

Poetry Series

# **Valao Kole**

## **- poems -**

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## Valao Kole(26.12.1990)

Moved in Vratza in 1997. Started studying in 'Vasil Levski' - school for students 7-15. There started writing first poems and stories. Have more than twenty diplomas for literature achievements. Changed school in 2001 with The Language School 'Joan Exzarh' and developed in writing. Prose mainly.

# A Rockdoors Story (The Stonecrow Poem)

The town of Rockdoors  
`d been a calm and ordinary one  
until some centuries ago  
when a story here began.

One night strangers came  
and moved into the house on the hill.  
Since then nothing was the same  
but that was known only by the workers in the mill.

People started disappearing  
then found bloodless in the woods.  
And we started seeing, hearing  
rumours in all our neighbourhoods.

They were saying that  
the strangers in the house on the hill  
are vampires  
as knew the workers in the mill.

The man had been alone, abandoned  
and walking up and down the streets.  
He`d lost his job, his life  
and he got nothing but a pile of sheets.

Then one night as he`d been sleeping  
he was awoken by a weird sound  
- something like a roar, repeating  
and close to him, above the ground.

He`d raised his eyes to see the woman  
standing staring right at him.  
Her eyes were dark, red lips wide opened  
showing him her sharp white teeth.

And he`d said nothing. For his life he`d never begged.  
They were saying this had stopped her.  
She`d liked him and later on they married  
and from a poor guy the man`d become a sir.

They had two children - boy and girl  
and they moved abroad together.  
She didn't change, she kept on drinking blood  
but everything 'd been much better.

As soon as they moved to Rockdoors  
the workers in the mill revealed them  
but they kept the secret well  
fearing that she might kill`em.

And when those mystery crimes began  
they organised and tell the truth.  
Then a mob leaded by a strong and faithful man  
headed to the house on the hill.

First they killed the little girl  
and burned her down in the face of her mother.  
The mob was screaming - evil, blinded  
not seeing the solution was another.

Some days later the father sent the boy  
away. To safe him.  
They had to part. For ever.  
'Cause of the mob they couldn't be together.

And then one night she just left the town  
leaving her husband alone in the house.  
She'd gifted him a stone statue of a crow with a crown  
and her heart beating as quiet as the one of a mouse.

Today - so many years later  
I am telling you their story  
because our little ordinary town  
now shines with pride and glory.

Our little town is full of tears  
and of stories like this one.  
We cannot blind with gold our fears  
and we can't stop the love  
as it already began.



# Awake

It turns. Rotates. It burns. And shakes.  
I can see a window blurred by pouring rain  
The steps I hear - they echo  
they fill my head with pain.

Will it ever stop?  
A circle doomed  
No-end road  
Darkness without end...  
And then again - awake - i have to go  
To go ahead.

No time to think.  
I have no choice  
I have no mind  
Can` t hear my voice  
The wind`s too loud,  
The fire - never stops  
And the stranger with the huge hat  
would bow down  
would leave the town  
as i will too.

And as I leave  
One thing i leave behind -  
a perfect memory  
of glass and light and tender sounds  
- the soothing touch of rain again  
and the cold metal of the gate.  
It`s so gray and dark and quiet now  
In the hour before the break of day  
when i cannot stay

I feel someone watches  
Someone else`s life will break  
as he stands above to see me go  
keeping all his senses wide awake.



# Come (Vampire)

Come. Let me guide you  
through your mind.  
Let me show you the fear  
for which you are blind.

Come. Let me taste your blood  
and let me make you  
feel the world another - good.  
I`m creeping into your room...

Tonight we can run  
as fast as the wind  
as strong as the sun  
as handsome as gods...

But only if you come...

Valao Kole



# Ghosttown

The rain has fallen long ago  
Now streets are dry and dusty.  
The fire in the fireplace has turned to ashes  
that fall around like snow.

The eyes are closed, all lips are sealed  
and no word, no whisper you can hear.  
There`s no flowers and no animals  
And even colors disappeared.

Silence.  
All around the town.  
You can even hear your heartbeat.  
No picture. Not a sound.

And then a scream  
or howl or cry of raven  
sounds everything.  
But just for it dims.

I`d leave this ghosttown quietly  
so I can remain unknown  
to the people and the life  
that is still here hidden, still unborn.

Valao Kole

# Last Year

It is the final step  
and we turn off the lights  
It is the longest road  
Then we`ll begin our fights

Once I did believe  
The school`s my second home  
And now the aim`s achieved  
I`m gonna walk on my own

I guess i need no one  
But still i can`t destroy  
My memmories, my past  
Can`t throw away my toys

And now the curtain`s raising  
The final year`s almost gone  
Then we`ll go out and do our chasing  
And we`ll be chased like everyone.

And everyone thinks he`s something special  
Everyone`s believed to be unique  
They say that life departs the rubbish from the treasure  
And there`s no one to say is it real or is it a trick.

Valao Kole

# Lost....

Lost  
through ages of silence.  
Hoping  
I can still die with honour.  
Forgotten  
I walk all deserted roads.  
And i remember  
What it was once...  
Towns of kings and queens,  
tombs of warriors  
killed in fights.  
Oh, how i wish to be there -  
to lay my ancient bones  
in those lands....  
But i was doomed  
Doomed to live  
in a world  
more severe than ever.  
Doomed to see  
how children destroy  
the world  
that once  
was honoured.  
I lived that long  
so now i can cry.  
Now i can shout  
and scream out my voice.  
For all that i need  
is not eternal live.  
All that i need is my choice...  
and to die.

Valao Kole

# Parting (Saying Goodbye)

A little butterfly is trying to climb  
up the window.  
And i just sit and stare at it.  
Thinking.

The rain outside is falling  
for hours.  
I just gaze at it  
not seeing.

Some minutes ago you was here  
standing right behind me,  
Trying to calm me down  
for i was....crying?

You`ve driven me mad  
cause i`d seen you with him  
And you wanted me to understand  
and to forgive you...

You know boy,  
I got sick and tired  
of forgiving you.  
Or you forgot  
all you told me bout your love?

The butterfly fell dead from the glass  
and the rain goes on and on and on  
Just like the dying and the growing grass -  
I have my life without you and i have to get it on!

Valao Kole

# Step...

Step.  
Another one.  
Loosing  
or winning.  
Breath.  
Another one.  
Dying  
or living.

It`s all about the tin red line.  
Bleeding. Forgotten and lost.  
The truth that lies in a glass of wine.  
And the letter in the post...

Whisper  
or silence.  
Where  
is the difference?  
Strong  
or weak  
but everyone  
dies.

And then - in that second  
When your heart starts and ends its final beat.  
There you see all. You see what you did.  
And you see it as clear as ice.  
And you can not repair the pieces  
scattered like glass.

You see all your mistakes  
and how you could have fixed them.  
And then you see the eyes of Death.  
It comes closer and you feel its breath.  
And you should make the choice  
- up or down, you run or stay...  
Will you follow, will you pray?

A single step.

A single beat.  
We are all scared  
when the moment hits.

Step.  
Another one.  
Loosing  
or winning.  
Breath.  
Another one.  
Your heart  
is now weeping....

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