road
I pushed and I pulled all for naught
The wagon did not move nor did it stir
Its rear wheels stuck in the murky mire

I withdraw thinking...
This wagon did not want to see the truth
This is why it will never change course or move
A wagon is a wagon
It trots the roads or be dragged on
It lives its life and endures its truth
It is only me
From whom the truth may hide
This plain truth engraved on a rock
Yet boggles taunts and tantalizes in a mock

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Nero CaroZiv

The well of love

I think in these quiet moments of the night
That love and despise are two feelings of close side
Although we prefer one and shun the other
Nevertheless we do confuse between one another

Like two branches emerging from the same trunk
Of tree, nourished by roots of the same rank
Yet they are so different upon our mood.
Love turns its head towards the EAST
The dawn of day, the sun of new hopes
Despise turns its head towards the west
The end of the day, the dusk before the dark
The pause, the end, the death
The cease, the change.....

There is a change, and I am left poor
The love that had been, nor long ago
A fountain at my heart's door
Whose only tread was to flow
And flow it did; not taking heed
Of storms of tempests
Of its own bounty, or my need

What happy moments I knew
What divine thoughts I drew
From its existence
Blessed was I then all bliss above
Now for this consecrated Fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love
What have I left with? Shall I dare tell?
A comfort less and a hidden well

Yes a well of love
I guess
It may be still deep
With water fresh and distilled
I trust it is, and never dry
What it matters if the waters sleep?
In silence and in obscurity of its deep
Such a change, at the very door
Of my fond heart, has made me poor

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Nero CaroZiv

The willow

How beautiful is the willow in April gown
Delicate and gleaming under the sun
Never minding the seasons and years gone
It stands, long flowery drippings and soft wind sigh

Spring does not call me as it use to
With sprouts in vast meadows and balmy flowers of variety hues
No more shall I renew myself with the world every spring
With heavy leafy boughs crowded with birds in sing

Willow, Willow sway, twinkle, lull in the sun
Your leaves, same leaves of my past days gone
Welcome me as the spring use to in wild laugh and fun
Oh let me answer the spring again for my days are still undone

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Nero CaroZiv

The winds

From the meadows her walks have left a balm so sweet
That whenever summer wind wilts and sighs
It sets the jewel print of her lovely feet
In violet blue hue as her slaying eyes
To the woody hollows in which we hide and meet
And the heavenly valleys of daunting Paradise

A slender bird in foliage high, his wings would not shake
One long white bloom of a tall sturdy tree
The white bloom reed fell bending into the fresh lake
As the pimpernels dozed in the summer sun on the lea

But the rose was all night advocating her sake
Knowing my love promise to me
With the lilies they were all night awake
wondering what my love acts and takes will prove to be

Four winds blowing through the bright sky,
My heart is heavy with forlorn love
You have seen poor me under the burden of love I die,
No remedy from the mountains around or the heaven above

I asked the winds: Tell me then what I shall do
That my maiden love may be honest, virtue and true.
Shall I be stern with her to the haughty
Or shall kisses and sweet talks will sway the maid so naughty

Oh, sighed the spring wind from out the South,
'Lay a kiss upon her voluptuous mouth, '
And the winter grumpy wind from out the West without mercy or taste,
'Wound the heart within the lovely valley of her breast, '

A prompt protest came from the summer wind from out the East,
'On the contrary! Send her a banquet of a lavish feast, '
With disdain and mockery breaths the autumn wind from out the North,
Exclaimed: 'In the tempest winds thrust her forth;

Shall I be cruel and harsh as she
Then her love will pacify and relent to be kind to me

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Nero CaroZiv

There are times when I recall the sweet scents

There are times when I recall the sweet scents
Of our friendship in its prime youth
What vile winds, what whispering sands,
What foul thoughts poisoned the truth
Constancy thrives only in heavenly realms of above
Life is painful and thorny, and it wares us into vain
And to strive to be worth of the one we love
Does work like havoc madness in the brain

But never either of us found the other again
To free the hollow heart from gnawing pain
Stubbornly we stood aloof and far, the scars remaining
The soul wounded and ailing
With no end to suffering and painting
In the reign of wrath, doubts and never reaching
There will never be souls bridging
Like lofty cliffs which had been set asunder
The cold dreary sea now flows between
And neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall move this ocean away from within
Oh Dear me, Oh Dare me to wean
The marks of her who once had been

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Nero CaroZiv

There will come

There will come upon the earth, calm spring time
When soft rains fall and raise the adores of wet ground
And flowers leap and bloom into their prime
As the swallows circle and bounce in vast meadows, shimmering sound

