

"through misted lens"

portray me a woman,
I say with my most seductive voice
to a guy I call a genius
after every and each of his films.
portray me a woman,
make her actions speak for her -
individually,
not a statement of how you see some multitude of girls.
make her loud or silent,
obnoxious or calm,
but make her of blood and bones,
not just meaningless accessories.

you can make her troubled,
god knows loads of us have been there
(some still are),
and allow her to breath, to laugh
to scream or cry,
or just pace nervously around her room,
and be a centre of the action.
don't put her behind a man,
making her a prop, only of importance
when touch or spoke of.

don't stick Bell Jar in her hand,
what a lazy way of saying she has a mind,
don't fix her hair Virginia Woolf style,
boring approach on how to see through her eyes,
don't give her Jane Austen's ironic vibe,
and Maya Angelou's positive mind,
for surely you can make her her own
self.

there is more to woman,
there is more to me,
even when I'm a little broken,
or bitter
or tired and lonely,
or yes, troubled,
whatever I'd like this expression to mean.

yet you dress this girl,
in an easy set of items -
to show what kind does she belong to,
so she won't have to
speak too much,
be too much
or take too much of your
male-intendet space.

yet you portray a woman
mostly in h i s eyes,
when he hurts because
she is not fine

you show her cuts and how much she bled
but never why
you show her in a hospital
or with a cigarette
standing on the bridge
wanting to jump
but never a reason

you show her raped,
pained and tortured
with a camera inches from her eyes -
detailed.
yet either the reasons
or aftermath stay closed in her head,
because you never have time
to show that.

portray me a woman,
I say, but I hear echo of my words.

I know speaking to a tv,
doesn't bode well,
but now the titles are rolling
and I can see my reflection
as a background.

portray me a woman,
I whisper now,
because for some strange reasons
(that will stay unknown to all of us),
there is more of you, known male directors
and we see more stories through your eyes.

so, portray me a woman, sir,
because all I can see
are some fake visions,
not real woman breathing
but cartoon dolls you want us to be.

* * *

"without fighting"

some people are gifted with words
that build colours, lines, dimensions.
in their heads, under their fingers,
laid on the paper like thin rivers of ink.

some are granted with luck,
that opens windows for them
when doors are violently shut,
take the sun out of their eyes
and put the brightest stars to guide them
home, safely.

others, given power,
use it to suppress their guilt,

build shores for their friends
or waste it, making castles
where soil is too wet and people too hostile.

others (not the rest)
are gifted with humour,
love, the peace of mind,
perfect hearing, cooking abilities,
painting, giving birth,
help-giving, care-taking,
or the rest,
things we see in ourselves
not when someone points it out,
but when we gave-it up
without fighting.

* * *

"collecting"

and then he opened the colours
the ones you didn't know about
existing only in peripheral vision
and the fear and adventure
flooded you making you gasp
and the flower he gave you
his hand shaking as he handed it
all of the words that surrounded
your lips floating with vividity

and you think how long you missed out on
gentle fingers' flirtation around your glass
lingering glances and eyes fluttering shut
the sounds he is making and those that you
deliver hungry for more
like a hidden masterpiece asking to be viewed
like the old melody begging to be played

while he was paying for your drinks
just the subtle thought wandered to
your mind
is he the audience you wanted
is he the maestro
who will play on your subtlety
but conquer the whole
or go fast through your verses
missing accents and making hyperboles
where he should play just
piano

pia-no
and softly
gently
you will decide
to go with him

hand in hand
knowing you are just renting

the work of art to a wrong collector
who won't value all of its
sublime details

* * *

"fairy-tale concept"

you must agree
there is something endearing
in the idea of heart beating
the name of the one you want
beat-boxing
on the loop
even when you are asleep

keep this idea and
the one with the red ribbons
tied to a little fingers
or the concept
of soul mates
right next to
the Newton's theory
or Plato's philosophy

for if it will go
dangerously close
to vampire stories
and other fairy-tales
you'll end up believing
in all of that silly agenda

and hope for love
as much as for seeing a dragon
or finally receiving the letter
from the school that teaches
magic
or prank people
strongly believing that
no one can see you
just because you wear
a golden ring with the engraving

or you will call all of that
impossible
classify THE feeling
somewhere between
the Smurfs and Monsters
and become that grumpy old man
shouting at children for
laughing too loud

...

that is
if he truly is grumpy

Take-away poems after movies and then shower

maybe he just
hopes to hear
Elves singing
or the talking Owls
and all of that noise
just scares them away

or maybe it's just really
not that elegant
after all
life is rarely
a well-written story