

Poetry Series

**Besa Dede**  
**- poems -**



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## Besa Dede()

I was born in the Spring, during a time of turmoil in my country. My people were fed up with dragging their heavy shackles that dictatorship had gifted them for so many a long years.

People were tired, scared, frustrated and fed up. They needed a change; a change for good in their lives and clear air to breathe. The air of freedom would come a couple years later.

Even though I was born during such a sad and grey time, I still enjoyed my childhood.

I only knew and understood my parents' and many others's pain and suffering, later.

That sadness and compassion I felt, took roots within my heart. The only way I managed to try and get it out was by me composing poems, prose and the like. Somehow though, my writings bear a note of sadness within them, pessimism more often than not; but sometimes, some waves of hopefulness try to emerge through them.

I like using symbolism as my muse and in my favorite genres I love to delve in blank verses, elegies, haiku, ballads and terza stanzas, but not only. Still enjoy into experimenting with everything...

During my everyday life I am a working woman, a wife and life partner, a mom, a daughter, a sister, a friend.

# Eternal Melody

Drip...

Pulse...

Oscillating vibrations.

Palpitating grains

of fluttering subsistence.

Heartbeat throbbing,

pounding.

Reverberating echoes

drumming in the song of Creation.

Divine nectar resonating

amidst trembling frail breaths.

Sparks of ember Ether

immersed in the eternal liquid of Gods.

Grains of existence

oh, -so gently treading.

Forever seeping,

trickling,

oozing,

flowing.

An aria larghetto-

through the veins of the goddess mother - Life.

adjective: larghetto

1. played fairly slowly.

4/11/2025

Besa Dede

# Two Paragraphs!

In English we say:

We will be hurting each other when we don't have trust in our relationship. We start believing what others say about us and leave the seeds of suspicion create a rift; which will eventually make us drift apart and we will eventually break up and our child, the seed of our love, will suffer the most during this whole tiring and hard ordeal.

In poetry we say:

Life is too short; things should be simple, not too serious and not too complicated.

Yet here I am, 10 days into this new year of 2025, watering the gardens of our relationship with my poisoned bitter tears, waiting for broken stalks of our love to patch and grow again, but vehemently they don't.

This November that I await for so longingly, (for it'd be 20 years of us into this conjoined journey of life together) ; now I dread it to come near, because the sharp edges in the tick tocks of the echo of our time, deepen the abyss of suspicion for our love, and that per se, births echos of hollow void, filled with coldness and withering within our souls...

And, we draw apart each passing day...

So, when you hurriedly call me 'you' and not my name, my wounded heart sinks deeper into my chest, like a careless rock thrown casually in the waters of a dormant lake, birthing ripples that seem innocent and harmless at sight. Yet, you don't see the void and the hurt that that thrown little-seeming-rock does to my heavy burdened heart.

I don't want to think anymore...

We both planted bitter thorns in each others' chests, with words that we once used to woe and adore each other.

Now every second that ticks in the big scheme of time, feels like a raging hammer that disfigures the shape of what we once used to be.

We linger at the edge of our world built together, but for how long will that be, and for what cost? ?

Who will suffer the most from this tragic state we are living in; suspended within these invisible threads of he said, she said? When will we be able to see each other sincerely in the eye and clear this heavy mist of deception that has engulfed our souls? How long will it take for us to open our eyes and see that the one we are inflicting more painful sharp pins on, is in neither of us, but in the innocent beating heart of the apple of our eye? ? ...

1/10/2025

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Besa Dede

# A Fool's Tale

## -Intrusive Thoughts While Observing Don Quixote's Portrait-

A rider on an emaciated horse.  
A desolate dusty valley.  
A trip without a destination.  
A silently loud conversation.

Would I also be known as the noble dame-knight,  
a kindred spirit with the chivalrous, Don Quixote the mad?  
I envision myself that just like him,  
delusional I'd go fighting against the windmills,  
in full gallantry.  
Trying to save the gentry, dangerously stuck in tragic circumstances.  
Presumptuous enter I, wielding my lance,  
embellished in fluttering golden quills.  
Courageously attacking wrongdoings and villainy.

