



POETRY PIECES
OF
EUROPE

Vol. 1

POETRY PIECES
OF
EUROPE

Anthology of Contemporary European Poetry



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Claudia Salajan

“Writing is who I am, and it’s my personal form of expression when spoken words can’t explain it all.”

Claudia Salajan was born on 28th of September 1983 in Romania. Her early life was affected by the Communist regime. By the age of 15, however, Communism was history, and she was already in search of new adventures and love. This was the time of her first attempts to write love and nature poems. Unfortunately, they appeared to be “too strange” for the school’s paper, and it was not before her joining the college that she gave another try to be published. Studying for a Bachelor degree in International Economic Relations and later, for a Master degree in European Economic Relations and specializing in Alicante, Spain, did not give the chance to her poems to be considered, though. The College’s papers appeared to be no place for poetry but for accounting and statistics. So, she kept writing unnoticed.

After her graduation, she worked as an economist and travelled a lot through Europe. France, England, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Greece and Spain enlarged her horizons, but it was back in her homeland that she rediscovered the medieval history which later influenced her work. More inspiration she finds in nature, which she considers a very important element in her writing process as well as particular places, people, legends, mysteries, paintings, movies, dreams and nightmares. This is Claudia’s début as a published author. At present, she keeps writing poetry and have just started her first novel.

Prince Vlad

“I on my part give up the uncertainty of eternal rest and go out into the dark where may be the blackest things that the world or the nether world holds!”

Bram Stocker, “Dracula”, Chapter 25

At the times of the dark Middle Ages
When humans feared, forbade and chained in a cage
What they couldn't understand,
The truth was covered in blood stains,
And there he was, **Prince Vlad of Vallachia** during daylight,
Ruthless war-lord who forbade justice and Christ,
Dracula, Prince of Darkness during the night,
A thirsty vampire, to whom the blood was sweet bliss –
Two personalities without a past
In a duality of different masks.
He was **Nosferatu**, the first vampire,
The sole ruler of his new dreadful empire.
After stabbing the cross right in its core,
For his wife was murdered, the wife he adored,
He decided to sell his soul to the Devil,
There was only darkness left in this soul of a rebel.
So, he lived within the depths of the night,
Where dreams wandered so hungry,
And death brought him delight.
Immaculate blood drops overwhelmed every boundary,
“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!”
His food was your blood,
His home was your grave.
Living in darkness, he never knew good,
For he was so brave.
The blackness of his soul
Conquered up his mind,
Blood-thirsty mind.

He lived in a far land, named **Transilvania**,
Right in the middle of **Romania**.

His castle stood on the highest mountain,
Surrounded by cliffs and vultures and fountains
Of blood; there were entire rivers of blood.
There was nothing else left behind these woods
But the souls that he took, for he could.

His sanctuary was the open graves
Of maidens – his most favourite prey.

**The Thief of the souls,
And you, Night, behold!**

He'd die at daybreak and would live in the night yells,
Inside of his own made Hell.

Son of Lucifer, the Master of Darkness,
Just one bloody moon would be his mistress.
His teeth would be growing along with his passion,
His eyes were the mirrors of lust for his victims' obsession.
To him, the blood had never had a colour, just a taste.
From a distance his fingers each heart could embrace.

His cult was the blood!

Deprived of a soul,
Half a man and half a beast,
How could he suffer when he was deceased?
There's no magic in death!

For centuries you've been cursed to live forever.
And forever hungry for a better faith,
In search of the androgynous soul's cover,
Your salvation is Darkness, your obsession is Light.
To you, Heaven's a lie, and Hell's a delight,
*You're a fallen angel in the blackest darkness,
Ardent lover of the deceased.*

Impatient desire of inflaming sensuality,
You're a spell of charm for the mortal's frivolity.

Decadent spirit of a never-ending sorrow,
The grave is your Heaven; the crosses you follow.
Master of darkness, incarcerated in fear
Of living alone forever, with ghosts that only you hear.
Absorb mortals into your blissful desire,
Inside of that heart that burns in the fire,
Forever cursed to search for the blood line.
Sex symbol of gothic mistresses,
Symphony of horror on violin strings,
Spectrum of mirrors without a disguise,
You'll find your own **Mina** in each century
To heal your loneliness forever to be!

**“My revenge has just begun! I spread it over centuries and time is
on my side! “ Bram Stoker, “Dracula”, Chapter 25**

Dedicated to Vlad Dracula (1431-1476), The Son of the Dragon.

Sleepwalker

The *succulent* perfumes of the night
Absorb my steps through the *sunflowers'* fields.
Dempasar moon brightens my *path* to the valley of death.
There's no-one to make a *conversation* with but my shadow.
The city lights are *catalysts* of the stars;
The wind blows *newspapers* on the empty streets,
While the dawn breaks in the *lounge* of my hunger,
And the *kitchen* is full of light and silence.
Your *coffee* is my spirit's balance;
Two worlds collide in the *therapy* of a sleepwalker.

Ventriloque

I was born in 1936, in a small town called Wooden Sights.

Such a beautiful place, such a lonely place,

With more trees than inhabitants

And one graveyard on the Eastern side.

But this silence, **this wooden silence,**

Is the sound of my revenge.

Who am I?

I usually come as a gift,
Wrapped in paper and red ribbons.

Ha, ha, ha!

It's not a crime! You don't know what's coming!

You don't know, I'm the Master of destinies.

Still, I am a riddle, a puzzle of the unknown deeds,
Of the undead spirit that lives inside me and haunts,

Yes, it haunts your blood line until the last one.

That's the curse of your family tree.

Who am I?

I was made of wood, and I have a human's face.
Still, I can talk, but I need a ventriloquist to hold me up,
And I am the star in the greatest talk show of all time.

Who am I?

I am a modern **Pinocchio**,
In the hands of an old **Geppetto**.

Still, who am I?

Humans laugh at me because they think I am just a toy,
The fake image of an innocent human boy.

Still, I have a voice of my own,

And oh, I can do so many things!

You can't even imagine everything I can do!

The darkness inside of me tells the truth
Of justice. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

Ha, ha, ha!

You don't know, but *every time I change my place,*
Something happens to the chosen one.

Every time I move my eyes,

Someone will cry!

And every time I speak,

Someone dies so that others cry!

The only escape is the **silence**.

So, hush-h-h-h, and you'll live

Again in obscurity and sin,

For I am the destiny of a legend, lost a long time ago.

I was chopped in wood and given to my Mistress.

Her love, care and devotion created me!

It was her voice that I followed,

It was her soul that I borrowed.

But the people of Wooden Sights killed her in cold-blood,
And now her soul is screaming for the revenge of the wood.

Her curse follows the **blood line** until the death

Of the last male descendant, even of the *unborn heir*,

Ha, ha, ha!

Too bad that they chopped many more like me,

Boys and girls made of wood,

Created to entertain and to keep company.

We became alive through our Mistress, and now she lives in us

And seeks her revenge for all the humans' sins,

For they were so cruel and abandoned us

In an old oak commode,

Kept away from the world outside,

From another soul to conquer.

I am the boy of the ventriloquist,

The Master of puppets!

My time is yet to come,

The murderers' sons will die
Every time I change my place,
Every time I move my eyes,
Every time I speak!
If you are their descendant in time,
Beware because as we speak
My curse will follow your **blood line**.
So, hush-h-h-h...

