

Poetry Series

**Cristian Marian Necula**  
**- poems -**

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## Cristian Marian Necula(1994)

I'm a 17-year-old guy from Constanta, Romania. Poetry has always been a passion of mine, although I haven't showed my 'artistic' side, so to say, until very recently. What made me exteriorize all of a sudden, you may enquire? Well, I'm going to make this as terse as possible: let's just say that I'm all grown up now!

# A Tranquil Rose

As I sit on a bench  
In a park,  
Meditating and relaxing,  
I see something which  
Lies above,  
Pristine and pure,  
An organism whose  
Innocence,  
Will never be touched,  
For it is,  
Intangible.  
That's how it is,  
That's how it always  
Will be.  
Just because you  
Try and touch it,  
Doesn't mean that,  
You will become as  
Unsullied,  
As a tranquil rose...

Cristian Marian Necula

# Conscience

What makes us human?  
Is it our body?  
Not quite,  
as our characteristics,  
traits, even organs  
are shared by many other creatures.  
What is, you may ask  
the universal attribute,  
which distinguishes us humans  
from other earthly brutes?  
Is it the oh-so-mundane  
Love?  
For it is so heavily  
reminded to us, it's as if  
it is compulsory to give love,  
and it is mandatory,  
to receive it.  
Is it evil?  
Dreadful atrocities, death,  
misery, avarice, continuous hate,  
never-ending enmity, grudges,  
spleen?

Most will hastily say 'lust',  
others will reply with 'greed'  
Albeit...

It is actually 'conscience'.  
How many times have you  
felt this impediment,  
this sudden moral duty  
represented in particles,  
flowing throughout your veins,  
telling you,  
controlling you,  
like a puppet.  
'Stop what you're doing! '  
and you stop.  
'Do as I say! '

and you do it.  
'Listen to me! ',  
and you listen...

Unluckily for us,  
we do not possess the same level,  
of conscience.  
One man may have more than required,  
Another man may have close to none.  
It's up to God,  
who is more human,  
and who is not,  
for He can see through you,  
He examined your soul like no other,  
and set a purpose upon it.  
Ultimately,  
it is up to you to decide,  
what will happen,  
when it will happen,  
and how it will happen.

Your future is in YOUR  
hands.

Cristian Marian Necula

# Forever It Burns

As darkness makes its way through sanity  
Turning us to the dark side, remember that we,  
Are not as aesthetic as it seems  
Uniqueness demands us be in different teams.

And we switch in good or bad, forever mercurial  
Determined by a scintillating star, our soul  
The decadence of the world has only just begun  
Albeit, since forever I've been God's son

My soul is like the sun - emblazed and as it turns  
No matter what I do - my soul just always burns

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# Integrity's Farewells

A misdemeanor turned out to be something great  
Serendipity has made its debut in his fate  
Criminal on the inside, naive boy on the out  
He alone is to be blamed for choosing his own route  
So fierce, so intense, 'tis the battle for his soul  
Amidst his inner core, fighting for complete control  
Good versus bad therefore continues til one quells  
Unfortunately, integrity has given its farewells

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# Love Is A Fallacy

It comes, then it just disappears  
Some people say that  
It's one of the best things  
That can happen to you  
I don't think so  
I really believe otherwise  
If it were true...  
Would I have still shed countless tears?  
Would I have still felt this pain  
Shattering my core?  
My soul - shredding to pieces?  
My voice - cast aside and  
Dropped in limbo?  
You see...  
Love is not a great thing,  
Love is a fallacy  
It gets you high,  
Then it chains you to the ground,  
Your limbs obstructed,  
Nowhere to run,  
Nowhere to hide,

Makes you question life itself  
Delve into metaphysics  
A dimension filled with pseudo hope.

You needn't panic, however  
Luckily, you may encounter  
The right person...  
Once in a million,  
Once in a lifetime,  
But to most,  
It happens - never.

Prepare yourself...

Cristian Marian Necula



# Not A Day Goes By

Serenity has filled me ever since you came along  
I've been humming your name ever since I met you, like a song  
An angel ascended down to me with the intent to make me feel real  
Showed me how it is to love - and at one point I refused to conceal  
The shouts of these warm little butterflies left me no choice  
Had to be with you next to me, to always hear your voice  
Not a day goes by when I do not think of you  
Yet I'm content with the fact that I'm distinctly in love with you.

Cristian Marian Necula

# Only God Forgives

Our minds like to play games  
They send these sparks  
and glimmers of hope  
and then wrest them  
away  
as if they never existed  
in the first place.  
Then our imagination comes along as  
scenes of our loved ones,  
our soul mates start to  
trickle about,  
especially ones that depict  
our sheer lust and desire for  
one another,  
Reminding us of the  
last infinitesimal piece  
of the human panacea;  
hope dies last, but  
it passes nonetheless.

