

Poetry Series

**Mirela Athanas**  
**- poems -**

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## Mirela Athanas(April 25,1961)

Mirela Athanas is an Albanian-American professional with 25+ years of experience in finance. She was born in Tirana, Albania, April 25,1961, and currently resides in the USA, where she lives since 1994. She is a graduate of the University of Tirana, Albania. with a masters degree in Business & Economics,

She also received a BS degree in Business Administration from the Computer Learning Centers in Boston MA, in 1995. Mirela pursued a career in finance and reached at the Senior Associate level in an investment management firm in Boston.

Besides her studies in economics, Mirela also studied professional piano playing in a Music School in Tirana from 1967-1977 with professor Lali Gabeci. She plays piano professionally. Coming from a family with an extensive music background, her father being a well known Albanian tenor, her mother a soloist classical ballet dancer, her grandfather from her father's side, a musician playing the saxophone, she was very passionate about playing piano, loved music and arts and always dreamed to follow on the footsteps of her family and become a musician. Due to strict regulations and a totalitarian regime, during the time she lived in Albania, at the moment she was preparing to compete for continuing her studies in piano, she was not allowed to do so, due to restrictions put in place by the government for students whose families had members targeted by the totalitarian government. On her mother's side, some members of the family, had been marginalized by the government due to differences in ideology with their politics. Therefore, Mirela was not allowed to continue her studies in piano, but, instead, due to her excellent results in high school, was sent to study Economics, something she did not aspire to be, but did so against her will.

When she moved to America in 1994, while Albania was going through the transition time, she renewed her interest in piano, and started taking lessons with Russian teacher, Olga Chefrin, a Tchaikovsky Conservatory graduate. Mirela plays piano in different Community events, especially with the Albanian Community in Boston, at celebrations and other events, she has played at anniversary celebrations and holiday events in every company she has worked in finance. etc. She also teaches piano privately in her studio.

Mirela has a passion for writing. She is a freelance writer, and writes poems in English and Albanian. She has developed a passion for interpreting and making videos with her poems, mainly because she wants to inspire with her poems, and is in the process of publishing her first poetry book, in both English and Albanian. She speaks Albanian and Italian fluently, besides English and also

translates. She has translated a few poems from English to Albanian.

# A Distant Music Plays

A distant music plays,

A distant music plays,

Somewhere, far... very far,

The sound comes in waves,

At times so near, and then... apart....

The music's echo is endless,

It's soft, rhythmic, exotic,

The sound of a dance It resembles,

The more it plays, the nearer I feel it;

Slowly it revives a Dream - I imagine:

To this music dancers there should be,

A man and a woman in a red dress,

Dancing to Summer, infinitely;

The distant music continues,

But I feel it so near, I can even sing,

I now am dancing with Summer,

It has entered inside my dream;

I remembered Summer is for dance,  
Soon I will be there at that place  
Where music endlessly, softly plays,  
I'll be dancing to Summer in a red dress.

Mirela Athanas © July 3,2016

Mirela Athanas

# A Hug

A Hug

It all happens  
In my dream again  
I see you in tears  
You are hurt, in pain,  
I hug you immediately,  
A long Hug, without end...  
And you don't seem  
To want to let go,  
And I keep hugging you,  
With all myself  
And all I have to give;  
I feel your tears  
Moistening my shoulder,  
And I tenderly caress your hair,  
Whispering:  
"It will be ok,  
Everything will be ok,  
Like last time remember? "  
And the hug lasts and lasts,  
We are like one, so close,  
I can feel your soul...  
But, than, I wake up,  
It's my dream again,  
Who was I hugging,  
Are you in pain,  
Do you need me coming?

Mirela Athanas

# As The Song Started

As the song started... our song

I remembered that day,

When we both sang along,

In love and blissful as a flower in May;

As the song continued...our song,

I remembered all days,

All days we loved, we belonged,

In such delight, eternal they'll remain...

As the song continued... our melody

I remembered that moment,

When we realized supremely,

That of all time, we were our life's best!

As the song ended... our melody

I remembered you,

I continued to sing it,

Because for me,

That song cannot end,

As cannot we...,

Somehow, somewhere,

That song beats in perpetuity...

As the song ended, , our melody,

I just pretended,

I was there with you,

Same as that day,

When we first sang it,

As I know..

Every time it starts to play,

Somewhere in the Sky,

An echo is heard singing,

It's either you or I....

Mirela Athanas © 7/6/2016

Mirela Athanas



# Autumn Evening

A golden leaf,  
says goodbye to the Tree  
and slowly swings,  
towards the Earth's medley  
giving her tenderly  
the first Autumn kiss,

One by one  
all of the leaves  
goodbye will say to the Tree,  
waltzing towards the ground  
one leaf at a time;  
The Tree pains as birth,  
Luckiest is the Earth,  
covered in kisses all around.

And the Earth knows  
so does the delicate leaf,  
golden as it is,  
that this is the start  
of an autumn love bliss.

The whispering gentle wind  
carried the first leaf down  
and then....  
between the branches,  
with golden leafs dancing,  
a large golden half Moon,  
appeared dazzling.

Everything is golden  
this autumn evening.  
I breathe,  
and to my surprise,  
the air is full of love,  
I know the scent,  
I can breath love,  
everywhere,  
I know it's there.

...

Maybe you  
just passed by.

...

Or maybe it's just  
the scent of autumn,  
this golden evening,  
that brings me back  
to you  
to breathe love.

...

Am not sure  
what it is...  
but in every breath  
I can feel  
as if another leaf fell  
but now in my lips  
to give me a kiss.  
And I know,  
same as the Earth and Leafs,  
golden as this night is,  
it's the start  
of an Autumn love bliss.

Mirela Athanas

# Beautiful

Beautiful little girl  
There in the corner  
Show me your amazing eyes  
Why are you hiding  
Have you been told lies?  
You are more beautiful  
Than a field of spring daises  
Even more beautiful  
with a little smile.  
So smile little princess  
and hide no more  
no beauty can compare  
with what you have inside.  
Smile little princess  
and look at me proud  
the world needs you to see it  
with your beautiful  
amazing eyes.  
Mirela A.J. Sep 2014

Mirela Athanas

# Because Life Never Ends

Because life never ends - -

Read this note with me  
because life never ends,  
heart beat follows heart beat  
my hand always holds your hand.  
Everything that was  
never ceases to exist,  
everything that is  
is a continuation miracle,  
everything that will be  
will be because of you and me.  
Imagine,  
a million kisses at this moment  
of people all around the world  
can never cease to be,  
they stretch in time and beyond  
they live in eternity.  
Love, how can love ever end?  
How can it disappear?  
Because life never ends,  
heartbeat follows heartbeat.  
A mother will always hold her child  
A father's hug will never leave  
A lover's kiss will remain untouched,  
A child's joy the best gift received.  
Because life never ends,  
heartbeat follows heartbeat.  
There's no past, present and future  
To Life,  
Everything you ever felt or touched,  
will be held there in eternity,  
You,  
the continuation miracle  
make it possible,  
because life never ends,  
Heartbeat follows heartbeat,  
because,  
my hand will always hold your hand.

Mirela Athanas

# Creed

I once knew a person,

Or so it assumed to be,

It walked like a lion,

Whose motto was CREED.

