

Poetry Series

YURI DURAAAN
- poems -

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YURI DURAAN(29 September 1970)

'On the distant fields, on the bird's wide wing, on the whirlwind dark... I write your name' -Eluard' poet of the French Resistance. - - it was these few lines that captured me as a young girl... it put me in a different state of mind. I have always loved words and made up phrases in my head... what you read here is the outflow.

. Train Ride To Oblivion

We watch the world slide by
through these dirty windows...

holding hands, not thinking
outside this compartment,
willing the trees and flowers
to be just a monochrome
kaleidoscope with no consequence

Our thoughts stay inside these dirty windows.
We hold hands, our palms sweating,
but we do not let go...
the sun does not reach here

We will not be apart inside this compartment,
trapped in this merry-go-round of hopes and
dreams

of a life

outside the dirty windows

YURI DURAAN

...'sans Bruit'

I trust it like an old friend
Silence which has
come to sit with me,
wrapping its arms around me

it hides every utterance
of thought
smothers every spoken
syllable
and it grows on me, over me
while I chant soundless prayers
inside

and so it prospers,
the relationship between
Silence and me
my tongue becomes
an obsolete limb,
heavy with the songs
which are now unsung...
heavy in my mouth
heavy in my heart...

and my smug friend
moves closer yet
even closer still
for communion with my soul

as it's cold out tonight

so cold...

YURI DURAAN

.earth To Me...

I am unreachable
floating amongst the stars
removed from all things mundane
- no soil on my hands
- no dust under my feet..
just light..
a whole sun full
a whole bucket of stars full

I am light.

Keep the salt for the blunderers
who trudge forward in a circle
toiling meaninglessly..
those who move rocks from one
mountain to the next

Let there be one man who will
climb a mountain to reach me,
to bring me a stone ...

I shall give him of my light
and let him share the stars
for maybe this one night.

YURI DURAAN

.flowers From My Hands

When is a flower more beautiful?

Is it when it has grown
from a seed,
nurtured by the rain
the sun, all the good elements
and applauded when it showed
its first petal and placed under
a glass to keep it safe?

Or is it when it was dead
and crushed to the ground,
and then given love,
time, appreciation and
acceptance, only to have a miracle
happen where colour and radiance
explode into full bloom once again?

whether it be a sunflower,
a daisy, a rose.....
flowers are just flowers
they merely fall from my hands

but the love you gave and the
nurturing and care.... turned me
back into
me

YURI DURAAN

.if...

If I were a tiny sprout of grass in the Garden of Eden,
would God have noticed me and mentioned to the
Angels how He admired my smooth
stem and the emerald green of my blade?

Would God have created the rain for me
to grow and become a vast plain of grass
covering a whole valley and reaching to the
thighs of Jesus when He walked the earth?

Would I have moved in the wind and
sheltered some tiny animals and provided
sustenance for the bigger ones and then be
the fuel for the fire which would ultimately destroy me?

Is there sense to existence if the end is always death?
Or shal I be happy to be this little sprout of grass
and revel in the sun shining on my blade today
and bow down humbly to God's earth and pray?

YURI DURAAN

.muse

and if you allow me to
be your muse
for this while at least,
I will sit with you
speak with you,
undress for you...
and allow your eyes
to linger
just long enough for
your mind to be inspired
and your fingers to feel
the warmth of the ink
flowing beneath the
pen on the paper which
holds your thoughts
and desires....
those spoken
and unspoken

YURI DURAAN

.naked

I sit in the bath
letting the water run out
not moving
my body glistening from the
residue of the bath oil
now drying on me

I am aware of every shift
in the air around me
causing the slightest breeze
against my skin
a reminder that there
is still life outside of myself

The harsh glare of the bathroom
light illuminates every scar
every flaw on my body
flaunting my imperfections
and turning a blind eye to
my vulnerabilities

and I sit here in this empty bath
not able to move, amazed at it all

naked...while my skin dries
under the scrutiny of my lost soul

YURI DURAAN

.sad Girl

She waits on the steps of his building,
sitting daintily, so not to crease her dress
checking and rechecking her appearance
in a silver-plated compact mirror
(a present from him, bought on one of many trips)

She avoids eye contact with passers-by
not wanting them to think that she's 'that sort of woman'

'I'll be down in a minute' he said to her - some time ago

She looks up at his window seven stories up where the light
is still blazing.... a beacon against the sky,
now dark,
the sky casting a shadow over her eager hopes and
naive disposition

Finally, she takes her leave,
uncertain, with little steps
looking up,
then looking down....
still avoiding eye-contact with passers-by
feeling exactly like 'that sort of woman'.

YURI DURAAN

.shallow Man

I thought I saw you today...

It was a glimpse of a coat tail
and a brown leather shoe...
something about the way
the foot in the shoe leaned
in towards the left before stepping
down on the ground ...

I was shocked at the pain I felt,
looking at that shoe for that
second... thinking that your foot
was in it, and attached to that
foot was you...

all of you, who was so much more
than brown leather shoes and coats...
indeed you were also about pants
and shirts... and scarves and hats ...
and watches and aftershave too!

YURI DURAAN

.slipping Through Your Fingers...

Like sand washed by the tides
over and over again,
or mist rolling into a valley...

I am slipping through your fingers

as the moon waxes and wanes,
and the wind keeps calling my name
I seek the answer to my yearning
in your eyes,

yet your mouth is set
in the line which is drawn between
us, you being unaware in your
contentment and dreams of
white fences...

whilst my heart beats wildly
and the dream fades...

I feel myself

slipping through your fingers

YURI DURAAN

.the Call

If I were to call upon you
today,
now...

to follow me
(your heart)
and be with me
(your home)
and share with me
(your life)

Would you?
Oh, would you?

In me not asking
the question,
do I leave the door
just slightly open,
should you want to slip
through quietly,
then break into a run,
not turning back
not seeing the silent
question pouring from my
mouth?

Is this blasphemy?
me, asking you to let
your life down
and come away,
if I am not God and
am powerless until
you give me the
answer?

YURI DURAAN

.the Girl At The Window

The girl at the window
looks out
she sees nothing...

Her life is nothing -
as empty as the room
behind her

her thoughts reverberate
through the rooms where
pain has visited and
loneliness has overstayed
its welcome

She does not look real...
her life is one-dimensional
her world is flat
and square
within the frame of the window -

the window a gaping mouth
emitting a silent
scream into the
night

YURI DURAAN

.the Return

And so I find myself back
here
at this place

my pockets empty...
no more love to give
as spare change or
bucketsful of cosmic sharing

my heart desolate...
the cobwebs not stirring
in any breeze or reflecting light
through the painful cracks

my mind empty...
a hollow space where
thoughts reverberate and
bounce off the walls

like pingpong balls...

light
white
inconsequential
just weightless and out there

YURI DURAAN

.today Is Not A Day For Poetry

Today is not a day for poetry...
it is a day for sketching -

I shall take a blank page and
draw some lines...
fluent lines, like the lines
next to your eyes

I shall draw the rain against
the window that reflects on
your cheeks... making you a
spotted eagle

I shall draw the shadows cast
upon your face, of the branches
being shaken by the wind... making
you a fierce lion

In the middle I shall put my mouth,
making a wet imprint where your
mouth would be... as things between
you and I should be

then I shall draw my heart,
to cover your face,
your eyes,
your mouth,
your spots
and your fierceness,

the lines flowing all over you,
and over this page
which is no longer
empty but full of the story of
you,
and me.

YURI DURAAN

.words

WORDS....

They are like the wind
playing
touching
they tear at my skin and
penetrate through
my layers
of thought, of being
they hold me captive for
a while....
only to set me free in a
whirlwind of leaves
falling
falling

WORDS....

sometimes they fail me
their fickleness
scratching
at my conscience
toying with my soul...
and not the wind
or any of the elements
can compare
or rise in retribution
as I'm reaching
for words
falling
falling

YURI DURAAN

.your Black Heart...

your black heart...
the vortex to which I
drift

willingly

The current of your influence
is too strong.
I'm too tired to fight,
too helpless in love.
No fear can restrain me or
make me swim to safety.

I look into the eye of the storm
with longing,
my only wish
to be sucked into
you
and lose myself

in your black heart

YURI DURAAN

.your Mouth

You have a sensual mouth
its fullness defining your
bold outlook on life and
concurring with the
message in your eyes...
that of which your lips
don't speak,
as they are not for
speaking
or telling tales
or calling me to you....

I am drawn to your lips
when you open them
slightly and your breathing
escapes onto my face....
Then I meet them
and we kiss.

YURI DURAAN

4 Am

In the early hours
I whisper my secrets to you
my lips against your temples

You lay with your eyes closed
to my desires
You don't answer...
your only response your
breathing in the dark

This is how you protect yourself
against my revelations of love
so that you don't have to give
what you cannot...

and I continue whispering
my lips against your temples
against your heart
against
nothing

*translated from Afrikaans

YURI DURAAN

A Feather In The Grass

I found it
A lone feather on the lawn...
the evidence that a grey dove
was here, earlier

Doves cannot speak
my language,
but this dove told me
for certain, that it was here
by leaving the feather....

Will future travellers find some
piece of me
and know that I existed?
Will my soul linger in an object
treasured by following generations?
Will this immense love which lives
in me find a vacuum in which it can
exist for eons to come?

I do not have a feather to leave
you, my love
I speak a different language

my legacy
is You.

YURI DURAAN

Absence

It is not in the goodbye
where my pain lies...
the hurt of the anticipated parting
lives in the sweet agony of
our being together

I cannot go home...
home is where the heart is and
my heart is not there
it has no residence but in
your hands

I'll wait for darkness before I leave...
I will not turn on a light tonight
will not burn a single candle
I will not see the bed which is
still unmade

YURI DURAAN

Absent Prayers

I find it easy to pray for
other people -
to wish them happiness
safety
well-being
it makes me feel
virtuous and
a little bit righteous...
especially when praying for my enemies...

