Poetry Series

Niko Tiliopoulos

- poems -

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Niko Tiliopoulos

Niko was born Nikolaos Savvas Tiliopoulos on Tuesday 15 July 1969 at 6: 00 a.m., in the harbour city of Volos, on the central east coast of Greece. Coincidentally, his birthplace was also that of the Centaurs, Achilles, Jason, and Aeolus, the hanging out place of Aristotle, and the starting point of the Argonaut expedition. Niko, unfortunately or luckily perhaps, bears no resemblance to any of these ancient or mythical entities or events.

Niko started writing poetry since he could hold a pen, although his first attempts were, naturally, incomprehensible, as it would still be some time before he could write in proper words. Anyway, time went by, and Niko kept on writing poems and extending his creativity to stories, lyrics, songs, and symphonic music. One day, he won the first prize in the 1996 National Greek Poetry Competition, while the following year, he was short-listed for the National Greek Literature Prize (to this day, he still believes both distinctions were errors of judgement) .

By then, however, he had realised there were no employment benefits or money in poetry, or at least, in his poetry, so he shifted his attention to science, and went on to acquire a PhD (and some other non-rhyming titles, like BSc, MRes, and CSci) in the psychopathology of faith (!) from the (infamous) Koestler Parapsychology Unit of the Psychology Department at the University of Edinburgh in Scotland.

After many (unnecessary for some, including his mum) adventures in “exotic” lands and some naughty research in the Netherlands and Indonesia (and some 'quality' time in a Russian cell - but that is all hush-hush) , he settled down in Australia (for now) , where he is currently a lecturer on personology at the University of Sydney. Should you care, here is his official page - you will need to copy-paste the address on your browser:

www.psych.usyd.edu.au/staff/nikot/

During his hardcore scientific years, he had, more or less, forgotten his first love (no, not Katya; he never forgot her) , and it was his accidental drunken meeting with Gabriel Gárcia Márquez in Havana that fuelled back his passion for literature. Nowadays, whenever his mind is not entirely occupied with academic logic, Niko is still writing poetry. And he is still penniless.

Niko's photos (please copy-paste on your browser the following link)

www.flickr.com/photos/tiliopoulos/

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<a>

… And A Bottle Of Rum

[The time was five minutes past New Year. I was in the rainforest of nowhere, yet I was everywhere, lying on a hammock somewhere in the Caribbean. And as I was feeling the elsewhere, these thoughts got shape:]

The Caribbean night was black like magic
and in the lamplight I saw myself
in the eye of a lizard,
as it was chewing an insect
to the beat of a distant drum,
hey-ho! and a bottle of rum.

And the rainforest shined like Zion,
or so the Rastaman's livity was telling me,
in the shape of the conquering Lion,
and through the holy smoke I saw my fate:
Haile Selassie in my redemption hum,
hey-ho! and a bottle of rum.

But as I was gazing at the misty sky
in awe my visions grew wilder
and my soul was lifted high,
charting the flight of the bat,
foreseeing dreams yet to come,
hey-ho! and a bottle of rum.

Niko Tiliopoulos

23 April 5: 48 a.m. Holland (Monologues For Three Persons And A Book)

This time my eyes saw what I did.
I stole this too, but nobody noticed.
I recalled Ginsberg telling me:

“Blessed be Death on us All! ”

It sounded funny,
but the dead didn’t laugh.

Her white legs were competing
which one would tease me the most.
I applied the t-distribution
on her body but she ignored me;
I could hurt her but I didn’t speak.

She looked at me:

“Robert Creeley is a splendid poet, don’t you think? ”

For thirty guilders
I would have sold my coat
to buy my soul.
Such a Christian irony!
I didn’t do it.

And then Saskia got angry:

“Don’t drink so much; it’s gonna do you wrong.”

Don’t be silly.
Only you can kill me.

“I’d love to go to Managua...” she mumbled,
“to help the fools...
but I don’t have enough even for ciggies.”

I stroke her hair...
My eyes stroke her breasts.

The flies must know
how much I hate them
every time they touch me.

I gazed at the clouds over Camiel’s back,
who was trying desperately,
for some time now,
to snort.

I think they’re gonna cry again.

He didn’t hear me.

Why does the sky hurt so much
in the land of the happy?

He smiled at me under his white nose:

“My cat, you see, is gay,
and mice don’t give in to him easily.
Anyway, if you ask me,
I’m touched by Tennyson.”

The horizon is on fire
and I am dancing
in memoriam with his flames
to a music joke for an alibi.

“Where are you now? ”

One hundred thousand waves away from Ibale.

Nobody understood.

But tell me,
who am I going to be,
when the moon is born
again?

Niko Tiliopoulos

A Content Analysis Of Dreams

There is a field,
a land stained with memories,
scattered like stardust,
the tears of the night sky,
as they reflect their eternal mysteries
on Wivenhoe’s vein of the earth.

There is a river too,
the mirror of that sky,
peaceful and content
like an infant’s face,
sleeping her innocence
in the happiness of her mother.

And there is a village
dressed in colour and antiquity
like the tunes of an old piano
in a duet with the lazy expressions
of the afternoon sunbeams
that flirt with the clouds’ sadness.

And in this feast of sighs
that shape the souls of the butterflies,
a spirit is wandering in beauty:

Fragile, yet eternal,
like the field that is caressing her feet.

Strong, yet so calm,
like the river that is painting her eyes,

Warm, yet so distant,
like the village that is singing to her smile.

In the essence of the wine...
In the surprise of the evening rain...
In the lies of the flowers...
In the summer of my life...

Niko Tiliopoulos

A Multidimensional Analysis Of A Poet

You are reading my poems
and you may think your hat knows (of) me.

Ha! If you do, gimme a ring sister,
cause sympathy is not for sale in this shop,
nor love, for that matter, nor obedience,
nor anarchy, fear, sorrow, hope.

Children are playing in my backyard,
automatons are walking in my front,
while I am here mate, all naked and vulnerable.

Yet I am hidden behind the veils of reality,
in the periphery of the blindman's view,
inside the clock's ticks, the shoes' clicks,
beside you, in front of you, with you.

And I don't really care about the stories,
the glories, the news, the newsweeks,
the ephemeral, the local, the trivial,
the important, the global, the central,
the unreal, the surreal, the terminal.

It's the point of the thorn that matters to me,
the path of a crack on a coffee-cup,
the rhythm in the dance of a snowflake,
the vengeance of a grain of pollen,
the loneliness of a firewood's splinter,
the confidence of a seed's outfit,
the shape of the widow's tear,
the shake of the mother's hip,
the wrinkles on the old man's palms,
the shiver of the lover's lips...

It is the microworld in the microcosm.

So now you may think
your hat knows more about me,
and if you do, just tell me how brother
I can see myself in you,
and you can free yourself in me.

Niko Tiliopoulos

A Rainy Evening In Kyoto

'The centre of all things zen'
read the city guide in front of me.
I summoned my soul and recited a mantra
but the gods were still sad,
and my clothes,
unimpressed and wet,
begged for shelter.

I entered a café,
and Coltrane's tunes
passed me by on their way out,
through the sliding doors,
vibrating the reflections
of the wealthy city lights
on the crowded raindrops.

The smokers were dying
together in isolation in the corner.
My ice coffee joined them reluctantly
and the 'healthy' people laughed at us...
from a distance.

I observed them,
I observed them all.

But through the ice cubes
they looked distorted and distant.
Or was it myself I was looking at?
It didn't matter really.

The cigarettes rolled and burned away
and my coffee dried out,
ungracefully, in the heat.

I left that café,
with my clothes still wet,
and, by now, tarred,
but I stole some of those blue notes
to keep my mood company
on its way to the hotel,
through the neon sutra,
the helpless mantras,
and the sadness of Buddha.

Niko Tiliopoulos

A Session In Humanistic-Existential Psychotherapy

[At one point I've had enough of this shite, so I screamed my thoughts out and this is the result.]

Client: So... wha' da ya think Doc?

Therapist: It doesn't really matter. What do YOU think?

Client: I think you should say what's wrong with me.

Therapist: Why do you think there is somethin' wrong with you?

Client: Well, I'm sure people are conspirin' bout me behind me back,
me wife's an alien from planet Zorg, me kids aren't really mine,
I see dead people who control me and cut me wrists, see?
an' I'm actually the president of Zasmikistan,
but I'm here incognito so...
O! an' I 'like' small animalsss... if ya know what I mean?

Therapist: Hmm... Interesting!
Well, you are free to believe and like whatever you want.
So long as you assume responsibility...

Client (irritated, gets up) : Sod it Doc!
I'd rather blame me mother, take them pills, and have CBTs than this crap.
I KNEW you were one of them.
O! An' I wan' the 50 quid ya nicked from me wallet earlier or I'll pop a cap in yo...

Therapist (seconds before being strangled by the client) :
I think we are making progress...

Niko Tiliopoulos

Advice To An Unborn Drugs Dealer

Keep the smack in the tie rack,
warm the uzi in the jacuzzi,
put on your funky shoes, drink your bootleg booze,
have a rush when some skulls you crush,
and finally, don't touch her TV,
it is positive HIV.

Cootchie-coo!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Allow Me My Vices

Allow me my vices.
I'm no saint and I ain't no angel
and many of my friends live in hell,
so I might as well pay them a visit.

Allow me my vices.
Spare me the advice, I ain't wise
and I love my booze, my fags, my ice,
so preach elsewhere your sermons bro.

Allow me my vices.
You are barking at your own voice.
If you seek salvation, you have a choice,
I myself gonna buy it from Amber Leaf.

Allow me my vices.
It suffices to say I don't give a toss
about some health benefits or money loss,
my sign is cancer and I will honour it.

Allow me my vices.
Stop commenting about my cough.
In short, chill out, let me be, and bugger off
and allow me my bloody vices.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Another Morning Breaks

Another morning breaks
and I'm still the man I was.
Another hopeful sign,
but I don't know what it shows.

O yeah, another cry
in this lonely, foggy town,
but babe, my heart
won't put me in the ground.

Disordered is my mind,
abandoned is my soul.
My one and only crime is
that I don't play my role.

Decades of rain and void
have thrown me into despair,
but lovely love,
you're always everywhere.

Another morning breaks,
am I still the man I was?

Niko Tiliopoulos

Backstabbing ‘Friends’ & ‘Colleagues’ & Things That Say ‘I Will’

[re-posted because original was deleted due to profanity!]

They lurk in the bright light,
the best place to be out of sight.
They blend in with your mates,
in hues and shades of inconspicuous states.
They offer you cakes and sweet talk,
they even take you out for a walk
or buy you pints around the clock.
But they stalk you like a predator,
like a Viagra web-advert editor.

Yet they adore you with innocence,
and full of charm and pretence
they tend to speak in future tense
with intense proposals and promises.
But their kisses and smile are vile,
yet they do it in such an admirable style!

They are never hostile with their posh accent
they represent all you view as being decent.
But they pretend until the moment they strike.
Like an invisible pike they impel you in your sleep,
and as you weep with surprise and shock
they mock at your inevitable demise.

Here’s to you,
backstabbing friends and such,
feck you very much!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Cambridge Blues

(lyrics & music written with my cool brother Ari)

I could walk but I couldn't see
all those people running to be free.
When the sky turns to blue
I'll decide what to do with you,

and the tears inside my mind,
broken years I cannot simply rhyme.
Since the ink's inside the pen
I'll use it up and pray that someday... I may

see my whole life flow away.
There's something more I need to say:
"Now it's time to leave the scene,
otherwise I may be seen on screen."

Close your eyes, here have a dream,
let your joy blend with your primal scream.
Ways I crossed, ways I passed,
but now I'm thinking of my play's cast... at last.

I'll walk around and make some noise,
make some sense out of my life's choice.
There is nothing left to do,
but make the fire blow through me and you.

Wonders of dark crying clouds,
echoes pulsing by my mind sounds.
Battle cans in civil wars
separating allies from our foes... who knows?

Suffocating by those blues,
never mind the grinning lonely fools.
Riddles baffled in remorse;
soon the knight will ride his horse… with force.

In the fields of love and hate
I've been trying to find my life's betrayed fate.
Trembling feet and naked fear,
memories reflecting on my beer... I'm here!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Carpe Diem

A certain formula on Carpe Diem's site
gives some swain people a fright,
with its might and frank right
and wrongs, it seems it belongs
to the realm of erroneous thoughts,
false like a healthy day's snorts
it haunts its twisted creator, a traitor
of academia, with Mediterranean athymia
and psychophemia, he should be ostracised
to that despised space of disgrace.

But yourselves embrace, for the truth's far more funny,
cause for love or money the equation was a farce
to parse the shallow minds in their disguise,
to separate the fools from the wise,
and what a surprise that must be
when their plea becomes a meaningless decree
and their ludicrous spree nothing but a hollow prize.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Ceci N’ Est Pas Une Poème

This is the last week
I see my reflection on your morning eyes.
The last time
I draw hope from the vibrations of your voice.
The last weekend
we breathe each other’s breath
or cry for our weaknesses.

This is the last bus-ride we share;
the last hour
my manners embarrass you
or your attitude nettles me.
The last time
we play or laugh,
we are bored, angry, or sad together,
we caress.

This is the last Monday
I buy you supper
or wash your clothes;
the last time
we drink from the same cup
or share a towel
or brush our teeth together.

The last morning
I wake up next to you,
and the last time
my alarm disturbs the innocense of your sleep.

The last misunderstanding,
the last compliment,
the last argument,
the last embrace...

This is the last day
we call each other baby,
we kiss like lovers,
we exist as one.

This is Tuesday 25th of October 2005

The last moment
we are...
complete.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Chilli meals

My memories?
Oriental spicy dishes
on the diet of my mind.

They always give me diarrhea,
but I can never have enough of them.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Circadian Arrhythmia

[poem resubmitted because original was deleted due to profanity!]

Time is so annoying
when it reminds me I'm late.

My appointment with sleep was
three thousand minutes ago,
but I missed it.

The sun has already had breakfast,
but I haven't even had dinner yet,
and the only thing that fills me up
is hundreds of grams of tobacco,
though my lungs are not that happy,
while the pills I took last evening
are already looking for some company.

At least them wine bottles
are as soulless as me.

But whom am I fooling?

There is a lecture to give in an hour,
and students expect me to make sense.

Sense of what?

Freud's cigar and cocaine addiction?
I've indulged in them both,
and I still believe Johnny Cash was wrong.

Jung's archetypal angels?
I met them once but they were stoned
and very reluctant to fly.

Once in Sri Lanka, someone pulled a gun at me
and the only thing I could think of was
'Why don't you pull the bloody trigger? '
But bullets were in short supply.

But now there are no guns to shoot me,
no volcanoes, earthquakes, or tsunamis,
no suicide fanatics to blow up my Bali.

No, for now, I have to live.

Death has skipped me dozens of times,
but there is a greater plan here:

I must make my third double espresso
and drink it straight;
my stomach needs the caffeine pure,

as the Andes have spoiled it.

...sip...sip...sip...sip

This sound reminds me of the butterflies in Guangzhou,
with their schoolgirl-uniforms selling me immortality.
Ha! They must have meant something else,
because I am still growing old.

Well, I tried to shower my sins off
earlier this morning,
but they are Maori permanent.

Anyway, it’s time I went.
Where to?
It doesn’t matter. It never did.
It’s the trip that counts, they say,
and my pills agree.

So, I’ll hop on a cab
and ask it to take me
somewhere,
anywhere,
nowhere,
everywhere...

Niko Tiliopoulos

CNN

I weep at fortune's wounds,
standing, cursed, at Salang Pass,
surrounded by frozen shells
and the fences of Miroslav Holub,
separating nothing from nothing,
summoning the Demons' funfair
through Sarajevo's tears.