Introspective Silence Of A Solar Eclipse

In the obscurity of a total solar eclipse
Butterflies go blind,
Flying amongst whispering sugar maples.
Who knows what they will find
When the opaque soup of stars
Stops shining upon the pitiful **human beings**?
For one moment in time
And for one second in space,
Everything fades to black,
Within the introspective silence
Of the **universe**,
In the obscurity of a total solar eclipse.

The Wilderness Of Mirrors

Sometimes, I forget that the moon trespasses the skies

While the night spreads darkness.

I feel each trace of conscience that dies

As sensations of a volatile abduction crawl

Deep inside...

Have you ever looked into your soul,

Where there's no conscience, neither sin

But silence, the pure seducing patience

For perfection of the being,

For the endlessness of love,

In the wilderness of mirrors?

There's no shame, there's no hope,

There's just an empty hole.

Exotic **whispers** take over my mind.

Can you hear them, the **voices of my void**?

They tell me many things,

And I call them by many names.

I love with a depth that frightens

Even the coldest hearts.

I want to kiss you with that ardent kiss

Of the razor between my lips,

I want to touch you with that sensual touch

Of the cold blade of the knife against your skin,

I want to adore you with a pagan adoration,

I want to feel your body next to mine like a tender breath,

So that I will be the pure personification of your death.

I don't know what makes this night so special.

It is maybe that there is no sound between us,

No shout, no scream, no fight,

Nothing but **silence**.

My darling, you are so attractive!

Your skin shines so seductively, holding me captive.

You keep in yourself the **scent of the moon**,

Your lips are as red as a **hibiscus** on a rainy day,

Your hair is as black as the raven's feather.
Now I long to see your sweet surrender.
You're not asleep, yet you're not awake
As **droplets of your essence sanctify my anger.**
You are the pure vision of sensuality.
*Whenever the razor traces a scar on your skin,
You are a dream to come true.*
*Whenever the knife stabs your perfect features,
You're the blood of my oblivion,
Within the fire of my passion.*
**The sensations play love songs on my heart's strings,
And a blind tremor of my lips arises deep within.**
**I feel like a Saint of Darkness that guides you to Paradise
When you give me your last breath of life.**
My darling, it's dawn,
And the wood looks like a strange cathedral;
The birds sing funeral songs
As the fresh sunlight shades caress the trees,
And dew drops flow upon the green oleander leaves.
The coldness spreads some darkness on my hair,
And the wind spreads fog in the air.
Darling, I think you're ready!
I don't want that beautiful body of yours
To be buried in a plastic bag
Or to be eaten by worms in the earth's dirt.
No, the **voices** promised me that I would set you **free.**
I'll give you the **purification** through the fire,
And you'll be a part of both the fire and the sea,
Just like you've always wanted it to be!
*And when I take a look deep within my soul,
I'll see that void is filling me with silence,
Yes, that everlasting patience
That the voices call the wilderness of mirrors.*

Fascination

If you were the **Phoenix bird**,
I would let you **burn in my passion**.
If you were the **Morningstar** that shines above,
I would be the **Moon** that rises to be by your side.
If you were a **dying vampire**,
I would be the **source of blood** to bring you back to life.
If you were **El Dorado**,
I would be your **Fountain of Life**.
If you were a **samurai with a katana of honor**,
I would be your **kanshi poet in a floral kimono**.
If you were a **cherry blossom tree**,
I would be your **geisha of fragility and mystery**
Yesterday, tomorrow, the day after it and all the days to follow!
If you were **Caesar of the Romans**,
I would be your **Cleopatra of the Egyptians**.
If you were **Ares, the God of war and armory**,
I would be your **warrior-princess**.
If you were **Sisyphus**,
I would be your **shelter against the rock**.
If you were **Vishnu, chosen Rama**,
I would be your **Sita in the ethereal Shangri-La**.
If you were a **dying hero**,
I would be your **Valkyrie in Valhalla**.
If you were an **ancient violin**,
I would be the **seducing song played upon your strings**
Yesterday, tomorrow, the day after it and all the days to follow!

“The soul mate is what we aspire to and like to understand about us is what we deem to be perfection, purity and endless regarding our own being.”

Sorin Cerin, philosopher

Kingdom of Heaven

“The triumphs of the Crusades were the triumphs of faith. But faith without wisdom is a dangerous thing.”

Sir Steven Runciman

The deafening silence overwhelmed the vast field.
Only the breeze moved the armors' clad in a sinister sound.
On the shores of the Mediterranean Sea,
Watching in the lost horizon, the **sacred armies** were ready
To fight to death in the name of the Lord Almighty.

Warriors of the cross,

Templars, Hospitallers and Teutonic Knights
Took the *solemn vow* in front of the Holy Pope.
For the *remission of their sins* they hoped
In return to the redeem of the **City of God**
From the hands of the Muslims, behold!
All under the *Peace and Truce* of God's bless,
Glory redounded, or was it something else?
Was it a murder, a theft or a mass influence that their reasoning hid?
Could all this justify the bloodshed in His name?

“Deus Vult!”

“In Hoc Signo Vincas!”

“Virtus Junxit, Mors Non Separabit!”

Were the words of encouragement for the soldiers.

Richard Lionheart, Gerard de Ridefort and Pierre D'Aubusson
Spoke.

Blind them to see the truth behind the rose!
Is this the *doctrinal validity* of the **Holy Wars**?
How could they consider blood to be our salvation,
And how could the **“Reconquista”** and the **“Just War”**
Be justified in time?

The **warriors of the Church** have put pagans to the sword -
Be them adults or impaling children.

It was all for one but not one for all.
The wealth and the exotic features of the **Levant**
Took their eyes and aroused their greed.
They forgot about vows and popes,
They rolled the dice in their own favour,
Plundering in the spicy and attractive richness of the Orient's savour.
They've conquered the **Holy Land**, they've freed
The Church of Sepulchre,
They've created the **Principality of Antioch, the County of Edessa**
And the State of Tripoli.
And the **Kingdom of Jerusalem and the Latin Empire**
Of Constantinople
Have been their achievements for a short period of time.
Nine crusades, nine failures.
Yet, they were heroes, and their victories were trophies of faith.
They've learned what was really sacred -
To be a thief, to be a murderer.
The treasures were the reason of their prayers,
And it was their belief that was deceived
Under the veil of lies deep within.
They thought they'd create a Shangri-La of Christianity
In the City of God.
Yet, they have sacrificed their virtues and have lost their lives
On the shrines of wars that would never end,
Right in the middle of the cradle of Civilization.
Still, they've created a **"Johannam" of the cross,**
A burden for the future generations.
The dangerous sin of faith
*Is the poorest sacrifice for the **Kingdom of Heaven,***
Or must we pray forever to erase the shadow of the doubt,
Crouched deep within us all?

"Death solves all problems. No man. No problem."
Joseph Stalin

Paola Di Gennaro

“Napoli is a typical setting for poetic inspiration, one may say. The humid salty air coming up from the sea on hot breezes means more to me than the heavy rains in winter, and the breathtaking views probably are the scenario, on which I recall all the possible nuances of human expressions when I think of home.”

Paola Di Gennaro was born in Napoli, South Italy. At almost her thirties, she considers her homeland as too interwoven in her veins. Keeping sea-scented air in the lungs, Neapolitan voices in the ears and too much in the eyes, she has always dreamed of other soils too, desiring more layers of impressions and build-ups of emotions. She has spent an year in Japan as an exchange student and more than a year in London for a Master degree in comparative literature which is her major ever since her BA and all the way through a nearly completed PhD. She has always tried to learn as many languages as possible as to her, languages were the key for interpreting the world in different ways. This was also how poetry came. Paola has always loved writing but for some reason, she considered that she would write prose. Her first attempts were in Italian, but soon after she has moved to London, she started writing in English as she joined the literary society of her university and happened to realize how comfortable she felt with the newly discovered form of expression.

