

Poetry Series

April Avalon

- poems -

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April Avalon(15.05.1990)

April – Creating to Destroy

"I'm wild and sometimes even heartless-can-be,
I'm fond of collecting illusions to ruin,
I'm breaking the rules life has written for me,
'Create to destroy' best describes what I'm doing.
I'm scarily dangerous, silently loud -
A walking disaster you'd better ignore,
The pain in the neck of a desperate crowd.
But I'm like a magnet - you'll only want more".

This quote from April's poem entitled "Heartless-can-be? " describes the poetess best. It shows all the mysterious sides of her personality, and they are revealed mostly in her works, written with the purpose to tell people more about her and her life experience, to share and spread her ideas and thoughts, to help people with her creativity somehow, showing them that they are not alone.

April has been writing for almost five years, getting inspiration from various experiences seen by the eyes of a thinker. The purpose of her creativity is urging people to see beyond the bounds, to be themselves, to speak their minds loud, not to be afraid to differ from the crowd.

And she really creates to destroy, as said above. To destroy the naive beliefs. To destroy the stereotypes.

You can find out more about her through her creative works here:

She also has some tracks available at

Moreover, she has something to offer to the bands and individual performers who need lyrics in English – she writes lyrics for sale by individual orders.

If you already have the musical part for your song and need lyrics, she will help you out with that as well. She can also proof read and edit any complete lyrics and bring changes to them if necessary as well as translate lyrics from Russian into English.

If you are interested, you can always contact her via e-mail: aprilavalon@

A Desperate City

Hello to you from the gray gloomy city,
Where crowds unconsciously worship despair,
Indulging in dangers of constant self-pity
With naive belief in the world's being fair.

They have no trust in a man's inner power,
And fortitude sounds like something unknown.
They have no poets, just ones of an hour,
Who drown at once in the thoughts of their own.

With greed they consume plain illusions for dinner,
And dress them with lies when they serve the new dishes
To those so-called 'pathological sinners'
Who find someone else's delusions delicious.

They have Friday liter-mates rather than friends
To mark that the week of no favor is ending,
But even with glasses of spirits in hands
They look worse than misery. Are they pretending?

April Avalon

Accept My Demands

These months were a battle
Of love and my pride,
Pride chose to surrender,
But I didn't mind.
I sang my own ballad
Along to your chords,
You failed as my shield,
I kept being your sword.
You asked for the world -
I could give you much more.
True life was somewhere
Behind the locked door.
Through all your nightmares
I kept holding your hand.
I drained my own sea
For your castle of sand.

Love made me its slave -
It's my porcelain strength.
Now beg for forgiveness,
Accept my demands!

You're charming, unique,
And your look is brand-new.
Your face in the mirror
Is one love for you.
One slut cost you more
Than the tears I shed,
And seeing you two
Made me feel just regret.
Now beg for forgiveness,
Feel guilty and pray!
Remember those months
And the last summer day.
I tried to be perfect,
I was at my best,
You turned all my life
To a terrible mess!

Love made me its slave -
It's my porcelain strength.
Now beg for forgiveness,
Accept my demands!

Accept my demands!

April Avalon

Actress

I've turned to an actress regardless my will,
Life's poignant scenario brought me the skill.
Performing, I find the salvation
In changing my costumes and masks.
It keeps my true guise ever changing in turn,
The art of arranging's not easy to learn,
It's more than just bright decorations.
I've handled a difficult task.

I fear the thunder, still dance in the rain,
The gloomy surroundings claim I'm insane,
Not seeing the sense in its absence -
The actress is always to blame!
My tragical comedies last for a while,
Erasing the concepts 'the truth' and 'a guile'.
Deceiving the evident essence,
I'm playing this innocent game.

I speak every language of pleasure and grief,
I've heard every rumor you spread and believe.
Well, I am the subject this season,
In fact I am proud of it.
I'm nursing the thought they keep talking of me,
Quite happy to seem a discover-to-be
For no particular reason
Except such a playful deceit.

April Avalon

Alien

The cradle of despair.
The ever-winter air.
Is anybody there,
Beneath this dreadful moon
Evoking thirst for tears?
I'm screaming - no one hears.
I breathe the same old fear
That I'll be dying soon.
My soul strays and hovers,
My heart is under covers,
My lonely secret lovers -
The clouds and the sea -
Can grant me no salvation
Within my heart's temptation
In this dilapidation
I see no way to flee.

April Avalon

At Any Rate

Kill the cops,
Destroy the gooks,
Break the wall
Of vice-shaped looks,
Break the rules,
And do it twice,
It's your life -
You've paid the price.

Cock the gun
And change the orders -
Mess the puppets
In this show.
Speak your mind
Beyond the borders,
Win to live -
It's all you know.

You're ignored -
Do the same,
Live the life,
Ignore the game,
F- it up
At any rate,
Fight, defeat
And celebrate.

Cock the gun
And change the orders -
Mess the puppets
In this show.
Speak your mind
Beyond the borders,
Win to live -
It's all you know.
At any rate!

April Avalon

Blow Job Queen

She wore silver-golden rings,
She drove the newest Ferrari,
She was so incredibly scary
That stuff from the labeled glam bliss
Would still never help.
Yet he paid for this.

They said they were so in love!
He loved her blow jobs with eyes closed
As much as to hear her boast
Her f- was the best on the Earth.
Asylums of porn
Would pay for them both.

She had sex and dough in her life,
She called it a trifle of dwelling.
However, she passed her excelling
Blow skills to lame-practised mate wh-es.
Why didn't he guess
She just wanted more?

April Avalon

Boundless Sea

You just say you will always be there
When I need you right here with me;
I am trapped in the wave of despair,
Dreams escape to the boundless sea.

I indulge in the sense of December,
In the cinnamon scent I inhale;
This tranquility makes me remember
My old sweet Scandinavian tale.

It's the voice of Suomi that's calling
My still frozen heart to the North,
As the wheel of my fortune keeps rolling,
It is time to live on and move forth.

I'll keep moving in every direction
I can change by my own free will;
On my way to complete resurrection
I'm the one at the steering wheel.

If I dare to change your embraces
To Norwegian winter's caress,
Will the blizzard conceal all the traces?
I'll be loving you, nevertheless.

I will meet you nowhen and nowhere,
In the depth of the boundless sea;
In my dreams you will always be there,
And my memories - here with me.

April Avalon

Breakdown

The smell of Kent
Failed to bring me to life,
I felt almost nothing, kept silent like dead.
The poisoned blade
Of a sharp kitchen knife
Was bound to cut me, I dropped it instead.

It wasn't meant
To take place then, alas,
My memories, lurking, denied suicide.
My guise would fade
In a half-empty glass
And you would not even find out I died.

My swollen pride
Was revealed in my eyes,
Yet weakness was hidden behind my eyelids.
I stayed awake
To the gloomy sunrise,
It haunts me at moments when consciousness bleeds.

My other side
Is still craving for life;
These tough contradictions make up my true core.
Just one mistake
Fights the urge to survive
Or live ever after like never before?

April Avalon

Changes

I'm looking around and searching you there,
The bright prospect lights only frown as I stare,
My heart's getting lost in the shatters.
I know you'll pick them all up when you come,
And I'll never mind if you steal at least some,
Just keep them, and nothing else matters.

Those white and green lights got my secret revealed,
I'll write it all down and cherish it sealed,
One day it will find destination.
Whoever discovers the mystery penned,
They won't guess a word, I have got it all planned,
This madness becomes my salvation.