Creed where each letter,

Meant a word you see,

Like:

C - as in conquer, cash & cruel,

R - as in Roar, rumble & rule,

E - as in elite on the edge,

E - as in elaborate, eliminate,

D- as in destroy, dump and duel; .

This Lion thought

To the world it was all clear,

That CREED had five letters,

And it meant 5 words so dear,

C - for cooperate,

R - for respect,

E - for eagerness,

E - for excellence,

D - for Diligence,

He set on his Throne

As King of the Jungle,  
And clashed, roared and moaned,  
And destroyed each different creature;  
Birds, butterflies, cats, dogs, deers',  
All that moved differently,  
Had to disappear!  
Who walked like a Sylph,  
Or with one foot in front,  
Or with wings to fly,  
Or chirping of cheer,  
Had to be gone...  
MR. Lion,  
If I can call you that,  
A person or an animal,  
Whatever you represent.  
Please change your motto,  
As your kingdom is a torment,  
You might sit on your Throne,  
And be proud of your earns,  
But please change your motto,  
Do not call it CREED,

Let me remind you,  
Of lives you've shattered,  
And all the souls you eat.  
I would suggest CASH  
AS in  
C - for Crucify,  
A - for Ashes  
S - for Sin  
H - for hate.  
And the day will come  
When the World will know,  
You may walk like a Lion,  
And sit on your Throne,  
Claiming Kingdom as your own;  
King of a Jungle,  
Who rules and triumphs,  
And see even that,  
Would not be a Honor!  
But, in fact you are a Rat,  
Who marvels in shadows,  
And calls darkness his Home!



Mirela Athanas

# Daisies

Like a field of white daisies  
I imagine a new beginning  
where a fulfilled dream starts,  
entering tenderly amid their prairies,  
while gentle wind opens its path.

Each daisy in the field afar  
resembles a part of the complete dream,  
where the new beginning's roots are  
fragile & delicate, yet inside they beam.

With the dream I walk in the opened path,  
while the daisies dance like in a waltz,  
the new beginning is shaping in each petal's sight,  
I'm careful not to step on this flower,  
full of elegance.

As a little child in the magic world I feel,  
where everything possible could be made real,  
didn't know the ancient flower had such a grace  
to bestow good luck and bring such happiness...

With a little bouquet a beautiful crown I make,  
dreams come true to always symbolize,  
the dancing daisies smile, I wear it in my hair,  
This new beginning is already there.

It has gained the strength to continue  
it has shaped it's road forward  
It has been crowned and praised  
Now it only needs a name.

The daisy crown I put in a dazzling frame  
to glance often, while thinking anew,  
the new beginning already has a name  
it will be called 'Daisy', the flower of Love's true

The frame with the crown I will keep in time,  
as a reminder that possible is everything you imagine

with just a little help from daisies alike.

Mirela Athanas (c)

Mirela Athanas

# Dance Of Summer

Come o dance of summer...  
With moves of eternity  
Come with rhythms of your drummer  
Let your violins sing pretty  
And take me to dance

O magic dance of summer  
Come dance with me,  
Your pavement is of grass  
barefoot our feet,  
Gentle is the wind  
Cuddling our dresses in green

With movements of eternity  
Come make me dance  
All stars will be watching  
The moon will be in trance

Ah magic dance of summer  
Your melodies, your violins  
make me dance like in a dream  
breathing your delicate scented air

Ah breath of summer  
of air so fresh and fragrant,  
Come o magic dance  
bring me barefoot in the grass  
make my heart beat fast  
and breath your air of beautiful skies.

Mirela Athanas

# Dream

Dream

I dreamt  
I was running  
By the sea,  
Blue skies  
Following me,  
Running and dancing,  
Dressed in Ivory,  
Flared dress fluttering,  
Flowing with the breeze,  
hugged by water sparkles,  
Carelessly Free;

I dreamt  
I was dancing  
By the sea,  
Blue waves  
Following me,  
I was running  
Towards the sun,  
Smiling and singing,  
Kissed in a golden touch,  
Sea reflections beaming,  
Glowing inside out.

I dreamt  
I was running,  
By the Sea,  
At sunset,  
It's you I would've seen,  
Your silhouette  
Was there,  
It had been waiting,  
Forever, endlessly,  
Sunsets after sunset,  
Shade to the Sun  
It seemed so happy  
To finally see me run.

I dreamt  
I was running,  
I had someone to see,  
Blue skies,  
Blue waves,  
Following me;  
Dancing and beaming,  
At the sunset I reached,  
The silhouette moved,  
And fast approached me,  
Shades to the Sun,  
Both became we,  
Hand kissed hand,  
Silhouette became a dance.

Mirela Athanas

# Following A Bird

It's the first light, it's dawning  
Little by little, the Sun is rising  
With rays spreading golden glowing,  
When a bird starts the song of the morning;

He sings in delightful tones,  
His wings start to flutter slowly  
And way up in the Blue he goes,  
Beginning his beautiful journey;

Little bird,  
Do you hear this song?  
It's my salute to you  
It follows you along,  
My hands have wings too;

Fly little bird, fly high,  
Let the gentle wind carry you  
Open your wings to the sky,  
Rise up, fearless, vibrantly true.

Your wings are so strong  
And so greatly resemble my hands,  
You fly up in blue horizons,  
I fly in keys with black and white paint;

So let this melody  
Carry my hands next to your wings,  
Let them beat the same rhythm in synch  
And we will fly together in your journey,  
So fly.....fly....sing..... sing,  
And let me sing with you.  
The most beautiful song in eternity,

Beat your wings with me,  
Now you and I are free,  
We are beautiful, we have reached

To lands no one can ever be,  
We fly above oceans, above trees;  
I am with you, wherever you go  
Attached to your wings;  
After you I will always follow.  
Each Dawning together we will sing.

February 2016

Mirela Athanas



# Forgetting

Forgetting

It turns out  
There's one possible chance,  
Ironic as it may sound  
That one could forget at once,  
Waking up one day,  
Not remembering where,  
Here or there, did she/he dance?  
That one could wake up,  
One day in full spring,  
While all is blooming,  
And ask what season it is?  
Yes, it could happen  
Just like that, unannounced,  
Only bits and pieces of your life,  
Your mind recalls unconcerned,  
As whispers of so many years,  
You Lived,  
Now flying in spaces unconfined.  
SADLY,  
PAINFULLY,  
SCREAMINGLY,  
All you loved and that love you,  
Wait for that spark, that could mean,  
That you're back, that you're returning;  
But..chances are,  
That spark may never come,  
And  
So,  
SADLY,  
PAINFULLY,  
SCREAMINGLY,  
They start to accept,  
The fact that forgetting,  
Forgetting all at once in one day,  
Is all it was, and nothing can bring back,  
The loving person that one was before...  
Wondering, what that person feels now,

Or furthermore, wondering how it feels,  
How it feels to be in oblivion,  
What does one feel, what does one live for,  
If every known thing has gone,  
At that point...  
ONLY LOVE WORKS,  
It's the only thing you can feel,  
The only thing you can live for,  
I believe,  
I don't know,  
And I hope, you. reading this,  
Never live to find out...  
So I would prefer for myself  
To be saved from forgetting all at once.

Mirela Athanas

# Hope

Tomorrow...

A new morning will come

It's called hope

For a new day...

