

Poetry Series

Iva Didova
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Iva Didova(30 May 1990)

Haven't lived life even half way...
so for now...
I am just a poet trying to make something
of her words!

End The Mess

Hop on a train
Hope it leads me to somewhere!
Dance in the rain
Slowly getting nowhere.

Come tear me apart...
No, not this time,
this is all an act
why does everything have to rhyme?

My mind
a mess
my heart
a stress.

They howl
to bow down
and live for an imaginary crown.

Today is time to move away from the tangled hobby
that swallowed me!

It's time to regain my integrity!

Iva Didova

Forbidden Snowflake

In my tender zone
I watch the world pass by,
I crawl towards the moon to
find a love unknown,
yet cry out to the sky.

There are so many questions which remain unanswered and
left to linger,
I try being normal, maybe even mingle but
the people who get left behind seem
just like cigarette nubs, burning out in my ashtray.

A song brings back memories
A smell brings back memories
Laughter brings back memories...

This poem
will bring back today when
tomorrow is on its way.

'Put in what life takes out.'
Isn't that what this bitch is all about?

When just one dream takes out so much out of you how
do you find the strength to pull through?

Iva Didova

My New Gloves

They told me not to look so 'cool',
Begged me to forget my attitude!

They say the way I stare
makes them feel, way too aware.

Don't say a word,
maybe then my world will change
crucify my soul so I feel torn from within

I can't close my eyes
and pretend I don't see...
Why wear a mask, that covers the true me?

The torment that lies behind...

She stretches out her palms,
I slap her through the face.
I used to love once, but
now it's too painfully late!

It's over now, I've been through it.

How many more barriers to jump over,
Before the hill cracks open and I'm buried alive?

They have complained about my warm, pink gloves.
I had to take my socks off my stockings too.
They ripped my layers down, so now
from pink and warm, my gloves are
painful, cold and navy blue!

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Questions

I'm walking past a door...

Shit!

I think I've been here before?

I don't remember if I was alone,

Or was there someone with?

I think it was you.

Should I run away?

Maybe go someplace else?

No, I don't think so

this is something I will have to face!

It's just memories...

Now there's a borderline dividing you and I,
a bad seed that I planted...

...Grew!

So now for a while I can't be as close to you,
and there is no more use for the tangled hobby
I once used to do.

Should I just pretend i have forgotten?

Hey!

It's ok...

That's what the voices in my head say.

I've been twisted by intuition and reality
so I can't get myself straight again.

So what good will a gun to your head do?
What's the use of killing a nightmare
then yourself too?
How many second's has this nightmare left to live?

Will you know what happens after you're gone?

Or maybe...

What you fear is being left alone?

So for how much longer will you be depressed?
For how many days
will you keep it locked up in your chest?
How many people around you have to pass?

How many questions have you still got to ask?

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Tangled Hobby

So come sit here to weave that thread.
Why don't you weave me and you instead?

Go one with two,
leave the third one in the middle.

All these dents and twirls,
are too complicated for me...

My nightmare collides with your tangled riddle.

One drop,
two drops,
Three.

All this divinity covers me.

In a few hours I'll awake
I can see it now,
can you feel me shake?

Then slide under your microscope,
too small to notice.
Now my brain spins from
the incense of this hypocritical dope
and help me because I choke!

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