The eyes of the suburbs will warm and appease
My heart, ever-aching, with evident ease.
Your look in the window still shows.
It's fixed in the soul, it's fixed in the glass,
This moment can linger for good either pass,
It's changing. Well, destiny knows.

April Avalon

Changes Part Two (November)

I'm looking around - a year has passed,
The moment I seized is forever to last,
The secrets of cherished November
Still live in the imprints of soft fingertips
You left on my key, in your eyes that eclipse
The various colors of amber.

The waters of changes surround my shore,
The eyes of the suburbs see right to the core,
Respond to my heart's aspiration.
Eternity lingers in love's every breath,
And it is my place from November till death,
My shelter, my sweet isolation.

It's plain and it's simple - I have understood
That I will keep writing this story for good
And send you mysterious letters.
Discover the worlds that my verses create
For you to unravel and investigate,
Just keep them, and nothing else matters.

April Avalon

Charm And Poison

For every wrong step that you take
I pierce your heart thrice on a bender.
However, my fury is fake.
You bleed your remorse - I surrender.
My sharp poignant words of no shame
And spirits are such a bad mixture -
I've never been easy to tame -
They paint such a frightening picture,
They certainly prove me a b**ch -
It's one of my two real faces.
You'll find charm and poison in each,
Once trapped in my tender embraces.

April Avalon

Crimson And Black

I'd sell my heart in paperback,
In verses for perverts to read.
The crimson lines look good on black,
Just like the world behind my lids.

For crimson is my poisoned blood
You'd never want to mix with yours,
For black is my denying heart
That's stained with lies and dead remorse.

Erase my love and drain my mind
Until my memory is void,
I want to be completely blind
To every trifle I enjoyed.

Your gentle touch is like a burn -
I play pretend I'm fine with heat.
I've reached the point of no return,
I find my peace in self-deceit.

April Avalon

Damn

Dive into your own damned lake,
Take the turn - I'm going straight.
Your intended failed mistake
Has defined your only fate.

No, I cannot stop the herd,
I can't drain your ego's gall.
I can neither beat one nerd
Nor by words defeat them all.

But my keen and poignant phrase
Does reveal my only wish:
Live your own rusty days,
Poison your fucked up damned dish!

In your masks you look the same,
As perfection cheats on you.
You deny your spirit's lame,
And this way you prove it true.

April Avalon

Digits Of Love

I'd send you a dream in another e-mail
And open my heart to attach,
But it would be hard to explore and unveil,
Since digits and feelings don't match.

The digits of love are a changeable thing
Without a permanent code,
However, the vivid emotions they bring
Still fill the handwritten plain note.

My messages turned to a terrible mess,
Unfiltered, they bury the truth,
It's hard to conceal, and it's hard to confess
They all are mistakes of my youth.

A look through the glass back to winter of fate
Reminds me of beautiful times
When magical digits from zero to eight
Appeared as love fixed in rhymes.

April Avalon

Duality

The pleasure to speak is my lost privilege,
And now insanity dwells on a page,
However, it's changing the color in days,
Revealing the truth my white pencil portrays.

But I'm getting sick of the poetess' fate,
I only enliven the worlds your create,
Denying the myths you don't want to believe,
Or perpetuate every side of my grief.

Today it's triangular, soon to be square,
Or even linear, in case you are there,
You skillfully play with my changeable mood,
I'd steal such a talent from you if I could.

I paint the reality, live in a dream,
Duality kills me, I just want to scream,
I'll find the salvation when holding you close
I'll speak of my feelings and keep them in prose.

April Avalon

Endlessly

Finally
She drank a bit
From an empty glass of wine,
Finally
The pieces fit,
Yet they fail at matching fine.
Endlessly
Her sore red eyes
Turn to vast but shallow lakes,
Endlessly
She'll pay the price
For her salty sweet mistake.

Finally
He found his core
In her pointless rotting grief,
Finally
He craved for more
When she cursed his fake beliefs.
Endlessly
The heart explodes
In the weakened burning fists.
Endlessly...
And so it goes
Due to feelings-catalysts.

Hearts. Spades.
Wars. Games.
Spades. Wars.
It goes round, and round, and round
Behind the locked black door.
They. Endlessly.

Finally
He found his core,
Yet they fail at matching fine.
Luckily,
She craves for more
Than an empty glass of wine.

Hearts. Spades.
Wars. Games.
Spades. Wars.
It goes round, and round, and round
Behind the locked black door.
They. Endlessly.

April Avalon

Escapism

Taste remorse bleeding from my lips,
Feel the pain of my dreams unleashed.
Shooting stars struggle to eclipse
One last flash of a perfect wish.

Make the way with me,
Help my spirit flee,
Set my soul free,
It is smothered.
Let me find my place
In this tempting haze,
In the night's embrace,
I am bothered.

Hear the sounds, deafened sounds
Of reveries' lullabies,
As I reach spaceless bounds
Of welcoming purple skies.
Yes, I live just this way,
But it's an illusion, fake,
And I curse the damned day
That finds me to wake me.

Trapped by the truth,
I curse its majesty,
Dreams of my youth
Lose sense of gravity.

I'm not sane, not mad,
Not alive, not dead,
Shades of past regret
Haunt me farther.
I am straying blind
With my truth denied
On the other side
From the others.

Hear muffled sounds, deafened sounds
Of reveries' lullabies,

As I reach spaceless bounds
Of welcoming purple skies.
Yes, I live just this way,
But it's an illusion, fake,
And I curse the damned day
That finds me to wake me.

Quelling silent screams,
All alone,
Listing paper dreams
On my own,
I am sick of this
Absurdism,
what's the way it is?
Escapism!

Dreams are all shattered,
What could be worse?
Doom of the life in fetter,
Filled with the same remorse.

Fight or surrender?
Shield or defender?
I'm helpless at anything.
Thoughts of despair
Twirl in the air.
I'm losing my everything.

Hear muffled sounds, deafened sounds
Of reveries' lullabies,
As I reach spaceless bounds
Of welcoming purple skies.
Yes, I live just this way,
But it's an illusion, fake,
And I curse the damned day
That finds me to wake me.

April Avalon

Evening

I'm breathing the smoke of fruit cigarettes,
One's already burnt; I am craving for more.
I'm lighting the last one with no regrets -
If you were beside me, it well could be four.

I'm slowly turning the key in my lock;
It usually takes me two minutes or three,
But I have been blind to the obstinate clock -
Alas, there is no one waiting for me.

My room has no present but treasures the past;
Its walls will recall every breath that we share...
I'm feeling so cold. I break down at last:
My papers will choke on the ink of despair.

My heart's like a violin's sound, unclear;
It's out of tune for a permanent matter.
I'll sign all these verses with only one tear
And seal with a sigh just to send with a letter.

April Avalon

Every Single Evening's Plot

I closed the door of my dirty old flat,
I went outside for a short evening stroll.
I bought some cheap hooch and a condom instead.
I'd only arrived when I heard a phone call.
It was so persistent, so deafening loud.
Who failed to forget me? I wanted to know.
I took a deep breath for a desperate shout,
Picked up the receiver: 'Hello! Hello? '
Just silence. An error? Wrong number? Or what?
A quick thought of you. Stupid me! Would you care?
I started to feel all the spirits I'd bought
Dissolve in my blood, neutralizing despair.
In less than an hour my neighbours arrived
And asked me for something they needed. Okay.
I gave them a condom and bade them hot night -
I wouldn't have sex for some number more days.
I spent the next hour listening to moans,
But envy and anger were still neutralized.
I'd made through the day, and I'd done it alone.
The neighbours calmed down. I closed my eyes.