Oh! How I can pray for my enemies!
"those who have trespassed against..."
litany after litany
during dark nights
pacing the wooden floors
with my bare feet,
avoiding the accusatory reflections
of my own eyes
in bare windows...

"Pray for me! " it says as I turn a corner
"Pray for me! " as I go up the stairs,
my voice repeating incantations -
names of those I pray for -
my mouth forming the syllables
the many requests..
fervently I pray
for them
not for me

never for me

YURI DURAAN

Alone...

I woke up one night because
I heard you call...
I answered the night
but the night was still

I walked by the river and
heard you whisper to me...
I cried to the water
but the echo was empty

I stood by your grave and
felt your breath on my face...
I wept on the stone
but you were still gone

I remembered a time when
we had laughed together...
and this memory is what I'll
hold onto in my heart forever

YURI DURAAN

And So I Say Goodnight!

The stage is empty now,
having been swept for the
repeat performance...
the used styrofoam cups
and stale wine are thrown
out into the ally behind
the theatre...
the theatre of my dreams
where often a full audience
is not needed -

If I should see a familiar
face nodding in recognition
or responding to my song
occasionally,
then I'll be
grateful for the nod and the
glimmer in the eyes...
and in those eyes would be
reflected my hope for the
future.... for these dreams

(and maybe some more
wine as we used the last
bottle tonight)

YURI DURAAN

Anyone Can Write About Sex

Anyone can write about sex...

It is like writing about the rain -
only being able to aptly describe it
if you have walked naked in a flood
with the rain beating down on you...
following the sensual flow of the water
down the road... down... down
and feeling the velvet drops on your skin
when you open your mouth to take the
water in... to feel the surge of it
taste it
swallow it
wade through it with your body
your senses alerted to every change of
temperature where the imaginary stream
takes you
looking up and seeing nothing but rain
and life and love and lust -
giving over to the experience,
surrendering self and being a sacrifice to
the open heavens
almost drowning in the downpour
before finding shelter in warm,
loving arms.

Anyone can write about sex.

I can write about the rain...
I'm qualified.

YURI DURAAN

Blood Orange Moon

The moon hangs low tonight over the city
the colour of a blood orange
a portent of hate,
the same colour as the flames
enveloping a man on his knees,
reaching out to the masses
around him – onlookers
who do not see him,
his person,
his past,
denying him his future in this
city over which the orange moon rises

The burning man is on his knees,
as if in prayer:
“Father forgive them for they
know not what they are doing”
and the silent crowd watches
a crow on a rooftop watches
the orange moon watches

until the silence is broken by a
baby wailing in his mother’s arms
a baby with no past
no future
arms of hate encircling his
fragile body,
the flames reflecting in its
distant eyes...

YURI DURAAN

Can You Still See Me, Samson?

Your eyes captured me,
wanted me - You were blinded
by my beauty and wanton...
selling your soul for a
night in my arms
laying your secrets at my feet...

Surely you were blind, not seeing
my betrayal until it was too late?
your eyes cut out and fed to the crows...
the crows seeing me with your eyes,
knowing...
laughing at your blindness before
and your blindness now

You cannot see me, Samson
You cannot love me or
forgive me...
but my image
still lingers in the hollow
broken windows
that lead to your soul.

YURI DURAAN

Christmas Tree

I made you a Christmas tree because
I knew you wouldn't bother.

I picked the branch myself,
sprayed it gold and adorned it with ribbons
... and stars (just in case you wanted to
make a wish)

Someone else asked if they could have the
beautiful tree and I gave it away without a
moment's hesitation, being caught up in the
giving...

So, you did not get to make your wish upon
the star on my tree,
but then again...
I knew you wouldn't bother

YURI DURAAN

Coffee Poetry

Let us speak words that are
not too challenging...
not too emotive
easy on the tongue
and ably swallowed
with a morning cup of coffee

Do not shout, dear
Do not raise your voice...
Stay behind your mask of
half-sleep
half-words
low whispers

Let us have our coffee
Let us pour the sugar and
the milk just so...
without spilling a
single drop
or grain of emotion.

YURI DURAAN

Come Sit With Me And Hold My Hand

Come sit with me and hold my hand...

It will be our hands touching,
but I will be aware of your body,
the rythm of your breathing...
your heat

I will put my hand against your heart
and your heart will become still
my hand will become one with you
and your heartbeat will be for me only
for now at least...

Yes, your heart will become still
and you will know

There is no suggestion in my words
They are what they purport to be

Sometimes I need to hold your
hand to know that my life is not
running away from me...
Sometimes I need to allow your
rythm to lead me so that I don't
lose myself...
and sometimes I need to feel your heat
so that I know that I am still alive

So, come sit with me and hold my hand
for now at least...

YURI DURAAN

Compulsion V Choice

I do not remember the time
when I still had a choice...
These matters used to
be so clear to me:
Make the right choice at the
relevant time... all should
be easy sailing from there.

So I chose....
I chose to avoid the pull,
the tug and the odd pat on the
shoulder...
then the pat become a slap
and soon a jump and a leap
and the little devil with his fork
was screaming in my ears
DO IT DO IT DO IT DO IT!

Then I had no choice
I was compelled
compulsion made me do it

and everything is now taken
away from me,
my sanity
my freedom
I am locked in this cell, this
circle of padded walls where
I live enslaved to the shape of
my choice.... the wrong one

I did not choose
the Devil made me do it

compulsion is my life now
I have no other life now

YURI DURAAN

Cool Dude.....

You are a cool dude
As cool as ice...

You speak the right language
drive the right car
you cut your hair just so
and buy the correct labels
you attend important functions
and speak your liberal mind
you belong to expensive clubs
and bid the highest at charity balls

You are indeed a cool dude
Indeed as cool as ice.....

but your eyes belie the outward
signs and tell of what hides within -
that all you want is to melt
and dissolve into a puddle of
unconditional love

YURI DURAAN

Dead Of Night

I woke up because I heard your voice-
audibly, it was a loud whisper in my ears:
"my baby"... it was no dream
it was too real,
I got up, neglecting to take a blanket,
ignoring the cold against my skin –
my feet taking me to all the corners of my house
my hands feeling my way in the dark...
not finding you...
just empty corners
and the ghost of your voice
calling me
leaving me on the cold floor
of an empty corner,
repeating my answer
repeating it to the naked
cold wall.

YURI DURAAN

Demon Kisser

Come to me my lover
and lie your head on my breast,
heavy with failed efforts and
aborted dreams...
let me smooth your brow and
give you the kiss of life, taking upon
me those oppressors which possess
you when you sleep at night

I am not salt and light like you
I have been touched by life
Let me be the guardian of your heart
and take upon me your sorrows
Let me take them upon me -
Demon of disappointment
Demon of disarray
Demon of depression

Let me shelter you from their tormenting
screams - at least for this night...
Come my lover
rest your weary soul
tomorrow, I vow,
you will be whole

YURI DURAAN

Die Brief

Ek skryf vir jou
in my eie hand
op hierdie papier.

Ek bind my hart vas,
vas aan jou
sodat jou vingers
kan raak daar waar myne was
en jy my woorde
sal kan terugroep
wanneer ek dit nie
self kan sê nie...

Sodat jou lippe kan raak,
hier waar ek met myne
op jou naam soen

YURI DURAAN

Die Sirkel

Ek is vuur

gloeiend
verterend
magies en
atmosferies
intens
oorrompelend

en so brand ek
vir JOU

en dan is ek niks...

al wat oorbly
van my en my
woorde en
drif
is die grys as
wat weggevee
word deur
die wind

Ek is wind

driftig
heldhaftig
indringend en
ondersoekend
omhelsend
singend

en so waai ek
vir JOU

totdat ek stilword....

en dan is dit
ek en my

lied wat
verdryf word
in vergetelheid
van wysies
deur
die reën

Ek is reën

helder
betowerend
emosioneel en
allesomvattend
venuwend
bevestigend

en so reën ek
vir JOU

en dan is ek uitgewoed....

en die druppels
sak weg
in die grond,
maak plek
vir `n
geldige rede
`n ander begin
`n nuwe son

Ek is son

verstaan jy lief?

Ek is son
ek is maan
ek is winter
somer herfs en lente
ek is woestyn
en oerwoud
en see en berg

ek leef in musiek
en gedigte
en haal asem
in drome

waar jy jou bevind
hetsy op land of
in gedagte
dáár was ek reeds
en sal ek weer vir
jou wag

want ons is gesmee
ons is werklik
daar is geen
ander jy
of ander ek
wat geskep kan
word deur
woorde of
denke

Ek is vuur....

YURI DURAAN

Different Lives

My life is not your life
I am separate from you
an individual sunflower
rooted in my garden
the sun here shining on
me...
I am under my rainbow

I am watching you
on your soap box
having made the transition
from man to basilisk
playing your lone piano to
an empty hall...

there is no audience
no loud applause...
the listeners dispersed long ago
having become bored with
the supercilious performance
and the stale popcorn

My life is not your life
a sunflower and a basilisk
move in different circles

YURI DURAAN

Displaced

my world is uprooted
taken by force of
nature and ripped from
earth and skin
leaving, always leaving
a gaping wound,
an open mouth
screaming for a
homecoming
screaming for
banners and balloons
and yellow ribbons
tied around your branches

YURI DURAAN

Drive

I sometimes wish I could
get into my car

and drive

not stopping to say one last
goodbye or pack a bag...

just drive

not ready for anything
not expecting anything

I want to just drive away from
my life...

but also drive towards my life
a life away from here

completely unknown
but yet a whole new life
of my own

YURI DURAAN

Eat, Drink And Be Mary

Mary is happy
she does not think
or dream
or wonders why the first
star at night tugs at her
heart as she downs her
first Tequila...

before a star can take hold
of her thoughts,
she downs another

Mary does not lie awake
in the arms of her lover...
She makes love and
falls asleep, unaware of the
sad moon's vigil over
her figure which is hugged
by the constraints of her existence..

