

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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And the day came when the risk to remain tight in a bud was more painful than the risk it took to blossom.

Anais Nin

As Joana Plucks The Asparagus

As Joana plucks the asparagus
up on the hills near by
the gathers of her rufous
dress collecting Sun up high.
Whether her eyes quickly perceive
or slower her step it goes,
her misty eyes will not be deceived
by the shy asparagus that rose.
I watch her neck, long, long neck
but white Moons in wells at night,
I shiver by Joana's peck
the one she'll give or one she might...
Her hands, but sparrows in circle flight
over piano keys white and black,
and so the music shrinks to naught
before the beauty she flushes back.
Her flaxen hair resembles hues
and sage honey scent in the air
of the late Summer afternoon blues.
Yes, that sweet Joana's hair.
The flaxen hair dances the fairy
dance, among this green, the tender lust
and her lips resembling cherry
must have turned the prayers to dust
for all the pains her lovers carved,
and the broken wings she licked
her breasts by now but starve
for the crimson love of hickey_
less, gentle tongue she ranges
by throat, by words and fathomless
depth, and transforms and changes
all the hues if any darkened place
in you she d find. Perhaps the lace
I wear would be soothing thought for her
her nights I d calm with mine
my secrets with ones of Joana gal
shall here on hill entwine.

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Born Too Early

I was born too early for the phlegm of the Earth
and the lances that I brought are too bluntly for this dirt.
However high the heart must be streaming
its liquid is blood and will keep on bleeding.

If I could talk how I used to ride on the railway of shadows
and witnessed the puff of green diffusing over meadows
where once was a child, it would be me saying
rather blind, how you should postpone the praying.

And I won't say that for it's too soon, I know,
though this meadow will grow and grow
inside as a kind of torrential,
leaving me to cope with what's essential.

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If I Were A Bide

If I were a bide, a ceramic little thing,
I'd be more useful then*** ting a ling a ling***! ! ! ,
every time you sit on me,
you would touch the pit of me
and I'd see your fabulous root.
Never mind that I'm mute
so couldn't cry out your name
at least then, I'd feel no blame
for cheatin' my man, and your spouse
and your lovely, smelling rose.
When you say you, and I say we,
and all the shit you throw on me,
ruffy- tuffy,
somewhat puffy,
though damn dearly,
if I were bide,
I could see it clearly,
every day.

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Jar Of Clay

Break me dawn, for I've come betimes,
sulphurous, antically, olfactive, greener moss,
to dozing, roundabouts of his rhymes,
mizzling shrewishly, unintentional macron above loss.

Accompanied with four doves, ponderous heart,
enveloping entropy of subsiding dirge.
Must I wait till day ends and comes the night,
where all my sins will emerge.

My jars of clay have served me well,
and I won' t shatter them in stout,
for I'll surely twitch again on sound of bell
invoking penitence from benumbed mouth.

My jars of clay will serve me good,
though my ribs have failed him and me,
launching heavy breath through hood
of leather, these vacant hours. Let it be.

Let it be, the longing for touch.
Let my recumbent nape yearns forbidden cognition.
Perhaps this wayward voyage is much
more fluent than river, translating me libation.

I'll be his winter, behind the barricades.
I'm much less than what he had hold. Less I bring,
with coarser hands, pressing him on my breasts,
leaving heavy shades, heavier than those of spring.

But my doves will hold the laces of the knots,
all four, maimed, though purged shall lie
down and beckon the love's peregrinating thoughts,
because, when he's not around, I...

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Let Us Winter Night

Let us rest in rustle oblivion
for the winter willows on our chests,
pressing our numb lungs with fragrance of onion
as birds are leaving their nests.

Let us be white lurching trees
in this haunted foam of night,
there are no more wannabees
till the spring brings out his light.

Let us flood all fortune wells,
let's dilute the lumber skies,
let's indulge our ignorance,
despise not the meanest lies.

Let's take off with river veil,
on faded Marigold's golden crown.
Don't shiver on lumps of fail
and never, ever fall down.

Let's offer our serene pride
to petals red and words unsaid.
We are winters little brides,
dancing and singing ahead.

Let us be a fugitive hood
running towards West,
in the lush of green of the wood
leaving all the rest.

Let us freeze on this very winter
on beds of herbs, animal pester,
on stars of a brilliant glitter
see our feet run in haste.

Let us vow to peace and fall sleep,
while dreaming of a fire,
and years in which we used to wee,
because we used to be so tired.

Let us stray away to East
we shall break the wall of pain,
we'll be quite, won't wake the beast,
be the rain, be the rain...

Let's preserve this night in our teeth
wrinkled in our hands, our fists.
Under the cold silken sheets
we'll defrost the blood in our wrists.

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Thoughts

Obduracy of thoughts in a maelstrom of ancient ash is hidden...within inpassé of that dark lake.

Vulnerable are we who preserved it,
thieved the fractions of eternity
so to flood them in abysm.

Out of depth echic thoughts searching for space.

In a labyrinthine laughter and sorrow, sobs of the Universe emerge, as trækker,
heavily neighbouring and washing off the reminiscence.

Thoughts slowly rending their petals enfolded by my skin.

We are impelled through burked eiderdown of some stone wing bird.

Incubated...just about to take a new breath that gust turns into fire.

Ash is falling in my eyes and parches the ink that penned these thoughts.

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