

Poetry Series

**CristiAna Popescu**  
**- poems -**

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# Untitled No.1

I bleed dust as  
the bird guarding my soul  
turned into  
stone.

Turned into stone as  
she saw stars who died  
and remained listless,  
saw suns ebbing and  
waited the Moon  
to rise.

.....  
I bleed dust by season of  
the stony bird.  
I bleed dust as the  
sad ones, as the  
dead ones.

.....  
I bleed dust and I can't remember  
when I died  
and why.

CristiAna Popescu

# Wind Trough My Veins

I looked in her eyes and feared her words,  
Trough them, she was letting me go.  
'There is wind chasing trough my veins,  
It's what keeps me alive,  
I cannot remain, I cannot,  
I wish I could, though...

You're too slow,  
Your dreams to close  
to the ground.  
So easy to be stepped on...  
So hard to hear their sound.'

I listened, then I walked  
a few steps back.  
I watched her, trough sands of time,  
As she was tearing my sad, lonely heart  
apart.

CristiAna Popescu