

Poetry Series

Agatha Eliza Laposi
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Agatha Eliza Laposi(30.07.1988)

(to Her) Autumn-Loving Heart

The melancholic thoughts are
tightening around her
neck..like a rope of
worn-out petals from a
dying amber rose..

Now, here she comes; so calm,
so cold, with her
marble silhouette-but
what a dread! Instead of
life..she wanted death!

The crimson leaves are
clinging on her hair..as
wind blows and sweeps
her curly locks away-far away
too far away..

Sheltered by the wings of
morbid dreams,
she keeps her memories
away from fading..
hidden in the coal clouds.

On the burning shores of
time, she grieves alone,
and sings mellow songs
all on the behalf of
her autumn-loving heart!

The reflection of a scarlet
twilight sparkling
in her eyes..such an omen!
she just drank the sap
of the unearthly venom!

From time to time, I pass
by this grave; but
here she lies..the one

who was born, and died
with autumn in her heart!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

A Different Kind

It was the night that came to us
and brought the blindness
to our shores;
This sad, dark-tressed maiden
welcomed the emptiness
with its echoes
of rustling swords,
but also had a grain of kindness
weighting lightly
on its other rusty scale.

We carry a torch of hope that
is shining bright through
the fog;
This idea that cannot be
altered, or destroyed.
It's not vengeance that we
seek, it's rather love
for a future
that seems uncertain
as the distant teardrops
fall, regardless of which surface
but I
on my skin I've wrote
in blood, the message from
my predecessors
for who we are is more important
than who they want us all to be.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

A History That Began With Eve (The Snake And The Dreadful Apple)

The voices of our foremothers are not lost;
they're conjoined
as strong as ligaments
when the rest of the body is torn apart,
burnt, branded or rain washed,
beaten, scorned, denied
and condemned to be forgotten
as our history began with Eve, the snake,
and the dreadful apple.

We are all part of this sisterhood
of a violent, and static past
a crushing finger print
of blood and sadness
of broken, or missing bones
never to be healed or mended. This silence
is too much to bear..so is the burden
of all the words, tears and screams that never
left the domestic space. The world was seen
only through a small window
through distant, foreign eyes,
through other words that compose
a stranger language, where feelings
do not come straight from the heart.

But tiny miracles are unfolded by the waves of
an untamed sea; on the shore
on the sand banks, where shells crack
and a traveller's leg gets
tangled in weeds
you can still see their footprints
and the echo of their voice
still lingering in the breeze
revived and poignant,
but pleasant
yet so familiar
like a chorus of a lost song

which reminds you of childhood,
the memories you hold dear
or a lullaby mother used to sing to you
just before you went to sleep.
You're older now..Your hands are trembling
and in your voice you find something else-
a strenght that motivates you
above all to carry on the fight,
as behind a misty veil
a new life springs in the middle
of the ruins, in the dead of night
where silent witnesses hold their tongues
in celestial, but stone-like palsy.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

A Midnight's Dream

Concealed by a cold midnight frost,
this transparent spirit of mine
is floating like an ageless spot
over burning, draining veins of chalk!

Year after year, I plucked the roses
from deserted graveyards of angels,
but only dreams kept them alive..
and the solitude of autumn's night.

What a blessing! Cold rivers flowing
blending with the touch of red..
their frozen rhythm choked by time
falling down with tears I once shed!

The mist rises above the deep woods
as hungry wolves begin to howl..
soothing the sanctum of my soul
watching the arrival of great Cthulhu!

Waves rise and smash against the cliffs
turning them into dust and fire,
life's just another far away desire
watching over this obsidian hell empire!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

A New Language

A language is a river;
its body of water
goes far into the distance
unobserved,
like it's just a part
of nature's cycle;
it flows with clarity
at times
so you can see the rocks
sparkling underneath
its translucent veils
on a sunny day.

But mud colours its surface
when it rains
and the storm is unleashed
and the sound of the
thunder splits the world
into halves
but the tides carry
away the debris
and the water clears in time
but as you know, the molecules
retain the last memory.

In winter, it freezes
and all the life
inside it is encapsulated
in a reverie-
so blissful, so divine
a spectacle unfolding
away from pairs of curious eyes
defying expectancies,
theories and hypothesis
as under thick layers of snow
your senses deceive you
but not your heart.

But the man, in his usual confusion
perpetually sits on the shore,
tossing a coin
allowing goddess Fortune to decide
whether he should
cross the bridge or not
or it's better
to just burn it down
so no one could ever cross it
but the river will always be there.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Acid Rain

I hear the rain falling down,
endless agony of nature...
the faith lies in your eyes
-pure emerald desire-

a silent cry of darkness calls,
deep down in your heart...
the fire burns inside your fall
-a wingless flight-

beware the demon of the night,
which crawls through fog...
fading away beneath dark waters
-monster of the lough-

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Alas..

Oh..alas, alas..
nightfall's your altar
so many tears the rain concealed
but too many wounds refused to heal
and all words became white and meaningless.

So many prayers perish..
burning torch of childish hopes,
through rotten carcasses and tombs
as brittle equinox of a new born rose!

In time, lines go blank
the scars once fueled melodies
misery's the ink of lost memories
yet hands will stop writing a letter.

Knock on closed gates,
mesmerised by the sweet embrace
and script after another to bound
life rushes whilst red curtains rise.

Don't you dare to cry!
love's so deceiving to the eye,
as you can't tell wrong from right
one tear won't fill the well of heart.
Oh..alas, alas..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

All Yours..

love, the garden of Eden is all yours..
along with exhilarating passions,
glistening sun kissed flowers
zephyre in wings of dream
gentle poetry of beam!

warm flux of hours
it's all yours
all yours..

touched by coldness of a grey gunmetal
my presence turned out quite fatal
away from the sun that shines,
petals fall on the ground
causing a fiery wound!

cold tide of hours
it's all yours
and mine..

for a moment, I was the prototype of Eve
the damned one, destined to deceive
and destroy what you believe.
in garden, the snake's lore
hides a pearl of love!

dead game of hours
it's all yours
all ours..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Alone I Danced

Alone I danced, my love,
beyond the shadows
collecting drops of eventide,
of stars, and moon
tears from the eyes of night.

Alone I danced, my love,
beyond my dreams
which disappear in a glance
by chance, enhance
the thrills of a new romance.

Alone I danced, my love,
beyond the veils
concealing my ardent scars,
the very wound ajar,
which adorns my sacred pain.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

An Xviiiith Century Battle

These rusty swords dangle
back and forth
piercing my skin, bleeding
myself to death..

In this dream, I am chained
to this particular place
where the clamour of battle
makes me tear my own ears off
so I wouldn't hear
the thunder-like war drums
which are amplified by
the sound of rain
falling over the bodies..
In this concert of pain, I hear
the footsteps and hooves
of those trapped in the mud,
the splash of cold water
as they struggle to get out-
and those choked, weeping pipes,
the cannons making way
digging tunnels
into flesh and bones,
resting in a pool of blood
by the distorted remnants
scattered here and there like
the bunch of runes
released from a druid's hands..
and the echoing voices
that beg for help
as their lives are hanging
by a fragile thread.

My body is weary; a blurred vision
of disaster is projected

before my eye..the sky seems distant-
so are my lover's gentle hands, as
on a weak and trembling voice
the last goodbye is uttered
by a tomb upon which my name is marked,
and left some delicate, white flowers.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Apostle Of The Wolves

You still lurk in the shadows
kind Apostle of the Wolves
wise man, holy man
with a long, white beard
guided in this foreign land
by the spirit of the White wolf.

The word of Christ you brought
to fierce wolf-like tribes!

The howls of thy children
at the pale and gentle moon
under lavish arches of old trees,
crooked by ravenous winds
secret pathways through
the blizzard bitten mountains,
rivers, groves, and sacred temples
known by the chosen few..
remain with us, the descendants
of the brave clans of the Wolves.

Even now, our hands raise up skywards
as for a silent, murmured prayer
Father, the teachings
and love instilled by you
still echo in who we are today.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

As Time Goes By

Life left me mourning on a grave of silence
with bleeding wings,
agonizing on rose petals..
my final chance, before the sky falls
to tell another tale of how my world ends.

I must pursue the lonesome path without you
it's not because I want to;
but I'll soon be just a shadow..
in a sequence of this dreadful dream
dance of destiny takes me behind the scene!

As time goes by, you can count my heartbeats
seconds run, I feel how death awaits me,
stretching somber wings to grab me..
I'm crushed inside, but why cry?
if I choose to die, will you ever forgive me?

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Austere Lights

All the lights of life fall fading on the ground
unwashed by summer rain, unmelted by the snow
unfrozen by the winds and gales
unwarmed by souless joys.

all the lights of life are bleaching, roving pale
the empty meadows, the path of bloody moors
the trees with branches cracking
the lands of the wolves.

all the lights of life are crawling to the grave
crashing against the cruel hearts of stones
mesmerised by the wings of flies
on the path to oblivion.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Autumn Morning (It's Autumn Again)

A blurry morning breaks in my heart
like a shy sun over a battlefield
after a long absence of light
and a carpet of leaves
lies at my feet...

'It's Autumn again'; he said to me
'celebration of rust and copper
nature's majestic symphony
when colours invade
the cosmos'...

