

Poetry Series

**Svet Pfeifer**  
**- poems -**

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## Svet Pfeifer(29.03)

Are you really interested?

# Beat By Beat

Highways like blood vessels  
Are hugging my being.  
Trees, people, cars are rushing away  
Just like my thoughts...  
I am behind the glass they call window,  
Looking at life, ..  
Counting heart beats, measuring time.  
Out and in, and again, and again  
Breathing this thick, senseless air.

Svet Pfeifer

# Hello! ! ! ! ! !

Blue and thick and cold and blind.  
No point screaming through.  
Waiting endlessly for mind  
To discover one more You.

Prison is another reason.  
Future's just another myth.  
Past is gone. But Present's greased on  
My insides like awkward filth.

Red and thin and hot and loud.  
Running uselessly away.  
Shoved and flushed into a cloud  
Made of paper, wine and blade.

Noise produced by liquid matter  
Clogs my ears with painful plug.  
Prayer comes and goes, latter  
Seems to crush me like a bug.

Svet Pfeifer

# Impatient

The knot of my nerves  
Pulls universe into  
A black hole of Time.

The depth of my soul  
Screams out its cry for you:  
I need you. You're mine.

One thought, like a needle,  
Is stuck in my throat -  
Please find me now.

The air is liquid.  
I can't breathe it in.  
Please show me how.

My house is empty,  
My mind has left me.  
Alone I am.

My body is aching.  
I'll try to control it  
As much as I can.

Oh, where are you, dear?  
Can't wait any longer.  
The phone's in my hand.

Each minute that's passing  
Takes me with it further  
Away from the vent.

Svet Pfeifer

# Joy

Swimming in joy,  
Looking at fire.  
Breathing it in,  
Blowing wind.  
Every day's different.  
Every thing's quiet.  
Counting seconds,  
Searching within.  
Pounding keyboard,  
Smelling the smoke,  
Music is beating  
Next to my heart.  
Thinking of him,  
I am provoked  
To curl and arch  
As body art.

Svet Pfeifer

# Music

Dancing with me, floating gently.  
Palms on my waist. One, two, three. One, two, three.  
Sweating with oils, minimum covers.  
Flashes of light. Look at me. Look at me.

Moving my hips, raising my arms,  
Beat in my ears. Enter me. Enter me.  
Driving too fast, wearing sunglasses,  
Wind in my hair. Let me be. Let me be.

Svet Pfeifer

# Naughty

Hungry woman doesn't wait  
For her hunger to escape,  
For the food to come and get her.  
She grabs hunger by its nape.

Hungry woman wouldn't bother  
To accept last season's shoes,  
To say 'thank you' to her brother  
For the shirt that's hanging loose.

Hungry woman won't care  
Why she's left alone again.  
She is hungry! It ain't fair!  
She can find other men.

Hungry woman will for sure  
Call her lover. Come and Play!  
Lots of lust and thriving lure  
Wait for her to take away.

Svet Pfeifer



# Not Again!

Not again! .....Don't tell me I'm in love!

.....

Why did I make the same mistake?

Why did he come and ask my name?

Why did I have fantastic day

With him. Strolled through the city,

Ate lunch, talked life,

And kissed, and kissed.

And now he's gone.

I made him gone because I can't

Be with him. For I'm not free.

Svet Pfeifer

# Out Of Time

Haven't called me in a while.  
Have forgotten you of me?  
Have you lost the feel of time  
When we slipped into a spree?

Time, money. Busy, tired.  
We all are like ants in spring.  
Dial my number. Reach through wire.  
Let the past and present cling.

Call me, text me, send an e-mail.  
Find the way to get in touch.  
I have news for you, my dear.  
I am gone. Please miss me much.

As you hear someone tell you,  
That I left, I passed, I died,  
See me smile. See me kiss you.  
Feel my life and wake collide.

Cry for me, and don't regret it.  
Mourn for me, and nothing else.  
Sorrow, pain, and empty soul  
I'll erase with angel's bells.

Miss my presence, my existence.  
Recollect the warmth of me.  
Call me, text me, send an e-mail.  
I am on my way to lee.

Svet Pfeifer

# Questions

Am I emotionally unstable or  
Is it natural for a person to follow one's Mind?  
Starting the journey from the village of Questions,  
Taking lost trails of Intuition, switching to interstate highways of Thoughts,  
Fueling Mind with Desires, resting at Conclusions,  
Munching on life's current Events,  
Drinking Tears, wearing Smiles.  
..... and when  
Your Mind  
Gets tired,  
Why  
Don't  
You change It? ! ?  
Why wouldn't you? ? ? ?

