

When I Leave...

When I leave the house, my plan
Writes panic-stricken.
I hear them rustling behind large
curtains,
Whispering anxiously, wondering;
Dear, dear plants,
Their dreamy, fleshy leaves,
Their cheerful, fragrant flowers,
Sprinkled with the sun's scintillating
beads.

When I leave the house,
So many eyes are left orphaned at
the windows;
Dog's eyes, tree's eyes,
The green eyes of a cat, a flower's
eyes.
And the urge seizes me sometimes
To retrace my steps and stay
Here, forever enwrapped
In unfulfilled dreams of departures.

It's like that when we love:
We become attached and we suffer;
The moment of good-byes tastes of
bitter ash;
Hearts bleed, stabbed by flashy
daggers;
Gates close behind us
With infinite unease.

The Paper

Pen in hand,
I sit at the table again,
Scribbling across the paper,
aimlessly.
Out of wandering thoughts
Rushing into the room
Together with the bees
--Dizzy with the crisp shudder of
morning-- ,
Your name appears,
Dancing amid words,
Like a beautiful alabaster God.

Fiery letters pull me into their whirl.
And I don't recall when
Suddenly
I lost my whole body.
I remain just a voice, whispering to
you,
Just a hand, transparently drawing
The miraculous outline of your eyes,
Your pallid brow,
Casting spells, imploring,
Loving you wildly
With all my yearning banished
To these immaculate,
And blind sheets of paper.

Leaves' Sleep

Clay leaves,
Slowly rotting on dark branches,
Millions of leaves, gliding over the
world,
On the soft wings of the wind,
Carpets of leaves,
--Crimson tears--
Rustling under the sad steps
Of great, unfulfilled loves;
In the autumn's sleep someone finds
you
Sitting on an old bench, always
waiting.
Leaves embrace you in their
protective arms,
Infinite longings turn back at sunset,
Touching your stony soul
With golden autumn's fingers.

Perhaps,
Before the night fall
The long-predicted fate will come
true;
Perhaps,
On slippery paths,
In a fairy-dream
Again I'll be with you.