

Time for light, time for life!

(Poem 1 out of 3)

Nourishing my pain for 21 years.  
Time to twist my utopian courses,  
time to demolish my inconstant fences,  
time to burn all my insecure diaries.

Perfection to obsession:  
infeasible, annihilation;  
a fragile poisonous soul  
I couldn't bear any more.

Orisons to my angel for a redemption,  
- I've been agonizing for resurrection-;  
stains of blood before my steep hill  
but I can hear my voice is now shrill.

Time for light, time for life!

(Poem 2 out of 3)

As my azure rains tumbles down  
my banks overflow my hills  
of wild violet orchids; I smell them,  
I feel the breeze; redolent of mints.

My cell was insurmountable  
till the day my songbirds sang:  
"it is possible to fly with  
the brave heart of mine  
high...somewhere high..."

Time for light, time for life!  
(Poem 3 out of 3)

I was a butter-fly  
flying with some shamrock  
green seagull  
over the oceans where  
our distraught hearts lied;  
I was getting trapped  
inside a thick burned hole  
of the firm from where  
my life used to obtain  
oxygen.

Torment. Never went through anything but  
praying for some futile dawn  
in an outer soul.

Now I have my unique feathers,  
my colors I intermix, my hymn I compose.

One step jars my withered branches,  
- a sound for survival from my innermost hell-;  
a second step drops my fir down,  
however, I can now aerate my wings.

Justice. I am a butterfly!!!