

Poetry Series

danae kavouridi
- poems -

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danae kavouridi(04/03/1980)

My name is Danae, I live in Athens, Greece and I work as a psychologist in a Dementia day care centre. I write since my teenage years. The last seven years I wrote Poetry and short stories, even blogs.

I have lots of inspiration but my personal time is around two hours a day. I am a working single mother.

My first readings and inspirations were many. I will always distinguish Gabriel Garcia Marquez as my favourite writer also Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Herman Hesse and many others. As for poets, Pablo Neruda, Federico Garcia Lorca, Vladimir Mayakovski and many Greek poets such as Yiannis Ritsos and Tasos Leivaditis (my favourite) .

A Song For You

I wish it was me,
your arm was hugging...
I wish it was me
your breath was whispering notes to.
No, I really don't!
Because that arm, that hug, that stroke
was so purposeful,
so pretentious,
made just so that I could see it.
And I did you the favor, I saw it
and it did not reach me,
just believe it.
You may have fucked her
a million times,
a thousand ways.
Everywhere in the house
and even in the back garden.
Has she fucked you though,
the way I 'did' your mind?
And have you stroked her skin
with such a soft,
yet so powerful touch
that surfaced -from your playful,
half-dead heart
and landed on my cheek?
Yes, I know what you will say,
It's all in my head,
I know...
I m such a celebrated bitch
that I love existing
in this head of mine.
Would you?
I am not sad
my sorrow lasts for such a while...
I cannot be in love,
I cannot be truly anything...
Shit has made my heart
even colder than yours.
A fragile heart I hold yes,

but still beating
in rhythm,
to the music of dreamy sad songs,
the songs you cannot sing to her
or to me,
or to anyone...

I will give you back
what you requested,
your freedom
from my bother.
But I cannot give you
what you really want,
never to write,
a song for you again.

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Amsterdam

The sky was blue and it was night,
The road was full of cars
wandering like crazy glow worms.
She was standing right in the middle of the street,
these new friends,
draining their clothes to rainy weather
in the middle of the filthy street
(cigarette packs, cans of beer, little coloured packages)
a fairytale was taking place.
A muse to Hans Christian Andersen's
"the little match girl"
Lights, colours, sugar clouds
dragging her to a fierce dance.
The new friend,
was a Hitchcockic figure..
Everywhere she was seeing faces of death
but no one could help her.
What were these things they all ate called?
So bitter tasted, so ugly to swallow
but so amusing...
Along with Alice in Wonderland
They all paced to her rhythm...
What was this place called?
I don't recall
I think a memory strokes my tired mind
Yes! I recall! It was called...it was called
Amsterdam.

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Autumn Garden

I am trying to write something about you
that does not sound like a cheap pop song,
what is more popular though
than being alone!
My moods are gripped with pegs
lonely hanging in the rain,
clothes that flutter in the cold air of the garden.
Rain is painfully melting them
and I am only sitting behind the dripping glass window
Staring at them.
The garden is small, uneasy
It is so grey...
You are going to tell me my love
that it is autumn now
and everything falls yellowed on the ground.
Is that a drawing of our love,
coloured just like that autumn garden.

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Friday Night

Somewhere a girl is getting ready,
she's forcing her mascara brush
on her tiny eyelids.
Her tights are forcing her thighs,
a few pounds more have landed
on her cellulite skin.
She's hopping that
Her cheap red high heels
Will end on an expensive solid wood floor,
not laminate...
Heels, dropped chaotically on the floor,
blended with her lace black underwear.
She 's hoping for a phone number
She will never get in the morning.
Somewhere a guy is smoking weed with his friends
watching a match on tv
talking about his embarrassment or glory,
when he left his building in the morning
with a fifteen years younger than him girl.
Somewhere a woman,
that just got back from work
has downed a few bears,
thought of a guy
and fell asleep
with a cigarette between her fingers.
-an action which created a small black hole
on her flowery cotton pillow-.
Somewhere a young couple
A bit plumper on their cheeks
than when they first met,
are sharing kisses along
with the latest jumbo version
of their favourite pizza.
They are watching the latest FBI downloaded series
on their massive screen,
still paying their monthly payment
for that noteworthy investment.
Somewhere in a low suburban London pub
a group of young blue-collar workers

are harassing their stomachs
with massive amounts of lager.
Wearing white trainers
and gold earrings and bracelets to go along.
they are talking about football,
and when the pub bell jiggles
they will leave in a puzzled walking style
and take a piss at the corner
of the barber shop.
Somewhere a fifty year old man
has taken his antipsychotic pills,
cleaned the cat's tray
straitened his pillows
and is ready to go to sleep.
He gets on his knees
by the bed,
And prays...
for the demons to leave his possessed body.
After nine days of neighbours complaining of a rotten smell
coming from his apartment
the police will force the door and find him decomposed.
Somewhere there is a toddler
who just woke up
from a terrible nightmare.
He outcries "dad, why are you shouting at mum?"
His mother will go to him
hug him robustly
And say 'no one is shouting at me, go to sleep angel...'
A tear will dropp on the child's designer bed
and on the Disney cartoon carpet.
The mother will think
that this child has it all
(as it always happens in these cases)
except from a proper father.

