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POETRY

Far from having a nascent thought that envelops my rabid self,
Like inside of an accurate Swiss watch that had been given -
A present to presidents and diplomats from the 70's era,
Memories in the kaleidoscope of life, one by one,
Like crazy soldiers we used to see on TV
Who marched on red symmetric communist squares, come
And begin a very fine process of fermentation with a kick of stum
Giving it a thought, I say! Aha!
A viaduct to conciliate between a rosette and an aigrette
Of troubling cause, you little missus who are not ready to pause
You will say many wise things; Oh iconicity! One, for instance,
Awfully surprising, hardly anyone; I am selling the house!
Ha-ha! You are a cynic!
Am I a cynic? – As a bell, I loudly repeat.
Running down this cold night out of mind, not out of sight,
Throwing a tam o'shanter in the air while celebrating the moment
I am about to sky dive as a guardian of free-fall with no safety net
Daredevil of provincial extraction, not!
So, where did it begin?

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It must have been ... Goodness Gracious!
Inside where the temperature is naturally optimal and commonly shared!
The place that is of testicular density? – a voiceover whispered.
Very well then! – a confirmation stated the origin of the establishment.
And since that moment on the wheel of life begins to pedal,
Is it to an asylum that I am going to be sent?
Well, why not, I am not due for a medal!
I remember a gauntlet of Silver Birches, Hazels and Poplars

Like the three Musketeers crossing their little epees
To be there it felt monumental like the citadel of Persepolis in Pars
Or better, as an outcome of the Native architectonics known as Teepees.
How great is the world when one is belittled or youngling little
Or when you feel as Goethe did before he turned forty!
The desire to fecundate myself with the exquisite knowledge wasn't brittle
Rather volatile in a perverted sense! Sit, let me pour some tea!
I'd laugh uproariously now and then,
In a satirising almost decadent style,
Reaching the moment of zenith, my personal Zen
Secreting out of itself a 'split-load' of bile.
In the fourth year, like Sade did, she's been claiming promiscuity of Dionysus
But Juliette screams out of her, at least in the way of male perception
One would want to pause or at least say – Hey, you little missus,
Will you stop right there and in a single breath make an exception?
Do not throw at him a handful of grand 6-inch clitorises!
How offensive that must've felt!
I'm seated after having said this in bewailment like an ox
Not thinking of the grandeur but of her buttocks
Gloriously, as an ambler, I lift the embargo on this thought
Not letting myself to be aghast at the sight of it but almost orgiastic
Don't judge, don't jump the gun, as it is all onomastic!
Stop sucking on this life's debris like Cleopatra while tormenting her men
It just happened that I disrupted my benevolence, infuriated
Like a militant tumour that marches through a brain engaged in flagellate
Like a Parisian who did not have time to enjoy his glass of wine
When an image of Darwinian-Judeo-Christianity arose as a subset of sexuality!
Or, to be frank, as the moment I exude the last drop of piety before my Harlot.
Whatever it takes, and as degenerative as any revolution
Or as imaginative as any repressive fiction of elementary metaphors
Whatever it takes, in this character of aggression
Even if you consult your palmistry experiences cloaked in panic and objection
As peremptory as it may sound, this isn't a sonnet of subsequent lucidity,
But an ode to a virago of the Amazonian substance and the Socratesian integrity.

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I am not going to abort anything that may appal nor will I
Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!
Oh, my Command-Dante, here I come,
Interwoven in the postures of the nudity seen in Medici Chapel
Inflexible as Colossus, said I gruffly while holding a horn
Almost with this mercurial temperament that creates a moon man
Exuberant in the moments of severe solitude
Supported and loved perhaps only by a claue of virtual entities
That never existed but were a part of an imaginative huffiness, Trumpian like!

Give me the Tardis and without a sign of hesitation I will pick Hellenic Egypt
To be able to hedonistically squander every natural law,
Bright or bleak in an image of a modern freak.
I often feel that my life was raped by a not so courteous, not so kind circumstance.