The lonesome path towards the woods
inhabited by acorns and leaves,
trees and stones-all set
in harmony..you see
Autumn again.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Autumn's Rusty Romance

Love, push me gently in a cradle of ivy
embraced by rusty leaves and dreams,
enchant my ears with a song, and..please
don't go here and love me!

the scent breaks through roses' petals
as knives piercing through a chest,
their echo's sharp; the grief will last,
we won't let our feelings turn to dust!

so, these words of yours disturb the air
and strike against my curly hair..
we're on a long road taking to nowhere,
because I'm here, and you're there!

but where have all sweet whispers gone? -
maybe it was nothing but a dream..
I rise from the bed of your conscience
to wander alone the dreadful land.

still enthralled by your voice, I wander
in search of you; so calm, so tender..
but these footsteps are taking me under,
contemplating the fiery eye of the storm.

our warm hearts got together once again
blessed by autumn's rusty romance..

I kiss your lips to blossom by your side
on transparent wings of dragonflies!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Autumn's Saddest Mourners

I feel the autumn unfolding its tentacles
far and wide, across the land
like a hungry bird's wings encompassing
its cornered, frightened prey...

The wind brings forth the echoes
of a thunder roaring from another world
and flashes of light project
burning splashes of colours on the
blackened cheek of the sky,
revealing the troubled, and dark faces of
Autumn's saddest mourners!

The tea I drink early in the morning
is lukewarm and bittersweet,
strongly infused with some
strange joy and sheer nostalgia, while
reading those romantic poems
my grandmother used to love when
she was just about my age.

Away, on a distant tune of Chopin's, the
droplets of rain implode like
stars, crashing on my old windowpane
erasing the borders between
the 'what if', 'what was' and
'what it really is'...

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Ballad Of Rosebuds And Blood

it's raining from the heart of night
and sandtimer has lost the trace
of hours, minutes and seconds..

mankind is now melting in the stream
as misty circles cover the sights
of passionless desires, hate..

all ghosts turned to nocturnal queens
when the magic fullmoon is gone
of eyeless slaves, voiceless..

vivid imagination ends up slaughtered
too many beauties, and less beasts
of warm castles, cold dungeons..

reality and all dreams mean the same
they killed last reckless thought
of nightmares, of misfortune..

watch your life while everything dies
starting with lullabies and cries
of death, in peaceless grave..

follow me in the night of the dreamer
where no angels crawl in darkness
of realms, of deaf echoes..

just hear the call from the other side
as the kingdom of light fades away
of deadly gores, the storms..

unlife does not resides in old prayers
cannot be even healed by pagan gods
of burning sun, gentle moon..

rotten crown or cross are not forever
all what one leaves behind is here
of dolmens, cryptic tombs..

may the fallen ones guide you tonight
throughout struggle, the ravens fly
of despair, of eternal loss..

as rosebuds turn to archangel's tears
the stones turn to rusty temples
of madness, of fiery laughter..

far away, on the edge of the universe
bursts the last twinkle of stars
of bloodred dust, in antic urn..

destiny devours what the world means
to one; we take it as a nothing
of wonders, of quivering love..

the dagger whipes the gorgeous smile
and blood is spilt in tiny gardens
of liliacs, of wild rosebuds..

elusive thoughts and luciferian eyes
turn the last ashes into slumber
of crushing oblivion, of dread..

from blood and dust we forged our gods
we gave them strenght and offering
of sacrifice, with poisoned balm.

invisible hands dragg me to the pyre
in chains i lay in grasp of thorns
of scented bones of martyrs..

i pursued the mask of reality falling
as grey curtains after sordid plays
of endless emotions, of core..

a quill is a silent witness of strife
when purple ink pours like essence
of life, in blood drained veins..

we kill the last wonders of our times

condemning everything to silence
of closed portal of innocence..

i will no longer believe in miracles
as my spirits shatters to pieces
of final heart beat, of curse..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Because My Heart Knows Rain, Thunder And Lightning Far Too Well

the spear of thunder
breaks a mountain of diamonds
rain-clad autumn night

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Buds Of Winter Flowers

Like buds of a winter flower
fragile and frozen,
we claim our freedom and detachment
from the old meadow patch
that sustained and nourished us.

But their patch is elevated
on blood-smeared soils
and their commands are launched from
thrones of skulls, their kingdoms
are forged on the heaps of rib cages!

To that, we prefer the exile,
the brotherhood forged
by a silent vow, the fiery desire
to succumb to the tight grasp
of a revolution
and diverge the course of history
once more, fueled by the
refreshing hope of the Prague Spring.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

But Why Pretend?

a heart reflecting austere lights
is as good as broken;
but who are we to pretend
that true love does not exist?
my beloved, I know it hurts
but trust me, sometimes it worths
to be the one who loves the most!

tender words..oh! they all got lost,
in shady mists of a cruel past.
our solitude will last..
yet still, there are poets;
and dreams, and special moments!
dear, but who are you to pretend
that your heart I could not mend?

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Celtic Imaginary

The clouds have burst into the twilight
and crimson rays pierced the sea,
the waves were calm, and silent
and in my heart they settled harmony.

I prowled within the passage of the time
of hidden treasures in the night
and dew drops lingered for awhile;
adorning my triumph with a warming smile.

So many marvels did my eyes encountered
but such never dreamt existed-
the gold cliffs surrounding the sea
and stars above, shining regardless of me.

And so the ship I travelled came ashore;
all my thoughts head to the old-
preparing the path for those who were
longing to embrace the way of sacred lore.

This is the place where all magic has began
and vivid threads of history emerged
behold the toll I lay upon thy burning altar-
mighty queen and goddess, beloved Mor-Rioghain!

I hear the holy incantations of mystic ruins
and hope I'm blessed to be like thee;
a raven, a part of its celestial journey
the maiden hunter worthy for war-like spoils.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Clouds Of Joy (Mother Nature)

She dreams of clouds sprinkled with splendours
of vivid gold, rich amber and silver
raindrops of hope, joy, love and optimism
eagerly collected in the vast umbrella of her dreams.

She floats through alluring streams of fragrance
in the sacredness of our ancestral woods
where the time cradled the first tree
and where brittle life began to be poured in moulds.

You all can see the soft traces of her footsteps
on the hills, rough cliffs and seashores
and in the wind, on the wings of dragonflies
her whispers mingle with the beatings of her heart.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Colours

The feelings dissolve
and give colours to the flowers,
to the clouds...

Words come out, defy
the silence of an awkward moment
lover is here...

Warm dream material
white roses, and your fragrance
deaf longing...

Help me fall asleep,
do not detonate my light because
sun will rain...

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Crucifix

this temple of my being is larger than you think
its ivory columns are taller than the cathedral
the starry vault stops under crimson horizon,
just look, my altar is an enigmatic thorn
speared in the fiery robe of darkness
but when you stepped in, it became
a lonesome and cold space,
for a frantic minute..
then it ceased,
forever!

now it is just ash that has left of them..dreams!
unwillingly, I had slaughtered the silent angel.
through rain, I picked up the shattered wings
from hidden corners of the forsaken ruins,
of the heart, which is damned to die
when, murmured in a sacred voice
a pain, which allows not
the stigmatized..
the mortal,
to love!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Dear Wanderer

The gray clouds scatter pierced by spears
and flashes of golden light
in a space of mind
where the sky and the sea collide
projected on a canvas of ghostly shades of blue
and grayish green...
and far away, cliffs draped in mantles of fog
caressing the trees, nurturing hopes
sowing the seeds of remembrance,
shards from fragmentary sequences of dreams
which dwell in this forlorn landscape
constantly revolving, sinking deeper and deeper
in the sheer vastness of the wanderer's imagination.

Closer, yet closer...
here goes this still moment in the pocket
of the mighty time,
restlessly
lingering on in its persistence to become
an afterglow of a pleasant memory
ready to be pinned on an imaginary map
held next to the heart - this compass,
this key element that would serve and guide
the wanderer to find his way back anytime.
But what of his concept of time?
How does he count the hours, measure his days,
his weeks, his months and years
of these all changing seasons of his lifetime?
Oh, can you tell what time it is?
I'm here stuck in contemplating his figure
but...Tempus fugit!

The waves succumb under the altar in the rock
I'm searching for the echo of his fading voice,
a whisper that has lost its trace somewhere

in the glimmering aura of a legend-like past,
or perhaps it barely still resonates
in the stories that one aims to leave behind
on a piece of paper, or in some words
that are penned down in a hymn, poem or song
or just a name carved on a rock
or in the flesh-like bark of century old trees
consecrating the fading colours of the reverie,
in an effort to shape the endless and boundless
universe according to his vision
defiantly pushing all borders, borrowing
the lenses through which
the world can taste a glimpse of his endearing spirit.

Dear wanderer, the entire world is at your feet!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

December 1989 (The Revolution)

You could tell December by the smell of blood,
the rusty nails and the cross of the Revolution
piles of corpses covered in sheets on the streets
this is how the sons died, looking for freedom.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Don't Fall Asleep

She sees the light that faded in his eyes,
and felt the doleful shades of the unearthly
she saw the mighty goddess casting fetters
over the battle where heroes ablaze the fight.

Cruel crafty swords made way into the crowd
ceasing lives, lofty souls have left the ground;
If she could look into the eyes of the one
who had the power to leave this world behind.

She sat there washing his sword and armour,
and only the brooklet heard her weeping cries:
how could she feel it's him who dies? -'just
listen to the voice beyond the ash that rise! '

Once, their spirits were bound by our gods;
blessed to be as one when their lives entwine.
a war chant prowls warm blood that floods
an empty chalice with no hope, no vivid sunshine.