She eats life
Life eats at her...
it takes its fill until
there is nothing left
to remember

Mary has no harvest of
sunflowers
no ship that comes in

Mary is happy

YURI DURAAN

Fast Exit

I'm leaving in a hurry...

the same way I came

instant attraction

quick reaction

fast seduction

rapid heartbeat

5 thousand counts

a minute

5 thousand hours of

pent-up frustration

poured out in a

moment of sensation

and a second later

my whispered

goodbye

I'm leaving in a hurry...

Don't say anything...

You won't even see me go

YURI DURAAN

Fear

My feet are buried
in sand...
the tide is coming in
and I cannot save
myself...
fear overcomes me,
it being the
sacrifice
I give to the waves that
threaten to conquer me.
My hair is blowing
wildly
in the wind
and my eyes are white-hot
coals looking into the storm
but burning within,
speaking
to me...
screaming down into me..
only,
there is no-one to hear...
no witness
to tell those who will come
to silently collect me,
there will be
no soul catcher for me,
no-one to close my eyes...
only the salt of the sea
and your name
on my lips

YURI DURAAN

Feast Of Words

These words that I'm writing
are not really my own....

no word belongs to me just
for the sake of me knowing
it, speaking it, loving it
A word has a life of its own and
can evolve into a song,
or prose....
it can fly into the night,
never to return
or be placed in a bottle for
someone to find
on a distant shore....

These words are not my own
but I still speak it, form it
and mould it on my tongue
tasting the syllables as if
I can swallow it and be
satisfied that I can keep it.

For now, at least, these words
are at my table and I can
feast upon it.

YURI DURAAN

Forgiveness

Your back is turned to me
and I try to imagine the lines
of your mouth...
whether they are set in determination
or soft in reminiscence..
My eyes follow the curve of your
shoulders, down your arms to your
hands which are busy with something,
I cannot see...
and then you turn around, and I note
the broken heart in your hands
and the sorry in your eyes
but before you can speak I kiss you
in forgiveness...
because of the lines of your mouth
and your hands
cupping my second most precious
possession.

YURI DURAAN

Friends With Benefits

How foolish she was...
how arrogant to think
that she could play one
over on Love...

that she could abuse
this great emotion which
lies between people
and binds them in
inexplicable ways...

hiding it under the guise
of 'benefits'
masking it as
'immediate satisfaction'...

Oh! How foolish she
was, thinking that she
would not fall in love.

YURI DURAAN

Happiness Versus Joy

HAPPINESS is sun and sand and
white foam on waves...
its freckles that tease you in the
mirror and twinkles in your eyes
its visiting your favourite coffee shop
and drinking tea from real dainty cups

JOY is sitting on the beach when the
sun rises and smelling the surf as it
rolls towards your toes...
it is looking in the mirror and finding
something beautiful there – an
appreciation of self...
it is drinking tea and feeling the hot
liquid sliding down your throat,
warming your heart to your surroundings
and knowing that you know that you know
that you know....

You are truly happy

YURI DURAAN

Happy Birthday Ric S. Bastasa

Happy Birthday Ric S. Bastasa

Did your mother know,
when she released you from
the safe ravines of her belly
so many years ago,
that you would grow up and drink
every dropp of life until you drown
in it....?

to be born yet again into this
bored man (by your own confession)
who writes the most beautiful lines?

Are you so bored that the sun, when
it rose today did not touch you in a
way that you had to write about it? –
that the man who greeted you on the
sidewalk did not inspire prose hastily
written on a serviette in a coffee shop? –

You are not bored...
You see too much -
You feel too much –
Your mind possesses the earth
and for that you are blessed.

Happy Birthday Ric S. Bastasa

YURI DURAAN

Having Drinks With The Devil

I know I shouldn't
but sometimes even I,
the generous,
no personal space-
yet eloquently distant
woman do not care...

Tequila numbs the
inhibitions laid upon
me by my religious upbringing
enhancing the wanton spirit
deep within
negotiating consummation
of passion and pure soul

Can I not surrender this one
night
and in the morning plead:

"The Devil made me do it"?

YURI DURAAN

Headlines

Monster wave crashes into coast line

Line of work excludes 40-year old white man

Man brutally murders wife

Wife of Mayor congratulates family of miracle baby

Baby found in gutter behind crack house

House burnt down by unruly youths

Youths educated in schools about sex

Sex on everyone's lips at Cannes Film Festival

Festival of Lights to honour bravery

Bravery is staying in a marriage that has lost its soul

..... and God weeps

YURI DURAAN

Heart Song

My words are music -
the notes, my words, the
melody and phrases a song
to express my heart -
the love I carry towards you...

Sing with me my love and
be my song -
let the wind carry the sound
and let the trees capture
it in their branches...

Give my song a name,
a title.. so that it can be
established, the fact that
you are mine, in sotto voce

Sing, my love! Learn my
heart song and make it
your own... make the music
yours, for eternity.

YURI DURAAN

Hide And Seek

I was not looking for you
but you found me
between glances and
nuances
you bound me to you
took me hostage and
imprisoned me
with your eyes....
laughing eyes
kind eyes
that reflected your own surrender
to what might have seemed to
outsiders as a frivolous
exchange of conversation.

YURI DURAAN

Hitch-Hiker To The Stars

Tonight I saw a hitch-hiker on the
black highways of my mind -
travelling to Beyond-the-Silvermoon...

Will I take him there?
Could I dare?
to leave behind my red shoes and
my pearls
following him, the
Dark Prince of my secret fantasies,
to a netherworld of roads,
all leading to the Golden Cities
of my imagination...

Will I take him there?
Could I dare?
to remove my black dress
and pink underwear,
down Tequila with the Devil
and get lost on the roads to the
Golden Cities....

leaving me by the side of
the black highways -
trying to find my way back
to my safe-and-warm pond...
to you
always you.

YURI DURAAN

How Many Days Till I Die?

How many days till I die?

I cannot imagine it to be years
because it feels like the end,
now....

the end days...
so much written about
preached about...
when amazing wonders will be
seen and
miracles will happen
when so much will be lost,
unsaved...
grieved over

It this is all true of my life at this
moment,
this must be the end....

Surely it is only a matter of days now?

YURI DURAAN

I Am Having Fun

I say:

"I am having fun right now -
yes, this very minute! "

'It will not last' you say

"It better not", I say

'It is only for a minute', you say

'I know', I sigh...

'A person can only have so much fun
before everything fizzles out in poetic blunder'

YURI DURAAN

I Don'T Have A Passport

I don't have a passport,

yet, I sit at this table,
or that table,
day after day
week after week
weaving tales and some poems
about life so vast
surpassing boundaries,
loves and lusts,
the travels of my mind
my desires
the hotels and airports of
my dreams
and destinations of powder-white
beaches and silky seas

I weave these tales as if I
possess them,
me being the creator,
owning the experiences as
if they were real....
as if they were real

.... and I don't even have a passport

YURI DURAAN

I Enter The Lair Of My Lover Wearing A Stainless Steel Mask

I enter the lair of my lover wearing a stainless steel mask

He waits for me

He is at the mercy of the woman I am portraying,
the mask transforming me into the person of his fantasies.

He submits and worships at the shrine of the goddess

I become when I wear the mask

I order - he obeys

I stroke - he sighs

I leave - he aches

I exit the lair of my lover wearing a tearstained face,

my tears the colour of stainless steel,

shredding my face,

scarring me,

leaving me a prisoner of the mask,

its invisible supremacy established in the moment

of my leaving....

torn in my helpless longing to return to where my lover waits...

YURI DURAAN

I Love The Mockingbird

It does not necessarily love me
but it comes every morning.

I await its coming,

anticipating its appearance outside my
window,

listening for my call so that it can answer...
taking my words and my song
and weaving into it the words and the song
it has in its heart for that day,
this day...

every morning a new song -

The Mockingbird does not love me
yet it comes faithfully...
it has to... it knows no other life

and I wait,
every morning
because I do so love the Mockingbird

YURI DURAAN

I See You Looking At Me...

I see you looking at me.
You are no-one special, you know...

the way you stand near me,
forcing me to be aware of your presence...
when your eyes seek mine, making contact
and then pretending its accidental

I am fully aware of your tricks
and they certainly do not affect me
and, should you not be around for even one day
I shall not miss you or even notice that you are gone

and when I bump into you again my
heart will not leap and my pulse will not quicken..

Because you are no-one special, you know...

YURI DURAAN

I Want To See Your Face..

Don't be afraid to let me see you.
Everyone wears masks
that cover their disgrace
and pain
and lusts...
playing for audiences,
whether it be near
or far away...

I want to see your face,
your naked soul in all its
gloriousness...
(or notoriousness)
the velvet contours, as well
as the ridges of contempt and
condescendence.

Don't close your eyes to me
as I am insignificant...
Does it really matter if I see
that there is actually nothing but
boredom and a hard bone?
... if this be the case
of course.

YURI DURAAN

I Will Be Leaving Now...

You will not see my exit,
your eyes not seeing me tonight

You will not see my back turned
to you... your own face
turned the other way,

You will not see my hollow eyes
speaking my sorrow at that which
is lost between me and you,
lying somewhere with the complimentary
nuts and the stale drinks on the table
for all the world to see... (if all the
people in this dark place can be
surmised to be the world, that is)

this world which swallows people
and digests them until they all are
nothing but sallow faces and hollow
eyes...

so please, don't look for me...
let your eyes not follow me in case
I feel the urge to look back...

and I be turned into a pillar of salt.

YURI DURAAN

I'M Not Jealous!

It is not that I'm jealous...
HONESTLY I'm not!