Truthfully, there are way more daydreaming fools than me.  
Straightforward, monotonous people  
who wake up and sleep, effortless like brainless zombies,  
reverberating their mundane lives amidst even greater follies.

Obsolete in their reverie, who believe that fairy tales  
will someday turn into reality.  
That's how they distract themselves from their bitter existence,  
where they encircle themselves in eternal purgatory.

Ha, we truthfully are all insane!

Trusting the jackals and the wolves, who are elegantly adorned  
in sheep's clothing.  
And blindly and so naively,  
we follow them towards their lairs.  
To be then devoured mercilessly.  
An entertainment for the wolves.

For the simple gentry, a tragic comedy.

A rider on an emaciated horse.

A desolate dusty valley.

A trip without a destination.

A silently loud conversation.

Besa Dede

# The Sharp Scythe Of Death Is Scrapping By The Door...

When the age old-Death arrives limping by the door,  
the air feels heavier with sadness and fear.  
Our trembling lips sadly utter hopeful prayers,  
And shaking hands painfully give last hugs,  
but receive numbing coldness in return...  
When the rag-tattered, cloak covered Death,  
trotters slowly by the door,  
The room gets flooded with the musty smell,  
Of days gone by, that are now but a memoir;  
Whether they were joyful, or embedded in sorrows once...  
When the frayed Dark Angel arrives,  
old sharp scythe clutched in its bony fingers.  
All pain will be gone and disappear.  
Feelings of yearning, guilt and dread,  
dismay and hate will whisper slowly 'the time is now'.  
Still, tears of grief and agony will be shed by the living.  
Because it's so harrowing to say our last goodbyes.  
Because it's so scary to face our last resentments, or worries, or love - desires,  
that now will never be fulfilled for the ones who've left us.  
But we try to make peace with all this unknown new reality.  
As Death comes knocking by the bed, and hastily asks to hurry,  
for there's no time to waste.  
It will indeed be the last time spent together, for us who stay behind.  
Yet, a new mysterious beginning for the ones who've just departed...

9/9/2024

Besa Dede



# Silhouettes In The Moonlight

My silhouettes of loneliness.  
They tremble, they shake, they flicker.  
The air becomes thicker  
With the heavy emptiness that you left behind.

Now I find solace  
In the memories of days past.  
I cast my eyes towards the vast horizon.  
And slowly, oh so slowly send my angered yearning for you on a cloudy balloon,  
That soon floats peacefully towards the starry sky.  
The shadows wane a little in the darkness.  
Then I remember your smile.  
I miss you,  
My first breath of happiness! !  
The joy of remembering you,  
Made me find my crumpled, wounded self,  
Hidden within this ruined castle of despair  
That I, myself had layered brick by brick around me.

My ego tries escaping.  
Into light and out from the claws of shadows.  
Bravely clutching into every thinnest strand  
Of hopes and dreams we wove together.  
I want to see you one last time.  
You joyful, anguished pain of mine!

Fog, please be lifted,  
and let me see what lays ahead.  
So then I know if I should forgive myself,  
Or no exception of redemption given,  
Just like everyone else.  
Not divine enough to be able to touch the ethereal bliss,  
And yet, not sinful enough to be encased within the horrors of the underworld.  
Thus, forgotten, once again,  
rewinding, whining, crying,  
Into this endless purgatory  
Of the eternal circle of life and death.  
Completely unreasonably complaining,  
Because, you left...

4/29/22

Besa Dede

# Desolation Of The Thunderbird

The Thunderbird flailed its wings  
in annoyance that its lover was gone too long.  
The ground shook in retort  
and rocks toppled down the mountains  
birthing an angry landslide  
that echoed with anguish down the slopes.

The Thunderbird shrieked its loudest wail,  
in heartache of its lost love.  
The Heavens grew dimmer in somber spirits  
and enshrouded the joviality  
that the golden chariot gifts the world.