And no one will know of my time under the sun
And no one will reflect or contemplate of my days, not one
Not even one would mind, neither happy bird on a bough tree
That I have perished; erased diminished with no memory utterly

Come red black Robins and wear your feathery fire,
Whistling your whims on a low summer wind stirring fence-wire
And fat oily frogs in a garden pool, sing your rhythm all night
And tree heavy with late season foliage play the wind that turn you white

The world will go on as we do when an acquaintance dies
We hurry to burry and move as if it never concerns our fates; blinding our eyes
Oh that first Spring after death, herself when she wakes at dawn
Minding her course would scarcely notice that we were gone.

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Nero CaroZiv

Thy Nightly Gown, Thy Shoes, Thy Shows and Bed of Roses

Thy nightly gown, thy shoes, thy shows and bed of roses
Bring back thy cap, thy kirtle and the thousands of poises
Soon, too soon they break, too soon wither, hast to be forgotten
In folly ripe, in dash to edge, in madness or reason rotten

Belt of straw and ivy meadows with sprouting buds
Coral clasps and spring with amber studs
All these in me no means can tarnish or move
To come to thy and be thy eternal love

But can youth last, and love still breed
Have joys no date, no limits no age no need
The shades and memories of these delights of love
Will prove any age or time's blemish of you my precious dove

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Nero CaroZiv

Time In Change

Time in change, and change in time
As we grow old stripped and gnawed of our prime
People fading, people dropping to where
No one ever comes back from there

Each figure that vanished and your life has left
A block of hollow is dropping, sinking into your lose
So much of you is plundered and bereft
The world has irreversibly changed in such a profound gross

A whole part of your picture is dropped to fall
Like a giant iceberg shading its edge into the sea
The landscape dreadfully deposed; stand upon the cemetery wall
Would it not be better for you- not to be

People in pictures left; precious moments of the past
The days once in moments of light and glee, sand and sea
The days we never contrive of termination and last
The days of endless sun and roses with hammering clans of bee
Busy buzzing in circles around every blooming spring tree

Nero CaroZiv

To a woman like you

To a woman like you experience might have told me
That all must love you once they catch a glimpse of you
For there is no measure to one's pleasure invoked from your view
Yet such treasure as you does not come without a plea

And surely experience of my age might have taught
That your firmest assurances are naught
But being placed all your charms and vulnerability before me
Age failed me, all I forgot except adoring thee

For sure the numbers of replacements are vast
All eager to fulfill your urgent as trivial tasks
I have never been an advocator of quantity
When it comes to friends, in the contrary, of quality

But why shall I be stern to the haughty
By all means and good intends let me bless them all
The dwarf, the round and the tall
Guarding you from your friends never has been my duty

Nor shall I draw your attention
To a noble madam with a daughter in a mansion
Both pretty with shiny feathers and lush falls from head
Trying to lure and corral fresh young blood to the Madam's husband bed

A woman of thousands enticements fair and fond deceiver
How prompt are we like naive striplings to believe her
How throb the pulse, how chock the throat
Little we know it is all show of naught

The manly weakness that fails me when I view
The eye that roll in glossy haze I knew
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A piercing beam from under hazel brows

How quick I applaud and credit every oath
When I hear your plight the willing troth
Amorously I hope it will take us around the globe
When, Lo! She changes all like stones rolling down slop

A woman fickle like you, her nature is so false
Her character full of frauds, a beauty with so many flaws
Yet I never reach apprehension or satiety
With such complex of beauty and fallacious variety

I shall be glad to say farewell to you deceitful maid
It is in vain and fruitless to regret
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid
But pride may guide me and strengthen me to forget

I shall seek other endeavors and joys
Yet to think nowadays, would drive my soul to chaotic madness
Even in careless throngs in thoughtless empty noise
I can conquer only half of my bosom's sadness

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Nero CaroZiv

To Be Alone

When I weep or when I mourn it does not mean
That I have a misfortune of any kind or that my heart is torn
Something undecidedly, unfitting in my mind to plague and to groan
When I sob or when I fret I have not encountered anything bad or mean

Yet to be alone is not in the land of fun
From my shadow I cannot hide, from myself I cannot run
It does not let, it does not fade
This awful, painful, empty, sinking, suffocating, solitary shade

O Sweet Solitude! if I must with you dwell,
Please comfort me among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; and stairs to climb on the molding steep
With toiled and jaded throng, people stretched to utmost swell