A baby will cry,

A lady will smile,

An angel will fly,

A girl will love tender,

A boy will bring flowers,

A flower will splendor,

A dance will start

a love at first sight,

A kite will fly high

with the word hope,

A toddler will read it

out loud,

A birthday will come

Wishes and songs will flow,

A ray of sunshine

Will enter a window

With light and hope

For that pain in someone.

A song will be sang,

Another one written,

A painting will be finished,

A gift will be given,

A good news will come,

A kindness will bring smiles,

A smile will erase a pain,

A new discovery will break,

A wonder uncovered,

White clouds will gather

to write the word HOPE

enormously in the sky,

to be seen by

the whole world

when morning

comes tomorrow...

Mirela Athanas (c) July 2015

Mirela Athanas

# I Am Here

I am here,

Looking at the moon,

There's nothing in between,

Between me and her,

Nothing!

She stands distant and clear;

Yet, of all the World,

The nearest she seems;

Out of all the darkness,

And darkness all around,

She is there,

Radiantly Bright,

And I'm here, with her;

It appears...

She is the only thing

I can see tonight;

Like the first time,

You see Love.

I'm here,

The Moon and I,  
Between us....miles,  
The air breaths sky high,  
Yet we are together,  
She and I,  
No one can erase the fact,  
That I can see her,  
So clear;  
And she,  
Bright in the night,  
Comes thru the window,  
To bring me light.  
Her light coming through  
Brings a memory by,  
The first time we together saw,  
Her reflection in the ocean,  
And in admiration we vowed,  
Such beauty when you see,  
Promise you'll think of me.  
And it's so hard to realize,  
Is it me or you looking at her,

Or is she appearing at the window,

Only - Through your eyes.

Mirela Athanas, May 22 2016

Mirela Athanas

# I Am You

In the depths of all dreams  
And unimaginable creations,  
I try to find the reason  
That distanced me from you.

I try to find a why of things  
An answer to all the pains,  
As if all problems of the world  
Could be solved immediately;

A bird, suddenly sings in my window,  
It's only joy he brings,  
There's no sorrow in his song...  
I let it fly away with my dreams.

If I had followed that bird,  
I would've probably found you,  
I would've probably found the answer  
of what distanced me from you.

While closing the window,  
I see my image in the glass,  
I realize, I don't seem different  
I am you a bit in disguise.

The bird came back on the window  
And my dreams back he flew,  
Maybe, he was a good news carrier,  
To remind me that: I am you.

I am you  
Who, as the bird  
Flies free,  
With dreams in your wings,  
Who rises up from every fall  
Much stronger than before,  
Who travels oceans unafraid  
To find herself;  
I am you who every morning



Wins a battle with each step,  
Who laughs, dances, sings,  
Who dreams and only dreams  
Of a better world  
Who loves every person tenderly;  
I am you who smiles often,  
You who never gives up,  
I am you who kindly gives her heart,  
I am you who step by step,  
Walked millions of life miles,  
With wounded feet.  
I am you, always uncompromised,  
I am you, I have your eyes,  
Eyes that all your journey have seen,  
To only became more colorful and sweet.

Yes, image in the glass,  
It's you, it resembles  
Every little bit of you,  
I am you...  
The bird flew away,  
singing his joyful song again.

Mirela Athanas (c) July 2015

Mirela Athanas

# I Have Tears To Tell

I have tears to tell  
Drop by drop they've fallen  
Many days in years and years;  
Yet, they're like drops of rain,  
Falling into my soul's garden;  
All roses that grow there  
Are beauty gifted to others.

I have tears to tell  
Drop by drop they've fallen  
Many days in years and years,  
Yet, my eyes beautify with them,  
I see you better, in depth and warmth,  
Teardrops become my lenses to each soul.

I have tears to tell  
But they are too many to mention,  
They've formed a beautiful river,  
Inside the garden of my soul  
The purest river, that streams  
into my dreams...

When I have told my tears  
Which will take a long time;  
Then, you will see why  
I feel love so deep,  
I love life with such passion,  
I give when no one expects,  
getting nothing in return,  
Why I laugh and smile,  
Even if inside I'm crying,  
And why I am the happiest,  
When I see perfect harmony,  
And when, everything is  
as it should be...

Aug 2014



# I Remember You

I remember you

As if it was yesterday

The last time we knew

That Love was near,

and there to stay.

I remember you

You're not gone away,

I keep you in my heart,

Always, warm and safe.

I remember you

The look, the scent, the face

The way you caressed my hair

The beautiful way we embraced.

That day, that night, that sunset,

That last time, eternity was meant!

I wrote it somewhere,

As if I would forget.

I remember you,

Perpetual was the love,  
Every step, every hour, every breath,  
Every beat of the heart,  
Because your heart is with me,  
They are together, when seemingly apart;  
I remember you,  
Every moment you felt happiness,  
Every smile, every sparkle in your eyes,  
Every time you sang and danced,  
All that was you, so impeccably true,  
All the beauty that you were,  
One heart, in one beautiful soul.

.....  
I remember you,  
You are still with me,  
Or, I feel you so near,  
There is no where I turn,  
Where you do not appear.

I remember you,  
So my dear, my dearest, that is why,  
...  
When I walk, I want to run,

When I will run, I will then fly,  
I will run in the field of grass,  
We planted carefully by the Sun,  
There where beginnings start anew,  
We will fly together soon,  
I promise that to you.

Mirela Athanas

# I Still Am Me

I still am me

I am,  
I still am me,  
I am the little baby,  
With the tiny fingers  
Which I still carry,  
same shape, same grip;  
That later learned  
a dance in piano keys,

I am,  
I still am me,  
I am the little girl,  
I still have wet sand,  
On my feet,  
From the beach castles,  
I built with my hands,  
Nearby the sea;  
Which then later  
Got melted by the waves,  
But not in my dreams,  
In my dreams the castles,  
Are greater than  
those in fairytales.

I am  
I still am me,  
I am the teenager,  
I still have stardust  
On my hair,  
From chasing shooting stars,  
From catching butterflies,  
As I would catch a dream,  
Which then later,  
Would teach me how to fly...

I am  
I am still me,

I am the young lady,  
I still have sparkles in my eyes  
From the first time I fell in love,  
From the time I danced under stars;

I am  
I still am me,  
I am the young lady,  
I still have paper dust,  
On my hands  
From the books I read and studied,  
I still have lingering melodies,  
From the time I sang and danced,  
I still have scents of the breeze,  
Wrapped all over my being,  
Of the time I ran in flowery fields,  
In fields of joy and ease,  
When the world was so free,  
And bettering so simple it seemed!  
Which the later,  
Became my aroma, the scent of me,  
Unforgettable, unchangeable, unique .....

I am  
I am still me,  
I am the young woman,  
As it was destined to be,  
I still have rain on my face,  
I still have my wounds,  
From places I have lived,  
And roads chosen by fate;  
They are strange wounds,  
They heal, and then later,  
One little thing touches the surface  
And like that they still bleed;  
But I've learned  
That it might be my destiny,  
I cover them still with my dreams.

I am,  
I am still me,  
The women I grew to be,



I still have anointed oil  
On my forehead,  
From blessings I received!  
I still have power on my step,  
I still have gratitude to give,  
From walking on a road,  
I forever dreamed.

I am,  
I am still me,  
I have smiles in my heart,  
Gathered by children I have seen,  
And children I was blessed to love,  
I carry those smiles so dearly,  
The treasure that helps me survive,  
They live inside my heart,  
And walk with me forever,  
Which then later,  
As always.....becomes eternity!

