

Poetry Series

**ONElia AVElar**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

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# ONElia AVElar()

SORRY, my LIFE is permanently UNDER CONSTRUCTION.  
I work hard on it :) no time for writing my memoirs!



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## 2adam

I owe him a poem  
A poem at least  
To Adam  
He once gave me  
One of his ribs  
Eve

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# Above The Love

above  
the croissant of new moon  
dipped in the milky foam of clouds  
below  
the hungry fishes of my thoughts  
jump out of the imaginarium  
to catch  
the falling lunar crumbs  
to feed the newborn  
love

Special thanks to R.V.©, who translated the poem in French (quite well!)

Au dessus,  
le croissant de la nouvelle lune  
se mélange à la mousse laiteuse des nuages.  
Au dessous,  
les poissons affamés de mes pensées  
sautent hors de l'imaginarium  
afin d'attraper les miettes de lune tombantes,  
pour nourrir le nouveau-né...  
AMOUR.

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# Organic

the lizard of happiness  
crawls down my neck  
swift crossing bosom -  
thin flash on hot skin  
disappears noiseless  
between opening-legs  
in a concrete building  
on the seventh floor  
air conditioner and iron bed  
digit-key-code for the door  
plastic table and TV  
still organic you and me

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# A Golden Fish

Reincarnation turned me  
into golden fish  
now I am cursed to fulfill  
wish after wish.

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## \*'In The Beginning Was The Word'

but now the lake of words is dry  
the eyes produce no rain  
from clouds of thoughts

the pink flamingo  
of my nose bows down  
to reach my mouth

i do not keep the silence  
i do not... but guess  
the silence keeps me...

or may be not...

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# Actions End Undone

Words leave paper  
actions end undone  
like raw crabs  
leaving my plate one by one  
I watch them smiling  
vegetating happily  
cause I am...  
a sated vegetarian...

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# The Streets Of Sofia

roman ruins  
graffiti on the walls  
chewing gum  
and flowers  
cover the asphalt  
and cobblestone  
sound of high heels  
evoke wanton thoughts  
soon being dispelled  
by lazy clapper  
of Byzantine church  
hungry sparrows,  
obtrusive beggars  
oddly arouse appetite  
for easy life,  
for good meals  
in cosy restaurants...

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# Upside-Down

Again I feel as if i'm jumping  
from the bridge with bungee cord  
ironically called 'the devil's tail'  
upside-down my heart gets  
suddenly into my head  
my mind now listening to it  
the sound of lonely pulsar  
knocked out of its orbit  
still pulling devil by the tail  
I pray to God 'Don't let me fail'

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## A (F) Lashback

That night our anger and pain  
took the shape of a rain  
poured down - lashing slaps  
in the face of blooming daisies  
plashing water's smooth surface  
of puddles oiled by yellow moon  
In the morning I felt... ashamed  
looking at the soaked faces  
of the beaten tender daisies.

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**Ah,**

The wind brought you to me that day.  
I recognized the pale face  
of an honorable man.  
All signs were there to prove,  
that you were true, so true.  
I bowed to take you -  
lost banknote, laying at my feet  
on the crowded street.

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# Points And Dots

He said: 'You love poetry,  
i am a raw materialist -  
we lack a point '.' of contact! '  
An open end and  
three dots... ensued

Sofia, the 6th of October 2009

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# Immigrant To Someone Else's Bed - Nightmares

The nightmares  
of the immigrant  
to another's,  
someone else's bed,  
the one who leaves  
an old nuptial couch  
to look for softer one outside,  
for tender touch somewhere...  
there, sleeping  
in someone's warm hug  
bad dreams of raid  
and deportation... back

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# A Metamorphosis

Huddled up in the cloister of her hair  
beyond red lips her teeth - white rosary  
It's all she needs to be a nun in privacy.

Huddled up in the veil of her hair  
beyond red lips her teeth - white seeds  
It's all she needs to sow longings.

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# Non-Predictable Trajectory

My roving eyes - asteroids

with no predictable trajectory

collide with yours

the blow so oddly softened

by blooming irises of eyes

not even sparkles do arise

just short exchange of smiles

This special providence is

sometimes something very nice.

I am about to kiss

the finger of fate twice.

