Poetry Series

ONElia AVElar

- poems -

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ONElia AVElar

SORRY, my LIFE is permanently UNDER CONSTRUCTION.
I work hard on it :) no time for writing my memoirs! Related links:
http: //profile.myspace.com/425148527
http: //www.youtube.com/watch? v=fssyIAG7R1Q&fmt=18

***'In the beginning was the Word'**

but now the lake of words is dry
the eyes produce no rain
from clouds of thoughts

the pink flamingo
of my nose bows down
to reach my mouth

i do not keep the silence
i do not... but guess
the silence keeps me...

or may be not...

ONElia AVElar

10 moons, 9 months

10 moons,
9 months,
with 2 hearts,
pulsing in my body.
You try to teach me now
love, tolerance, compassion...
My Darling, maybe it`s just time
to repeat my most exciting,
10 moons,9 months long,
thorough body-
language
lesson? ...

ONElia AVElar

A (f) lashback

That night our anger and pain
took the shape of a rain
poured down - lashing slaps
in the face of blooming daisies
plashing water's smooth surface
of puddles oiled by yellow moon
In the morning I felt... ashamed
looking at the soaked faces
of the beaten tender daisies.

ONElia AVElar

A Lotus' dream

A lotus dreams of pollination
far from the fast streams...
My lotus pose for meditation
provokes insects and bees
to come, alight and look
for nectar, pollen, seeds
and so disturb my concentration,
ignore my higher needs
and bring a Buddha-smile to my face
by tickling tenderly my heels...

ONElia AVElar

A metamorphOasis

Huddled up in the cloister of her hair
beyond red lips her teeth - white rosary
It's all she needs to be a nun in privacy.

Huddled up in the veil of her hair
beyond red lips her teeth - white seeds
It's all she needs to sow longings.

ONElia AVElar

About an old love affair

Once a venture
now an old love seems to me
like a sugar avalanche -
a storm in a cup of tea!

Yet, you can see
beyond blue petals
the cracked bone of
white bone chinaware,

my teaspoon gently
touching the worn-out tableware
is telling bizarre stories
about an old love affair.

Sofia,20/10/08

ONElia AVElar

actions end undone

Words leave paper
actions end undone
like raw crabs
leaving my plate one by one
in a fish restaurant
I watch them smiling
vegetating happily
cause I am...
a sated vegetarian...

ONElia AVElar

Ah,

The wind brought you to me that day.
I recognized the pale face
of an honorable man.
All signs were there to prove,
that you were true, so true.
I bowed to take you -
lost banknote, laying at my feet
on the crowded street.

ONElia AVElar

Aloud

Candy words
melting in your mouth.
Too proud
to say them aloud?
Yet you sigh,
you moan out loud.
Still they find a way
to leave, though
you did not mean
to dropp them out.
And you hope,
all will vaporize unheard -
lapses of an eager heart...

ONElia AVElar

Beach

Fine, warm sand under the skin;
breeze playing with the long hair;
seagull`s yells and distant babel;
she feels invisible - stretched
on the overcrowded beach;
innocent, bare-back Eve
from the holy Bible.

ONElia AVElar

Coimbra * (anno...)

Coimbra* (anno...)

Your lemon tree
hung with yellow fruit
in front of white house,
sun, shadows on the wall;
all is already in the
backyard of my memory.
There are no seasons
and the lemon tree
remains an evergreen
for me.

*Coimbra - nice place in Portugal

ONElia AVElar

cold diamond EDGE

Of your persistent silence
cold diamond edge
threatens to turn soon
into gravel Stonehenge.

To break my heart.
To cut my tongue.

Or just to split
the wooden bench,
where once in mid of it
we loved to sit.

ONElia AVElar

Colonies of Mind

In exotic colonies
of pagan thoughts
my consciousness
is desperate roaming
since months,
with malaria fever
unshaved and thirsty
a christian missionary
in a heaven of nudity
deep in the jungle
amidst naked natives
my common sense
rambling odd Latin
with feverish haste
censures the flesh
for its primitive tastes.