Dali's surrealism
in the eyes of the fish,
drown inside the flooded huts,
at the suburbs of Dhaka.

Forty hundred thousand holes,
a requiem to Grozny,
for the never-believer.

The purple dawns of Bangkok
cast the sickness of their light
on a wall's writing:

'It's alright ma,
I'm only dying.'

Macbeth's blood-bath
in the massacre of Matanzas,
but that was a long time ago
and even God forgets.

The strive of the gays,
echoing in the streets of Hobart,
but the crippled children of Jaffna
can learn now more about
the mysterious clouds of Jupiter...

No mouth can speak
what the soul hears.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Connecting The Dots

Yesterday, as I was picking up my laundry,
I was hit by a stray lighting!
And among the sound-effects of a sub-tropical storm
and the applause of the raindrops on my window,
I heard my bones crack me jokes
about my sinful essence,
bent under the weight of years and books,
page after age of pornographic knowledge
about nothing and noone.

No, it was the good-morning sight of that cockroach,
lost between the slices of my breakfast bread
that made me throw up my memories
one by one in my kitchen sink,
with my Chinese neighbours'
bewildered eyes for an audience,
and the postman's empty sack
looking for an overdue letter of hope
addressed to me, in vain.

Actually, I remember now,
it must have been that revival tune,
an aboriginal busker was conjuring
in the central railway station subway,
and as the echoes in his fiery eyes touched me
I felt humble, insignificant, and wrong,
and all the perfume advert posters stared at me,
torn apart by random commuters in their frustration
and pissed on by glamorous pets.

No, I am sure it was that illegal joint,
dove-tailing across a Dutch oven
full of dysfunctional professors and their groupies,
talking to each other through text messages
and skyping their lust via cellophane-wrapped keyboards,
untouchable, unreal, uncomfortable,
the brewing cynicism of the cancer in me,
cancelling my sunny dreams
in midnight glasses of red wine.

It must have been the lighting after all...

Niko Tiliopoulos

Dawn In The Afterlife

... Dusk

Gatwick airport was suffocating
with farewellers, sun-seekers, and duty-freeers.
While rolling an imaginary fag between my fingers
I downed a pint of lager faster than an espresso
and swallowed a ploughman's sandwich like a camel would.

"Where are you off tonight mate? "
asked a Guinness acolyte on my left.
"The afterlife." I replied
and blew some imaginary smoke on his face.
"Aren't we all pal? "
commented an ale punter on my right.
"Cheers then! my crucifixion companions."
They didn't get the blasphemy in my words.

I looked up at the departures monitor
and then at my boarding pass:
The time was right,
the gate was right,
the destination was right,
but I was wrong.
Somehow I was wrong.

I checked the UK connection on my mobile phone,
and then I switched it off... forever.
Reluctantly, I crowded my last pennies and two pounds
in a charity box, took a deep breath,
and jumped into the impatient river
of tourists, business people, and immigrants.

Three dinners, two stopovers, and a hemisphere later
I arrived at my destiny.

... Dawn

Niko Tiliopoulos

Delictorum Confessio

Your house is old,
as old as the stones that built it,
those that reflect in the silence of the night
the sins and the pain that for centuries have absorbed.

During those hours you stand on your balcony and smile at me,
with an Arabian Nights' irony,
as you watch me observe your nightdress caressing the marbles,
weaving songs to wipe the sweat off our eyes,
as the moon sends them images from past times.

Every night...
Forever...
I will be there,
inside your atavistic depths,
for you...

For you I betrayed my Lord,
with a kiss, three nails
and a noose around my neck.

For you I was drown in the ammonia of the urine
of the barbarians that stoned Stephan,
and was left to be lynched by the mob
when I assassinated the Mahatma.

For you the minstrels sang my adventures,
in the mud-villages of the meleagrides of the Province,
in the pitiful theatres of the moulded lepers.

For you I was tortured by Torquemada in Avila,
as I revealed to him my secret,
the one that for centuries Alighieri
was hiding inside la commedia of his divine imagination.

For you I tried to convince Amr Ibn el-As
not to burn the Great Library,
on the night of the new moon of Muharram,
then when Hijra was becoming twenty years old.

For you lady of the glens
I searched for the Grail, the Holy,
Arthur's curse,
by following the wrinkled shadows
of the thunder-built walls of the palaces of Valhalla.

For you I loved you,
from the very first moment we were separated,
then, when we still were expressionless,
living in other spheres of existence...

But...

your house will always be old,
and I will be there every night,
between the leaves,
dreaming,
with your songs,
of you...

Lorelei...
Siren...
daughter of the Devas...
seducer of my soul...
concubine of my sensations...

...

don’t cry...

Niko Tiliopoulos

Delusions

For the Devil I have preached;
I haven’t met God yet,
but I feel safe that He exists.

I need a spirit,
beautiful,
to guide me
through the swamps of our clay flesh,
to show me the faults of the mind,
to teach me the passions of the soul.

I need a spirit,
immaculate,
to bring me to You.

Which demon
penetrates your radiant body,
in the nights when the moon is hiding
behind the earth’s back?

Who carves your smile
so bright
under the circles
of your morning eyes?

Who offers you
his past-participle love
for an antidote?

Which goblin is using
the gyri of my brain
to translate
its erotic complexes?

I am burnt by the portion,
you gave me for remedy,
Naya,
mistress of my visions.

In the corner of my imagination,
a caravel,
with the treasures of my soul,
is sailing in a black sea,
pressed by the wet fog
of death.

Fairies are dancing,
silently,
in the dead calm ether,
that looks aroused,
around the flames of the ship’s stern…

…that looks lethargic,
around the light of the bedroom’s lamp.

What is real and what is a dream?

Where is it leading me,
my Griot,
the ironic reality of your tales?

For the Devil I have sinned;
I haven’t met God yet,
but His existence frightens me.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Department Of Psychology, The University Of Edinburgh

(a letter to Ingela)

I have the best office in the psychology department.
It is on the second floor of this Georgian building,
the house of admiral Nelson himself (apparently) .

The time is 19: 30.
I am sitting in my office,
gazing through my window
at a magnificent autumn sunset.

A shameless blue sky,
the moon’s already up,
but discrete,
and a gentle breeze
is making the shadows
of the leaves of the trees in the park
in front of me so playful,
while the surrounding sandstone buildings
are painted red in sunlight.

And everything is bathed
into some sort of Russian
avant-garde music,
coming from my radio.

At times like this,
when everything feels
like a Kandinskij’s painting,
I love my life.

At times like this,
I love being in love.

And times like this
are so rare
that when they come
I usually wish I died then
in happiness.

But then I look at my PC screen,
where an SPSS dataset
is looking back at me saying:
“Hit me babe! ”

And there goes my romantic mood,
down with the sun,
the colours,
and the Russians.

Bastards!
One day I’ll have my revenge.

Just you wait.

Anyway,
where was I?

Niko Tiliopoulos

Don’t Go To Bali

Don’t go to Bali my friend.

Even if the whales whistle you the way,
even if the dolphins dance for you to stay,
even if the spirits possess you when you pray.

Even if the sun is king or the winds are fair,
or even if the sea currents take you there,
and even if you are charmed
by the gamelan music in the air.

Or the dancers of barong
and the outfits of sarong,
or the feasts of spice
and the paddies of rice,
or the volcanoes of light
and the temples of white.

Come what may in the end,
don’t go to Bali my friend.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Doo-doo-doo, Da-da-da

Say what you will, and say what you wish
but I was kissed by the devil's lips,
and the Candy-man laid down in Bali,
while I was flirting with Long Tall Sally.

But don't forget to read the manual,
it's just a ritual that went, well, annual.
And if what I say is not so true,
I will see you in Katmandu.

The Pope knows this is a secret
and what I say I may regret.
But what can I do with those KGBs
other that send them a bunch of bees?

BEEZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

Niko Tiliopoulos

Downtown Moscow

Strolling down the alleys of mind,
not the boulevards or the highways,
with the modern arts and the sunny days.
No, these streets are not so kind.

There is dirt and pain here,
where fools and princesses in disguise
are dancing along with their cries,
and the endless rain and fear.

The lies here are grey
forever like an ancient curse
they dare me to do my worse,
in a night that is to stay.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Dreaming With Siddhartha

The monasteries of the Buddha
were sleeping fireflies,
fragile candles of souls,
as they were hanging in grace
on the icy slopes of the Himalayan walls
that guarded, majestically,
the moonlit waters of the peaceful lake.

Aeons of chants were filling the air
with an ether of iridescent colours of harmonies
that danced like vibrant spirits,
cocooning the landscape
in joy and humility.

On the lake,
floating platforms of ancient wood
held tiny torches of hope
and the weight of the monks
that orchestrated this choir
of melodies and light.

And there I was,
absorbing this feast of life,
paralysed in ecstasy,
before my mind
drifted into oblivion:

A dream of infinity...

-Yes-

A dragon in a triangle of flames...

-Yes-

An infant baptised in loneliness...

-Me-

This is not here,
nor it’s real,
all an adventure of the soul.
There is no “now”
in the aging of the moment...

And just before
I was carried away by the clouds
thoughts were awaken:

“I give you nothing,
for all you have.
I ask for nothing,

for I am everything.”

Niko Tiliopoulos

Drinking With Márquez

Gabriel was sitting on my left,
a gray archangel fashioning a tired moustache
under his alcohol-crying eyes;
a kind patriarch in his solitude.

We spoke in Spanish,
we joked in Italian,
we argued in English,
and we thought in Whiskish.

And one hundred years of riddles passed in a night.
Riddles of love and illness,
cholera and la violencia,
under the irony of Fidel's shadow,
the censorship of the cohiba ashes,
and the curfew of Pope's colonels.

But when he asked me:
"¿Porque estás aqui? "
I became a little child baptised in mud,
running barefoot through the alleys of Macondo,
carefree yet in fear of the evil in my hours...

... Gabriel had always been sitting on my left;
in a storm of thoughts we scribbled our pledge
to the chronicles of our heart
that foresaw our fate,
forgave our past,
and foretold the adventures of our minds.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Edinburgh Dreaming

All along the watchtower
I am boxing with a flower
and while reading about John Knox
I'm dreaming of Sara Cox.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Emptiness

Missing the laughter,
the innocence of tease,
ghost-gnawed, shadow-drowned.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Encomium

One more day
I know not how to speak.
One more cry
as my soul I slay.

Another feast
for this city of pain,
but inside her filth
I become a beast.

A voice of dreams
threatens the darkness
in your wet eyes
a prison of screams.

In my life I try
to live like a wish,
my loveliest one,
until I learn to fly.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Evidence

I don’t remember being born
but I remember dying.

It was Tuesday
when I opened my eyes
for the third time.

Six were the hours of the day then
but fifteen the nights of the harvest
and the moon was full
its light and virgin,
though not for long.

You were fooled by my tears!
I didn’t come back for you but for my heart
and I will sing the song from the beginning,
until I hear that second voice
accompanying me sweetly,
like the honey of the mornings
of my childhood toys
in the imaginary land

of my hidden self,
my every life,
my every hope,
my only love.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Five Years Yesterday

In the pitiful corridors
for years I was looking for myself,
the punk, the drunk,
the thirsty poet.

A pile of books I'm carrying,
somehow I must have forgotten to exit my dreams,
nightmares of the rain of
the tired poet.

Two shadows were drown in smoke.
Two ghosts, and I with Irene,
inside the turbulence two silhouettes,
the forgotten poet.

And if I got dizzy by life,
knowledge immaculate will enter the darkness
of my soul, a prayer to
the drunken poet.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Fools' Love Day

(lyrics written with lovely Mania)

Good morning air, and flowers, and birds, and bees,
I'm walking along this avenue breeze.
Rose feathers around me
bright rainbows above me.

Hello lurid fair, and faces, laughter, bliss.
I'm joining this morning your loveliest mist.
The signpost shows east
the way to your feast.

Hi there sweet breath, and colours patched with pink,
I'm rushing headlong, in red clouds I sink.
Bells ringing around me
hearts thumbing inside me.

And, I fly, I smile, and slide away,
in this winter's May, we're invited to pray
so we ought to stay
on fool's love day.

Niko Tiliopoulos

For A Loved One

My most fragile song I will write
curved by the wounds of my heart.
With the splinters of your sky I will paint it
and you will give to it life.

With the sorrow of my happiness I will weave it.
In the fields of your soul I will be lost.
And inside my dream your legend I will steal.
Ethereal one, inside your eyes I will hide.

Niko Tiliopoulos

For Annie (A Letter)

I’m not talking about life,
I’m not talking about death,
I’m not even talking about the cold,
that fell upon this northern earth.

I’m not thinking about flowers
at my sleepless bizarre hours,
not even about fancy 'Twin Towers'.

During my restless comic beliefs
I’m not seeking any medical relieves,
or some astonishing scientific proofs.
Because I’m not talking about hoofs,
under university laboratory roofs.

For I don't want power and wealth,
I don't even care leaving this life in stealth,
since I’m not talking about family, sex, or hunger,
nor sorrow, pain, fear, or anger.
And I’m not even talking about God,
though some might say that's too bad.

Well, I don't worry cause I’m ok,
and during my nights I often pray,
because myself as a whole
holds safe in my soul
some one special, unique, and true,
and that one is only you.

Niko Tiliopoulos

For Annie (A Song)

Waiting for Annie
behind a closed curtain,
my Southern Comfort I threaten
and everything seems so uncertain,
watching the candle light
fight its way to heaven,
my heart beats so funny
as I'm waiting for Annie.

I cannot think of anything else,
nothing any more makes much sense.
I don't know why, I don't even want to guess
but my mind is in such a mess
and though my life makes me mad,
it's sad but I could not care less,
when I picture those eyes so sunny,
I'm just waiting for Annie.

Will she come or will she not?
A tiny wish is all I've got:
I hope she feels the same
when she calls my name
or is it just a game
she is playing a lot?
No matter what,
I haven't met some one so honey,
as if I was always waiting for Annie.

Niko Tiliopoulos

For Me

Is this the requiem of the soul,
or the prelude of a new life?

The echo of the pixies
on the wet, death-coloured leaves of autumn,
or the whisper of God to the wind
as he's making love to earth?

The world around me is baptised
in a soft contrast
and shadow looks brighter,
and light looks dimmer.

What is it that transforms me hypnotically?

I am changing, performing pirouettes,
and love is sketching psychedelic comics
on the film of my psyche.

She is tuning my heart in minor scales,
using as basic notes
Rembrandt's paintings.

When will I see myself in the mirror?
Naked and beautiful,
like Adam, before he got an apple-belly…

And she is playing with me,
like a stroke of green
on the back of pink panther.

Niko Tiliopoulos

For Me Little Brother

(lyrics)

Hi brother
I'm glad you noticed me.
I wish you happy birthday,
let yourself free.
Soon you’ll find,
a dream to be.

Hey brother,
I'm always by your side.
The further you are going,
the higher you are flying,
and don't you worry,
refrain from crying.

Love brother,
that's all that matters now.
For sure you'll see your way,
soon you'll know how.
So start and be yourself
from right now.

Be careful cause the road
is hard and full of stones.
Be careful cause the people,
might try to steal your hopes.

Niko Tiliopoulos

For The Lost One

The night found her alone,
this wasn’t any special one,
this was a night like any other.

In her bed she is lying,
looking at the moon and wondering
where her dreams had gone
where she lost her life.

Where are the travels,
the exotic lands?
Where is the fame, the wealth,
the prince that would come to save her?

She will never see her France
through the passing of her life.
And in her thoughts
her fate seemed so hard.

She cried in her palms
and sleep found her reciting
a poem she knew when she was a child.

In the morning everything was forgotten.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Forgive Me

Forgive me Lord, I stole the gold
that was hidden in her sky.
Forgive me child, forgive my pride,
for now I watch the flowers die.