April Avalon

Fate And Fortune

This northern city with headlights-eyes
Has buried me in its cold and gloom;
You'll see this place in a dreadful guise
And once sweet home will seem a tomb
Once you're aware there's no way out,
Once dreams of youth say goodbye and grin.
It goes farther and makes me doubt
In all the things I have ever seen.
Its blood has turned into ice and snow -
It's endless winter in every heart.
The winds of grief never cease to blow,
The art of grief is the greatest art.

And once in this cradle of dirt and despair
A wandering stranger demanded my mind.
He asked me about this damned northern air
I'd better not breathe - I would leave it behind.
He said: 'I'm in love with this misery, miss.
Destruction is right what we need to create.
True art is in grief, I've been dreaming of this.
My yesterday's fortune's tomorrow's fate.
I know all secrets my destiny knows,
So this boring dwelling won't be a surprise'.
I thought: 'He's my twin, and it clearly shows'.
That evening he opened my widely shut eyes.

A perfect stranger has built a wall
To be a shield from this gloom and lies,
From endless rains of this city's gall
That falls on me from the shattered skies.
The wave of feelings can warm the days
Of dull existence in Bitterland
And melt the ice in this rotten place,
In every heart that it's due to mend.
This northern city with headlights-eyes
Has turned us down in its nasty voice
And... brought together. We've paid the price
Of fate to fortune. We've made the choice.

Fetter

I say: 'Good morning everyone',
Turn on the light. The morning sun
Will never choose to greet this place
Of greed-trapped minds and sheer disgrace.
Some beer into inner space
To sink reality for instance
Is just the way of my resistance
Within this suffocating maze.

The fussy crowds in hurrying trams,
The same old streets, the traffic jams
Are too disgusting for my eyes -
They seek lush colors of surprise.
My heart's a rose yet to bloom,
And all it needs is Heaven's cater,
But I will never break the fetter
Of northern winds and autumn gloom.

April Avalon

Fire

I used to compare myself with a fire,
So sudden, so restless, so hard to predict -
A definite danger from miles to admire,
The gamut of colors one couldn't depict.

The flame is extinguished. The reason is clear -
I crave for love fuel and only one match.
I'm stronger than every invisible tear
That turns to a raindrop. I'll start from a scratch.

I'll be a good guide for my soulmates-strangers,
A guard for the lost and the ones of this kind,
For anything frail I'll reveal only danger...
However, a match is not easy to find.

April Avalon

From The Heart

I'm here in the corner, devoured by cold,
My little ribbed shell hides a desperate sigh,
It holds an enigma for you to unfold
Until I'm asleep to your breath's lullaby.

My soul is rushing beyond the extremes,
Revealing the vibe that is hard to appease,
But once you discover the door to my dreams,
My consciousness lives through a moment of peace.

Whenever my lips start exploring your skin,
They bleed unexplainable bitter remorse -
My poison leaves stains, and it feels from within,
But lips ever sealed do appear much worse.

April Avalon

Get Over It

I hate you, guys, I wish you pain.
It never causes any strain.
I can't care less for all this sh-
You say to me. Get over it.
Yes, spirit is my perfect friend -
It's always there by my demand.
Yes, I detest the whole mankind.
Yes, I deny, and I'm denied.

I'm misanthropic, deviant,
Irrational, irrelevant,
Whatever else I have been called.
I've said this. Now f- off - you all.

I curse the world, I curse my fate,
I first destroy and then create.
You laugh at me - I turn and spit,
You try to mess with me - I quit.
You draw hearts - I draw spades,
You say 'enough' - I say 'too late'.
You can't accept your worst defeat -
My victory. Get over it.

I'm misanthropic, deviant,
Irrational, irrelevant,
Whatever else I have been called.
I've said this. Now f- off - you all.

You draw hearts - I draw spades,
I curse the world, I curse my fate.
Yes, I detest the whole mankind.
Yes, I deny, and I'm denied.

Get over it!

April Avalon

Gifting A Dream

You're driving across the mysterious lands,
You're making your way to the sea and the shore.
Let go of the wheel and stretch out your hands -
Your secret desires will call you for more.

Midnight in July.
The boundless sky.
The signs in the violet mist.
The red and green lights
That shine through the nights
To show you dream islands exist.

The island of hope is the first on the way,
I'm waiting for you, I am already there.
With fingers entwined, with the thoughts gone astray
We'll lie by the water in silence and stare.

The sand as a bed.
Black roofs painted red.
A thousand small fireflies.
A bright navy sail.
Sweet scents we inhale.
Your charming and still dreamy guise...

April Avalon

Gloomy Crowd's Man

He lived his days by someone's rules,
He broke his hands, became the tool.
He played the game with life at stake.
He won. He made a great mistake.

Life is action,
Don't surrender
When the heartlessness decides
Who are fighters and defenders
On the different inner side.

Some beer in front of his laptop.
A dirty room. A part-time job
To make his living for one ass.
You think you'd ever mourn his death?

Life is action,
Don't surrender
When the heartlessness decides
Who are fighters and defenders
On the different inner side.

And who's the next? It may be you,
A gloomy 'yes, Sir' crowd's man!
My song is harsh, but hey, it's true.
You can't agree - the conscious can.

April Avalon

Greeting Tomorrow

My love-jaded heart will no longer respond to the sound
Of whispering raindrops in fall or a train passing by.
I've got brand new wings, yet so frail; I lose touch with the ground
To take to my fantasy velvet mysterious sky.

I'm fine in my bulletproof shell and I quit endless waiting
Like quitting an old nasty habit and moving ahead,
Exploring the worlds that my own deft mind is creating;
Old passion's extinguished along with one more cigarette.

Whenever I light one, its taste and its sweet bitter flavor
Remind me of sharing a kiss I imagined that spring;
If only that winter I'd been just a little bit braver,
This all would have come to the same tragic end in a blink.

The guise in the mirror of spring is a blar reflection
Of somebody already dead and forgotten at all
Yet standing the very last chance for the heart's resurrection;
I swear I'm back on my feet, you may shoot, I won't fall.

The past is all gone, so one day I'll forget to remember
And gladly discover I've chosen nothing to keep,
Awaiting another July and another December;
And now it's time to put down my pen and just sleep.

What dreams are to haunt me, I wonder? Next morning I'll know,
My mind is still blank as I'm totally sober toight;
My desperate thoughts and my fears are letting me go,
I'm ready to enter the kingdom of misty midnight.

I'm ready to enter the gates of tomorrow now,
Today is a legend and yesterday - just a mistake.
I'm crossing the line, I will make it all through anyhow,
Just happy to live and to breathe every morning I wake.

April Avalon

Hate

I'm fully devoured by hate,
My mind has been brought to stagnation,
It's my unconceivable fate
To get slightly less estimation
Than sluts in a changeable guise
Or fools wasting time on careers.
Well, who is the one to despise:
A poet or one of those peers?
They fear the joys of today,
They fear the freedom addiction,
And I have no words left to say
When called a damn tough contradiction.

April Avalon

Heartless-Can-Be?