(this is a B-day poem in advance :)

Sofia,07/07/09

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# Colonies Of Mind

In exotic colonies  
of pagan thoughts  
my consciousness  
is desperate roaming  
since months,  
with malaria fever  
unshaved and thirsty  
a christian missionary  
in a heaven of nudity  
deep in the jungle  
amidst naked natives  
my common sense  
rambling odd Latin  
with feverish haste  
censures the flesh  
for its primitive tastes.

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## Graphophilia\*

She read the few lines once,  
took words out of their context,  
enjoyed them one by one,  
then put them back in place  
and licked with eyes the space  
between the few lines, where  
bitter caramel of melted sense,  
suggested meanings in low cadence,  
were oozing from the terse substance  
of lover's message, brief and dense.

\*graphophilia - abnormal affection towards writing, handwriting, written text etc  
:).

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# Cold Diamond Edge

Of your persistent silence  
cold diamond edge  
threatens to turn soon  
into gravel Stonehenge.

To break my heart.  
To cut my tongue.

Or just to split  
the wooden bench,  
where once in mid of it  
we loved to sit.

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# The Belly Dance

Fine sand  
enclosed in a glass  
in a sandy desert  
in one hour dream  
till the turnover  
no more no less  
a sandglass dreams  
a sweet dream due  
to its shapes

it dances in an oasis  
...belly dance...

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## Second Prime

Dig into pockets of the time,

take out all memories,

collected in your prime;

unzip the horizon

and let them slowly

through the line,

that separates apparently

the earth from sky.

The chance for second prime,

like two dawns for a day,

is maybe worth a try?

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# A Lotus' Dream

A lotus dreams of pollination  
far from the fast streams...  
My lotus pose for meditation  
provokes insects and bees  
to come, alight and look  
for nectar, pollen, seeds  
and so disturb my concentration,  
ignore my higher needs  
and bring a Buddha-smile to my face  
by tickling tenderly my heels...

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# Aloud

Candy words  
melting in your mouth.  
Too proud  
to say them aloud?  
Yet you sigh,  
you moan out loud.  
Still they find a way  
to leave, though  
you did not mean  
to dropp them out.  
And you hope,  
all will vaporize unheard -  
lapses of an eager heart...

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# Old Love Affair

Once a venture  
now an old love seems to me  
like a sugar avalanche -  
a storm in a cup of tea!

Yet, you can see  
beyond blue petals  
the cracked bone of  
white bone chinaware,

my teaspoon gently  
touching the worn-out tableware  
is telling bizarre stories  
about an old love affair.

Sofia,20/10/08

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# The Fall From Grace

...In perpetual drive,  
with serpentine motions,

till you get in the capsule  
of Adam's embrace.

Inside it only, preserved you'll keep  
your girlish beauty and youthful grace,

hissed the snake to Eve once  
and slipped back in the grass...

Sofia,28/09/08

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# The Beauty Of Camel

The beauty of the camel  
seen only  
in the desert,

where the humped back  
of dromedary simply follows  
the mild curves of the dunes;

while in its regal gait  
you get assurance, that both of you  
can gain access to the oasis' gate;

where life, reduced to essentials,  
holds in esteem  
the Survivors.

Sofia, the 7th of 2008

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# Infrared Portrait

In the darkness of the night  
he paints a portrait in red  
Through warmth he delineates  
a delicate body shape.  
All cold around in black.  
Bodies move slowly  
like hot pieces of lava,  
in many nuances of red.  
Illumination radiated by heat,  
filtered warily in his head.  
He created a portrait  
beyond visible present  
of a lady in infra-red.

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## Lie`s Style

'Lies have short legs.'  
But they wear  
posh silky tights  
and prefer to...lie  
(instead of running  
or aiming too high) .

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# The Guidelines

As long as you can,  
try to stay  
in the range of my heart  
my most tender sensor.

Please, avoid contact  
with the cold mind,  
that crucifying inquisitor,  
my narrow, powerful censor.

Try to be more often  
in direct touch with my skin  
a perfect soft mediator,  
in parley between mind and heart.

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# Wrapped

Deep in your newspaper,  
absorbed, all wrapped,  
To take off the sheets  
seems so hard,  
to catch a glimpse  
of your face,  
so far...

But  
I start off  
a rite of unpacking:  
paper, cotton shirt, skin,  
looking for your heart, lost,  
in printing ink and wrapping.

