

Poetry Series

**sanja sarinda**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2006

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

sanja sarinda()

# Blac Waves

Where these black waves come  
they fill my thoughts  
so complete,  
and make all seem so desperate,  
like there is no future,  
like all the hope is gone,  
all hope to find happiness  
to feel complete  
feel joy and happiness.  
maybe i am just stupid kid  
who beleaves too deep  
that happiness in life  
is all that matters  
no matter for money  
no matter for jewelry  
or fancy house,  
just happiness inside.  
-sanja-

sanja sarinda

# Come My Man

Come my Man,  
come into me  
gently, harsh, push, hold my hips  
tight  
and push, push, deep, deeper, more  
make me shout  
scream, moaning,  
cry  
for passion waves which goes over me  
again and again  
hold me tight,  
make me scream and cry  
for passion, desire.  
Let me feel your weight onto me,  
give me feelin safety  
under you i find my passion,  
with no limits to restrictive this feeling of mine  
so my Man hold me tight,  
make me scream and shout  
express this delight.  
-sanja-

sanja sarinda

# Desire

This desire drives me crazy,  
all i can think is making love.  
Why you wake this in me,  
why this happened to me?  
Life was so simple without knowlidge  
of making love, real love.  
Some may call it sex, but for  
i waited so long, wondereing what  
it really is, and  
now, i know, and wish i had not learn.  
Like burning flame inside me,  
desire and need to feel it now,  
right now, feel it so pure  
without any thought is it right or wrong,  
just feel the touch, see  
the joy in your face, see the  
flame in your eyes, when  
you come into me  
and we share the same desire.  
How can i continue life, with  
knowlidge, what making really is,  
without possibility to do it when  
i feel so.  
-sanja-

sanja sarinda

# Don'T Tell Me

Oh my Husband,  
my Man  
my eastern Man  
my arabMan,  
my Lionking  
tell me who taught you  
to make love?  
who taught you how  
to give this pleasure,  
make me moan, scream, shout, cry  
for passion given by your skill  
of making love.  
My Man, please do never tell me that,  
please do never answer me,  
even i may ask when jealousy turns upon me.  
Please my Man,  
let me have my dream of that  
this was new for you too, this  
passion which we found  
into each others bodies  
and touch.  
-sanja-

sanja sarinda

# Dove's Fight

Dove fights for her life  
Poppy cut her with his knife  
shooting pain makes her scream  
sing swansong of the very last breath  
wounds which will never heal.  
In the name of love Poppy  
hit his treasure, saying he will  
heal her mind  
he will cut pain out of her  
giving her chance to reborn  
Blood runs out from her veins  
and Poppy holds her so tight  
until swans end their song.

Dove is gone  
Dove is gone  
Silence of the lake ate Poppy's mind  
like White Deer which had came  
into his dreams night after night  
never giving him peace,  
deer hunts this wounded mind  
feeding his suspicious thoughts  
he has no break, no escape  
and he does what deer seeks.

Is he now in safe?  
can he finally gain that purity  
tranquility of this sick mind  
painfull thoughts would still fill  
veins, running poison through body  
but mind is clear and in peace?  
Dove is pure.  
Dove is free to fly.  
upon the sky.  
and her blood is pure.  
Dove is gone.  
Dove is Free.

sanja sarinda



# Eyes

Sad eyes, wounded eyes, tired eyes  
blue eyes, green eyes  
eyes like crystal  
look me from mirror and  
for a quick second i can see clue  
of flame in those eyes  
is it a promise of healed wounds  
promise of coming hope and  
better days  
future with love and deep feeling  
of coming home  
belonging to somewhere  
to other world, unknown for now  
world where love can be found  
colours will become alive and bright  
words would be found again  
speech of bodies and eyes  
where one touch will tell  
more than thousand words will do  
will i finally reach that all?

sanja sarinda

# Fenix-Dove

If you trample over the hills  
in a silent bright moonlight  
you may be lucky and see Dove  
white as cloud and so wild and free  
flying upon the sky  
seeking for her love  
Dove, which has reborn like a Fenix  
flying and seeking for Poppy  
when Dove finds Poppy  
from mountain or hill high  
if Poppy is the right one, meant for her  
they will enjoy their similarity and  
share need of freedom and beauty  
fly together above the clouds and rainbows  
sharing same hunger for life.  
Greatest miracle of all is how  
can Dove find Poppy who is ment for her  
if she chooses wrong flower  
seeds may take her life and wound her heart  
and then she must sang her swansong  
again and again  
until she can reborn from ashes,  
and there is only one right  
Poppy for each Dove, only one  
who will not wound nor hurt  
none knows before when she finds right one  
and how many times she must fail before.

