

## Albedo

Wandering alone in the dark,  
nothing to lighten my heart,  
feeling so cold - out there in the night.

Worlds passing by in the gray,  
everything drifting away,  
circles of time - like the waves in the tide.

Crossing the layers below,  
dashing at deserts of snow,  
eolian plains - dispersing all light.

The surface closing in fast,  
the air flow warming my heart,  
touching the ground - all exploding in white.

## The Heart of America

I am the eagle, crossing the endless wetness,  
wet desert - not for me, I see the fish in the drift,  
I am going up and down with the air stream,  
going West, West, hard to find a place for rest.

So many did before. My little heart beating.  
Excitement? Fear? Hope? Wish me luck ...  
Seeking for its beat, its nature and state,  
going West, West, I need to follow this trek.

What a sight! May has passed,  
no flowers here. No grass, no trees.  
Longing for the sun beyond this sea of grief,  
going West, West, staying below the deck.

Same destination. Different destiny.  
Land of milk and honey. Whose perspective?  
From North, from East, from South, routes  
going West, West, this becomes a major quest.

God's own land. That's what they say.  
What a journey. My white head feels insane.  
Circling over the Big Apple, its fingers to the sky,  
going West, West, needing food and needing rest.

A sea of tea. A flood of whiskey.  
Such a great nation. Patches of culture scraped up.  
Culture corroded by their own IRA\*, forgot Dies Irae,  
going West, West, in their own land only guests.

How exhausting. My brown plumage is tousled.  
Mirrored on coins, the olives do not grow here.

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I am white and brown - and everything between,  
going West, West, maybe it's my final quest.

The heart of this land. Cardiac dysrhythmia.  
I feel it, I hear it in the drums - I need to find it.

This is my calling. I am the eagle.

\*IRA >> Indian Removal Act of 1830

## When love

When love fingers your soul,  
fondly,  
like the wind whispering in the willow,  
Will you face the breeze  
being all smiles?

Or do you  
avert your visage,  
worried  
to swirl in a windstorm?

When love flows your soul,  
engraving,  
like the water running in the runlets,  
will you welcome the wetness  
sparkling with joy?

Or do you  
shiver with fear,  
dreaded  
to drown in a diluvian?

When love inflames your soul,  
blazing,  
like the flames burning in a bush fire,  
will you welcome the warmth  
glowing with passion?

Or do you  
trample down the fervor,  
frightened  
of fusing in a smelter?

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When love strikes your soul,  
heavily,  
like an earthquake hitting the earth,  
will you welcome the commotion  
trembling with expectance?

Or do you  
cache in a cave,  
scared  
of being devoured by the abyss?

## Shores

What is wrong, what is right? Giving up or run into the fight?  
All the struggles, disputing thoughts in lonesome nights.  
When darkness surrounds you everything becomes a brighter light.

But then he gets that feeling  
of warm arms wrapped around him  
while he dreams of her and knows  
she'll catch him when he falls.

Going on, let it go? Facing the challenge or say no?  
Torn the mind, splitting up in desperate woe.  
When the waters take you every grain becomes the shore of hope.

And then she gets that feeling  
of warm arms wrapped around her  
while she dreams of him and knows  
he'll catch her when she falls.

Tell his thoughts? - Let him know? Troubling waters that might be still?  
So far away, and yet as close as hearts can be.  
When an ocean lies between you put on the vests and start to swim.

And then you'll get that feeling  
of warm arms wrapped around you  
while you make your dreams come true  
and catch each other's fall.

**Secret Rooms**

DOORWAY

Life  
is  
a river  
of magical numbers  
woven into the golden ratio,  
reflecting the sunbeams in clustered pearls of water,  
uniqueness united in an endless stream renewing every day yet staying the  
same,  
softly forming the pebbles not knowing about time crossing the borders as it  
is carving the surface before jumping into the sea.

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THRESHOLD

You tugged me to light - now you're staring at me,  
morbid fascination - what do you see?  
Small child model? - Know, your mind is not free  
of emotions ruled by your amygdalar nuclei.

An angel sleeping, is that what you see?  
Assumed I was awake would you be shouting at me?  
A cradle sometimes a cage can be  
and burgeoning life an exposure to cruelty.

I did not invite you to look at me!  
And actually I decided NOT TO BE.  
I keep my eyes closed so I do not see  
your sacrimonious talk about me, over your tea

**Summer**

Waking up to a chirping chant,  
gazing framed at  
the rosy light of breaking dawn  
painting its colors  
on a cloudless canvas of watery blue,  
and golden glimmer  
caressing the leaves.

Inhaling the balmy breeze,  
scenting thoroughly  
the salty flavor of tangle and shells  
dancing weightlessly  
on a faceless gauze of sheer dew,  
and lucent arms  
embracing the room.

Picturing the endless sea,  
touching keenly  
the shimmery crystals of eternal tides  
rippling fringly  
on entwined paths of foot prints,  
and all of me  
is wrapped by you.

**Surreal**

Wide wings spreading,  
covering  
grey skies above  
whirling waters.

Dark clouds clustering,  
hunting  
pale dreams over  
haunted places.

Fierce winds roaring,  
throwing  
myriad woes towards  
deaf spaces.

Rogue waves rising,  
stamping  
cuddly certainties to  
rocky ground.

Dim lands weeping,  
showing  
nothing left than  
a swaying blade.

## **Petals in my hand**

I went through the haunted woods last night,  
the petals in my hand were hard to bear,  
and holding them tight while they silently cried  
I went through. The haunted woods last night  
left my heart so saddened and tired from fight  
In forsaken lands. Desolate and full of despair  
I went through the haunted woods. Last night,  
the petals in my hand were hard to bear.

