



Vasia Bakogianni

The last of the remaining birds

Drive by malodor
at 6 a.m.
a close up confrontal
of the serious kind
leaves the chanteuse
for a comatose boon
spoon of arsenic
pedigree stricken
Godfried, the nurtured
and Sigma, the mute
lift her on arms
a queen of the prom
charade is her fancy
waltzes on ice
loots enterprises
and Godiva laughs

Wiretapped

Some do confide in me

I'm not in clan.

Come as a single mother of ideas

expert in cooling the coyote hunt

surviving tundras and the trench foot

without counselling

A no man's land is beating

down a bosom ravine

Fretfully large.

With the forensics quarrel

I bargain skins

whereas they breed me adulation

It's procreation of the game owning

the blueprint, appointing me host

of this encumbrance

Famous last words post

love of power

to my mailbox

and by the dawn it's

deleted with a statement.

Some will die trying,

yes of course.

I'm not in plan.

NE KOPIRATI

Denial

The glass hoists

its reality

I'm in denial

I can no longer hide

in a wardrobe

and speak myself to

unrepeated thrills

We parted ways.

THEY prostitute

caught in a poker game,

while I am taming

confrontation

I want to thank him

it is late

he might think

I was turned

and truth is, I omitted

taking sides

all along

So I do nothing

the turmoil

never ends

the pest is marching

my love goes empty

an empty word

my conscience too

I want to call him

reason with him

assure him there are things

to save

but human flaws

soothe it.

I am staying timid.

NEKOPIRATI

V g b n d s

Befriended by

congenial cues

it serves them to dine

with X- rays overtly

believe in the history of

unfortunate attics

and love crystal glaciers

in parking lots of dune

a crib of a limp

a shuttle or corkscrew

the mediums to rate,

contain them a barter

a lie for a gimmick

a saw for a kiss

a lutheran mime

a stencil of lipstick.

Yard's Rave

“And the sun would turn into a jellyfish,
sucking the poor beast out of it.”

“There lies a sacrifice.

The one I'll share with those,
who blinder than a mole,
and weaker than a stick,
recall me as the mad man.

Still.

There is an opposition ladies, look.

It will be led on a deranged rollercoaster.”

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