

Poetry Series

# **Olga Statilko**

## **- poems -**

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**Olga Statilko(11th April 1998)**

# Curiosity

'Beware of the rabbit'  
She told me that night  
'It might lure you to places unknown.  
Before the beginning,  
you'll have abandoned the fight  
and the soul that you once used to own.'

Olga Statilko

# Hatred

In this world,  
which is nothing but cold,  
I was bound to be born  
and live;  
I was bound to be hated,  
fated,  
because of actions I never did,  
words I never spoke.  
That's how I broke.  
For, hatred, creates hatred,  
and pain leads to pain,  
while the sanity slips away  
and everything's in vain;  
minds lose their colour,  
hearts cruelly brake,  
people are shattered,  
not to ever become great

Olga Statilko

# Heaven

Where the sky touches the earth

and all the people sing.

Where there is no death,

that's where we shall meet.

Until then let's remain,

in a world so wrong.

Dreaming of a paradise,

where there is no cold.

Olga Statilko

# Ignorance

It has all begun again  
Living a lie once more  
Believing that you need me  
Not knowing that I'm wrong.  
But there you go again  
Feeding me with lies  
Claiming that you love me  
While thinking otherwise.

Olga Statilko

# The Cat

A terrified black cat  
which has lost its collar  
Unable to go back  
or move forward  
Used to a given life  
Can't adapt to the streets  
Unable to survive  
before death it kneels

Olga Statilko

# The Past

And oh, those memories...  
they all rush back,  
in such a rapid pace.  
They bring no happiness though; no warmth.  
Only disgrace.  
So tell me, am I to blame for being so cold?  
Or is it, after all, their fault?

Olga Statilko



# The Way Of Liberation

A blade can be liberating, yes  
its touch the promise of freedom.  
Yet...even though the pain is less,  
what has become of your kingdom?

Olga Statilko

# Trust

Trust me.

Because I've been what you've been through.

I know what pain feels like, I've met the darkness too.

Trust me.

And when the darkness comes again,  
there will be two of us, fighting to death.

Trust me.

And if you do,  
you're going to be trusted too.

Olga Statilko