I am  
I still am me,  
I am the woman you see,  
I still have strength,  
On my hands, heart and soul,  
From all the life I have lived,  
From all the struggles I have fought,  
I'm the woman, who saw the world differently,  
I still have purpose in my hands,  
I still have love in my heart,  
I still have an eternal dream,  
To be the best of me,  
To be me, the one I am,  
And no other, no other, in this reality  
In the world we all dream to be.

I am,  
I am still me,  
I still have little fingers in my hands,  
I still have my feet immersed in sand,  
I still have stardust in my hair,  
I still have eyes that always sparkle,

I still have lingering melodies that dance,  
I still have scents of breeze wrapped around me,  
I still have drops of rain on my face,  
I still have blessings anointed in my forehead,  
I still have power on my step,  
I still have gratitude to give,  
I still have smiles in my heart,  
I still have strength on my soul,  
So, this is how,  
I am, I still am me,

I am,  
I am still me,  
You call me by name,  
I respond,  
That's who I'll always be,  
That's why I am, I am still me!  
Unchangeable, unforgettable, unique!

Mirela Athanas, © July 15th 2016

Mirela Athanas

# I Will

I will-  
I will be there  
Tomorrow morning,  
At the place where  
You wait-  
Every day at Sunrise  
With admirable patience;  
I will-  
I will be there, I promise!

You've missed me,  
I know,  
But I miss you more,  
You know that well,  
I realize it at every dawn,  
When my eyes see light  
But you, I don't see yet;

I will  
I will be there,  
Tomorrow morning,  
To pick up the rose  
You left for me,  
Still in bloom,  
Where the heart,  
Yours,  
Mine,  
Sits in repose,  
Waiting to fly  
Wearing petals, , , ,  
Only-

I will,  
I will be there,  
Tomorrow morning,  
You will see me soon,  
Me and the Rose,  
In full bloom.  
I promise!

There's so much,  
So much more  
That waits for us:  
I will,  
I will, even if  
I have to fly,  
Even if, I have  
To climb high  
High mountains,  
The ones,  
That separate us most,  
I will climb them,  
In the morning,  
To come to you,  
For you,  
For you, more than for me,  
We will be together soon,  
I promise!  
I will  
Then,  
With you,  
Go to so many other places,  
All the places that we missed...  
We will jump of joy,  
And sing of peace,  
We will spread love,  
To each person we meet.

So do not shiver,  
Do not fear a bit,  
It has been a long wait,  
But tomorrow,  
Tomorrow,  
Is the end of it.

I will,  
Tomorrow morning  
Come to find you,  
Wherever you are,  
Even if  
You are not at the place,  
We promised,

I know you will be  
Sitting at the heart of the rose  
That you picked for me! ! !

Mirela Athanas (c) April 2016

Mirela Athanas

# Lady In Green

Lady in green

Walk as you know  
Lady in green  
With steps so soft  
Yet strong they seem

Walk as you know  
Lady in green  
Bring forth your eyes  
Shining from within

Walk as you know  
Lady in green  
Let your body moves  
As the bird set free

Walk as you know  
Lady in green  
Carry your heart forth  
Let her love be seen

Walk as you know  
Lady in green  
Your eyes tell all  
Their spark is what you feel

Walk as you know  
Lady in green  
Let you inner world  
Reach to where it's been

Walk as you know  
As you always have,  
Lady in green,  
Remember steps of past  
As long as they may seem

Walk as you know

Lady in green  
as you always did  
walk with a smile  
and don't let fear in.

Walk as you know  
lady in green  
now is the time  
for your spirit to strive

Walk as you know  
Lady in green  
With your hair caressed  
By the wildest wind

Yes, even the wildest wind  
can only caress your hair.

Walk as you know  
Lady in green  
Let your beauty shine  
The more from within

Walk lady in green  
You know how  
You know where  
You know everything  
you know your paths  
You know your strengths  
You know you can go far  
You know your steps  
They only bring beauty  
So let them take your wings  
And fly at the places  
Your heart needs to sing.

Poem Written 7/07/2015

Mirela Athanas

# Let You Live

Let YOU Live

Free,  
Like a butterfly in early spring  
whispering to each opening petal with its wings;

Free,  
Like the sound of the wind  
echoing through Autumn's falling leaves;

Free,  
Like a Nightingale that sings  
harmoniously in beautiful Summer mornings;

Free,  
Like a majestic galloping horse  
running through fields with no roads.

Let You Live

Tall,  
As tall as a sunflower in splendor  
reaching the sun with its ray petals tender;

Tall,  
As tall as an ancient Tree, blazed in candor  
and its ever-growing branches shaped with ardor.

Let you live

Brave,  
Like the roar of an ocean mounting wave,  
gloriously reaching the shore's pave;

Brave.  
Like the river waters flowing  
through mountain rocks in fountains glowing.



Let YOU live

Open

Like a Lilly's chaste petals -  
adorably elegant while their blossoming settles.

Let You Live

Blithe,

Like a white cloud dissipating bit by bit  
while beaming blue colored Skies emit.

Let YOU live

True,

As True as the heart of a rose,  
with its unique fragrance, sheer, charm and poise.

Let You Live,

Happy, merry, mellow, airy, breezy,  
uncompromised, undaunted, , serene, smiley...

Let YOU Love

Be Love

Live Love

Give Love

Let YOU Live to Love

Let you live in Love

In Love,

with every minute,

with everything,

from Dawn to Sunset,

from Sunset to Dawn;

Love never forgets -

In Love with Life,

this gift Heaven Sent.

LET YOU LIVE

FREE  
TALL  
BRAVE  
OPEN  
BLITHE  
TRUE  
IN LOVE...

and Let YOU Live  
and Let YOU Love!

Mirela Athanas

# Little Girl

Little Girl

You little girl  
Looking at me  
With angel eyes  
Let me take your hand  
You take mine  
We've been walking together  
For a long, long time.

You've been my angel  
I have been yours,  
You've protected me  
With not just innocence  
But also wisdom innate;  
Many times  
I thought you were wiser,  
Than I am today.

I have been your angel  
I have protected you  
At that sacred place,  
Inside, where you live still,  
I've kept you untouched,  
You are the best that have  
You remind me of things  
I've probably forgotten,  
You remind me of purity  
Of perfection,  
Of how world should be,  
It's beautiful to have you now,  
As my angelic friend.

You, little girl,  
Looking at me  
With angel eyes,  
We've been walking together,  
Hand in hand, for a long time;  
You hold mine stronger,

You often make me run,  
Or jump for fun,  
You lighten my days  
Always, anytime;  
You make me slow down,  
To remember who I am,  
The more I resemble you,  
The happier my soul!

So, little girl  
Stay there, look pretty,  
I know,  
You will never leave me;  
Angels never leave,  
We will walk together,  
Hand in hand  
For a lifetime.