And let my vows feign my lies
and let my soul stain my eyes.

Forget the rain, the haunting pain,
they drown me down into despair.
Forget my sorrow, forget tomorrow,
for once I thought that I was fair.

And let my eyes reveal my tears
and let my lies conceal my years.

Forsaken have I, forsaken her cry,
for I was blind behind my walls.
Forsaken her grace, her kind embrace
and left her where the night falls.

So let my years bear on my run,
so let my tears upon my loved one.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Fork On The Road

“Where are you now love? ”
he cried and his sighs
frightened the wolves in the forest.

“Where are you
in the delusion of your escape? '

'Where is the freedom
in the pain you offer for exchange? ”

What is the value of the void?
What is the value of silence?

If I could count the stars
I would find that two were extinct.
If I could weigh the sea
I would find her heavier.

Love,
please don’t abandon me
inside my deadly isolation,
I am chased by demons
that want to possess me.

Love,
I saw you
dirty,
in the sewers,
wounded by sin.

Love,
I looked for you
in the pitiful places
of the lost souls.

Love,
I sang about you
in the nights of the fairies.

Love,
I drew your name
with the freshly-washed rainbow.

Love,
somewhere in your smile
I saw death…

The black alcohol
that stains my veins
has painted my smoked cells with tar.

The universe is dressed,

its fifth dimension:
A dark cape,
wet with fear.

I closed my eyes
and tried to dream of the Spring,
but the message was clear:

-A fork on the road-

Niko Tiliopoulos

Friday Nicht, Haly Molly Nicht

[re-posted because original was deleted due to profanity!]

(written partly in Scots, as it only seemed appropriate)

I gaup at me whisky bottle in despair:

Whit's wrang wi ye pa'?
Ye're the Laphroaig of Islay,
ye should staund prood,
yet yer seelence is so freckin' lood!

C'mon! Dae somethin' funny,
ye can hae aw me money,
me poetry, me books, me life,
I'll even share with ye... me wife.

Why the hell don't ye speak?
Aye, ye're so curvy, so weet, so sleek!
But I lost the plat in the loo, come find me anither one
or I swear I'll shoot ye wi me imaginary sex-gun.

OK, ok, I offer ye a truce,
juist gimme, gimme, gimme yer bluidy juice,
yer spirit, yer warld, yer power.
Please, please, just for anither wee hour.

Ye see, I'm lanely like yer malt
and I knaw, I knaw it's not yer fault,
but bring me peace of mind
wi yer gust that's so refined.

Ye are me only freend,
tae the very bitter end,
please let me be yer best freend too
an yer name on me arms I'll tattoo.

And then the whisky said:

Gae shug a blend ya mad dafty!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Gangsta Rhyme

I’m dry of reefers
‘n’ I’m low on dosh
I’m tootin’ the wrong ringers,
but I’ve fooled the Big Boss.

The bunnies close their heads
as they rank me still
coolin’ the tune on Fred’s
‘n’ dippin’ the bill.

I ain’t chewed for five days
‘n’ I’m charged with ice.
Quit yo gooseberry lays
‘n’ fix 'em rats ‘n’ mice.

I ain’t chokin’ on goofies,
I ain’t gettin’ dizzy
with pro skirts ‘n’ chippies
skatin’ around sleazy.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Good Is What God Wills

On the night of the Barley moon
he became a lost soul;
dark matter in the whirlpool of creation;
the dust of a burned-out star;
a fading light;
a fake miracle;
a fallen angel.

He had forsaken his loved ones;
he had forsaken his God.

And God punished him.

He was sentenced
to drift in the cosmos
locked inside a shell of desolation,
in a bubble of unfulfilled prayers,
in a prison of false hopes.

And any one who loved him was cursed
to hurt him and be hurt by him in return.

He died like he was born:

Listening to the cries of his fears;
to the dull beating of his sorrow.
Cold, weak...
alone.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Goodnight

In the night,
when I'm alone,
I turn off the light
and fears grow.

I'm thinking of you,
a shade in my eyes.
Give me a clue
in your disguise.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Grandmother

When I saw you sad,
drowned inside your wet world,
I believed that I could make
your lips smile again.

But as I was holding your hand,
I realised how powerless I was
to erase the wrinkles
from your palms.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Happy New Year

Another year, another tear,
it's such a mess over here.

A new hope, a new dope.
A little of this, a little of that, a few more inches of rope.

A holy nigh, a holy fight,
for what is wrong and what is right.

Stormy days of haze,
I'm afraid to watch the thunder's blaze.

Emptiness versus loneliness.
For a moment I envied her happiness.

O God, I can't rhyme, every time, every verse.
Also it has to make some sense.

Well, in the end I am content,
for what I had to say, I said.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Havana

-
Hotel Deauville was not one of the best, but the rooms on the sixth floor had a unique view. From their balcony one could see Malecon avenue and then the Caribbean sea, while the horizon sketched an impression of Florida. Although March was still young, the afternoon was unbearably hot and wet – just a typical afternoon in Havana.

Henrietta was naked, with her beauty giving shape to the sweaty sheet that covered her sleep. I stood at the shower door, naked myself, and looked at her for some minutes… for some years… forever…

I tried to wet my dizziness but the water in the shower was dying in drops. I sat down on the tiles, away from the angry sun and the salty curtains, picked up a paper and started polluting it:
-

The clouds here are drunk
from the rum of the sugar
and the brass of the Creoles,
with their music spreading
in the air like spells,
along with the burnt fat
and the ashes of the cigars,
in the neighbourhoods of the moulted palaces,
where children are dancing
in a fool’s outfit,
with a sweet in their dreams.

Everyone here is bruised
from the slaps of the hurricanes,
but still smiling, like the jungle
that is struggling them without pity,
like the ocean of the pirates
that is imprisoning them forever.

And they drink their coffee
black, bitter, and short;
a miniature of their life.

Here the days are long,
but the night is endless,
and the rain is hot,
like the sun that is killing her on the attics,
in front of the broken windows,
the rusted faces,
the cracked hearts.

Here, where every moment
Havana is being born and dies.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Help Me Help You

(lyrics)

Why do you act this way?
Everything beautiful dies away.
Why do you feel so wrong?
How I wish you could be strong.

Help me help you make it through.
You won't stand a chance in this evil zoo.
Let me help you get it over.
You may never be able alone to recover.

And pain is all mine.
And grief is always trying.
And death is so near.
But you cannot see it, I fear.

Help me help you...

Why do you kill yourself?
I do have to shout for you seem deaf.
Why do you only see black clouds?
Even there you can find magic sounds.

Let me help you through your fight.
Will you ever be able to see what's right?
Help me help you live through life.
Stop carrying that bloody knife.

And joy is all mine.
And love feels fine.
The world is yours baby.
I could guide you, maybe.

Help me help you...

Niko Tiliopoulos

Here’s To You (For Gill)

(Lyrics written with my cool friend Stuart)

Endless the thoughts
and people just stare,
I wonder if they’d ever care.

So here’s my whole heart
in shreds of pain,
in trust, in hope, in love, in vain,
insane…

I begged for help
and I begged some more
but what they gave I had to pay for.

Yet you have always
stood by me,
by my dreams and agony
by my plea…

So fly away and take me there,
cause if I stay, I’ll fade… away.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Heroes

When you were young, the world was infinite,
a great unknown of random possibilities,
boundless potentials of impossible dreams,
dreaming of love and hope in endless probabilities,
improbable love and impossible hope were your prize,
and your heroes were wise.

But then you grew tall in a world that grew short,
shorter than small and smaller than known,
in finite knowledge of real certainties,
certain realities and limited understandings,
defined by limits and stories all told,
and your heroes were old.

So now the world is you, and you are the world,
you shape it as you wish in forms and shapes,
with purposeful creations you create your purpose,
generating knowledge for your generation,
now you know as you always look ahead,
and your heroes are all dead.

Niko Tiliopoulos

I Am Blesses

I am blessed
for in a life I lived four.
And my ghosts playfully dance
the tarantellas of their dreams
and nightmares tango their shadows
in the falso of the night.

I am cursed
for my life was split into four
dissociated planes of confused love
masked by eclipses and shades
of happiness in fountains of elusive hope
in the falso of the night.

I am blessed
for in a life I lived four.

Niko Tiliopoulos

I Remember

I remember the nights
I was crying my pain
with a bottle of alcohol for tears.

I remember the nights
of the drugs of Babel
inside the ecstasy of my ancient dreams.

I remember the nights of the pigs,
in the slaughterhouses of my guilty mind,
with a sick wind for an alibi.

I remember the nights saying:
“Wij zeggen mooi niks”*
and me laughing with the irony of their words.

I remember the nights
I was silently watching my blood
stain the vanity of a blade.

I remember…

We are nothing but a probability.

I remember…

(*'We are saying mostly nothing')

Niko Tiliopoulos

I Was...

by the seaweed,
as it danced its grace
with the music of the anemones
in the wise waters of the Mediterranean sea.

By the tales of Cicero,
as they were shaped into lollipops
on the lips of that girl,
the betrayed dream of Michelangelo's brush.

By the touch of the wind,
as it teased the echoes of my skin
on their way to Neverland
through the thirsty clouds of the Appennino rain.

By the smile of the sun,
as it vibrated the cosmic dust
on the rusted splinters of my brain,
the artefacts of Manzoni's wars.

By the mysteries of the olives,
as they blessed the Oracle's fate
that fell in love with the Spring
in the ancient alleys of Mediolanum.

By the curving of the earth,
as it gave shape to the scent of Life,
that poured out in amber tears
on the world that was embraced by...

I was...

Niko Tiliopoulos

I Will (For Janet)

(written by request of Hans Geluk, in Utrecht)

I will draw on the canvas of my soul
the golden waves of your hair,
your moonlit smile that's so fair,
the aurora borealis that you share,
in your eternal eyes, ice of the northern pole.

I will sing with the echoes of my heart
the secrets of Venus that you keep,
your poem, the everlasting, that's so deep,
the music of the gods, as you sip
every morning, measuring the distance that keeps us apart.

And I will charm the Devil's ear,
aside with the Devas that pray for you,
in the infinity of the sky's blue,
for what I feel could not be less than true,
as I gather my love out of a tiny dropp of tear.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Icarus

The music of the pan flutes teased the sky,
along with the smoke of the altar,
the cries of those who were about to die,
and the chants of the priests
of the minotaur gods.

And inside the dizziness of the impossible
I stretched my arms
to touch the sun
that always tells the truth.

But my hands grew heavy
and went deep in the ground.

So, I turned my wings
into leaves,
to look like a tree
and be loved by the Earth.

Father, I didn’t listen to you…

Forgive me.

Niko Tiliopoulos

If This Is A Poem, I Am An Aardvark

(inspired by the Scottish indie band 'Mendieta')

Scaramouch-Scaramouch
cried the band on the loose
and the whole gig went bananas
cause we all wore pink bandanas.

But then Stu came to play
and we all thought he was gay,
which was an erroneous thought
and I believe he was amused a lot.

So we asked Mike for some mechanics
but instead he brought a bunch of hispanics,
with whom we formed a band and called it 'Leila',
where I played lead fuzz-balalaika.

Well, very far we didn't go
cause our manager was from Glasgow
and because we drove in a crappy van,
which was made in Taiwan.

So as the story goes,
somebody forgot to press pause.
And in the end, who's to blame?
it was all part of the game.

But then again who cares for glory?
the point is I wrote our story
and I sold it to the news
so now I'm drinking martinis with John Hughes
(and my friends from the band 'The Jews') .

Niko Tiliopoulos

Illusions

(lyrics written with my good friend Peri)

Having lost my inspiration,
looking for my soul salvation,
tried so hard to reach you, but
an empty space was in your place.

And in the middle of this night,
I have no hopes, I see no light.
I strive in vain to touch the stars,
it only seems I live in dreams.

Niko Tiliopoulos

In A Bad Dream

I woke up this morning,
just like the other days.
Got myself in frond of a mirror
and watched him.

Where on earth am I? I cry.
In a bad dream’s mock,
where though I scream
I can't out of it walk.
Farewell Ms Poppins,
along with your poppies,
your daisies filled up with rubies.

This is my third day in hell,
where I think I fell.
How I feel I can't tell,
in sorrow’s land I dwell.

Goodness me, my heart,
such a space, I can't see.
Oh baby, baby,
in this summer day’s,
Sunday morning,
I lost the key.

Niko Tiliopoulos

In A Contrast World

(lyrics)

Funny are my thoughts, I know.
Naughty are the ways I act.
Feel I'm so safe,
trying not to show my name.
Fighting with the world,
my arms can't win this game.

Lovely is the way she looks.
Lonely are the dreams she makes.
She's by my side,
always have her in my mind.
Hoping she will stay,
sipping all her love and pain.

In this contrast world.

Niko Tiliopoulos

In A Funny Mood

Momentito appelito
with a mate I call just 'Tito'.

So I've sorted my internal affairs,
and as for the rest, well, who cares?

They say life's a long song,
but to the dead children they sound so wrong.

And there are no white lies,
just annoying dragon-flies.

And if you can make sense of all that,
then you must like kumquat,
and read the Bhagavad
in a cave on Ararat,
with a cousin of Arafat
who is called Pussycat.

Got that?

Niko Tiliopoulos

In Be-Bop

(lyrics)

Sun shines above me,
melting me down,
my love just kissed me 'hello'.
The day is on and
all things around
are making me feel I'm in love.

Cause winter's leaving,
is hurting no more.
I know she's dreaming of me now.
My heart sings songs for her,
will she hear, clear,
all this music that I have?

Dance crazy feeling,
twisting around,
my love lies safe in my eyes.
I know that soon she'll
fall in my arms
and then we'll be the happiest ones.

...but not yet!

Niko Tiliopoulos

In My Hometown

Volos today stunk of bleach.
The sun was hiding behind his sick paleness,
and music scratched my ears,
but did not touch my soul.

I felt alone,
surrounded by a voiceless crowd
of faceless people,
drowned inside my thoughts
of what had happened to me
miles and days way…

of what was going to happen…

Niko Tiliopoulos

In The Silent Side of Pain

The reflection of the earth is sleeping,
as my soul becomes sacrifice
in the ceremony of her dreams.

The sun’s smiles
warm my face,
but when I wrote to God about love
he pointed at the wind…

Out there, on the mountains of spring,
I was charmed by a fairy in her dance,
with the wave of her golden hair
caressing her white body.

Silent echoes
in the forests of the anemones
were sending hymns to her beauty.

So I found myself in Flanders,
seeking her drunken breath
in the temples of the repentant.

Diseases of nothing
tied His feet on wood,
but I wasn’t afraid to touch them
inside the tears of my prayer.

I met her in Gelderland,
stabbing happiness
with her guilt.

I kissed her in the canals of Utrecht
and under the bridge too far.

I painted her
inside the nightmare of her escape.

I violated her aura,
to taste the sky,
but she whispered to me hell.

For one tiny moment
I wanted to kill her.

Niko Tiliopoulos

In The Time Of The Angels

In the moulded tower
lived a girl
beautiful like the spring.

She was giving life
to the sick walls,
as they were touched by her gown,
the innocent, Flanders' weave.

She was giving breath
to the sheets that covered her breasts
in the nights when she was sleeping the moon.

She was giving light
to the echoing corridors
with her feet naked warming the stones
as she was seeking the Devil.

Beautiful dreams!
drunken sensations,
red wine,
His blood on her lips.

Wise dreams!
dazing her mind
inside the dust of the immortal books,
with your knowledge dancing in her eyes.

Dangerous dreams!
Hell's games
that transform into a sword
the desires of her flesh,
and into pain the sighs of her ecstasy.

She has been cursed by Poseidon
to be alone.

Alive among the soulless.