-sanja-

sanja sarinda

# Hurricane Inside Me

This hurricane of feelings  
inside me,  
drives me crazy  
i smile and laugh and cry  
inside one minute,  
at one moment i can be the  
happiest person in whole world,  
and next i am the most desperate,  
what is happening in me?  
Tell me, heal me back to me.  
Will i ever reach stability again,  
all i long for now is simply  
peace of my chaotic mind.  
All i long is someone to hold,  
someone stronger than i ever am,  
so strong that he can bear my tears  
kiss me softly, gently and  
let me sleep like baby between his  
strong arms and against his chest,  
who gives, not takes.  
Is this only a dream of stupid child?

sanja sarinda

# Losted Souls

Welcome all you losted souls  
fairies and gnomes  
take glass of sweet smirnoff  
feel stolischnaya in your mouth  
join to trebak and let rythm of  
balalaika lead your steps  
gather around the fire  
feel flames dancing in your hearts  
twisted minds  
drink, drink it's time for joy  
drown your sorrow's to bottle  
of magical joy  
let trebak lead your steps  
and forget all in past  
forget saddness, sorrow and worries  
we may have only this moment  
so live, live and enjoy  
taste, smell and touch  
everything you see  
to make you feel alive again..

-sanja-

sanja sarinda

# No!

No! Don't say you love me  
don't say nice words for me  
those words make no difference  
anymore.

It is too late for words,  
you hurt me already  
you wounded me too deep.  
Why couldn't you just see  
me  
in the way i am,  
was my only fault to be too open  
pure without lies  
or couldn't you live with knowledge  
that i need life around  
parties, dancing, celebrations,  
laughing, chating and wondering,  
were you jealous for nothing?  
without a reason, and blame me  
for things  
i never done.

How can you expect i could  
ever forget those words, those wounds you made,  
and just few nice word could fix everything.

No.It is too late now.

I opened my eyes and remembered everything,  
and nobody will wound me again.

sanja sarinda

# Sad Eyes

If i could, i would  
fly like butterfly through the sky  
just fly and let the wind  
show me the way  
Fly and see people down  
walking, fighting, laughing  
man walking with dog  
cat sitting on bench  
See all what is beautifull  
and worth to see.

Empty eyes, eyes covered with ice  
eyes which see nothing  
show nothing  
Blue eyes hiding sorrow  
of losted girl  
who sold the world  
for one hug.

If i could, i would  
shoot with machinegun  
play with nice bazooka  
fool around, hunt for fun  
feel the power  
of fire arm.

Empty eyes, looking nowhere  
sitting beside river on  
wooden bench  
see waterfalls and whirls  
ice has left the river.  
Eyes are still empty.  
Frozen.

If i could, i would  
travel around the world  
ride camel, ride horse  
sit on top of rocky mountain  
sleep at beach

drink champagne from crystal glass  
dance til the morning comes.

sanja sarinda

# Sanja

Tears which i have cried  
could fill an ocean,  
tears have cleance my heart  
wash these wounds  
clear my soul  
every tear is farewell  
for insult in past  
every tear is step closer  
to become back me  
whom i once were,  
ever tear makes me scared  
whom will i meet when tears end  
she is so small, so pure, innocent  
she has no clue of harshness of world  
she loves to dance, listen to music  
she is rebel, she is wild  
she wears no make-up  
to cover her face, she is clean  
she is Sanja  
tabula rasa, white canvas.

If you ever meet her  
be tender to her, don't hurt her more  
maybe you will see once and while  
emptyness in her eyes, if you see it  
then give her hug and hold her tight  
let her feel you're beside her  
don't say a word, just be beside  
until she comes back from darknes  
and light her cigaret, smiles to you  
and ask you to join her to corner cafe',  
dance at beach, climb up to mountain  
count cats on street and feed them all  
then you will see she has came back  
from twisted thoughts, stormy isle,  
she has ride wild horses, met the thunder  
and you will see flames in her eye,  
then you know she is back..



sanja sarinda

# Take Me

Take me, tie me  
into your bed,  
table, sofa, chair,  
against the wall,  
use me,  
take me again and again  
from back  
above  
in front  
side.