Paola says that she does not read poetry methodically and reads whatever comes into her hands. She loves Byron, Rimbaud and the symbolist poets T.S. Eliot and Borges. Dylan Thomas keeps a special place. Among the Italians, Salvatore Quasimodo is her favourite, but every single line written by her poet-friends tells her something more about poetry and life and adds other layers of impressions to the build-up of her own verses.

Thank You, History

Thank you, history,
For being as my imagination thought you'd be
When you rocked me in your strange fantasies
I was there, looking silently at you,
Waiting for your smile
To wake me up from my memoir,
You, you were a dream,
I, I was watching.

Thank you, history,
For calming me down
When the rush of the day exasperates my age
And the aggression of the world imposes on me silence
I cannot bear for more than twenty-four seconds
Of desperation, thank you,
History,
For being my sweet companion in the mountains of words
I fancy uttering when the dreams are gone and the sight is short
Thank you, history.
You presented to me my unmemorable mourn

And your sweet mistakes.

True Farce

Your fuller sense
Can only history design,
Reign of dust and incense
At the limits, where seas resign.
Honey, the misery of old times
Has passed and has left no scar
As a prisoner forgets his crimes
And never cries
When he plays his tragic farce.

A Saga's Table

Shall I sing to you a lullaby my dear,
Do you want to hear?
I will sing one for you tonight.
And you'll sleep as an old man sleeps
In the corner of sons' smiles
And grandsons' laughter
While the ladies chat
Composedly
Around the table in the middle of a story
Told in the middle of history.

Sharing

Share, my dear,
What we were
Once upon a time:
The dark cave,
Where we were born,
The lullabies – there was
No scorn –
The thorns in our feet
We proudly tore
With mature bites.

The silliness of time
Teaches of its enduring
Straight rails of dust
And roses
Powerful as an old
Cologne bottle
Stuck in a drawer
Among laces
And a small China pillbox.

Catch it, my dear,
Your destiny is upon
That ridiculous
Nothing new.

The Game

Around a time-trunk
The snakes of a dry harvest
Feed themselves on brushwood
And imaginary crabs
And the grinning members
Of mad-hatter clubs
Passive but exalted
Undo the sky that was set for us.

History is playing
With the Princess of Time,
On the stands over there
The duke is distracted
By flounces and spheres
And we slip
Downward to a fateless
Blank little drawing.

Creation

I'm sure there is a reason
Why pathetic and kitsch too
Have been invented,
Proliferating like kites
In Sundays' breezes.

High-browed intellectuals,
Illuminated ants of history
Shape the nature of memory
And constrict flows of light
Into plastic figures
Of speech and thought.

Multicoloured poets,
Meticulous, messy minds
Collect prints, spots and ballerinas
On the dusty shelves they jealously hide
From quick hands and historical slides.

It aches to absorb the meaning
Of nonsensical cracks
And the liquid feelings
That filter through the facts
Some are trying to veil
And others to create.

Raison Perdue

Juggling with drops of thought
In a silent hilly self

Drawing a cigarette that I will never smoke
A tattered doll on a windy beach
Who stares at the waves' surf
White and broken
Soul taking liberties
With a crunchy landscape
Melting in the sand.

The strings of harmony in my brain
Are loose as grasshoppers' smiles.
I thought there was something to find
Somewhere, in our lost garden.
I woke up in a deserted light of rusty specks
I called you, and you were waiting in the wrong place,
In the wrong time, in a senseless candour.

I shout over the shyness of time
From a silly but stable sea-hearted rock.

Opening a window at which I will never show
Naked on a white fur carpet of idiosyncrasies
That nurtures ambitions
Instead of me
Eyes eager to meet a miracle
With a sour echo
Dissolving in the walls.

The past of instincts on my fingertips
Is feeble as an old man's cry.
I saw the truth, once. It was sticky
As squeezed petals on cold marble.
I stood up in the soft gentle breeze of pearly drops
Out again, looking for my muse to come in desire
And I stopped there
at the edge of divinity.

Victorian Hall

And so we took our last liberty
Of an empty Victorian hall,
Waiting for the stars to twinkle
And the time to call.

It is melting within our eyes
As we pass by in a frozen harmony
Of strawberry-and-cream delusions.

Fate, how dare you compromise me
With a hollow hall of memory and myth?

The Usual Plague

Bored of my old sickness,
I kissed your palm.

And then,
The light was calm,
And Present welcomed its new vastness.

Sphinx

Your time
Is like Mona Lisa smile,
Changing with light
And eyes. I will not
Pretend to change,
You will not invent a name.
Lay back, breathe
The paradox of harmony
And be happy,
Because that's what we are.

Resolution

Sometimes,
As a kernel suddenly pops,
It happens to realize how life
Is just waiting for somebody
To go away.

And there's no rhythm in that,
No poetry to describe its sound.
Just the wave of a silent
Sweet sea, and a feather
Tickling you until you,
And you only,
Decide to abandon
Your restraints.

And then,
Suddenly you wait
For somebody
Just to go away.

Grand Piano

To you,
Who liked the taste of time,
I will melt my hymns
And pour them on our ridiculous chime.

Be brave, don't be upset.
It will all soon end,
And I'll walk alone
Upon the grand piano
In a corner of your life.

Sandra Stolnik

“I’ve always enjoyed writing down my thoughts in a journal since I learned how to read and write. It became a real habit when I got my first diary as a little girl. Since then I have always been writing down what was on my mind. When I was attending the business school, I tried to keep a journal in English just for fun, to practice my English. I haven’t stopped ever since.”

Sandra Stolnik was born on December 26, 1985 in Croatia. As a little girl she moved with her parents to Austria, where she lives now. She started writing poetry as a challenge to the “100 Day Challenge”, an online community of like-minded people, where everyone can share their goals and try to implement them for the next hundred days.

In 2009 Sandra suffered the personal loss of her grandfather, and this was when she started looking for poetry on the Internet in an attempt to find comfort. This, in combination with the “100 Day Challenge”, was the beginning of her own writing career.

An year earlier, she received her first acute hearing loss. It played an important role and became her writing theme. She says, she wants to write poems about the challenges she had in her life, being hearing impaired and about what it meant to be different. Writing about these issues is important as she believes it is still an unknown area to many people. Furthermore, she considers that life and experience, no matter how hard they can be, are a source of a sheer inspiration.

What Is It Like To Be Hearing Impaired?

What is it like to be hearing impaired?
You seem to be always missing the key,
You feel ashamed of all puzzled smiles
When you ask “Would you repeat this to me?”

What is it like to be hearing impaired?
You seem to be cut off from conversations;
You don't understand what people do say,
And this only increases your own frustration?

What is it like to be hearing impaired
And to fail to get the news on the TV -
Something that others may take for granted
Until one day they lose their hearing and see.

What is it like to be hearing impaired
And to have to make a phone call -
Something you really fear and hate,
For words come to you as spoken through walls.

What is it like to be hearing impaired
And always to have to rely on your device,
Hoping that it will not break too soon,
For you can't find a new one for the same price?

What is it like to be hearing impaired?
You have to be careful when taking a shower,
So that you don't wet your hearing aid
As it will be damaged, losing its power.