An angel among humans.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Inner Mess

(lyrics)

I watch me in the mirror.
Hell! where have I gone?
I feel the time passing.
Am I so alone?

Dark clouds in my desert.
Will this rain burn me?
There's a mess in my soul,
as deep, as I can see.

I hope this is my role
and my destiny.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Insomnia

For thirty nights I stayed awake
with twelve, lepers, punk, disciples,
in a dungeon in Utrecht,
bathed in the blood of the needles
of the researchers of apocalypse.

F84861-SR
they named the eroticism in my veins.
F must have stood for “Forbidden”
or, perhaps, “Forgotten”.
No one asked.

White-dressed muses
were messing up my mind with visions,
but I had an angel in my dreams.

“I threw your lies in the toilet, babe.
Two thousand millilitres of urine”.

The west wing was occupied
by the “happy” ones.
For a moment, I envied their sleep,
although it was fake.

'Lithium Ordum'

I am imprisoned by the Holy Inquisition of my passions.
A sick demon, guilty from birth.
No, I won’t give in to the silence of the mirror.
I will burry the sun in the pain of her letters,
but I will fool the darkness,
for once more.

My first grey hair reminded me of time.

To her health!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Into Darkness The Cries

The screaming of a guitar,
the agony of a young prostitute,
the soul of a dead child
in the dance of a mute curse.

The steps of silence,
in the ages of shame,
voices in the dark:

“Anyone else bound for Hell? ”

The executioner, the executioner,
Death’s twin brother.
Fire is staining the ashes
and sickening the loom.

I am left alone,
a pain in life,
just another murder
under Jupiter’s light.

I look in the mirror
but the night is still falling.
Soul made of silk,
when are you going to fly?
To cry?
To kiss the mouth of Isis?

But not yet.

Her body, her body,
so bright.
But the sun’s morning,
so far away…

I want to be born…
in my dreams…
again…

Niko Tiliopoulos

It's Raining Again (For Susan)

I never understood
the mysteries of my heart,
how can I sense
the secrets of the world?

Well, it's all right.
At least, I'm not lonely in my loneliness.
God is in pain with me.
The angels cry
in the void of my heart.
But, the demons laugh
at the weakness of my faith
and keep on trying to possess my spirit.

How can I ease the pain of my mind?
I'm surrounded by ghosts
that torture me silently.

Who am I to defy my fate?
Who gave me the right to love an angel?
But then again, it was inevitable.

I met her in a storm of emotions
and inside the oblivion of my soul
a tiny ray of hope was awaken.

I got pulled inside the sad rainbow of her eyes.
I was seduced by the pearled sea of her smile.
I was mesmerised by the waving of her seaweeded hair
that radiated the light of the thousand suns
they had violently adsorbed.

I was sleeping all these years before
and I thought I was alive
inside the mediocrity of my feelings.
I've been unfolding my love for her ever since.

But, we were worlds apart.
Dimensions of emptiness
kept her from seeing me.

How could that angel love me,
when she couldn't even sense me?

She kept on mumbling words
she heard in this world,
trying to convince her heart
she cares about me.
How could she?

No human, no idea, no emotion
can fill the void of her absence.

No god, no devil can replace
the wonder of her existence.

It is still raining heavily.
The sky is filled with lighting.
God must be angry with me
for trying to change
the order of the universe.

Unfortunately for Him,
and for me,
I'll keep on trying...

Niko Tiliopoulos

Just Thoughts

And thus I don’t know
if I should write to you or cry.
Cause when my sorrow drains,
my final tear is shed,
my happiness adjoins the darkness,
I will tender the colours of my heart,
adornments to your smile that is so pure.

Niko Tiliopoulos

La Floridita (For Ernest Hemingway)

The other night
I went to that bar,
on Obispo Calle,
in Havana
to find my drunken muse.

I found a place of past glory,
now with cheap tables,
a fading tapestry,
fried bananas for side-dishes,
and a malfunctioning air-condition.

It was only that decaying,
almost invisible, painting
behind the bar,
and the aging orchestra
that betrayed the present.

And between the annoying
flashing tourist cameras
that polluted the dim lights
there were clues
that my muse had been here;
or at least her long dead brother.

His face was hanging on the walls
in multiple copies of framed, black and white
impressions of yester-times,
while his bronze statue
was staring at me, uncomfortably,
from a corner,
with wit and thirst.

In the end,
I didn't find my muse,
but instead I discovered
'la cuña del daiquiri',
which, I guess,
is not so bad after all.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Let Me Ask

Let me ask about the tears of the moon.

The silver splinters in the soul,
reflecting the agony of the light,
as it tries to brighten, in vain,
the dark maze of the mind.

Let me ask about the sadness of the Devil.

The guilty desires of the flesh,
punishing the beauty of the heart,
as it’s scarring, with an unforgiving memory,
the loneliness of the wonder of love.

Let me ask about the insanity of the future.

The futile dream of the lover,
hoping to be awaken by his woman’s breath,
as she creates life, by giving birth
to the tears of the moon.

Let me ask...

Niko Tiliopoulos

Little Joke Of Shame

A! See,
Long John Silver came to me,
yesterday.

With his wooden leg matching my floor,
but when I spoke,
he said: 'No more'.

A! Hear,
Long John Silver passed through here,
for me.

'There are times, you ought to seek the truth',
for what he said,
he had no proof.

Oh! Dear,
Long John Silver brought more fear,
to me...

‘Where were you?
Where were you?
Where were you
when they were bombing us?
Where were you
when they were killing us?
Where were you?
In Iraq?
In Chechnya?
In Rwanda?
Where were you?
Where? ’

What to do and where to seek?
Am I worth,
of what you speak?

Yes it's true,
Long John Silver took me to
his gold.

Hey! You. Yeah, you.
Long John Silver will find you too,
one sunny day.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Love Must Be Spoken In A Thunderstorm

-Love must be spoken in a thunderstorm-

When death dies
from the Medusa’s arrows:

Read

the raindrops
that tell the tales of the Devil
hidden in your heart.

Listen

to the wind-song of Persephone
on the pedals of the flowers;
it is the pain of the enchanted lovers.

It is a curse, they say, to stare at your reflection,
on a lake, in a cloudy night.

But look

it is the fire of topaz
that for aeons now
has enslaved Circe.

Smell

the scent that’s approaching,
it’s of Bacchus,
Ha! Dionysus knows fun.

Touch

the mud;
it could be her shoulder, her breasts,
it could be life,

And only then,
when the vibrations distort your senses,
watch the lightning flash in her eyes
and shout:

-Love must be spoken in a thunderstorm-

Niko Tiliopoulos

Lucy

Floating on a pink sea of jelly
in the showers of creation.
Golden flames of immaculate energy
are matting through my fingers.

I am everyone...
I am everything...
I am light trapped in a bubble of liquid matter,
drifting inside the universal wilderness.
I am nowhere...

Through the silver banister crosses
lies Heaven...
lies Hell...

Why are you so sad, Juliette,
inside your vibrating sapphire beauty?

Regardé, a Sumerian priestess
is dancing inside a purple fire!
Voices of never-heard colourful sounds
are calling me... desiring me... reaching me.

The awakening has begun...

Niko Tiliopoulos

Makanan Salai

The twin towers stood proudly,
two Islamic pillars
in a forest of steel, glass, and acacias,
supporting the monsoon sky
in the city on the muddy delta.

And on the ground
the beer was chilled and funny,
like the food stalls it was served in,
with names like
“Fatt Tuck Choy”
or “Thin Fook Thong”.

And the sweat was impatient,
like the traffic,
penetrating the umbrellas
and the walking hijabs of colour,
in a land where tradition is
Peter Stuyvesant’s
Imodium breakfast
and Guccis are faked in China.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Malleus Maleficarum

Memories always remember
to segment my soul;

images of past faces,
sentences in the past tense,
meridians of past lives in post mortum odours,

with lungs dipped in zyklon-B,
gas stains on a mandala angel
(an irrelevant truth)

all dismorphing my
personal equation of happiness,
oblivion’s fearful dreams:

Hostis humanis generis

I could accuse my social disobedience
for corrupting my nights;
or maybe my paranoid potential;

too easy!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Message in TM-DOS++

I tried to hack into the military land,
but soon fell into some firewall sand,
and all of KGB was there
how did they know about my affair?

They may have used x-rays,
but it's a strategy that seldom pays,
and anyway I was covered in lead,
since the day I was born and bred.

Maybe they spoke to Thacker,
you know that old famous cracker,
but them again he is a friend of mine
and he would not sell me for a dime.

Or maybe it was you,
trying to make a fast buck or two
and that's how you bought that coocatoo
and that fancy bright bassoo.

I'll investigate whether that is true.

In the mean time, this is
with love from me to you:

145689hakoe4lo2jfjik0jhj455jk3lk5l2
nh5i6o2ni4o6n2454vgf9ddas89fda98fa7
fd9a7fd9a77fa9ffad65f78d1a6f57as6f6sas

Niko Tiliopoulos

Mirror's dream

For a moment
I thought her hair had something of rain.
As if some primordial mud had messed it up
that it resembled prehistoric plants in a fossil.

What of her eyes?
A whisper told me
they were gifts from the wizard of Oz,
so she could see the world a bit dimmer,
as if he knew that light would wilt her.

I think I tasted, for a short while,
the sky’s iris,
as I touched her lips,
while her body charged me
and I started radiating the polar light,
with a shine that only she and I could ever see.

It was that unexpected discharge,
a magical spark,
that mixed the reflection with the original
and threw me into a deep sleep,
somewhere between the heavy smell
of an old pair of trousers,
the fireflies of some half-lit cigarettes,
and the echo of a rusted radio voice.

My last memory was
that there was Grace in her name.

Darkness again…

Niko Tiliopoulos

Miss M

(lyrics)

On the road again.
Know not where I'm going.
Know not where she's been.
My feelings lead me and I'm following.

I'm tracking down Miss M.

By a slow bus I come.
Find her I do want,
though it seems so wrong.
She's out of sight and I'm not strong.

I'm tracking down Miss M.

Niko Tiliopoulos

My Confession

I've been watching the insects,
in front of me,
moving
fast, hungry, expressionless…

I can see around me
people dying in this trap…

I can see them all…

'Silly humans,
What you're gazing at smiling
is nothin' but a reflection of light
on the stones that crush you.
Lift your eyes to the sky…
We must save our souls…'

We are pleased by the warmth
of our loneliness.
We feel safe in the microcosm
of our agony.

'What're you lookin' at?
There's so much soil in me mouth
yet I'm still shouting:

I am afraid! "

I am afraid, because I forgot the truth.
I am afraid, because I feel small, weak.
I am afraid to move, because I may hurt.
I am afraid of the sun, because it can burn me.
I am afraid to see my shadow, because it might be ugly.
I am afraid, because I don't know what happened to those that dared escape.
I am afraid of life…

And so, I will always watch the insects,
in front of me,
moving
forever, impatiently, free…

Niko Tiliopoulos

My Love

(lyrics)

My love is like the morning mist
that meanders in the sea.
My love is just that morning mist,
I don't think you can see.

She slips into my lungs
and helps me be.
She slips into my lungs,
I don't think that you can see.

My love is like a tidal wave
that crashes on the shore.
My love is such a tidal wave,
and maybe she's much more.

She carries me away,
in dreams I never wore.
She carries me away
and maybe she does much more.

My love is like the magic sounds
that flow in the air.
My love is all these magic sounds,
you can't hear them from there.

She charms me with her rhythm,
her passion I do share.
She charms me with her rhythm,
you cannot hear her from there.

My love is like a newborn girl,
a blossom angels warm.
My love is just a newborn girl,
still out of any form.

I keep her in my arms,
away from any harm.
I keep her in my arms,
she's still out of any form.

Niko Tiliopoulos

My Very First Poem

(I just rediscovered my very first poem, I wrote, in Greek of course, at the age of 6 or 7. So, for archival purposes, here is a translation - by the way, in Greek it rhymes) :

Spring,
daughter of beauty
and sun’s offspring,
your days,
golden blessing
on earth.

Your nature
like dew
everything touching her
becomes scented.

Spring,
golden
all you come in touch
blooms.

Niko Tiliopoulos

My Violet

Your eyes flutter
in the sun’s wind,
two free spirits
entwined, chanting:

My Violet,
distant light,
keep me warm eternally,
my Violet.

Sterling leaves wave
as I meander in space.
The moon’s motion
I embrace and pray:

My Violet,
morning’s dew,
don’t submit to the shadows,
my Violet.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Nature,367, pp.365-368

I believe I should confess
that all the things I profess
mean nothing to the role
I ever played for her soul.

And every time I touch her hand
I can never understand
why science cares more
about what the eye is
than what the eye sees.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Nicole - Part 1: The Pill

Yesterday I thought I was dying,
but today I'm still here sighing.

You see, I met this girl in a bar.
She smiled at me and instead of the bill,
she gave me a pill!
and on it was curved a dolphin,
which looked rather elfin.

Anyway, she was out of town and I was really down,
so when she told me with that I could talk to God,
I thought that's an interesting odd.

So I took it... (To her health)

But there is something here, I fear, I miss.
She must have thought I had a death wish,
because it felt like the Devil's kiss.
And the whole Hell broke loose...

Instead of blood I must have had
some toxic juice.
My veins were hurting,
as if they were melting.
I lost my vision, I could not feel,
I couldn't even stand still
or walk,
but I was able to talk.
And in the middle of this shock
my thoughts were all
on a beauty named Nicole.

So I gave her a call... (Oh, dear!)

But the night was running long.
Perhaps what I did was very wrong,
because though what I said was true and nice,
I think she mumbled 'I hate you' twice.

Well, the very next morning,
after a couple of cold showers,
I went and bought her flowers.
(I had to apologise)

And oh! now I realise,
she is really gentle (or maybe mad) ,
for to my surprise
she sent me a postcard!

Believe it or not
hope is the hardest dope.

So though yesterday I was dying,
today I'm still here trying.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Nicole - Part 2: The Postcard

The fate's warning
is warming
my desires, through her lonely eyes,
the black curtains' stars lies,
as he tries,
showing in the ball
the lovers’ role.

On the backside you hide your confession,
a whole string session,
such a lovely impression.

Hush!
It's a secret you might regret.

My spell I'll cast,
if I must,
on the future's forecast.

Well, at last,
he knows she is a rose,
but, and that's a deep cut,
we are framed by the Rex
of Sex!

No, that's not true,
it's just you
being down and blue
and what can I do?
It is so hard
and after all it's just a postcard!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Nightmare

Who is this creature
that possesses my dreams
and drives me to destruction?

The pearls of her eyes
are hitting me,
the bullets of a serial killers.

Ten knives
of ivory fingers on her hands
are puncturing my soul.

The snakes of Medusa her hair
spit hedonistically
their juices in me.

In front of her I feel weak
as she is calling me,
the song of the Sirens
on her lips.

I cannot stand this crucifixion.

I broke the sand-clock
and sipped its sand
but I only managed
to dry up my thirst.

Ethereal nymph, why are you fighting me?

Niko Tiliopoulos

Nonsense I

I'm going on HOLIDAYS! ! !
and when I’m back I'll resume my casual days
but until then arrivederci Roma
even if I fall into a deep coma
with a fine delicate aroma.

And I promise, I'll dance with you soon
when we get the next full moon.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Nonsense II

Subjective equations
reflective stimulations
spinning in the void of my blender,
what a slender!

And remember: The choice of Miller,
lies with that freckin’ dealer.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Northern Australia

The other night I found myself drunk
in Gove, in the northern territories
of the southern nowhere,
in the darkness, in my sweat, in my dreams,
looking for her,
my salvation, I guess,
through forbidding signs,
roads spreading like the tentacles of an abysmal beast
and 4-wheel drives splattered with red mud,
as if on purpose.

But instead of finding her I lost her,
in my deafness,
thirty-three thousand feet above life,
above everything.

