

Poetry Series

**Rumi Ullidov**  
**- poems -**



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## Rumi Ullidov()

Born in Komoran, 1987, Rumi Ullidov is one of the main supporters of Mediocrity in literature, especially poetry. His works include a variety of themes and topics that touch issues such as technology's impact in the Now, intimate human relations and the idea of love.

Ullidov chooses unconventional ways to publish his works, since he despises getting any benefits from them, thus categorically ignoring Publishing Houses. " I want to make poetry for my own sake" he says, this way excluding any form of criticism towards his unconventionality, which makes him a charismatic, carefree and independent human being.



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# Little Did He Know

In the yellow meadows of Ipswich Town  
there lays the body of a dead cockroach-  
covered in dead leafs and a long grass gown,  
which makes it hard to approach.  
The roach, they say, an honorable life had lived:  
he'd done harm to none, none did he hurt.  
But one day he had believed  
that the meadows were his, and meadows were earth.  
Little did he know that his meadow - that was yellow-  
in the face of earth was just like a star in the galaxy.  
His vision couldn't show all the yellow, all the mellow;  
his deceitful belief was rigid, blind - unable to see.  
He thought of no future, nor life, aliens or another creature,  
with his chest forward, carpe diem, he seized the day.  
While vaingloriously showing off his feature,  
a big red daemon, called tractor, washed roach's being away.  
The Tractor Boys, people from Ipswich,  
since then organize an annual feast,  
to remember the roach, right the one which,  
turned from a pristine saint into a naïve beast.

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# Yesterday Was The Day

Yesterday was the day  
when all i had,  
ill in bed,  
had to give away.  
There's nothing like today:  
a sack of hay;  
a rack of clay;  
and i rest just like in a king's bed.  
i think of no immature will,  
of mocking fire,  
nor fierce desire  
that makes my head stay still.  
All longings i kill.  
i no more pray!  
i no more play!  
There are no things there to admire.  
So, yesterday was the day  
when a creature - i myself -  
tried to rest in a green bay.  
One to be with my own self  
above none just a sun ray.  
Ready in peace, no instant array,  
yet, became another self today.

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# Non-Chaos

Fields of corn filled with mignon filet...  
My imagination is wreaking havoc-  
Two white swans doing ballet-  
Tears of freedom running array  
And a rabbit's foot pioneering good luck.  
'Been weeks been months in the quarantine.  
Been hittin' it hard like I was seventeen.  
No juice no flavour, you know what I mean.  
Everything is abundant we be makin' a scene! '  
Rather idiotic the human nature  
For all at once has its flaws forgotten.  
It cannot figure that war and torture  
are but confinements instigated by higher powers for the sole purpose of  
destroying what's left from human nature. But, alas, nature calls to show that  
there is nothing of greater importance than human's connection with itself and its  
surrounding. Humans are humane. Humans should get back to humans. We are  
humanity!

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# Hair

Balconies of Babylon - where, within a lucid dream,  
A vivid memory was born anew.  
Grammar structure obsolete.  
Rules and obedience forgotten.  
Save the shadow of a ginger head,  
A ginger hair  
In a ginger land...  
Of Samson origin or of Helen of Troy  
(Of disobedience) .  
It smells not of ginger,  
But of tulip and bread:  
Baked with Egyptian wheat and Morocco seeds.  
One with the wind in the balconies  
Of Babylon within a lucid dream.

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# Identity Crisis

Should I be called Mero, Hero, or Romero?  
The creator of Rome, or a sublime tyrant-  
meandering in a capitalist maze-  
where cows their milk drink and throw it up.  
What am I but a swift melody  
in the Lost Forests of Latin America,  
never heard (do I even exist?) .  
Psychedelic experiences - extraterrestrial-  
cruising in the Milky Way, on a white Toyota.  
20% beast,30% baby,50% thoughts.  
Who am I?  
The son of Zeus, the king of Kamasutra,  
the foolish peasant in a king's royal court.  
I am not who I wanted to be  
but what I have become is not what I did not want to be.  
I quit!