I'm wild and sometimes even heartless-can-be,
I'm fond of collecting illusions to ruin,
I'm breaking the rules life has written for me,
'Create to destroy' best describes what I'm doing.
I'm scarily dangerous, silently loud -
A walking disaster you'd better ignore,
The pain in the neck of a desperate crowd.
But I'm like a magnet - you'll only want more.

You'll figure me out, you'll get to the core -
One beauty, two fears, three dangers - it's me.
You'll enter my heartspace and close the door
For anyone else who I wanted to be.
My truth was denying devotion and faith,
And now you've proved right the opposite true.
A chain of mistakes is the sign of my days;
My strength will forgive me - it led me to you.

April Avalon

If

My pen is bleeding on the paper,
As love is bleeding in my heart,
These words are bare truth,
So sing them to your music,
And play this music on my trembling soul strings,
In case you manage not to tear them, I'm yours.

And if you ever find the answers
To questions I have never asked,
Will you tell me lies
And always keep denying
You know where I have buried all my dreams,
When I'm not likely to remember it myself?

If I'm afraid to live tomorrow,
And only you can turn back time,
Just tell me, will you try
Until one day I ask you
To simply kill me with your own gentle hands,
But not the weapon of indifference you choose.

I only try to be sincere
When lose the sense of self-control,
But why not do the same,
Let's be alone together,
And, please, forgive me for this weakness of one day,
Once I have promised you I'll shield you all the time.

April Avalon

Ignorant Bliss

Describe me the pleasures of ignorant bliss,
When life's like a train you are bound to miss,
When casual trifles appear in pink,
And wonders untouchable instantly shrink.

You don't want to alter reality frail,
So every bold thought finds itself in a jail.
You welcome no changes, you try just to match
The role you play, fate's satirical sketch.

You say you don't mind it, I know its false,
Your day, like a wheel, monotonously rolls.
You suffer to fit an invisible hole
That life cast you into. To fight or to crawl?

April Avalon

I'M Fine

Love is only some sense
Of the absence of sense,
It invades our lives
When we have other plans.
It devours your days,
Then it eats you inside,
It erases your face,
But you don't really mind.
It is gradually making you blind!

October is counting time
And turning to dust all the letters,
The words that I once liked to rhyme,
The diaries. It doesn't matter.
Yes, it doesn't matter. I'm fine.

Love is only a book
For illiterate masses
And a few stupid deaths
Due to hopeless romances.
It's a right to create,
With no chances to find,
It's the same old damned myth,
Just of some other kind.
It is gradually making you blind!

October is counting time
And turning to dust all the letters,
The words that I once liked to rhyme,
The diaries. It doesn't matter.
Yes, it doesn't matter. I'm fine.
I'm fine.

April Avalon

In The Gutter

You say you are braver, superior, smarter,
Your pride, ever swollen, has poisoned the air.
In fact, you are already deep in the gutter,
You've merged with the shades of the earthly despair.

Your crave for respect, much more cash, a career,
But luck's velvet fingers won't grant you a touch,
Your purpose is being in front of the rear,
You cannot believe that it costs one too much.

The same elevator, the buttons in rows
From Monday till Friday. The same boring week.
You press button ten: you are taken below -
Regarding your dwelling, emotion-sick.

You crave for respect and life-long recognition,
But rich-colored life is behind your bent back,
You don't realize it's a bitter position,
You've never considered the change of this track.

You say you are braver, superior, smarter,
But you are deprived of the pleasure of thought.
In fact, you are already deep in the gutter,
The look of a shadow is all that you've got.

April Avalon

Independent

She's sitting, sitting alone
With brandy and Winston in hands,
Devouring with her mischievous wild glance
Her already coupled-off friends.
'I'm fine' - her red eyes shout loud,
'We see. What the f-? ' - says the crowd.
She sets her lust racing around the hall,
But no one hears this hopeless call.

Independent, independent,
Don't show this minute's weakness,
Independent, independent,
Just hold on so they can witness
Your I-never-care expression
That will tell them: 'Warning, danger! '
It will make the right impression
On perverted dirty strangers.

She's sitting, sitting alone,
Her ego is squeezed by four walls.
She's waving goodbye to her friends at the door -
They're leaving this brothel-like hall.
Her anger and lust are still racing,
The cold of the night is erasing
All features of lies from her beautiful face -
She's played a wrong part in a somewhat wrong place.

Independent, independent,
Don't show this minute's weakness,
Independent, independent,
Just hold on so they can witness
Your I-never-care expression
That will tell them: 'Warning, danger! '
It will make the right impression
On perverted dirty strangers.

April Avalon

Insane

The day is revealing its new morning face,
And I've disappeared - without a trace,
Without a sound, without a sign,
As you'll never care. Well, dear, it's fine.
I left half to midnight for reasons unknown
To make half the way to nowhere by dawn.
I come back to earth or I drown in your eyes -
Oh well, I've decided.

I'm trying to flee
To weaken the ties
Before I get sober,
Before I think twice.
I can't justify it, I'll never explain
Why something desired brings so much pain.
It's my turn to quit,
Hope you don't understand it.

This theme is forbidden, and so is my song.
Your arms are somewhere I'll never belong.
It's too complicated for my plain mindset.
I've given up something I won't ever get.
My thoughts are immoral, my thoughts are profane,
I save you from me - I'm becoming insane.
I quit this false game, or I break all the rules.
Oh well, I've decided.

I'm trying to flee
To weaken the ties
Before I get sober,
Before I think twice.
I can't justify it, I'll never explain
Why something desired brings so much pain.
It's my turn to quit,
Hope you don't understand it.

I think no one knows what I'm getting at -
You don't know to whom all these words have been said.
I just press 'escape' - you won't see me again.

I think I've decided - I'm not that insane.

April Avalon

Invisible Scars

The poison of spring has dissolved in my veins;
A second is worth both my future and past.
The more I denied my becoming insane,
The sooner insanity touched me at last.
The silence we hear is the laugh of my fate,
The soundless laugh at the one I forgot -
The yesterday's me - and the force to create
The life I portrayed. But it's less than I've got.
I love the invisible scars of my skin -
The blades of your hands are so tempting, indeed.
These words I give birth to just come from within,
Revealing the truth till the scars start to bleed.
These words cost two hours less than a night -
Mixed feelings are harder to rhyme than small talk.
Two hours more, and the things will go right
As long as I fail my deceiving the clock.

April Avalon

Lands Of Forever

Discover the lands of forever -
Of harmony, beauty and peace;
Your reverie's worth the endeavor
Of searching a moment to seize:

A moment to linger for years,
A perpetuated romance
Of two ever different spheres
That twist in a passionate dance.

This madness and charm are a whole,
As everything's possible there.
This unit will conquer your soul
And liven your dream if you dare.

Unravel the life you desire,
And fortune will paint it for you.
The forces of Water and Fire
Conspire to make it all true.

April Avalon

Lies Of A Loss

Going away,
I take one last look behind,
And you can't believe those winter days
Were nothing more than lies.

Knives in our backs,
Dying memories inside -
Maybe I've become so heartless,
Maybe free, or simply blind.

Dear, we are done,
Drink your tears of regret,
Find the answers by yourself,
And make my side of our bed.

Swallow your last words,
Go on living in your shell.
In front of you is loneliness -
I've only cast my spell.

Wounds will heal so soon,
But for years you'll be scarred.
You could never think you'd say this,
But you'll find our parting hard.

Shards of perished hope
Watch your recent dreams come by,
You'll feel lost and devastated,
You will hear this song and cry!

Everything that's left
Burns your blood and slits your wrists,
It's your silent suicide,
But I can feel no guilt for this.