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Here's To Luck!

We are all tiny pebbles
at the end of the beach,
next to the rocks
where the wave angrily splashes.
We are all tiny pieces
of this massive thing called universe,
you only know how small you are
when you know you are not the only one
suffering...
You only know how alone you are
when you are truly suffering.
We are all small, tiny even, and alone
but the fear goes when you realize this.
Joke is no one can ever realize this...
Woman, holding you beer
Like in Vincent's le tambourin
Believe you me,
you can be a crazy travelling star
like in Vincent's starry night.
And do not forget the story about vanity,
men and women.
To being vain there is no point
you will get old,
but you only might get old,
in a non painful manner...
So, here's to luck my friends!
Cause to luck there is a point!

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It's Time To Sleep

It' s time to sleep,
Fall in the nest of broken sorrows
Don't come back home,
Don't bring your abusing footsteps
to my door again.
I will sleep,
I will,
hugging my rough pillows
in this bed of generosity.
I want a nest around me,
I think it s time now...
Two hands soft,
like a warm wind during the winter
sickening though, at the same time.
I will fix my nest with tiny broken wood
let someone in
with a less abusive walking style
hug my nightmares
and endorse my sorrows.
Time to sleep,
on my own
in my nest of feather clouds.

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Logically

I had a tattoo with your name
on the skin surface,
between my thumb
and my forefinger vein,
with a number eight
Black uniball pen.
Put notes in your pocket,
and worried about you
when driving here and back.
I told you I love you
while you were asleep.
And looked at you,
when breathing.
I had a nightmare
you went away,
I got jealous for me
not being your first love,
and secretly hoped
of being the last.
I let my hair fall,
and myself go.
I lost a part of me
inside you...
Now you are sleeping
so logically-
like you have been
there for years.
I am staring at you
like an unexplored place
noone has ever seen before,
trying to find
any markings that could lead me
to that part of mine,
that is curled up
somewhere inside you.

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Lullaby Of Sorrows

Whisper to me a song goodnight
and place me in your hug
the hug that has the limit of starry skies.
I don't mind that you have muddy wings
you've picked up the dirt from the streets
that you walked at nights,
and by hugging all these filthy souls...
But I don't hold any complains
That's how my angel was always meant to be.
So come next to me
and give me your bruised hug
all mine,
for tonight,
a hug of filthy old wings
a lullaby of wrongly put notes,
a goodnight of sorrows.

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Marshmallow Dreams

You know these types of love
that are like teenage dreams
filled with pink ink hearts,
on a school notebook,

and tasty white marshmallows
on a sunny Sunday at the rides.
They give you this feeling
of a scary rollercoaster ride
without a safety belt.

Filled with music and dirty thoughts,
drunk kisses on a wet road
and millions of happy faces,
printed on shiny picture paper.

And at a sudden spell
they disappear like the rest
of your teenage dreams.
And all you have to do then
is to move on straight to adulthood

where they still remain
memories as sweet
as those marshmallows.

But also as bitter,
as a probably new found
fake feeling of security.

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Painter

If I was a good painter I would draw the air
I have stopped weeping now and scribbling my dreams.
Someone told me a story, it was about his dogs
they were locked in cages in his big green garden for half a day.
Another he, criticised me-
there is always someone better.
I would never draw that someone better.
There are thousands of words and none I can now whisper to him.
Sometimes it is only air, being exhaled in a painfully slow manner.
If the chest suddenly opened in half, the air would come out like an explosion.
Then the dogs would run around in the garden, plainly happy.

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Princess

I was never a princess,
but in my dreams
I travelled through golden skies
and slept on feather clouds.
I waited for my prince
and then he came
and then he came again...
Until I realised,
that I had met too many villains
disguised like sunshine warriors
and I had given them my heart
as my fairytale demanded.
And then you came again
portrayed like a villain
but with the heart of a prince.
You left me all alone and wondering
whether I should give you
the only piece of heart
that remained unaffected by mistakes.
I still don't know
if you are made of the material of dreams
or that of horrid nightmares.
And even if you are
the prince I waited for,
that piece of heart
I have left for you
is too small
to fit in your shinny armour.

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Romance

Throw a pebble on the water and let it jump three times.
Bring her a flower, not a dozen of roses.
A living flower, a cyclamen rooted deeply in warm soil,
just place it on her window,
write her a poem, a song
draw her face or the line of her back
It doesn't matter if it's beautiful
It sure will be, if you do it.
Make her a meal,
not a fancy dinner with expensive wine,
only a bowl of soup when she has the flu.
Don't fall on your knees
and pop that "foolish" question,
with a very proud diamond ring.
Spend your money on a road trip to nowhere
Just you, her, cigarettes and wine.
Don't tell her she's pretty
when she's lost weight,
just notice when she changes her hair
It means she changed her moods.
Be a man, not a scared little boy
when times get tough,
and stand for a second by her side
don't say anything...
Just be there.
Don't show her the full moon
and say how beautiful it is,
just say "I don't like the full moon
because it hides all the stars...."