## **Dark Angel**

*dedicated to Mariner Trilling*

Dark Angel comes to me,  
embraces me with wings of  
sweet seduction whispering  
warm words to wounded souls,  
wild wishes crossing minds,  
soft winds fondling skins,  
feeling like feathers  
slightly caressing  
salty bits of wetness,  
scenting fragrances,  
sensing with every cell,  
seeking for the essence,  
searching for the core,  
catching a glance while  
dwelling in the well  
of lascivious pleasures.

## Forever And a Day

*Dedicated to Brian Thomas Donnelly*

Was it random?  
You came into my life  
so unexpected  
Love unforeseen  
Silent like a hurricane  
But that might have been  
valid only for that very  
moment in time  
While it flashed through my mind  
shouting YESS!  
Finding myself  
out of time and in all time  
Realising I have been  
waiting yet not waiting  
expecting yet not expecting  
Realising I have  
known you not yet known you  
Forever yet not forever  
because I feel  
forever is too short to mention  
in the dimension  
where souls have their home  
as my love for you  
has been and will be  
Forever and a day.

## Nuts

The trees shake their heads  
on a stormy day  
and small spheres of wood  
are thrown away  
to give new life  
in a mad world.

The spheres fly and bounce  
on uneven ground  
and protecting shells  
give a scary sound  
of crashing life  
in a mad world.

The shells soon show fissures  
on breaking apart  
collateral damage  
all shattered to heart  
seeking new life  
in a mad world.

## Love

thinking  
of you  
imagining  
roses blooming  
remembering  
fairytale  
in mysterious gardens  
floating  
through space and time  
creeping  
into my mind  
crawling  
under my skin  
touching  
my soul  
feeling  
love

## Fibonacci Poem

life

is

a river

of magical numbers

woven into the golden ratio,

reflecting the sunbeams in clustered pearls of water,

uniqueness united in an endless stream renewing every day yet staying the same,

softly forming the pebbles not knowing about time crossing the borders as it is

carving the surface before jumping into the sea.

## Thirst

Snakes winding  
and curling,  
out of dark holes,  
entering our ears,  
conquering our souls,  
pushing up  
sand hills,  
digging for hope;  
seeking for coolness  
in these desert spheres,  
where the wind  
carries dark bits  
of meaning for years.  
Casting dusty clouds  
to camouflage  
your fear:  
Look at the puzzle,  
all pieces are here!  
Particles burning  
my eyes to tears.  
Water at last! -  
That's what you  
want to hear?

## Trinity

The world still dressed in dark blue,  
cool refreshing morning dew  
rising from the ground.

The white room completely tiled,  
cold repellent neon light  
thrown back from the walls.

The knife used is sharp, precise,  
and prepared to cut and slice  
dead flesh and tendons.

Dark thoughts start to fill his head,  
while his hands are turning red  
from splattering blood.

He had conquered the green hell,  
not long before Saigon fell,  
with agent orange.

While chewing chips and munching,  
he starts to saw, bones crunching,  
splinters are spreading.

His dad talked of stoking fires,  
humanity that expired,  
crawling down chimneys.

And saw the same shite again,  
with little boy and fat man,  
bombs on the harbour.

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The sweet smell of human flesh,  
coating of dun-colored death,  
screams decayed to dust.

Images spin quickly around,  
soaking, drenching the ground,  
all blood, sweat and tears.

Now he thinks of his grandson,  
marching to war for freedom,  
the saw chattering.

These pigs are done he decides,  
washes his hands like Pilate,  
it's time to go home.

## Sleepwalking

The mumbling twilight is restricted area

where concrete walls bleed out  
their light through blinded eyes,

where flashlights cut the night  
competing with the falling stars,

where tarred veins and plastered skins  
furiously affront the darkness,

where the hazy evaporations  
take away breath and sight,

where sleepwalking corpses  
maintain the stream in the streets,

where one's mind becomes the colour  
of that in which one swims.

Head thrown back I stand and stare,  
dreaming enough dark for the whole world,  
I know there is no heaven --  
and it's cold like hell on earth.

## Woe me!

Woe me  
in the morning when I am still awake,  
the starting day scaring me,  
the light yelling back,  
the eye in the sky sneering at me.

Woe me  
in the zenith of day when life has a break,  
the world taking a deep breath  
ready for a new attack,  
the toothed wheels hunting me.

Woe me  
in the twilight when I am still awake,  
casting shadows around me,  
the silence screaming back,  
the knell of night fumbling for me.

Woe me  
while I cannot drink or eat or sleep  
the monster eats itself to grow,  
shaking the bars of its cage  
I cannot escape my head.

Woe me  
in the morning when I am still awake,  
for not being the one vampire  
embracing the starting daylight,  
sneering at the eye in the sky.

## Toothpaste Smile

You came to this town  
your heart full of hope,  
the light in your eyes  
like the stars in the sky  
you are reaching for.

You play your guitar  
in the pubs and the bars,  
alone in the crowd  
the music is you and your  
soul is screaming out.

You put on your toothpaste smile,  
you hope it keeps you warm  
for a while,  
you don't need anyone,  
you just keep going on.

They came to this town  
with some papers to sign,  
behind the curtain  
they don't really care  
what you're reaching for.

They play your guitar  
in the pubs and the cars,  
they say where to go,  
music without soul and  
every night another show.

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They put on their toothpaste smile,  
they hope it keeps you warm  
for a while,  
they don't need anyone,  
they just keep you going on.

You came to this town  
your heart without hope,  
the light in your eyes  
like the glass of despair  
you are reaching for.

You play your guitar  
on a stage in a park,  
alone in the crowd,  
the music's not you and your  
soul is screaming out loud.

You're mugging a toothpaste smile,  
no hope it keeps you warm  
for a while,  
you don't have anyone,  
you can't keep going on.

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