Mirela Athanas

# Love Is

Love is a flower  
Whose petals always bloom  
Love is a breeze  
In the seashore,  
Love is an unfinished poem  
Always being written,  
Love is spring  
With aromatic perfumes,  
Love is a mountain  
You climb in a night,  
It's a fountain  
You drink from in flight,  
Love is a heart  
In delicious delight,  
A heart that beams,  
A heart that warms,  
A heart that gives,  
A heart that hugs,  
A heart that surrenders;  
Love is so many things,  
It's nearly all the  
world  
In one word.  
The unfinished poem  
Always being written,  
Love is the feeling  
That wraps your soul  
In a thousand rose petals,  
It's eyes  
In the most beautiful color

Love is running  
Towards the stars,  
It's a hug  
When you most need it,  
It's so many things,  
But most of all,  
Love is  
A song written for you

Sang to you  
When everything  
And everyone  
in the world is silent.

Mirela Athanas

# My Truth

My truth

I am a slave of my truth

Chained to it.

My truth

has built castles around me,  
fortified with stones of courage,  
protected with scars of the soul,

so no one enters,

no lie or compromise

breaks this castle

to free this slavery,

no one touches it.

My truth and I

stay chained in this castle

I am reminded every day

that I can't break from it,

the castle gets stronger

constantly

as the stones of courage,

one by one

day by day

lift up the walls.

as the scars of the soul

glue these stones together

with their compassion.

We walk together

me and my truth,

protected by this castle

I take her hand

Wondering where she will bring me

Breaking free is not possible.

Mirela Athanas (c)

Mirela Athanas

# One More Step

It was the view from the window  
So strikingly inviting,  
That opened a golden door widely,  
One more step is needed, quietly;

Time is of no essence like before,  
You are already there,  
There, at your dream's core  
Can feel it happening everywhere.

You need minutes or seconds more?  
You think; NO- the time was plenty,  
Think of the days and hours you spent  
To arrive at this marvelous door.

You just crossed the finish line,  
seconds away from your dream,  
A half step only will see you shine,  
One more step is all you need.

Or maybe even that is too much  
You can already feel it happening,  
You just entered your dream's path,  
Now, everything, for you is waiting;

One more step, then two, three...  
Walking in your dream soon you'll be  
A river you'll feel running through your veins  
with gurgling water, beset with happiness.

Now carry on, walk as you know,  
In the path of daisies' fields,  
Where your dream was planted long ago,  
Stand, walk, dance, and breath deep.

An array of reflections you will see,



Your eyes amazed by so many colors in true,  
A rainbow could become enviously, your enemy  
The darkness of the forest will turn blue.

One more second or two, you're already there,  
Your dream's path, you are already walking,  
Already breathing a newly scented fresh air,  
Now everything for you is waiting  
Just the same way you had dreamed it will be!

August 2015

Mirela Athanas

# Perhaps A Dream

Perhaps a dream  
Will still be alive  
Tomorrow;  
Perhaps it will come  
quietly in sleep,  
but enchanting enough  
to see you awaken  
from sleeping deep;

Perhaps a dream  
will open your eyes  
tomorrow,  
with a different light  
New ambiances longing to see,  
yearning for sunshine  
in the horizons far away,  
beyond the ocean  
and the coastline;

Perhaps a dream  
will bring you  
to that spectacular sight,  
perhaps it will  
magically feel so real  
to revive every cell  
with the desire to reach  
that place you love dear;

Perhaps a dream  
will still be alive  
tomorrow,  
the day after,  
and after that day...  
perhaps that dream  
will never have an end,  
day after day,  
it will greet your mornings  
with renewed passion  
to arrive where

your eyes are yearning;

Perhaps a dream  
will never have an end,  
your life's purpose  
will carry  
towards its heights,  
to unlimited journeys;

perhaps a dream  
another dream will start.

July 28,2015

Mirela Athanas

# Quiet Angels

Quiet Angels

Quiet angels

I was searching for a spark  
Everywhere I went, or, couldn't go  
A sign from above, like a sky mark  
or an angel YOU had sent  
as always, in these times before  
from someone new, to an old friend;

Someone that promptly entered my life;  
while I was questioning all existence,  
and many questions remained unasked,  
I found an angel in black and white.

My piano, a quiet angel  
Was waiting there for some time,  
almost rusted and out of tune,  
I had left it untouched...  
Not realizing, I missed it more  
than she missed me,  
but better than a good friend  
always sitting there was she,  
waiting,  
while my fingers instead,  
rusted more than her were getting.

But a promise I kept, on a spring day  
Spring had bloomed, an oblige I felt,  
I sat with her and slowly started to play  
Since then, every evening we've met;

And what a friend she has been.

This time it was different, I think  
YOU know me better than I do,  
the spark had to come from within  
a bouquet of roses was sent by YOU,

held by an unknown woman's hands  
The hands of spring I called them  
And made a promise ever since.

So while I think and still think  
And many answers have not found,  
I haven't lost, and never will,  
My BELIEF;  
YOU, I know, are close and near,  
as always, helping me abound,  
sometimes with angels real,  
other times quietly they sit around,  
as quiet angels the spark they bring,  
but I will REMEMBER,  
with quiet angels  
it has to come from inside out.

Mirela Athanas

# Remember

Remember...

the place you came from,  
it's there where your roots are  
it's what still makes you strong.

Remember

all the sunsets and sunrises  
you have seen in that place,  
it's where your eyes get their gaze,  
It's where your heart takes back its breaths,  
once taken away...

Remember

the songs you always sang,  
on your roads returning home,  
it's the sounds of your life,  
it's the melodies of your soul.

Remember

every little detail  
of that far away time  
when the sun was always shining;  
carry them always with you  
bring them out when rain is coming.

.....

Remember

there will be nothing,  
nothing more beautiful  
than the place you came from,  
it's how you breath,  
it's how you continue on.

Remember

where you came from  
it's not too far away  
it's not too long ago,  
time is relative,  
everything that was, you know;

just try to remember it,  
and peace will come with glow.

Remember  
the place where your roots are planted

It's what gives you air,  
it's what keeps you,  
It's what makes you great  
it's what brings you depths  
It's what lives forever.

Everything else is momentary,  
it's temporary,  
everything passes, goes,  
the place you came from  
will come back to you  
every time you need it,  
it will make you glow,  
again and again.

So,  
Remember,  
remember, and if you can't,  
start with just the songs  
you sang on the way home,  
everything else will come back  
in a second,  
and all will be as it always was.

Mirela Athanas

# Searching

Somewhere  
In a crystal clear ocean  
I search for seashells,  
Walking barefoot in the sand,  
The wet sand that is  
Leaving footprints as my friend;  
Holding seashells in my hand  
barefoot I walk  
In an  
Almost silent peace;  
The soft sound of waves  
Follows me with ease,  
As a background music to my thoughts  
My thoughts and the sound of waves  
Are in perfect harmony,  
Like the words of a song with its melody  
Still unsung but beautiful yet  
I feel my steps become heavier,  
So I turn and look back  
At the trace of footprints,  
I've walked a long,  
long path  
and can't see the start.  
Suddenly I realize,  
It is not  
the seashells  
I'm searching for  
But something else,  
A somewhat hidden treasure,  
That resembles  
the crystal clear ocean;  
Yes, I realize  
I am searching for a part of me  
A part of myself, a part of my soul  
I probably always left in that seashore;  
Long trace of the footprints,  
Left there on the sand  
Reminded me of my long journey,  
and the days that laid ahead...



But, the scent of the ocean  
and sense of sand in my feet  
Makes me feel whole again  
I had found the missing part of me  
I'm ready to keep walking on the sand  
With footprints as my friend.  
At that moment  
My hand had opened up  
And let the seashells go  
Leaving them where they belonged.