No guilt for this!

April Avalon

Life Replaced

I am drenched in silver smoke
With my weekend brandy mates,
Laughing at the same old jokes,
Taking part in drunk debates.

When my forces get united,
I will leave the noisy bar,
Soon to find myself invited
To a ride in someone's car.

Midnight dates, adventures, strangers,
Mad ideas for some fun,
The temptation of the danger
To be liked by everyone,

Lust, elation, merging faces
Lighten all the darkest days.
But past love's lost scattered traces
Aren't that easy to erase...

April Avalon

Loneliness

When loneliness pierces your heart like a thorn,
When memories seem to replay all your past,
When some contradictory feeling is born
To remnants of love that was not meant to last,
Your temple of hope is about to fall,
The shade of your sun is about to fade,
The wheel of your life is reluctant to roll,
It feels like a permanent dance on the blade.

You search for the answer in every small sign,
You trust every symbol, you wish on a star,
You drown your grief in a glass of mulled wine
You two used to drink in the same cozy bar.
You find the salvation in bittersweet lies,
In fact, it is clear like a crystalline ball:
Just look at yourself with your destiny's eyes,
You'll see love has never existed at all.

April Avalon

Love Secret

The level of pride in my blood is too high,
And shatters of passion are trapped in a shell,
I'm growing older, I cannot deny,
And something unique fills my heart's every cell.

Love sacred, love secret, love ably disguised
Is tormented, ever forbidden, but still
It speaks for itself, it is self-emphasized
At times when I quell it regardless my will.

The distance between us brings love only luck -
I'm close to you in my reverie land,
And when we do meet, I am totally struck
By 'devil-may-care' and 'just play-pretend'.

April Avalon

Madness

I'm riding the cloud of bright blanket dreams,
The coconut smoke entwines with the mist,
The potion of madness in violet streams
Is carving the urge that I cannot resist.

The mysteries find me still lying in bed,
Enjoying the pleasures of drunken grapefruit.
Just several gulps, and a room painted red
Will turn to a princess' incredible suit.

I'm a swift errand girl of my fortunate fate,
When my fantasies leak, the reality hides
In the weirdest world I could ever create
With my eyes tightly shut, with my heart as a guide.

A rose with sharp yet invisible thorns
Will bloom in my gardens in endless July -
The country of fairies and pink unicorns
Beneath the enchanting and welcoming sky.

I trust in the might of the element Earth,
However, the Air attracts me much more.
I'm hovering free, and I feel the rebirth.
This madness is tempting like never before.

I'm a swift errand girl of my fortunate fate,
When my fantasies leak, the reality hides
In the weirdest world I could ever create
With my eyes tightly shut, with my heart as a guide.

I giggle and slap the reality's face,
I found salvation in madness' embrace.

I'm a swift errand girl of my fortunate fate,
When my fantasies leak, the reality hides
In the weirdest world I could ever create
With my eyes tightly shut, with my heart as a guide.

Madness So Sweet

Pearls of fantasies shine in the waters of hope
That February turned tears to.
We will certainly free weakened hands from the ropes
If wonder is all that we do.

Let us build a small ship as a shelter-to-be
And paint it in colors of spring.
It is madness so sweet to spend life on the sea;
I will turn to a siren and sing.

In the song of my heart that will beat twice as fast,
Your own inner voice will reveal.
Reminiscence I'll crave is for ages to last,
I'll gift you a moment to steal.

April Avalon

None-In-Three

I press the button and renew
The page with someone's masterpiece.
I see a so-called review
Of letters less than letters missed.
The comment's author claims to be
A bard, a critic and a muse.
This three-in-one, or none-in-three
Can't get the core of someone's views,
Of thoughts in their poetic flight.
Yes, it is hard - they tend to flee,
But it's the artist's one true might
To see what other eyes can't see,
And poets for a day or two,
Who shape a random phrase by chance,
Who haven't proved a sentence true,
Just have no right to set demands
For those who ponder, dare and speak,
Who search, discover and create.
Their fame is yet to reach its peak,
And as for you, it's way too late.

April Avalon

Not Now

In silence my lips have been drawing the shapes
Of phrases, so vague and deprived of a meaning.
My dreams are about to find an escape
To where the end always meets the beginning.
My black and white fears have got an excuse:
I still have the world - in my heart and around.
I'm no longer free - I have something to lose.
The more I deny that my freedom has bounds,
The better I see them, the more my heart frets -
The twilight has failed to appease me somehow.
I'll lose it all soon, but I'll never regret.
My lips keep repeating: 'Not me, just not now'.

April Avalon

Nothing Else Counts

The streets are embraced by this threatening night,
She's sunk in his warm, not yet sober embrace.
They promised each other that things would go right,
Yet all their hopes stand for counting days.

The morning will frown - one desperate kiss,
The sign of unfortunate parting for two,
Will cease their dwelling in ignorant bliss,
Or blissful forgetting, whatever is true.

The well-known words in a new undertone
Of whispering voices are fading away.
The morning will frown, and she will be gone;
He'll vanish in sleep till around midday.

They'll meet when the streets are embraced by the dark.
With no place to go, to never be found,
With lives half-forgotten, with nothing to mark.
But they have each other, and nothing else counts.

April Avalon

Novel

This open book without an ending
Is everything my life reminds of.
You, shallow souls, were just pretending -
You're out of touch, I'm out of mind now.

I was a slave of my devotion,
A pillow for your worthless tears,
And you just played with my emotions,
Then in a moment disappeared.

I gave you all my heart to treasure -
You marked it with your footprints, dirty.
But it's your loss that can't be measured,
And nevermore your lies will hurt me!

The novel's waiting for your ending,
Fresh rumors - what is more exciting?
I'll laugh at you and keep pretending
I can't make out your handwriting.

April Avalon

One Moment

The imprints of your fingers
Have marked a half-full glass.
The sentiment still lingers,
The moment's due to pass.

Your glance can still appear
In my Campari drink
Like blood that's mixed with tears,
Or passion's scarlet ink.

My hand's already missing
Your gentle velvet skin.
My heart is reminiscing
The sweetest little sin -

The dream that made my morning.
Your arms, your voice, your lips
Discover space for yearning...
I'd better go to sleep...

April Avalon

Pearls To Diamonds

I've changed black pearls of cherished then
To sparkling diamonds of today,
It's all arranged, I've got a plan,
At such small price as love to pay.

I'll sell my dreams as plain free verse
To any weekly magazine,
With no fear or remorse
I'll break the bounds of routine.

If my heartbeat is still upset,
I'll just select some different pitch
Or even try another fret
In search for harmony to reach.

The changing music in my head
Will always keep me in the wave,
I'm weaving future like a thread
For more to wish, for more to crave.

I'm leaving passion far behind
with its exhausted silent force,
No longer love will make me blind
Or seize my whole universe.

April Avalon

Portrait

I'll paint your sweet portrait with tightly shut eyes
With pleasure whenever you ask.
Though hands ever shaking and colder than ice
Do find it a difficult task.

I'll cherish the portrait and hang it above
My empty not warm enough bed
To guard all the secrets of mystery love
And clear the mess in my head.

The mirror that's placed on the opposite wall
Will certainly add to its charm,
My room and your portrait will turn to one whole -
This place will incur no more harm.

April Avalon

Proud

The same nasty job and the same decorations,
The desperate faces of helpless sweatpals,
Bright shouting ads at half-dead metro stations,
Then evenings with you in a dark empty cell.