She couldn't bear her soul tearing apart,
as pain descends upon her iridescent wounds
drowning the affliction unhealed by druids;
there is cure for everything, except for heart!

Around the menhir, when the sun went down,
she whispered her final wish as she saw a star.
'so many things are left undone out here'..
it's cold and empty, and she's strangled by fear.

All the dreams she had were buried alive,
alongside the lifeless corps of her dear one:
'don't fall asleep, my love, I came for thee.'
underneath the crescent, as waves embrace the sea.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Dorian Gray

He had everything immortalized in a portrait;
angelic face, and golden hair, deep eyes
a gorgeous smile, but a heart that cries-
all he could trade for a moment of rapture.

This young man craved for everlasting beauty
so time not to mark his flawless skin,
while contemplating cruel vice and sin-
but all his nights became sleepless and empty.

When life was burning on the ascension pyre
embracing dark misery, neglecting mercy
charmed by poisoned arrows of fatality,
realised what he treasured turned to misfire.

Conscience prevented him from finding solace
whilst sins stained his precious portrait,
An obsessive wicked sneer he couldn't erase
of a cynical creature piercing time and space.

Mirror of your soul, this portrait was given,
to release the burden of him getting old,
instead, it caught the reflection of soul-
like quivering glimpses of a man unforgiven.

Yet, in life everything comes up with a price;
and downfalls succed the glorious rise,
of all young men unaware of their demise-
At the table of destiny, they roll another dice.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Earth And Ocean (The Man Who Wanders By The Ocean)

Dig your sturdy fingers deeper
in the barren heart of earth
searching for wings
someone else buried long ago
to fly like Icarus, into the blue sky,
up...until you reach the burning
sun from another world and fall!

Hear the breath of winter,
my favourite tune..the
song born in a twisted season
you never understood,
as in the embrace of an
euphoric swoon, you
succumb to a mosaic of feelings,
fading, chipping off
from the ruined wall of solitude.

In my mind, I'm trying to retrace
you-the one who wanders
restlessly, always eager to
settle scores with the ocean
and I - the one trying to sweeten
the salty, ashen taste of love
in winter, on the frozen shore,
for the last time
Oh, grant me a wish...just one.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Earth Spirit

Heart of the forest
fairies dancing by the fire
glow worms on the path

Open your soul to wonder
Human, begin your wander!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Elysian Fields

Never shall I ever pluck flowers
again from the Elysian Fields,
or water with my tears the roots
of ivory-like white daffodils,
growing freely on the gardens of
my conscience!

The water from the Lethe
lingers in the fountain of my
existence; my love, due to you
I am willing to forget myself,
my dream, my past and present..
I shall follow you!

I have forsaken all I once had;
the burden of time pressing
against my mind, the allure of
the quills in exchange for love..
I gave up the crown of immortality
To embrace the twist of my fatality.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Epilogue

with these final words today I enclose a chapter..
it first began with a revelation..a muse..a poet
a long hour dedicated to a dream,
a minute of creative inspiration
a second which blinded all my senses!
and at the crossroads of life, I realized that
existence is nothing but an ode to melancholy.
I've seen the stage..lots of faces.-what a show!
the velvet scarlet curtains pulled down and up
covering Hamlet and the Queen of Cups..
there were some dreams which animated silence
..they were in vain..
there were tears which suffocated me gently
..there was the pain..
today, a heavy lead is melting in front of my eyes;
maybe it's just a sudden impulse,
or another second that lingers for awhile
or is it just a fugitive touch upon a face
burnt by a pair of hands sank in golden clay?
and..eventually..I see your being drawn to eternity
making way, secretly, throughout the maze of infinity.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Eve

Not far away from me,
this obedient man
is sound asleep,
and maybe, at this late hour,
God isn't watching...

Through his missing rib,
my life flourishes (now it is my own)
with the salty tears
that are turned into blood
this awkward burden
that I've been borrowed,
as grains of earth pour in
through the cracks
of my conscience, as this
former void
is brimming over
with most-welcomed knowledge,
deeply nurturing, feeding
the fragile sprouts
of a revolted inner flower
grown from the remnants
of the apple seeds
I carried with me
when the angel chased us from Eden.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Eventide Stanzas

The night is crawling down
like a veil of silk upon your shoulders;
it slips until it reaches the heels,
and then quickly breaks asunder..

Beneath the concrete, I do hear
the bitter cries of frozen leaves
they were once green, and now..
they're dead; painted in the
colours of a cosmic crimson red!

I see the stars fading from the sky
as the darkness is getting blurred,
the light is plunged into unknown-
universe of dying, mortal souls!

In solitude, a tiny beam of light
is still dancing in the lantern;
the course of brittle dreams seems
to bleed on poetic lavish reveries,

melting in autumn's gloomy stream.

My beloved, in the grasp of dawn,

I'd gladly take your loving hand,

again, to kiss this world 'good-bye'

as our sparkle dies into the lantern!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Eye On The Sky (A Poem Made From 3 Haiku-Like Structures)

Cold October night
on my way home followed by
the eye on the sky

The scent of autumn
rain drops pouring down from stars
steps are getting closer

Radiant street lights
icy hands in search of warmth
rusty leaf in hair!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Far Away

you, grieving heart, kissed again the frozen lips of solitude
raw realities descending the heavy clouds of lucidity
in moonlight night, I sink into your sacred embrace,
like a black pearl in the vast stoned infinity.

eternal sleep watched by broken wings of a muse..

aren't your black wings causing a somber circus of suffering
to the love dedicated years, which are yet not promised?
your eyes mirrored the dreams forgotten in the abyss,
the enigmatic paths entwining at the sea shores.

forlorn visions lost on the steps of pagan altars..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Feathers

My feelings borrow
their colours
from the dance of two
blazing feathers
fallen together
from the thunderbird's
wings, that tightly
cling
to the tails
of gold-dusted stars
cascading over the shoulders
of the giants
in the evergreen mountains,
peering
like snake-like rivers
over a pine-scented skin
unfolding further
new found territories
clouds of doubts
question marks
and scars
like a secret language
of an untold story
and some landmarks
on the imaginary map I carry.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Fireflies

Walk on, with a glowing
lantern in your hand..
carry this hope,
after you remove the shackles
and regain the freedom of
your heart and thoughts!

Dearest human beings,
remember that
the world cannot quench your
unbearable thirst for justice
the secret song you want
to sing wholeheartedly
unrestricted, yet aloud
for all the misfits,
the sleepless revolutionaries,
the unwanted,
the fretful wanderers-
those special kind of people,
disobedient to
upsetting and repressive laws
of dictatorship and shame,
unwilling to kneel or serve
any master or
transient ideologies
written by another being
born from the very same clay
or by a wrathful man-made god.

Underneath the trembled
reflection of the moon
in the stillness of the water,
where the sky collapses
into earth and embraces
the glossy surface,
our hope is born anew.
Weak and fragile as we are,

because in those hidden jars
we store our dreams
the size of purple tea bags
until the lid bursts open and
they turn to fireflies. They leave us
in order to be fulfilled
until another dream is formed
and a crystal tear pours still..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Fluent

This man is fluent in silence
a wonky traveller
whose dreams are vivid
but his body is fluidly
dissolving;
an entire universe
is mingling with his thoughts
but he lacks expression
and is crippled
by his indifference.

Staring into his eyes is like
contemplating the abyss-
unfathomable,
endless...
almost barren and lifeless.
It feels like
after him, there comes
the storm,
a new version of the Deluge
and a comet is on its way
about to hit the Earth.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

For Your Pain (Love Anesthetic)

The sand lingers through your fingers,
pouring down like melted copper
flowing through my flesh and bones,
reshaping me, renaming me,
until my blood becomes the wine
or the poison of earthly love
that you drink
from the gilded cup of revolution
cynically toasting for
the obscure world you've built
and destroyed in a blink of an eye-
Now, ignorance is the only anesthetic
for your pain.

Shhh! Love, no one must know I'm here;
you're feeding my demons, and I
must serve you well-
regardless where I am now..
My name is known only by you
as days go by, distance is growing,
like the pages you've torn from books.
Behind me, the final whispered 'I love you'
lies buried in the abyss of silence,
like a grim rehearsal of death.
In this world-forsaken decorum
you and I, the last song you wrote for me,
the poetry, and the red wine,
all those inner wars that bridged our hearts
are forgotten totems under the wings of time.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Frozen Flowers

The blood that flows through your veins
is an endless river
springing from the highest mountain
in the midst of the coldest winter.

but your words and gestures freeze me
although your voice is warm
and calm all the time
your breath blows me to cinders
and I find myself like
I'm gradually sinking below,
slipping into your embrace
like crossing a treshold to another world
touching your heart of clay
I'm so afraid..but where do I go from there?

and yet somehow I always get
in the same place
over and over,
on the banks of this river, maybe it's the same winter
waiting for a boat to carry me to the other side
where the snow is melting
and the buds are ready to reveal their petals
turning into flowers
and the earth is soft and welcoming
and the leaves are emerald green
a secret paradise,
a garland of frozen flowers
regaining colours, coming back to life
where heartbeats ebb away
and join the ripples of this river.

To my star-crossed lover
I love you. Deeply.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Glorious Ruins, Ancient Ruins...

Solemn odes for lost love
are faintly whispered
by unseen figures
dancing tuneless
behind the walls of
the ancient cathedral.

The night trapped the moon
in an icy cobweb
reflecting colours
through stained glass
as if it's
still holding on to
the sweet, precious life.