ONElia AVElar

Deja VU

While.....walking
on the street.....today
i saw my features.....imprinted
on an elder.....woman`s face
like simple.....copy-paste
of nose, ...cheek-bones,
eyebrows, ...my mouth
.....heart-shaped
on a barely.....crumpled sheet,
walking past.....each other
long seconds of...glance exchange
Encounter.....like.....a deja vu...
Was..... I a deja vu to her.....then;
coming from her past life, ...too? ....

Sofia, the 13. June 2008

ONElia AVElar

Dental helmet

Smiling lips in my front
Shiny enamel of teeth
I think about my tongue,
if they should ever meet -
my tongue and your teeth?

Can i kiss you smiling?
Tooth enamel is shining
and so distracting me...
I heard it should be
the hardest part
of the human body...

What if it faces the softest,
boneless part of me;
what are the odds of
my supple tongue`s velvet
against your shiny
dental helmet...

ONElia AVElar

DisLocation

I sent you a kiss
via air, alas
The wind was not
In your direction!
It blew it far away
from here
another cheek became
a promised landing pier
Oh dear, we tend to
overestimate the
conductivity of the air.

Sofia,02. June 2008

ONElia AVElar

Domestic

I am at home
but still homesick
my homeless heart
is sick - true home for
heart is much to seek.

ONElia AVElar

DUST

In the curve of an eyelash, fallen;
in the dust of an empty room -
evidences of someone`s presence...

Why do you insist, you are alone?
It is proved: Most of the skin -
once shed becomes 'house dust'...

Hey, not a house ghost,
Nothing about sixth sense,
Well, call it nonsense, or ninth sense...or dust

Sofia,03.06.2008
resources: http: //www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/books/bv.fcgi?
indexed=google&rid=dbio.section.2929

ONElia AVElar

ECCENTRIC

He has never been to Jerusalem,
nor Mecca, never visited Tibet,
Bodh Gaya, Fatima or Saragossa,
neither seen the Pope in Rome,
nor the British Queen.
He is clerk in bank by day -
zealous pilgrim in a dream
and the holiest place for him
lies in the curve between
women`s neck and chin.

ONElia AVElar

emergency BRAKE

An emergency brake
and noise of motor horn.
No, no, they did not
bring me to a stop,
they did not warn.

They catapulted me!
My consciousness,
again in world,
where cars, head-lights and races
imitate motion...eyes...faces

Excuse me please,
I was immersed in dreams...
where car-less pedestrians
walk barefoot and carefree
in an exotic paradise...

Wake up, Eve! 21. Century!
You are on the Earth!
Road cops (no angels) .
Stop your nostalgic, paradisiac,
parasitic, parabolic, daydreams!

Sofia, 30. June 2008

ONElia AVElar

Follow me UPstairs

In the darkness of an empty entrance
A female voice said:
Follow me upstairs…

Soon afterwards he lost his mind,
His sleep, his heart, his appetite;
Even his old leather cap...

And only his mother
Noticed all that
Loss…

ONElia AVElar

GOOD CATCH

long hair spread on a blue pillow
her fishing-net full, a good catch
sweet dreams and a man's sunken head
deep in her blue fairy pillow...

ONElia AVElar

GOOD morning

Good morning!
Mmmm, milky fog
in province,
sleepy crow of a cock,
dizzy crickets
in the grass
Take your morning
gown and join me
on the terrace to
watch the dawn,
yet in a veil.
Old peasants say,
in foggy mornings like this
God comes
to the Earth
to make incognito visits.

Sofia, the 18.06.2008

ONElia AVElar

graphophilia*

She read the few lines once,
took words out of their context,
enjoyed them one by one,
then put them back in place
and licked with eyes the space
between the few lines, where
bitter caramel of melted sense,
suggested meanings in low cadence,
were oozing from the terse substance
of lover's message, brief and dense.

*graphophilia - abnormal affection towards writing, handwriting, written text etc :) .