But she had been with me since the beginning,
my first breath,
the first sound,
the last sunrise,

in a land where the locals are forgotten
and the travellers ignored.

Niko Tiliopoulos

O! Mama

Riding a naughty llama
wearing a funky pyjama
while chanting Hare Rama
and absorbing the panorama
from the top of Fujiyama.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Of The Essence Of The Spirits (For Liek)

As our years go by
the beers get dry
and bitter,
litre after litre of solid tears.

But she and I
are free to defy
our fate.
No hate in the whispers of the sea.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Off Course

Memories fall,
acid rain,
on my head.
Toxic teardrops
of yellow, pink, and red,
as I lie on my bed
dead.

Burning roses
in the sleazy side
of my heart,
what a state of art!
when dreams and life
depart
apart.

Niko Tiliopoulos

One December’s Morning

The day the shortest
the beach’s sand I walked
with the pieces of myself
footprints on the wet shore.

The sun the coldest
the sky’s shadow wore
and with wings all diamonds
for once you flew anew soul.

Niko Tiliopoulos

One Spring

Look as the night slowly dies
and in the twilight of dawn
spit on the grave of that angry February
as you hold the infant of Spring.

In my eyes lives April,
who filled my days with his lies,
with silly stories and plastic hopes,
he sent me travelling on paper boats.

In the mornings I was smelling the sun,
in the sea I was looking for life,
and in my dreams I was mocking my sleep,
cause I though I was still a child.

But here I am now, later,
on the earth’s green silence.
And as my moves caress the light,
“I will be here forever”
she will whisper.

Niko Tiliopoulos

One Summer’s Night In Greece

(lyrics)

Gazing with my eyes
I see the sun sailing away.
Listening with my ears
the sound of fears is far away.
Like the moon in the night I'm here today.

Moving with my life
I feel her arms stretching to me.
Though the time’s not come,
I do not care, for now I'm free.
and a shooting star just kissed the sea.

Touching nine strings
all magic fields appear ahead.
Many wild dreams
begin to dance within my head.
Pure and holy thoughts, wish I were dead.

Breathing with my heart
the eternal sky is taking me.
And as I'm born a new man
the sun is rising again.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Only A

(Lyrics)

It’s not the wind that makes me dizzy,
it is not life.
And if something decorates my heart,
it is not music.

It is not war that scares me,
it is not death that rules me.
It’s that madness that surrounds me,
it’s that scent that mesmerises me.

It’s only A…

It is not the spring that warms me,
it is not the fire.
And if something is sickening my soul,
it is not loneliness.

It is not knowledge that stimulates me.
Sin does not arouse me.
It is a vision that touches me.
It is a crack that separates me.

It’s only A…

Niko Tiliopoulos

Oxymoron

It is September,
but under the whispering light
of the Southern Cross
the Spring is weaving its birth.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Pain

Life is a spiral moving onwards.
Her colours are a fictitious iridescence of pain.
Foolish he who believes the opposite.
Ignorance alienates us from our purpose.
We can’t escape pain
by simply forgetting his taste.

And happiness is just pain’s negative unit.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Poem One Or Two (... Or Three)

At one point in time,
at that point in life
I was presented with a choice:
Two paths to choose from,
two futures,
two fates...

Mandolins were tuning the one,
nymphs of joy in mantras of hope,
swaying in circles of tomorrow’s light,
sun-kissed, thirst-envied, warmth-charmed.

The other was carved with mystery,
electrified by April riddles of energy,
in pirate tails about lustful Singapore rooms,
satin-dressed, moon-bathed, passion-coloured.

At one point in time
I was faced with a choice
between two roads,
between two salvations,
between two lives...

...but I chose this third one.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Poor Adam

The dream of a poor Adam,
or the pedestrian words of a march,
or, maybe, the last train to Kathmandu,
or, perhaps, little Nikolas falls in love.

Whatever it is,
the beginning was the socks.
But how can one talk about love
in their smell?

And so, I changed the song,
and from a blues, I turned it into an Irish polka,
and it became tasty,
just like Belgium sprouts
under a coat of sour cream.

Despite these dainty writings,
I haven’t managed to shine my sun yet
on the eyes of those rainmakers,
even through their sunglasses.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Prelude For A Love

The veils of the night
covered my sundries eyes
and I felt my nose running
from the allergy of the spring
and if it hadn't been for the stench
of the urine, the alcohol, and the sweat
my thoughts would have stayed with her.

I believe I saw her
in the clouds,
or perhaps she was hiding
between the trees
whispering to the wind:

'Discover me…
Explore me…
Conquer me…'

I am not sure,
cause I was mesmerised
by the moon
playing her sonnets.

All around me offered music
to her name,
while my heart and my stomach
were keeping the beat,
and a sweet,
almost familiar pain
gave me the shivers.

The night was dancing
with me...
with her...
hypnotised, lost,
as I was singing:

'This time
I will follow
my fate…'

Niko Tiliopoulos

Real Love (Variations On A Theme By Neil Young)

Have I told you about my cries?
True love never dies.
If you ever felt it, there is no disguise.
Have I told you about my sighs?

The eternal warmth hides in your heart.
You ought to sense it, or you’re not that smart.
It’s a birth gift, an innate art.
That eternal warmth that’s in your heart.

And let yourself into the great indoors.
The scented pedals of your sacred rose.
It is your soul you should expose,
to let yourself into the great indoors.

I did tell you about my cries.
Real love just never lies.
Look at the life in your children’s eyes.
I did tell you about my sighs.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Realities

The colours in the Caribbean
are vividly optimistic,
fermenting their saturation
with salt, sand, rum, and rumba,
and the eternally blooming flowers,
feminine spirits embodied
in bronze, light, and scent,
flirting with a western dream,
in hope.

The colours in the Caribbean
are hues of grey,
drowning their sadness
in dirt, ash, sweat, and noise,
and the sick rotting fruits,
androgynous zombies cursed
in darkness, thirst, and disease,
struggling with a western nightmare,
in vain.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Religion

This year’s Christmas day found me at the beach
blinding the sun with his reflection on my shades,
confusing the sand with my sweat,
obstructing the sea-breeze,
and drinking the Indian ocean
through a blue martini.

The overlooking semi-automatic guns
were surprised with my audacity,
nervously talking to radios
on blipping warning signals
of concern about my well-being.

The crescent moons kept on reminding me
that I wasn’t safe there,
but I couldn’t help being mesmerized
by the sounds of the afternoon prayers,
echoing their mercifulness
through the palm-tree forests,
and vibrating Garuda’s feathers.

And somewhere there I felt in trance
only to be woken up lives later
by an orchid’s whisper,
a scented mist,
and the humble hope of a sutra.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Requiem

That night seemed ethereal,
as if time hadn't met her,
and a girl stood silently
among the street's shadows of pain.

The word of the hour finished too soon
and her cries vanished in the sewers.
Which God's was she a make?
Who placed her in the cosmic laws?

Deception – All her life danced in
Deception – All her dreams were fed with
Deception.

There must me a crack
to slide through,
to escape,
to be saved…

Between the bushes she touched the earth
and shivered as she felt her beat.
She got scared when the rain's licking
silenced the nature's rhythms.

That night was dressed in slumber
as a blue light painted that girl in white
and scattered her in the chaos of the legends
when her smile met the stars.

Deception – All her life danced in
Deception – All her dreams were fed with
Deception.

There was somewhere a crack
that she slid through
and escaped,
but she thought she would be saved…

Niko Tiliopoulos

Sahara

In a Roman agora
I once bought felicity
for thirty-eight camels
and an ounce of salt.

And my oracular destiny wove
the silks of the oasis merchants,
a sacred seal on the chakras of Arabia
placed on the night-lit stones of Thebes,
the scarlet chant of the mystics
meandering on the glyphs of the temple keepers,
an engraved whisper on lunar amulets.

But the desert’s tempest was a mirage,
mesmerising the cobra’s raqs sharqi,
a blot of scorpion’s poison,
ancient like cursed sand
on the wind-worn sandals of the Bedouins
sleeping their tea-leaves
beneath the scars of the tropic of Cancer.

In a Roman agora
I once sold felicity
for thirty-eight camels
and an ounce of salt.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Salome

Oh NO!
The curse, the familiar
stroke me again,
like the spit of a demon
on the face of a child,
like the scent of the flowers
on the nose of the bees in spring.

I am left miming stillness
with the entropy of my sight
capturing the abstract
through the dilation of the iris,
and only the pieces of the elephant tasks
on my keyboard
remind me that time is aging
on the strings they are hitting.

What jealous witch has charmed me?

How many times have I passed
in front of that mirror?
Salome was dancing her passion inside
and I think her veils tickled my nose.

The snake played his role well
in the theatre of Eden,
and threw me in this trap,
the naughty,
the insignificant.

“HELP! ” I cry,
but she is deaf,
drinking her coffee in Bagdad,
or was it Jamaica?

Niko Tiliopoulos

Sardines Rock!

Jazz is cool
and you are a fool
if you don't like some fuzz by the pool
in a sleazy bar in Liverpool.

In Rotterdam I had some spam
and in Rome I saw the dome
but I never jammed in the bar Vandine
with my good old Takamine.

You see, with my band we play country and rock
but not as good as we used to do it with Barock.

But it is still good fun,
although we sound like the frying-pan of Peter Pan
and we feel like a band on the run.

Ali G met John McVie
and they wrote a song called 'C'est la vie'.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Scent Of A Woman

The day had grown
and a wicked night
in the darkness of his eyes
had stained his life.

He wore his uniform,
his cane white,
the starts were bright
but he was gazing at the void.

Through sounds he could
sense the streets.
With smell he was seeking
a woman’s figure.

He could not remember her,
he didn’t know if she was alive,
but it was her scent
that guided him to her.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Seasons 1: Spring

So, the spring is here
and as the morning blooms
we fly away on our brooms.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Seasons 2: Summer

(lyrics)

Swallows are coming from the south,
singing lively, up in the trees,
while the sun paints the leaves.

Flowers are matting in the willows,
flying bees are carrying all their honey,
yes, they're looking rather funny.

Heat is warming back the earth,
bringing life up from nothing,
and the sea begins laughing.

Light is falling upon our hearts,
shinning love spins into space,
but old Time won't stop his race.

Summer is here at last,
holding us so tight.
Summer is here with us,
please don't leave this time.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Seasons 3: Autumn

And so the day turned,
grasping the quarter of the year,
the newborn, from its hair.

The sun was left with just his colour;
nature smelled the rot of the figs,
with endless vineyards for jewels;
the earth shed tears to the view
of the first morning,
as she felt the arrival of her rust;
the sea wrinkled in her stubbornness;
the sky got sick
and wiped the feathery grains
from his forehead;
the body got heavier,
from the wool and the cotton…

and you soul,
tireless soul,
you became seraphic, serene,
and with hunger
you are reading your book,
as if it were just beginning.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Seasons 4: Winter

The time has come again
when the light
hides in its shadow
when grey
begins to paint the sky’s rays.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Seven Tears

She arrived with the light,
a wild rose blooming under the sun's delight.
She departed with the last breath
of the withered stems that kiss the Earth.

I killed her,
just like I killed them all.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Shame

Here’s to you
demon-slapped woman beaters
overfed homophobic flesh eaters
badwill Machiavellian smilers
impulse-trapped gamblers
Valkyrian pornographic riders
soulless darkness-raised race dividers
misguided hypnotised Cosmo readers
catabolic Cardasian leaders
out of tune egomaniac pop minstrels
midnight flirting XTC gangrels
vain cholic art critics
yestertime dogmatic relics
gutless phallic policy makers
snow-shuffling love fakers
no-good brainless thinkers
war-minded necrophilic jokers
Coke stained dizygotic drinkers
Prozac-infused catatonic therapists
coward guilt amplifying priests
and naïve selfish altruists.
Here’s to you!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Shanghai

[Typhoon Natsa or Matsa was making landfall and my partner and I were running for shelter in the Opium city. We found a jazz café and settled in, waiting for the inevitable. At one point she dares me write a poem in five minutes. This is what I came up with.]

The voices were
vibrant, oriental and noisy,
yet they said nothing.

And the hand-gestures were choreographed
by a Chinese opera master,
powerfully silent,
yet they meant nothing.

And the smiles were
real and innocent,
yet they gave nothing.

And the city was
loud, fast, and bright,
yet it was alien.

A dusted artefact
in the hands of a European explorer.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Sixteen She Was (Henrieta's song)

(lyrics)

She had the spring in her eyes.
She draw a rainbow with her smile.
She wore the earth on her hair,
she never thought, she'd keep them there.

She had a lion in her heart,
they could have never lived apart.
She grew a flower from coal,
she didn't know it was her soul.

She thought, she had so many friends,
though she could not read within their heads.
Believed that life was dark as night,
so she could not get up and fight.

Well, the road seemed tough,
and as she stood in its start
she could not see its end.

Thus she felt so blue,
cause she had no clue,
how one earth to work this out.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Something Is Going To Change My Life

(lyrics)

All of my loved ones
are kept safe in my heart
but I feel something is going to change my life.

Half of my problems
are hidden in a chest
though I feel something is going to change my life.

I've packed my belongings
and I'm ready to move on
cause I feel something is going to change my life.

Deep in mind
I control all of my needs
for I feel something is going to change my life.

Changing my life
for good and once for all,
but I'm still crying
for those things I felt before.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Sub Rosa

I missed the Spring.
I fell asleep under the shadows of my desires,
with mandolin sounds for lullabies
and my grandfather’s pipe,
in dreams dressed in herbal smoke and honey scents
and the beauty of my loved ones.

I missed the Spring.
I was late for my soul,
too late for a song,
deceived by the lotus flowers
and the smiles of the sirens,
their seductive bodies waving my sanity away.

I missed the Spring.
The ring of oblivion was Time’s gift,
a nursery rhyme’s forgotten curse,
here like now, absent like never,
a colourless rainbow reflection
on eyes of sadness.

I missed the Spring.
I woke up in the slumbers of my regrets,
by tribal drumbeats for breakfast
and my grandmother’s tales,
in a reality stripped of hope and home warmth,
well worth the loneliness of a poem.

I missed the Spring.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Such A Fool

(lyrics)

She stretched her wings in a need to fly away
without saying a single bye,
and now I'm lost, I cannot see the way,
the light to find my love.

I know sometimes I'm such a fool,
I lose my sense and I get mad...
I get mad.

I realize I must have been wrong,
behaved bad and made her cry,
and now's so hard for me that she has flow,
I've got to bring her back.

I know sometimes I'm such a fool,
I lose my sense, but I get sad...
I get sad.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Such A Mess!

(Written during a national elections period)

A party? which party? Party spins!
The collective dactyl of the paladins.
A protest march; with my wisdom; my sins!
And God? How sad! He just grins.

I could never guess
such a mess.

Let's dance; a change to be had.
In the woodland two crows so mad.
Some thoughts I may add:
Are you good or bad?

Impossible to guess
such a mess.

Red and green and blue zing;
a pink and purple string.
My sweet anarchist king
I hate the morning's awakening.

How could I ever guess
such a mess?

I hadn't realised before
that as I feel more,
as I'm forced to see more,
as I move fore
and explore
my deeper core
and get my mind sore
with gore and war,
the more I don't know what I'm hoping for.

What a fool not to guess
such a mess!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Summer & Spring

(lyrics and music written with my cool brother Ari)

You could be summer and I could be spring
and you'll know that I love you when I call out your name
and the sun and the rainbow will come up and sing
when you are summer then I will be spring.

Down at the meadows by the shades of the trees
lies a beautiful lady with eyes that are so green
and her smile is a blessing to the afternoon breeze
down at the meadows by the shades of the trees.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Sunshine

(lyrics)

I am lonely, feeling down.
I am buried underground.
And I don't know, when and where I will be found.
I'm so lonely and so down.