Glorious ruins, ancient ruins
where kings and queens
have found a refuge!
Glorious ruins, ancient ruins!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Have You Seen (The Sky Tonight)

Have you seen the sky tonight?
this silken cloth, embedded in stars,
that shine bright, and blush
when they're looked at..

Maybe this half-sleeping world is ready
to tie a knot between the borders of
reality and slumber,
between the fragile dreams and
the soft echoes of a poem of yore
that still lingers on
in the fragrance of the roses choked
by evergreen ivy in the graveyard.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Heaven's Just Another Grave

Heaven's just another grave
silent watch of autumn grey
where spirits lodge and stay,
until the lavish light of day.

Heaven's just another grave
silent sea for souls to sail,
where angels drown and pray
until there are no words to say.

Heaven's just another grave
silent echo disturbing the air,
where from tide, you can't evade
until you're dead and gone away.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Honor Them!

Trembling cradlers of civilization
altars to our ancestors
with names uncarved on tombstones
bodies made of ephemeral flesh
and holy bones, centuries old,
sprinkled with red dust, wine and oils
blessed in their astral journey by shamans
resting gently in the warm bosom
of the welcoming mother earth
with praying lips forever whispering
in the ears of ancient gods!

They remain buried in our hearts
chained to these lands
sending messages through omens
signs and falling stars!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Hopelessness (Never Let You Down)

The shrieks of your unearthly pain
will carry on forever
echoing, leaving scars and marks
on my silent, hollowed heart
as if life ends without you,
just like a spark
followed by a trail of smoke
percolating through the
dark blue colours
of the coldest, most persistent,
life-draining winter nightsky.

Now our blood is a thick mixture of
fire and brimstone..
Beloved one, I will embrace you
until burning layers of ash cover me
and I die, again
with you...

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Horizon

This wild and troubled
spirit that animates
the flesh
defies the nothingness,
the barriers
forged by a
bird that travels,
and turns
its sturdy wings
relentlessly
flying
beyond the horizon
thinking
it has found
the edge of creation.

Life is merely a splash of
white light
on a dark shroud;
our eyes are always
upwards, while
our restless fingers
are scratching
gathering, molding
in order to
carve a heart of clay
to place inside
the empty ribcage
hidden under
the blankets of leaves
and grass of
the warm, fertile earth...

Perhaps only our steps
remain loyal
linking us further
to that place

where the wind
embraces us all
like a great mother,
in a cozy autumnal shawl
along with its
dry scents
of fresh-cut birch
and pine
the place where
we've never been so
close to the
stars
the place where
we're called by some names
we never heard before
and the universe whispers
that our journey is
now at an end.

But my wounded heart
knitted itself whole again
under a bleached sky
of lavender and gold subtones,
under arches of honeysuckle
and wild jasmine,
by the old graveyard...

Remember who you are!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Human!

There's no such thing
as stroke of genius
on an empty piece of paper,
a poet named after
his life!

but I was there when
he cried
I listened; all the words,
the tears, the thoughts
he's..human!

the sparkle of his mind
is blinding,
and his smile's so angelic
charming!

those soft lips called my
name..in vain
my 'love', my ' life', my 'death'
my 'pain'!

love turned him into poet!
eagerly, he chanted
the poem of his heart,
in love, in grief..
he tasted the essence of it!
the solitude-
there's no other certainty
or possibility
of reacing his destiny..
because, his poetry is here
and I'm already gone!
stop telling me that I'm the one
I'm dead and you're..human!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Hybrid Poetry

I almost forgot what it's like
to be wrapped in your embrace
like bones in soft flesh
making way for
a secret, but dark thought-

Aloud, when I'm alone
should I whisper
this wish to be brought back
among the living
just to be
a hybrid life-like form
of something
seeking,
collecting unshed tears,
unspoken words
the dew dripping from the
flowers of regret
the dreams that got stuck
in wooden
hand-carved boxes
and stored away, hoping
to be open one day by another
the colours that
were never used by a painter
the verses that never
had the chance to be placed
in poetry books
the moments that never
turned into memories
because, if there's life
and love, there's also poetry.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

If Love..

if you had told me that stars are twinkling to make me smile,
probably, I'd have had doubts in my mind;
if you had told me that the earth would cease its existence
once with the rapid blink of my eyes,
I would have not totally believed it.
if the waves of the sea hadn't stroken the sandy shores
how would have people known that in its depthness treasures are hidden?
if a romantic song had been brought to an end,
wouldn't have another voice hesitated to bring it back to us anew?
if the scarlet curtains of an old theater had been let down,
and the performers had been redrawn beneath the ragged veils of
dust and smoke..and oh! tell me, my beloved,
wouldn't they have been the following day ready for representation?
if dreams had suddenly been collapsed into oblivion
wouldn't have had a blue butterfly stretching its wings
for the first time capable of forsaking them all?
if love had been born from Aphrodite's tear,
lost into the sparkling depthness of a restless sea,
wouldn't it have kept in the purity of its essence,
the blinding brilliance of the celestial fire given by Prometheus to
mortals?

if love had been a temple,
wouldn't all mortals have brought sacrifices inside it?

Agatha Eliza Laposi

In Our Country We Used To Have...

A new Tower of Babel is built with bones under our eyes..glued together with the blood and tears of the orphaned and the drowned, rather than the sun-baked bricks and tar of the biblical times, aimed, once more, to pierce the unconquerable sky, as a bitter plea struggles to reach God's deaf ears, so, please..Do not discriminate! Do not judge!

'In our country we used to have..' she utters while holding her child close to her breast;
'We used to have exactly what you have..a Life but now, everything is taken away- can't go back since there's nothing but Death... We are here to grow like the wild flowers from another land, water us with kindness and we'll forge our roots and begin it all anew untie the tongues, let go of the hatred that rules over your hearts. We are One..One flesh Let us not be divided, scorned or put to shame! '

Each person comes with a story, with a dream a grain from the homeland in their pockets, a lullaby, a prayer said with ardour in the times of dire need, a language that will melt, words and names that will blend or lose their trace in this vast ocean called 'civilization' where roads are never paved in gold, as promised!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

In The End There Is Only Silence

We are roaming the vast universe
like two nomads
restlessly searching for hidden meanings
behind each other's gestures and smiles
while we keep the unsaid words
only to ourselves
like holy relics
out of fear,
we cling on so hard to them
afraid to let them out
but when we touch each other's skin
we find new landmarks
points that guide us to a secret place
outside time and space
in the split halves of a universe
we created together.

When our paths cross even by accident
we look in each other's eyes
reflecting on all the "possibilities"
and "impossibilities",
the endless succession of "what if",
or "should I?"
or maybe "should I not?"
&"is it the time?"
&"it's too tough..I wonder would
they all laugh at me
for...trying?"
But in the end we remain silent.

Perhaps all along, we've done nothing
else but searching for one another
(but clearly most of the time,
avoiding each other) -
but we both feel that we are
inextricably linked
and that your light guides me

through the darkness of my sorrows
and I love you whole-heartedly
eternally...irreversibly
loving you even for what others
strongly resent about you.
But such is life,
stripped of all illusions
and fancy idealism
we only love
two kinds of people
the ones we can't have
and the ones who broke our hearts.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

In This Urban Storm

The morning swings and cradles
the lightnings
that act like platinum-coloured coils
generating energy, and flashings
against an opaline sky
making it so comfortable,
so soothing,
so spectacular to watch.

In the wide belly of this storm
the leaves are dancing,
threads of sand are lifted up
swirling,
blending with
the tiny, golden grains
of pollen gathered
by bees from
the wild, violet flowers.

On the streets, a bunch of people
quicken the steps; above
their heads, the clouds
send grey shadows
to embrace them, making them
prisoners of the icy drops that
are soon to depart
the harsh cheeks
of this water-born Wickerman.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Just Take Your Time..

Just take your time and listen

to the gentle whisper of

the breeze,

the sound of leaves falling

down from the

emerald-green trees..

But what is a dream without

a dreamer? -an empty frame

of a portrait: long lost,

long forgotten

at the rusty gates of fate.

Just take your time to imagine

the harmony of the

celestial music..

as somewhere, in the universe,

another day arises

from the burning ashes of the night.

What is a morning without
your smile? -nothing
but a heart of volatile
atoms, trying to cling
on a sunbeam for a while!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Life Before That

Mirrors..

other people's eyes

the union through which we are seen:

the trail of a light we carry with us

the burning ash we leave behind

the eclipses

the sunset and sunrise

the thunders, lightning and rain

two strangers meeting,

sharing the same umbrella

in some distant age...

the wasted words, the cold breath, the

sand castles and sharp shells

against a sky

sprayed in a pale, bluish grey hue

with silvery tints

(THE life before that)

Dark clouds stretching their wings

flashbacks of memory..a war-torn country

the partisans, the tattered black flag

the waltz created by bullets, screams and

hand grenades..fences and barricades

faces and hushed gestures,

frail bones cracking,

clenched fists..the final breath of others-

his lives are mingled in a requiem

forever stoned in this mirror's reflection.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Like Shadows

You won't hear the world cracking,
collapsing into a dusky silence
where wings no longer flutter
and love itself ceases
in a fiery paradise of amber petals.