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# A Bottle Of Water Please

last night i visited a bar  
around town  
not so far  
when in i went  
people i greeted  
and threw some change into a jar  
i took a chair and on it i sat  
next to a man  
with a black cat  
all the people were  
drinking their troubles away  
even the man with his precious pet  
together the men drank all their pain  
some their sorrow  
some stared in vain  
many swallowed their despair  
and drank their thoughts in disdain  
and while waiting my turn came  
the bar-woman asked what i wanted  
i said Jane  
a bottle of water, please  
I feel no pain

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# Ice Cream

&quot;I'm silly&quot; I say to myself  
Coning stupendous flavours  
Every now and then

Crumbs of chocolate cover the  
Raspberry taste of innocence  
Envy has no home  
And childhood memories freeze  
Making my forehead bump

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mingled feelings webbed  
between the fearful  
eyes.

singing

i- love -you as  
body lies.

evaporated from  
the heat.

words not to  
listen bring  
joyful beat

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# This Summer Was Different

This summer was different  
For there were no sunny days  
Nor starry nights  
Van Gogh would cough and be sick  
Perhaps he would die  
But Goya would've loved it  
He would be thrilled and paint it all  
A truthful sad painting  
I was camping on my own  
A bear bit my leg  
And Bach was playing on my old radio  
Every music is summer music  
As long as you are happy  
And I wasn't  
So I could not feel it summery  
I felt it cold and awful

And blood... so much blood

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# Do You Remember (As A Child)

Do you remember  
As a child  
When the neighbor  
Pissed off  
Chided you?

Did you get angry  
Because he shouted  
Or embarrassed  
Because he was right?

After all, throwing a ball  
Into his house's window  
Wasn't the best idea

Or when you think  
Now that you have grown  
Was he angry  
Because of the window only?

Had he any hidden sorrow  
Or a mournful thought of mind  
Was he off to live tomorrow  
Was his yesterday soft and kind?

If I live long and prosper  
Only this story I will tell  
For there's no song, nor a poem proper  
To grasp the sight of a soul in hell.

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# If I Died (Would You Be There)

If I died

Would you be there darling

To carry the burden of abandonment in your shoulders

I mean my corpse

Would you be there

So you could taste the long rainy nights

Through your tears

Tears of pain, maybe regret

If I died

Would you be there

To express condolences to my parents

With sincere eyes and not break

Would you be there

To feel my cold cheeks

Kiss them with those traitor's lips

And leave a mark

As you did to my heart

If I died darling

Would you still say those same words

Lies I've been told before

With hope to be forgiven

Would you be there

To enforce your thoughts on me

To blame me for my death

Accuse me of being a coward

Not man enough

Not strong enough

Not good enough

If I died

Would you still talk small talks

And be fulfilled

Enjoy your moment

Not sensing the difference

For still there is only you talking

If I died

Would you be there

To live another day

Without me

And yet be happy

Would you be there  
If I died  
Would you be there  
Would you be there  
If I died  
Would you be there

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# Kill The Moon

Kill the moon

No sea shall rise again, torture of the land

No howling wolf shall disturb the night

No mourning for the lost souls, forgotten and never found

No sorrow for the lost love, no regrets

Kill the moon

To rise, to seize the moment

In joy to smile

And then in hysteria

Laugh

Just laugh

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# No More Deaths

Two of them comrades I called...  
Poseidon, his orders they followed.  
Into meticulous crumbs every Polis turn  
and devour all with mouths of wrath.  
Behold! The messenger,  
a word to utter and then flee!  
'Horas Volant, but you Poseidon all the same remain.'  
Sisyphus oh my friend, Prometheus my dear comrade!  
Fallen for the will of others.  
Fallen for the fantasy.  
But the wind again, will blow again...  
earthly wishes, well, in heaven true!  
No more deaths shall there remain;  
Only life and love anew.

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# Cuban Macaw

a Cuban Macaw standing in the tree

all flattering and in good moods

gazing colours, burgundy, blue and green

oh! wandering animals in the woods

happy as ever in his solitude

not a worry his longevity

has no one seen them

has no one touched them

but their DNA has taken

a creepy scientist

for to return them

in the world of today

i know nothing of one

only paintings i have seen

amazed i have been

fascinated i have been

and a sad feeling in between

if Macaw shall return

and him all will have seen

will it really all return



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all burgundy, red and green

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