Svet Pfeifer

# Rhythm Of Lust

Light. Shine. Flight. Peace.  
Smell. Taste. Silk. Fleece.  
Touch. Hug. Feel. Kiss.  
Don't you stop this.

Me. You. We. Us.  
Bed. Floor. Sheets. Grass.  
No fight. No fuss.  
Unless in lust.

Hot. Cold. Torch. Ice.  
Bliss. Curse. Sin. Vice.  
So wet. So nice.  
That's how Time dies.

Svet Pfeifer

# Saw You Tonight

Your eyes are hazel.  
Your soul is bright.  
Your name is Pfeifer.  
My name is Light.

Your kiss is tender.  
Your touch is hot.  
Your wish is order.  
You're mine and not.

My dream is quiet,  
When next to you.  
Your dream is waking  
With me.....Love you.

Svet Pfeifer

## Set It Free

My bird is trembling in my hands.  
It likes my food, it likes my warmth;  
But wants to fly to its own nest,  
To be back home, to stay with rest.  
I know my bird, I've learned it well,  
I've had short life with it. I've dwelled  
In joy and light, and love with it.  
It wants to fly. I wish the best  
To bird of mine. I love it, so  
I set it free.

Fly safe, fly high

Svet Pfeifer

# Stalin's And Hitler's Duet

...To kill millions...  
...To make them unidentifiable...  
...To lie to cover up.....  
...To suffocate the dying...  
...To numb the killers....

...To cover the pain of rejection,  
..To search for reasons for it,

. TO MAKE THE WORLD BLEED.....

Because mom never loved me?  
Am I not Me enough?

.....

I am no longer Jewish!  
I am no longer Georgian!

I will kill all jews!  
I will kill - to kill! ! !

Millions will be dead!  
....so many dead.....  
....so tired.....  
...want to sleep...  
....let me sleep....  
...All I see is torture..  
-Day and night again! ..

..Let me Sleep.....  
...Oh, Better, LET me die! ...

I wish to be that corpse I made....  
.....some millions of.....

.....

No death in sight.....

....

The whole world is cheering.....





# Surreal Happiness

Time has been playing tricks on me.  
Present, future, past are all blent in.  
Minutes, hours or months have been  
Twisting mind, feelings, soul therein.

Have you entered deep inside of me?  
Have you kissed my eyes and napped on me?  
Have you told the sweetest 'look at me'?  
Have I dreamt this whole thing? Have we?

Have you not just knocked on my door?  
Have you not just walked right in?  
Have I not just welcomed you?  
Time has been playing tricks on me.

Svet Pfeifer

# To My Depression

Cut though my flesh,  
Pushed to my limits,  
Look at me now, look at me then!

Blood in my eyes  
Is making me blind.  
Hit me some more, crush me again!

Partially crippled -  
Nail's hammered into  
Bones and skull, rusted within.

Harder and harder  
Kicked in my gut,  
Kill me already, bury herein!

If you give up,  
I'll take your life.  
Trust me on this. This one I mean!

Light is my weapon,  
Mind is my shield.  
I'll break you down. Your corpse is my win!

Rage is my ally,  
Soul has been gone.  
I will destroy you. War has began!

Svet Pfeifer

# To My Lover

Shine on my heart! You, pretty creature.  
Smile at me! Eyes bright and clear.  
Smell of your hair resembles my future.  
Lavender, heat, rain, dust and fear.

I will embrace tired body of yours,  
I'll whisper thoughts into soft, lovely ear.  
My naked spirit threw sins on its floors,  
My naked body - right now, right here.

Svet Pfeifer

## Wife's Nagging

Why can't I promise myself peace of mind?  
Why can't I stick with a no-stress life style?  
How come it is - every time I'm fed up,  
Still can't I stay true to my low-key life?

Why do I have to feel guilty for quitting?  
Why can't I be a weak woman, weak wife?  
Though 'weak' term is too weak to describe it,  
I mean no-stress, yes-my-dear kind of life.

Svet Pfeifer

# You Don'T Even Know

Falling for you... I promised not to.  
I promised to stay the woman I am.  
I've said hundred times I want you.  
You don't even know how much I have meant

More time, more thoughts, more feelings to catch,  
Once thread is a chain of dependency now,  
My soul's looking up from my nerve-system's branch,  
You don't even know my love is know-how.

Amusingly hot, sharp like blade of your shaver  
My need to be saved from my broken lem.  
You brought me a day and you stole night forever,  
You don't even know that I live again.

Svet Pfeifer