All the dreams took the colours of
incandescent rays caressing the
shoulders of a lonesome lover...
The fragrance of autumn,
against the walls of my heart
exposes the colours of your gestures
that creep forever like the shadows.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Love At The Coffee Place (The Taxidermist)

The remnants of your memory
swing back and forth
through
the clouds of smoke
wading through
the corners
of this old coffee place
creating notes
rhymes
and rhythm
blending with
cold ripples swirling
on the surface
of a brittle wine glass;
half empty
on a dull, rainy day
affected
by the absence of love
tormented
by an acid lack of hope
forever haunted
by the lipstick stains left
on an empty glass
resting on the other table.

This poet tries to gather up
facts, feelings
memories
to put them
in motion...
inspires life
to emerge
from dead, glass eyes
places artificial lungs
and sews wings
to any creature
that needs to be alive

or is forgotten
shunned, and never
had the chance
to have a portrait
painted in a poetry book.
This taxidermist
is always covered in grey mist
but his eyes
glow like fire lit
in an ancient lamp; by night
he becomes a creator
by day, another spectator
watching the whole theater
of the living,
from the
old coffee place
plotting to give a new name
to a silhouette
whose fragrance fills up the
air, but has no face.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Medusa

Glimpses of thoughts, and distant memories
hiss and coil
around your neck, like the emerald serpents
that once adorned Medusa's head...

Her eyes...shards from the cracking, vast
mirrors of hell's transcending fire-
some are missing, or others
simply
won't fit anywhere.

She is like a mosaic of flesh, and old bones
never destined
to grow complete again,
as the two red fragmenting flames
froze the wheel of time,
and never allowed
mortals to dearly stare at, and fall in love.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Moonlight Serenade

Under the sweet arches of reverie
is where I can always find you,
my darling poet!
sharing your desire, your chant
your secret..

But would you turn the world around
so we can meet up in one place,
if I ever ask you?
my love, don't be afraid to count
the days..I'll soon be there!

I am the one who describes the love
in colours yet so cold, so somber
of a wilted rose..
just look outside-It's October!
enjoy the drowsy moment of a slumber.

You slam with words to find a rhyme
for all those lively images
I started to adore.
and up above, in life's stream,
loving you, I also fell for your spring!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Nightlife (Modern Cinderella)

Cold October nights
cars and almost empty streets
girls are out for prey.

Frozen mannequins
shining by the gas stations
with love for hire.

One shoe not missing
but still waiting for a prince
to take them away.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Numb (Follow Me)

Night quickly descends
numb birds sleep under its wings
sharp song of the wind

Love will find us by the sea
Time to go, please follow me!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Obituary (Poetic Ode To A 'Maybe')

what is a man besides another
roaming shadow in the depths
of the woods?
perhaps the mischance of a
fragile thread that keeps the flesh attached
to a soul..would I ever believe
such a macabre thought? - Maybe.

your voice breezes again between
the feeble leaves of autumn,
chasing away the echo of
ageless whispers totally dying out
beneath the wings of all angels.
is it a blessing or just another curse? - Maybe.

has this enchanted lullaby lulled
you to sleep? are you alive, my love?
can you just breath the essence of
eternity, or are you stuck
in the glitter of an earthly moment?
is this supposed to scare me? - Maybe

would you chose the robe of
night and silently listen the
melodious songs of a nightingale?
is it still frightening you, the
pale flame of a rose scented red candle
as you walk into this endless space?
would I embrace you now? - Maybe.

your spirit ghosts into the ether,
as face starts to fade
entwined into the dim light of the lantern.
my love, there's such a long way ahead
is it all black and white, or
heaven and hell? ..I don't know.
Maybe..just maybe!

October's Grave

time for my mind to wander
and pluck the wilted leaves,
all broken hopes, the death-like dreams
elegy's icy and foreign streams.

yet my soul is brethered with the pain
as the body's lying in a grave,
the mist is covering my frozen limbs
a child of time, a child of fear!

still, the rust reflects the last beams,
of a sun, long gone..forgotten,
a pale golden disk of cinder's fading
as a final kiss upon exiled lips.

I'm just calling you by name: It's Death!
as you're my one and only lover..
the destruction of my soul, of my faith
of of fate!

there's no turning back when you follow
Death's path on fallow grounds...

if there will be pain, I rather take it now
than live a life kneeled by regret!

what's joined by blood never tears apart
inside motionless rotten flesh,
there's still a heart that beats again
and an oath meant to be kept eternal.

I want to take your hand again, but..wait!
your name is written on a grave..
life perished, and nothing ever resurrects
October! time of of Death!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Ophelia

she sees Hamlet contemplating the incandescent core of the moon
and hopes that madness won't disturb her last moment of love
once dreaming she'll regain happiness near his damned soul
when in rare wistful hours she finds shards of comfort
and, in her hair, violet scented pearls are gathered
as all the flowers plucked in her hands, shatter
destiny is meant to make this memory alter
as her body embraces cold silent water
like a poem with a muse unbothered
wound painted in morbid colours
with name written in perfume
by a water of fast ripples
as won't stop calling
yet again and again
for a last time
for Ophelia..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Orphaned

The soldiers know nothing of us;
but they're here to obey the orders.

But we know who they are..their
uniform, their foreign accent, the way
the earth trembles under their feet
when they march through the village,
their unbearable laughter, the arrogant tunes
when they get drunk at night in the tavern,
the pestilential smell of death reeking when they
go through the door with a list of
"rebels' names" in their hands, one
pompously mocking us, while the other's
reading the infamous sentence.

He's done with it; his lips are still shaking...
I could tell he's ashamed. "The young
wolf clad in sheep's skin is one of us.
He is just as guilty as the rest. A traitor this lad is! "
my mother thundered, clenching her fists
"It's been long since we've last heard
from your father"..she paused.." or got a word
from your gallant brothers."

With sickels these butchers have come to remove
our roots, to pluck the threads of our culture out
like useless, poisonous weeds. They have come
to strip this land bare of its symbols, language,
name, history, and its devoted people.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Our Love Survived (The Great Deluge)

Our thoughts are born
in the storms,
untamed
like birds of prey
prowling behind
the infinite mantle of
the clouds
waiting to strike
and to peck
at a lover's fiery heart.

Then the silence was all
from one end
of the universe to
another
until the first
word broke the seal
of time
and became a love poem.

Now I remember it all...
The unfathomable
night became
a day
and the heavy rain
stopped
for the first time;
our hands were joint
together
like a bridge
celebrating
thanking the gods
for whom love
is the supreme blessing
bestowed on our kind.

We are the ones whose
love survived
the Great Deluge
but we were shunned,
cast away
condemned to look
for one another
across the ages
across the vastness
of an unforgiving earth.

We are mortals..pieces
of flesh that bleed
but did not forget
our secret names
and the love
that has kept us alive
for so many centuries
knowing that we exist
somewhere - but
never as close we are now.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Our Resistance

In this existential gulag we were thrown
to wander restlessly and carry our
piles of flesh and bones
through dreadful pitch blackness, but
our dreams shine bright, and are still alive.

The voices of the older generations
scream harder through us all
passing on the torch, the message
breaking the tormenting shackles
removing them
from our bleeding wrists
as we strike:
this revolution we have in blood and in
our spirit is unleashed..
this ardent desire
to turn our backs
to sheepish obedience, hypocrisy, indoctrination
watering with our own blood
the wreath of the martyrdom
for the truth that we were forced to watch
dying, isolated under a cracking glass
the injustice, the slavery forced upon us
the mask we wore used to scare us, too
our lives were denied.

our resistance - the dissolution of their power
our resistance - the usurpation of their authority
our resistance - a blood-stained flag
our resistance - the one-way road to liberty
our resistance - the end of their rule.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Our, Us..We!

see..our spirits are too free

to be deported

by some rusty ships to

the somber harbours

of reality..

no one understands what

drives us;

have we gone mad? -are we

insane? !

not at all! ..the world's too

small to shelter

the sweetness of our childish,

everlasting game!

not long ago,

you've found me..

'it's no longer you or i..

it's us! ' i'll never forget

those kind words you said

to me..too many times!

we long for freedom of our

thinking, dreaming

dancing skyclad in the

night..

we're not just made of flesh

and bones..we're the

twined spirits wandering on

a sacred path revealed

by our pagan hearts!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Paintings Of Autumn

The Evening Star glides across the sky,
and stops the grasping rain,
From the burdened shoulders of the Time
which bleach away the pain.

Dried leaves can be seen from the bushes;
as trees have lost their ornament,
And branches break and fall to Earth
as my decadent soul's torment.

I wish I had our sorrow to entwine,
to share this guilt with thee;
I doubted never of this passion of yours
which brought me pleasure, harmony.

Pale rays of light cross the depth of me
while my wings get shattered,
Knowing, I was born to wander all alone
the misty plains, when clouds scatter.

Again, your chest is crying with the Pain
when yet we're seasons long apart;
Even if I'm thousand miles away from you
you feel the beating of my heart.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Pearls

The light is filtered through the clouds
through the vast tapestry of heaven
after a ghostly night
so tired to keep the tiny diamonds
all to itself, in the grip of its
old, bony fingers.