The Thunderbird sobbed on the loss of its partner.  
Its heavy bloodshot tears fell down,  
like poisoned arrows on the Earth.  
The waters imbued in sorrows and swelled cumbersome,  
spitting scary venom wrath towards the shores.

The gale howled, raging yowls of despair.

Then the tempest followed through in all its glory,

while the Thunderbird wept in agony...

Myrtle Beach, SC,8/7/2024  
inspired by Debby Storm

Besa Dede

# Surging In The Deep...

Take one last breath...  
Hold it deep inside.  
Leap abruptly from above.  
Fly one last flight.  
Stay frozen for a second  
in time.  
Seal your best memory;  
keep it warm within your heart.  
Say your goodbyes...  
Open your eyes wide  
to this new enchanting world.  
Anticipate the unknown ride  
Then...  
Dive!

4/16/2024

Besa Dede



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# The Lure

T'is the calm before the storm.  
The seas of my tormented soul  
are brewing with corrupted thoughts.  
Creating waves of uncertainty underneath my core.  
A wind of change is in the air,  
Imbued in a cacophony of licentious dreams-desires.  
While dark shadows drunkenly waddle, degenerated in impurity.  
The sleepy Kraken within me stirs arduous waters,  
Which bear anguished frustrations  
within this woeful, ghastly soul of mine...  
Henceforth she comes; emerging from the darkness.  
Lilith the evil, Lilith the wicked! Lilith the beautiful!  
Playfully unveiling her self-regard.  
She doesn't care; she doesn't want to adhere to norms.  
Lilith the demon, the vicious enchantress  
Weaves her shameless charms;  
Wrapping her lustful breath around me,  
Her reverberating laughter intoxicating my enthused senses.  
And  
I am lost.  
Fervently scorched by the glamour of her sin.  
Smitten, taken by her lustful grin.  
Did it have to come to this?  
Should it have come to this?  
...  
But, it did.

3/24/2023

Besa Dede

# Smell Of Desire

Lust glows slyly in her eyes.

'Your eyes are your soul's mirrors', they say.

I cast a stare inside those clear blue lakes of hers.

What hidden desires sleep deep within you

My little-innocent one?

Inexplicably her flaming gaze pierces through my skin

Boils my blood, quivers my heart.

'I can't sleep anymore!

I think of you! '

Her lips whisper them uncanny words in Ether

And the world beneath my feet crumbles into piercing shards.

I am breathless and I loose my bearings.

My human spirit starts asking absurd questions such as

Does my mere existence have a meaning in this life? And

Will I go to Hell for yearning so much for her gaze upon my gaze,

For her breath upon my breath?

I am yours! ..

I can't sleep...

I am yours...

My little one, now she is not pure anymore.

Biting her lip purposefully

Deliberately exhaling her breath unto my neck.

I smell her craving, I perceive her appeals.

I am scorched and ablaze because of her consuming desires.

Of hers and mine, coalesced together in a vicious hunger for ardor.

Oh, Almighty One, enlighten my path!

'I can't sleep, I really can't!

I am thinking of you! '

I am a lost soul, trapped within the claws of her temptation!

Oh Almighty One I seek salvation...

It's late, too late to implore for compassion.

□

... I've already lost my path to redemption.□

Besa Dede

# Silence Of The Lambs

The silence of the lambs is unbearable.  
They seem confused; more rather, mystified.  
One would think that they're relishing on this gruesome anarchism,  
This horrible chaos that is unveiling its dark intrigue.  
Their fathers lost their battles with the wolves,  
And having fallen down, their blood is being shed  
And their blood is lustily being drunk by the thirsty jackals.  
And now! Ah! Lament!  
Their mommas  
Are being sent on the way to the butcher's shop.  
Iron cast shackles fasten their feet.  
An absurd connotation per se! For sheep,  
They do not run in the face of devastation.  
Their bleating laments pierce the skies  
They bewail and mourn for their fallen leaders-comrades  
And humbly, oh so humbly  
Do they lower their heads  
And accept defeat.  
There they go, shyly, following one another,  
With tears brimming in their eyes,  
Angst tightening into their panged hearts.  
And during all this time, their lambs,  
They just watch mesmerized  
All this cacophony of trials and errors.  
Too afraid to say, or do anything  
Or too ignorant to understand the gravity of the matter.  
Poor sheep-they cry.  
Not for their ultimate demise,  
As the butcher, smiling sharpens his hatchet.  
No, the poor sheep do not cry for their cursed fate.  
They weep for the silence of their lambs,  
Who just watch, eyes wide-open in stupidity.  
Maybe they are too immature to act?  
Or too shocked from this disastrous havoc?  
Or are they too indifferent to take action  
Against this merciless reality?  
Oh, the silence of the lambs is so unbearable.  
Oh, the silence of the lambs is so unbearable.  
I can tell you that! !