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Smile

Smile to me the land is green,
cherry blossoms, mandarin,
the greatest things are to be seen,
come and hold me be my queen.
Hold my hand, I am feeling cold
whisper to me things untold,
'don't touch the sun' I will be told
but I am made of freezing mould.
Lead me there to stopping time
Hold me though, there is a line
you can see it, don't say its fine
to my eyes it's turning time.
Smile to me the land is green
hold me I said because I ve been
known forever to turn to sin.
And although it's heaven we are in,
you know what happens if I am keen.
Smile again! The land is grey,
known forever to dismay
information that is green
Hold me no! It was a dream!

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Some Woman's Night

Thursday evening
11: 45 the time is now,
just got back
from my painting class...
Oh, one of those hobbies
That keep your restless heart at ease.
My collage was too much!
Full of details
like life is,
small, strange details
that make a day go by.
I had to leave the class early,
a woman in love had abandoned before me.
My arrhythmias had started again,
as it always happens when in a calm state.
The water will be hot soon
I ll slowly go in the shower
Wash my day away
And prepare from my nightmares
I ll probably read my book
Some poetry maybe
Or just a cookbook
I am not a decent housewife you see
I read recipes before I go to sleep
by just imaging a gathering with friends
that will never happen
Not on Sunday at least.
Not this Sunday.

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Song Of D

All alone like a tiny stone
who can see this part of me?
All I have been until this dawn.
is a little tree- great and green promised to be.
All alone like a song unknown,
a long lost key to the heart o f D...
Because what she's shown is now all gone
I paid the fee for the heart of she.
All alone like a tiny stone,
all alone like a song unknown.
All alone like a draft at sea,
caught by storm and crazy wind
thinking of her perfect skin.
Now my darling's mind is gone
and all that's left is that little stone.

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The Advice (Cancer)

There were three,
cancer beds
on the old house
with the grey crumbled walls.
Actually one,
was a cancer sofa...
They were all yellow,
like old book pages,
cancer is yellow...
cancer is- an old book
violent, torn and hard to read.
The man on the first bed said
"baby why are you so unhappy? "
my lover left me, she replied.
The man on the second bed said
"baby he will be back but don't let him in."
The man on the third bed,
the dark yellow velvet one-
cancer is velvet
like the curtains of a rusty old circus
with the woman without hair
and the mustardy coloured man.
The man on the third bed,
breathed heavily,
a morphine patch stroking
his itchy old skin,
did not say anything...
just left his death smelling breath,
(because death does smell)
inside her lost hug.
And oh then!
Her lover...came back,
she never followed the dying man's advice,
she let the regretted lover back,
in her shadow of life.
Nowadays, after gloomy times,
she always regrets,
not listening to,
father's advice.

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The Great Bear

It's been a while ago,
that my path was
filled with silent sorrow.
Blocked all the joy,
accepted the beautifully
wrapped up grief
I was given
-I thought,
as a Christmas present.
And one day
just a while ago,
I looked at the glorious night sky.
Outside a car
next to two strangers,
one of them was you
I pointed the sky to you!
The sky as I knew it
from astronomical maps,
I said this is the Great Bear
I wanted to say what
I was afraid of,
"Spoil me with your love
And I will take you
there,
To this glorious night sky"

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The Taxi Man

Wet eyes,
but no tear on this youthful part of skin,
the part where tears go, when they drop.
The taxi driver said: baby, you look so young,
a Lolita, a sweet marshmallow,
a skin that hasn't sinned...
(only if he knew)
the non-regretted sins,
the drugs, the alcohol,
all the astonishing addictions,
the wild non-love making
with men, once she thinks a woman maybe...
Can she really remember?
Her distinguished youth,
A rock n' roll adolescence,
That led an old serious Jewish therapist to the words
"we cannot work together anymore"
she was rejected once again
by a man who was deeply in love with her...
Always used to make fun of his shoes:
How can a forty year old Freudian lined psychoanalyst
wear low Doc Martins?
Now she tries to cry,
swallowing her last fashionable rejection...
by such a sweet man,
but still a man.
She's not in love or in lust,
It's only a formally authorized hope,
for a second soft, pure stroke –
with the fingers of the back of the palm
to the noticeable (by the taxi man) youthful skin.
In the ride, she said:
I `m a mother- I `m thirty two years old.
Admiration again!
To him, with the soft touch
She said nothing...
There was no admiration,
Just a sad feeling of sympathy saying
"I think I know your world,

but I do not want to come in.
I `m already destroyed by love,
by a woman with a less perfect skin".
She tries to cry,
For him-for that rejection.
But no! Just wet eyes and permanent frowned eyebrows
"people who think a lot always have that"
grandpappa said at her sixteen birthday....
Tomorrow she smiles again,
and life continues
with self born sarcasm and unconditional generosity.
The taxi driver said
'smile, it makes you pretty'
She did!
It made her pretty...
but all she wants is another stroke-
by him, on the cheek...
Hey! A tear!
Oh no, just a crazy joke!
Her mood is partially back.

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