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# Sun Sand Sea

Honey from the sky,  
sugar under feet,  
warm turquoise tea.

I let my senses revel in  
a territory of tranquility.  
In modern temples  
of sun, sand and sea,  
where all believers,  
all tourists-pilgrims  
lie almost nude  
instead of going  
down on knees.

I joined the multitude  
becoming follower  
of antique Epicurus'  
school in Greece.

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# The Eggspectations

(Female European Cuckoos lay their eggs only in the nests of other species of birds. A cuckoo egg usually closely mimics the eggs of the host)

In my nest  
I kept the eggs  
of hopes and dreams,  
close to my chest  
and tended them all  
blessed blind in patience  
and long eggspectations!  
Before their hatch  
how could I know,  
alas, I've sat upon  
a few cuckoos' eggs,  
fulfilled the dreams  
not mine, the hopes  
of someone else.

Sofia, the 15.07.2008

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# Resume Cv

Age?

Race?

Sex?

...experience?

Address?

Dress

(skirt)

Skills?

(legs)

Tongues?

Show me,

please.

Picture?

Attractiveness, hmm

Sex? -well,

turn around!

figure,

head,

sex?

Marital status?

Children?

Turn around!

Sex? well,

approved!

Go ahead!

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# X Celestial Blue And Green Of Grass

High over the white clean clouds  
she serves hot coffee in the sky  
Smiling pretty stewardess  
with one green, one blue eye  
(alluding to her dual life -  
celestial blue and green of grass)  
He saw her left side first,  
an all embracing smile,  
a green, then a blue eye...  
Ah, secret charm of dual life!  
Unearthly pleasure of the flight.  
Not far away from Earth,  
a casual face hints at the  
closeness of an unknown space.

Sofia, the 05.07.2008

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# The Arc Of Smile

A face  
emerged again from space...  
Time,  
a distorting soulless mirror  
changes brutally the shapes...  
But yet the smile,  
that arc of lips,  
the curves,  
the flaps,  
becoming deeper  
like palm lines  
where an identity  
was saved;  
unaltered ego of a kid  
a childish corn -  
the arc of smile  
for life archived.

Sofia, 02. July 2008

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# Emergency Brake

An emergency brake  
and noise of motor horn.  
No, no, they did not  
bring me to a stop,  
they did not warn.

They catapulted me!  
My consciousness,  
again in world,  
where cars, head-lights and races  
imitate motion...eyes...faces

Excuse me please,  
I was immersed in dreams...  
where car-less pedestrians  
walk barefoot and carefree  
in an exotic paradise...

Wake up, Eve! 21. Century!  
You are on the Earth!  
Road cops (no angels) .  
Stop your nostalgic, paradisiac,  
parasitic, parabolic, daydreams!

Sofia, 30. June 2008

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# Good Morning

Good morning!  
Mmmm, milky fog  
in province,  
sleepy crow of a cock,  
dizzy crickets  
in the grass  
Take your morning  
gown and join me  
on the terrace to  
watch the dawn,  
yet in a veil.  
Old peasants say,  
in foggy mornings like this  
God comes  
to the Earth  
to make incognito visits.

Sofia, the 18.06.2008

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# Deja Vu

While.....walking  
on the street.....today  
i saw my features.....imprinted  
on an elder.....woman`s face  
like simple.....copy-paste  
of nose, .....cheek-bones,  
eyebrows, .....my mouth  
.....heart-shaped  
on a barely.....crumpled sheet,  
walking past.....each other  
long seconds of...glance exchange  
Encounter.....like.....a deja vu.  
Was..... I.... a ghost to her.....then;  
coming from her past life, .....too? ....

Sofia, the 13. June 2008

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# X Cheap Talk

There was a time  
when single word of her  
was valued more  
than barrel petrol  
from the Persian Gulf  
by him...  
He calls her  
daily chatter now  
'cheap talk'  
and if we look at  
a game theory,  
it means 'a talk  
between the players, which  
does not affect  
the pay-off'. So, guys...  
Back to the Persian Gulf!

Sofia, 10. June 2008

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# Penguin And Poet

What is in common  
between  
a Penguin and a Poet?  
You may guess  
the PEN?  
Or the bizarre  
Dress Code?  
I think they both,  
like Fallen Angels  
from the Heaven  
with hints of Wings  
are walking thoughtful  
on the Earth  
and only  
while swimming  
in the Ocean  
(of Words) :  
they leave the Earth  
show Wings in Action,  
in Swimming - Flying,  
nimbleness,  
(nimbuses) ,  
a heavenly Strength...