What is it like to be hearing impaired,
To be scared of the cochlear operation?
No guarantees, if it will be ever of help
To your hearing nerves to get some vibration.

What is it like to be hearing impaired?
You fall asleep with this thing in your ear.
On the following morning you wonder
“Wow, how come that now I can hear?”

Beep

I don't like it when I hear the beep inside my ear.
I don't know when the time to charge my batteries is near.
I also never know the time when I charged them last.
I always lose the overview of periods that passed.
I'm still not used to my device. For me it's something new,
And I never know when new batteries are due.

Voice Distraction

Will I have the pleasure of watching TV
While people keep talking there behind me?
I try to understand what's being said,
But I feel the distraction there in my head.
I try in a way to find it amusing,
But, in a way it turns out really confusing.
I start to think one day what it will be
To have my own child, say, maybe at three,
Who will be asking for my attention,
And I'll lack all the same the comprehension.

My Hearing

My hearing, my hearing, it left me alone!
It took away all sounds, each single tone.
My ears were blocked, and it was so strange,
The state of my shock was seeking a change.

Instead, I got nothing but this constant ringing.
It never stopped! It never stopped singing!
How weird I felt back at the time
To not hear my voice, to have to only mime.

I wasn't sure if this ringing was called
'A hearing' or 'a tinnitus'. It distracted it all.
I couldn't understand what people said
And felt so excluded and full of regret.

I had to watch people's faces with attention,
Being ashamed of my poor listening comprehension.
I tried to guess by their faces the meaning.
A brand new battle - I needed a screening.
Some topics discussed were so hard to follow.
The lump in my throat I couldn't just swallow.

As the time went on, more confusion I felt.
This was a new situation I dealt.
They were all kind, understanding my worry.
However, this made me even more sorry.
Sometimes they used to stop talking to me,
Taking paper and pen, so that I could see
What they were trying to say to me.

I was relieved by their generous act,
It made me forget... The greatest impact
Was that I did not feel so much left out,
Wondering "What are they talking about?"

Sign-Language

Isn't it amazing, isn't it great
How people with only their hands can debate?
In just one movement I make them "hear",
Adding a few more, and they get it all clear.

Pointing it up or pointing it down,
They distinguish it all - the verb and the noun.
Pointing it left or pointing it right,
The fingers that dance – it's such a delight!

They do not need to hear a sound,
But they understand, despite being deaf profound.
Swaying it here or swaying it there,
Vivid communication takes place everywhere.

To get their attention, don't knock on the door!
You may stamp your feet on the floor.
They'll look upon you and will commend you,
Then you can sign whatever you mean to.

Even though some of them, at some point, could hear,
With one sign they get it, although their ears
Cannot distinguish any songs of the birds
Or the dog's barking or all of your words.

Yet, they live perfectly well without this sense,
And they do not need to take defence.
They're not much more different from you and me,
They're nothing but humans the way they wish it to be.

Imaginary Friend In My Ear

This noise is like a well-disguised
Demon in my ears.
It could be dots before my eyes
To bring my deepest fears

Of sanity that's gone away.
An imaginary friend
Has chosen my own ear to stay.
His chat does never end.

I start to think I'm paranoid
To hear what others can't.
This echo I try to avoid,
This tedious refrain.

A friend, who only I can hear,
But, who I cannot see.
I know he's living in my ear
And will not set me free.

Silence

Silence is when you see the trees
But hear no sound of birds or leaves,
Swaying in the breeze.

Silence is to see the people,
Having their conversation.
You don't know what it's about,
You read their lips and their vibrations.

Silence is when you are in bed,
Having your little one beside.
You can't leave him all alone,
For you won't hear him crying.

Silence is a clock with a glow
To wake you up every day,
For a normal one with a sound
Can't help you, anyway.

Silence is that a special bell
Is hanging above your front-door.
When someone rings it, it will get
For you vibrations on the floor.

If You Need Silence

If you need silence
And want some peace,
Just switch off your hearing aid,
And all the distraction will cease.

If you need silence,
Away from all the noise,
Just switch off your hearing aid,
And you won't hear a single voice.

If you need silence
To recharge your mind,
Just switch off your hearing aid,
And silence you will find.

If you need silence
When you want to dream,
Just switch off your hearing aid;
You'll hear nothingness to its extreme.

I Must Hear

I must hear! People expect it from me,
But sometimes the device doesn't run.
When this will happen, there is no guarantee.
They think that on purpose I'm done.

That's 'cause they know I don't like to call.
Can I explain it is not my mistake
That I cannot answer phone calls at all?
Why is this on me, for God's sake?

I feel pressure from everywhere
To always try to do my very best.
I forget to give myself some care,
And I end up being really depressed.

There are certain expectations
That I just have to fulfil,
But when I face such complications,
Immediately, I lack basic skills.

Valentine's Day Memories

Soon it's to be Valentine's Day.
February 14th, on this date,
Two years ago my hearing went away,
And it totally changed all my fate.

While couples celebrated their affection,
I was in the hospital bed.
With my hearing I had lost the connection
And spent my time scared and sad.

While a woman got her beautiful rose
As a gift from her beloved that day,
I got my infusion through that hose,
And no, I wasn't feeling okay.

Now, it reminds me of both good and bad
All that happened on this special day.
The things that made me glad or upset
Are factors for me even today.

At the moment, I don't feel any regret,
But I'm thoughtful again 'bout that day.
Those Valentine's memories I'll never forget,
And, frankly, I don't want them to go away.

Since then, my life's changed almost completely,
And it's been changed in the good way.
I'm richer from this experience, definitely,
And grateful for who I'm today.

One Day I Will Meet A Deaf Man

One day I will meet a deaf man,
To whom I will give my heart.
He will take me just as I am,
And we will not tear apart.

He will be deaf completely,
But I will not bother to care.
It matters that he will love me.
We'll grow old while we share.

He'll go on, and I'll be around,
Rejoicing as never before.
It won't matter that I hear and he's deaf profound,
We'll be attracted even more.

I hope that my mother and father
Will tolerate the love that we'll share.
We'll be meant for each other,
We'll be the most perfect pair.

We'll have awesome children one day,
One will be silent, and the other will speak.
I hope they'll grow up in a beautiful way.
Like you, they will be smart and unique.

There will be challenges along our way,
And we'll have to keep self-esteem,
But great things will be waiting not far away,
And we'll make it because I'll love him.

Who says that a deaf man can't live with a hearing wife,
Or that it won't work out for long?
When I find this man one day in my life,
I'll prove them all they are wrong!

I Will Come Back

This is the last poem
I will write today.
I'll soon get my implant,
In the hospital I'll stay.

I will have some time
To recharge my mind,
And when I recover,
New inspiration I'll find.

I will take a break
From all the writing here,
But I am to come back
In less than a year.

After the operation,
I'll need a lot of rest
Till I hear again,
Till things work to my best.

Oh, do not be upset,
Soon you'll read some more.
My poems will be different
From what you've read before.

Until then, I will say,
You take a real good care!
Thanks for following my journey,
And thanks for being there!

Sabrina Ferrai

“It seems hard to explain why I write poetry. When I write, words come themselves, pictures come themselves, everything comes so naturally. I imagine establishing a connection between myself and my inner-self. I know it is hard to believe, but I need a reality that does not differ from a dream, and poetry manages to deliver me this, painting my life with imagination and emotions.”

