

NEVER BEEN DROWNED

I have never been drowned
It was almost, though
when father brought the sea to my chest
sun lit the sky like a dome of light
We were slithering on the sea, I was on my father's back
he swum like a brown skinned seabass
soft salty waves rubbed my skin
I was cold by the touch of furious sea breeze

old vessels anchored on the light blue zone
swayed, rustled, squeaked on the ropes
far from the coastline
I pulled off my hand from his shoulder
and gripped the rough skinned ropes, stretched my little fingers
flowing like fishermen's bait

I was thrilled, and scared
an invincible force grasped my neck,
sucked my backbones and pulled my head backward
and the splashes pledged my lip
I thought it was my time to drown

by the time I tossed the air,
he came back and put me on his shoulder
I was colder swimming back to land
the seawater was glittering blue,
beautiful and radiant
yet the depth of sea had always had a mystery

I have never been drowned
but I still hear the sea's calling

THEY ALL SLEPT HERE

white drizzles outside the door
never reached them
nor the wind of the season
they always had this one season,
snowflakes under the bed
patted the white cotton sheet
their arthritic shoulders' resting place

they slept here every night
with the lenten dinner's aftertaste on their tongues
then watched the noisy news on black and white screen
of outside world they could only imagine

the cold bed screamed out
the sound of its corroded skeletal fringe
at night kids slipped their baby teeth
under the pillow, luring the tooth fairy
for the next morning they found nothing
than just a pebble under the pillow

miracle never happened
the room was never changed
still, every night they all slept here
recited the same murmuration
of deep long prayers on their sleep
resting down their arms, their heartbeats
and their aging soliloquies

SAILING ON THE NORTH SEA

The stream of tears recreated the north sea
Studded with white bluish geyser
The ice crystal's crests
Tinkling clamorously swished by the snow wind

We were the ones who knew these tears
How hands could not give warmth
To a broken heart covered with snowflakes
Flowing in from a spring coloured window

We were sailing on the ship, impenetrating the north sea's heart
Almost numb over the bluish swash of waves
The geyser chunks fell off and creaked on the deck
We cuddled like a furless polar bear
Silence sprinkled sharper than cold bites

We knew we'd die here, by loneliness and the rage of freezing ocean
We needed not a last hug
In this most peculiar silence we found light
Aurora lightened up in the sky, swayed by the solar storm
We forgot when we finally liberated the clench of our hands

TO LIVE

I am the whisper of the wind
when blitz of thunder shut your eyes
storm blows off the dust of the foreigner
in your heart, in you

I am the blooming wildflower
when rainforest has lost its rain
fallen by the rage of fire
and from ashes, my tears will become your river

I am the light of fireflies
in the dark cave of your hollow eyes
when you hideaway from night and fear,
and from yourself

I am as close as your breath to death
to vacate your facade
like everything in this world
is nothing, if you bent on your knees
light up the candles in your heart

to be whole
and to live

A DESOLATE CARTHASIS

flame is the desolate carthasis
burned at the streets to your chest
what ritual you did, painted the wounds
the rain had never come
to your neck's desolate veining
you let the children dancing
got down your lap, but never your heart

your arms were the street
to hug the deepest night of beats
love has been too long metaphorizing things
trying to recognize your own body, from every curves
but homes are not always have a door
and feet are not always step into the house
there, your flame is imprisoned by bars;
hissing the promises