

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Theater and poetry writing from nowhere

Dawn Of The Fears

Fear has a sterile form
grows without life
stealing minutes from your dreams
insistent steps to create forms that you should have done
Instead it keeps you like a dragon on a leash
and allows you to breathe only the dust of those dreams burning
as sacrifices to the shadows altars
How many times have you wanted to shake instead of waiting?
How many times have you cut out the bodies of the past
of this skin that I've never hidden?
The world collapses in her fear of making mistakes
not to find food in the trash of others
among nations that share not to be spying on the nights
between the certainty of death without hope
without whispers that we should close their eyes
we live in fear
dying of life....

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Declaration

Will be the same wind that grow inside the passion
where the fiery love have something to say at your hearth
I was born only when you shout my name
in your darkest hours
I don't have past
i don't have future
if you don't dream about me
and make me real

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I Fly To Win

I fly to win
complacency by the unhealthy for your Sunday
galleys full of innocence in black and white
from the slits of my cell walking
I can contemplate your savings to live
not believe you're unable to smile

I fly for a living
between the moths of August
they simply run away from the light
looking for the shadow

I flee to smile
against white plaster walls
who insist on drawing my favorite boards
with a single word
'back to us'

I fly to win
what I wear in like a grail of fire
phoenix and the martyrdom of my fingers
complacent incite revolution
for a desire

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Rat In The Hearth

Made of flesh and questions
rises from a box of matches
attempting a shot a day
reborn distracted
He runs into the mud of his escapes
to search for clean kitchens
in search of food with which to curse
There are hordes of thoughts
with long tails and big eyes
those who run
in the slums of the heart
trying to withstand
A monument to himself
caresses of gnawed
nights in the uniforms themselves
They run without warning
these mice in the heart
always looking
a place that have no memory
and especially
that there can't exist

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Sad Malgorzata

Have you seen the number of years that I carry in my pockets?
They are the branches of an transparent oak
the sugar's beaches on the London smoke
the explanation for life that runs behind the death

sad Malgorzata

punished for having smiled at the glass
where only you could fill up jugs of bitter honey
along with hundreds of trunks that do not fall for inventavi

sad Malgorzata

I remember you only now
sinning to know ya

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The Shy Painter

And now let me flow along your back
let me in
touching your skin as if I were the wind
feel as tight as a drum skin
a magnificent tool
a sound and harmony
ready to be played
compose works of darkness and desire
Breathe in the flavor of kisses
blind to the mute will
all you do is run a dance
fireflies explode from your hair
oozing understated seduction
Are you a canvas as always
and I am a shy artist
wanting to pretend
insinuated cheating
You are my greatest work
Just whisper at the end of the journey
the discovery of hidden lands
small oasis of pleasure imploded
And so those ever come to worship at a later
becomes liquid fire
Drown the reality around
and burning may spread your sacred inhibitions
Have I ever mentioned how much you're beautiful
When you let go in violation of your belief?
As you know even screaming into the kingdom of your fears?
And now everything disappears
you're just a shadow formed by the 'I'
do not see but feel
but are not looking
creep and finding the discovery of yourself
rediscover dormant havens
they sing praises to your liking
Pinch each of your rope
with overwhelming research
ready and you run to one side of sensations surprised
Have you looked at this time

and I found my self
Go up to see you in a sky jet
Up to be star and sun
a wilderness teeming with half-open mouths
Lips that feed poor
bodies that tend
It is all your wonderful rediscovery
my new Thule.

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