Then, you wish it never happened,  
or that things would go back  
to normal,  
peremptorily.

Soon you find yourself lost  
in this  
canvass of  
misery and desolation,  
but you won't relinquish,  
not yet  
For your rationality has also been  
corrupted and estroyed  
much like your ephemeral  
body.

I'm intrigued by the idea  
of helping you,  
telling you that your soul

is perennial or  
impervious to evil,  
but it's not.

You are bedeviled,  
just like the rest of us.  
Absconded lambs waiting  
to be slaughtered;  
frogs writhing in  
sulphuric acid,  
only showing your good side,  
your remains and your  
desperate twitches  
to the undeserving,  
the forsaken.

Then, you sit and wonder  
'How could this happen'?  
We'll never know  
all that's left is to love  
and to  
forgive, but only  
God  
forgives.

Cristian Marian Necula

## Still...

I sit and frown upon,  
this picture before me.  
My parents, my siblings  
Years ago,  
In a millieu now completely forgotten -  
My home.  
I miss them so much,  
My foster brothers and sisters,  
are dear to me, however...  
they are but libels compared to  
those sharing my flowing blood.

Still...

The anguish and grief severs me  
from head to toe,  
deep in my mind...  
I keep telling myself,  
that my stale heart has mended.  
Yet it is not so..  
Oh,

How I wish it were so...

Cristian Marian Necula

# Stranded

Stranded on an island;  
Everything around me is going crazy.  
A touch of abjection, a touch of loneliness.  
What is going on? !  
Who are you? !  
What do you want? !  
I have no idea what this is all about-..  
I'm being given weird looks by all these,  
creatures...  
My body is entirely numb,  
it's as if my poignant feelings are  
blocking my serotonin.  
I cannot feel happy anymore,  
I cannot enjoy life for what it is,  
Even though I'm still embraced by this youth,  
I'm splier than ever, yet something is wrong.  
But what could possibly be wrong?  
...  
...  
...  
Please, tell me I'm not alone.  
Tell me...  
I'm not alone.  
I'm not...  
Am I?

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# Tenderly

Rays of lights are beaming  
Smiling at the world,  
The artist's smile is gleaming  
As his words are swirled.

His metaphors are frantic,  
His techniques are smooth,  
His pen is so romantic,  
When he is set to move.

Sources of inspiration  
Begin to disseminate,  
He is drawn into temptation,  
Ignoring love, evoking hate.

All his friends and family  
Have warned him of the path  
A road who oftenly,  
Drove many into wrath.

The artist, unimpressed,  
Minds not the frivolous,  
For he thinks he is blessed,  
Under love's auspice.

Our hero though, has done  
What no one ever dared  
He's pushed away the fun,  
and got by love ensnared.

'What are you doing? '  
said his mother firmly,  
'It's your life you're throwing',  
and left him hastily.

In the end, he's been taken  
by contempt and agony  
The monster in him has awoken  
A feeling not so tenderly...

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# The Circle Of Life

I'm like a knight without the armor and the shield  
I've only to defend myself with the ink I always wield  
Take the fight on and on til the rivals yield  
Replace depression with its opposite til I get healed  
Then it squeeled, what I did will not repeal  
Pack it, seal it, and then just ship it out  
So it goes to someone else and I am left without  
This is what the world really is about  
You give some, get some, it's the circle of life  
You can not opposite it in this reluctant fight  
Assuage the rivalry since all the evil went  
Pull an angel by its wings while he is inadvertent

Cristian Marian Necula



# We'Re Humans, Aren'T We?

Inside us all, a monster shouts  
It growls and with its fierce voice  
A greenish matter that gives us doubts  
Never a moment without noise

'Why do they have more, and how?  
'That should be me! ' yells the creep  
'I want that here, right now! '  
And it makes one's soul weep

But this feeling, which we call envy  
Defines a person, you and me  
A deadly sin it sure may be  
Yet in the end, we're humans, aren't we?

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## What More Could I Ask For?

I've prayed for true love day and night  
For one who'll make my lonely days shine  
A ravishing girl whose eyes forever bright  
Shall enlighten this not so vivid life of mine

Sought through purity, amidst this world  
Her reflection glistened like the moon  
Such opportunity to miss, I can not afford  
Must I wait, else will it be to soon?

I have found perfection in its earthly form  
It is lucid as of now; I am lifeless no more  
Dear Manny, It is you who I must inform  
What more could I ask for?

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