The price of ten dollars for some inspiration,
Some spirits, some sex and a pointless nightmare,
Brain womitting words for another creation,
The words squirting hatred and bleeding despair,

No money for life, but great plans and beginnings...
They hate me for pride and the truth brought them ripe.
I've chosen life with just one subtle meaning,
They've chosen one of a stereotype.

I say what is true and I live what is fair!
I laugh at those dull social-networking mugs
Who tell me: 'Young thing, you're nothing in square',
The kids of myspaces and audiodrugs.

The lights in the streets take me back to November -
Complete isolation of heart, blood and mind.
The ones that I loved still forget to remember
A beautiful devil - the one of this kind.

The guise of my freedom has changed. Don't you care
That everything else has remained? It is me!
Alone in the crowd, both here and there,
And f-ing damn proud - more sober, more free.

April Avalon

Reflections At Four In The Morning

All days are the same: morning, city, the crowd.
Life's not going forward, it's moving around.
And masks of all shades on those ignorant faces,
A few made-up stories in cheap street newspapers,
Sluts looking like stars, dirty queens of attraction,
Gross idols of so deceptive perfection
Are doors to the mind of the crowd, so hollow -
They hear the call of the dumb and they follow.
Now passion means lust, now freedom means violence,
Stupidity prospers. It's due to your silence!
The weak ones are searching for someone to blame,
The helpless would trade for a minute of fame.
A couple hearts broken don't cost a damned thing;
The hopeless romantics would give anything -
Despite having nothing - for love, non-existing.
We've made up this concept, as something is missing.
Believe it or not - I can cope alone!
I never wished someone to call me their own.
It's such a delusion that having you here
Will help me get over this common old fear.
What's frightening? Solitude? Fear itself!
I hide beside you when I fear myself!
But it is much better with you than the crowd
That never goes forward, that keeps going round.

April Avalon

Regret, Regret

We used to be like Jack and Rose.
'You jump - I jump' - a stupid oath.
But they all failed to figure out
Who had survived and who had drowned.
They all have taken me awry,
They call me she-who-loves-that-guy.
They wait to see how far I'll get,
And I just quit with no regret.

You fall - I fall -
It sounds weird.
I couldn't care less, my dear!
I'll watch you fall and be so glad.
You failed me. Now regret, regret.

Alas, romance is not my style.
I'm somewhat wild, I'm volatile.
I was that girl, but now I've grown
To know I'm better on my own.
You used me, then you found the change,
Like you use condoms. I'll avenge,
Or fate will do, my lovely guy,
And with a scorn I'll pass you by.

You fall - I fall -
It sounds weird.
I couldn't care less, my dear!
I'll watch you fall and be so glad.
You failed me. Now regret, regret.

You used me, then you found the change,
And though I'm wild and volatile,
I can't forget, I will avenge.
Alas, romance is not my style.

You fall - I fall -
It sounds weird.
I couldn't care less, my dear!
I'll watch you fall and be so glad.

You failed me. Now regret, regret.

April Avalon

Reminiscence

I miss the tune of my ringtone
That no one except us knew;
I went to bed with my cell phone
And dreamt of hearing from you.
Your voice became my sole salvation,
Your breath - the sweetest lullaby.
I miss the waiting at the station,
Observing people passing by,
And then - your smile, a hint to linger
To have a menthol cigarette
I took from cold yet gentle fingers...
And guess what happens in my head
At times I drink that lemon beer
Or white plum wine, or cold ice tea.
I'm holding those mornings dear
And keep all memories with me.

April Avalon

Replay

You're shallow as a pool of dirt,
In which your semi-force has drowned.
Your words are pointless and absurd;
You spread your helplessness around.
You hide behind your ego brand,
You contradict your each demand.

You're freedom-proof, yet still aware
Of all the grieves of your position.
Wipe out the rust of your despair -
Your brand is someone else's mission!
Your programmed life has gone astray,
Your days are like a failed replay.

April Avalon

Reverie

I am breaking the vast glassy surface of make-believe seas,
As the moonlight is cutting the throat of scarlet sunrise,
I am screaming my heart out loud, I need to release
All my silently bitter emotions. I pray to the skies
To remain in this world for a lifetime and ruin it then,
In this perfect small drunken creation, in my fairytale,
In the land that's beyond now and never, some time and nowhen
And indulge in the smell of tranquility I can inhale,
Where the past in a twist with the present and future unknown
Is revealed in the blossom of orchids and blue camomiles,
Mighty lightnings of fate never strike in this land of my own,
In this place I'm the only survivor. I'll stay for a while,
Till you come to my shelter and sing me a love serenade,
As you own the key to the gates, and the key is my heart,
First you gift me a dream, then you steal it from me, then you fade,
And I wake. It's another new day. It's another new start.

April Avalon

Riot Of Word

Guys, all you are good at is scolding a cop,
Yes, some of your statements have meaning, indeed,
But words with no reasons won't get you on top,
You're giving your fellows a casual feed
Of rhyming curse words that you cast out loud,
So over-inflated and false-emphasized,
You try to be brusque, and you merge with the crowd,
Your ego is stained by the fact you are biased.

You crave for a rebel, so get it all planned,
Clean out the dump in your mind for a start!
Use word as a weapon when perfectly penned,
Withdrawn from the ultimate depth of your heart.

Guys, all you are good at is scolding a cop,
As they are subdued by the careless chief
For dubious joys of a desperate job.
They've sold their true and most cherished beliefs.
But what you are doing is always the same,
You're telling them what they are waiting to hear.
You know they quote you, you choke on your fame,
You don't even care if it sounds sincere.

You crave for a rebel, so get it all planned,
Clean out the dump in your mind for a start!
Use word as a weapon when perfectly penned,
Withdrawn from the ultimate depth of your heart.

The crowds keep rocking, applauding, exclaiming,
Quoting your words, lacking ones of their own,
If being a poet is what you are claiming,
Declare what really needs to be known!

You crave for a rebel, so get it all planned,
Clean out the dump in your mind for a start!
Use word as a weapon when perfectly penned,
Withdrawn from the ultimate depth of your heart.

Romance Is Dead

A glass of cheap vodka tastes just like depression -
It hurts to be sober tonight.
The mirror reflects such a hideous expression
That I promptly turn off the light.
Some porno, then casual sex with my hand...
Oh damn! This is something I shouldn't have said.
Why don't you believe that I need no boyfriend -
No problems, no worries, no tears, no regret?

Romance is dead,
And so am I,
I can't forget
My perfect lie.
I still recall
The times we had.
Oh well, that's all.
Romance is dead.

I can't fall asleep, so I get on the net,
Where I claim to be an super-wh-,
I find guys like you just to make them all fret,
My tease makes them want me, but they can't get more
Than flirt for some minutes, some sexual tension
And then disconnect. Their muse disappears.
I've had a good time with these cruel intentions -
Enough for today. See you later, my dear.

Romance is dead,
And so am I,
I can't forget
My perfect lie.
I still recall
The times we had.
Oh well, that's all.
Romance is dead.
Romance is dead!

You say it is stupid, it doesn't make sense,
But you are the first to have buried romance.

April Avalon

Romance Part Two (Hourglass)

The pages of the years
Are crying of the same;
Each word - each silent sound reminds of you,
I'm counting days
By just extracting from dimension 'love'
Dimension 'pain'.