Sabrina Ferrai is 22 years old student in Foreign Languages and Literature (English and French) at the University of Trento, Italy. She defines herself as an emotive person, sometimes moody, very fond of love and friendship, sensitive and melancholic too. Originating from the small village Telve Valsugana near Trento, she points out beautiful Italian nature as a first source of inspiration for her work. Cats, reading, music, computer technology, photography and sports are other topics she is interested in, besides poetry.

Sabrina finds herself strongly influenced by Romanticism in general, and by Baudelaire, Wordsworth, Leopardi, in particular. John Keats’ verses and the depth of emotions in William Shakespeare’s and Kahlil Gibran’s work also affect this talented young poetess with regard to love poetry.

Her homeland means to her the future as she thinks that people must have a world to fit their dreams and ambitions in, whereas everyone has the right to hope. There will be nothing more naïve (and thus beautiful) than a world that is the way we wish it to be.

Intro

Please, enjoy with me
This solitary lay,
Looking through the sea
On a sunbathed bay

Because it is not only air
That I inhale, why?
And it's not only hair
Above my head that flies.

To this enigma,
I cannot reply wisely.
It is a stigma,
Protected by my heart solely.

Let it now begin!
The time's already passed.
I hope emotions will win,
And life can triumph and last.

A New Day

Sun, flowers you're giving,
The rainbow colours,
The petals of my dreaming.
Of happiness, I breathe the odour.

The rainbow sweet
Is scented with the freshness
Of water sacred seat
Into natural progress...

The petals, with love,
Remind me the essence.
In their caress there's enough
Of the passionate innocence.

Happiness brings
Everyone to their fortune's wheel,
And it delivers to my heart the wings,
So that freedom I can feel.

Banality

Walking through the static fog of a street,
Blinded by the city's heartbeat,
I try to remind myself I exist,
But only banalities chase me. What beasts!
A day is vanishing with the flavour of progress.
Oh, if only the night could help me with its mystic caress!

Yelling children are running upon the grass,
Ah! How usually the graceful childhood does pass!
Adults are speaking of a future portrait upon the ruins of today.
How vague and conventional seems to me their play!

Young people are forced to nibble
At hope and to feed on compromise!
Listen to my echoing cry even if it's not so wise!
Let there be still flowers to smell
And not only stale fragrances in a bottled well.
A train will drag my memories nowhere;
Of this sadness, it's so difficult to be aware!

A cigarette will gently follow my thoughts progressing
No, I'm not ready to stop. Why is the time so pressing?
Alone, the whistle of trite Present is vanishing at dawn.
A bag is waiting silently... It is my own!
Desolation please, spare this bag for now!
I will help you grab another victim... though, not sure how!

Sooner or later, banality will slap me, and I'll explode!
Till this apocalypse, I'll sing this mournful ode.

Worlds

Progress is the truth you can trust.
Politics, economies, societies are your faith,
But I have questions, doubts. I must!
Oh, all is simply lying, nay?

I've seen a factory in the middle of production.
Smoke and air were making love in a rush,
But now the engine is no longer in action,
Failed, failed! How many goods? Time's passed.

The city is the bearing column of our properties. It's so mean!
Cement is covering spaces with gray; there's no more green.
Work is giving certainties, it seems,
But why do we have to be the prey?
Money, oh, The Master, and we pay!

On the other side, there's a sea,
Affected by mysticism.
Nature is the winner! She has the key!
She wins every competition but not by favouritism!
Villages are browning under the mild sun;
Everywhere I look, I breathe the primitive perfume of Man.

Soil is growing,
And planted grass is all around.
Hands are roping
And building love and friendship on a fertile ground!

And I, a little foreigner,
I'm listening to this enchanting lullaby,
I'm a solitary Mariner,
I live while everything is passing by.

Music

My ear is singing with its own voice.
I have to graze this melodic sound,
I have no choice.

It's a burning essence, I've found,
Awakening my inner eye.
Music please, do speak and fly!

Kissing somewhere, an echo of love;
Crying somewhere, the struggling of rage;
Sleeping somewhere with the peace of a dove;
Silence, Nowhere, Nothingness, Cage.

And I? I'm just here, quivering to contemplate.
Music, do I dare dive within your state?

Anyway, the time is done,
The print of memory follows.
Fast and deep, your soul is gone,
My ear your absence hollows.

Seasons

Silently fresh,
Pouring on withered flesh,
Rain's plunging into rebirth
In the soil of the earth.

No, I don't need a repair!
Gently, I live in this breathing air!

Softly warm,
Uttering smooth rays on a farm,
Mild Sun, it's energy you seed.
May I benefit from your heart-heat?

Everywhere colours revive in delight,
Remembering how nature is wise and bright.
Anxiously still,
Urgent needs are soon to be fulfilled.

Timeless wind carries the sounds
Until the leaves will mingle with the ground.
Maybe, I can wait and then return.
No-one hears my agony's waiting to burn.

Wildly unexpected,
I could ask for help, but I'm neglected,
Nymph of Snow, avid of life's flowers,
Say "Green"! You're envious of life's powers.
Even if I see now damned cold lands,
Rest! Soon they'll be blessed by Nature's hands.

Study

Have you ever imagined the life of a book?
It's a world in a bit of sand that you took,
And this world seems to be so alive!
Thank imagination, if it's still able to survive!
Survive to what if not the truth's bone,
But what's the important is the milestone.
It's the value of nothing that people place
Or the price of everything that one can face¹?

Have you ever cared for a book's emotion,
Or is it so dreadfully hard to reserve it devotion?
I hoped you could, maybe, enjoy!
It, defeated, cries but leave it alone,
You seem to be annoyed!
Out of anguish, maybe, you prefer to be a friend.
The book's atrocious, despotic, with a black flag at the end.
Ah! Dissembler reader²! You are an opportunist!
You let your mind sail onto a blissful mist.

Have you ever figured me with
My long court of foolish feelings?
Ah, I prefer rest! I'll leave this world dreaming
Until my mind will require to be stopped,
And the last flux of my heart will be dropped.
So, I remember this abyss's sweet caress,
And the shipwreck in this sea is also sweet³. Oh, yes!

1 Oscar Wilde, 'People know the price of everything but the value of nothing' ("The Picture Of Dorian Gray")

2 C. Baudelaire, 'Ah, Hypocrite Lecteur!' ("Au Lecteur")

3 Leopardi, 'El naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.' ("Infinito")

City

In the middle of the fog,
A shape of a maddened dog
Was searching for compassion among the rats,
By the homeless and the cats.

Every smell of dirt
Here feels the thirst;
Every ember of life
Rends the air with a knife.

So they say, the progress,
Which no-one can suppress,
Has always been repeated
To the point of fitting
To our happiness.

But if you close your eyes,
And let the future flies,
Maybe, you could rise
This limbo into Paradise.

Soul

Love I felt, but it was far.
Friendship I believed in, but it has turned into war.
Hate I invoked with no need.
Loneliness I was born to feed.

Emotions I was pleased to enjoy.
Fears I've managed to annoy.
Devotion has served me a fresh new aim -
To believe in myself with no room for fame.

I'm in the man, prophesying feminism;
I'm in the woman and her misogyny's collision;
I'm in the child, idolizing experience;
I'm in the duality, tempted by coherence.

I have lost hopes and preoccupations.
Maybe, I live or die in the strangest sensation!
But does it matter - I'm a soul -
Sooner or later, I'll be somewhere forlorn.

Country

I've visited the rabbit's hole,
But a cow protested.
I've been walking with the mole
When the cock got arrested.