Long awaited darkness in my heart sinks and falls
Casting shadows, scudding past images on my walls
In this twilight hour in my little room I am alone
And the macabre memories into my vision are drown

Sitting near the sighing goring fireplace
Jumping, dying embers rushing towards my face
With cracking din, this is a serene and peaceful solitude
The whole world seemed detached, introvert and subdued

Everything comes back to haunt me again
your clear picture is so sharp, real and plain
In these shadows of my chamber gloom
You like an angle pass, a silhouette roaming in my room

Half awake and in and out of delirious dreams
Conjuring long forgotten scenes
So strange how the present mingles with the past
Awaken passions and unfulfilled lust

And as they entertained and entwined
They play havoc and sweetly torture my mind
As the embers of sighing furnace burst and fly
So does love converges to terminate and to die

To close my eyes I so much try
Yet your twilight image goes by
All persisting, all in agonising loom
Like an angle passing through my little room

Nero CaroZiv

To dream her

Is it a dream or is it a scene
Is it a phantom only in my imagination seen?
Do I see her shadow in the forest's gloom?
When the moon is in its nightly orbit loom
The sun has long sunk in the dusky skies
To veil its fair glories while I spy
The unclouded luster of her eyes
Her bashful beguiling beauties once descried
The vanquished roses lose their pride
And in their thorny leaves their blushes hide
Myrtles have lost their balmy girdle
And dropping lilies seen sadly to tell
A melancholic story how much her sweets their own excel
Watching her withdraws into the forest dark my soul pauses in pray
For the light breaks out and goes away
And I am on the look for the vanishing ray
But once she gone the lilies their heads rear
And with fresh balmy scents perfume the air
When the glory of their rival is not there
Again grown bold and proud the spreading rose
Its blooming buds does disclose
And into the vaulting skies its incense throws
..
..
I languish at her beguiling charms when she drew nigh
But if she disappears again I will die

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Nero CaroZiv

To her who writes a novel

I know that everyone in the holy land nowadays is touring
And the fields with fragments of citreous and flowers are blooming
One may be intoxicated by these heavenly holy scents
In the land of milk and honey and the patina of the saints

Lately my interest in your on going Novel rose
I wonder about the inditement, the excitement and the prose
How many characters strong or meek do you have
Are they coward, blood thirsty, evil, bold, fearless or brave

Are you done portraiting the heroes, the villains and other characters
Do you make them labor hard in their act and toil
It is a laborious excruciating work without the miracle of oil
So hard and intrigue this task is, nevertheless you would not consider contractors

Don't let them roam idly, hardly working in their secured domicile
Don't let them sleep or delay; hastily they should bestow
Lines and phrases uttering loud and clear their lust, failures or an urge to kill
Stay on their top, spur them to rise to heights away from words low

Think of a tale in the middle night by a castle rock
Surrounded by secluded mysterious sturdy trees oak
And a lovely lady inside moated castle walls
As the starry night approaches the moon light fall

The night is chill; the forest foliage heavy to bare
The owl of the night moans in sharp bleak
There is not wind enough in the calm air
To blow away the ringlet from her cheek

Leave the reader to wonder what makes her in the woods so late
A far furlong from the secure castle gate?
You may hint though at the beginning of the play
That she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover who is far away

And while our female hero is all in dreams during the night
Of her own betrothed gallant knight
Let us draw the plot of his adventures to dare
All wrapt in fear, suspense and courage
As being encircled by enemies of foul plight and cunning urge
The reader withholding breath unable the scenery to bare

Write a Novel of great glory of that wondrous light
Its words and phrases throbbled in all encompassed around
And hide in its own brightness from the sight
Of all that look thereon with critic unsound
That underneath the readers feet are to be found
Roaring thunder and lightning and tempestuous fire
The instruments of your pen avenging raging sire

Nero CaroZiv

Tonight all windows are opened wide

Tonight all windows are opened wide
Tonight all hearts blasted in pain converge to heal
Tonight all gentle soft words pay to mend and to appeal
Between us they flow said undisturbed by vain pride

Time has traveled us so far
Broken heart shall we let it journey us forth more
To the end of our painful path; till the last dropp of love's soar
Where finally we may find the virtue between us, the goodness of our stars

Someone is weeping on a pillow dry
Someone is gasping at the door knob asking why
Let all soft gentle words flow between two of us
And heal and cure all pains to the very last.