Not that I pity myself

While holding a gun on my temple with this gentle discipline,
My identity is clear but my behaviour is doubtful
To the extent of brutish masculinity – defined as stubbornness.
Oh Majesty! of all frozen bouquets of white lilies in the salons of damnation
I have walked the road from the desolate meadow of bent archetypes,
Where swamps are placed on each side of it by some invisible maniacal hand
Of a capricious God, as Christopher used to fancy it,
To the organic nature of a relapsed reality,
Applicable only in such a nasty dimension.

*

Chaucer objected absolutism but he would have embraced allegory or eclogue!
Aw, - I would use a serpentine and, as the Duke of Swabia marched,
I would march that road while firing ignorance with tenderness
So it melts in the air before it reaches your lips,
And when I look at them I want my eyes to be protuberances that
Strike and pierce with no radioactive effect, of course!
And that isn't ordinary! as it wasn't ordinary in Leonardo's opus.
As we looked at the Birth of Venus, I was in the painting with you.
Look at it again! Now! Look at it, please!
Do you feel the authenticity of the will to be in every slice?
Together as Siamese twins, levitating and untouchable we bear the burden of it.
I could never be David as that role does not suit my nature
But you know I would be on his side.
I wanted to be Perseus, victorious and proud, loved completely
Sometimes even an *object de culte* in particles of joy.
Do you remember the flirtation in writing, with no sound, or light
with no physicality or touch, or scent?
An amputated dimension free of sins at the embassy of platonic love,
When the walk of red shoes turned into softness more delicate than moccasin,
Within fifteen minutes I have lived all the years I have missed out on,
The years of duels, challenges, combats, contests,
I call it the age of reverence!
Being so privileged, for I thought, if I do just a little more I would reach it,
I would enjoy the smell of smut just a little longer,
And as luck would have it the curtain fell so hard ending this age,
Just like it ended the hopes and dreams of a young Olympian in the making.
I cannot be paralysed staring at this Medusan eye that is like the Berlin wall
In front of me preventing the pain from being released.
There is so much of black paint in the distant and recent past,

That like hot glue sticks to any surface of reflection of our souls,
And slowly or never fades away.
My post-mortem may bear the stroke of your hand, in your lap,
On your knees with a single tear so priceless
That may fall on my cold cheek with power to revive, resurrect.
But not this time, not this time.
My virility dissipated, my strength evaporated, my hope diminished
My pain increased, my sadness swelled, my dying delighted.

*

It would be no accident for the entire firmament to welcome the marble statue
Off to the higher ground so sterile and so heavenly boring,
The penurious acceptance committee may not be human but would piss me off!
Well, as Carrickfergus quietly spells out its notes, may I be burned!?! –
I support the idea of still being able to choose,
Just to avoid the heavens being shocked by my St Louis Blues.
Oh, isn't it such a fascist oppression when one is wounded so deeply
That starts circling in the whirlpool of emotional punishment
And yet as an indigent vagrant almost obsequious cannot die nor live without it.

*

What the ledger of life hides no incarnation can reveal!
At the time of my rite of passage I have reached the nirvana of destruction,
No tuxedo, thank you, just a bullet-proof vest.
Walking through a quiet field of death in an early April
Absorbing the consequence of sparagmos like an icicle above my vertex
It dangled with hesitation while being depicted in the singing of blackbirds.
For others it was the most precious commodity found in that dump.
And they came, chump after chump.
The zircon in my eye sharpened while looking through the scope
Repeating the drill again, and again, downing it in a oner
The paragon of excellence that could not be surpassed,
How foolish, and how inhumanely sad!
Incredible! When one thinks of it the thoughts are being turned into an auger!
Blame me for the executions as I go through sepia - the auger through my heart,
Blame me for daring to bring it back from the event horizon
Being on the inside of it and escaping the pull
Gave me a chance to embrace my life and play it under new rules,
In the jungle of the Congo like Tarzan, this time – king of fools!
I never wanted an ornament of honour, as there was no honour in it.
Give the golden brooch to the old lady witch at the sooty 'Meyhane'!
Just sail on under 'the bridge over troubled water' - and keep sane.