ONElia AVElar

He wants TO GET LOST

Alien streets where
he wants to get lost

Woman`s veins which he follows
with fingers from forehead to toes,

and the more he learns,
conquers and knows,

the more deep in his heart,
he wants to get lost.

It is sad, this is damn hard,
when he knows well the roads...

ONElia AVElar

Her KEYS

Her white hand in his fair hand,
Well nestling in the warm palm
He caresses the bulging bone,
And tries to roll the scroll button
Where is her touch path?
Her face is a radiant screen.
Her nipples are soft keys…
Oh, yes he loves her so much!
If only he could find her
Shift,
Alt,
Del and
Esc(ape) keys…

ONElia AVElar

Holy society of praying mantises

In the holy society
of praying mantises
females have to feed by rule
from males` bodies
By mating, just after
courting and dancing,
while love-making...
Once there was a mantis born,
I mean hatched, with lesion
- kindness in heart.
She refused to eat males
for breakfast, for lunch,
even for dinner! (yet a small eater!)
Soon the poor creature,
anomaly of the nature,
was accused of being a pervert,
an outcast of a holy society.
She spent her life in praying,
writing memoirs and... love poetry...

The idea came to me after watching a documentary on Animal planet channel on tv. :)

Sofia,28. May 2008

ONElia AVElar

Honey-mouthed

Fake verbal crystal sugar i was fed
before i knew of you; your honey words
like golden liquid fill my head;
now i am starving for this flavoured blend;
and being blind - all ears; whole getting sticky,
i spend much time, gain weight, feel giddy
and anyhow i am becoming happy captive
of you, my clever, honey-mouthed heart-thief.

ONElia AVElar

immigrant to someone else's BED - nightmares

The nightmares
of the immigrant
to another's,
someone else's bed,
the one who leaves
an old nuptial couch
to look for softer one outside,
for tender touch somewhere...
there, sleeping
in someone's warm hug
bad dreams of raid
and deportation... back

ONElia AVElar

infraRED portrait

In the darkness of the night
he paints a portrait in red
Through warmth he delineates
a delicate body shape.
All cold around in black.
Bodies move slowly
like hot pieces of lava,
in many nuances of red.
Illumination radiated by heat,
filtered warily in his head.
He created a portrait
beyond visible present
of a lady in infra-red.

ONElia AVElar

Just a LEAF

A dream about a kiss
of another man
fell slowly like a leaf
between two bodies,
on the bed;
a lively yellow spot
between white sheets...
She worries if it is
first autumn leaf
of her love`s tree…
If so, the unexpected season
should pass soon…
just leaves…

ONElia AVElar

LAUGH-MAKING

under the shadow
on the green sunny meadow
by the rounded mossy stone
both ate ripe watermelon

he made her laugh
her bubbling laughter
made him love her
then they made love

under the blanket
he makes her laugh
she loves his manner
to make her laugh...

The golden gate
to love, my love,
is maybe...laughter
Make me laugh...

ONElia AVElar

LIE`s Style

'Lies have short legs.'
But they wear
posh silky tights
and prefer to...lie
(instead of running
or aiming too high) .

ONElia AVElar

Lines and Lingerie

between the lines are words
you have to be aware
some say the truth is there
my thoughts are washed and fresh
hung on - my drying underwear

ONElia AVElar

LIPS pair off

Words` nails in the coffin of love.
Rough words do not kill.
They just hurt.
Blessed deaf ears!
Heaven is speechless life on the earth!
Kiss is a sacred code,
Try to decipher it:
in minutes of silence,
lips, formed by the finger of God
pair off and make love.

ONElia AVElar

new ISSUE

Your feelings are recycled,
Maybe many times used,
an echo repeated anew.
My love too...
We often dream
of freshness of new love,
of pure emotions:
of very first issue.
In moments of wild passion
Mother Nature gives a clue…

Offspring, baby, new issue!

ONElia AVElar

Non-Predictable Trajectory

My roving eyes - asteroids
with no predictable trajectory
collide with yours
the blow so oddly softened
by blooming irises of eyes
not even sparkles do arise
just short exchange of smiles
This special providence is
sometimes something very nice.
I am about to kiss
the finger of fate twice.