Sofia,06.06.2008

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# Dust

In the curve of an eyelash, fallen;  
in the dust of an empty room -  
evidences of someone`s presence...

Why do you insist, you are alone?  
It is proved: Most of the skin -  
once shed becomes 'house dust'...

Hey, not a house ghost,  
Nothing about sixth sense,  
Well, call it nonsense, or ninth sense...or dust

Sofia,03.06.2008

resources: [http://wiki.answers.com/Q/Where\\_does\\_dust\\_come\\_from](http://wiki.answers.com/Q/Where_does_dust_come_from)

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# Dislocation

I sent you a kiss  
via air, alas  
The wind was not  
In your direction!  
It blew it far away  
from here  
another cheek became  
a promised landing pier  
Oh dear, we tend to  
overestimate the  
conductivity of the air.

Sofia, 02. June 2008

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# Holy Society Of Praying Mantises

In the holy society  
of praying mantises  
females have to feed by rule  
from males` bodies  
By mating, just after  
courting and dancing,  
while love-making...  
Once there was a mantis born,  
I mean hatched, with lesion  
- kindness in heart.  
She refused to eat males  
for breakfast, for lunch,  
even for dinner! (yet a small eater!)  
Soon the poor creature,  
anomaly of the nature,  
was accused of being a pervert,  
an outcast of a holy society.  
She spent her life in praying,  
writing memoirs and... love poetry...

The idea came to me after watching a documentary on Animal planet channel on tv. :)

Sofia, 28. May 2008

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# Lips Pair Off

Words` nails in the coffin of love.  
Rough words do not kill.  
They just hurt.  
Blessed deaf ears!  
Heaven is speechless life on the earth!  
Kiss is a sacred code,  
Try to decipher it:  
in minutes of silence,  
lips, formed by the finger of God  
pair off and make love.

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## New Issue

Your feelings are recycled,  
Maybe many times used,  
an echo repeated anew.  
My love too...  
We often dream  
of freshness of new love,  
of pure emotions:  
of very first issue.  
In moments of wild passion  
Mother Nature gives a clue...

Offspring, baby, new issue!

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## Just A Leaf

A dream about a kiss  
of another man  
fell slowly like a leaf  
between two bodies,  
on the bed;  
a lively yellow spot  
between white sheets...  
She worries if it is  
first autumn leaf  
of her love`s tree...  
If so, the unexpected season  
should pass soon...  
just leaves...

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# Follow Me Upstairs

In the darkness of an empty entrance  
A female voice said:  
Follow me upstairs...

Soon afterwards he lost his mind,  
His sleep, his heart, his appetite;  
Even his old leather cap...

And only his mother  
Noticed all that  
Loss...

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# X After An Accident

To D.

He is  
all heart:  
a naked,  
walking,  
talking  
heart now...  
After an accident,  
after a loss,  
his eyes, his mind,  
refused to digest  
the too crude facts;  
sometimes refused  
to work;  
But not his heart;  
it even opens more,  
like tulip,  
soak with tears:  
it grows...

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# Her Keys

Her white hand in his fair hand,  
Well nestling in the warm palm  
He caresses the bulging bone,  
And tries to roll the scroll button  
Where is her touch path?  
Her face is a radiant screen.  
Her nipples are soft keys...  
Oh, yes he loves her so much!  
If only he could find her  
Shift,  
Alt,  
Del and  
Esc(ape) keys...

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# He Wants To Get Lost

Alien streets where  
he wants to get lost

Woman`s veins which he follows  
with fingers from forehead to toes,

and the more he learns,  
conquers and knows,

the more deep in his heart,  
he wants to get lost.

It is sad, this is damn hard,  
when he knows well the roads...

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## Good Catch

long hair spread on a blue pillow  
her fishing-net full, a good catch  
sweet dreams and a man's sunken head  
deep in her blue fairy pillow...

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# Laugh-Making

under the shadow  
on the green sunny meadow  
by the rounded mossy stone  
both ate ripe watermelon

he made her laugh  
her bubbling laughter  
made him love her  
then they made love

under the blanket  
he makes her laugh  
she loves his manner  
to make her laugh...