I once had a love of mine.
Lost her somewhere in time.
Now her smile makes feel I wanna die.
Once I had a love of mine.

So my eyes are filled with clouds.
I think I hear evil sounds.
And my life's turned to a fight that goes in rounds.
For my eyes are filled with clouds.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Symptoms Of Depression

Depression is not just an expression,
but it’s a feeling of oppression
in the middle of a confession,
and that is my humble impression.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Tarantella

The Tower bridge was illuminated her age, and the magnificence of her body could be seen in the eyes of the seagulls as they were mocking her, dancing with the wind. The London night was cold, and the moon was printing its shape on the drunken champagne that was wetting Christine’s lips, as they were singing to me about love. She was hypnotically beautiful inside my sinful thoughts, but I remained silent. I was absorbing her, dizzy from my monotonous loneliness, and I hoped I could love her. For a moment I wondered why Thames whispered to me this was all but a dream. Somewhere there I closed my eyes and listened to the dialogues of my soul...

The Devil's night passed...
didn't last...
long enough...

Mystic moments of...
mystic bubbles of...
pure eroticism...
hide behind the night...
ride the seagulls' flight...
what a sight!

A comedy of manners...
Rosenbergs' elegy...
amor volat undique.

Who wouldn't like to be...
in my shoes? ...
in my booze?
Singing the...
Tom Traubert's blues...
inside my...
casual disguise...
casual lies...
the Gobi desert's tales...
sails for patria nostra...
and dead presidents.

Dizzy...
eyes are dancing...
dizzy eyes...
Pan flutes...
Mediterranean tunes...
dancing dizzy.

The Bible of the Dead...
Rasputin’s bread...
the Princess of Disks,
an Enterprise at six o' clock...
quite a shock...
it's too late to mock.

<I>‘What’re you thinkin’ of? ’</i>

Immigrants are not allowed...
the holy shroud...
an artefact...

<I>‘The final act...’</i>

I think it's wrong...
it is so wrong...
to think.

<I>‘... canta conmigo...’</i>

Let me rest in your...
smile...
smile at me...

<I>‘... please.’</i>

If only I had my guitar...
so bizarre! ...
her eyes!

<I>‘Que bonitos...’</i>

In the river two glasses...
cigarette ashes...
one wish:

<I>‘A kiss? ’</i>

A well-known fever...
Candy Dulfer's sax...
such a shiver...

<I>‘My lips quiver...’</i>

Lets dance the waltz...
lets dance...
thin walls!

<I>‘... angry calls! ’</i>

Her brother...
I shouldn't bother...
she hates him.

<I>‘LEAVE US ALONE.’</i>

This is the strangest life...
I've ever had...

I'm so sad...

<I>‘Don't hurt me.’</i>

Love me; can you? ...
primitive instincts...
a weary lust...

<I>‘A spell I cast’</i>

Kieslowski's trilogy...
the Doors...
ghosts in Kodachrome...

<I>‘Come here.’</i>

Make love to me...
black-feathered Frau.

<I>‘Now? ’</i>

She...
so beautiful...
she is so...

<I>‘You know...’</i>

a French disease...
yes it is...
la vie est belle...

<I>‘... well.’</i>

Touching her lips...

... Touching lips...

..... Touching her...

<I>‘I'm scared...’</i>

Niko Tiliopoulos

Teasing The Worms (Variations On A Theme By Tom Waits)

I'm walking down the alleyways,
a penny less than low.
Raindrops are drowning on the street,
some butterflies for show.

The devil's standing on one side,
the sinners' bullet hole.
A preacher on the kerbside
is selling me my soul.

I split my fate with a saw,
red Mustang's smoking tires.
Reflections on a beer pot
my passions and desires.

Cathedral bells and memories,
believers set in stone.
The rainbow's frown with a twist
reminds me I'm all alone.

Niko Tiliopoulos

That Bonny Lass

What can I write about her?
I could use my feelings like myrrh,
I could attempt my thoughts to spur,
but I would err myself pointlessly,
cause when I'm with her I feel glee,
and she should know better than me
that she haunts me like a banshee,
with her wee figure and her hair of gold,
at times she can be such a scold, a guile!
with her serious looks and childlike smile
she is tormenting me like a trial...

I wish I could touch her for a while.

But she is forbidden like a sinful pleasure,
an impossible treasure never to be had,
and as I watch her lips offer me tips
on how not to be so mad or sad
I feel bad only to pay attention
to that mystifying dimension of her voice,
and not out of choice but out of need
I can't heed her advice, yet I don't
want her see me weak and crying,
so I am lying and trying to look cool,
such a fool I am, not worth her intellect,
but I respect her like a gospel
and even when I cannot conceive
why she doesn't believe the stories I tell
I am willing to go to hell
just to be lost in the olive green of her eyes,
cause everything about her is so worthwhile...

I wish I could touch her for a while.

Niko Tiliopoulos

That Song Of Grief And Pain

(lyrics)

I'm so sad.
I wish, I hadn't met you.
I'm so sad.
If only I could help you.

You're so wrong.
You're digging into dirt.
You're so wrong.
I imagine it must hurt.

Let your heart show you the way.
I'm in pain more than you could ever think.
Let your soul lead your day.
Take my hand for soon you're gonna sink.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Age Of Empires Strikes Back

Speed it on
when the summer’s dawn
cracks its yellow embers
on my scout-group members.

But that provocative disaster
brought down the warrior master
with a touch of deception,
such a peculiar exemption!

The battle was ferocious,
and we all got a bit obnoxious,
spitting fire on the enemy’s hordes
from mandolins at major chords.

Did we win? Who can tell?
But some of us went on and bought SHELL
and became very rich.
As for the rest of us: Well... life's still a bitch.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Beginning Of The Third

Bitter the sight is when lit
by the final sunbeam
at the corner of the iris

that is reflected,
countless times,
on the mirror’s crack,
touching the tear
that breaks clumsily
on the earth’s green
for one more time.

And the wet foliage
bents by the weight
of its monotonous sadness.

It stretches and becomes one
with the ground’s grey,
at the sunset
of the autumn’s genesis.

And earth wrinkles and hurts,
as a colourless, cold dust
begins its death dance,
whipping the sky’s belly
that stinks of the winter’s sweat,
falling even deadlier, wetter,
mixing with the tear
that reflects the bitterness of the sight,
like that pebble on the seashore,
whose flame was extinct suddenly
by a third-season wave,
which threw its hope
once again, in the trashes of time,
and sentenced her into slumber
unlit the Sabbath of years.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Cry The Painful

I feel like I'm dead, and maybe I am.
I'm abandoned in half, or so.

I'm dragging my feet,
wounded.

My soul is distorted,
like the Star the Shapeless.

My skin is pale,
I'm sick.

I got trapped
in the Crack the Invisible,
and my years became an avalanche
and buried me.

I had the Gods the Forgotten on my side,
so I thought.

I was fortunate,
so I believed.

What would have I done,
if the Dream the Wildhearted had come true?

But the Colours the Clownish of mine
have turned to splinters and are nailing me.

My body's poured in the sewers,
along with the Rain the Wasteful.

Where am I now?

Darkness!

In Abyss the Wise perhaps or maybe close?
That's not true.

Wet!

In the ground deep?
But I don't feel the Worms the Hangerful.

Fire!

In Hell the Eternal?
What harm have I done?

So I'm here!

Inside the Cube the Slightest.

With these drawing on its hot sides,
its glass,
its wood,
its dullness
and its pain.

Everything is here.

How did it all manage to fit in?

The Day the Virginborn
is buried into the earth.

The Moon the Wishes-shaped
is drowned into the clouds.

The Bird the Goldenfeathered
flew songless away.

The Sand-clock the Lieless
sipped thirsty all its sand.

The End...

...but I was happy in your eyes.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Dance

(translated from Greek by the poet)

The dolphin looked like gold
as she was dancing
in the sea-choreography of her hair,
lit by a lamp,
with its flame ending
along with the whale’s oil.

And in her dance she whistled
the out-of-tune brass of New Orleans.
And her dance became ecstasy
in the spells of the Incas,
building the pyramids
of the cerulean gods of Venus.

And the lethargy of her dance cocooned her
with the silver of the bubbles of her breath.

Silence!

Horny, minor gods of the fields,
followers of Bacco.
Your pubic chants
are tantalising her sleep.

Silence!

Drunken tourist of the beach,
naked sand-stirrers.

Silence!

The dolphin is sleeping her freedom
in the waves of the corals.

She is sleeping and dreaming of the fire.

She is sleeping and falling in love with the humans.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Dark Side’s Story

Oh Lord, what have you done to me,
letting humans think I'm evil.
But then again, what a hell,
they don't even know what's heaven.

They blame me for all their faults,
for them I'm just the Devil.
They say, it's me who starts the wars,
while it's you who makes them painful.

Oh Lord, what have you done to me,
they think I'm ugly and mad.
They think they know what's good and so
believe they know what's bad.

They tell that I'm the only cause
that makes them be so sad.
They give me names I've always opposed,
I'm just the other face of God.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Day I Went Away

The day I went away
nobody knew what tomorrow would bring.
Chalk equations on clay,
three witches blessed my wing,
let no one forget a thing
about the day I went away.

For the sun was there to stay,
a night breeze, an owl's song,
Shakespeare's familiar play
and the road seemed long,
somehow I was wrong
the day I went away.

Her eyes shone like May,
all wet, but kindly warm.
I had nothing more to say,
no words to put in form,
as her tears vanished in a storm,
the day I went away.

The day I went away,
shivering by the flowers' cries,
the elements dared to pray
for the love that never dies,
do no forgive my lies
on the day I went away.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Day Of The Execution

Children were playing hide and seek,
old men were cleaning their pipes,
women were baking bread,
teenagers were flirting at the mall,
couples were still arguing,
the homeless were asking for change,
dogs were still barking at passing by cars,
the weather was following the seasons,
Santa hadn’t delivered all his presents yet,
and I was drinking rum in the West Indies.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Flight

<P ALIGN='CENTER'>The Flight</P>
<P ALIGN='CENTER'>In the purple of the dawn, twilighting on the tears of a lake,
where the spirits reveal their weakness in the eyes of the Earth,
praying to the mist to forgive their immortality.
In the darkness of the temples, haunted by the sins of the lost,
as the holy grail keeps its secrets inside the breath of the wind,
where butterflies mate with the rainbow beams of joy.
In the fire of the passions of our flesh,
where sadness becomes ecstasy,
desire becomes delusion,
hope a dream,
an angel,
you.</P>

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Game

(a true story, sort of)

The night the witches danced
I found myself passing through their forest,
a blind walker, carrying a sack of innocence.

Three they were,
but one the fire
and a circle they filled with spells.

'For you we are here'

And to their dance they invited me to rest,
but from my soul they stole three ounces of gold.

'We'll play a game' they said.
'No! ' I replied
'My journey ahead is long'
and I cried like a child.

'The game is called EXISTENCE
and think of nothing else;
as for your journey,
it is us who arrange it'

What could they mean with such words?

'Let us play it them'
I said and moved closer.

…

'I loved you'

cried one of them,
and inside my wonder she continued:

'My name is Aname
and I was born by they fire
that burns your hands.
Look inside the depths of my sight
and recite the scripts of Hell'

So I dived in the red liquid of her tears
and I found myself reading the verses of the dead:

'Cursed be those who have not spoken to love'

I couldn't take anymore.
I broke the mirror and escaped.
And so the night fell again in the forest
and the moon showed to me the three witches

with the closest of them asking me:

‘Tell me, do you desire me? ’

‘No’
I replied,
and her place was taken
by the second shadow,
as she vanished in the mist.

…

‘I love you’

she mumbled shyly
and inside my wonder she continued:

‘My name is Etar
and I was born in the water
by the cries of the drowned lovers.
Dance deep inside my sight
and sing to me if the king is still alive’

I swam in her purple iris
and I found a land of wealth,
of joy, of happiness.

And there I was,
the King, the Pharaoh,
on my adamantine throne,
mesmerised by the song
of my followers:

‘Our king you will be
for as long as we need you’

And suddenly the witch was in front of me again,
and with a lighting that electrified my bones
she asked me:

‘Tell me, do you desire me? ’

‘No’
I replied,
and a sigh absorbed her in the night.

…

‘I will love you’

smiled at me the third figure,
and inside my wonder she continued:

‘My name is Rhosph
and I was born by the wind
that brings the ideas.
Fly inside my fair sight
and whisper to me the mysteries of the void’

I flew in a world of darkness,
observing the images of Hades,
shaping me, penetrating me…

And I was back in the forest
with the witch asking me
with fear in her voice:

‘Tell me, do you desire me? ’

‘No’
I replied,
and I was left alone,
as she was carried away by the clouds.

Then light scattered my body
and showed me the secrets of the universe,
but I didn’t manage to see them all
because the night had not fallen asleep yet.

The night the witches danced
I passed through their forest,
and though they lied about my journey,
wisdom they stole from my heart,
as it was always written.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Hole

'My world is just a tiny fractal'
cried the seagull,
but to my mind, that was illegal.

O, well, what a hell!

He was so dull and tall,
but who am I to deny his call?

After all,
it was me who burned that sex-doll
in the middle of the hall
(God rest her soul) .

And that's all I can recall...

That's all.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Morning Is The Wrong Time To Cry

The morning is the wrong time to cry.

When your soul has drained,
pain is its sludgy ground,
which when mixed with sleep
gives birth to delusions.

In the morning, however, truth is fresh,
and destroys the illusion of reality.

Truth hides in dreams.

In my dreams there is you,
giving colour to their shadow.

Don’t be afraid of me, mute beauty…

I cannot touch you,
I cannot hurt you,
because I don’t exist,
because I never existed…

I am a cloud of desires.
The mist of the enchanted forests.
I am a vision of ideas.

The dreamy song
of the flowers’ silence
that caress your lips.

I am an immaterial seed
that fell from the sky
on your strange world.

Yes, I am a little angel
that slipped from the moon’s smile onto earth
to learn how to love.

I envied, you see, the humans,
for only they can truly fall in love.
So it was written in the contract of their sins.

Teach me how to love.

Open the iris of the soul
that is hidden in your eyes,
as they radiate the colour of the unripe olives
that Demeter used to whisper her secrets to.

Teach me how to love.

The pain of happiness on your face.

Teach me how to cry your tears,
those that pay the price of your beauty in Hades.

Show me how not to become like those
who love has forsaken,
because they betrayed her,
and now they are mocking her,
in the hell of her curse.

Don’t let me dwell
in the irony of my mind
that is torturing
the veils of my sleep.

Teach me how to love.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Night I Met You

Time bend,
and the night
became long and white.

The moon was
the great window cheater
and the spring breeze
was keeping the curtains
awake with us,
while the blackbird’s song
was echoing between our words.

Our eyes were speaking in riddles,
while our hearts listened.
Slowly unwrapping emotions,
carelessly hidden
under layers of pain and pretence.

We had wasted our youth in a lie;
we had forsaken ourselves
for a mirage of happiness;
ideas that were often heard
but seldom seen.

The beer can’t keep a secret
and only my cigarettes
that crowded the astray
were miserable.

We became creatures of the candle.
We purified our spirits,
we confessed our sins
and we forgave ourselves.

The flames drunk their wax,
dawn chased away the shadows,
words became meaningless,
and we got wedded.

As the morning star
shone on the horizon
we made love...

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Path

Part I

The path
of the locust's afternoon,
baptised in the sun's sweat,
was lost in its thirst for shadow.

Light is born from the sky's joy
but in the darkness knowledge rots
by the plague we offered her
to forget us.