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Nero CaroZiv

Traveling through the orbits of love

Traveling through the orbits of love
You always followed me
Hiding yourself behind hideous secrets
The tedious question I always asked
At mid way meeting as train pulled in
Who is the one you love?
With whom your soul yearn to be
Are you ready to accept me hence?
From all my mad habits I recovered
It took me a long pause to ask
It last more for you to answer
The train pulled out
The earth beneath me trembled
My world darkened on me
So strange you did not stay
So inhabitant is the station without you

Against trifle and ecstasy that we knew
Love is the remedy
Hidden thoughts meaningless words
Again iterate the question
Who is the one you love
Would you love me?
Would you accept me?
Since I shelled my old rascal skin
So I contemplate while lying in bed
You where no where to answer
I waited long in cold bed for reply
My heart pulled out of my chest
The earth beneath the bed shock
So strange you are not here
So lonely the world is without you
So deafen is the air clear

Who is the one you love
With whom you will be
The freighted earth shook
The mad lighting shot
The birds to the air took
So strange you are not
And I am abandoned in the knot

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Nero CaroZiv

Truths and lies

This suffocating ache rises to my throat
This rushing horrible thought
A Mountain sits on my lips
would not let my secret slip
Stay coward stay shy
An infant so naive would not cry

Submit to your eyes beguile
And let it walks you through this dark aisle
Not an inward gnawing question asked
The whole world before you is masked
Darkness is your light
Lies are your guide

Hash no more words, they would reveal
what your heart crave so much to conceal
Hark no more lines up to this point
Where truth and lie, two adversaries reluctantly joint

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Nero CaroZiv

Two beneath a shady tree

They were two beneath a shady tree cover
An old oak tree with blistered trunk and bark failing over
Like the hand of an old man with frail eyes
Yet leaves and fresh sprouts from its boughs shot to the skies

An old sturdy oak tree under summer sun
In mid of golden wheat clustered by the wind run
The waves of the wheat heads combed by gale and breeze
As the two set and made themselves at calm ease

They set and watched the golden field swaying in dance
The broken roar and the dim din of a remote city at horizon glance
She was beautiful and shy like a violet by a mossy wall stone
She set by him hidden and through his eyes she was only his own

They set beneath the tree, their life yet untrodden path
They spoke the first verses of love with joy and laugh
What was to come they knew not; merely the glory of that hour to bear
since they were innocent and pure; the masters of the days that were

They gathered roses from the field while they may
Unaware of old time that was still to carry them flying
A world so harsh where love grows and fleets away
They fell to play losing no time in grieving and sighing

And so they sat beneath an old oak before the sun in dusky skies
veiled his fair locks of child hair while he did spy
The unclouded luster that dwelled in her slaying eyes

Her bashful beauties once descried
The vanquished flowers around lost their pride
And in their vermilion buds their blushing they did hide

Losing their balmy fresh summer smell
They would never admit or tell
How much her sweets by far their own did excel.

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Nero CaroZiv

Unveiling lines without a rose

The white moon gleams in the wood
From every bough there comes a voice
Beneath the bower with a meaning of one choice
The pond reflects a shimmering mirror of a hood

As dawn breaks the silhouette of thoughts
Projected by the dim willow shade
Where winds lament what dreams us taught
We crave these dreams to last and not to be dread

Yet I aught to content with the thought...
If a woman ever loved
 In faithful truth
 As you by me
If a love faith ever found
 So true in faith
 As mine in you

To draw the strength
To seek the faith
That comes of self control
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
And in harmony we flow and lull soul to soul

Our livings will that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock
We shall rise in the spiritual rock
Out of which the holy water of cure
Shall flow among our deeds and make them pure

Now I hold these lines in sin
To put in words the love's anguish that I feel
For words like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within

Oh, horrid heart how fares it with you now
That you have leaded me to failure by my own desire
And not once to stall, to repent at all or inquire
What makes me fall so low

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Nero CaroZiv

We shall stroll no more

We shall stroll no more
On pebbled white elongated shores
Or go wandering on dunes so late
Into the meadows by the night of date
Though the heart be still as loving as ever
Yet in aching pains in tears in sighs in quivers
And the moon be still as bright
Yet an orphaned and out of sight

Time wears out things and the sword outwears its sheath
And love outwears my tortured soul in my empty breast
The heart must pause now and catch a breath
And love itself seeks but soothing rest.