Tell me, River, while you're still,
I can't perceive why all
Is happening against my will,
And each time I fall?

Oh, really why, what and where?
Nothing there hums.
It is not a country sphere,
And your memento strums.

You're right, I must confess.
Here my dreams are growing,
Here my life's got its success,
While on the stars it's snowing.

Away

I can't find peace,
I can't feel mirth.
Sailing into these waters brimful of Lie
Burdens what recesses in my Chakra.

I need
Each blanket beyond this little region.
Scent of Life
Fills the stalks of fields beyond these mountains!

Possibility,
Do not trespass in this restive ambition!
Ego,
Do not cry for the space most narrow!
Freedom,
Your energy will not be grasped by hindrances!
Future,
You'll be visible to the eyes of Hope
Out of here,
In the middle of the World,
Maybe, a way out of Sadness.

Trip Or Hope?

Here,
Streets full of frenzy,
Skies above looking in the stare of busy eyes,
And I, sitting crouched in my fizzy body,
Just breathe this fresh, energetic air.

Away,
Lands and trees embrace the peace of silence.
The water and the sun slide the notes of a hidden music
Behind the wind that lightens my hair and
Within my soul, intoxicated by this spell.

But
World, why are you walking in circles?
Please, let me free you from the burden of the present!
If you wish, I could be your hermit traveller.
Restore the rain and brighten light,
You see? A new Journey has begun.

Lionel Daigremont

“My goals as a poet are to share words, to share love and to share fun. As long as there is something to share, I’ll continue writing and sharing my passion with all my followers.”

Lionel Daigremont is 27-year-old French computer science engineer who lives and works near Paris. He is fond of music, sports and photography, but above all, his greatest passion is poetry. Lionel performs on poetry slam sessions and by now has the impressive amount of about a thousand of texts written in French, English and Spanish.

French culture helps him much to see life as an infinite poetry, something that he adopted also as his motto. French songs by artists such as Serge Gainsbourg, Michel Berger, Daniel Balavoine or Francis Cabrel manage to make much sense to him, containing rich vocabulary and keeping at the same time rhythm and harmony. Lionel gets inspiration from French literature as well, especially from legendary poets such as Charles Baudelaire and Paul Verlaine.

He considered the First European English Poetry Book Competition a great and exciting challenge as a large collection had been expected, whereas he had just a dozen of English texts. While writing poetry in English in order to participate, he preferred searching new directions, using the specifics of the language instead of trying to simply translate his work. This young French author presents here his love poetry, which is unique itself as another value of his home country, quite inseparable from poetry, is love. After all, it is a strong symbol that the intro of “All You Need Is Love” by The Beatles had been taken from the French national anthem.

Blind And Deaf

Love is not only blind but also deaf
While your hungry heart cries
With sounds that make you daft.
You are knees-deep into an ocean
Of darkness, under cloudy dark skies.
All seems dirty when love is dead.

Love is not only deaf but daft!
Who has never got a fever of “Forever”?
Love is a one way avenue without panels.
Almost every time roads lead to Hell
Whereas everyone thinks they go to Heaven.

Love is not only daft but dangerous.
All goes fast, and all goes furious.
Nobody is cautious; the damages are serious.
Love makes us all blind, deaf, daft and dangerous.

Is it what makes it so fabulous?
Two-sided blade, both magical and cruel,
For both the best and the worst.
Love leads not only to blindness but also to death.

When 6 Meets 9

Mister 6 was a lonely man,
Drinking, working and lacking fun.
Mister 6 was a horny man,
The body - on fire, but no firewoman.

Lady 9 had the moon for her smile,
The sun on her skin, radiating nine miles,
All we expect from an Inca queen
With eyes as lovely as those of a cat.

Two Bodies, Two People, Two Numbers,
Two Universes both unlike the other;
Between them - all the oceans on Earth;
Two Digits, One Number, Two Lovers.
When 6 meets 9, when 9 meets 6,
When all is fine, all day and night,
When 9 meets 6, when 6 meets 9,
You read "Fire" between the lines.

Mister 6 is not the same man,
Now Lady 9 became his sun.
Lady 9 is just the girl that was born from fire,
And her body cries "6" with desire.
He feels like an artist; she's his #1 fan.
Lady 9's flower and Mister 6's gun,
Guns and Roses team for a little more rock
On their love which is a kind of a big block,
Unbreakable, Invincible and Eternal.

Two Bodies, Two People, Two Lovers,
Together, they became the Number of Lovers.
Horny Honeys, a duet of singers
To sing the song of the flowers.
When 6 meets 9, when 9 meets 6,

When all is fine, all day and night,
When the tenderness is alright
You read "Love" between the lines.

6 and 9 have been united since they had the sign,
Since they felt they could share their curvy lines.
They flipped, then flopped; 6 became 9; 9, 6 and 2 became 1.
Two Digits, One Number, Only One, Just One,
The Number of sensuality. They became each other,
A symbolic figure, the opium of the crazy lovers
And dreams spread across the Universe.

I'm still Mister 6, she's still Lady 9,
But since she's mine
There's an eternal sunshine, an eternal sun mile,
And everything goes fine,
For it is magic when 6 meets 9,
Magic when kisses shower in the night
Because we read "Us" between the lines.

Brake Down

We lived all fast full-throttled life.
We burnt all out on the fast lane.
We burnt our fuel, our energy of life,
We ran so fast, it became insane.

You drove me mad, I made you bad
Because I felt like there was no speed limit.
Love was such a powerful engine. I was glad
To run and run and reach the infinite...

Now our road faded. It's sad
Because it was a stroke of a storm like in a short circuit.
Cut off, powered down, broken up, broken down,
Tumbling down, upside down.

I pushed the accelerator
And clutched up on every steps.
Passed life geared to go faster and faster,
I reached the top speed to curb the regrets.

Fast, wild and furious, I passed all stunts,
The 101 stunts of our dangerous love
From the loops of your curves to dirty runs,
To the chase of the 7th sky above.
Never a road seemed too tricky for us.

I was the driver; you were my Carrera,
My flat 6 boxer engine, great and generous.
We had the control, there was no danger area,
But roads of love are sometimes vicious.
I had to slow down, I knew it...
Feelings are sometimes sharp and malicious!
I had to slow down, I knew it...

I drove too fast! I didn't see the curve,
And I forgot that life could be violently steered.
Time to brake, to stop, to have a break,
All happened to me so suddenly!
I've lost control, I've lost my common sense.
Wanting to turn left wasn't right.
I passed the limits, I hit the fence.

Whatever the direction should have been, I wasn't right.
Blinded by Love's haste and Speed's demon,
You've left me - all my hopes were gone.

I had to brake, and you broke it all down.
You broke *me* down, leaving me alone.

I let you go, rewriting my future.
My speed was about 88 mph
When I hit the wall of loneliness.
And I drive now with no car and no parking brake.
I'm driving to nowhere, now face to face
With the road of sadness and the sorrow of that break.

Mind The Gap

Mind, please mind,
Mind the gap, the gap between you and me!
Mind the gap between our minds, don't be blind!
Mind the steps we can take, you and I!
Mind, please mind,
Mind the feelings and what my whispers are saying,
Mind that you warm me like the sun warms the mankind!
Mind that you've made me blossoming already
Like the sun had made the flowers.
Mind the gap, mind the steps,
Mind the door opened that leads to my heart!
Mind the gap! Heartbeats are footsteps
That we do take together in fever.
Mind the gap, the gap between our lips,
Which disappears suddenly.
Mind the steps, which do not exist
Anymore from tenderness and fury.
Mind the gap between us, between our bodies,
And realize there's no more gap, actually!
Mind the feelings, mind the love
Which smiles to us from above.