July 2015

Mirela Athanas

# Silence

There is no silence absolute,  
Not anywhere...  
Not in the night,  
Not in the day,  
nor somewhere you search to find;  
Sounds are heard everywhere,  
some sweet and subtle, some acute;  
Everything has a sound,  
has voice,  
Your breath,  
The moonlight,  
The sunset,  
The stars in the night,  
Your thoughts  
of things you deem to protect,  
They resonate,  
Even a picture speaks,  
A thousand words,  
Unheard;  
An object so antique  
Tells stories,  
In silence,  
but with echoed sound,  
of years gone by,  
of people's hands and touch;  
There is no silence absolute,  
Nowhere you can find;  
Except...  
The exception is only one,  
The smile and voice,  
Of a person so dear,  
You wait to see and hear,  
For years and years gone by,  
Yet they never come,  
Never appear;  
That's silence,  
By pure definition,  
Painful and Sheer....

Mirela Athanas (c)  
November 2015

Mirela Athanas

# Soul Petals

Open your Soul Petals,  
And look at me  
with no judgment,  
You have not known me,  
but I'm here now,  
in front of you,  
I'm just passing by,  
and we'll leave footprints  
in each other's eyes.

When you look at me,  
pass no judgment,  
Who I am  
is years of life  
lived somewhere  
you never did,  
thus, never understand;  
Where I am,  
only that you know  
not even who I'll be  
Or, were I'll go.

So please,  
For now  
For this moment...  
Open your Soul Petals  
spread out,  
And bring your eyes to me  
With Love  
.....Acceptance.  
And understand  
That, had I had your life  
I would be who you are today,  
I would be you,  
So we are one,  
We are the same,  
In the rise and fall,

I'm no different than you at all.

Mirela Athanas, Boston, Summer 2007

Mirela Athanas

# Sunset

Sunset

I kissed a ray of the sunset  
just now with my eyelashes,  
the sun mesmerized my eyes  
while it was going to rest  
with golden red colored skies,  
coming through branches of a tree,  
it was impossible to leave  
without showing my love;  
The sun kissed me goodbye  
for today,  
tomorrow, it promised, back it will be  
at the same time  
with even better colors  
after the whole world had seen.

I will sleep better this way  
I have a promise,  
and the sun never lies  
it's too bright to do so,  
I am sun kissed,  
So I will sleep in peace,  
dreaming for that new day  
my new made friend  
will brighten up tomorrow.

If it promised better colors  
of the golden red  
maybe the ray  
I gave a kiss to  
traveled away  
to spread love  
to the world, in every corner.  
hoping that peace will come.

Mirela Athanas (c) July 28 2015



# Sweet Memory Of You

Oh sweet memory of you,  
wraps me whole,  
Like a white veil  
Gliding from your soul,  
With a breeze that caresses,  
And around evolves,  
Reminiscent of many embraces;  
Oh sweet memory of you,  
Covers me entirely,  
In loving tenderness,  
And like wings  
of a white butterfly,  
Touches softly, endlessly,  
And swirls quietly around;  
I want to catch a glimpse,  
But it leaves so quickly,  
And blends up with the clouds;  
Sweet memory of you,  
Of all the sweetest,  
Come by white butterfly,



And stay with me for a while...

Don't leave my dearest,

When you stay,

All clouds disappear,

And you'll see, that day,

We will both fly

So freely up together,

In perfect Blue Skies.

Mirela Athanas 08/13/2016

Mirela Athanas

# The Autumn Rose

The Autumn Rose

A yellow rose silently bloomed,  
One morning, in the cold of Autumn,  
Unending rain had cast a gloom  
on bare branches, already forgotten,  
their colorful leaves, fallen and doomed,  
blown by tempestuous winds, in air are floating;

But, there, in that mystique November day,  
the startling yellow rose stands tall,  
She is so fresh, strong and full of grace,  
elegant petals, crystallized in gliding raindrops,  
No wind can bare her sprout, her soul  
standing there, her beauty, beautifies more;  
even more beautiful than her time in Spring,  
when she first blossomed, and Skies adorned;  
Her petals danced for long with the wind,  
yet, were never blown away and never dropped,  
Although, in every second, it almost seemed  
as if...like leaves, they all could fall,  
She kept her petals untouched and gleamed.

What strength to be taken from this rose!  
Her striking resemblance with me and you, her poise,  
Her grace, akin to Human's best, Heaven bestowed;  
We stand and bloom, in rain, winter and cold,  
We keep our petals deep, deep in our soul,  
our souls are roses, whose petals never fall,  
They blossom, wide open,  
in Winter,  
Spring,  
Summer,  
Autumn;  
And forever, eternally, as this Autumn rose  
day, and day after day, our souls beautify more.

November 11,2015



# The Best Of Me Stays

The best of me stays

The best of me stays,  
It's written in courage by stones,  
It's written by raindrops in days,  
Not forgotten, not vanished, never gone;

The best of me stays,  
It's carved in seashells by memories,  
It's shaped in footprints by vibrant waves,  
Not forgotten, never gone, eternal reveries;

The best of me stays,  
It's written in beauty by stars.  
It's written in the Moon by chaste,  
By Dreams,  
Not forgotten, never gone, forever memoirs;

The best of me stays,  
It's written in petals by Love,  
It's written by purity in Sun rays,  
Not gone, not vanished, never forgotten;

The best of me stays,  
It's written in music by notes,  
It's written by notes in my Name,  
The best of me stays,  
It never fades away... It's never lost...

Mirela Athanas ©- July 2,2016

Mirela Athanas

# The Door

The door

I took the train...  
One thousand times better  
had I not;  
It was the wrong one,  
I ran to catch it,  
Behind me The door closed;  
Slightly, one second later,  
Would've closed in front of me,  
One thousand times better,  
Had I let go of that second.

The train took off,  
I stayed at the door,  
It felt right to leave it,  
Kept thinking maybe,  
Maybe, in the next stop,  
I will walk out,  
maybe, in the next stop.

The door opened and closed,  
At every train station,  
Yet, I didn't take that chance,  
I thought myself too strong,  
I thought...  
A train ride would not break me.

But, I waited too long...  
Now the train had taken its course,  
It was too late to go on,  
and too late to walk out,  
and when I walked,  
a lot had changed;  
I waited too long...  
way too long.

Now, I think often of that day,  
I even imagine,

Taking myself by hand  
And run through time,  
To walk out of that door,  
in that split second I walked in;

I run back, back in time,  
Holding myself by hand  
Right in that split second,  
And never get into that train,  
Walk forcedly out of that door;  
And free myself,  
And breath fresh air,  
And walk freely,  
And nothing ever happens,  
Life is as it was and  
As it should've been,  
A thousand times better  
That door I had not seen.

Next time  
when in front of a train,  
take one second,  
think...  
before you go in,  
through that door,  
If it's really the train  
You were waiting for.

Mirela Athanas

# The Hat In Blues And Greens

I wore a Hat that summer,  
While walking in the seashore  
It was of colors blue and green,  
and brought the Sun through woven holes,  
with some reflections never seen.

The wind blew it often  
throwing it to the Ocean waves,  
many times I ran to catch it  
and put it back even wet.

The wind blew it often  
throwing it to the sparkling sand,  
many times I ran to catch it  
wearing it even with grains.