It's just that, when you are
away from me,
I remember how you look in
your jeans and FCUK sweater
(you are really HOT you know)
and I imagine how certain PEOPLE
would look at you -
and make doe-like EYES at you
(you know how these people can be)

and from nowhere there will be ANTS
millions of ants crawling up the back
of my legs, up my spine and into my
brain.... being busy all over
messing up my headspace and
turning everything GREEN

not "serene pastures" green
not "an apple-a-day keeps the doctor away" green
but GREEN as in a dragon's tail
before it turns fiery and red
and then all the ants explode in my head....

It is not that I'm jealous...
I PROMISE I'm not,
but ladies beware, because you'll wish that you were
DEAD!

YURI DURAAN

Imperfect Solution

I starved and lost 10 kilos because you said
I was fat.
You did not acknowledge it because it was not
Absolute goal weight.

I trained and ran 21 kms because you said
I was lazy.
You did not acknowledge it because it was not the
Ultimate Human Race.

I make your breakfast every morning because you say
I am useless.
You do not acknowledge it because it is my
Wifely duty.

I continuously plan my suicide because you say
My life is worthless.
Of course, you would never acknowledge it because it probably would
Not be perfect.

YURI DURAAN

Incest

A girl with a red coat walks against the wind,
her shoulders hunched.
She carries the world around her like a cloak.
Her footfall is uncertain, the one in front of the other
in a macabre dance with the devil.

The red coat is a lie which covers other lies,
the lies that build her life.
The red coat is a shield against the truth,
a mask for the outside world.

The wind catches her coat tails and plays with it, trying to
reveal what is beneath.
The wind cuts through the secret of the sin she tries to protect.

Her eyes seek for shelter, her hands clawing at the wind,
this desperate little act of play merely an empty effort against
an entity too large to avoid.

The girl with the red coat enters a shop and smooths her hair.
She turns down her collar, she loosens a button,
but she does not abandon the safety of the burden she carries.

YURI DURAAN

Inexplicable

How do you write so
inexplicably explicable
that words and thoughts
find synergy in rhyme
(or non-rhyme)?

that mind and heart line
up with veins and pulses
making up this being
through which images
and ideas flow and ebb,

like the tides of the ocean,
governed by the moon
(your face) washing
out to shore your offerings -
your pebbles of truths
and shells of philosophies
which cannot be contained
in a jar, but simply admired
for the moment for which it
was meant as the water
reveals its clear meaning,
before drawing it back into
the vortex of your intellect...

YURI DURAAN

It Is Finished

Are your tears for real?

Are you repenting for the times
you caused mine,
or for the moments you doubted
my pain, always accusing me of
not being sincere?

"a plastic doll on a stage" you always
said... singing to an audience of
equal puppets
no real heart present in sight
no altruistic heart beating,
beating like your words upon my
drums, your fists upon my cymbals
a performance of tribal lusts and
hatred to a god of indulgence...

Are your tears for real?

Can you finally see the curtain coming
down?

God, it is a full house again tonight!

YURI DURAAN

Jumping The Fence

Was it just yesterday that
I stood on my side of the
fence and looked over
onto yours... Everything
was so green and I wanted
what you had for myself...
I yearned for it with a physical
longing -
and so I jumped...

It surely was just yesterday...

and now I find myself standing
on the dry marshes of your side
looking back to where I was
just yesterday... and my tears
will not make the grass under
my feet grow... my many
tears will not turn the earth
green, because the green
is on the other side,
back on my side....
where I was just yesterday.

YURI DURAAN

Late-Afternoon Musings

The rays of the late-afternoon
sun are playing
cat-and-mouse with my
fingers on the keyboard...
darting to-and-fro as
the blinds move in the breeze,
putting little spotlights
on my veins
and the wrinkles around my knuckles

How can my hands look so old
when my heart is still so young? -
my fingers typing as fast as they can
as fast as they can -
following my racing mind,
not catching up
giving up...
allowing my mind to break away -
out the window,
chasing the rays
playing its own game of cat-and-mouse
with life itself.

YURI DURAAN

Letting Go

It is a process, you see...

First it starts with a deep realization
so deep that it is easy to ignore,
and you do,
you do,
you ignore it,
but then it becomes stronger,
until it requires active thought ...

You analyse all the details
you play out certain scenarios in your
head, your heart heavy at the outcome...
then you play out some more scenarios
which you pull from your wild imaginations
but yet you still have the same result –
like a loaded dice which keeps on falling
on the same number,
and the number is zero..
zero chance of survival for this love
zero tolerance for cry babies

and your heart becomes even heavier
until it drops into your shoes -
they are red,
your shoes,
but they are not for dancing
they are filled with pain

YURI DURAAN

Life In A Bucket

I am saddened by this scene
that came across my desk -
a death in photographs....

your mangled body scraped from
a car wreck...
the person executing the task wearing a mask –
no need,
the fragrance of your vitality does not
linger here anymore
you have gone and left others with the
necessary chore of putting the puzzle together
your body,
the cause,
the effect devastating....

your life will be hailed in an obituary
your death summed up in hollow words in
a post mortem report
the bits and pieces of your body not
fit for burial placed in a bucket
and carried away to be dispersed of
with ammonia and maybe some mumbled
words between those present....

YURI DURAAN

Light And Darkness

Light and Darkness...

Light and Darkness...

the light in my eyes
and the darkness in my grain
the outwardly glow
hiding the inner pain

behind this mask of gold
a deeper meaning smoulders
from my mind's eye I'm
constantly removing boulders

the blood in my veins
celebrating a damning season
time and time again
obeying the voice of treason

Light and Darkness...
in me a perpetual parody...
Light always loses and
Darkness bathes in victory

YURI DURAAN

Lipstick Smear

I had breakfast at that place
we like to go to...

No-one poured my tea for me
it was just myself
I did not go with anyone...
It would be cheating to bring
someone else
to let him pour my tea,
this small gesture indicating
your proprietorship over me,
my body,
my submissive heart...

so, I drink tea by myself,
afterwards pressing the white
serviette to my lips,
looking at the print of my lipstick
on the white serviette,
seeing what you see
(my lips slightly parted)
everytime before you kiss me.

YURI DURAAN

Living Outside The Circle

I have done it...
stepped outside the circle of my life,
this once impenetrable prison
of ice
such `n perfect form
a sphere of precision

where there was some light,
certainly some love...
maybe some memories
but never enough...

so I braced my fear of the unknown
placed my foot over the threshold
and broke into a prism of light
which reflected every colour of me
and I shouted "I am free! "

and, yes, it is lonely
and sometimes cold...
and not all is found in a pot of gold...
but for me my 20 pieces are enough

I live life under a rainbow now
I have found the shape of me.

YURI DURAAN

Lost In Translation

'I'll phone... I'll write...'

You never promised,
but you said.
The empty words
now reverberating
in my head.

You never phoned...
You never wrote -
rendering your words
meaningless when
you spoke.

In my mind
a repeated incantation -
somehow, my love,
I've lost you
in translation.

YURI DURAAN

Lucky Number Seven?

I don't like the number seven
it is too skinny,
too beautiful,
too perfect.
Everyone bets on it and uses it
to chart their love lives.
It creates hope and
false sentiments... people see it
as a sign to grander happenings.

Rather give me number nine
whose imperfect lines spell
comfort and trust
(Now there is a body I can hold onto!)
It can be divided
and multiplied...
it is all the other fingers on my two hands
who are free and it is all the wonders of
the world plus you and me.

YURI DURAAN

Man Eating

I am watching a man eating
at a restaurant.

He eats daintily,
carefully selecting his portions,
like an artist choosing his colours
before using it on canvas.

He does not see me watching him,
or knows that his eating inspires poetry...

so when he looks up I cast my eyes down
to prevent the moment from
being ordinary.

YURI DURAAN

Matter For Evidence

I simply want to say:
"I love you" and let that be the
end of the matter -
Done with,
case signed and sealed ...

But you sigh because I do not
cook your meals just right
(the proof is in the pudding you see)
and the corners of your mouth turn
down when I do not subdue,
submit and
sublimate fast enough
(we have to keep the pace of love after all)
this love which has become
a matter for evidence,
with no witness to take the stand
and testify to the veracity thereof....

the witness's face having got stuck in a
bowl of pudding.

YURI DURAAN

Melancholy

As I sit here and write
melancholy overcomes me...
Have I lost some kind of bargain
with God, the outcome of which
has brought me to this point of
despair?
If this sadness is love, then please
let it pass by me, for I am not
made for this half-life where
I am yours but sleep alone,
curled up in myself like an
embryo never to be born into
daylight...
then rather take my heart and leave it
in the desert to dry and become
dust so that the wind can
carry it away.

YURI DURAAN

Miscarriage

A door that closed in front of me,
the dark wood bidding me to stay...
harsh words that slammed into
my face,
my stomach -
causing the life inside me
to end,
leaving footprints of blood
and shards of my soul
trailing
behind me
like echo's from the past....

Had the life grown inside me,
I would have given it to you
gladly
for I have been blessed twice since
and you not once...
sadly

YURI DURAAN

Monday Morning

Summer sun and fields of clover
I offer my soul to this dance
of lovers... and
the circle of your arms...
while the radio reports that
forty thousand people perished
in a flood and a special fund was
created for those left behind....

Pay your money to bury the dead!
Pray for the orphans with no future,
but do not touch me,
just yet...

For now I am safe,
my emotions invested in
these fragile soap bubble
moments..... as they
float towards the sun.

YURI DURAAN

Morbid Thoughts

I watch
the pale moon
rising
night in
night out
waxing
and waning...

I wonder, in death,
at which precise moment
my heart will stop -
whether all of my life
will be projected against my closed eye lids,
or whether I will run out of scenes before
time stops...

I contemplate this
as I fall into
the pale moon
night in
night out
waxing
and waning
to
nothing.

