

BASHFUL AMOROUS ASPIRATIONS

A Collection of Poems

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The Seeker

I don't know if I ought to be seeking
For I know not where I want to arrive.
I don't know even if I shall go there,
Or tomorrow it will arrive at my place.

Boundless time embraces me warmly,
I feel the calm of pallid wails of grief.
Destiny's caught up with me, halfway there,
I halt in peace with my anger - then I dash off.

To reach her: the clammy palms of her hands,
The melting look and those laughing lips.
I know not where she is but I know I'll arrive,
We will be united in boundless time.

I came off the road and sat on the grass.
Again I've returned home, planning for glory.
Yeah, I know how to go, how to look for infinity,
Yet I am bashful before her, who is hiding in heaven.

November, 2012

Flat

After love he feels flat and undear,
Buries head in his hands, he's abashed.
Remembers things pretty and sparkling,
Dares not cry – stumbles in his footsteps instead.

After love there are no trains,
No stations, no journeys, no summers.
No autumn valleys gilded with leaves
To fill hearts enamoured with brilliance noble.

It feels flat but I am ablaze.
Sad thoughts I encounter,
Then silently send off their way.
The bashful and lonely "I want"
Is acerbic like the bush of a quince.

After love there is no moaning.
I am quiet, I forgive not, I eat not.
Torpidly round the city I wander,
Pouring hostility over all I encounter.

We shall meet tomorrow, there,
Under the flat vine-arbour that sealed
The memory of a kiss late in spring
In this mirthless long gaze of mine.

November, 2012

No!

They say there is no life
On the bottom side.
I think not, I do not even cry.
I love.
I hate not.
I sleep not.
I leap across and go to fly.
Why sorrow should be joy?
Why underneath my wings
Should groan the shudder of rage
From lonesome affront and spleen?
I crack a smile but not on the outside.
I seek a flame but I am barely glowing.
Pain is my new compass of thought.
For I may roam all of my life
But ultimately this rainbow I'll reach.

October, 2013

I am headed towards the bright future,
The obnoxious city I shall shortly leave behind.
I left today - I shall be there tomorrow;
Not even a wince, I never look back.

I care not for homesickness, no tears I shed,
Upwards I stride, even leaving behind
My home that has the face of a friend.
There old chums and I built our nests yesterday.

March, 2015

Forget Me Not

I know I won't arrive in glory,
I know we won't be holding hands.
A golden mirror I will shatter
In the smoothness of the wall.

Your eyes are beckoning me
From a distant and forgotten land.
Flames pour into my dreams
And, roaring, they sear my body.

I know the past don't burn like wax –
It's cold as marble, cold as the night.
It lures me maternally without a reason,
Then mercilessly tears my naked soul apart.

(I remember the alleys of our loneliness,
The thoughts of quests and battles 'gainst the world.)

March, 2013

Lamentation

I can't stand the emptiness
That fills the aching stomach.
My sides are burning, I am drunk,
Hopes I destroy with a single blow.

My sore throat is yelling
And I don't want to silence it.
The ripe field I will hoe again
And I won't even shed a tear.

I startle in my sleep when
The roaming hope stands still;
My heart it has abandoned, fearful,
Now beckons me with timid eyes.

Run away from me, fanfares,
Run you too, warm days.
In the fiery flesh of dusk,
Behind you, a final verse I'll utter.

The cloudy day has passed.
Spring shines her smile.
Timidly I'll wait until next year
And then I shall depart this earth.

January, 2013

Sunset

My mind writhes painfully with thought,
While insult, ire, lamentation, suppuration
Gush forth through my clenched windpipe.
I try to run in search of peace of mind,
Yet only find the cold and bitter frost
Of flat, sharp-angled window sills,
From which to stare at my day,
And struggle to defeat my frailty.

I go away, afar,
But I run not - I scurry.
I shall collapse and those
Who croak at me shall grin.
I wish that I could soar,
But feel that I will fail to fly away.
So I shall pull my hood down
And dream away in slumber.

The day's now gone.
The window sill is empty.
I am alone, decrepit.
I shall await the morrow.

November, 2012

Evening

An endless ocean of stars
Gently caresses old scars.
Silent feet and ethereal rays,
Spring's breath its melody plays.
I shiver as the cool waves I see,
My spirit dissolves another destiny.

Lost without a trace, a waft quivers.
Darkness removes the glisten of fevers.
Tiny yet crucial, infinity's like home.
Meaning obscured under a starry dome.
Breathe, laugh and cry, stay alert,
Eat the fire, create, and bring mirth.

This starry vortex engulfs me in warmth.
So into infinity I shall dissolve
And thus last forever as love.

December, 2013

The Seeker II

For you I want to find
A forest great and vast,
A glade there in the middle
Overgrown in thick grass.

I want to sing for you tonight,
Voice booming loud and wide,
To let the entire ravine know
That I'm in love with you.

I want to soar into the sky,
To see the world from up high
In which I'll never truly find
A slender waist as frisky - one of a kind.

One flame I only have,
One to seek the forest,
On the warmth of the green glade,
Where I built a temple with love.

Come hither, my jolly flame,
For you I wait, alone with eternity,
My good and noble fellow -
I shall die upon thy palm.

November, 2012