

IN

(I)

There is a cross in the sky,
 insomnia in my bedroom.

Certain inclinations have returned as expected,
but this time I roll out the red carpet,

don't wedge the wants in the cellar.
This keeps the lump in my throat from forming.

Thoughts are in neat compartments.
I'm dwelling in the moment, zoomed in.

The inferno of insights has settled.
 In so far as it re-ignites, I'm not going to oust it

like society does with outsiders.
 Instead, infuse it with poetry,

that lady in red
that's like a cherry dipped in chocolate.

(II)

It's been a long journey to the centre of being.
I've shaken in my boots and danced in the rain,

travelled incognito, spoken tongue-in-cheek,
given an inch, have had taken from, a mile.

There have been incidents that many
would describe as living in extremis, insane.

In all honesty, I'm starting to believe
there is no such place as in-between.

In terms of incongruity, two peas
in a pod can have too damn much of it.

Back then it didn't matter what I was in for,
abstract intelligence now made incarnate.

(III)

But, all in all, I've remained
inspired, not in a daze, incoherent.

The once in a lifetime consumes all multiples
throughout it, as it increases.

Perhaps these words will sink in even more when I'm
in sync with the composition in its entirety.

Today, I am in love with information
on my work-board, not the inception,

nor the 'in honor of.' An incandescent blessing
is in disguise inside my skin.

The inhabitant, where the heart is,
an integer, not a fraction.

GAIA

pearlescent dawns
as fairies' wings in children's dreams

blue skies, faded
like ombre hair of fashionistas

bodies of granite
stacked as juggernauts at gyms

reposing hermit ponds
glass water windows boarded up with cattails

perfected curves of muses
in snow-covered hills

shape-shifting dunes
sly and supple like ninjas

deserted parks and cemeteries
as baleful abusers

refreshing northern breezes
fronts of cold against brave nudist skin

productive farms in quadrants
scientists' inventive grids

green, waxy garb of fringe
on conifers and models

translucent overlays of clouds
as ceilings, stucco molded on by builders

luxurious teal silk sheets
royal lagoons of island waters

ethereal temples
ascended to low-oxygen zones

jubilee blasts of flashy leaves
dancing processions all through winds of autumn

folkloric towns
dramatically splashed onto blank hills

light peeking through internal limestone worlds
grandmothers watching youth through curtains

neighborly knocks of little wooden boats
against their simple docks

fishermen villages
skewed cinematic shots on river films

tropical density, obese with nutrients
and energy reserves

lazy procrastinating rivers, undergraduates
in preparation for the real-world

fogs, ghostly-cottoned
as the gauze enwrapping injured soldiers

monotonous grassy pastures, bosses
forcing sheep to stale routines

pockets of thermal springs blemishing snow
like adolescents' dermal blisters

cohesive streams of cabled light
from raver kids and cities' long exposures

aggressive surfs that break
and enter pliant sand

iced mountain peaks
craggy incisors of malnourished addicts

terrains of poppies, daisies, sage, radiant in color
clowns, toy salesmen, ice cream vendors

desolate miles of arid sugar, cacti -
the only spice tossed in the potpourri by chefs

telescopes starstruck by nocturnal glitter
entrepreneurs above the ants beneath sky-scraping lairs

like janitors on schedules, vermilion
temporal swipes in sandstone canyons

distinctive drops of rain pooling in puddles
assembled activists hoping to make a splash

celestial figures donning rings, affectionate
brides and grooms, eclipses

most pleasant groves and orchards
politely tended to, inviting flowery hosts

connected banyan forests
dorky experts of IT

teeming with action, ocean floors as coffee shops
where writers plunge to depths of thought

crane flocks dotting sightly sunsets
wall decor of the relatives and friends around the globe

unruly lightning sabers stabbing skies
insurgent zealots charged with anger

wild fires warning 'don't come near!'
like divas, drama queens

dressed for the kill, owls on the hunt, feathered
and weathered prostitutes sparking volcanic flare-ups

dogged laps of lakes on shores
wet tongues of pets on owners' cheeks

kaleidoscopic fireworks scrawled onto blackboards
residual ash and chalk dropping to ground

slow-falling flakes of snow through atmosphere
suspended athletes at extremities of half-pipes

stately savannahs overseen by humble tribesmen
disheveled ghettos overlooked by careless mayors

visions and holograms of northern lights
for eskimos and extrasensory perceivers

blank pages of the tundra, poetic hesitance
before dispersions of the polar bearings

annual lily blooms in low-key basins
as concerts bringing soloists reaching high pitches

angelic warriors
gold-armored sunrises in gleaming chariots

diversity of pristine moorland
a conglomerate of cultures and traditions

CYCLE

She called me preachy
forcing me to abandon my thoughts, agree with hers.

He said I'm serious
because I didn't find the humor in his cruel joke.

They thought I'm fake
as my honest response was tolerance, not anger.

I wrote this poem
turning everything that bothered me to pleasure.

HOMING

I used to think going home meant hanging upside down
letting gravity do its job, like a seed that rebelled
and broke the barrier of ground, having lived, matured,
would eventually return to its rightful place
in the earth, decomposed, safe and sound.

You would kiss me then, standing upright, tall
and our legs would twirl clockwise -
tails of galaxies sweeping space
in happy harmony. Our black hole inhales
and sighs to the other side, as a disk

of a daisy, puffing out centered, fertile
for beasts of the wild to communicate their pollinic content,
purposeful, unashamed by the stares of the tamed
who have not yet attained an ecstatic exchange
with the yin-yang so homely.

But your beak and talons have nothing to do
with my turtle's shell. I am entering warmth
enclosed by my own patterned self.
Through the spiral drain, out the current brane,
kissing me that here, down to the feet remains.

POEMS

my grandma held up scrolls
on a silver platter
with the same grace and joviality
that she would present
along a tray of clementines
on adventure-packed summer afternoons
of my childhood
a huge gemini smile
caressing her face

initially I mistook them
for scientific articles
the good old-fashioned soviet toil
and sweat from years
of painstaking laboratorial endeavor
and narrow reaching theses
stiffened up for
stodgy journals
but they were poems

gold-dusted papyrus
with carmine ribbons
destiny creased boring reports
to paper airplanes
removed the staple handcuffs
bent tidy surfaces to sharpened points
arrows with the support of wings
then words flowed through the air
like paper boats through water
trained pigeons bearing notes
tied to their feet