*

As the odyssey in the skiff continued a more sentient being begun to appear,
At times feeling as a eunuch who was unable to change anything,
In zenith of toxicity as miasma on a cold misty morning.
What an epic feeling is to hold an axe of revelation,
In the hands of a matador - a labyrinth of madness,
Throwing at the bull of life a cape of opulent burden full of grotesque
Put me in the stealth mode to permanently avoid stupidity!
(Demanding it loudly with no shame)
Allow me an era of reverie - dark as midnight with no saboteurs
And I will feel, bloody brilliant. No publicity!
Wholesome and hale in the dominion of eye-potent fascination
Rising from the chthonian depth into civility
From the places where wuthering hurricanes cussed through
The golden locks of an exonerated anomaly
Forming in such a way a cantankerous personality craving a revenge,
Wanting to contest any bout with a bull or pallor
Decorum did not matter even if the Magi were contested on Epiphany.
Bring it on! Bring 'em all! Indeed.
With no discrimination the true political correctness flourished,
But the soul could not find the auto-erotic mode of emotional completeness
Until that day when all the eddies stopped, and
The wrist on a chair, in monochrome, pointed the direction.
With the greatest difficulty to be just, and I wouldn't do justice to it to say, I swear
The snapshot in time captured the universe of perfection,
Mim, prim, Osiris and Isis in the archipelago of Faros for eternity to bear.

*

In this dark tunnel the only ophthalmic stimulant to move forward
Is the emotional candelabrum carried on the inside like an Olympic torch.
Oh dear! This darkness looks so avant-garde like a pair of crazy coloured socks,
And the fancy thing about it is an infinite resignation
That hovers as an all 'dernier cri' of the highest order in the realm of lox.
Breathe it! Feed the need of this transvestised fallen world of internalised dilemma.
Yes, imitation! Yes, agitation. Yes, abdication.

*

He was *fin de siecle* born poet who opened my mind to see the poetic Gubernya,
And the contralto priestess immersed in the white magic of the written word opened everything
else.
Am I going to supplant Chopin's Nocturne Op 9 No. 2 with the blue eyes
Which release the two liquid glaciers in a free-fall of amorous '*potentia*'?
Having no desire in becoming a well-known cubist
I wish to note that tabula rasa of my remorse tops the list!
I want to assemble the force, summon the Armada of the night to unfold the time

The hypnotic sleep-walk will diagnose this flaccid imp in me
All the recantations will die there where selfishness butchers the prophetic shields
As If I were to go through the film of yesteryears...
The sandy beach anchored in the Port Phillip Bay was dressed in a bodysuit,
The secluded and frothy waves battered the rocks,
And the sunset on a pier in Noosa that evening never looked better!
The colours of gold, copper, purple and pink – the epitome of beauty,
The embodiment of the Sun. The second coming of Hathor.
These days I soliloquy often as if I am rehearsing for a conversation with someone.
It seems like a dialogue between Vladimir and Estragon with incantations
Which come from an inner fierce force of destruction and corrosion,
Carnal and flesh eating, - parasitic and unsustainable. Endemic!
The turbulence creates mental glittering, and
Then the moments of insanity come, so noble and balanced, my perfect pandemonium.