YURI DURAAN

Morning Prayers

Morning Prayers

In the early morning grayness
quiet sweeps my mind...

clear skies anticipating the light
turn my thoughts inward, and

as fingers of colour paint the
first lines across the horizon

I open myself to the voice
of The Master...

YURI DURAAN

My Garden

The sun does not always
shine in my garden -
here where I have
the grass
the birds
the trees...

and you

and often I sit here
under the trees
where there is always
coolness
comfort
calm

and you

but at a certain time,
as if by appointment,
the rays
break through
the leaves
and heaven descends
on your face

and I see every intent
in your glorious eyes
before you lean closer

to kiss me□

YURI DURAAN

Not Enough

I have your flowers, I have your words...
your beautiful poems you bestow on me

I have your presents, I have your books
your photos and your non-stop generosity

I have your shells, I have your ribbons
with which you tie me to you for eternity

I have your ears, I have your mouth
your kisses that you lavish on my tenderly

I have your phone calls, I have your dreams
your hands that caress me so urgently

I have your fragrance, I have your voice
in the dark hours when you whisper to me silently

I have your love, I have your whole heart
which you handed to me so easily

I have all that...and still so much more...
Yet, tonight I am alone because I do not have you.

YURI DURAAN

Not The Usual Poem For A Mother

My mother is real...

she is not the person described in
many odes and poems
she is not all perfume and
cinnamon and soft sheets and
beach holidays
she is not bed-time stories and
ballet recitals

My mother is real...

she wears over-alls when she
works in the garden
she cries loudly and even whails
when she is hurt
she cannot bake to save her life
and drives her car as fast as
possible

My mother is real...

I've seen her naked many times -
she has dark red birth marks
running down her one leg.... as if she is
carrying the stains of life,
marked for all the wrong things to
happen to her... and she shows
those scars for all to see

My mother is real...

She is not the Proverbs 31 woman
yet she is a child of God
and the Queen of my universe

YURI DURAAN

Oh The Bliss, Oh The Pain!

Oh the bliss,
oh the pain!

I am swimming in this
ocean, kicking against
the tides but having
no effect
no choice
but to let the currents
take me
all my efforts to swim out
in vain...

Oh the bliss,
oh the pain!

Your voice in my mind
a tearing refrain
of what could be -
an incantation
a prophetic glimpse
into the future of
my doom,
yet also
my heart's gain...

Oh the bliss,
oh the pain!

YURI DURAAN

On Butterflies And Little Girls

Butterflies and little girls are
almost exactly the same
The only things that differ are
the letters in their names
Both are beautiful and
exquisite and rare
and your heart stops beating
when you take the time to care

Tine feet, and little fingers –
a baby smell that always lingers
The beauty of a butterfly we
only see for a moment,
but a baby girl we know
lives in our hearts forever.

(written in 2000)

YURI DURAAN

On The Other Hand...

The Gospels teach us that our one hand should not know what the other is doing, this being a lesson in humility where good acts are concerned. However, Man corrupts all things to serve its own purpose:

We do harm only with the one hand,
so that the guilt is not shared by the other.
We use the left hand to hold onto unforgiveness
while the right hand lights a candle for our souls.

We allow one hand to reach out to those in need while
the other takes away from the ones who need the most.
We give love with our one hand at the same time
as the other is receiving morsels from a forbidden table

Surely life should be embraced with both our hands,
the one being accountable to the other?
- our palms open to give and receive -
our fingers entwined with those of the ones we love.

YURI DURAAN

Onvoltooide Sin

My Lief,
ek het vanoggend gedink aan 'n sin
om vir jou te skryf...
net een sin wat baie diepsinnig en groots
sou wees en jou deur die dag sou dra...
op daardie oomblik was die sin so belangrik
en ek kon nie wag om dit neer te skryf en vir
jou te stuur nie.

My Lief,
ek kan dit nie meer onthou nie.
Dit verminder egter nie die intensiteit van my
gevoel teenoor jou op daardie oomblik nie.
Die sin was soos 'n gebed wat ek uitgestuur
het na jou en was seker nie noodwendig
bedoel om deur jou gelees te word nie....
maar meer bedoel vir jou hart.

My Lief,
in die onsigbaarheid van daardie oomblik
het ek jou aangeraak met die gedagte en
die sin wat ek gebou het.
My siel het aanklank gevind met joune en
ek het jou belange op my hart geneem....
Ek hoop die sin dra jou nog steeds deur hierdie
dag sodat jy weet dat ek jou liefhet.

YURI DURAAN

Operatic Angel - An Easter Poem

An operatic Angel came from North
she sang a song and then went forth
It was a message of hope and joy
The promise of a little boy
who'd conquer death and then give life
bring peace to all and demolish strife

for whenever you're down and things go wrong
you can turn your ear to hear the angel's song
you will hear it in the wind and feel it in the sun
evidence will surround of what the Boy has done

So, go down on your knees and pray with every breath
and thank Him for the gift of His life and of His death.

(written in 2000)

YURI DURAAN

Potential Beauty

I am potentially beautiful
(in your own words)
.... not beauty existent

You, the aesthetic
who is surrounded
by beauty all day, come into
my arms to rest,
be yourself you say...
with me,
myself, potential beauty..

Is our lovemaking only
potentially beautiful to you?
because
to me it is my world existent

YURI DURAAN

Proof Of Life

Will someone send out a search party?
Please include all ex army-majors,
ex-husbands,
ex-teachers...
all uninspired realists and pragmatists who
thought I was going down the wrong track and
who wanted to set me straight...

I am missing in action!
I'm lost in the hallways of brilliant minds
of poets past and present
finding my way down alleys and secret
passageways, lured deeper by the
light of promise to the
Place of Beginning of Poems

I have been fasting in anticipation of the
feast which awaits me when I get there...
one more click of a button, one more
turning of the virtual page and I shall
get to know the Secret from which
all poems flow...

I am dead to the ordinary world now,
the only proof of life to be found
my beating heart,
on a desert floor
saturated with the words of those
who starved before me...

YURI DURAAN

Red Shoes

Come woman!

Rise and put on your
fancy dress..

Lift your pale body from
the sheets where
a wanton spirit lingers,
so that,
for this night you will forget that
the end of the rainbow does
not offer a homecoming or
caviar...

Yes, come away from your tired soul –
wear your red shoes and
make this moment
your Paradise.

YURI DURAAN

Ribbon

You asked for a ribbon
around your present -
Just that,
a simple request...
the actual present irrelevant.

So, I give you a ribbon
without a present...
a ribbon that binds my words
and ties you to me for
this brief moment...

before it's blown away by the wind.

YURI DURAAN

River Beads

I bought two strings...
they are called river beads.

I do not know why...
they are seeds
grey in colour with various
shades of light
and dark

I am happy wearing them
the feeling reminding me
of you
(oh, how you are happiness to me!)

I think the name is fitting...
a river of beads
of light and dark
around my neck
strung one by one
side by side
like the moments which
make up the string

the beautiful string of us

YURI DURAAN

Rooi Granaat

My lief...

ek bring vandag vir jou
die rooi van granaat wat
uitbreek uit my hande
soos die son op jou
gelaat

ek wens jou die
oker van herfs en vreugdevolle
ure wat soos windverwaaide
blare dwarrel oor die
lande

ek gun jou die gulheid
van safraan wat die
goedheid van hierdie
dag kom blootlê in jou
oë

en laastens my lief
gee ek jou die reën, die
soet silwer reën wat jou was
en kom neerlê in my
hande

YURI DURAAN

Rush Of Love

I feel a rush of love towards you today
this very moment, in fact...

I am slightly surprised by it as I do not
know you very well,
yet, you are always at the fringes of my
mind -
you have become, through our mutual
love for words, an entity in my field of reference,
not to be owned in friendship or in life,
certainly not by me

nevertheless I shall love you
for this moment...
for your unavailability and your absence
from my pages
and I shall drop your name here and there
with a smile on my face,
and call you my friend

just in case you'd like to be just that
for a while...

YURI DURAAN

Saudade

Spirits entwined
As we stand
Under the night...
Darkness surrounds
And the farewell is like
Death that came
Early... unexpectedly

(Saudade: haunting sense of sadness)

YURI DURAAN

Scratching At My Wounds

When you see a scab you have to scratch it,

causing the wound underneath to bleed all
over again

you cannot leave well enough alone,
can you?

always fascinated to see the blood –
(oh! there is so much blood sometimes!)

whether you made the wound or not,
rehashing the cause

scrutinizing the effect

analyzing my reaction

and then trying to find the solution...

You are caught in this perpetual motion of
scratching,

cleaning,

thinking you are healing

but misunderstanding it all....

You are not my healer and cannot, just
because you love me, bring all ugliness to task –

Rather be my constant gardener and put new
plants into my soil....

water me with your unconditional understanding,
or find something else to do with your time altogether.

My scabs are doing just fine -

Time will take its course.

YURI DURAAN

Selfish Prayer

I dare not pray for myself
lest I may receive what I do not deserve

so, I pray for you...
your happiness,
your prosperity,
that you may find the love
who will hold you,
cherish you.... allow you to be the person
you thought you could be...

and in praying this for you
I might just get what I do not deserve

YURI DURAAN

Seperation

we stand like two
weary travelers
next to one another
but not equal
out of sync
closed
untouchable
the scars of our union
clearly visible

how many journeys?
how many detours?

no more treasures to
discover
no desire to search for
the heart within
each other

so we wait..
next to one another
closed
indestructible
the scars of our union
clearly visible

* translated from Afrikaans

YURI DURAAN

Ses Hele Harte En Twee Halwes

Dit het my asem weggeslaan
die metaal armband met die twee
kante saamgevou, wat nie raak nie
Die ingewikkelde hartpatrone rondom
dit wat uitstaan....
ses harte, en waar die band breek
aan weerskant,
twee halwes....