By night we no longer linger on a lea or on a lawn
For an underfoot of herb that was dry
And genial warmth, hovering over the sky
The silver haze of late summer night drawn

Though it was a night of our supreme delight
As pure as holy as perfect as a pray
The very source and fount of beams and rays
It dashed with stern isles of blight

Though the night is made for loving
And the day returned upon us too soon
We will go no more roving
By the light of the pert and nimble moon

Twisting, waving, dancing shadows roam the desolated sands
vague sceneries of ghosts and voices of past time;
Disconnected frames in fading memory past their prime
Touch them; feel them extend your hands

Yet in vain, at the solitary beach no one stands
Just the silence of echoing dunes and howling winds leading
The foaming waves to their final end.
And the air, water and sand sigh pleading

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Nero CaroZiv

When all my youth in years be

When all my youth in years be
Fallen at length
And you see me
Lying trunk and bough naked strength
No longer mourn for me when I am dead
You shall hear then the solid sullen bell
Announcing to the world that I have fled
From this vile world, with the vilest worms of earth to dwell

When on your bed the spangled moonlight falls
You know that in my place of rest
By a running rivulet where a bird keeps her brood and nests
There comes a divine glory to the cemetery walls

My marble tomb bright in dark sheen appears
As slowly steals a silver flame
In a sway of lights and shades game
Along the letters of my name
Inscribing the humble living of my fame
And over the number of my years

A soiled vase bares flowers wane and wilted
And stones around with salt of tears are gilded
My soul in its clay cold bed lay forsaken
In the place where I sleep and never to be waken

The daunting haunting piercing owl's cry
Shall burst upon my slumbering ears
Not a single seraph hovers in the sky
While I lay wrapped in my shroud of fear

The mystic sliver swims away
From off your bed the moonlight dies
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
You sleep till dawn arises dipped in grey

As time claims its bounty my friends become scarce
And the letters of my name will fade into less
With blackest moss the letter-plots
Will be thickly crusted one and all
Over grown weeds with blades tall
Claim my grave with girded entangled knots
As the splendor falls in the cemetery walls

They say every soul has a star

That glimmers and flickers through channeled wind far
Till it fades and fails and die
So the soul converges to its archetype in the sky
Yet no angle clad in light by golden heaven gated
None which clad in light my spirit waited
To embrace me into the divine eternal sky
Here below the yellow autumn leaves I lie

Who would have thought that thus
To be thrown under the dust
He who had man under what pretensions and why
He made him think he was not made to die

Spirits of the dead haunt every day's last hours
Roaming amid these yellowing bowers
At eventide they dance in macabre lock
Mocking the sobs and sighs of mourners in shock

At times kind rains their vital moisture yield
And swell the flowers beds and the harvest of the fields
The river at the cemetery hill strengthen along
And bides his willows to listen to the shepherds' song
And the sun raises her energy for the trees to have
As the shepherds lead their flocks around my grave
They sing while besides the shaded tomb you mourn
And the sumptuous squirrels your stature shrine adorn

The kindest words are said yet now useless grown
Kind words inscribed on the fading relenting stones
In the mute world of under we scream to heaven and to earth we deplore
For we are dead and love no more
The silver swans take rest our hapless fate to bemoan
In notes more sad than when they sing their own

I always hated the dreadful cemetery behind the little wood with old trees wrought
Where funerals were led in the field above through harsh dry heath
The hills around it were horror stricken and I was a little boy distraught
watching the echo there whatever I asked her answer was: 'Death'

Were you there the day I was put down to the pit? Was there love in the passionate
shriek
Love for the silent thing wrapt in shroud that made false hast to his grave
Covered with a cloak, as you saw me and thought that I would rise and last speak
And rant and rave at the world and at God as I always rave

You saw the hands tightly intertwined
Pale palm against pale palm laid
Bereft of any living movement they consigned

What the frozen lips left unsaid

The days at the cemetery
Are anguish and weary
But would you keep yourself aloof
Nor wander once into the cemetery ways
I lie here not lacking your harsh reproof
Yet missing the golden largess of your praise

When in the darkness over me
The blind four handed mole shall scap
Under the dark lush bush tree
And the visitors wreath their heads with doleful crape
But you? When you come pledge me the vinery grape

And now here approach shake hands across the brink
Of that deep grave where I was thrown
Shake hands once more; I cannot sink
So far – far down but you shall be known
By me in your voice and I will reply from below and the birds shall sing

As the moon's splendor falls
Along the grass in the cemetery walls
Come back and take hold of me
A sensation that I long and love
Come back and take hold of me
When body's memory awakened
And old longing again moves into the bloodless veins
When lips and skin stir and remember
And hands feel as if though they touch again

Let Time sooth you and your scares heal
As on my clay bed his twiggy weeds grow
Come when you feel but only when the days are still
And at my headstone bow and whisper low
And tell of yourself that I should know