*

In this salon of orderly mortality I devour volatility of emotions
Like an opportunist who can demonstrate to a matron the origin of sincerity
How idealistic!
Sometimes it seems to me that my life role is a part of a museum diorama,
Where my epicardium is examined and sampled
Or, on occasion, it resembles the role of an emulator of hallucination
Allegorised in the images of poetic wrath, all worried,
Standing on the platform of despotic witticism as the last romantic connoisseur
Hand to hand, relentless in the rhetoric that does not need an aegis of virtuality
Nor en passant on the distribution of love!
That bullet may blow the brain but it won't deny the fact!
As a Roman raconteur who used a bon mot on a little stool to attract attention,
I often feel the same but would climb a stool for a different reason,
Though, even then, my mummery would rather miss the beat.
What a perverse poetic autobiography this is!
Is becoming a corpse a process of decadence, or lunacy incorporated?
My secret life flickered with the prohibition of conscience, exquisite and ripe
It created an identity of departure, finalised and declared,
An absurd affinity towards sensual and tolerant, bold and blunt
Almost as the doctrine of Gray towards the painting,
A pure invention of aggression as the shield of the ultimate protection
A primal animalism of wounded devotion,
A proclamation of celibacy from falsity in the name of Orpheus
I bow before all not bedizened but bare, untangled and restored,
My armour is my open palm, my demeanour masculine but calm.

*

Lupus Dei, grief of the heart, sealed eyes...
Has he not spoken of the total collapse of his identity?
Gorged in simplicity of his violent shadows, foreboding
Giving almost the most beautiful cataleptic look full of texture
The one that is in a dreamland between love and longing,
A heart completely exposed to a bayonet forged in the fires at Mediana.
A persistent agony of dissolution shall make no rule
As I demand it to be silent, in my head, in my heart, in my soul,
It shall not display negative or destructive rituals, or
Insensible impatience or it shall not raise the voice or angst
That would disturb the peace at a small well in the oasis of aspiration,
It shall not be prohibitive, unduly, infringing or chaotic,
It shall not be so!
Oh shadows, shadows of the dark,
Set the chain of events free
Let them be modest and true
In the darkened arc – ignite a spark
Let me in – let it be!
As ever, with love,

From neglect comes deviation, electrifying radiation like a leaf in the shadow
Drying stanza so bore-some, a bit much candidly said
In the Sun thinly it is spread,
As it comes to - an End.
Unpropitious almost as a son left to die in a wooden casket
Beating the chest, screaming the pain dumped in the basket
This fight that is looming, so void and gore,
Drained of meaning, young and old, shaken, - I've been told.
Hey, loner-donor go seek Freud and subscribe to the membership of bold.
What name, say you?
Look up, zap the depth and any chance
Given but not forgiven, just sanitised slam dance
Not tipping the balance
So settled, decisive and predisposed,
Here comes the pain rolling down the mountains at Pieve di Cadore
You do not know whether to ignore or adore.

I am a natural riparian who likes to fasten poplars on the banks of my heart
My eyesight at breast height gets pulled by gravity – down!
Sipping on a glass of Vitis Viifera while avoiding an overdose
In the eyes of a true ochre sensible enough
To touch the ground or poke her.

Grab the ivory rod that is a relic of lies
Crafted for the bride who held it dearly
In the arc it travelled back and forth
North to south, back to north.
Everything crumbled, thorn to pieces,
Gunning down feeling after feeling,
The fight is looming but I am not kneeling.

To the heroine of harrow I offered hard labour, ploughing my soul in an inch,
Now, days go by in my Trelleborg without feeling a pinch,
Spotlights, random hot rods, my own stigma as the mark of Cain
Released to feel a high degree of vulgarity, sole,
Whenever I want, whenever I can.
Satyriasis immortalised with impunity wrapped up in an isotope of bruised soul,

How does it feel to carry around a perforated heart?
What would you give to know? Do not stress!
How does an emotional climax end in a cosmic rapture?
It feels – empty. And it ends by a single word, or less.
I bolted like a wolf chasing a deer, gone as a seismic capture.

A throb in my temple, a tender temptation of tasteless unbounded love,
Onliest, lone, creating brooding despair, sweep off feet kind of joy
Sudden indisposition towards retribution and damnation
Have given me the chariots of lightning summits, oh boy!
Make me write it off with gratuity, simple and quick amputation.

Whereon I stand, I am insulting my fortune while solemnly swear,
That I will entertain my fatality with eminence,
I remain straight as an intention in the head of a monk,
Reluctant to give any evidence,
Far from being cool, I'm erasing this junque.