And I'll forget you, love
Just when a blind man draws
One sound on the non-existing wall,
One of a rose
That's falling quietly on the castle's floor,
No longer whole.

Through all the darkest nights
I'll have your worst nightmares,
I'll be your one eternal candle's light,
I'm always there -
We breathe the same and so much filled with love
October air.

And when the ages die,
The broken hourglass -
The symbol of the battle 'Love and Time'-
Will speak of us.
The world, no longer knowing what is love,
Will speak of us.

April Avalon

Routine

Your husband, unfaithful, and five stupid kids
Do grow the seeds of despair;
You water them amply, chain-eating with greed
Cheap sweets. Listen, quit it. Stare.

Your husband detests you. Accept it is true.
He needs ironed suits and your dinner.
However, he had kind of feelings for you
When you were much younger and thinner.

(; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ;
; ;)
All hope is gone,
You try to flee,
You're dreaming of the deep blue sea,
Remembering your honeymoon.
But hope is gone.
You'll wake up soon.

Your children are craving for stale breakfast pies,
Which wasted a couple nice hours.
Your husband can't hope with his hair and tie,
Your morning is fully devoured.

Brazilian tragedies on the blue screen
Appear your only salvation.
Most couples discover the same boring scene,
Routine is the pain of the nation.

April Avalon

Scarred

It is just another sleepless night,
It's the breath of spring that we await.
One more gulp of wine, and I'm all right,
One more secret till it's way too late.

One more song for no one's reached your ears,
But you think it's happened by mistake.
Every time by chance you see me near,
But you've got another heart to break.

I'm a lover, killed by you for good,
I'm the endless beauty you can't face,
I'm the myth you've never understood,
I'm the pill no spirit can replace.

I'm your muse and demon, but your pride,
I'm the word that's missing in your song,
I still feel like I'm a scar you hide,
Otherwise you'd tell me I am wrong.

April Avalon

Sincerity

The times of the rhyming sensations are ceased,
It's no surprise evil love has deceased
My heart is a chamber with limited space,
Indifference got all my feelings erased.

Frail fibre is used to the memories' blade,
My thirst for your love is about to fade,
Deceiving myself is revealing the truth,
The pain of desire is easy to soothe.

Two opposite planets, two opposite spheres,
Both ruled by denying just being sincere
Will never be one due to different laws.
I have to accept it the way that it goes.

Sincerity stands for the lack of control,
And love never even existed at all.
So what does my poetry speak of, indeed?
Old scars are deprived of the pleasure to bleed.

April Avalon

Sleepless Revelations

The news has said it's getting better,
But who on Earth believes in it?
Now, when all dreams are bound to shatter,
I laugh at such a lame deceit.

And I don't care this place is dying
Beneath my own fallen sky.
It is your life that I'm denying,
As you have taken mine awry.

I tell myself that spring is near,
But April never comes alone.
It takes me back to vanished years,
It brings the memories, once gone.

My hopes are buried in despair,
As sleeplessness has made me think.
And thoughts do always lead right where
The truth is dwelling. Chances shrink.

I've drawn a land of endless silence,
But certainly, I've failed to flee.
This place of never-ending violence
Will kill me, won't lose touch with me.

The laws of heart are my salvation,
Yet I can never get enough
Of unforgettable sensations.
I'm still alive just due to love.

April Avalon

Sunday Morning

Breathing in heavy air of lies,
Hiding grief in this bitter wine,
Finding beauty in porcelain strength,
Not enough to say goodbye.
Castles, built on the shards of dreams
Are just pain's another guise,
And my heart that was never whole
Will be wrecked by parting twice.

You are leaving and taking a part of me away,
You have followed the calling of once so precious days,
And my tears are pouring as Sunday morning's rain.
It's erasing the footsteps on our ways that crossed,
Now the rain will remind me of you - my greatest loss.
You are gone, and life's colors are fading.

It's the dusk of my brightest dawn -
Sunday morning. But life goes on
Under signs of submissive waiting
And greatly missing.
I'm a shadow of your light,
Giving up this internal fight.
You will always be out of touch,
But you're always mine in mind.

You are leaving and taking a part of me away,
You have followed the calling of once so precious days,
And my tears are pouring as Sunday morning's rain.
It's erasing the footsteps on our ways that crossed,
Now the rain will remind me of you - my greatest loss.
You are gone, and life's colors are fading.

April Avalon

The Extremes

She's wearing a plait and a plain floral dress,
Her skin is so pale, and her fringe is a mess.
She can't link three words in the simplest phrase,
And ignorance left dirty marks on her face.
Her look is so frightened, her thoughts are a dump,
She's shallow, naive, indecisive and numb.
She won't ever part with her old silver cross,
The symbol of nothing aside from her loss
Of I-do-create-my-own-destiny power.
Poor thing, she's still waiting for her fatal hour.

He's wearing piercings and torn baggy jeans,
He's now in his twenties, but looks like a teen.
He's always in fight with those two shameless queers,
Who play homo-love right in front of their peers.
Turn back, and you'll see lady-like prostitutes,
In both the word's meanings. Well, look at that dude!
He's ready to take them, two ones at a time,
And rape them. Oh, wait, it does sound like a crime.
I'm smiling at them while I'm passing them by,
Continuing singing this song in my mind.

I'm so sick of living among this gray mass,
Where everyone claims to be always the best.
The philistine's life is so tragic and dim,
It's walking in circles between the extremes.

The weak stick to models, sometimes till the end.
Religion, street-walking just drive me dement!
The list could go on. It's the same boring theme.
And fighters are always beyond the extremes.

I'm so sick of living among this gray mass,
Where everyone claims to be always the best.
The philistine's life is so tragic and dim,
It's walking in circles between the extremes.

April Avalon

The Game

My mind is poisoned by my dreams,
Forbidden thoughts, forbidden themes.
My lips are sewn, my hands are tied,
Well, I deserved it. It's all right.
A chance of being understood
Just stands no chance, as no one could
Unlock two always open doors -
You turned the keys and locked them both.

A couple drinks won't work today,
A couple tragedies don't matter.
If honesty is hard to play,
I simply quit. It's for the better.

No love to trust, no trust to love,
But you still play this useless stuff.
These cupid-stupid endless games
Are pure lies in subtle frames.
You all agree my words are clear
And so damn true! But in your fear
To contradict the pattern set
You solemnly declare me mad.

A couple drinks won't work today,
A couple tragedies don't matter.
If honesty is hard to play,
I simply quit. It's for the better.

I'll change the rules or quit the game,
Your strategy is really lame,
So now my words are way too brusque,
And it's the dawn of your dusk!

A couple drinks won't work today,
A couple tragedies don't matter.
If honesty is hard to play,
I simply quit. It's for the better.

The Last Words

The cold sky above me is crying
To meet my last day, one more story is over.
A wrist, razorblade - now I hope I'm becoming
The pain in your heart. In your mind, never sober
You'll see just a guise of me, bleeding so badly.
I'm dying in pain - that is what I have chosen.
And if you had been there, you still could have saved me.
You could... it's too late. Now I'm lying here, frozen.

A denizen in all the world, a denial,
My f-ing damned life has been nothing but battles.
This easy escape is the last of my trials,
And with my last breath your dark sky will be shattered.
My death is revenge if my life has been broken.
It's been a mistake - it's my debt to erase it.
I have no more reason to live - I'm forgotten.
My sorrow has come to the tragical ending.

Your life will go on in your cardboard castle;
You'll finish your part, and you'll join me in years.
My poisonous blood all your questions will answer.
Goodbye... I've got over the last of my fears.