The damn dawn down over my grave fly away!
As East and West without a soul with suffocating breath
Mixed their lights like life and death
To broaden into a boundless day

And when you read these lines remember not
The hand that wrote it but he who loved you namelessly
And yet named his love to you sublimely in a knot
Out of whispering tongues which foul pure love carelessly
I would rather in your sweet thoughts be forgot if so
Thinking of me should make you woe

Even if by chance you look upon this verse
When compounded I lie with mortar and clay
Does not so much as my poor name rehearse
But let your love even with my life decay
Unless you bare your sorrow unnoticed, a nameless moan
Lest the world around mock you and me after I am gone

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Nero CaroZiv

When Cold Winter Winds Gripped The Air Between Us

When cold winter winds gripped the air between us
And howling storms vexed the calm of my elongated nights
Driven to the extreme of painful delirium and lust
I strolled around your place with heavy heart

Who would assemble shame stricken to an offending banquet attire
Under such heavy incense beg this occasion spare an acquire
Once feelings unblemished luster bloomed no lose their pride
But once shaken their cankered buds blushes burrowing to hide

What breaks cannot be fixed the way it was any more
What have been lost will none be re-established into a gain
All efforts tears and toils are wretched in vain
And nothing can bring back the happy hour glamour

Nero CaroZiv

When I catch my falling star

When I catch my falling star
Many friends will be there to tell where all my past years are
When I catch my falling star
I will take with me songs of glory repertoire

When does fall my star from the skies
Let no tears fall on cheeks from loving eyes
When does fall my star from the skies
The birds will sing and trees indulge in breeze free of human sighs

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Nero CaroZiv

When I go

When my bells toll a melancholy saddening sound
Calling the people to lend my final end their honest prayers
In some gloominess, more dreadful condolence and chilling cares
More hearking to the sermon's horrid round

Surely the mind of every man in the mourning throng is closely bound
In some black spell; seeing that each other tears
Are shaded in self lament too, and gnawing fears
Sending a man to the grave is not a sight of glory crowned

When the bells drum my time; I should feel a damp
The same chill I felt when passing by a grave yard; did not I know
That all creatures are dying like an out burnt lamp
That all are now praying; sighing, wailing knowing their time to go
Into oblivion will come; and by their tombs fresh flowers will scent and will grow
For most humans without the glories of immortal lasting stamp

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Nero CaroZiv

When I look at other women

When I look at other women
I always think of you, but you a holy token, a blessed omen
Of sky and earth that captures my eyes; my soul and breath
With lovely war of lilies and roses a blush, a dance of mirth

When I hear other women voice
You are my one and only choice
You come to my vision with music played
From that blessed violin whose motion sounds
Off sweet fingers; a phantom of delight gently swayed
As my ear is only to your voice confounds

Your words are like no other words or play
The things you say to me are like no other women say
Your words are ever keener and wittier; in context extreme
As they come out from your mouth oh what a dream!

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Nero CaroZiv

When she passes, a sovereign beauty which I adore

When she passes, a sovereign beauty which I adore
A world witness how worthy of every wonder praised
The light that has kindled the heavenly ore
Oh my frail spirit by her from baseness raised

And being in vicinity of her huge brightness dazed
Other women I can no longer endure to view
But gazing still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of such divine hue

And ever when my tongue would speak of her commanding due
It choked and turn to stone with thoughts of astonishment
I wrote her some times her titles true
My pen ravished with fancy's wonderment

Then in my heart both when speak or write
She, the wonder that my comprehension cannot indite

Nero CaroZiv

Who ever loved

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?
Love at first sight, is it the love made of right?

Yet sages claim it takes another kind of love to see
How human spirit, in its tactical withdrawal
From aging outworks and tare and ware that are doomed eventually to fall,
Consents to the bewitching of its shell and shake by troubles of sea

As long as it can hold the frame and citadel
Where the progressive intellect has spent
A lifetime plotting the enlightenment
The backward and the beautiful dismiss of it all

Does it not lie in our power to love and to hate
Does it not the will within us overrule and avoid fate
When reason and dice collide
Which of the two most benefits our pride?

