

Poetry Series

Pawel Vivi Kowalewski
- poems -

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Pawel Vivi Kowalewski(24 January 1987)

I'D Like To Know

I hear a voice, it came from the dark side of my soul,
Why does it want to speak? I don't want to know its words,
But somehow I can't control it so I must do it.

I'd like just to know. Nothing else, no more.
It's terrible when from one point there are many roads,
I wish to know which of these ways I should go,
And I really want to know everything that I did wrong.

I'd like just to know. Nothing else, no more.
Can I pray, without knowledge of my God,
In the pain deep in my mind when its night,
I kneel down on the ground and my speech is without sound.

And I'd like just to know. Nothing else, no more.
I'm begging you, in my eyes you can see it.
In my heart I know that only you can break the spell,
But I don't know how. Can It just be in my mind?

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Someone

What if that happened just in my mind?
And I know that someday I 'll find, .
Someone saying: You'll survive!

Maybe I was focused on the wrong thing?
And I want to ask: Where's the King?
Someone controls all of those strings!

What will be if this's just a sick dream?
Why I can't work like a team?
Someone says: Remember your beginning!

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Surplus Memories

They come to me like a rain from a pure sky.
Most of the time I was really tired.
I don't know why, but I start to cry.
Thousand of my tears, bring strange feelings inside.

How and why? Must I go to the other side?
It's the hardest thing to do, but I a swear!
Will I really go to there?
Sometimes I'm exactly like Jekyll and Hyde!

Expecting the time when I'll have just enough!
They come with your fear and the coldest touch.
So everywhere I can feel the pain, for me it's too much!
Hopefully they'll never be part of my real life.

It's so hard to find something that can be my life's joy.
So it flows slowly in a specific kind of noise.
Why do my unwanted memories inhabit in my whole body?
Silence around me. I go under, deeper, straight into a perfect folly!

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The Voices

The voices, the incapacitating voices,
They want to speak.
And you have to listen to them.
And it's too loud, and you can't hear!
It's madness, the worst nightmare!
But I hear a question. 'What should I do? '
Thousands of reminders about your funeral.
And it's too quiet, but I don't want to hear!
In these moments when I catch a smell of broken flowers
But I hear a question. 'What should I do? '
Be liked and hated at the same time.
They still want to speak!
It's a war, without sense!
Maybe just be it, it's something.
And it's a distorted view in my brain.
This brain then is blessed only from one side!
But the rest it's only a curse.

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