Beneath the fabled, innocent and polished mind
In a tinderbox wrapped up by an askant beldam's hand
Above an unmarked grave that is welcoming, rather kind
A pair of eyes noticed a hue in the dunes of white sand.

Nom de Dieu! Shall we move forward as I amn't uncivil,
Scarcely having been crude or a tad coarse,
Do not trap me in the cyclone of this swivel,
Do not tempt me with a sale on a second-grade bourse.

A gauche tongue displayed a tonne of venom
Is it just a gene that could not have kept it shut?
There is nothing more that destroys a character plenum
There is no pain anymore that felt like a punch in the gut.

Ohh Helen, this time a polemic won't start a war
I originate in my own omphalos, in silence and solitude,
Driven by sheer desire to wear nothing more
Then my pallium until my last prelude,

Majestic is decay in the house of bloom, they call it - Miner's pub,
A puce bottle was replaced with a very cold pint
In it the *Hoptopod*, one of a kind!
Dwarfs trotting, serpents curling, pale vampires partying,
The long lashed eyes tempting to look at me with no trust,
But with a deep conviction in a totally wrong analysis,
That was the cause of anger, a regular mind paralysis.
The choice to die in the sea away from all, in peace,
I looked at it a little confused but conducted my mouth piece
To be quiet like reincarnation in the shadows of a storm.
And I did, and it did pass like the freedom of nevermore.
The Nymph, the memories, the divinity where it all once stood,
Poof! No sin but a naked past waving a goodbye!
Just one more judge!
It is not hard, and it won't take long or much,
The wounds require no salt
Toda Una Vida used to be the blueprint
Now, I do not even need a discrete hint
To get up and walk away like a gun once the pint is done!

My eyes, alabaster white, my time like an Alchemist straight,
The soul scented slightly like a floating flower,
Organza – give us a touch, pin it on the heart
Even if it is meaningless, throw a dart!
Tediously enveloped, politely collapsed,
In the mirror looked behind her veil,
Not sure should I celebrate or hail, or am I about to fail?
I am stuck now, with the relics of morality
Beaten down like a clown!
Suddenly on her turf my heart is in the grave
Divided, corrupted, blocked and got mocked, as I gave.
In this final round the clamps got off
Totally unblocked, - doff!
Take care of those knees that knelt in grief
Engraving the exhumed hand that used to bring gifts,
So revered but at what cost came a bunch of costly rifts?
Many questions yet to be thoroughly answered,
Countless feelings to be tamed,
Heap of time and just one life hardly ever grasped,
I breed no fear in a juicy delirious pear,
As I offered an awful amount to share, I swear!
Pillars turned to ashes falling through the fingers of the timekeeper,
Who sealed the deal by turning the smell of Citron
To tasteful sweetness of luscious honey, an ascension,
Now, gone into a deep gravitational pull of a different dimension.

Like a butler with affluence in an experiment of own creation,
Counting the amount of celluloid before any fireworks is triggered,
I gnawed the vapour that was an outcome of a prolonged moan,
And, held a long serge scarf wanting to place it gently over an open mouth.
Scavenger with an open skull letting my brain be picked,
By mocking the Trinity and the four horsemen with cascades of rippled water,
But fortunately not having enough courage to confront the world.

Like the last pagan king who decided to save all, and what he could
By blowing a heap of sawdust into the ponds of innocence,
Sire, I've entered the realm of handcrafted curse,
Seeing all the bouncy fillies, many, one, none,
As an immortal faith rained down pebbles of doubt and strife,
My inner sparrows made swift passes between the ears,
Bare clean, very lean, moving onto the essence of what one sees as real in life.