What we observe is censured by the brain
Yet the heart sides with fate time and again
The brain has many ways as it weights events and thinks
The heart locked in one, if missed into melancholy it sinks

The night has many stars to watch us from the sky
The sun has just one glorious unique eye
But go ahead and ask the fools and the bright
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

Nero CaroZiv

Who would be there to tell me

Who would be there to tell me
When I catch my falling star
where all my past years are
Many friends of mine in owe and plea
The ones I stirred for love like industrious bee

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A man to fortune and to fame is unknown
Fair science frowned not in his humble birth
And misfortune with melancholy marked him for their own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere
Heaven did a recommence as largely said
He gave to misery all he had, a tear
He gained from Heaven, it was all he wished, he never fret

No further seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their clear abode
There they alike in trembling hope repose
The bosom of his soul believes and God

Let the moon climb over the grave into the vaults of the skies
How silent is the world, and how with a wane dimming face
What, may it be that even in Heavenly eternal place
This divine archer, this Queen of the night her sharp arrows tries

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Nero CaroZiv

With faith and strength

Humans are all alone within the chamber of their heart
With love or without love
They live alone within themselves and from each other far apart
And die alone under the vast heaven above

There are those who brag of immortal love
They too stand alone in front of the mirror themselves to face
They trust faith and faith they embrace
Believing what is not there what they can never prove

Human love often of betrayal nature leaves us in the dust
To be amazed and to wonder how and why
For such divine love and trust never meant to die
We live through agony and despair unrelenting our just

And sometime I want to sink, to fall apart
Down to the bottom of myself in hallow plea
Reach out to the rare remote corner of my heart
Close, collapse, shut within me

And no one else around to see
But my soul and its acidically gnawing agony
In an inner self spiritual pilgrimage
Travel to far lands of my being and face my image

And be a close sustained emotionally circle
A solid refuge from this outer world
Disregard all tales and fairy tales I was told
And wait no more, trust no more human miracle

I would like to run back and play in a meadow or in a bower
In some fresh puddle of water after a brief shower
And be alone with it staring at my image
Swaying under ripples with a lonely floating cloud and fresh foliage

For long quiet hours I can watch a throng of ants
Rushing in newly dried secluded paths
Meticulously carrying and baring their harvest chaffs
Laboriously leading their loads with no relent
Oh let me carry a morsel of grain
And join this happy long lonely train

I will gladly shut myself from my kind
And I stiffen into a stone or a craggy rock
I will not eat my heart for others' brutal shock
I rather feed with lonely sighs a passing wind

What profits lies in disloyal friendship and its barren faith
And vacant closeness and social yearning of short sight
To scale my heaven of highest height
For I alone at my days end will have to face death

What can one find in the highest place?
But one's own phantom of moral hymns
The truthful of our standard in the depth of death swims
Where we lose our courage to encounter it face to face

Am I obliged to take what fruits may be
Of sorrow under the human skies
Even though the belief that sorrow makes us wise
I denounce and defy whatever wisdom of evil may bring to me.

I would rather lift myself from this experience dust
Into the divine voice within me that hears
My triumphs and echoes of happy times of conquered years
To my internal cry that works and in it I put my eternal trust

With faith and strength that come of hope and self control
To seek the truths that never can be proved
Until I conclude and have peace with all I loved
To the very unique what is within of my beloved soul

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Nero CaroZiv

Yesterday I saw a girl walking down the streets

Yesterday I saw a girl walking down the streets of a bustling city
She walked in a glorious beauty
Proud, tall and centered pretty
Her hair twisted in abundance of locks so silky, so wavy and fair
Dancing around and over her radiant face
They taunted and denied the morning breezes from caressing their share
Her long legs cast in black shoes with bouncing lace
How pure how dear their dwelling place
The morning sun herald her high in the skies
As she passed me by I had an instance to meet her aspect and her eyes

And on her cheek and over that magnificent brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent
Her smile at once set my heart into throbbing glow
It told of youth in goodness and virtue spent
It concealed a mind at peace and calm with all below
A heart whose love is innocent

Oh gracious hell!
Where did she get this hailing tail?
Oh hell like from which heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In fiercest glances seem to ever roll
From the eyes that cannot hide their flashes

And as her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses
No other maid in town can match, be she from the best lasses
I could swear each clustering lock could still
And curled to give her neck caresses

As she strayed on the street along
She imprinted her impression on the amazed gazing throng
Like some bearded meteor trailing light
As she walked swaying side to side

And thus I stood in the street long alone
My soul, like the earth after the sun has gone
It grew slowly cool and took a darker hue
I mused at what I saw but my dreams no comfort drew
A solitary sadness crept into my mind too painful to bare
that sad thought that the world belongs only to her

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Nero CaroZiv

Yet though my outer has altered

Yet though my outer has altered, I remain the same
The same spirit and the same soul trapped in a frail, failing frame
And the sight of first complexion in maiden; here as wild as it can be seen
As blood rush on cheek and chin
The first thrill and rapture of youth in high school yard, such a pleasure to the eye
The ruddy lips of giggling maids and hair of youthful dye
The picture of me in a middle of wide meadows in early spring
Where wild tulips called their reign upon hills in expending rings
The cheery stood proud with balmy bloom upon the boughs
And the grass wrapped with smell of fresh horse hoofs
A beautiful maid passed in the meadows
And her hair waved in whirling gales and dappling shadows
I was a free child then, enfranchised and at large
The immense struck of pleasures that her sight
On me bestowed, her forms of beauty often stayed with me
Passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration these feeling
Of unremembered obscure joys.