These are pearls that fell from the angels'
eyes..keeping the loving remnants
and glorious luminescence
of he, whose name is heard when the
white, otherworldly feathers are
held closer to heart.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Phantom Queen

the queen steps in with the mourning
garb upon her face,
in such splendid crimson
gown, adorned in lace,
her velvet gloves have lost their
trace..
her feet do not touch the ground;
as she slides in grace.
she heads to him, to his embrace.

the smoke rises from the ashtray
as the king is getting old,
she glared at him, his eyes are cold.
her love collapsed when she was
sent to the scaffold..
the axe then fell; she lost her soul,
but throughout the cradle of centuries
her story remained untold.

he's soaked in pride and drank
the cup of scorn,
with wine that turned in blood in urge
as speed of gale blowing far from north.
a deadly er sleep..
of someone heading to eternal trip
the king cannot bare the dirge no more
feeling the frozen thrills, as he grabs
the bloody sword.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Pluto

My feet have taken me to the stygian realm
where only grey shadows grow,
saw Pluto's throne covered in dark skin
of ancient warriors, poets, and priests.
oh..how many times
haven't I thought and wondered why
what was the reason I had to fight..
for, in the night, the sparkle
of my heart has been switched off!
and breath of life became an offering
whilst eyes struggled to break through
a blindfold thicker than the haze;
but a thread guided me across the maze.
I sensed a scent, heard steps behind
a whisper delayed this grief of mine
and a soft quill was given in my hands:
'please, write some more,
and I will let go
of the lament within your beguiling soul
here's a chalice...have a sip
before you know, you'll rise up from sleep! '

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Poe's Reverie

keep this silent thought with you,
tonight, my darling lover,
in the flamboyant decorum
I'm reading Poe's poem..
it's called 'The raven'
just wait..it's 'Nevermore'..

I see the vapors of a dream
as they slightly fade away
the door that cracks;
Oh! the moment..the tension
'nevermore' again;
the reverie lies in suspension!

how could he create such vision?
was he dead..was he..alive?
or was the night too deep,
the opium smoke too thick?
maybe..it was the wine.
or the sparke of his mind
reflected the shine of his eyes?

the shadow appears on the wall
disturbing the stillness of his soul,
but where had the dawn gone
for so long?
it's way too long..
the sounds he hears begin to take form!

sheltered by a nocturnal sanctuary
this unwelcomed visitor,
came closer to the candle light..
therefore,
the wine was spilt on the floor
the raven whispered:
just wait..it's 'Nevermore'..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Post Scriptum

it's known that a letter often ends with a post scriptum..
I've almost forgot to write it down..
but I can feel how the time is slowly killing me!
darling, my wings were taken,
before I could even dare to stretch them and fly
and my faith has been taken away from me
long before I could even learn to cry..
yet as the days go by,
I'm another angel that you torture and send to die,
wishing for a demon to rise from it and fight!
you've forced me to let go of these feeble dreams of mine,
so you can feed me with the sorrowful tears of mankind!

P.S

love is just another war you cannot win!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Prologue

for you, the sky means fluttering wings of angels,
and the music descending from the spheres,
when harmony is scratched to rags..

symphony of tears, when everything falls apart
but all you imagine is a serene vault, lightened!

inside your mind, another clear dream is outlined,
an eden with sweet clouds, and waterfalls,
where tender love songs resound..

unfaded echo, through green gardens and woods
uttered by godless voices of unearthly creatures.

nostalgic poems scatter upon the funeral decorum,
yet silence makes way once my tired hands
stop writing tragedy of autumn..

a brittle candle can't light your face again
when the moth-eaten curtains fall, burdened by time.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Quand Tu Me Dis

Quand tu me dis que le monde entier
vit pour trouver l'amour
comme les anges de retrouver leur
ailes dans un espace vaguement définit,
inhabité par des flâneurs,
artistes, et des célèbre photographes
avec des expressions étourdi
et des yeux perdus
voyageant lentement, sans force
toujours a la recherche
de quelque chose précieux..
Et comment sont-ils drôles,
ces passagers éternellement agités
d'un monde trop commun ou tout étranger!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Railway Between The Worlds

In my cave of reason, time is bent
turning into liquid;
it flows
drips
infiltrates
through a skin
that becomes
thinner, lighter
transparent
like an orb
animating a dark space
where bodies are powdered
in bright colours
of the dust
that falls off the wilted flowers,
the debris that shines
and descends,
crossing the pale sky
at night. We walk
on this railway between the
worlds,
two lovers
playing hide and seek
behind the curtains
of smoke, splashed
here and there
by a vague fluorescence
as ephemeral as your smile
as you're holding,
in the bosom
the brand new key
a dear secret leading
to a gate of concealed wonders.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Red Lips And Diluted Shadows

The blood still lingers on the fences
behind the black flags, the barricades..
tired fighters, mechanically breathing
in the cadence of the bullets
hitting the concrete,
the bodies,
the sky
sucking the life out of everything.

Trembling pale hands, red soaring eyes
sleepless fighters with restless guns
there's blood pouring from their mouths
'Freedom' dies on those
red lips, frozen in
time..
the ground breaks, spines are cracking-
No life..just Gunshots!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Requiem (You And Me)

cherry flowers descend from above on airy tapestry of winds
and falling cold droplets, hide beneath the pebbles
their rosy winged petals rest on the sand
and lips are now slowly touching
the day is gone

YOU

Requiem

ME

night has come
and lips are now slowly touching
sand is dragged back in the sea by tides
and the cold wind is sweeping beneath the pebbles
in the dead city, antique lanterns enlighten your face again

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Roses After Midnight

Autumn...the starting point of your inner decadence;
leaves silently falling on the ground, searing flowers
stains of rusty vows to the white skin of innocence,
the essence of purity slides away beyond the horizon.

Dismal light reflect the abyss in black wicked eyes;
and the heart that cries beneath the wings of death
as anguished like a gloomy shadow floating sleepless
cursed to reign over nature, in a chariot of emptiness.

Please spare the fate of roses growing after midnight;
so feeble in their strain, condemned to be buried alive
by forlorn voices of the spirits summoned by idle wind,
that crushes them with the cold grin of autumnal fiend.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Searching For The Winter

The snowflakes fall from angels' wings

As their whispers turn to icy winds,

The winter's coming or so it seems

Betrayed by old season's fling.

I'm searching, dreaming..

Of winter's beauty!

Once with a smile you return to me

Captivated by the shine of my eye,

I am the one you see in dreams

But cannot touch my shadow.

I'm here, searching for..

Winter's insomnia!

Just hearken the sound of dissolution

Oblivion-the elixire of perdition,

One kiss, the seal of seclusion

And lips get cold like snow.

I'm searching, dreaming..

Of winter's love!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Secret Meditation

My thoughts travelled two decades of destruction
and for three times I stopped at the crossroads;
when deep inside I felt the pain, the hesitation
and for a second, I wanted my life to end at once.

But I managed to become my own saviour everytime
and chased away the chaos ruling over my mind,
my heart was torn, but I left the past behind..
in order to carry on in search of a fresh start.

Yet, I wore coloured bracelets to hide my scars,
but couldn't conceal the ones from the inside
I was also forced to fake my happiness, my smile
but it didn't last long; maybe for a short while.

I embraced the deep poetry to express my sorrow
because I couldn't confess about it to anyone,
maybe..I was way too young to taste this sorrow
despite how strong pain was, the desire was higher.

The sadness of the years that passed isn't gone
and throughout time, I'm sure it won't vanish-
therefore I have to live and survive on my own
with a sad bleeding heart and eyes that tarnish.

From time to time, cold demons of memories come
just to make sure they'll never be forgotten
and the nightmares in which I explore and roam
empty bloody corridors, in an absolute darkness.

I exchanged nights for days, and cried for hours
but now I can't shed an icy tear no anymore;
until my hopes and broken veins fade forgotten
and my being welcomes the freedom of my soul.

Used to find a trace of solace thinking of death
oh! this unending, intense sweetest meditation;
seeing my own coffin, burning candles all around-
a temple resounding with the echoes of perdition!

I rather die, because there's nothing here for me
it's not hard to have your ashes lie down,
at the blazing roots of an unknown tree of life
invisible as sap essence of the eternal amaranth.

Even shooting stars leave something to remember
and sparkles dance in the smooth golden dust-
as they began to die, I'll write a poetry in rust,
but the road is long, yet still in death I trust.

My beauty holds me captive like in a golden cage
although it's nothing but nature's great gift-
don't blame me, I just received, never asked for it
I was stigmatized, but you all secretly loved it.

Still, how many times hadn't I just been misjudged
and had my situation utterly put under question?
but who in the blue hell are you to yell and claim
that through my fancy charm I earned my everything?

notion strikes in my senses like a sword
and cleans tears that cling on my heart's walls
begging for me to hear their calls, cruelly beheading
the pain and fiery secrets of my unpredictable core.

Since then, I've been constantly try to understand
but nothing ever ends: neither life, nor death..
darling, we are the , we are the Time itself;
we're just the rotten slaves of this somber serenade.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

September's Night

My love, the sound of your name

Clings in the sultry air of september,

And twines with the rising night..

But how could I possibly ever fear it

When you're next to me,

Holding my hand?

A restless wind suddely bursts

Across all pathways, leaves are falling,

Far away from the street light..

But where is your sweet smile which

Tames this heart of mine,

So loving, so calm?

The warming twinkle of your eyes

Makes me leave this cold world behind,

For something divine and bright..

But tonight, how could I follow you

And be there with you, if..

I truly love you?

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Shabby Little Room (In My Heart & In My Life)

In the blurry corner of my universe
of this shabby little room,
where a moon hangs by a thread
like a tired chandelier,
and the planets are sleeping
in a worn-out ivory cobweb
and wanly stars that lost their track
lose their shine and crack-
falling down like liquid bronze,
shards of diamonds, blood and knives
are spread all across the floor.

In this shabby little room of mine,
white shrouds cover the
unmade, messy bed, the mirrors,
our pictures and wilted rosebuds.
You walked away from me like a soldier
bearing the superficial scars,
deserting a war you've never fought..
So, lay your weapons down!

