

Poetry Series

**Martina Danielova**  
**- poems -**

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# Martina Danielova(29/07/1984)

Poetes from Slovakia, born in 1984, currently living in London.

# Dearest Mother

Every day of your eyes mother  
I think and then i have to smile.  
I see how your wings cover kindly  
head of my sister, of my brother.

Every day of your hands mother  
I think and their warmth saves me.  
You never blame, never bother,  
only forgiveness you always gave me.

Every day I think of you mother.  
Every day I owe you, love you.  
You taught me how to be true  
and I couldn't love more other

than I love you,  
dearest mother.

Martina Danielova

# Four Seasons

Smell of violets  
kind to my dreams  
and visions  
fairy tales about world  
that raised with hope  
for all life:  
generous to the wrinkled ones  
generous to the birds  
and i was friend with butterflies,  
ants and bees  
running shoe-less and naked  
straight into the wild river  
that time  
i wasn't afraid of snakes  
And then the summer came  
dissolute boys  
started whistling on the streets  
I never liked how they stared on my breasts  
so i learn how to walk  
with my head towards to the ground.  
Happiness was a moisture on the morning grass  
and then you  
you happened in my heart  
little seed in my palms  
that grew high towards to heaven  
if everyone would be like you  
world would be a better place to live.  
Leaves of the autumn, shimmering skin  
i never missed  
darkness of passing clouds.  
Stories were in my hands  
on paper of Edward's island  
i found the house on the shore  
i used to project every detail  
-the bed clothes, the curtains,  
the candle dinners  
sweetness of love,  
Sunday church  
and... these little two.

But then there was no more fruit on the trees  
just bitter taste of your blurry lips  
ice drew the flowers on the window  
your picture vanished in haze  
life reshaped sharpness of my sight  
well, nothing lasts forever  
yet.

Martina Danielova

# Happy In Love

How did I deserve you?  
so sweet and kind, expanding in my mind.  
honey and water pouring from the glass  
as you are walking on the burden grass.

Stranger I am to you, from different land,  
But I will sit with you, I'll hold your hand.  
And we will talk about stars and our Lord,  
perhaps we unlock secrets unexplored.

Martina Danielova

# Happy In Love With You

How did I deserve you?  
so sweet and kind, expanding in my mind.  
honey and water pouring from the glass  
as you are walking on the burden grass.

Stranger I am to you, from different land,  
But I will sit with you, I'll hold your hand.  
And we will talk about stars and our Lord,  
perhaps we unlock secrets unexplored.

Martina Danielova

# I Carry On The Light

Just like a noon in a bright day  
i'll smile with two twinkle stars  
and no matter what you say  
you can't cause me any scars

you let me go like i was dust  
right before you scorned my trust  
did you need to break me down  
because someone stole your dawn?

it remains me of the Sin  
imperfection, were you mean?  
but i am Phoenix, made of fire  
i wont die cause of desire!

twisted lies - to me that stinks  
and your lowered soul felt blue  
diamonds, glitters in your wings  
i would sew if you'd be true

my eyes carry on the light  
and it's for these that still fear  
the sun arises, a day is bright  
my sight, rooted in pain, is clear.

Martina Danielova



# I Kissed Him Like An Octopus

Everything is always printed  
in one kiss:  
hello, hold on and goodbye  
your lips  
sweetest hydromel i have drunk - ever.  
...that was okay...  
whatever..!

Your lips softest plush  
thats why i have this crush  
on you. All summer long.  
Shame we do not go along..

If one would let you - 'see you next time'  
you would say forever  
see you soon  
or never ever..  
finally you should learn  
to love  
someone else more than yourself.

Martina Danielova

# It Is A Trap

I lived few lives with three eyes  
and I saw things purple and deep  
louder than ocean - it's cries  
I cried for things that weren't cheap:

beautiful scenery of the soul  
life amorous of the black hole  
purity of the heart raptured  
crackling moments in time captured

when seasons turned into the road,  
dark in the windings of the mind  
I've heard my heart to explode  
in sympathy for humankind

since then and forever more

I was convicted of the sin:  
being the bride of cheating life  
I know my word won't ever win,  
if I am declared to be his wife

Martina Danielova

# Life Was Not Easy

I plead these rhymes in front of the eyes of God:  
forgive us dirt, this shallow matter  
forgive us Lord, we didn't know better  
swinging in the rhythm of a young heart  
thus painting our living as pervert art.  
life wasn't opened book lying on the shelf  
who wants to dictate flowers how to grow?  
the process of growth is grieving itself:  
love and the pain in vague, sobbering glow.

Martina Danielova

# Mourning Lovers

The scene starts on the Southwark bridge:

After the violent and spiteful enrage,  
not useful to lovers, let's turn the page,  
they had their last goodbye kiss.

&quot;The love is death&quot;

At least both agreed on this.

Martina Danielova

# Siren's Dance

Sometimes this life  
full of itching  
twists and turns  
into the magic ocean,  
made of the freedom  
full of colors  
different colors  
butterflies and ribbons  
sounds of a piano  
coming from the left ear  
soul with strong emotion  
in all shades of the rainbow  
falls with the rhythm of motion  
of the heartbeat  
as the substitute for an art  
warm like fire in the heart  
while these  
that we call others  
are dying in jealous grey  
trying to catch their breath  
in balance  
Siren's dance is always  
unbalanced...

Martina Danielova

# The Lizard

I have been changing colors  
like the lizard in the seaside cave  
shine has burned my wet eyes  
then i was broken down by wave

drifted away from the surface of this earth..

They say:

'give a freedom to the jailed man  
and he will be afraid of the light  
won't be allowed in by doorman  
when he will reach the gates of heaven '

So I've been reborn in the stars  
walking the roads dusty with the gun  
carrying fulfilled whiskey jars  
and forever more, not afraid of sun.

Martina Danielova

# Topaz In Your Eyes

Topaz is in your eyes, marvellous  
glistering star, utterly rapturous  
roar comes now from my mind  
to strain the thoughts so blind

A night dew would fall for you  
if it could only break the dawn  
and paint the love so deep untrue  
as was the sorrow always worn

Beauty in your eyes to be captured:  
a moment to rewind in memories  
a moment to persist in centuries,  
a moment crackling raptured...

Martina Danielova

# Unafraid

Lest to find him I implore

his tinsel heart so sweet

that I can wear soft, adore

and love without retreat.

Dim out the truth of naked lies

there he is - on the narrow glade

in the purity of a wild wind he flies

ready to upkeep the storm, unafraid!

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