

Poetry Series

Sebsibe Bade
- poems -

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Sebsibe Bade()

As Is

I stumbled over the hidden rocks
With my bare bony foot
Taken by the floods of thoughts
Driven to the dusty root
The lilies fly before my eyes
Swinging their rosy wings
Asleep the butterflies
Dreaming deep into the abyss
Roars the engulfing echo
Inside my tumultuous brain
Loneliness casts a shadow
Washed away by the silent rain.

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Crying For Self

When a man die,
Leave the world behind
And merge in to the Ultimate
Reality
We cry.
We cry and not for he's gone
Never to come back;
We cry for ourselves
Contemplating
The deserted room
Imagining the hole
Of coldness
Left to embrace
Alone.

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Enigma

Throwing my eyes on the joyful ocean
Playing with the rhythm of its lines
Suddenly felt I the cold drops in my heart
Dripping like uninterrupted sighs
I asked myself:
Nature is beautiful
Alas! The world is ugly
Beauty fighting vanity
Chastity competing atrocity
E v e r y w h e r e!
The dual factor reigns
Over the planet
Battling for its own sakes
To ensure future's fate

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Healing Wounds

You
and
I
The world.
Healing wounds
Of otherness
Soothed by the arms of
togethrness.
There wouldn't be
something to externalize
Not he
nor she
Not them
But us.

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I'm Fine, But Not

I'm fine, but not
The heart burnt may,
Head be so hot;
Soul melt away.

Lost in thy love
My strength you are,
Airy like a dove;
Gleaming like a star.

Drops of tears
Never taste sour,
But kill my fear;
No trace of sore.

I'm fine, but not
Tender feels both
Here I joy got;
Comes pain, then goes.

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La Magie De L'amour

Tout inspire!

Quand le plaisir séduit le cœur.

Tout inspire!

Quand sur mes bouches l'amour respire.

Les matins chouchoutent le bonheur

Les soirs soufflent de la joie.

Comme la vie est belle!

Comme les tendres nuits attirent!

Les jours portent les belles couleurs

Bleue, jaune, blanche

Verte, rouge, quoi je ne sache

Les mélodies me poussent

Vers l'île de l'extase

À l'infini.

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Les Perdus

Nous sommes tous des voyageurs
Montés à bord d'un TGV de rêve
Qui nous conduit si brusquement à l'avenir,
D'un clic au monde de fuite des idées folles
Compatibles avec nos fantasmes
Nos têtes pérennes des visions
Récurrentes
Incessantes
Ce génome qui nous fait rêver
Qui respire, qui vit l'avenir
Ignorant les fleurs de l'instant qui fleurissent
Gracieusement devant ses yeux
Refusant de réjouir du clair de Terre
Re foulant les capteurs de ses futures
On flotte avec des ailes des anges
Pour chercher ailleurs
Pour saisir le moment et le transformer
Avant qu'il ne puisse se naître
Nos mains si loin étendues
Pour cueillir le fruit de désir de demain
Dont l'arbre n'est pas arrosée aujourd'hui.

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Me And Art

The melody of the harp
Tingling my soul with ecstasy
The strings of the 'kirar'
Filling my eyes with tears of longing
The 'mesenko' and the 'washint'
Tickle my fancy
The drum and 'imbilta'
Loll my heart with ungraspable whisper

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The Fate

Dead leaf
I simply flow
Into the tide of life

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To Give Birth To A Poem

Like the roar of a line
Like the herald of a cockcrow
Like the barking of a dog
Like the melody of a bird
Like the lowing of a cow
Like the sound of a piano
The labor of creativity
The pleasure of expression
The moment of ecstasy

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