This shabby little room is barren,
all I got left is memories..
an empty chair, a final
cigarette burning in the ashtray.
Behind you, the moon, stars
and planets are perfectly aligned-
but time..
Time can only tell:
'Vulnerant omnes, ultima necat'.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Sidhe

Each thought of yours perishes unknown
and comes apart from the constellation
of doubt and recklessness
that you've created
when you first
met me.

My strangeness is not something to fear
the feathers I wear in my long red hair
denote my wild, untamed spirit
do not misjudge me, please...
you see, I am a child of nature
worshipper of the ancient gods
hidden in the woods,
in the streams, the rocks, and sky
keeper of life and death..
I am guardian of the pagan ways,
a little sidhe girl lost in an urban space.

I still watch the sun, the moon and stars
shining bright from far away, from this
ever grey space of blocks,
hectic motion, cars
worried faces
passers-by.

Every unfulfilled dream becomes a comet
a dying piece of something, lost between
time and space, a blazing shard
that leaves a mark upon
your soul and skin
bleeding for
eternity.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Somehow, Something...Anything

Here we are..walking by clusters
of unfulfilled dreams,
with a heavy heart, empty arms
a face devoured by concerns.
Yet somehow..
always searching...We are
driven by something
impossible to explain
impossible to define
impossible to overcome - (Is it really so? !)
an undisputed longing to be a part
of someone, of something...anything
just to Belong.

Always looking for masters to assure
the illusion of comfort
identity, or justice
always following the course
by the obedient marching flocks
without destination, or direction
or even a desire to defend the spot
always waking up next to treacherous lovers
selling our souls for a grain of 'love'
always drowning in shallow promises
of politics, ideologies and social utopies
always willing to die under a flag,
for some glorious hymns,
or heroic chants
as if life's crown is death..
Still we fight
for a freedom we were meant to have,
or a symbol of a crumbling cross
until all our traces are lost...

In the midst of all these, I have found you;

You..the one who lifts up
an unbreakable spirit
and whose presence is stronger than life itself.
You..the one who dreams of revolutions
bastions of hope and goodness
with an inextricable faith in humanity.
With you, hand in hand
I am ready to conquer the world!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Someone Like You

I have never loved someone like you,
until red by the coldness
of the autumn's colours,
and frightened by the unyielding
flux of hours..
not a word was spoken-
and yet, now we are in love.
who would have thought I could ever
just meet and then love someone like you?

That moment, you killed my loneliness
and what once was empty,
was filled with a thought-
your poetry..
wherever was pain and struggle
you replaced it with joy,
taking all sorrow, giving hope...
you tell me this is my destiny; true
my heart only beats for someone like you!

So many stories I've heard about love;

your feelings simply glorify it

I feel it in each line,

you're generously dedicating to me.

Why lie? We only love but once-

dreams are silence..

when we wake up, romance is

just a thorn inside our skin

instance we're so near, yet so far apart..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Song For The Snow Flakes

snow flakes descend the sky like garlands
of shooting stars, dusty and dazzling,
and silver traces mark their cosmic path
which ends in the palms of my hands.

a frozen moment in silent time, we witness
the majestic advent of winter's reign,
a land covered fast with its unreal flow
as chimed flight of hungry sparrow.

cursed by a yellow glimmering pouring flame
in whose unspoken name, new dream came,
to avoid the powerful wind that arrives
rising chains of white butterflies.

blue ink splashed the rancid starry night
as tuneless music in a grieving heart,
in somber graveyard, roams a lonely wolf
allured by the paleness of the moon.

I know! it may all seem scary for the start
but nocturnal vision is a part of art,
even when pain refuses to leave the mind
creation makes the reality go blind.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Soul Journey

Shhh! Be silent, get ready to be
embarked on a journey on
Jasper-red lakes with silvery glimmer
surrounded by bulrush powdered in bronze
rowing gently, not to disturb the
drowsy sun from its sleep, or
the crickets from chirping
the other hopeless dreamers
or the whispers that are carried
on the transparent blankets of winds
to reach unknown ears, from shore
to shore...in our dreams, we're on the
same old wooden boat, time after time,
forever and eternal. My heart - a vessel
through which love radiates
like a lighthouse on a distant island
My mind - an hourglass through which
the tiny grains that pass
no longer recount the earthly time
My skin - a tattered shroud,
on which sins are embossed like tattoos
although warm, bathed in light,
and the scars make such an intricate
pattern that always boggled your mind..
My eyes - two black teardrops
fallen from the eyelids of a dying bird
lifeless yet with starry reflections
and remnants of a foregone joy
My hands - two branches
holding firmly the gifts my
foremothers kindly spared for me
walking through fire, sinking in water.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Suicide Rain

what remains after this suicide rain
after the droplets, after all pain?
is it just the precious darkness
with scented candle of sordid caress
or a mask that has uncovered your face?

what's left from those glooming eyes
which captured the mournful dream
of last web with dew and blood?
you drank the cup of deadly poison
instead of sweet mead of heavenly gods.

yet last breath sails soft as swans
the forlorn moors of empty lands
where seas are reigned by mist
and both undead and human coexist
as shallow as traces of your promise.

what remains after this suicide rain
after the droplets, after all pain?
pouring absinth from the wings,
a black butterfly that death brings
your fears wade and crush in full swing.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Survivor! (Still Dreaming Of You)

Flying through the
broken windows of your conscience,
your thoughts embrace the form of stones!

They fall, and fall and..fall
like meteor pieces of divine flesh
all rotten, nurturing the
the dying heart of a barren earth.

Can you remember the words,
whispered to you in a thousand ways,
spiralling downwards, unheard - fading away
as butterflies with burnt-out wings,
the flickering remnants
of the final days of autumn's daze?

Oh! Those words..
their brittle bones,
spreaded by the icy breath of the wind
on the canvas-like horizon,
painting in white and blood red colours
a picture of our ragged, and long-lost love.

Have they ever touched your heart?

This longing in me eagerly devours me,
decomposing my reason, altering my thoughts
bringing me one step closer to perdition! - For so long
my hand tried to reach yours
and my lips kissed nothing but the undead ether
that left me sinking in the long streams of silence!

Somewhere, in the graveyard of my exiled hopes
the agony of my being breaks in halves;
the reality slips away from my grip
drowning me, dragging me further to its depth..
too much pain to bear...but you've first found me
sitting on the threshold of our existence,
watching, gently contemplating

two worlds far apart - yours and mine!

This is where I'll always be!

I'm still dreaming of you, still dreaming of
your colourless smile, that often made me forget
how to breathe...this is what happened
everytime i looked into your eyes!

But what was I to you? A frame of an illusion
you're now trying to push another one into?

Or was it just a sick-burning desire to be loved by me..so you could be devoured,
too?

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Belfry

The chapel of the dead-

the belfry!

silent whispers carried

by the wind,

as suppressed shrieks of

mourning grief,

wrapped in stolen dreams!

Their bones are resting

in the graveyard;

ages pass..and

yet still pass!

until the bitter scythe

dissects the

veins of mighty Time!

In the boiling swamp of

unearthly senses,

they plot their lust

for life-

either to feel the glee

when spring begins,

or alter

with the cosmic night!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Birth Of A Flower

If I had a petal for every time someone

pretended to love me, and lied to me

(your truth is always half lie)

I'd be swimming in an ocean of roses!

believe me when I tell you..

darling, love is nothing but scarcity!

except when 'I love you' becomes a drug.

In the end, every flower has its own story

alike love, it only grows for glory..

and without being sorry,

tries to write its own blazing destiny!

behind the ruins of nightfall,

defying the odds, those changing souls,

the burning candles of a new-found love!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Cailleach's Spell

The snow melts on the top of the mountain
like a drying tear on a warm,
feeverish cheek
leaving some gentle marks,
opening paths
to the rivers that are about
to coil like serpents, and find their way
down, reaching the foot of the mountain...

These tiny rivers join..together they nourish,
together they bring the nothingness
into existence..together
they cradle the soils in their
embrace, with all the motherly love
and together they make the roots,
and the sprouts
grow healthy and stronger
keeping a permanent vigil upon life,
so its ripples may flow endlessly
as the sun breaks the Cailleach's spell
and dissolves the remnants of winter away.

For centuries all we've known were blizzards,
storms and tempests...
obstacles-
but through the harshest winters
we have found a way, and kept
the candle burning for the womankind.
But that kind of winter is almost gone now;
as under its melting blankets of snow
one can see old bones,
new hopes and snowdrops
blooming, marking the places where
all our ancestresses have once rebelled.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Chosen Ones (Necromancer)

Hold me, never let go of me
never release me from your grip;
be the frozen darkness that
swallows the last drop of soul
I have in me..

Now, under your fiery touch
let my skin burn down to ashes-
sacrifice me, tear my dreams apart
let ravens feast upon my flesh!

Breath life into me..
summon my spirit; in silence
take me far away from the world
beneath the shabby curtains
of paralysing vapors of departure..

Surround me with a love way
stronger than death, let me hover
in your shadow, agonizing-
shivering forever,
as I have failed to feed the ego
of your man-made, dying god!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Collector

These silent and bitter tears fall unseen
forming a net, keeping the world
in its tightness
burning, giving birth to storms..
Can you see the tears in a mother's eyes
when she's told she's not strong enough
to handle a 'real' job?
Can you see the tears in a father's eyes
when what he earns is never enough
to feed his hungry child?