Besa Dede

# Alpha And Omega

They call it justly, Love.

For it has no beginning.

It has no end.

Only one thing is undeniably certain.

You either cry vehement tears of a broken heart.

Or dance with angels into ethereal bliss instead.

Or dance with angels into ethereal bliss, instead!

Besa Dede



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## No Title

Fate suddenly turned against me.  
Painfully it gripped its wicked claws within my soul.  
Now I, hurt and crushed,  
Try to heal my wounds...

Besa Dede



PoemHunter.com

# While In Anticipation

I await by the window, yearning.  
Like the shore awaits for her wavelets.  
Like the nest allures the bird to come back,  
Like the flower impatiently expects Spring.

But you're far away...

Amongst the infinite horizons, I sketch your image.  
And my longing I send to thee, with the wind.  
She's my Hermes, the courier..

Waiting I'll be, always by my window  
Albeit I spend hundreds of years.  
I know, one day you'll definitely come  
Loneliness of this heart can not break me in tears

Besa Dede



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## ...Voiceless...

You said 'I'll meet you  
On a Sunday afternoon'  
Exalted like a happy child, for this encountering I was.  
Neatly I brushed my hair  
And put on the ribbon you so much like.  
I changed into my flowery black and white dress,  
The black and white dress you bought for me.  
The kohl pencil underlined my excited eyes  
-they were eager to see you.  
Playfully the lipstick kissed my lips,  
with a reddish fire, flaming its rims  
-enthused in ardor, just like our passion.  
...I daydreamed about you and I,  
About the sweet embraces during our quiet, secret time.  
And then I longed about you,  
Waiting on the other side of the street,  
Smiling with your big gleaming smile.

.....



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But, why? Oh why?  
The ticking of this clock brings grief within this soul of mine?  
Why do the petals of the flowers in my dress begin to fall?  
Why, oh why, the lipstick smears my face,  
While my mouth utters voiceless screams of angst,  
That want to shatter apart the walls of this suffocating room?  
Oh my dear, why the tears roll down the cheeks  
Messing around with my carefully done make-up?  
You told me you would meet me on a Sunday afternoon!  
Then why, oh why  
My hair is carelessly waving around my shoulders?  
Oh dear, why?  
The petals of the flowers  
In my dress, they keep painfully falling on the ground!  
Why in solitude do they want to die?  
I hear your voice echoing in my heart.  
'I'll be waiting for you  
On the other side'  
The sun agonizingly sets down.

The curtain of your life dramatically falls.  
I cry tears of ache, mourning and blood.  
Why my sweet love, why?  
It was just a Sunday afternoon.  
It was all supposed to be fine.  
Now you're staying on the other side.  
Far away from the reach of my touch.  
Miles away from the look of my sight...  
Oh, lament for me, you skies!  
Oh, world, for the pain of mine, you cry!

July 24,2012

On the memory of the voiceless victims that are ripped away from Life and their dear ones, everyday.

Besa Dede

# Song Of My Life

Forever I hastened through the paths of Life  
As long as I was enlivening in my breath.

I equaled her Goddess being; I felt her caress.  
I worshiped, though often I cursed her.  
But always would trail on her paths.  
Always.

Penetrating my very core, she'd kiss me;  
I loved her.  
Thereafter ruthlessly she'd desert me;  
I'd follow.  
And Age along with us scampered,  
Limping with burdens fastened on its back.  
With time I grew up along her!