(this is a B-day poem in advance :)
Sofia,07/07/09
ONElia AVElar

PEACEful sleep of a thief

How peaceful is your sleep, my thief.
Of course - deserved relief.
You took my whole heart
piece by piece, you think
you own me now in full.
Collecting fragments
you are just pieces-ful.
Peaceful sleep of a thief...

ONElia AVElar

PENguin and Poet

What is in common
between
a Penguin and a Poet?
You may guess
the PEN?
Or the bizarre
Dress Code?
I think they both,
like Fallen Angels
from the Heaven
with hints of Wings
are walking thoughtful
on the Earth
and only
while swimming
in the Ocean
(of Words) :
they leave the Earth
show Wings in Action,
in Swimming - Flying,
nimbleness,
(nimbuses) ,
a heavenly Strength...

Sofia,06.06.2008

ONElia AVElar

Points and Dots

He said: 'You love poetry,
i am a raw materialist -
we lack a point '.' of contact! '
An open end and
three dots... ensued

Sofia, the 6th of October 2009

ONElia AVElar

Prisoner of one`s own words

You are not prisoner
of what you say today.
Do not lock yourself
in cell of words, do not
build a citadel.
We need no promises,
we need no pledge.
We stay together -
you and me, as long
as we feel free...

PS.: I am not prisoner of
my words, so, please
be kind - forget it all,
do not take the key.
Thank you.

ONElia AVElar

Resume CV

Age?
Race?
Sex?
...experience?
Address?
Dress
(skirt)
Skills?
(legs)
Tongues?
Show me,
please.
Picture?
Attractiveness, hmm
Sex? -well,
turn around!
figure,
head,
sex?
Marital status?
Children?
Turn around!
Sex? well,
approved!
Go ahead!

ONElia AVElar

second PRIME

Dig into pockets of the time,
take out all memories,
collected in your prime;
unzip the horizon
and let them slowly
through the line,
that separates apparently
the earth from sky.
The chance for second prime,
like two dawns for a day,
is maybe worth a try?
ONElia AVElar

Sun Sand Sea

Honey from the sky,
sugar under feet,
warm turquoise tea.
I let my senses revel in
a territory of tranquility.
In modern temples
of sun, sand and sea,
where all believers,
all tourists-pilgrims
lie almost nude
instead of going
down on knees.
I joined the multitude
becoming follower
of antique Epicurus'
school in Greece.

Greece, July 2008
ONElia AVElar

the arc of SMILE

A face
emerged again from space...
Time,
a distorting soulless mirror
changes brutally the shapes...
But yet the smile,
that arc of lips,
the curves,
the flaps,
becoming deeper
like palm lines
where an identity
was saved;
unaltered ego of a kid
a childish corn -
the arc of smile
for life archived.

Sofia, 02. July 2008

ONElia AVElar

the Beauty of Camel

The beauty of the camel
seen only
in the desert,

where the humped back
of dromedary simply follows
the mild curves of the dunes;

while in its regal gait
you get assurance, that both of you
can gain access to the oasis' gate;

where life, reduced to essentials,
holds in esteem
the Survivors.

Sofia, the 7th of 2008

ONElia AVElar

the Belly Dance

Fine sand
enclosed in a glass
in a sandy desert
in one hour dream
till the turnover
no more no less
a sandglass dreams
a sweet dream due
to its shapes

it dances in an oasis
...belly dance...

ONElia AVElar

the EGGspectations

(Female European Cuckoos lay their eggs only in the nests of other species of birds. A cuckoo egg usually closely mimics the eggs of the host)

In my nest
I kept the eggs
of hopes and dreams,
close to my chest
and tended them all
blessed blind in patience
and long eggspectations!
Before their hatch
how could I know,
alas, I've sat upon
a few cuckoos' eggs,
fulfilled the dreams
not mine, the hopes
of someone else.

