

LONELINESS
A Collection of Poems

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I Think Again!

Happiness is another class of people.
On my side of the river
The sand is rocks,
And the Sun - a drizzle.

Before 2002

I went down by the river
And meekly scooped up some water.
There she was again.
Dressed in white,
Glowing with delight –
My gentle, beautiful sweetheart.

But she was not waiting for me!
Not happy with me being there.
Turning her back to my yearning, she
Was waiting for another...

Far from the other side of the river
Which my tears mingled with,
I overheard the ringing laughter
Of a long-lost passion.

Farewell, my bleeding heart.

Before 2002

Just for You

Once again, my thoughts go to
Where the sun is rising.
I don't want to sleep at all,
I just want to soar with you.

You shine the light.
You, tiny quiet star,
My only
Soulmate you are.

Can stars even fly
Or do they just hang in the sky,
Too far away from my way?

If only I could fly,
If only I could reach you,
If I could touch your light,
And then just sleep all night.

Before 2002

I'm in Love with a Girl

The ponderous autumn threw
Its rusty shadow upon the world.
The sullen sun
Was shining feebly over the horizon.
A leaf tore from the tree
And slowly floated down.
It was brown as my gaze
And cold as my soul.
Nothing but a dead leaf,
Only recently fresh and green.
Trampled in the mud
By a thousand feet.
Facing back to a sweet past.

The tree stayed there barren.
Ready for the new year.
For the new bloom
And the new warmth.

Before 2002

My inside voice is screaming again.
Beauty is gold – sell away.
Pick up the corkscrew and respond
To the sweet pain in the spiraling yell.
Throw yourself into it,
Outrun before.
Going to heaven,
Take hell along.
Bubbling rhythms keep flowing ahead,
Inside me and under you is a shimmering spread.
Sweet childhood.
Oh, sweet childhood!
Dumb in the darkness.
This lies ahead.

November, 2003

I'm in Love with Another Girl

I can fly in the sky,
Bring flowers in cellophane,
I can lie on the grass
And sing in the rain.

I can pick her up,
Hold her in my hand,
And cry, because she's so far,
And the world is grand!

June, 2002

Silly little fellow
Beauty is above you.
Silly, dressed in a bolero
And dreams, dreams, sorrow.
And even if he asks you
For a rainbow as a gift,
He will still remain
On the other side, adrift.

Before 2002

One Thought

The essence of loneliness
Lies buried...
In the autumn seashore.

October, 1998

Unbearable

Reach out and scoop
A handful of life's sand.
Seal the emptiness
With falsehoods at hand.
Remember to raise
A high river dam.
In hunger and darkness
You will cry everywhere.
Dying for a long time
Ahead you will stare.
You have written a novel –
How, grabbing the fog
And striding so proudly
You merge with the smog.

July, 2007

Cold

Freezing cold!
Around may be hot, for you - only cold!
Shivering starts from the heels up to the head.
And people want you to be careful!
My shivering brains refuse to listen.
Cold animals, cold world,
Cold universe in a cold room.
And the only spark in the heart
Is the one that keeps us apart.
Which feeds the hope in...
Hope never dies,
Just like the last spark.
 But the flame is long-gone.
And all the cold people,
Having their cold little places
In the nicely cool and serrated world.
 And an odd wandering spark
 Cannot melt the ice.
 It is searching for a tiny soul
 Of inflammable splendor
 So that they can concur
 Till the ice has melted.

Before 2002

Gentleman grey
Greyly stands up.
He cries and he thinks, and he looks to the side.

Gray burden
Lies above,
His grey thoughts build arcs of despair.

Run away, thoughts,
Come, days of pink.
Let the sun shine, let the moon wink.

Pink tears.
Pink dreams.
Fly away.

July, 2004

My love is pining.
My love is wilting.
There is no flame
To shine with yearning.

My love is choking.
My love is drowning.
There is no air
To keep it burning.

Before 2000

At Midnight

Crushing into walls,
Running from the pain.
Wandering about,
Praying in the rain.

My soaked galoshes
Are flapping in the dirt.
And finally, I'm dizzy
With all this empty world.

May, 2004

The wind, the anger, the dying snow.
The heavy rainfall has flooded all.
Its lonesome burden, the soaked faces
Will hardly leave their muddy traces.
A step on earth.
A flight to heaven.
The dying raindrop captivated.
Don't run,
Please, wait!
Look at the rain.
Each tiny raindrop
Is alone in its pain.

2003

Two

Two bare feet,
Splashing freely in the rain.
Two bare feet
And a soaked mane.
Two bare feet,
Stepped over some pain.
Two bare feet.

...

Two bare feet
Will rule the world!
Will they go there
And crush the vile sprout
Which at night, in the rainfall,
Spreads solitude about.
Two bare feet.
Are they bare in fact...
Two...
Are there really two of them?
I have no clue.
This is the end of it all, I assume.

November, 2003

This is the story of two people.
Burning suns
Circle above us.
But time is sleeping
And probably weeping.
I cannot
Rescue it alone.
We are sitting in a circle
And thinking aloud,
Whether we should
Head there after all.
But there is no turning back.
But there is no going back.
But there is no turning back.

July, 2000

The beginning of the end is here.
The beginning of the end has arrived.
Where are you going, my dear?
You are just dying for spite.

Vicious whips
Lash over the earth.
I have ruthlessly fallen
Through the desolate world.

April, 2005

A Poem of the Fish

Swim, fish, swim
Without the slightest notion
Of the vast and filthy ocean.
The mean old oppressor
With his slime-covered vessel
Who is cruising the waters
Chasing every juvenile
Little drowsy whale in sight.

Do you know, my little fish,
How hard it is to swim today?
There are no more young starfish,
To shine and lure you away
To become the spark
Which captures them inside the mesh.
The starfish of today
Are really just sea cows
Who want from you to pay
With a bucket full of lies.

Swim, fish, swim,
Keep rowing ahead,
Your good companions are gone,
There's no one behind your back.

They ran away to the neighboring ocean
Where being a lone whale is not an option
And all of a sudden
You become male
And grab
Life by its scale-covered tail.

Before 2002

Friends and acquaintance, enemies too,
They each have their cool personality.
Their own little bubble of knowledge
And self-sufficiency.
All that makes you a person.
A thin but impenetrable membrane,
More or less see-through,
Behind which is the loose tissue
Of your self-consciousness.
Inside, there's only you, no one can enter,
Others are outside, part of you center.
Every soft and cozy, warm and beautiful
Dwelling of a single soul.
But you are together again.
Together you slam the threshold of time
And everybody is one,
And everybody is a friend.
What keeps us alive is the strive for togetherness.
We are all part of the human race, deep inside.

Before 2002