The golden gate  
to love, my love,  
is maybe...laughter  
Make me laugh...

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# 10 Moons, 9 Months

10 moons,  
9 months,  
with 2 hearts,  
pulsing in my body.  
You try to teach me now  
love, tolerance, compassion...  
My Darling, maybe it`s just time  
to repeat my most exciting,  
10 moons,9 months long,  
thorough body-  
language  
lesson? ...

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## Coimbra \* (Anno...)

Coimbra\* (anno...)

Your lemon tree  
hung with yellow fruit  
in front of white house,  
sun, shadows on the wall;  
all is already in the  
backyard of my memory.  
There are no seasons  
and the lemon tree  
remains an evergreen  
for me.

\*Coimbra - nice place in Portugal

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# Domestic

I am at home  
but still homesick  
my homeless heart  
is sick - true home for  
heart is much to seek.

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# Prisoner Of One`s Own Words

You are not prisoner  
of what you say today.  
Do not lock yourself  
in cell of words, do not  
build a citadel.  
We need no promises,  
we need no pledge.  
We stay together -  
you and me, as long  
as we feel free...

PS.: I am not prisoner of  
my words, so, please  
be kind - forget it all,  
do not take the key.  
Thank you.

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## Eccentric

He has never been to Jerusalem,  
nor Mecca, never visited Tibet,  
Bodh Gaya, Fatima or Saragossa,  
neither seen the Pope in Rome,  
nor the British Queen.

He is clerk in bank by day -  
zealous pilgrim in a dream  
and the holiest place for him  
lies in the curve between  
women`s neck and chin.

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# Beach

Fine, warm sand under the skin;  
breeze playing with the long hair;  
seagull`s yells and distant babel;  
she feels invisible - stretched  
on the overcrowded beach;  
innocent, bare-back Eve  
from the holy Bible.

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# Peaceful Sleep Of A Thief

How peaceful is your sleep, my thief.  
Of course - deserved relief.  
You took my whole heart  
piece by piece, you think  
you own me now in full.  
Collecting fragments  
you are just pieces-ful.  
Peaceful sleep of a thief...

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# Honey-Mouthed

Fake verbal crystal sugar i was fed  
before i knew of you; your honey words  
like golden liquid fill my head;  
now i am starving for this flavoured blend;  
and being blind - all ears; whole getting sticky,  
i spend much time, gain weight, feel giddy  
and anyhow i am becoming happy captive  
of you, my clever, honey-mouthed heart-thief.

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# X Absolute Freedom

on some level we all  
are aggregations of cells  
like prisons  
if life after death exists  
liberated cells celebrate  
the absolute freedom

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# Dental Helmet

Smiling lips in my front  
Shiny enamel of teeth  
I think about my tongue,  
if they should ever meet -  
my tongue and your teeth?

Can i kiss you smiling?  
Tooth enamel is shining  
and so distracting me...  
I heard it should be  
the hardest part  
of the human body...

What if it faces the softest,  
boneless part of me;  
what are the odds of  
my supple tongue`s velvet  
against your shiny  
dental helmet...

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# Lines And Lingerie

between the lines are words  
you have to be aware  
some say the truth is there  
my thoughts are washed and fresh  
hung on - my drying underwear

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# X Lingua Nova

((Hugs)) and Love  
and LOL and WOW  
and Oh, Ah, etc...  
oh ah wow lol  
hugs and love  
song-alike slang  
ding dong dang  
:) : ( ;) : \* : D  
words and signs  
substitutes for  
longer words,  
for lack of time  
for lack of contact  
for lack of courage  
for lack of words  
or what is worse  
for lack of love

...Or too much love?  
WOW! ! ! love excessive)))  
WOW! ! ! how expressive)))  
(\*)) -) (\*))

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# X Letter To The Poet 1

Dear poet,

I use your poems to feed on my fire,  
to keep burning the desire.

After several years of marriage,  
despite the feeling still alive is:  
the Eden's apple on the table;  
the Bible's snake - now common servant,  
to serve me sex-appeal`s apples.

Love poems, used like candles,  
or coals for more fire  
of what is becoming a daily routine  
of connubial lust and desire.

Excuse me, if i did misuse,  
Your poems come  
without instructions,  
can be misinterpreted or  
misused so.

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