Sofia, the 15.07.2008

ONElia AVElar

the FALL from GRACE

...In perpetual drive,
with serpentine motions,

till you get in the capsule
of Adam's embrace.

Inside it only, preserved you'll keep
your girlish beauty and youthful grace,

hissed the snake to Eve once
and slipped back in the grass...

Sofia,28/09/08

ONElia AVElar

the guideLINES

As long as you can,
try to stay
in the range of my heart
my most tender sensor.

Please, avoid contact
with the cold mind,
that crucifying inquisitor,
my narrow, powerful censor.

Try to be more often
in direct touch with my skin
a perfect soft mediator,
in parley between mind and heart.

ONElia AVElar

the streets of sofia

roman ruins
graffiti on the walls
chewing gums
and flowers
cover the asphalt
and cobblestones
sounds of high heels
evoke wanton thoughts
soon being dispelled
by the lazy clapper
of a Byzantine church
hungry sparrows,
obtrusive beggars
arouse appetite
for easy life,
for good meals
in gourmet restaurants

ONElia AVElar

UPside-DOwn

Again I feel as if i'm jumping
from the bridge with bungee cord
ironically called 'the devil's tail'
upside-down my heart gets
suddenly into my head
my mind now listening to it
the sound of lonely pulsar
knocked out of its orbit
still pulling devil by the tail
I pray to God 'Don't let me fail'

ONElia AVElar

Wrapped

Deep in your newspaper,
absorbed, all wrapped,
To take off the sheets
seems so hard,
to catch a glimpse
of your face,
so far...

But
I start off
a rite of unpacking:
paper, cotton shirt, skin,
looking for your heart, lost,
in printing ink and wrapping.

ONElia AVElar

x absolute freedom

on some level we all
are aggregations of cells
like prisons
if life after death exsists
liberated cells celebrate
the absolute freedom

ONElia AVElar

x After an accident

To D.

He is
all heart:
a naked,
walking,
talking
heart now...
After an accident,
after a loss,
his eyes, his mind,
refused to digest
the too crude facts;
sometimes refused
to work;
But not his heart;
it even opens more,
like tulip,
soak with tears:
it grows...

ONElia AVElar

x Celestial Blue and Green of Grass

High over the white clean clouds
she serves hot coffee in the sky
Smiling pretty stewardess
with one green, one blue eye
(alluding to her dual life -
celestial blue and green of grass)
He saw her left side first,
an all embracing smile,
a green, then a blue eye...
Ah, secret charm of dual life!
Unearthly pleasure of the flight.
Not far away from Earth,
a casual face hints at the
closeness of an unknown space.

Sofia, the 05.07.2008

ONElia AVElar

x CHEAP Talk

There was a time
when single word of her
was valued more
than barrel petrol
from the Persian Gulf
by him...
He calls her
daily chatter now
'cheap talk'
and if we look at
a game theory,
it means 'a talk
between the players, which
does not affect
the pay-off'. So, guys...
Back to the Persian Gulf!

Sofia,10. June 2008

ONElia AVElar

x Letter to the poet 1

Dear poet,

I use your poems to feed on my fire,
to keep burning the desire.

After several years of marriage,
despite the feeling still alive is:
the Eden's apple on the table;
the Bible's snake - now common servant,
to serve me sex-appeal`s apples.

Love poems, used like candles,
or coals for more fire
of what is becoming a daily routine
of connubial lust and desire.

Excuse me, if i did misuse,
Your poems come
without instructions,
can be misinterpreted or
misused so.

ONElia AVElar

x Lingua nova

((Hugs)) and Love
and LOL and WOW
and Oh, Ah, etc...
oh ah wow lol
hugs and love
song-alike slang
ding dong dang
 :) : (;) : *: D
words and signs
substitutes for
longer words,
for lack of time
for lack of contact
for lack of courage
for lack of words
or what is worse
for lack of love

...Or too much love?
WOW! ! ! love excessive)))
WOW! ! ! how expressive)))
(*)) -) (*)

ONElia AVElar