We became insane by the beauty of our new outfits,
the ones we were making since we were born
from the silk of our glands

"Beautiful outfit,
unique outfit,
please, cover our ugliness"

In the night we swear curses
for our nakedness,
as we strip it more
to make our outfits wealthier.

"Weave a song for Happiness and tell me
how long can it survive in my heart?
I just met her yesterday and she is already old."

"Why are you dying Happiness
inside my heart's arrhythmia? "

Such a shame!

Part II

But suddenly one day,
at the wakening of the sun,
the path cracked
and in front of me there was you.

Ethereal, vague;
A grain of dreams
in my eyes' mist,
constantly growing,
as you were approaching,
barefoot,
on stones wet from sorrow.

And space collapsed inside its cries.

And chaos came…

And my voice became a thunder.
And my thoughts butterflies.

I’m afraid to get close to you,
I’m afraid to look at you,
I’m afraid to touch you…

Don’t let me love you…

In silence lies death
but it's birth that delivers the pain.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Pixie

From the land of visions I escape,
with a scream, deadlier
than the silence of your mind.
But you should know
whom I’m coming for.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Prince Of Sunsets

The prince of sunsets
split the horizon
with a violent,
yet calm, movement
of his indigo sword and
as his shape settled under my eyebrows
he said:

"Which is more precious?
Water or Gold.

Listen to the heartbeat of the lover as he sleeps.
What do you hear?
The music of life
or the echoes of the storm
in the lungs of the drown? "

Proud may be the one who begs for love…"

"Don't look at me my prince,
I am in rags and ashamed.
I divided everything
among the God's meek
and I was left poorer.

I sold my happiness
for thirty pieces of rags
to wear them and hide
under the bridges
collecting the trash of the coachmen."

But I was destined to change the world.
What went wrong? "

"To learn how far you've travelled,
you need to know where you started from."

wrote the mould one day
on my dirty plate.

So I followed my steps backwards,
in the hope to find genesis,
but they brought me to the sea.

So here I stand, once again, at your shore,
at the beginning of my circle,
and the pieces of the puzzle,
one by one are falling in place.

Who would have thought though
they would be so many?

The sand is transformed by lighting into a mirror
so the sky can gaze at its depth.

But who ever dared burn the sea?

I was sleeping all these years my life
and the dream felt like cherry pie
on the lips of my imagination:

"Everything is strange,
everything is beautiful
in the land of wonders…"

Once the tide sealed my nostrils
and I woke up spitting salt
like a foolish beluga
trapped in seaweed.

Clumsy acipenser,
no lie can fool your fate.
The Caspian sea that shaped you
is the one that will eventually kill you.
Your eggs will incubate
in the stomachs of well-fed money-slaves
to end up in the water, once again,
as worthless urban sewage.

Our cells swim in water;
all our secretions carry the sea,
and if our viscosity was not that large
we would be sipped by the earth.

From the day I woke up
my body,
I've been observing you every sunset,
curving the dusk.
But today that you spoke to me,
you reminded me of Alice,
whom I had forgotten
along with my dreams.

… silence…

Only the sound of the stardust
as it was hitting my shoulders.

The price of sunsets
slide his sword back in the scabbard
and as he was fading from my sight
I managed to catch his song
before it was wiped out by the waves:

“Which is more precious?
Water or Gold…”

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Song Of A Man

It was one of those nights
with death among the clouds.
I was feeling low and restless,
filled up with sounds.

It was one of those times
I'd rather choose to cry.
And a freezing moon silvered
up in the sky.

I was lonely then,
I think so.
But my heart was warmed up
with rhythm...

Singing:

'I shine like the stars,
burn like the sun,
I smile like the morning,
I love like a man.'

And the night was moving
slower than a snail.
Sliding shadows were carrying, silently,
lost hopes and pain.

Everything looked different,
though nothing had changed.
While blue and grey were dancing sadly
along with a blowing magic wind.

I felt peace there,
I think so.
And then my heart
begun to paint...

Singing:

'You're far like the stars,
bright like the sun,
you're fresh like the morning,
you love like a man.'

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Song Of The Moth

Hear moonchild

the prima materia of Earth
reflecting her grace in mirror images
on the silver splinters of the night's frost;
beautifying the sick rain
as it punishes life and dreams,
and betrayed ghost archetypes,
the imperial curse of the brick people.

Hear child

the mourning of the Sun,
disguised in amber shadows
and yet dateless, like the water's flutes,
casting pure sounds of silk
on the drunken blossoms:
frustrated expectations
colliding in stillness.

Can you hear my loved one

my plea for help through my winter's nights?
my tales of confusion?
my testimonio animae:

"… and the moon delivered the soul to its genesis"

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Story Of A Little Light

[Just a short story]

Once upon a time, there was a little light. And all he ever wanted was to learn how to shine. Because he so admired the sun. That brightness! That warmth! That power! Yet he so feared the rain and the wind. So one day, he gathered his courage, and took his funny little blue and orange flame on a journey to the east.

Over treacherous mountains and through hidden valleys he walked. In mystical forests he wandered during countless nights, playing with the fireflies and hiding from the fairies. In dark caves he got lost and scared. In the deserts he got thirsty, and his little burning footprints he left on the seashores. Always shielding his flame from the wind; always sheltering from the rain.

And through his journey he encountered so many fascinating creatures! Some funny ones, like Bobbie the Rock, who loved earthquakes and always wanted to roll. Some silly ones, like Timmy the Seashell, always whistling curious sounds and tunes. Some sad ones, like Jeannie the Shrub, who dreamt of being a majestic big tree. Some scary ones, like Daleth the Shadow, who threatened him with darkness.

And every time he met a creature, our little light always asked the same question:

"Do you know how to shine? "

And then he just waited impatiently, like a small child in front of a marmalade jar, flickering his little innocent eyes, and hoping for an answer. But the answer never came. Because none of his encounters was interested in shining.

Bobbie the Rock hopped:

"Shine! What's shine, funny little flame? Some kind of a sexy roll? Now, I've got to find out myself."

Timmy the Seashell whistled:

"No dude. Nope! No ssshine here. Only echoes. But, hey! I can ssshine yo a tune in no time. Lisssten to thisss man..."

Jeannie the Shrub sighed:

"O! Lovely little light. I simply wish to grow up. Knowing how to shine would not help me."

Daleth the Shadow roared:

"I hate even the sound of the word. Don't you offend me with your pathetic existence."

And so, our little light went on his journey. Always asking the same question; always hoping for an answer.

One night, as he was resting under the stars, he noticed something fluttering in the distance. "Curious! " he thought to himself, "It doesn't look like a firefly." So he

sneaked closer to have a look. Under a tree, he saw a little red flame sleeping. As little as he. As fragile as he was.

“Aaaah! ” he exhaled in surprise. “You are a little light too! ”

The little red light opened her sleepy eyes and initially she got afraid. “Who... Who are you? ” she asked, still in a haze.

“I am a little light! ” he replied with a smile.

“A little light? O! Yes. I see. So you are. A little light with a strange accent! I thought I was the only one.”

“So did I! ” remarked our little light. “I’ve travelled the world, and I never met another little light like me. I’ve seen fires and volcanoes and lighting and shooting stars... O! and playful fireflies. But never a little light. Until now! ... Hello there! ”

“Neither had I! Well, hello you too.” she replied, and more curious than afraid anymore, she had a better look at him. “You look funny, you know. Your flame... it’s funny. Blue and orange. What is your name funny flame? ”

“My name? I don’t have a name. I never needed a name. Everybody calls me the little light. Why? Do you have a name? ”

“Yes, indeed I do! I am Libbeth.” replied the little red flame proudly.

“Libbeth! What a beautiful name you have! ”

“O! Thank you. Well, I cannot just call you the little light. So I’ll give you a name too. I will call you... Kikki.”

“Kikki! That’s a funny name. I like it. Henceforth I’ll be: Kikki the little light! ”

“Ha! Yes, it IS a funny name, as you ARE a funny flame. So Kikki, what are you doing here? ”

“I am on a journey.” he answered seriously.

“O! So am I. Where to? ” asked Libbeth, who could still not get her eyes off our little light’s funny colours.

“Nowhere in particular. I am just on an eastbound journey. Why? Where are you going? ”

“I am not sure. I am also going towards the east, but I have a destination. I don’t quite know what that is yet. You see, I am on a quest.” and her final word was just a whisper.

“A quest! ” he whispered back. “Do tell, do tell.” teased our little light, and sat all ears next to Libbeth.

“I am looking for an answer. My purpose on this journey is to find an answer.”

“AN ANSWER! ” repeated loudly Kikki with eyes wide open. And as he uttered his next words, he couldn’t hold his excitement:

“Do you know how to shine? ”

Libbeth was bewildered. For a moment, she starred at our little light in awe. And then she smiled: “You are on the same quest too! Kikki the little light. You are looking for the same answer! ”

“This is sooo exciting! ” remarked our little light clapping his hands. “I can hardly contain my flame from sparking up. Yes I am! I am! All of my life I have been looking for this answer, though I don’t know why. And I always thought I was the only one. But now... now, I met you. And you are looking for that answer too! I... I cannot believe it! Libbeth wants what Kikki wants. That is fantastic! ”

“Yes. Unbelievable too! ” added Libbeth, and her flame went scarlet for a while. “Well, Kikki, if you would like, we can look for the answer together.”

“Together? Yes? Yes! Of course! Of course I like! I am so excited! Lets go.”

And so, as the day dawned, our two little lights began their journey together.

Down steep canyons and across angry rivers they walked. In misty jungles they played hide-n-seek. Through dangerous swamps they guided each other, and in the steaming tropics they admired the sun together. Always shielding each other’s flame from the wind. Always sheltering each other from the rain.

And they shared all those wonderful stories about their lives. Their encounters with exotic and strange creatures. Their secrets, their passions, their fears, their sorrow, their happiness. How Libbeth’s flame had once turned crimson (O! she loathed that colour) , because she was so sad, and she had to start a bush-fire to get it back to decent red. Or about the time Kikki was so careless, his funny flame almost went off, and he had to jump into a river of bubbling lava to save it.

“You are my best friend.” confessed Libbeth once shyly, while they were sunbathing in the sunset.

“You are my ONLY friend.” replied Kikki.

And every time they met another creature, our two little lights always asked the same question:

“Do you know how to shine? ”

But the answer was always No. Because no one of their encounters was interested in shining. And on and on their journey went.

One chilly night Kikki was cold. So he rolled over and held Libbeth, who was fast asleep, to get some of her warmth. But as their two flames touched for the first time ever, something remarkable happened. The flames merged, and the brightest, whitest, warmest light cocooned them both! Kikki got so scared, and jumped away. And that

new light went off in an instance. Kikki stood there confused, trying to understand what had just happened. He stood still and silent for a long while, contemplating. Then he went back to Libbeth and held her again. And that light, the Light of all lights, reappeared and replaced their two little flames! Kikki just couldn't believe his amazement. He jumped up once again and started shouting:

"Libbeth! Libbeth! Wake up! "

Libbeth got such a fright. "What? What? What is it? Rain? "

"Wake up! I know the answer! Yippie! I know the answer, Libbeth! I-know-the-answer! " sang Kikki, and started dancing and bounding and skipping in excitement.

"What are you talking about? Calm down. You are making me nervous. What answer? "

"The answer, my lovely Libbeth. THE answer! "

"The ANSWER? ! " uttered Libbeth, and fixed her surprised, yet still sleepy eyes on him.

"Yes! Yes! The answer! Yippie! "

"Well? Stop jumping up and down and tell me."

"You see, you are a little light and I am a little light too. Yes? Now, did you see any other little lights in our journey? NO. There were big lights, flashing lights, flying lights, bursting lights, blipping lights, black lights, scary lights. O! and that music light, you spoke of once with kindness. Remember? But did we ever meet another little light? NO. You know why? Because there are no other little lights out there. It's only us. You and I are the only little lights in this world! "

Now he had her full attention. "Yes... Go on. And not so fast please. I find it hard to follow what you are saying. And your accent is as funny as the colours of your bouncing flame."

"Yes, yes, OK. So we are the only little lights. And we have been both looking for the same answer. Yes? Have you ever wondered why? This cannot be coincidence. This has got to be our destiny. This has got to be why we are little lights. We had to be looking for that same answer because of what we are. The question is part of our nature. And I know the answer now! "

"So what is the answer then? " asked Libbeth in anticipation.

"The answer to our question is... us! Us! To shine, we need to get together. O! Libbeth, I saw it. I saw that light when I touched you. The Light of all lights! It was so bright, so warm, so pleasant."

"What do you mean get together? "

"Get together. Become one! Then we can truly shine. Believe me."

"My dearest Kikki, you make no sense. This must have been such a dream! Just go

back to sleep. I am still so tired.” she yawned, and rolled over.

“No, no! Wait! It wasn’t just a dream. This wasn’t a dream at all. I know what I saw, what I felt. No! It was real. Listen! You’ve got to believe me. Let me show you.” he uttered impatiently, and went on his knees to hold her.

In an instance she was awake. She hastily got up and stepped back. “Don’t! Don’t be silly. This cannot be right. It makes no sense. I mean, we could have never met. If what you are saying is true, then what? What? We would have never been able to shine? We would have never been able to answer our question on our own? But then, why would we have that question, that strong inner urge, during all of our lives? No I cannot believe you. You are mistaken. Kikki, honestly I think you were dreaming.”

Kikki stood up and walked towards her. “No, I wasn’t dreaming. But I don’t know the answer to your questions either. Maybe... maybe there are other ways to shine. Maybe we were meant to meet. Maybe, maybe there are indeed other little lights out there we haven’t met yet. I don’t... I don’t know. All I know is that I found a way to shine. I found an answer to our question. Maybe not THE answer, but I found an answer. Here, just let me show you what I saw. You’ve GOT to see that light.” and he tried to hold her once again.

This time, Libbeth moved even further away. By now, she was annoyed with him, but she was also concerned about his behaviour. “Stop it! OK? Stop it! You are scaring me. Just stay away. Don’t come any closer. I didn’t feel or see any such light. EVER! OK? I don’t know what you are talking about. I want what you want, but... but what you are suggesting is ludicrous. We cannot possibly become one. It’s not possible. It is crazy! I mean, your flame is funny, and mine is... red. They don’t go together. See? We are two different little lights. We cannot become one! It is absurd! I am afraid it is you who needs to wake up now.” she said, and forcefully clapped her hands once.

“Yes, yes, we are different. But it doesn’t matter.” he insisted in his joy. “When we become one, we will become the same light. We will shine! We... we will shine the Light of all lights. Together. As one. I know you never saw this light. I know. I hadn’t seen it either before tonight. But you’ve got to believe me. I need to show it to you. Trust me. I’d never do anything to hurt you. Please, my lovely friend. Let me show you.” and once more he tried to hold her.

“NO! ” shouted Libbeth, visibly angry and upset. “No. Stay away! I don’t believe you. And I cannot accept your gibberish suggestions. No! I never saw the light you are talking about. Becoming one with you was never a part of my quest. It has never been my plan. I like who I am. I like my little red flame, you know. So, until I see that light you are talking about myself, this... this... your answer, cannot be the answer to MY question. To MY quest. It just can’t. I love you my Kikki. I honestly do. You are my best friend. But I think this is not the answer. It cannot be. Think! I would have felt it too. But I didn’t. It was just a dream my friend. So come on! Chin up. It’s dawning, so we should be on our way. Come on now! The wind is picking up, and I feel a storm’s coming from the west. Did you hear that thunder a minute ago? Come on! ” she said, and started walking toward the east, waving at him to follow her.