Idiots

Do not ever ask what I keep in mind,
Whether you are deaf, daft, mad or blind,
Why do I do so many stupid things?
You care as if it's nothing.
I'm an idiot, but nothing else matters.
Haven't you ever felt silly while looking at a boy or a girl?
Haven't you ever felt stupid while doing things with no sense,
Having your mind blinded by a golden skin
Or eyes shining like pearls,
Doing things guided only by unconsciousness?
Never? You're safe, but never say "never"!

That virus which comes with the most beautiful fever,
Erases both the brain and the conscience.
We all have such an experience,
Even if nothing has been demonstrated by science.
Falling, failing, deeply diving is a part of our fate.
Inglorious acts are part of the process,
They don't really spit on your face.
Maybe, they could make a princess experience bliss;
Being ridiculous never kills;
It may be necessary to beg for a kiss.

Being in love requires a bunch of skills,
And being silly is just a part of this.
Beautiful, crazy thing we call love,
The thing that gathers two idiots!
As we are dumb in the name of love,
Let's do stupid things, let's do a lot.

Yes, love is a lobotomy which erases brains,
And I prefer to read your lips or the lines of your hand.
I'm dumb, daft, stupid and idiot with you,
And that's the reason why I always say "I love you".

Share

Share your thoughts, share your tears,
Share your heart, share your fears,
Share your pride, and share your shame;
I am not the one to laugh or to blame.

Share my hope, share my breath;
I trust in you like I trust in myself.
Share my bed and my intellect,
Share the sun, share the shade!

I'm open to you like you're open to me,
I share "me" with "you" like you share "you" with "me".

My life code is an open-source.
You have both reading and writing access,
And your firm-ware is also my source,
Where I have all the rights to process.

Share thoughts and memories
Like we share souls and bodies!
To share you, to share me,
I give you all you give to me.

I believe, you belong,
I belong, you believe.
We share a link so strong,
Let's share all the sensations we live!

Share yourself and give me
All that makes Us from You and Me!
Share moments, share life, share it all,
Let's gather energies to build our wonderwall!

Let's share everything and build love!

A Jail Of Letters

I would like to be in a jail of letters,
Surrounded by walls of letters,
To escape, to run away the way it should be.

“To be or not to be?”
A question for a debate about me.
I write a letter just to continue,
To continue my way on my deserted avenue.

I was used to use “French kiss” and “French letters”,
But now all my letters are dead letters.
Letters with no words of sense, with no readers,
Letter for all my errors and anger,
Letters for all my cries and tears,
Letters that confirm my fears,
Letters of pepper for oceans of dry waters.

Nobody will read my message in a bottle;
Nobody will read ‘bout my dullness without a sequel.
Thousands of words for a stone dead heart,
Thousands of words that scream and hurt.

That’s what I call a jail of letters,
And that’s all I find if I try to feel better.

It’s an exercise to exorcise myself,
But nothing escapes from me.
You are still here on a wind of whispers
And on every breath I shiver from.

I hope, I beg, I prey, I wish,
But my heart is just like a broken dish.
Letters help me to stick the bricks,
Bricks of a wall, the wall of my loneliness

Because all my thoughts are now sick
Without your arms and tenderness.

Nobody will read my message in a bottle;
Nobody will read 'bout my dullness without a sequel.
Thousands of words for a stone dead heart,
Thousands of words that scream and hurt.

My jail of letters is my only place on earth
Until all my tears run out to dry,
Until my screams appease the cry,
Until I find a way of rebirth.

The Unexpected

She innocently rang my door.
She didn't tell me what it was for.
I and all my worries and annoys
Preferred not to even hear the noise.

However, she didn't give me a choice.
Five minutes later, I had to listen to her voice.
She was wearing black - hat to shoes, all black.
There was no point of turning back.

She kissed me just like she was my best friend
Whereas I even didn't want to shake her hand.
Why, on Earth, did she want to come?
She has never been welcomed.

Yet, I'm a lord with a large heart,
And for one time I had an escort.

From my evening I could make some profit.
It's good to have her even though she's not a sweetheart.

We took a drink. I listened to her,
Not that I could stop her.
I hoped her speech would quickly go away,
Nothing much of interest, anyway.

No, nothing could stop her voice-flow!
I had to drink more and more to avoid
Getting drunk with her story.
She was just trying to disturb me,
To make me worried and angry,
To make me think and to make my mood low.

Who was she to act like this?
She wanted to dominate and to guess my weaknesses.
Heartbreaker, sadness-maker, big, bad, dark mistress,
Go away! Don't disturb my peace!

But she was a pain in the neck for my kingdom.
My hopes of being cool were gone.
Then she wanted to cook and clean my home, sweet home!
Why, on Earth, didn't she want to leave me alone?

She stayed for dinner and even after.
She knew, I couldn't refuse anything to her.
I cheered having the red, red wine while bearing her
From entries to dessert, hours of torture.

I thought her goal was to prevent me
To be cool, fine and happy.
She exploited sadness and dullness
To make my mind even darker, I guess.

A thousand times, I'd rather had that night free,
But she had to come and open her bloody book.
I was fed up to be on her hook.
I just wanted to feel the pleasure to be...

Who, the Hell, could take her away from me?
Should I call someone to kill her?
I'm depressed and scared of her fire!
Could someone save me from Melancholy?

Hans Saturn

‘Being Dutch, with my German accent, does not not always make it easy to transform the words that come to me into English language. Often they drop out in a bit of a strange way but to those who read them, may I just say - these are words from the heart, words from just me, just words that might eventually tell things.’

Hans Friedhoff was born on January 27th 1959 in the Netherlands. For almost 7 years now he has been living in Germany. As an active blogger and an Internet-user, for over 2 decades, he has been popular with his nick Saturn, which he also uses as an artistic name. Hans describes himself as a dreamer who loves to watch the sky, the planets and the stars, being one with unconditional love to music and romance.

His educational background includes a middle graduation in Economy and Computer technics, and he has been working as a computer specialist for the biggest part of his life. He has been writing poems in Dutch for 35 years. His English poetry has been dating back since 1975.

He finds his home country, The Netherlands, a wonderful place to be, but he is also grateful to his second home, Germany, after years spent there. He finds both countries enough different from each other to give him inspiration in his daily life and in poetry.

He believes that words come together in lines to tell things far beyond the words themselves. He hopes he will be able to give his readers the ‘Yes-I-Know-This-Feeling’ moment.

Afraid Of The Night

The day
Was okay.
Now the warmth fades away
In the cold.
There's just your inner-light to hold.

Definitely, there will be dawn.
Sleep arrives with a little yawn.
Baby, it's alright,
We will soon belong to the night.

But you do not dare,
You don't want to go there!
You won't close your eyes;
You'll live your dream with open eyes.

Don't worry about what it will be!
You won't close your eyes forever!
Beyond this night you will see,
The light will shine again for you and me,
Forever...

In His Will

Sometimes,
All is just wrong.
Nothing good comes out from me.
Sometimes,
And I do have such days as well,
I bend down my head.
Leave me alone, I am not here for a bit!
What a long time it takes such a day to end!