Take me gently, tender.

Take me hard, harshly.

Take me.

Never let me go.

-sanja-

sanja sarinda

# The First Swansong

When everyone has gone  
there is just a little girl left  
so alone and tiny  
alone in cold and windy.  
Was she once pure  
clean like made of a dream  
innocent, not wounded  
not touched  
not sparked with words  
only so pure  
like newborn Dove  
before she taste poppy seed  
complicated, poisoned.  
Before dawn was gone  
short moment of purity of soul  
second, a clue before dirt, hurt.  
She sang her song once  
waited for response  
she waited alone,  
forgotten alone.  
After her swansong she was gone.  
Dove is gone.  
Dove is free.  
Dove is ash.

sanja sarinda

# Unicorn And Fairie

There was a Unicorn  
living in mountain high  
alone, wondering around  
longing to find valley sweet and flowry  
so proud, handsome and strong  
He was talented with many skills  
he could paint, draw and whittle  
amazing things,  
the unicorn had lost his words  
ability to paint wievs with fusible colours and verses  
He had so huge, rich inner world  
but he had lost his words and colours

A fairie, longing to mountain high  
could write tales and poems  
but she wanted to paint and talk  
paint with clever words pain out her soul  
talk her thoughts out of mind  
explode thoughts and whispers  
from her soul, express the inner world  
she had lost her colours and speech  
skill to paint words and talk

Maybe ugly Elfie from world of harshness  
had wounded them both  
used that magic wand and oath  
and made all beauty to disappear  
separate skill to love and trust  
left was only suspicious thoughts  
and twisted minds  
so scared, twisted minds  
souls so hurt and wounded  
Could anything in earth  
reunite those worlds of Unicorn and Fairie

Swan, swan so white and huge  
flied upon, through the sky

singing final concert of her life  
singing song so clear and flute  
above mountains and seas  
letting her music carry away  
all pain, wounds of broken souls  
breaking curse of ugly elfie  
making the sun shine and sky so blue  
clouds like white ships  
sailing through the earth and space  
carried worries far and fast  
leaving beauty to those who can see..

Now has unicorn reborn as knight  
and fairie is able to talk  
could they now meet and dance,  
dance together wild and free  
join tribes of wounded souls  
let music heal hearts and thoughts  
get bubbling champagne to their nose  
smoke sweet will cleanse wounds and deeds  
Colours and speech will reach their ears  
make those two souls unite as one.

-sanja-

sanja sarinda

# What Am I For You?

Tell me, answer me;  
Am i just a toy for you  
barbie-doll who you can  
shape as you like,  
call when you have time,  
and when you like just  
hide me back to closet,  
only by changing status offline,  
take out when you want to play  
who gave you right to play  
with feelings of mine?  
Who is this man, who took  
too strong place of my life,  
who is this man who fills my mind.  
Yes, i know his name  
his phone number,  
his address, number of his shoe  
way he wants to make love,  
but do i really  
ever see who is he, how he lives  
see his family and friends, his daily needs  
or is he just playing with me?  
Or is this all truly real, and desperate  
need from us both to  
have beside a real human being,  
to love and to hold so tight  
to make our own world so pure and clear,  
filled with love and desire  
as it seems to be?

sanja sarinda

# Wish

..I wish i could be  
a fairie..  
..open gate to secret world..  
..run over rainbow to find you..  
..fly through sky holding your hand..  
..kiss you with hungry lips..  
..make love on top of mountain high..  
..ride in back of dolphin..  
..dwell in fairietale..  
..never wake to reality..  
..never face harsh of this world..  
..dance together til sun rise..  
..see all birds and butterflies..  
..smell flowers white and blue..  
..let sand tickle our toes and bare feet..  
..touch with ice your hot skin..  
..melt between your hands..  
..if i only could be a fairie..  
..make dreams come true...

sanja sarinda

# Wounded Child

There was once a little girl  
at the magic lake  
dancing on beach and sand  
dreaming she was princess  
of foreign land  
land of fairies and gnomes  
living under daisy cover  
dancing from day to another  
laughing, gigling  
telling funny stories  
none could not see her  
none could not hurt her  
in land daisies is no insults  
hard words, ugly things don't happen  
daisy land is for happy fairies  
and beautifull gnomes  
none arguing, only smilies  
feelin loved and free  
and dreams come true..

sanja sarinda