Shades of rufous and crimson oared between the eyes and the mind,
Vestured the feelings that rip the heart as a nagging memory
Overshadowing the pilgrim's intentions, desires, and dreams.
The petite wench, this strumpet, harlot may I say, that flies-in through the window
In the shape of an untamed spirit displaying shoals of souls,
All undergone sweeping redemptions and purifications,
Presenting me a handful of utter fluff bound to burst,
And then, it tortures by retelling a maudlin tale of the piercing tears of a past,
Darkening this ghost that has been feeling an untimely thirst
Who threw ducats of affection and loyalty hoping to outlast.
Oh, no! An herbalist could not help to mend
What thorns of a rose do solemnly tend
They pierce and deflate elan
They pluck forth the joy
And then wait to redeploy
Buckets of tears and crates of apostolic lust, instantly,
Mustering the strength, recalling the sorrow, mediating every thought,
Oh, Amore! Oh, mystique!
Impossible is the token that rolls down the chin,
Yet it happens, as it is
Crystal clear and crisp, celestial and unwithered,
Always pure and authentic like the day
When mothers for the first time say to their babies – I love you!

Storms came to flood the perversion of careless claims,
The silent witness seated in his chair with bowed head,
Not a word is to be spoken, not an iota of acknowledgement to be offered,
Despise the betrayal, proclaim the abomination,
Never repeat the nonsense, the heat,
Do not greet nor comfort again, stand up as in a presbytery,
Finalise the prayer to yourself, look up and walk away.
Deus, in adjutorium!

My little soubrette, clever and pert,
The Waterloo affair brought crossed swords
And released a horde of travesty in the sward,
A creation of a new Lady D'Arbanville cannot avert
The glare into the lunacy of impiety that is stripped bare!
Oh I swear, I swear!
The tug has suddenly stopped, the ball is being dropped,
All everlasting reminiscences in a second, forever, - popped.

The virtuality of the moment is like...

Hmmmm

You my mysterious online coquette!

The celebration of all festivities,

unlike any banquet,

I knock, you butt-in

Voila!

Pearl on the shore,

And your belly butt-on

As Heidegger's Dasein

Being-there

I swear

I step before you with nothing to hide

I let my eyes glide

As a spiral,

A whirlpool of desire,

A scud,

In peace and in blood.

I crave to be the wave

On a day, and in the moment

I feel I myself am.

It is not called bagatelle
But can be one!
An instant caress of her curlicue
Popping the bottle with a corkscrew
Objet d'art and its vestige
Touch then smell - the prestige.
Wink and smile
Murmur, as braid gets pulled
The neck is summoned
As a hilltop to be conquered or climbed
But not as an ornament
To be visually admired
(Only)
Oh, lonely,... lonely
It is exposed
To devour, to feed upon,
Or share passion
With particularity called aphrodisia
Pruience with lucent aspiration
Tune-in all the keys, and hammers and strings
As if it is touched by seraph's wings
Then gently handbound,
Perfected, to make a sound
Soft and gentle
Melodic and infective
Pleasing and, indeed, very effective.
What card have you been dealt?
Do not look!
Have you felt the melt?

All told!
Each day, I say,
Socially dormant, I may
Never flagrant, rather
Concealed, in essence
Quite quiescent per se
Until she appeared, as
An alcoholic version of aquapanela
Fragrant she is, isn't she?
La bruja from the sea
Can be. Can be.
The peaks of the summits
To be reached
Alpenglow in her eyes - divine
Will shine!
Oh, will shine,
Down to the coastline,
This girl
As round as a little pearl
Polished and clean
In my eye just a little swirl
Consulting her star
Oh, yeah!
Alone she is in her boudoirs
Where I ascent
With her consent,
To touch her lips
Up and down
Could not help but
Place the crown!

My wheels on the gravel spin around with wholesome timidity, forthwith
No hesitation among the five solitaires surrounding me like a myth,
I'd made up my mind to commence with resumption of self,
Like a viceroy who fiercely enjoyed, earnestly hoped,
Delightfully defended, unprovoked!
Let me redeem the measure of time I privately bred,
Strange is the feeling of freedom,
When everything is done, when everything is said.
Pardon my ignorance as I stepped into the opposite corner,
Excuse all the heartiness given never to be forgiven,
Scarce and hesitant, as a traveller who has sharpened senses,
Willing to cross the great ocean and a shallow sea,
With respect and honouring the deal
Disappointed so much yet those eyes will continue to edify me
Uplift and weaken,
Melt and sadden,
The feeling that lingers is my beacon
Guiding me through a rough storm,
March on! Embrace life, exceptionally warm, - reform!