In concert we'd pass by all seasons through years,  
From summers to falls,  
From winters through springs.  
Together, or alone;  
Separately. Or in sync.  
Forever conjoined, like Siamese twins.

And equally we experienced loves.  
Infinite, immeasurable love for the mother,  
Adoration for the beloved brother,  
Fervor for my heart's passionate vehement lover.

We cared for.  
My Life and I.  
And we fancied many things immeasurably.  
Places, gems, beauty, grace; materialism infinitely.

At some point I felt the sorrow of departing though,  
When,  
My gray hair was withering away with the north wind.  
Anxiously shaking like a thrown-away lace.  
And my poor, meager stature turning into a carnival of fragile defeat.

Whilst Time and Fate blindly followed,  
Casting behind them their old shadowy shadows.  
Excruciatingly playing on their flutes  
The melancholic song of this Life of mine.

My final journey approached its final destination.  
Grotesquely short.  
Truthfully livid and enraged  
For its powerless authority, though.

By my deathbed Life slowly stepped near.  
Head bent, she uttered a shivering whisper, crystal-clear:  
'The end is here! The end is here! '  
'You're not extinct, mortal! "  
"Here go, see; you are beyond the sands of time,  
A tinny part of me.  
You'll breathe in my inner essence, eternally.'

Appalled I then realized  
As the cold-hearted Death, scythe-holding in her hand,  
Was getting closer by my bed.  
Life had stolen from me instead;  
My youth, my laughter, my longings my dreams and my dreads.

'Let the curtain fall' -desponded then I said.  
'Let the curtain fall! '

Besa Dede



## Perplexity...

I am bewildered by Heart and Mind.

Locked within, these dreams of mine.

Most will hardly ever thrive.

Yet they feed my soul all time.

Yet they cheat my life with lies.

Yet they bring death closer by.

Lest the hope stands by its side.

June 22,2012

Besa Dede



PoemHunter.com

# Anguished Elegy Of The Hurt

Ah, woe to my wretched eyes!  
Two despairing ponds, brimming with bitter tears.  
Whether seas and oceans together were enjoined,  
Their saltiness within my sorrow, would easily disappear.

Besa Dede



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# The Broken Promise

Why did the Heart beat so fast? I do not know! And ah! It seemed as if the world got ripped apart from those crazy thumping beats, that she exhaled. From the Heavens quickly burst the raindrops like tears, poisonous salty tears! Only Life did not seem so surprised, or afraid, or even shaken. She continued her endless journey, explaining to her creatures, that it happens like so in the long course of existence...

But an injured Heart doesn't understand and doesn't heal so easily, though! The blood that runs in her veins is poisoned by disappointment. And disappointment kills!

Ah, what will now this miserable Heart do, whose beats are so restless, as they are slowly moving towards their own annihilation, towards their own devastating end? Why does Love hurt and makes one feeling so wretched?

A whispering response came from the invisible wisdom of the wandering Wind: 'Because everything has a beginning, and every beginning has an end!'

While the Stars up in the ethereal heaven, slowly are extinguished one by one, and the ill looking Moon, fades away, alone, in the deep corners of the universe, the exhausted Heart lowers even more her beating rates. She is actually rather tired of waiting for so long. Those hopeful expectations, brought back nothing, just nothing out of the vast horizon. That waiting brought only sadness, pain, poisonous blood, and horrid shades that blackened in anguish the dawn of day. She could not fathom it. How could Love give wings of ecstasy to some, and break their souls in despair, to others? Anyway, she thought, it was not for her to decide on that matter, as she herself was now bleeding from pain and betrayal.

And as she lonesome meditates for the time that went away, for the dreams that she wove when she had Love, for the harmony born between earthly lovers, that she so much had herself coveted, the forlorn, gloomy Heart thinks that now is time to go. 'Not to worry', -she tells herself, -'this was your destiny. Some enjoy it, and some get lost in the great tides of life. Now everything has gone beyond your reach. Let others deal with it.'