(My death is revenge if my life has been broken.
It's been a mistake - it's my debt to erase it.
I have no more reason to live - I'm forgotten.
My sorrow has come to the tragical ending.)

And if you had been there, you still could have saved me.
You could...
You could...

April Avalon

The Truth

You are not the ones for love to know,
You are not the ones for life to please,
All you hunt is dirty euro dough,
It's, in fact, a terrible disease.

Your infected ego is inflated,
It will burst and poison all your veins.
Even when the beast is saturated,
It is still your helplessness that reigns.

Every step you take will be declared
As the most expected epic fall.
I'm the only poet who has dared
To announce the truth, to say it all.

April Avalon

The Voice Of Despair

Triangles of half-open doors
Reveal all the truth that is hidden:
Just condoms and cans on the floor,
Black papers with verses, forbidden -
Unfinished remakes of the song,
Deprived of the right to speak loud
Of wicked intentions gone wrong -
Erasers have muffled the shout.

The only illusion-proof mind -
A poet, the voice of despair,
Sincere, the one of this kind
Throws verses far into the air
Right there, in a dirty old flat
Among once great talents, now rotten.
They all have deserved more than that,
But even their names are forgotten.

April Avalon

The Words Of Anguish

Surrounded by my past,
I have discovered a lot.
I have discovered at last
The anguish of loss in my chest.
This anguish is all that I've got.

Surrounded by this gloom,
I only want to break through.
I only want thoughts to bloom
Like weeds by a foreigner's tomb.
He fought for the word, proven true.

Surrounded by this mist,
I have apparently drown.
I have apparently missed
The time that still runs through my fists.
My anger could burn it all down...

April Avalon

Tomorrow's Exceptional Hero

Dissolve all your pride in your misery, guys!
It's only your pathos that shines in your eyes.
Your words are important just devil knows where,
Your mirth in the voice is a sign of despair.
You've never seen life, as you've been colorblind;
It's painted by poets in all undertones
While you label things just as black or as white.
Your black is opposed to the world of your own.
If difference frightens you, you're the crowd,
There's nothing your hopeless days are about.
You're models of somebody's system, you're clones,
You're always together, forever alone.

The crowd is such a deceptive protection,
The crowd is moving in just one direction.
It's moving nowhere, the speed's minus zero.
It's our tomorrow's exceptional hero!

The sun in your world still can warm you at night,
But nothing will ever be f-ing all right!
Work, family, pub, sleep... Then count to ten -
You'll see the same picture again and again.
You can't change the rules, so you change decorations,
You're frightened of getting to your one true core.
You, slaves, could be kings - you are human creations,
By concept a bit of a muse and a wh-,
A thinker, a painter, a soul to admire
As well as a wreck, a destroyer, a liar,
An actor sometimes, or the truth with a guile -
Still better than your hypocritical smile!
Your credo is envy, the reason you fail.
Our world is a pedestal, yours is a jail.

The crowd is such a deceptive protection,
The crowd is moving in just one direction.
It's moving nowhere, the speed's minus zero.
It's our tomorrow's exceptional hero!
Is it?

Victim

You wake up at six: intercourse with your spouse.
You're under the blanket with tightly shut eyes.
At seven a postman arrives to your house
With two printed portions of scandals and lies.

You turn the TV on. Your damn daily dose
Of lies is exceeded with fresh morning news.
You firmly believe global changes are close -
You have no idea they've hidden the truth.

In life you've achieved less than nothing, you're poor
Though you were the best both at college and school.
Well, man, who are you? You are not even sure.
In fact, you're a pawn in the game of a fool.

April Avalon

Welcome To Fail

Work, Friday parties, chores, spouses, kids,
Fashion to follow and patterns to be -
Standards of living. And now repeat:
'This is my life as I want it to be'.

You think you're perfect, you swear it's true,
But nobody is, you are nobody then.
You're welcome to Fail - population is you,
Enjoy the illusion of freedom, Failmen!

Late in the evening you search for some fun,
Playing net wars of the stupid and lame.
Pressing the button, you load your gun.
Play your reality rather than games!

You think you're perfect, you swear it's true,
But nobody is, you are nobody then.
You're welcome to Fail - population is you,
Enjoy the illusion of freedom, Failmen!

The further it takes you, the further you go.
A plain carbon paper with plain decorations
Is all your damn life till the end of the show,
A pattern that's set for the next generations.

April Avalon

What's Going On

What's going on,
A cheap glam slut?
You spread your lust
For miles around
Till some old drunkard
Rents your butt,
You wanted fun -
That's what you've found.
You were a smart
And pretty thing,
You were respected
And adored,
You dreamt of golden
Wedding rings,
On one D-day
It got you bored.
You have no courage to admit
Your only forte is your cl-,
You have no courage to admit
What's going on!

Get on the net to be the queen
Of ever-losers' soultwins,
Get drunk, lie down, switch off the phone,
Or simply change what's going on!

What's going on,
A housewife,
A queen of ovens,
Pots and dishes?
You have no way
To outer life,
You're sick and tired
Of husband's wishes.
He's f-ing cheap
Glam sluts instead,
While you are watching
Television,
You couldn't care

Less, you said,
Well, he'll approve
Of your decision.
You have no courage to admit
He stole your life, you're fine with it!
You have no courage to admit
What's going on!

Get on the net to be the queen
Of ever-losers' soultwins,
Get drunk, lie down, switch off the phone,
Or simply change what's going on!

April Avalon

White On White

Blank papers of bitter today
Do treasure the words white on white;
If they are forbidden to say,
Then my privilege is to write.

I choke on the poison I've drunk,
The root of my love is in grief;
I'm learning the foreigners' tongue
To perpetuate my belief.

The strength of my weakness denies
The myth only half proven true;
The lines that I can't recognize
One day were composed by you.

The sequel could come to an end,
But sanity claims it's too late,
I take all the pain to defend
The worlds my illusions create.

April Avalon

Wings

I raise my swollen eyes to reach your sight,
I try to guess the song that's in your head,
I'm only thinking
Of how I will dream of you tonight,
While looking through the window from my bed,
As always drinking
Plum wine with morning flavor from the glass
You drank from when you came and made my day,
This way it's better.
I scan and gather moments due to pass,
I rhyme the words I cannot simply say
And write a letter.
We all are fallen angels with one wing,
We fly once flesh and souls do entwine,
Let's come together.
A wing is frail, but never ever think
I'll let you fall - I'll gladly give you mine
If yours lacks feathers.

April Avalon

World Oblivion

Sometimes it's hard to welcome changes
And learn the art of letting go;
It's only fortune that arranges
And doesn't even let me know.

I need the key to solve the riddle
And make the scattered pieces fit;
I'm stuck somewhere in the middle
Between your truth and my deceit.

The answer's got, yet I'm not trying
To find the question that relates;
Escapism of my denying
Reveals the World Oblivion's gates.

April Avalon

Zero

'You've failed the writing' - you were told,
And you gave up. You quit.
I saw one more young talent fold,
And they just laughed at it.

If you are told life's hard to play,
Your breath will still not cease.
How one should breathe, one cannot say,
As well as what to breathe.

You generated thoughts in rhymes,
The crowds wanted prose.
You know, they get harsh at times
From 'truthful overdose'.

You proved yourself a zero, too -
A zero with a core.
And though your words are so damn true,
You're nothing. Nothing more.

April Avalon