The wind blew it often  
throwing it to the shells,  
all the times I ran to catch it,  
wearing it even with bells.

My face was sunlit.  
with dripping bubbles from the sea  
turning in shades of blues and greens,  
crystallized by sandy grains.

The wind blew if often  
to the waves, to the sand,  
to the shells and up in air,  
every time I ran to catch it,  
and put it back as my shield.

Now...  
It sits there in the corner  
The Hat in blues and greens;  
Waiting for...  
a wind to blow through the window.  
Will the wind take it away?  
Will it fly to a beautiful place?

So I can run fast to catch it,  
and see more things I haven't seen?  
Will the wind from the window  
Blow it far, far away  
So I can run fast to catch it  
To the dawning of a whole new day?

Mirela A. J. - Aug 2014

Mirela Athanas



# There Was A Time

There was a time  
When life  
was a flowing stream,  
a never ending fountain,  
a continuing dance,  
a perpetual dream;

There was a time,

When minutes were seconds  
And hours were minutes,  
And by hour went all years...  
And there were those times,  
Beautiful as a fairytale,  
When within only one minute,  
You lived a thousand years long,

There was a time,

When life was a sparkling flow

A flow that moved  
Faster than the river  
Faster than the waves  
Faster than the wind..  
On a road marvelously paved -

There was a time,

When life was a flow,  
When walking meant running,  
And running meant flying,  
When one breath,  
Meant a million breaths,  
A million breaths together,  
Where life's beating heart  
Was strongly, mightily held.

There was a time,

When life was flowing  
On a road marvelously paved,  
On a road magically lit,  
Where birds sang in immensity,  
And walking there was either a dream,  
Or a walk to the infinite,  
The infinite of beauty as it seemed;

There was a time,

When life was a dance,  
It was a song, it was music,  
Each step, another chance,  
Each breath, a thousand muses.

There was a time,

When life was so easy,  
When waking up,  
Was such a joy,  
When the spring breeze,  
Entered the window,  
Scented with flowers,  
as an invite to follow...  
To follow the breeze  
Wherever it will go .....

There was that time

When the scented breeze,  
Would make you fly,  
Its scent  
would bring you everywhere  
Like...  
A Sylph that danced,  
With flowers in eternal fields,  
A Sylph that sang  
Every night for all the lovers,  
For all the world to love  
For all the world to peace...

There was a time....  
But I can't live,  
Without the believe  
That,  
that time can still be....

I will grasp that flow again  
I will enter that fountain,  
.I will feel the breeze,  
The scent of all the flowers,  
I will catch that breath  
The one for a million breaths,  
That holds life's beating heart together;  
I will follow that scented breeze,  
I will find the Sylph,  
The mystic creature,  
To dance in eternal fields,  
To sing to all that is.  
And bring back the time  
That time that was and  
That will be still.....

Mirela Athanas ©

Mirela Athanas

# To Julia

To Julia  
-my niece-

Loving young lady  
my niece you are  
fast did years go by,  
I held you in my arms  
the little tiny baby  
with beautiful brown eyes.

Beautiful big eyes  
of a baby with a tiny cry  
your fingers so fragile  
I was afraid to touch;  
Now...  
as many as your years,  
tall you grew,  
and your long fingers  
placed in the white a black keys  
play beautiful piano melodies.

How fast time goes,  
we played together  
we singed & danced often,  
we watched all Disney shows  
we played the piano in synchrony  
you with the left hand  
me with the right,  
happiness is only described as that;  
Nothing in the world can be that happy.

I taught you the keyboard  
and how to keep your hand,  
You taught me a big chord  
A huge smile with eyes content.

We bought candies,  
Ice cream,  
snacks at the vending machine,

we rode the bus & the train,  
walked in the sun and rain,  
ran in the beaches and the sand,  
you loving the ocean water,  
swimming like a dolphin,  
me, holding your hand  
as the 'big' swimmer I am.

If you taught me one thing,  
Is to smile big,  
To be happy, no matter what,  
And full of energy  
to love tenderly,  
and always unconditionally.

If I taught you one thing  
and one thing only,  
I hope it is...  
to love yourself,  
and give love softly,  
and follow your passion,  
I hope your passion you keep  
of playing piano, and Rach 2 & 3.

Loving young lady,  
Years went by so fast,  
Now we don't play that often,  
But those memories are there to last,  
always and forever;  
We talk about piano, composers  
I love when that happens,  
The only thing we still do  
From the days a little girl you were,  
is have ice cream together,  
and that is part of the love,  
transcended in the years.

Loving young lady  
My niece you are,  
Fast did years go by,  
I held you in my arms,  
The little tiny baby

With beautiful brown eyes.  
In the years to come  
I hope and pray  
The woman of your dreams  
You become  
And we eat ice cream  
Again,  
Every time we meet  
As love is always sweet.

Loving young lady  
I loved you then,  
I love you now,  
and will love you forever....

Mirela Athanas (c) July 2015

Mirela Athanas

# We Have Been Blessed

We have been blessed

We have been blessed  
with a journey  
of some years together  
a journey walked in light,  
in love and tender,  
a journey of pure bliss,  
of pure surrender  
to the divine being  
OF US.

We were blessed  
into this journey  
through innocent steps  
taken separately  
towards the meeting point  
at the start of happiness,  
divinely walking into  
this many, many miles long,  
journey of togetherness.

Step by step we walked,  
and never got tired  
always hand in hand,  
whomever hand was stronger  
held the other.

We were blessed  
with a journey  
of a million stars falling  
to brighten our way  
with their light and shine,  
we walked on earth  
same path,  
same time...  
soul in soul  
hand in hand

heart in heart.  
Love in love,  
the purest, the divine  
the child hearted love  
the powerful love.

We were blessed  
into this journey  
and walked it,  
it was given to us  
it was destined.  
And although,  
as in all journeys,  
we saw the ending point,  
The Blessing  
continues still,  
Our footsteps  
are there  
left on the sand of life  
one by one imprinted  
and strong,  
they pull themselves from the earth  
and embrace us,  
strongly and warmly  
when in need of a Hug  
to remind us of love,  
of the pure love,  
of The Love.

Today  
when in different journeys  
we walk different paths,  
but it doesn't matter  
That long journey of US  
was enough,  
to last a lifetime in our hearts.

Mirela Athanas



# We Loved Each Other Between Dreams

We loved each other in between Dreams  
When stars rose high, and us asleep;  
By wish, each shooting star at us would beam,  
Enlightening the door of lover's keep.

That Door was opened, in every dream,  
To enchanting tales, and worlds not seen,  
We entered, as lovers enter the sublime,  
Our Hearts held keys beyond realities!

We loved each other in between nights,  
When stars rose bright, and us asleep;  
Distant, as stars, but so near our hearts,  
Staying together, dream after dreaming deep.

We loved each other in Dreams, where we belonged,  
Lips that didn't kiss, kissed passionately there,  
Unsung Melodies, were Danced for long,  
Walks by sunsets in the sand, done with no end...

So, my love, nothing was lost, nothing gone,  
Our love was saved by never ending dreams,  
My love, your love, was engraved in that door,  
Where dreams meet reality, the Door that never sleeps...

Mirela Athanas

# We Met This Day

We met this day,  
So many years ago,  
Sitting at a café,  
Two tables apart, or so...

You were alone,  
I was nineteen,  
You looked at me  
All through the evening...