Calmed down by the thought, that at least she had left a trace of her between the spirits of the mother-land, she slowly began to close its fragile valves. In doing so, she felt an immense melting joyfulness, which she had not experienced in years. Her self felt weightless as a feather, light as a

white fluffy cloud that floats gracefully in the air.

'Let go', - she said to herself, and as cheerful as the laughter of a jovial child, slowly ascended towards the Heaven...

Besa Dede

## ~a Poet's Journey...

A long time ago, while I wrote poetry  
My hand involuntarily would create grief and pain.  
Through all my verses, through my stanzas,  
Wings of solitude had taken place.

So I threw the pen away one day;  
I was so very tired of composing sadness.  
And started the journey, I the curious poet,  
In search of my inspiring lyrical happiness.

I went by the sea and witnessed how the waves,  
Surging from the deep, the beach were gently kissing.  
I placed their fiery passion in my notebook, with me,  
To have it as a paradigm someday in my writings.

I captured the liveliness of the swift, swift wind and,  
From the magnificent stars, I got their gold plated light.  
The meadows and the mountains bestowed me their dreams.  
The children gave me their laughter, sweet and bright.

As I was approaching the green lively garden  
Fascinated, admiring the red blown rose buds,  
I felt your company bringing me shivers.  
Why weren't you present earlier in my life? !

No more did I chase the amber falling leaves  
When the golden autumn let them fall down from trees.  
For see, you became now my inspiring muse.  
My half inner soul, got already fulfilled.

The pen in my hand is now merrily singing,  
As I find myself taken in your sweet embrace.  
We're peacefully sitting on a rock by the sea.  
The sun is setting down, with charm and grace.

2005

Besa Dede

# Count Dracula

Hurtfully your claws tear into flesh.  
Horridly they exhale pain and blood.  
You mercilessly cast your hypnotizing looks  
And grin with a ghastly gruesome smile.

You steal the silver from moonlight's rays,  
And cast it cautiously upon your hair.  
You use the black-night as your secret veil.  
Now you are present, and then you're thin air.

No scary shadows frighten your stature  
Among them you wretchedly reign.  
The world itself shivers of your gloomy phantom.  
For you are the living terror per se!

Bloody veins slither your face,  
Poison and venom are filled, hither.  
You bite with your teeth wherever you can.  
Because your greed has never an end!

Crows and ravens, and famishing wolves,  
Are your only friends remained.  
Death didn't want you, therefore back it brought you,  
So that who's alive, to suffer like hell...

Besa Dede

# Coz' I'Ve Got The Blues For You

The sky is playful with the clouds,  
He won't deny the love he has.  
For he isn't shy to speak his heart  
To his beloved betrothed cloud.  
What about me? My poor old heart  
Keeps hiding in the shadows  
Of my own downfall.  
I have the shivers just like the leaves  
That shakily are cast away by the autumn wind.  
Coz' when I told you that you're the one  
You glanced at me with those big doe's eyes  
And told me 'Cry me a river!  
Oh boy, cry me a river!  
I'm so over you! '  
Now I can't enjoy the joy of spring,  
Coz' you have taken everything.  
You broke my dreams in bits and pieces  
And stepped on them with a wicked grin.  
The sky is playful with the clouds,  
He won't deny the love he has.  
I wish I could be playful too...  
I'll always have the blues for you  
I'll always have the blues for you.

Besa Dede

# I Wonder~

Monotony of days this life is.  
I am always in awe from it.  
Will it ever be worth anything?  
Would it ever change a little bit? ...

Besa Dede



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# Matter In Existence

In the beginning there was only silence.  
From nothingness began to appear the existence.  
And from the form, the mortal was designed.  
A form-spirit, invented by ideas.  
The empty space started filling with subsistence.  
Light gave its colors and recognized it.  
A real breathing-being was created.  
A new form of life was taking shape.  
Something was being put instead of nothing.  
And the vast space welcomed this new matter.  
An essence conceived by the divine substance.  
That inhaled and exhaled in the corridors of the cosmos.  
Which slowly began to articulate words.  
'Man' was descended into this world.