Twee halwe harte met 'n leemte
tussen hulle... met geen manier om
bymekaar te kom nie...
maar twee halwe harte wat deel maak
van 'n lewenssirkel wat saamgebind is
deur ses heles.

Die armband spreek van hoop...
'n liefdesgeskenk
ses hele harte en twee halwes
maak 'n volmaakte getal
gebore uit onvolmaakte liefde,
maar liefde nietemin...

en die skoonheid en die pyn daarvan
vou my dubbel,
want dit was jy wat die geskenk
gegee het....
maar nie ek wat dit ontvang het nie.

YURI DURAAN

Shattered

There was no explosion
that ripped my body apart -

yet burn victims do not know pain...
even the drowned suffer peaceful deaths

Storms and calamities are but for
dreams in which grief prosper
and the unrighteous reign supreme -

There was no earthquake
which swallowed my soul....

it was a whisper so silent
that only my heart could hear it

and I was shattered

YURI DURAAN

Shocking Pink Underwear

I sometimes wear shocking pink underwear.

It is my act of rebellion against those who
always tell me that I am too pale for bright colours.

I wear it under my black dress... with no shoes
and a daring glint in my eyes

A rebellious spirit, according to the Bible,
is the same as witchcraft....

Maybe I am a witch, bewitching you with my black clothes,
pale skin, and pink underwear

Maybe I am an angel, with my bare feet.....
running circles around your enchanted imagination

YURI DURAAN

Sister

You and I
standing together
each her own half
of a full being

You, a mirror image
of my heart
the outpour of my words

Me, the song on your
lips - the lifeline
in the palm of your hand

The years that divide us
have melted to a dropp which
captures your humanity,
your unshaken belief,
the utterance of your soul
Half of me,
yet completely whole.

YURI DURAAN

Star Cross Event

At the edge of the world
I found you...
dangling over the precipice
struggling against conformity
avoiding at all cost the vortex
which threatened to consume you.

Your soul was a mere gaping
hole - devoid of emotion or
intention
no life line reached you
no love completed you.

You carried the scars of
darkness and lived only in
the strength of the moment
barely allowing yourself the
freedom to breathe.

At the edge of the world
I found you...
and together we dove into
the void with only each other
to hold onto - embracing the
darkness,
my strength carrying your heart
and my love completing you.

YURI DURAAN

Street Cafe

I sit in silence...
the world around me
alive with people
hurrying here and there
round and round
chasing their own tails

the earth turns...
spinning around the empty
desires of people
and they rush on, regardless
here and there
round and round
... the earth sighs

and I sit in silence...
because I have you.

YURI DURAAN

Take Me For A Drive In Your Big Fancy Car

Take me for a drive in
your big fancy car
so that the sun can play on
my breasts and
reflect in your warm eyes....
your eyes on me,
speaking their own language -
not following the road laid out....
the road long planned...
your eyes fixed on me
only me ...
the road signs flashing by
flashing by
and ignored by your eyes
because your eyes
are locked on me.

YURI DURAAN

Tchotchkes

It was only after she died I came to know her...
going through her things,
finding the little box with trinkets,
keepsakes from a different era,
a movie ticket
a war medal
and the brass heart locket on a string,
already green with age...
inside a cut-out of Elvis

I smiled... we were not so different after all,
this woman from the past, and I
our tchotchkes are worlds apart, but
the sentiment the very same.

YURI DURAAN

Tell Me The Story Of Us

Come tell me a story of longing
a story of us
about long ago when we still laughed together
and you loved to play with the child in me...

from before the story lost its thread
and the child got lost in a
dark wood of words, revelations
and accusations...

when the child was still beautiful
and you were the hero who
time and again saved her and
lead her back into the sun...

All I have now is the longing...
a word on its own without any
answer
and the burning question in my
hungry eyes

* translated from Afrikaans

YURI DURAAN

That Boy Has My Heart!

That boy has my heart!

He says he found it
and it's 'finders keepers'...
his eyes daring me to take it back
grubby sticky fingers clinging
to it, adamant not to let go

Me, feeling the life flowing from me
(as I cannot live without a heart)
do not have a heart to take it back from him

seeing the reverence with which he
holds it to himself as if it is
the most sacred of possessions he
will ever possess...

YURI DURAAN

The Art Show

I do not see Art here!

I see scratching on
some walls and
splashes of violet
and black on canvasses
big and small..

all some vomit of some
artist who had to spew
his/her emotions to be
catalogued as a new
genre on its own....

"Quite remarkable"
the programme reads...
Yes, quite remarkable
indeed, smirks my poetic
condescendence....

just,
as I turn to leave I notice
at the door the artist,
and her broken soul
which cannot be uttered
but only spewed out
on canvass –

....and I walk over and
place a sticker on the
closest piece of vomit
which reads "SOLD".

YURI DURAAN

The Colour Of My Love

I did not know love
was
grey...

that it resides in the
colour of mist and rain,
under umbrellas on a
busy street
alongside goats on a
grassy plain
and in rocks rolling off a
mountain

grey...

like unspoken words from
my tongue
a landslide of
quiet reserve
and I pick up the pieces,
these grey rocks
of silent truths

and I build an altar
on which I sacrifice
all the colours
that could have been
my love

YURI DURAAN

The Day Has Come

The Day has come.

Even though I have been waiting
for a long time,
it was unexpected...

I woke up and it was here...
a visitor at the door
the taxi still waiting in the
street
door open...
motor running...
It said: "Are you coming? "

I had been waiting a long time
but it was unexpected...

no time to think
to hang back
the day was leaving without me...
running away from me

So, I followed
in my haste discarding all my
baggage, leaving behind the
ribbons that tied me to the door
which was closing behind me...

I followed the Day...
the Day that has come for me.

YURI DURAAN

The Garden Of Words

Here we are,
created to live in this
garden of words...
to rule over the phrases
and verses and rhyme -
to create poetry and prose
and weave nuances with
underlying sensuality

.... but not to partake of
the Tree of Meaning of Words

We can make love with the
words and play with the
words and own the words,
but we can never know
with certain knowledge the
meaning of every word intended,
the underlying explanation of
feelings beneath the words...

this knowledge eludes us
rendering the whole exercise
a bit futile.

YURI DURAAN

The Girl From Cebu City

I know a girl from Cebu City
I have never met her but I know of her
through her lover... a much older man
who lives in my city.

She is much younger
very beautiful... a bit like a child
He has arranged for her to come for an
extended visit

He is worried that people might think
he has bought and paid for her, lest
her feelings be hurt

I say she is too young to understand...

He says he will throw money at the problem
and take her here and there, spoil her,
buy her things...
only to take her mind off things, of course...

I think it is ironic that this girl will go back
to Cebu City with more possessions
thinking herself richer for the experience –
not having been bought and paid for, of course...

and that this man from my city will be
all the poorer for his judgment....
for buying the paper queen
a heart of stone.

YURI DURAAN

The Girl With The Coat The Hat The Scarf

I know a girl
She always wears
a coat
a hat
a scarf

You can ask her what she's thinking
and she will always give
the answer
She will speak the truth...
Her eyes will light up and her
mouth will confirm
her heart...

and invariably your heart will
sing in harmony with her truths
your pulse will beat in rhythm
with her words...

Speak to her, this girl...
You will recognise her when
you
find her -

She always wears
a coat
a hat
a scarf

YURI DURAAN

The Kiss...

...and would it be that
souls should meet
in an infinite moment
so bittersweet.....

YURI DURAAN

The Light Giver

I was enthralled with her beauty
the way she moved in the night
covered by the cloak of darkness
but within her carrying the light

and whomever she touched
and wherever she went
she gave of her light
for every tear that was spent

I yearned for her to reach me
to stand in the circle of light
Having had my share of pain and hurt
I've certainly earned the right

The darkness came towards me
wrapped around the Lady of Light
but she smiled and moved right past me
leaving me standing in the centre of night

YURI DURAAN

The Lost Ring

You gave me a ring
'our secret' you said -
the most beautiful,
perforated silver ring -
butterfly wings
(carrying your love to me)
only for me
and for no-one to see

precious, antique finnishes,
the weight of the ring in the
moment, the palm of my hand
this moment between
you and me
for no-one to see

so I took our secret and hid
it - far away from prying eyes
and inquisitive minds
keeping the secret and its
vitrinous beauty so safe
for no-one to see
that it is now nowhere to be found
by you or me

YURI DURAAN

The Love Goddess

This morning I told someone about you.
Spoken in plain language, it somehow
diminished what we have...

Afterwards I wanted to pour ash over my
head and cry a river into being...

Have I misrepresented you?

How can any language aptly express the
look in your eyes when they rest on me?
Is there a way to explain to any real person
this godlike entity which is You-and-Me?
Surely reality and Us are not cut from the
same cloth?

It is the difference between potato sacks
and Egyptian silk,
you wrapping my body
which is dead to this mundane world
in exotic balms and fabrics.....
preserving me for future travelers to find
and they will stand in awe and put me
on display with a card reading:
"The Love Goddess"

YURI DURAAN

The Man Who Has Your Name

When I went to work today
I saw your name written above
a door.... it was an ordinary
door on an ordinary street ...
but the fact that it was your
name made it bohemian and
wonderful ... extraordinary!

I wondered whether the owner
of the name had your eyes
or your smile.... whether he
had the same zest and abandon
you possess when I'm with you,
when, the next moment, the door
opened and a maid brought out
a bucket of dirty water and
threw it out onto the road...
flushing away my little fantasy
along with the dirty remnants
of the floor
of the house
of the man who has your name.....