I know, and I tell myself at a time,
After the rain the sun will shine.
This storm will not last forever.
Behind the horizon there is the light,
But pf-f-f, at such a moment,
Please, let me hide.

I want to be small,
I just want to be down
For awhile, in my corner.
Nicely-lonely I should be

With the safe and
Cozy wall around me.
I take a look up,
Seeing just the stones.
I DO remember,
But I can't feel.
When I sit down,
I have to rise
And climb a bit,
Conquering my shadow.

And when I
Look above the wall,
I see again what I miss:
I see your smile
Before my eyes,
I feel your warmth
Which never betrayed me!
Oh yes, I never doubted
You were my friend!

I crawl out from my corner,
You deserve so much better!

Sparkling sunshine greets me!
Way too long I was hidden.
How much of this did I need?
I'll be there,
We shall be there,
Together!

Sometimes,
I feel myself a bit of alone,
But I have
Always faith
That it is

in His will.

At The Other End

Wasn't your day what it should be?
Did you end it in misery?
Do you tend to rest your head
And to want just to forget?

It is okay,
Now and then, we've got those days.
Just let it go, it is alright,
Things will change to be more bright!

Do not be strong! Why should you be?
I do love you just this way.
The weakest moments that we are together,
Your head on my shoulder,
My tears you cry,
Just yourself, myself, no lies.

No need to rush or keep the smile!
Lean on me for awhile!
I can not take your problems away,
But share them, waiting for a better day!

I hear how your tears roll,
I see all you mean to say.
Don't worry, my dear friend!
Do have faith! You'll never fall,
And soon we'll smile – some day, one day!

Camembert

I open the door and let you in.
Come here, I have a nice warm place for you!
Make yourself comfortable and warm up a bit!
Take your time, I have all the time that you need.

I look at you. Your curves amaze me!
I think about how long I should wait
Before I can take a step further.
It's a matter of time – neither early nor late.

I think you're ready now, I will wrap you out.
I know you don't mind, you don't even shout.
You smell...
M-m-m-m...
So swell!

A-a-ah, this is way too nice!
I take my knife and cut a slice,
I open my mouth and let you in.
I'm out of control - a heavenly sin!

I slice some more. That's what I like the most.
I put you on some fresh burnt toast.
I pour in a glass of wine.
You and me, now that's just fine!

I don't need anyone from anywhere -
Just you, my smelling

Camembert!

In The Park

I am sitting in the park.
The wind is still chilly,
That's why I chose the sunny side.
The air blows a shadow
Beside me along with my thoughts,
Thoughts with no worries and fears.

The city's nature excites me!
Strawberry - lemon,
I'm licking my ice-cream,
Sweet and sour, wrapped in a crusty cake!

A balloon that is flying away
Is followed by a little girl.
She's running, and her tears are flowing.
So much sadness about some wrapped air!

I look at both of them.
It is an unfair match.
Sometimes, I catch the world,
Revealing my deepest feelings,
Regarding who wants to understand whom.

A-a-ah-nonymous

A-a-ah, you are now talking to me!
Do I need to listen?
I guess not.
Some things never need to change.

A-a-ah, you're not happy today!
Poor you, maybe it will help
When you tell me
Another neverending story.

A-a-ah, you wonder why I treat you like this!
I tell you what,
You know the answer better than me.
No, no, I don't hate you,
I just hate what you give.

A-a-ah, so it feels better?
Great, I am so happy for you,
And I can't wait till the next cry,
So that I make you happy again!

A-a-ah, my life is so wonderful
Because you showed up in it again!
A-a-ah, life is so great!
How could I wish more than reflecting you?

A-a-ah, now you say you can't scream anymore!
Your tears have just silenced your voice.
A-a-ah, there you are, silent in the corner!
Now, for the first time
You are what you tell me you are.

A-a-ah, don't spill your words
Because I read between your lines!
Don't tell me the truth!
I know what it is
From the first moment we met!

A-a-ah!

The Last Sound

Don't expect me to whine or complain!
All in all, I did enjoy it -
The many football days,
Some, in glory and victory,
And others, in a bit of less.

What does it matter?
Life goes on.
However, for a month
It has been rolling in a different way.

No, don't expect me to complain!
The flags are gone now,
Stored at a special place
Until the next event,
Where we shall be proud of our people again,
Just as we should be!

No, I won't complain
About the sleepless nights.
Wrong, it was just the heat that kept me awake.
Did you expect to hear something else?

A sip of water or another refreshment
But today, if it is possible, no orange juice!
Just for a moment please, another colour,
Just for a moment, not for too much!

Yes, life goes on,
And that's perfectly well with me!
There's a satisfied feeling,
And far away,
Hard to hear,
There's the last sound of the fufuzela!

Or... Hm-m-m,

Maybe, next time I should put
Some less onion in my food.

Ball-Masque

It is a ball-masque.

You see people that you know,
Not recognizing them at all
As they are hidden away.
Behind masks and glam, they feel okay.

The people that you know so well
Can't recognize you as well.
You are more different for the day
Than normally. The music sways...

The unknown excites us all -
The great waltz, the mysterious ball!
I do not think I know you, do I?
Erotic fantasies in the eyes
And behind the masks.

And it gets hot,
The hidden thought,
The disguise does not
Reveal a lot.

It all belongs to the ball-masque!

You are yourself but veiled away.
That's how you dare it all!
Without the fancy dress,
You would not feel this much okay.

The last dance,
Your last chance
To hide behind things.
The people start to sing!

Masks off!

And you look into the eyes
That cheated you all the time.
The glances quail
And fade away in the night
As fast as possible –
Ball-masque's vibe!

Bed Englisch

Hello everybody,
As you kan see
I em righting in english too thee!

And thats my porblem
becourse I can speak
Pretty good,
But when I right
It all goes wid the wrong foodt.

I lack the words of your bootafull language;
The grammar is givving me a fantastic heddage.
I get sleeples nights about it,
And when I see a misstake, I think "Oh, sh...!
THAT word I kould korrekctly write!"
Budd further,
My english is a reel this-ass-ter.
It is my personal dilemma,
It is my private drama!

What I share with you in dizz poem
Is that it is not my fault -
Englisch is not the language that I normaly spreek;
I am Dutsj, and I can speak Deuts too.
But here there's nothing I kann doo?

I do hope though, yoo dont mind
All de misstakes you vind
Because my enlizz might be bed
But your Duts is not muts better, I bet.

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The idea of an English language anthology to represent the new European poetic scene through authors, whose mother tongue is not initially English, came naturally along with other suggested tendencies of development that the Eminor group gathered through its first year of existence as an entity.

This book is a result of joint activities of people all across Europe who engaged themselves in its preparation, according to their own field of specialization. Authors, designers, proof-readers and editors, all having English as a second or even a third language, have been brought together, led by one common idea - to spread the variety of European cultures in a literature product, presented in an international linguistic tool.

We strove to preserve as much as possible the diversity, which emerged in the written work of our poets as a result of the specifics in their own mother tongues. We were willing to give them the freedom to experiment with their English verses even when this was not entirely correct in terms of grammar. However, we really do hope that this ended to be an unconventional read for anyone who may have interest in it. For us, personally, there was nothing more exciting than to read the story of Count Dracula told by a Romanian poet, the contemplation at history written by a representative of the cradle of history, Italy, and love verses delivered by a French author. This was a unique experience, and we would like to thank all our writers for joining this initiative with their talent and courage. We wish them much success in their career and are looking forward to new opportunities and projects, where we can work together again.

The Eminor Team