Besa Dede



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# Memento

The sweet song of the Finch,  
awoke me from my sleep.  
From the open window,  
the wind sent me sweet whispers of the leaves.  
The poplar had blossomed during the night,  
and the pavement was covered in a snow of flowers.  
The air was imbued with fragrances of reincarnation.  
I wholeheartedly welcomed  
the Spring ...

Tirana,2005

Besa Dede



PoemHunter.com

# The Sin

An offspring of the sin you were too.  
Kindly you smiled  
whilst furtively charmed me within this sinful world.  
Now I, the supreme sin's indulgence,  
by sinful people am being criticized!

Besa Dede



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# A Love Story

You are the fire  
I am the ice.  
They say we don't match.  
But we don't think twice.  
It won't suffice,  
To stop us touch.

Your enchanting pleas.  
Won't let me be.  
All on my own.  
They invite me closer.  
And I fall for.

I call toward thee.  
My echo roars,  
Unearths, explores,  
Your whole new world.  
Of ardent desires.

I frost thy blood  
That runs through your veins.  
I can't stop the fiery burning.  
It does not quench me.  
Makes me more thirsty...  
I can't explain.

You burn my heart  
With the fiery darts.  
That tear apart  
My mortal being.  
They amiably hurt me.  
Make me want more.

I break thy bones.  
You scorch my skin.  
I frost...  
You melt...  
I do not know what to expect next.



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But a beautiful, pristine feeling,  
Already is born.  
Starts to have meaning,  
We call it simply,  
Love...

Besa Dede

# Requiem ~ ~ an Ode To Time

Time moves forward, without stopping  
And fastened on her shoulders, bind our existence.  
Aged and tired slowly we saunter her  
Most are left behind, diminishing in the distance.

Weary, withered, and forgotten  
We try to helplessly hinder our steps  
But the cruel bitch, the time  
Will not rest into one place.

...And we follow... without knowing...  
Memories shatter into thousand pieces  
While life takes different forms  
Cheating, hate, lies and all the vices.

The witch time sucks up our dreams,  
Scars our hopes, smothers our yearnings.  
Ruthlessly she chops our hearts  
Lets our loves mercilessly burning.

She discards us one by one.  
Rips up our souls, she steals our lives.  
Time shoves us in the abyss of death  
She eases her burden, and lets out a relieved sigh...

Besa Dede

# I Will Steal From You...

I'll go away one day, you know.  
And I want to take as a reminiscence.  
A fragment of your kiss on my lips,  
Perhaps a hug, or an embrace ...

For when the wind will blow out strongly,  
I won't be cold, nor will I chill  
Around my shoulders I'll feel the warmth.  
As a scarf your hug will stand by me, still...

When the summer sun will parch the land,  
And people and plants will desiccate,  
As elixir of life itself,  
Your kiss will keep my lips immaculate...

And if it rains, with mighty thunders  
And the sky gets split apart by lightning,  
The whole world will linger in blindness.  
But not my eyes, they wouldn't be.  
I'll have engraved your own sweet kindness...

We will go far away one day, I know.  
The paths of life will draw us apart.  
But each of us will always keep  
A part of one another, as a memoir ...

Besa Dede

# A Dilemma

To kill or not the mockingbird?  
This is absurd!  
Remarked the boy.

Keeps me awake,  
With the noise it makes,  
Crying for love.

It's not a robin red.  
Her voice is dread.  
It has no shame!

I try to rest  
But she's a pest  
Screaming so loud.

It's been so long  
With her crazy song.  
I can't take no more!

Hidden I have a fire gun  
She'd better start to fly or run  
To save her life.

To kill or not the mockingbird?  
Ah, this is absurd.  
Whined the boy.

And...left...