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Nero CaroZiv

You came to me at the autumn of my life

You came to me at the autumn of my life
At the end of the day at the dawn of my dusk
You came to me so suddenly and so swift
to stir the heart to shake the love I knew

You came to me a sweet flower of the field
Love forlorn, furrows of pain in the beauty of your face
anguish in your lengthy sigh
upon your checks the tears long ran dry

To remind me of forms of love I never knew
To challenge to intrigue life calm and satiate
Although I knew my years were past best
I smiled at your false speaking tongue
Outfacing faults in love with love fickle rest
But whenever you claim of true youth in your veins
Whenever say not I that I am old?
Remind you of love best characters of strength and sooth
And age in love? You mock
Loves not the years to be told

Hush to that false talk I listen no more
Nor shall I grieve for the betrayal in love done
Roses have thorns and fresh fountains mud
Cloud and eclipses stain both moon and sun
And the loathsome canker in the sweetest bud dwell
All mankind makes faults which they never tell
I shall not wear pretentious cloths not of my measure
To authorize your trespass with a moral compare
To excuse sins more than what they are
Is a sin itself
But against your sensual fault I try to bring sense
Your adverse playful nature is your advocator

The love we cherish and nourish at our youth
Will stay with us at old age to sooth

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Nero CaroZiv

You have stormed into my life

You have stormed into my life
You have stolen from me the fire so suddenly without a strife
From the fountains of the past
Left me with none for all others craving lust

All too insignificant for my memory to bother
To glorify the present, you haste and gather
The smoulding ashes to rekindle my low forgotten desire
Stunned as I am against this ancient days fire

Against you I put these lofty steep walls
I fortified my determinations with thick deep trenches
None are a match for the lurid passionate launches
As deep are the moats around me or the towers tall
They are all doomed to melt to dry out and to fall

There, there is the waxing moon in its orbit set so beautiful now
With ore and grace that none can disavow
Goes to the rhythm of the day
Gliding the mirror face of the bay
Gliding the flowers' beds
Gliding the reed's blades
Gliding the golden hours of the night
The meadow, lea and bower under cover bright

Come swiftly come not of late
While the moon is still in its orbit state
Come before the clouds wrapped in morning mists
Strengthen me; enlighten me with your passionate kiss

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Nero CaroZiv

You turned from me

Remember me as I was back then
As a precious memory of comfort in time of agony and pain
You have turned from me; but I always see
The beautiful maid laughing by a flowering spring tree

With the slaying eyes that made the air around so bright
Under shaking, flickering stars of warm hazy summer night
Hands were touching hands
Love grew slowly in such timid shy trend

You have turned from me; but I always remember
The bursting laugh against the night dew of early November
That one careless night of youth and laugh
While outside the spangled reeds in the silver moon did bath

For me, that night is the only night I have
Such a precious jewel against hard times in my heart I save
And how about you? in shine or in sorrow
How far did that splendid night in your heart grow?

You have turned from me time passes for long
The years were harsh leaving me forlorn without a song
I dare you never will see
What time and years have done to me

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Nero CaroZiv

Youth In Embers

My mirror is troubled, tired of lying to me
My youth is gone, life torn and tattered no longer to be
Like quenching flames that dance suffocating in the rain
Just the agony, pain and regrets of past years reflect again

Is there a way I thought to throw my ashen cloak
And start my life anew under different clock
Yet the flames of my youth shall never leap and burn
Time flows on me so cruelly with no return

So many winters have besieged my life, quizzes out of grace
And dug deep trenches in my face
My skin is dying, dry, dots and spots, brittle and blasted away
Youth proud of lusty days, against now deep-sunken eyes of decay

For years I stopped birthdays and calendar count to tell my time
As the brave day sinks into a hideous foul night
I watch the shy violet behind a rock that year by year renews its prime
My youth in embers, like ashes all bleak white

Nero CaroZiv