Waiting, intently attempting to hold my breath,
Subtlety fragrant, dreadful an impression as coined,
The time that I have been awarded, lapsed yet conjoined
Oh, duality of loneliness and odious memories
I've been trying to delete you from the foundation of this suite,
Or, ever more so, fight the disguise of the life navigation,
The one that doesn't share,
The one that doesn't show, or declare,
But the one that is indefinable as the cosmos we live in,
No joy, yet there are only accusations of sin after sin,
As humble as it may sound, (or perhaps not)
I give a toss to thoughts that yield attestation of my strength
Fiercely I've felt belonging to prolonged measures of adventure
Eager in its simplicity, a stubborn quencher,
My reproach to the veil of silk and satin
Bend the knee, consciously,
Atop to the core, evermore.

Baleful and stormy nights on the wings of a lonely consoler,
Beneath smiles a silken aureole, not another brawler,
Heaven and Earth keep downloading another torrent or reddish candles,
And murmur sets out mediocrity but the teeth rip the chemisette
With vigour as a kibitzer I observe a pair of lovers
Burning up the easy-chair they are on.
Charmed are all attentions given from the heart,
Yet my ambition is to cut the wrist of the archangel
Spilling the blood in an anecdote that radiates warmth and precision,
Without looking for a reason behind such a decision.
I want dancers to surround me
And when the curtains drop, my coat is off.
Never too capricious to be undesired at any immoral banquet,
Firmly standing upright with the scales of justice in hand
I am the keeper of my echoes that bounce of mountains of lust
Do not worship icons nor the Saints, earn my trust.

The Last Chance was like a gunshot,
A Digger who met Artemisia almost like nought,
It moved, it flowed,
It conquered the lands of Romans
Binned with a flick of a finger in a sentence
Tapped on a tip of her tongue with no repentance.
The mistral covered the distance
All the way to the Viking lands
The booze? Nothing to choose,
The words like amadou ignited fires
In her eyes behind mystery and glasses,
She easily outclasses
Many and all, - masses.
The chatter like on a billiard-table
Rippled the imagination
Abundance of inspiration, the time did not matter,
It flattered,
It enhanced,
He has not glanced
But looked through the darkened cover
Aiming for the eyes,
The highest prize,
Lean, intense and moral
The moment captured, smile almost floral!
Fain to go, both were freely,
Fair skin, youthful and natural
Whence it comes, whence it always come?
Hope is from the heart,
Thrown to fly on a Cupid's dart!

In a serpentine like arabesque line entwined in her green eyes
Earful of stories engraved under the skin
Unseen, rather fairly thin!
As we prattled along that summer evening prolong
All the pleasancess flanked vigorously down the spine
When it sunk into the linen I was obliged to align.
Gladly the offer to cherish stood
Firm, as a grip on her hip,
And the preparedness that stimulated tenderness
As I have been asked to be kind
With the conventional approach from behind.
Smile, and I touched the bare flesh
Averred to embrace her with discretion
As one would the finest eglantine
A finger deep into the bloodline
After which the green eyes - shine.

At the quiet end of a small garden,
Between the red bricks where the well is
Two thin silhouettes burned like weed
The great schism dissentingly purged the last seed
Of the cuff I offered an apology for the expiatory stunt,
A pure phantasmagoria which pulled me down
Like a beast with tentacles taking my strength away
Laconically driven as a portrait on the wall, I sway
Into the darkness of solitude I plunge and wile away
Nothing to pray for but suddenly enjoying the prey,
May I say with grimacing grovel I wished to defeat and prowl

The rest is here: <https://brutalpoetry.blogspot.com/>

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