Besa Dede



# A Meaningless Puzzle

I often catch a glimpse of sadness in your eyes.  
I wonder why?  
What makes you cry?  
You breathe in and sigh  
So many challenged vies,  
I see hidden within your eyes.  
You cast your look up at the skies,  
And say ' The sun will always rise  
Even though some people might despise  
The thought of it, and might chastise  
At the one who tries  
To explain how-s, and where-s and whys'.  
I strive to ease your hurtful crisis.  
Shush dear, please dry  
Those tears of yours.  
And I quietly advise,  
Let's go out to be high  
On pint-size drinks, and then let's fly  
Both, from the top.  
You say 'I will', I say 'I may  
Be ready, not,  
For these heartbreaking goodbyes'.  
Demise I say...demise.

Besa Dede

# Tears From The Moon

I swear,  
Tonight I saw tears running down from the Moon.  
You might think I am crazy,  
Or that I daydream hazy in the middle of the night.  
No Sir!  
I swear, I caught a glimpse of those silver drops  
Go down the scorched cheeks of that sleeping beauty.  
I felt her pain grow big like a threatening black hole.  
I saw her sadness spread all over the Milky Way.  
For she can't be close to the one she longs for.  
The Moon I mean.  
She is the secret lover of the Sun.  
Didn't you know?  
Shush, don't pry.  
You'll make the Earth jealous.

Besa Dede



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# You And I

You said 'I'll love you to eternity'  
and gently bit my lips with a kiss.  
It looked like the twilight tore away the darkness...  
...the world seemed more beautiful after this.

Besa Dede



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# Naked

I went away from you one day  
My shoulders trembling, my legs shaking.  
I cried and cried and cried.  
The ocean put a barrier between us.  
My pain made the ocean deeper, my tears brewed it saltier...

I went away from you, my dear ones,  
... I left, keeping my head back ...

And as I drag my heavily packed suitcase  
Through the corridors of this huge airport,  
I scarily think as of who will take care  
Of my poor memories  
That painfully were scarred by time.

I came at the land of the sun, at the land of the snow,  
At the place of the dreams of the fervent immigrants.  
And alas, I'm naked!  
My memories remained beyond the ocean.

Like a baby I will slowly pace.  
But my footsteps will be felt above and beyond.

I will bring you happy memories,  
You then, will ease your sadness.  
And I ... I will finally dry up my tears ...

Besa Dede

# Delirium

After all that time, she finally realised it; the voices in her head were tearing her soul apart. So, she tried not to cry; she tried to turn her head away and go. But she could not just simply proclaim her rejection and fade in thin air. The bounds between them were too tight now. The voices grinning a terrible smile, tell her not to go. They tell her to love the world, for it soon will be all hers. Alas, she knows it is all a big lie. The voices have covered her being, just like the snow wraps with a white mantle all the place and makes everything immobile and silent...

The feelings in her soul have departed. They have gone too far in the dark distant, horizon. How much she wishes she could follow them, but it is too late now.

The music pummels in her ears and turns her little world upside down, while the voices smile their appalling smile and draw near and near. They harden the air and bring delirium around. And as she feels drugged by their poisonous breath, she wants to scream on top of her lungs. She wants to bite in their cold, white flesh; to poke their eyes from their empty eye-sockets; to tear their sick smirk out of their lipless mouths...

A white, wounded dove descends from the ethereal heavens and its silhouette zooms in, in front of her. Its eyes are filled with crystal tears. 'My love, it's time!' echo the words in the air, and she feels so calm. A beautiful sound enfolds the place, and it even obscures the screeches of the voice's voice. And the pain becomes more smooth, less dense, and yet more cathartic than ever. She tears open her chest and reaches for her thumping heart. A delicate thrust tickles her fingers, as she holds the heart in her hands. What a mesmerising sight! ! No pain, no blood, no darkness; just a soothing silence and a warm, heavenly gleam...

Those ghastly voices were no longer there; their dreadful smile was no longer threatening and sickening. Her soul was as light as dream and her feeling peaceful, as angels are.

She let go of herself, and she was freer than ever!

Besa Dede

# Diary

Words...

Memories,

Broken dreams.

Shared pains of lost loves,

Innocent confessions, of the tormented soul.

Memories,

Pain.

Memories,

Happiness.

See you tomorrow dear diary...

Besa Dede



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