YURI DURAAN

The Plea Of Lot's Wife

Having said all that before...

you know I cannot leave as I
am a slave to you... dark rooms
and stale drinks and nuts just
metaphores for the situation
we find ourselves in...

it is equally hopeless, don't you see?
I am salt and light, which is why
you love me...
the salt under your tongue,
the light in your dark mind...

but tonight I am the pillar of salt,
unmoving
not going anywhere,
not going near the light which will
release me from this double life
of stark pillar and flowing heart...

the heart which is dying of thirst
for real love,
committed love and
absolute abandonment to light...
to me...
come into the light with me,
I beg of you

Let us go to the Promised Land.

YURI DURAAN

The Pupil

You believe the Earth is flat
where you can see to the end of it
and in the seeing you can
control this world...
You can measure it
and own it
and rule over it supreme
like a card King -
flat...
this kingdom of yours
predictable in that,
as long as you stay on top of its
smooth surface
everything will be perfect and
you will not fall off...

I believe the Earth is round...
I have not seen this with my own
eyes, but my hope is invested in it.
I rely on the gravity of
my emotions
to be able to move about and
play,
maybe sing a few songs...
I do not know whether,
one day,
this gravity will fail me and
whether I might simply drift away
in space...
But I will dance along merrily
until such time I find out!

YURI DURAAN

The Sculptor

I was every grain of sand over
which the ocean rolled
exposed and raw
in the acceptance of
my fate which
was in the hands of the tides...

You, the artist,
saw potential beauty
in my cool aloofness...
you took me and put fire to
me - equal parts of fire and wind
to one part of me.
You unlocked the beauty within
by blowing me into an exquisite
glass sphere, an object to
admire... reflecting light
and love,
but being utterly fragile
in its perfection....
perfect in your eyes,
your hands -

yet this uncertain existence of
measuring up against
other objects d'art cracks
the surface,
letting me wish to be the sand again
and give myself over
to the tides.... for of that I am
at least certain,
the steady mauling being more
gentle than my heart
slipping from your hands and
shattering at your feet.

YURI DURAAN

The Space Between Your Eyes...

It is like that silence between two
acts of a play
when the curtain falls
and it is dark...
there is expectancy in those
minutes
loaded anticipation and an
audible sigh when the
curtain lifts and there is
light and colour and sound

When life feels dark and heavy
I think upon that space -
where silence reigns
where expectancy beats,
and my heart stops...
I do not breathe,
I anticipate the light
and the colour
and the love I find in the applause
on either side
of that space between your eyes

YURI DURAAN

Thieves

Late at night we steal
these moments
like silent car thieves,
knowing how to move in
the dark and which
wires to connect...
so we connect ourselves with
this night...
and our wish that the
wind howling around the
corners of our minds will
keep out the wails of those
who will get hurt in the process

YURI DURAAN

This Dog Has A Name!

I was born subservient, subhuman and
submissive - answering to your
every command, wagging my tale
to the snap of your fingers,
playing dead when
you ordered me to do so -
I submersed myself and
suppressed the sublime
licking from your hands the crumbs
that secured my existence...
starved for your words and
acknowledgment...

until the moment your eyes united with
your hands and I saw my hope dying between
your fingers... dissolved in a heap of dust
beneath your feet,
finally being able to run into the night...
scarred, but free.

YURI DURAAN

To My Ex-Muse

you showed me Kandinsky and Chagall
read me Billy Collins and T S Elliot
challenged me to think and live broadly –
I laughed when you bought me Dilbert
and cried when you gave me an orange
..... such a small offering from such
a huge mind...
I have not lost you but
you are no longer there at the outskirts
of my imagination,
leaving crumbs to feed my inspiration,
watching silently
as I fiddle with my art...
yet the proof of your influence
cover my existence
and leaves a lingering smell of citrus...

YURI DURAAN

To Tame A Mockingbird

They say a Mockingbird cannot be tamed,
it being a wild bird of song
free to disperse its affections to
whomever it so pleases -
singing on different perches,
windowsills
and maybe some steeples

It is recommended that, to attract a
Mockingbird to your backyard, you lay
out various fruits such as
mulberries
raspberries and
blackberries
(it seems all the berries of the rainbow)

I shall put out a pomegranate,
sliced in half,
laying bare the ripe, red fruits -
fruits of my soul,
the promise of a song -
a returned favour for the honour bestowed
on me by the visit....

YURI DURAAN

Tonight...

Tonight ...

I will wrap my heart in pearls for you,
it being the symbol of the healing
process you have begun in me,
each precious bead carefully mending
the scars within - their iridescent beauty
portraying the novelty of our love.

You have become The Constant Gardener
bringing offerings of splendor to my barren earth ...

For you I will wear my pearls tonight...
For you I will undress under the moon tonight...
In your garden I will lay myself down tonight.

YURI DURAAN

Torn

You rip apart the seams of
my existence,
tearing into the flesh of my
principles
feasting upon the vows
I made to love and obey...

"Thou shalt not covet another
man's wife" –
are these words nothing to you
who weave words into a quilt
of events, new meanings,
old tales and cliché'd expressions?

My tongue tastes stale in my
mouth, speaking my plea to you...
I am keeping my mouth
closed now
I am breathing through my
nose now
I am turning to leave now.

YURI DURAAN

Treading Water

you are not a stranger here
in the depths of my mind
treading water in the
unkown where even I,
the author of my thoughts....
have not mastered the fear
of the deep

you are not a stranger here
in the hallways of my heart
where the walls cast a dim
glow, yet the echos promise
a repeated dream of morning
returning after night returning
after morning....

you are not a stranger here
you have been furnished with
the map, the compass, the
strategy and
the key.... Thank God
you are a good swimmer

YURI DURAAN

Unbearable

I have lost you
in the space between two moments –
two blinks of an all-seeing eye..

We were there, in the hallways
of my mind, in a painting of a great master,
portrayed as Love Personified,
a god and goddess in sensual embrace
for future generations to admire...

then there was nothing
the wall was left bare,
the canvass a clean slate

I reached into you and found emptiness –
the wholeness has become a void,
a chasm through which the wind howls,
searching for warm flesh to bond with....
its screeching unbearable to my
shattered mind.

YURI DURAAN

Unraveled

I am unraveling...

I am becoming unraveled -
the word rolls off my tongue like
Rallentando: (gradual slowing
of the tempo) , such an aesthetic
word for such a pathetic state of being
my tongue at discourse with
my dolce mind,
my Allegro heart...
Staccato pulse...

If you are the music that holds
me together,
and I am unravelling...

Where are you?

YURI DURAAN

Vroeg-Oggend Blues

Die oggend spoel by ons venster
in....eers oor die tafel, dan die bed
en oor die laatnag fluisterwoorde
wat steeds tussen ons hang

Ek het gegiggel omdat jou
nagsoen gekielie het
Jou stem was donker van
die vaak

Die kat het op die muurtjie
buite sit en kyk na die maan....
rustig, soos jou asemhaling
teen my rug –

Tyd, o kosbare Tyd het stilgestaan
langs my bed en gewaak oor ons
stil woorde – en die nag vasgeketting
in my hart

So oggend kom! Sonskyn kom!
Verf die dag met helder hale...
My voete sal my dra deur goue strate,
terug na die nag..... na jou.

YURI DURAAN

Wearing James Dean

I found the locket in the back
of your drawer..

I was not snooping I swear,
simply fascinated by the trinkets
overflowing, knotted together in
an embrace of memories and
grand sentiment....

This is how I found James Dean,
hanging on four different chains
(in death) quite beautiful...

I put him around my neck
and went out into the rain
- a star in my own
50's movie....

YURI DURAAN

Where Do All The Pens Go?

Coming to my desk this morning
I once more sigh because there
is no pen in sight...
I go to the office supply cupboard
to collect (once more)
a handful of pens,
arranging them on my desk
in various places...
putting some in
my drawer for back-up,
knowing that tomorrow morning
I will repeat this useless ritual
while thousands of pens,
in that place where they all go,
dance and rejoice because they
are free to write the words they
choose not the ones which
are dictated by my hand.

YURI DURAAN

Will I Look Like My Mother When I'M Old?

When YOU look at her
you see a 60-year old woman,
badly scarred by life, carrying
her experiences upon her like
a frumpled sack of old clothes...
Surely this is not the person of
my tales...
my stories of the past.....
the woman I hail to be the
Mata Hari, Queen Elizabeth
and Mother Teresa?
Can you not see that the
explanation for my slight
exaggeration is love?
When I look at her I see all
that, and more.....
I see myself....
She's just more Glorious.

YURI DURAAN

Winternag

wintertak krap
aan my venster
krap-krap
soos jy aan my hart

ek lê en luister
na die wind wat dryf
en blare lig
jou warm lyf krul in

en so krap-krap jy
aan my
jou stoppelbaard
teen my skouer,

en lig jy my
tot waar ek
sweef en druis
saam met die wind

YURI DURAAN

X. Legkaart Liefde

Elke oomblik saam met
jou is soos 'n stuk van
'n legkaart...

baie stukke blou
baie stukke gras
klein stukkies hemel
vir elke keer wat ons saam was

te veel stukke om te tel
te veel om te bou
te min stukke saamwees
om aan vas te klou

Hierdie legkaart is nog
ver van klaar
nog nie genoeg om te onthou
maar kyk hier in die hoek, Baby,
ons het reeds
die son gebou.

YURI DURAAN

X. Winterson

Ek vind jou altyd in die reen -
die plas van die druppels
poele om my enkels...
die liefjou trane van ekstase
teen my ruit af na die ontvanklike,
dorstige aarde...

Hoe is dit dan dat ek jou nog nooit
met die winterson ontvang het nie?

Dit omvou my,
neem my in 'n omhelsing, tol my om
in 'n wenteling van tyd
hierdie wintersmiddag...

Ver van jou is ek
Ver van reen is ek...
maar ek leef en haal asem
in hierdie son.

YURI DURAAN

Kaalvoet en gewillig kom
lê ek my in jou mikke neer
jou oksels beur teen my lyf
en jou bas skaaf my vel...

