

Poetry Series

Isl. Gawish
- poems -

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Isl. Gawish()

A Journey To Naparoo

Some day I will go
no sound no words even... the wind will not set a tear
no remorse, no laughs no one to remember how it used to be

not even a sad story to be told, neither a whining old lady next to a wall..

no questions no remarks not a sentence on a cheap stone
nothing to have, nor something to be left

only the bitterness in the moment before I leave
no messages no lessons only a trace of the lost memories which never were

all the hopes and all the dreams will be left alone
no one to comfort them after I go away

tears will dry long before they will be lost in the rain
pains will remind me of the way my life once was

and the voices will vanish because there is nobody to speak a word
it was me all along who spoke to comfort my soul....
and my soul will carry the bitterness I had in the moment before I go
this the short sad story of boy who never grew,
with heart who suffered without bleeding a tear.

Isl. Gawish

Dry Tears

Listening to the sound of my dry tears.

Tasting the last trace of sweat happiness before it fades away.

Watching the souls of my dying dreams rising over and over again ...
Still I will spread a smile

Still I will never cry

And yes I will stand alone

Listening to my dry tears

Telling over and over how my story could be

Then I remembered that

A long time ago in a fairytale in a Child's dream

I saw a little shiny girl who smiled back at me

I was too happy to realize it will never be

A dream and a dream againstill...there was no she.

One day the sun looked back at me

So friendly and warm was the sun to me,

It said, my happiness will last as far as the sea

Again, when the sun came down, there was only me, alone in my dream.

As warm as my sun ray as long as the memory of my dream..

Oh my sunny dream, please keep me warm in the moments before my sleep.

Isl. Gawish

Every Phoenix Finds Home Someway

□

flying..again... over the valley. He craved for the faces he once knew.

Healed form love and hope... he went through the gates of eternity.....over the deserts and the ocean blue.

Moving the broken wings of rebirth accepting the pains of resurrection

He burned his feathers one more approaching the mighty sun

...Drunk by the joy of redemption. He realized freedom is not the price...Going home... one last time.. is, yes, the long sought compromise

Craving for he faces of his childhood and the songs of long promised merciful demise

He closed his eyes and sang

Every phoenix goes home... some day.

Isl. Gawish

Moaning And Glory

Can I tell a story
about moaning and glory
about tears and fears
and the happy seven years.
dreams coming true
...wounds healing through
leaving home and finding homes
smiles, laughter, joys and, happy
ever after
life was hard I was harder
the sun was far and I went farther
Time went by and I will go faster
As my hopes always made my wings stronger.
A very good morning to myself
and a very happy life ever after.

Isl. Gawish

The Gates Of Naparoo

I will be there somewhere over the horizon

I will disrupt no rainbow I will upset no cloud

The rain drops will not notice my soul passing by

The dry tears of false wisdom will fall down politely on the stones of regret and pain

And I will sing my silent song for the deaf monuments of eternity.

Somewhere over there on the gates of naparoo I will find my peace.

The dreams that shyly existed in the tortured mind of the forbidden hope waiting to come true.

The embarrassing childhood thrived to fulfill the urban legends.

It is a long longed journey to the gates of naparoo

Where the lost children found there bed time stories

Where the tearing hearts joyed the scent of hope

And the old ladies brought there last warm dinner to their long lost families

At the gates of naparoo

Where the pains vanished, the doubts disappeared and thirst stops

At the gates of naparoo

The old men wisdom, children laughter and happy end of all promises, waiting for me coming true

At the gates, of naparoo.

Isl. Gawish

The Mermaid

A fallen angel hit the winds with his burning wings.
Gazed up in the sky as he saw the golden gates fade away.
Looked for the smile and the scent of the goddess he saw.
Not even in a fairytale they will let her go.
Punished by immortality he screamed for mercy.
Not even in your eternity they said... u smell like love they said....
Drunk by thoughts of hopes and memories.
He spread his wings for one last encounter.
And as the lights dimmed all around.
He found his comfort in an old boy dream of a mermaid, an island and happy
ever after

Isl. Gawish

The Scent Of An Angel

I do not know how angels smell, but they must smell like you
I do not know how pretty heaven is, but not more beautiful than you
I do not know how music smiles, but it must smile like you
I do not know how souls find peace, but I know my peace comes with you

.....

in my dreams there is another world, in my dreams there are other names,
but every morning something remains the same
you are as pretty as your name,,,,,

Isl. Gawish

Wise Old...Child

Speaking about being bored to the bone and alone without a home
listen.... my dearest friend, you will walk this Path on your own
they will never..... forget

that you are the one with the heart that cried and bled all alone

another farewell to the peaceful nights to childhood's dreams
and the bed time songs.

fair it was, and yes this will reappear again

and when you shed a tear again, and sleep a night or two dream of flying over
the white sand and the sea blue.
when your childhood smile back at you,

you might find
it is not your mistake
it is not the way you were

stay faithful to your dream, your memories and your pain
a sad child inside is waiting for the wiseman telling him

rest down, you were right, your tears did not go away
let it be another sunny day

let your soul eventually find, the friend you always waited for

and let the day never end, as if you woke up, next to the hope you
always had

let it seem real, as if it well never end.

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