25 You might've been,  
I saw your eyes,  
They spoke as if...  
By love they entered their dream.

I was happily celebrating  
A couple's marriage,  
Their anniversary was the 20th,  
A Love I called my parents!

.....

A guitar was playing,  
A soft and rhythmic tone,  
A very familiar tango,  
That tango became many songs....

Later... you said  
That at that moment,  
You thought of taking me to dance,  
It wasn't easy then to comment,  
But perhaps...  
You missed the perfect chance.

The music played all night,  
At the café by the sea,  
The sound of waves accompanying...  
A gaze...only stars above could see.

It seemed as if by destiny....  
Our paths crossed that night,

Unknown remains if blessedly,  
Or by a curse in disguise!

You said you wanted to dance  
That night when you first saw me,  
I was so young, I would've said Yes!

.....  
Surrounded by stars, waves, melodies,  
.....  
Love doesn't need much else...

Many times, I asked myself,  
As may have you,  
What would've happened,  
If that dance became true...

If we had danced that night,  
Love would've instantly sparked,  
While stars were casting their light,  
love would've had its awe start,  
And lived a few minutes enough,  
To last one day, another and the other,  
In eternity, unbroken, untouched.

But, we didn't dance,  
It was just a two hour gaze,  
You left, I left,  
Wondering, if we should've amazed.

Continuously, your eyes,  
Followed me that summer,  
While playing in the sand,  
Or chasing the waves at Sea,  
Everywhere your eyes, I could sense,  
But never did you speak to me.

We later met again,  
By another kind of destiny,  
I fell in love, deeply,  
Purely, genuinely, innocently.  
Without pretention, or entitlement,  
Surrendering to my feelings,

Willing to love and sacrifice.  
You said you loved me too,  
I trusted your word and believed;

...

But it happened so differently,  
Things had changed,  
We went some other place,  
Different from where...  
We would've gone with that dance...

This is why I remembered  
That dance that didn't happen,  
And that night,  
It would've been different,  
If we had just danced,  
Under all the perfect circumstances,  
Neither, you or I,  
Asked for that chance;  
To meet...  
It was serendipity,  
The kind of thing,  
Fairies brings,  
That last forever,  
And nothing,  
Nothing breaks, or parts.

So yes, we met again,  
We fell in love,  
We gazed at the stars,  
We held hands,  
You held me,  
You kissed me,  
My first kiss,  
We embraced,  
I wrote you letters,  
Like Tatiana would,  
You painted our love,  
With a pencil of wood, ...,  
And then gifted those papers,  
To me,  
... as love's testimony;  
We walked for miles,

Away from the world,  
From everything,  
Yet, we only kissed,  
And only embraced,  
It was so pure and sincere,  
We couldn't pass the brink.  
It wasn't easy,  
Yet it was strong,  
It would've been strong enough,  
To live a few more years,  
Only a few more years,  
Would've been enough.

And, of course,  
There came the day,  
When, per requirement,  
We never were to meet,  
So from then and there,  
Everything got blurred,  
Uncertain, .....

We parted....  
Per my love,  
Nothing was strong enough,  
To break a love,  
A feeling,  
A belonging,  
It would've worked out,  
With time,  
We would've met again.  
I was naïve,  
I was in love,  
I believed...

But no,  
We never met again,  
To this day,  
And we never will...  
I know that in my heart.

What else is there to say,  
Nos,  
It wasn't meant to be?

How can I,  
When all stars  
Were accompanying you and me,  
Right there at that balcony  
By the Sea.

Where everything was waiting,  
For us,  
Right there,  
At that café,  
Even the guitar...

It could've been a dream,  
All together,  
Start to end,  
A love rarely seen.

But, there's nothing else to say,  
Now the ifs and buts are over,  
It's too late in the day,  
Too Late, to evenplay...

The only thing remaining,  
Is the goodbye we never said,  
And I think it's time,  
To finally say it now.

Goodbye,  
Farewell,  
Hope life treated you nice,  
And, you lived a fairy tail.

You only get one chance in love,  
That is my belief,  
Any other chances do not measure,  
To the one your young self lived.

I wonder if during this long time,  
You ever thought of me,  
I do not wonder, I know you did,  
I only wonder, if you cried a bit.

If you did cry,  
Remember that tear,  
You'll know how I feel,  
When I think of you dear.

So now Goodbye for real,  
Farewell and take care,  
When aging brings you tears,  
Think of that dance,  
Think of that chance,  
My life, your life,  
Would've probably been different;  
There are things that we still  
Don't know,  
And don't realize!  
But one thing is certain.  
We may have not danced that night,  
But as dreamers,  
Years after years,  
As I've written before,  
Night after sleeping night,  
In dreams...  
That dance happened  
Many times, in our minds and heart...

July 31,2017

Mirela Athanas

# What Is Happiness

What is happiness  
What is happiness, many ask;  
More than an answer it's a feeling,  
Everyone has its own standards,  
But here's what I think it is:

Happiness is living an endless dream.  
A fairytale of the modern days

It's music felt through your veins like a river,  
that streams to your heart, and makes it sing.

It's breathing the sunrise  
with the promise of a new day

It's a beautiful surprise  
that takes your breath away.

An enchanted moment that stops the hands of time,  
A wondrous view that you can't leave behind.

A moment you never thought would come.

Happiness is the epitome of Love.  
It's a dance to the infinite.

Happiness is a talk with an old friend,  
The innocent laughter of a child at play,  
The youthful smile of an aged man,  
It's a hug from someone you never met,  
It's a kiss from the one you love, at the view of sunset.

Happiness is family harmonized at best,  
It's seeing a father holding his child's hand,  
It's a mother feeling a newborn's heart,  
It's the first step of the beautiful child;  
It's seeing your efforts to fruition,  
It's giving from your heart, it's kindness multiplied;  
It's seeing a smile on everyone you have near,



A healing so long awaited for,  
A pain that miraculously disappears.

Happiness is running barefoot in the sand  
with someone dear holding your hand.  
It's dancing until the end.  
It's laughing everyday, even with yourself,  
It's the child within, that never goes away.

An enchanted moment that stops the hands of time,  
A wondrous view that you can't leave behind.

Happiness is peace,  
it's the world without hunger.  
It's a miracle that erases every sickness and every pain

It's feeling your heart beat  
together with the rhythm of a song,  
Happiness is Life's waterfront,  
It's seeing yourself where you belong.

Mirela Athanas (c) Aug 2015

Mirela Athanas

# When You Come Back

When  
you come back,  
I know you will,  
I'll gaze  
at your face  
and stay still  
for a few...  
And then  
I will touch you,  
I'll touch  
your eyes,  
your lips,  
your cheeks,  
your hair.  
No, I will not touch  
I will caress  
gently  
until...  
my fingers,  
like warm  
rays of sunshine  
carry a message  
to my heart  
and my soul,  
that it's true this time,  
that it's real,  
that  
You and I  
are really here  
again...  
Again...  
after all these years.  
When  
You come back,  
I know it's near,  
I'll gaze  
at your face  
and stay still  
for long...

until...  
I can finally  
open my arms  
and give  
You, My Love,  
A hug  
big and strong,  
like the biggest rainbow  
Hugging the highest mountain,  
so you'll know  
HOW  
MUCH  
you were missed...  
And than...  
I'll start  
with a kiss...

March 25,2009

Mirela Athanas