

SEASONS
A Collection of Poems
By: Povey Balkanski

Mornings I believed in dreams, saddened by fate.
Middays I merrily roamed in search of good tidings.
Evenings, agaze at your beauty, I travelled to places
Where memories always made me feel I belong.

November, 2012

Circumrotation

Spring is a season
Overflowing with life.
Summer – a season
Of joyous appeal.
Autumn, when here,
In glamour be clad.
But winter arrives
In sadness tranquil.
Love long you must –
Regardless of season,
If thrills should emerge,
Chase them not away.
Joy you shall see
In cyclical fates.
And groan you will not
By the evil of others.

October, 2013

Spring has come – and I into leaf.
Squirrels scurry along my old trunk.
When I was a boy, long did I ponder
If the lush abode of my crown
Will ever welcome a nest.
It rains – and I cleanse myself
Of winter's fatigue
And the burden of snow.
Youth merrily gurgles, the sun smiles at me –
And I breathe again with all of my leaves.

May, 2016

August

August, when it is all quiet,
Abates the whisper of night.
August, when for no reason,
I seek neither treasure,
Nor caress – nor a god.
August is soaking in lust,
Yet alone I will sleep in my bed.
August I hide in my room,
I dream and wait for the day to begin.

August, 2015

Contemporaneity

Light and blithe,
Summer is still.
Sulky and illiterate,
To flaunt is prestigious.

The ego seeks glamour at night,
Dragging its legs sticky with sand.
The mud brings headache in the morning,
A cool caress it offers for a balmy day.

September, 2013

Embrace

Autumn unfolds in cool kindness.
Tranquil is the soul like falling yellow leaves.
The idle embrace - of wind and of rain,
Of your gentle caress - of the hand that is warm.
Migrating birds kindle inside me a sorrow
That then dissolves, is washed away by the rain.
At your smile I stare.
Oh, how I love autumn.
In memories I swim and run barefoot
On the yellow carpet of leaves.

September, 2013