

Poetry Series

Vanesa Varga
- poems -

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Vanesa Varga(27.02.1986.)

A Pair

Man sits across of me,
What an awful presence.
He lifts one leg over the other,
Pulls his jacket a bit down,
And grins.

A woman sits across of him.
She leans towards him,
Charmingly smiling.
What an idiot!

Vanesa Varga

Dreams

A black cat,
Number three,
A random name
And an acquaintance
From a decade ago.

This is how a mind
Speaks to a heart.
With dreams made
Under white sheets
And animal print blankets.

Vanesa Varga

Europa

Woman, look at your face, you haven't got one.
What shall I call you: Aaeesha, Wahida, Azizah?
Take off you garments and dance away those veils.
Your religion is your hair, grow it long as rivers and show it off.
Your gods are many and you have carried them in your womb.
Woman, your name is Katarina and you will avenge yourself.

Vanesa Varga

Feeding Ourselves

It isn't that I linger, nor am I obsessed
I've asked Poseidon to destroy you
Because you still make me crave for music
Incapable to move, bound to a bed and my mind
Feeding myself with nostalgia

Do not pass by me, do not touch my hair
You've stormed through the cities and left them in ruins
You who know nothing of sentiments in the walls
Nothing is left to be seen, you took it all
Feeding yourself with memories

Two of us, passing each other by,
With wine glasses at dinner time,
Feeding ourselves with remorse

Vanesa Varga

Glass Figurine

Why am I not loved as others are?
Have I worn this garment of glass for too long?
I am a figurine which does not speak and can not touch you,
I am a prince with no sparrow to keep me company.

Every night I try to get closer to the edge,
Rumbling and tumbling, when all is silent and asleep,
I wish I could come closer to the rim of the shelf where I stand,
I want to fall and shatter.

Pick up my pieces!
Cut your hands on my sharp edges,
Feel my touch at last!

Vanesa Varga

How Artemia Lost Her Brother

Heart has gone sober and cold.
These were the days when it was forbidden to wear
green, white and gold.

Artemia placed the bowl on the carpet
Sitting on the floor, masterfully she handled the dough.
Swiftly, gently and then slow.

Angry blue eyes never looked up.
That was the night when Argus sat near her once more.
Silent, sad and in blood war.

Artemia and Argus have parted.
Not a word was spoken, not a look was shared.
Soul mates have not paired.

Vanesa Varga

How To Decrown A King

This is a story of how men rise to power,
And a tale on how they become horned gods.
If you have ever wanted me to write you a poem,
There it is.
A verse for a Faun incapable to fornicate with Nymphs.
Here is a threat to you and yours.

They choose a man born in village,
A spitting hole they all came from.
For a man to be a leader he needs his pack.
There they are.
Minions with warts and large noses, more hags than men
Loud with words that have no meaning.

There you are.
A king in finest suit surrounded and admired by mass,
A prince who fails to erect for one simple task.

There I am.
A witch who sees you for who you are.
A weakling, a coward with no stamina.
This is how I take your crown: you are not a man.

Vanesa Varga

I Have An Guru

I have an guru for when I need advice
When I am looking to get instant emotion
I lurk on Marc, we went to school together
He does not mind

My virtual diet is the latest trend
I track men on Instagram
And lose weight when I see their girlfriends
I look at them for an hour and get skinny in two

I ask the screen I dwell upon am I pretty
Tinder calls me sexy
Algorithms claim my face has good proportions
And then all is well, Snow White can live another day

I have googled out my present and deleted my past
I have an guru who tells my future
He replies with yes and no
If you need one google him too

Vanesa Varga

Into The Depths Of Naraka

Into the depths of Naraka
I am not allowed to be afraid anymore
Fifth rider is trotting alone
Parading his gilded bridle
Lost in movement of the saddle

Christianity has fallen
God makes me cry, he is powerless
This is now home to Rasatala
Eternal entity to worship for a low price
Pay in tears, blood or other flesh born spice

I have burned myself as a witch a million times
And was granted a scarf to hide my face
Everyday day is a good day since the last one has passed
We have survived and were given a gift
Lovely silence and an urge to drift

Vanesa Varga

Love's Vendetta

I spent three years waiting for you to turn your head from the Moon you fell in love with to the Sun that I am. I would have burned you with such love and passion you have never felt. You never turned to me.

You are a cruel one. But I understand you better than anyone else. You see, we are alike in so many ways, alike by love for ourselves and our egos. And I know you searched for me with a corner of your eye because I made yours strong.

Now you stand in front of me asking for another boast. No! Know this, when even this little bit of mist around us falls down, we are stuck together, forever. Because in my moment of madness I wrote yours and mine name on a piece of paper and placed it under a statue of Venus.

I bound us forever with a help of a heathen goddess who played a trick on us. We are my darling to wonder and often regret and ask ourselves... what if? For the rest of our lives our paths are to cross over and over again.

Such sweet curse, is it not? But I am calm, for yesterday I wrote his name on a piece of paper and placed it under that same statue. He will be my Moon, and you my Sun.

Vanesa Varga

Nereid's Curse

Stay away from my shores
Do not disturb my sands
The horizons may seem still
But I cannot go against my nature
I will go wild, my waves will crush
I will pull you down till your last breath
Final touch of mine will erase your footsteps
And then
... silence...
... a gentle breeze...
to attract another fool?

Vanesa Varga

Questions Of The Lost

Why I hate you still and love you forever is only fair
when a whole life floats through a heart.
Will you forgive me for the days when butterflies passed me by,
because they do stop now?
Where should I look when the Sun is too bright?
Wisdom knows when to turn away but I have none.
When will I be found by myself and then by others?
I miss home - has been said a hundred times.
Can you stand behind me and grab me when I start to run?
Please do.
How should I call you in dreams and what is your name behind closed eyes?
Is this a final verse? It couldn't be because questions deserve answers.
Should I write a billion more?

Vanesa Varga

You And Me

Imagine a dull world,
Where you is me.
I don't want to be you,
because I love me.

Do not be envious,
You can not be me
So all you can do,
Is be you.

Vanesa Varga