“Libbeth! Please hold on. Please listen to me my love.” he begged, and the frustration in his voice made her stop and turn around. “We don’t need to walk anymore. This journey is over. Our quest is over. We have found what we were looking for. It was

always here with us. Try to understand me. Don’t you see? We could be walking for the rest of our lives together, and never come across it again. Because it is inside us. We together are the answer. Let us become one, and start a different journey. With a different purpose. Let me show you what I saw. What I felt. This Light of all lights is not afraid of the wind. It is not afraid of the rain. It does not need to admire the sun. Please... ”

“I am sorry my Kikki. I am so sorry. I can’t... I just can’t. I am going to keep on walking, until I find the answer. I am going to keep on walking away from the rain and the wind, and toward the sun. I want you to come with me. I do. But if you don’t want... it’s your choice. I will always love you... my dearest friend.” she cried, turned around, and started walking slowly away from him.

“I will always love you...” he mumbled in his sorrow. “Farewell... my only friend.”

Once upon a time, there was a little light. And all he ever wanted was to learn how to shine. But now he had finally found a way. And as he stood there, watching that little red light turning crimson, getting smaller and smaller, moving further and further away to the east, a burning tear rolled down his funny flickering flame. And the wind was getting stronger. He could hear the thunder roar from the west. He could smell the rain approaching behind him. He turned his head around, and a forming rainbow on the dark western horizon painted a bitter smile on his face.

Our little light sat down on the swaying prairie, faced the rising sun, and closed his eyes...

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Truth

(lyrics)

I used to laugh with things
that don't sound funny anymore.
I used to cry for things
that now are beyond crying.

I used to say life is great,
but now I think life is grey.
I used to watch the clouds passing,
but now I feel wars amassing.

I used to believe in things,
I'm sure about them no more.
I used to hear the rain at dawn,
but now I'm longing for times foregone.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Void

Infinite, singular space
that separates happiness from sorrow,
the nightmare from the dream,
the sun from the moon,
the truth from a lie.

Your shadow vibrates threatening.
Your voice I cannot hear,
but I can see your breath
on the glass wall that keeps us apart.

You crucify me
every evening,
but you resurrect me
at dawn.

You pass me by
a cavalry ready for battle
and your return to me
with flowers in your hair.

You tease me,
but you are so cold.
My everlasting torturer;
my eternal solace.

You live where
the soul touches the heart,
logic the feelings,
the pain the pleasure.

Forever an observer,
forever the actor,
forever you…

Non-dimensional, abysmal space
that connects the movement with stillness,
the smile with the tear,
love with Love.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Walls Of Babel

Thousands the wishes, thousands the cries,
on our birthday cake
we've added another candle
to light our nights,
to shorten our shadows.

But why do I feel so lonely
inside this brightness?
Why is there so much darkness
in the well of our joy?

How much has our happiness grown?
How many wrinkles have been added to our shape?
How beautiful has love become?
How much more pain can an infant's cry hold?

The river overflowed its banks
to water the mud-worms,
whose mouths were filled with the salt
of the flesh of the dead.

Many heroes have died on these river banks
from Morpheus's arrows,
looking for the staff of the Baptist,
whose blood became soup
in the plates of the barbarians.

No one ever found it,
no one was worth it.

Because the Earth is hiding it well
in her staff-chest.
Because the words, the magical,
that unlock the ground, are holy,
but of a human alphabet,
and although many knew them,
no one spoke them with their heart.

But who has such power in their heart?

To neutralise the absinth's poison
that we drink every morning with our coffee,
that we speak every day with our words,
that we inject every night to the veins of our brain,
with remotely controlled syringes of cadmium and iodine
(ah! Fermi's offspring)

Which Benedictine saint can falsify the scripts?
Which crusader can kill the dragon?
Which human can prevent our cells from being burned on fate's fire?
Who gave us the right to ignore God and break the seals?

But…
thousands the wishes, thousands the cries,
on our tower
we have added another brick
to sustain our sleep,
to hide our souls.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The War Of All Against All

The eyes of the squirrel were creepy and red,
but they held no mystery inside their coloured iris,
no evil haunted their look,
no anger poisoned their vibrations.
In fact they were dead;
far too dead...

'Life is the means to satisfy our holes.' said Cahn.

I looked at the squirrel, but it didn't understand.
Foolish animal, my briefcase is full of your mortal parts.

'God's breath is cold, cold and pink.' said I,

and that's no lie;
just watch the wind
as he dances around that pigsty.

'The windmills must be happy.' mumbled Yvette.

You are more fascinating, than that internet,
you're trying to explore.

I observed my African dagger.

'It is sick, you know.
It caught the rust disease
from the blood of its victims.'

noted Marieke sarcastically
and she drunk some beer from a bottle.
(such a lustful picture!)

Jan managed to distract my attention:

'You should try to seduce Nicole instead.'

'Hush! Love is the language of the unspoken.'
Forgive me Dr. Luther.

The stamps will always reveal the number of her letters,
the pain they absorbed,
the moments they captivated,
the forgiveness they sought,
the hope they denied...

I'll sleep my desires away until April
and then I will deceive my soul again.

Welcome to my commedia dell' arte.

Oh, I forgot, it's only a rehearsal.

Niko Tiliopoulos

The Years Of Innocence

-
For three hours now it was Christmas, as a grandfather's clock kept on reminding me, with its every annoying tick.

The place was a romantic 19th century apartment in the centre of Brussels.
The room, tastefully empty and majestically large, was hypnotically scaring me.The hearth, had died a long time ago, and the wooden floor was complaining about everything that touched it.

In the bedroom, Mark and Serena were making love… discretely.

As I was watching the snow outside, dance in harmony with the funny flames of the candles around me, my thoughts frightened me:
-

The years of innocence were drown
along with the sun on that beach,
where I was singing to them ballads
made by the sand of my heart.

Mother, don't let your breasts forget me.
I am so innocent in my guilt.
Mother…

The years of innocence were lost,
along with the Christmas presents
that were stolen by the Grinch,
on the night my granddad was being reborn.

Father, don't close your eyes on me.
I am so weak inside my pride.
Father…

The years of innocence grew old,
along with the trees of my school,
on which I was carving her name,
during the afternoons of the flowers.

Love, don't stop loving me.
I am a child in the arms of a sick time.
Love…

The years of innocence have died…

Niko Tiliopoulos

This Is Not Here

Her shadow passed in front of my eyes
for a while
I resonated with her
and I felt her crying:

‘Yesterday is not here yet,
but I’ve already lived tomorrow.
Whatever I’ve done,
has never happened,
but it will not be the same again.’

I smiled at her confused:

‘Forgive me
I don’t understand you
because you are not now.’

Niko Tiliopoulos

Thoughts Of Harmless Lunacy

I wish I were a blackbird;
singing to the shadows and the smell of fire,
hiding in the foliage from my own fear.

I wish I were a cloud;
chasing the wind and embarrassing the sun,
always teary but never sad.

I wish I were the sea;
covering the earth’s shameful nakedness,
able to see all but not myself in me.

I wish I were a sound;
vibrating the air with violent harmonies,
forcing the minds to hear their mortality.

I wish I were an idea;
random yet meaningfully original,
powerful in my shyness.

I wish I were not;
flirting with nothing and needing none,
always here but never present.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Time

2: 59...3: 00...3: 01...

The digital numbers were so irritating
as they were printing their red light on my eyes.

I'm travelling in electric rivers of melted time.
In a dynamic silent flow.
A mocking laughter.
My forever irony.

Night and day...
Fight and pray...

But I will stay.

Because only she knows the way,
but she fell asleep under the crucifixion blues.
And if I could choose,
I'd rather be her dream now.

So far, yet so dear...
So strange, yet so real..

So I'm here!

Playing with the cosmic dust of creation,
as she is pumping it out of her lungs.
Counting the moments.
Sensing her life

minute by minute...
breath by breath...

Bye, bye...

Everything that lies before here is just an impression.
A stain of pain.
Some shades of happiness.
An X-ray picture of yester times.

The future is not born yet,
but I can do nothing to change it.

3: 35...3: 36...3: 37...

Niko Tiliopoulos

To Lose A Friend

And so you left me
at the palisades
to fight our demons alone,
just so you can have your coffee-breaks
undisturbed, unobserved, unchallenged.

Unlike the countless times
we sat together and sipped
each other’s breath,
and resonated with each other’s ideas,
and felt each other’s warmth.

And now you left a void,
wide like your smile,
empty like your silence,
bitter like your greetings.

But I will always love you
for whom you are,
for what you offered me,
for standing by me,
for finding me worthy of being with you.

Farewell, my friend.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Trix

[resubmitted because the original was deleted due to profanity!]

Trix knew so many tricks!

She had the violence of a typhoon,
the darkness of the Scottish skies,
the crudeness of a Muddy Waters' blues,
and the sexuality of a Playmate.

That Dutch chick was trés chic.
She was the Devil’s gift to MANkind.
She used to hang out in the Kremlin.
No, not that Kremlin!
This was a bar in Amsterdam,
where wearing sunglasses was a must,
even in pitch black.

Trix knew so many tricks!

The beard I had grown
would turn her on unforgivably.
In her orifices
my manhood would become woman’s food.
She would suckle my coke powdered body
like a thirsty wildebeest
that had discovered the last waterhole
during the dry season,
and she would demand
another XTC pill
before she suckled it again.

One night I saw her having fun,
flirting with a group of students in a club.
When I asked her what she was doing
she said:
‘They’re six, while babe you’re one! ’

Trix knew so many tricks!

Niko Tiliopoulos

Twenty First's Song

(lyrics)

He said:
Twenty first and I'm alone
living in the twilight zone,
with my eyes on the ground nailed.
I'm walking along a dead street,
there is no chance anyone to meet,
someone to greet.

She said:
Twenty first lost in the crowd,
lost in my thirst for love in a shroud,
I could not feel you before then.
But when I saw you I just knew,
you fetched my happiness with you,
and dreams became true.

They both said:
Twenty first, I'm still alone…

Niko Tiliopoulos

Under The Sun

(lyrics)

Everywhere I look, I see
people screaming and crying.
Anyway I shouldn't be
standing here and sighing.

Every time I touch your light
my heart fills up with smiles.
Anymore I shouldn't fight,
though I know it's not my style.

Every place I go, I hear
minds confused and out of rhyme.
Anyone that had no fear
lies lost and trapped in time.

Every pain I've ever sealed
is chocking me like thick rope.
Every time you come in field
I feel I still have hope.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Vision

I saw her walking down the river,
feathers round her head.

White dressed was she and whiter,
a blossom with petals of blue and red.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Wageningen

The highway was wet
and endless,
with its lights sick,
painting the asphalt pale.

The city was fake
inside its sorry,
and the people, cowards,
like the flame of my cigarette,
were barely alive.

A poem like a colour:

“Yesterday is not here yet…”

-Life here, does not give water to love, my man.
Who is crying to spit on him? SILENCE!

Down on the pavement,
two migrants from the colonies
polluted their blood with angel dust.

But they existed for no one.
No one saw them;
no one could see.

The people got blinded
in front of the handkerchiefs of their noses,
on which they printed their delusions,
so they won’t forget them.

I whispered the riddle to the clouds
and they rainwrote on the window the answer:

“You cannot learn what you don’t know”

Niko Tiliopoulos

We R

We are the observers,
the villains
and the victims.

The revolution begins in our heads,
but usually it doesn't come out.

We cry for freedom,
but we adore our leaders.

We see people starve,
but we care more about fashion.

We keep earth moving
and we force earth to die.

The whole world
has gone mad
and stabs himself.

We pain,
we lie,
we try,
we fight,
we hurt, kill, forget, and cry,
we love...

We are the axe
and the wood.
We are the prisoners
and the guards.
We are the wind
and the fire.
We are the flowers...

We are the observers,
the villains
and the victims.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Welcome And Farewell

(lyrics)

Welcome baby.
You are born again.
But the world has changed
and evil has come upon all men.

So remember
what you have learned,
cause the end is near
and our borrowed time can't be returned.

Farewell granddad.
So you've died once more.
You should take a look on what
you have done and what you have won.

Just remember
all you have earned,
cause the time will come
for your restless soul to be born again.

Niko Tiliopoulos

What Have I Done!

Sorry, I thought it was you.
It was so dark and I was so drunk,
so I could not see through.
Sorry, believe me cause it's true.

Can't live without you.

Funny, I had to be so dumb.
I was such a fool and she was much to cruel,
so I was forced to get it done.
Funny, there was nothing I could do.

Can't live without you.

Niko Tiliopoulos

When The World Was Still Losing Colour From The Rain

When the world was still losing colour from the rain
and Jason’s look
the lies of the Centaurs
under the olive-trees of the oracles of spring
golden scarabs artefacts
the pan-flutes of the wind
drawing on her hair
the tears of Aegeus
lernean ironies
inside Dido’s odes
drunken ghosts and Selene
narcissus on the waters of Styx
weaving legends with Ariadne’s yarn
the whispers in Hades rituals
for the sacrifices of the pure
god’s sarisas and Phoenician merchants
polytropic muses inside Circe’s
tales boars worst
than the curse of Alcyonis.

The clouds did not anguish the sun,
and humans were not warming the fire,
neither were the wings of Daedalus missing the honey...

When the world was still losing colour from the rain.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Winter Song

So the winter is here
and the night is off gear.
I'm thinking of you, is that a sin?
in the empty room within.

Now the time is cruel;
I can't follow this rule,
and though I'm so alone, I know the way,
I'll play my guitar and pray.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Witch City

Good morning!
Yet another “why? ”
I dive in the bath
and the mug is warm.

As I put on my clothes
the radio awakes,
music...
you…

If I search inside me,
a flame of void,
a mute heart,
a dead fag.

I am a dumb peasant,
a drunken scout
of a life,
insane.

Like an acrobat I always balance
on fairytales about a plastic city.
How much I love you!
When will I be released?

Recorder sounds
in neon rain,
my eyes aurora
will cry for her.

Sleepy sunsets
and bleeding waters,
a cry…
silence…

Witch city,
your broom is grey,
your domes are rusted,
the disease is known.

With the passion of a sunbeam
a blinded bat,
I glide…
I hurt…

Like an acrobat, apparently, I balance,
a rebel in a city I hate.
How much I love you!
When will I be released?

Good night!
What else to say?

Your shadow is bitter,
I will not dream.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Wooden Floor Impressions

This is darkness, this is rain,
the unfolding everlasting pain
of the lover
and I suffer
hoping in vain,
trading my love for money,
funny,
how easily one can become insane.

Ho... Ho... Ho...

(during a night when everything was possible, but we had our eyes closed, I think)

Niko Tiliopoulos

Words Of Insignificance

You evil murderers
you soul is killing us
but your time is coming
soon you'll be left alone.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Xmas (For John Lennon)

(lyrics)

Pretty you love
as you fall onto earth,
dancing and gliding like snow.

Lend me your ears
and I'll sing you the birth
that playing with magic will glow.

All of our dreams
are locked deep in our hearts,
waiting for a sign to explode.

Beauty and wonder
are gathered in stars
and Jesus is born like a poem.

Cold is now freezing
and nature seems old,
knowing her birds have far gone.

So this is Christmas,
remember the song,
shouldn't love have a place in us all?

Feel with your soul
and pray loud for the hope,
regarding all people as one.

Open your heart
and try cover with warmth
the hopeless and homeless around.

Scatter the sun
and share him with us all,
don't you know we're on your side?

It's up to our hands,
can't you see it pal?
the future and fate of mankind.

But don't leave you and
yourself for the end,
it's him that needs your heat first.

Well, this is Christmas,
remember the song
and help love find a place in us all.

Niko Tiliopoulos

Yin & Yang

Darkness:
the absence of light.

But in a forever absent light,
what is darkness?

Niko Tiliopoulos

Zenists

(inspired by the 8th century Buddhist poet Han Shan)

I used to be the happiest
until a year or so ago
when my old lover
became happier than me.
Now, when we meet
her happiness saddens me,
my sadness saddens her.
And then we leave each other
sad in our happiness.

Niko Tiliopoulos