Jy staan sterk en seker en
ek verlustig my in die hardheid
van jou stam,
die diepte van jou wortels...

Ek strek myself uit en gee
my oor aan jou skaduwee
terwyl straaltjies son op my
reën deur jou blare...

YURI DURAAN

`n Engel uit die hemel het Diva kom speel
en opera areas gesing uit haar keel
sy't gedans op die wind soos `n guitige kind
en die werke van Mozart en Verdi verslind

Met haar magiese stem het sy die aarde verower
en al wat wese is met haar stemp betower
Sy't gesing en gesing tot sy net nie meer kon
en teen die einde vna die nag verdwyn in die son

Soms, as die wind waai, dan draai jy net jou oor
en jy sal die lied van die Engel weer kan hoor
Met die klank van die luit beleef jy Deja-vu, en jou
siel volg haar weereens na die einde van die reënboog toe.

YURI DURAAN

tad

As alle paaie na Rome lei
en my pad lei slegs na jou...
Is jy Rome vir my?

Is jy passie en musiek
en standvastige geboue in
eeuoue argitektuur?

Is jy romanse en ervarings
and kuns wat praat tot
emosie en siel?

Skuil jy in woorde soos *accelerando*
en *bello ragatso*, en beweeg jy
met die ritme van die tango wat op
my hartsnare speel?

Al my paaie loop na jou...
jy, mekka van toe en nou...
Jy is my Rome
my Hartstad

YURI DURAAN

edraai

My hart verlang na die Boland
en dit verlang na jou
omdat berg en son nie my siel
kan vul waar jou vroegoggend
fluister-koebaai `n leemte
gelaat het nie.

Jou baadjie hang in die gang
waar ek verbyskuur na buite
en vir `n oomblik is ek vasgevang
tussen onthou en uitsien....

want vanaand kom jy huistoe
en terwyl die Boland slaap,
is die Kaap in my hart weer
Hollands!

YURI DURAAN

ëlbeeld

Jy sê ek moet in die spieël kyk
en sien wat jy liefhet.

Ek kyk.... en ek sien alles:

My bruin oë wat terugkyk,
diep inkyk, soekend vir
waarhede
maar ook oop en ontvanklik
gewillig om jou in te laat

my wit, ronde skouers
met `n paar skugter sproete
wat wys ek is `n nagmens
en skaam vir die son...
beskikbaar vir jou hande

my borste, deinend, stuwend –
vol belofte en aardsheid,
vroulikheid... wat jou uitnooi
om te vat –
soekend na jou lippe

my heupe, bleek en wyd
met die geheim van my
sensualiteit verborge daarin
vir jou om besit van te neem
met jou manlikheid

Ek kyk na myself in die spieël
en ek sien alles
wat jy sien, my lief...
wat jy liefhet...
en dis joune

YURI DURAAN

Strand

Op `n ver strand dink ek soms aan jou –
aan die verlatenheid waarmee ons
mekaar aangeraak het –
daardie laaste ure,
voor die sonsopkoms ons
toekoms verblind het.

Dink jy ook, en verlang jy?
of maak jy ook doellose voetspore
in die sand wat lei na nêrens...
met voetval wat die dowwe
slae van my hart ego
hier waar ek op
`n ver strand loop.

YURI DURAAN

My Suster, Danette

Ek het jou al van kleinsaf lief
met my eerste gewaarwording
was jy daar – het ons geheime gefluister
in donker kaste, opgekrul in ons eie fantasieë
kastele gebou op die stoep en
elke oggend met ons
kleindogtertjie-stemme ingeroep.

Ek het jou al van kleinsaf lief
deur die storm en drang
skreeu in die gang-af tye
die koebaai sê vir mekaar en
afstand vol swye - die skugter weersiens
en loer na ons lywe wat ontwikkel
en vrou geword het.

Ek het jou al van kleinsaf lief
en ek dra my eie vewyt dat ek nie
na jou gekyk het toe dit saakgemaak
het nie – nie jou veters geknoop of jou
vir skool klaargemaak het nie, en
nie jou vasgehou het toe hy jou
so seergemaak het nie.

Ek het jou al van kleinsaf lief
en die vrou wat jy nou is het
ek nie gemaak nie – jou ervaring
het jou gevorm en jou seerkry en
geluk jou laat ontluik en ek staan verstom...
want dis presies dieselfde JY wat ek
van kleinsaf liefhet.

YURI DURAAN

En Antwoord

`n vraag

die verklaring, erkenning
blootgelê in jou woorde...
die erns in jou oë
weerspieël die oortuiging
van jou hart,
so raak jy aan my wese..
met elke vibrasie van jou stem
sluit jy my oop,
laat my ontvanklik vir jou pleidooi...

die antwoord

`n ontkenning van self,
oorgawe aan jou lippe,
my hart wat uitreik na joune
en aanklank vind,
my oë wat soek na joune en
die bevestiging gee...

geen woorde nodig

My hart skreeu Ja!

YURI DURAAN

You Cannot Have Your Chips And Eat It!

'Why haven't you ordered my chips? '
asks the woman of her husband,
at the table next to mine -
and they proceed to have a lengthy
argument, with sarcastic innuendos,
on the art of ordering correctly.

The one of them does not hear the other,
their eyes do not see each other
do not notice that the years have made
some bitter lines there,
setting their hearts in cold stone...

They do not realise that the sea and
shores are not waiting for them...
that the tides come and go,
regardless
of whether one has had ones chips or not.

YURI DURAAN

You Have 43 New Voice Messages

'You have 43 new voice messages'....

It seems everyone's found out
about me not really being me...
I have lived this lie for too long
and now it's out.... the truth about
me being dead and buried for 18 years.

I am not answering the phone...
too busy you see,
digging up the body of my old
self, the person I once was,
busy, busy, busy
digging digging digging

Ah! Here I am!
Not too badly in shape....
with a bit of love, essential
oils and comfort food, oh yes!
and romance.... there is still
life to be had, for the old me

who will soon again be the new me,
and then maybe the phone will stop ringing.

YURI DURAAN

You Never Say My Name

You never say my name

as if you are afraid that
it would bind you to me,
that the utterance of the
syllables which define me
would hold you to some
invisible promise...
a promise you are
unable to keep

and I scream at you and
claw at your indifference
towards my need
while you commit yourself
to your silence

when it matters most to me
to hear you say
my name

* translated from Afrikaans

YURI DURAAN

Z. Bieg

Ek het jou lief...
nie oor
woord
of daad
of simboliek,
of etiek
of die
sensuur
wat jy plaas op my lyf nie -

Ek het jou lief
omdat jy my (onwetend)
my denke
my drome
my passie
laat uitleef binne die
raamwerk waarin
ek leef
ek liefhet

ek is

YURI DURAAN

Z. Fragment

Ek is gefragmenteer,
as broos gediagnoseer
onbevange afhanklik
van jou hunkering na my -

maar is die som van
die fragmente
my menswees?
of het ek verlore geraak in
die simptome...
my onbeheersdheid in
jou teenwoordigheid?

Is die totaal van
ONS
die enigste antwoord
op die blywende vraag?
of kom dit neer op
'n enkele
gebroke fragment?

YURI DURAAN

Z. Gevange

Ek stap in die koue...
naak
die nagwind soos doringdraad
om my enkels
dit boei my aan die
grond
die koue vind sy houvas op my
en dwing my af
dit ketter my -
ek bied geen verweer...
my vel krimp
my hart staan stil
ek struikel
ek verdor

Daar is geen Feniks in hierdie nag
geen vuur wat my laat herbore en
die gitswart kole in my binneste
laat herlewe...

Ek sterf
geketting met doringdraad
aan die koue...

aan jou.

YURI DURAAN

Z. 'N Bietjie Van Alles

Jy is alles vir my en dit
leef ek...
alles of niks,
of so het ek geglo

maar die lewe loop sy
eie draaie
en niks gebeur soos
dit noodwendig moet

Nou het ons 'n bietjie
van alles...

'n bietjie leed,
'n bietjie smart
'n bietjie soen
'n bietjie vreugde in die hart

En ek loop die lewe se draaie
geduldig (soos ek maar moet)
en ek bid en ek hoop
dat eendag...

al hierdie bietjies van ons
saamwees
die som sal wees van
alles

YURI DURAAN

Z. 'N Silwer Ring

Ek het vir my 'n ring gekoop -
'n silwer ring
met 'n dieprooi steen
en dit op my vinger geplaas
waar die leemte op my linkerhand
my afgetrek het
in peinsinge
selfverwyte
bitterheid...
my laat water trap het in die
verlede..

Die ring was nie duur nie,
die simbolief egter
onmeetbaar
onskatbaar...
Dit het my vinne gegee -
watervoete
en 'n visioen van lig
bokant die water
en die lig roep na my
en nou kan ek swem,
op,
na die lig toe.'

YURI DURAAN

Z. Rooi Malvas In Die Winter

Jy vat my hand:

'Wys my een ding vandag,
een sprankie hoop vir
die toekoms...
iets waaraan ek kan vasklou
sodat ek kan weet
dat hierdie winterdag
nie die storie van
ons sal word nie...
die yl son,
die koue wind,
die sekerheid van 'n lang
donker nag....'

en ek sien,
en ek wys jou
die parmanatige rooi malvas
wat deur die verdorde varings
beur - soos rooigeverfde
lippe lag,
terg...
en hoe die son hulle omtower
in my stukkie hoop
om vir jou te gee
vir hierdie dag.

YURI DURAAN

Z. Stip

Ek staar stip
na die oop deur...
die deur 'n simbool,
'n patent van my
verwagting

My heimwee stuur
rookseine na jou
horisonne
pleit met die wind om
jou te gaan haal

(soms verwag ek te veel)

Nietemin staar ek stip
na die oop deur
stip
en met verwagting
dat jou rookomhulde
windverwaaide skim
my visie gaan versper

YURI DURAAN