Stranger..But who are you to judge, to know
Their pain is like those dark clouds
that cradle the thunders over your head,
lifting up in the sultry air -
can also be told by the deep lines
carved in their harsh, hard-worked palms
or the cheeks scarred by their
uncessant tears, which dried up in vain,
forever in a quest for hope, justice
fairness and equality?

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Dream Weavers (Letter To Those Before Us)

Step by step..each at the time, we walk
on your battered path;
our history, our identity and dreams
are like unknown runes, clumsily scratched
on a rain-washed monument. Your name is not
yet forgotten, nor our memory oblivious to your plight.
We are your daughters, so we pick up
the same domestic tools to knitt
our destiny, linking it closer and closer
to yours. Nothing has changed much-
our feet are sturdy, sunken into clay,
but we pull, and pull harder to get all of
us out. Our minds are set to explore and conquer
the territories that were denied to you.
We can cast our votes. Within the confinement of
this citadel of shattered hopes, our pleas
merge into ONE voice. You've shown that dignity
is a woman's precious attire - a diamond
that generates a flickering aura on her portrait for ages to come;
A woman's true worth and courage are
the petrol and match that ablaze the torch for others
to rise up, to revolt, to protest further and follow...
We know..at the crossroads of history, we fill another
page in an ink only few out there can see or read,
lacing words in a language only the heart, and mind can translate.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The End Of Love, The End Of Glory

the end of love; lovers' yearning lament
oh..how they'd love to bleed!
or end as Cleopatra, bitten by a serpent
with a final gesture, quick and valiant,
melodramatic, but yet so silent!
her soul tasted eternity for a moment,
as death unchained her from her torment..

lost love was the balm of poisoned night,
chaos became ruler of her heart,
as madness brought her bane and blight
and flowers plucked, bathed in light
Ophelia offered to the court!
a fatal day, her brittle silhouette
was found in the embrace of a brooklet.

in venice, two hearts could not beat apart
who would forget Romeo and Juliet?
they had to die, for families to regret,
to see results of a devastating hate.
they blamed fate! shams of misery!
there's a tragic end to any love story
for it's the end of love, the end of glory.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Grave And The Nightspirit

Pale eyelids of night closed for the last time
petrifying all angels with white pouring tears,
while infernal voices from within call for sin
on rusty strings of lyre, a sad serenade begins.

Begone was then a sharp flight of surly ravens,
and a sudden drift of memory troubled the mind
of obscure dead spots, where in forlorn gardens
sinister blood of pagan gods came back as rain.

Ageless and painful chains had fate set for her
beneath such lonesome cradle in peaceful grave,
the wind can't whisper: forgive her, forgive her
when she spotted the demon in shards of a mirror.

She's just an angel dancing through the shadows
with black wings, pressed by burdens of solitude
taken into the arms of night for a somber dance,
her king's the grave and she's the nightspirit.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Heretic (Burnt At The Stake Of The Nations)

The earth shakes
us and again, our lives
and - here we are
with one hand in the ground
blindly grasping for roots
that seem unattainable,
mellow and rotten
like a shallow carcass
of a white empty seashell
cracking
devoid of substance
devoid of emotions
devoid of any life matter;
and the other
stiff, upward towards the sky
the infinity, the clouds
the distant stars
blunt and paralysed, but
with its fickle fingers
restlessly touching,
measuring
the invisible borders
the dimensions
the fleeting time
the frames and dreams
someone else
sets for ourselves
right before we are born,
the flags, countries and nations!
but we are not here
to be chained
to be dragged into the depths
to be forced to do things
against our will.

These fragile lives and hopes
seem such wasted gifts
when we look back at history
licking our wounds

while still contemplating that
we walk the same ground
others walked upon
but it's not different..
there are still footprints
on the very same ground
built by people who are
no longer here to tell the story.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Isle Of Your Flesh

Glowing dark colours and shades descend
upon the isle of your flesh
with gray clouds above, that twirl and blend
fusing with sheer amazement
while you lay beside me, smoking your cigarette.

Yet the sound of your voice reminds me
of an eternal springtime
when nature flows into the course to life
after a long, and freezing winter
as the clusters of snow melt, revealing continents.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Keeper

Calliope, gentle muse of my art:
sanctified voice of the earth
the call of incandescent moon,
adornments of pain after rain
the brittle bridge of shadows
above the blankets of meadows!
reflections of wings in lakes
burning eyes upon angelic face,
and golden hair, smooth as lace
the obsession of time and space!
the night..the day, the hours..
solitude and love..once all ours!
drowning in cradle of desires
wishing to go higher, and higher..

I can still feel the eerie power
the grief chant of ancient tower
and spells of an asphodel flower!

and daggers whirling in the wind
sweetest sin carried from afar
deep down my corps, my veins
my empty thoughts..
all hollowed and blood-drained!
Oh! Calliope..you are
iridescent core of morningstar;
the mourning robe of night
and the void settled in my heart..

melody of branches breaking soon
steady rocks rolled down at noon
loveless song of birds and runes!

and gentle whisper of feeling,
the ardent embrace of a quill
surreal exile of human senses
life and death's scented essence!
Oh! Calliope..kingdom for my mind
the very fountain of inspiration!

petulant sound crushing the air
dancing strings of rusty violin
and lyre, all together..
make the spirit burn to dust
but not a worthless endeavor
endure sorrow, behold happiness
if it's love you want to offer me,
I want your heart on a platter!
still, darling one, can't you see?

there is always a 'something':
something peculiar to hide,
something precious to find,
and something good to keep,
because in the end...
I am that keeper!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Language

The river flows endlessly;
its rapid ripples
bathing the shores of these dry lands
caressing with the words
the flowers that blossom in our minds
the flowers of springs
the white, delicate flowers
multiplying the seeds
spreading on the meadows
a light of their own
splitting the darkness into halves,
further into quarters, moments
minutes, seconds told apart
from fleeting hours
of joy, sadness, exultation
epiphany, freezing emptiness and death.

Our world is limitless..so are
the words that pour
from the heart..like rain
in a desert, like an hymn that
summons the wandering souls
to its welcoming bosom-
we call it home.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Mask Of Judas (The Dumb Fatalist)

you, who thinks that you can cry for my pain,
and swear on your life, never to walk away,
you, who sacrifices wilthed roses on the altar of love
and swears that you'll never let anyone separ us? !
you, dew droplet which fills the sea with your sadness
and swears that only destiny made you come across me? !
you, the one who in the darkest hours claims to think of me
and ask me to love you more than anything on this world? !
you, priceless stoned mask moulded by the tides of life
now you've got lost among the somber thorns of dawn?
love is but a game, when the players are blind or dead
when two hearts beat slower under the ravens' wings in hell.
a dream is coming down..but love will keep the bodies united!
and yet hands will last touch..but the fingers will be rotten!
but what a tragic end! the human being decomposes.
but why believing in dreams? they're already torn to pieces!

and yet you're still convinced that you had not known love?

aren't you aware of it? this is no longer a joke!
that wearing this mask will only make you choke? !
I wanted to love you, but your name was Judas.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Poet

In this wheel of life,
our numbered days
are spun like brittle threads
by diligent hands-
We are clusters of emotions,
sprouts of thoughts
and shards of incomplete actions
buds of delicate white flowers
ardent spirits inhabiting
a carcass of skin and bones
carrying the flame
in our heart's lantern while
our eyes are set for marvels
which our praying,
yet sometimes hesitant lips
can't always find
the words to give birth
to the infinite
on a white piece of paper..

Walking alone down
a corridor of broken mirrors,
the poet, in his tattered robe
hears the solemn whispers
coming from beyond-
fully awake, but
at the same time dreaming
finding beauty in everything
even in the darkest corners,
where the icy flowers
of sheer oblivion
are plucked
by the restless
and the long shadow of love
barely pushes through
with its faint
yellowish beam of light, but
this ancestral journey we call 'Life'

ends when the thread is cut...

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Poet And The Golden Quill (Dedicated To Oscar Wilde)

I embraced the ruins of your life
both with my arms and closed eyes;
the perfect poet..the perfect man!
the perfect dreamer..the perfect one!
no one knew better of human affection
except you, the pinnacle of perfection.
to love and to be loved is not a crime,
I stole your heart because you stole mine!
but what charm you had! ..so cynical, divine
like spring and tempest in a sweet entwine.
one can't cry his heart encorseted by thorns
nor understand why he's held in such deep awe
the nature's reverberance at his solemn voice;
and when he wrote, his words flourished in wings
once poured out from heart, rushed to become feelings.
the encouraging freedom pulsed throughout your veins,
reflected by your warm saphire eyes like an ode profane,
unheard by any creature born from earth, but stired disdain
the world was not ready to welcome the sparkling of his brain
he is the one whose spirit will seal, the poet with a golden quill!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Portrait On My Wall. The Works Of Time And Life

Shelter me from the rain
that whipped my skin
and tore my flesh apart
like the rags of an old cloth
tattered and blood-stained
hanging loosely
on a skeletal, spectral body
with a face erased by time
but still clinging on,
trying to maintain the smile
while being swallowed
in the quicksands of life
with its last remnants
of long lost pigments
that once coloured a lavish
navy, velvet gown.

The roses have bleached;
their petals are ashen
brittle and wilted
unmatched in their fairness..
but now, my voice is just
a fading echo, travelling
empty halls
in this museum of nothingness
this museum of yore.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Revolt

there were far away dreams, whispered by cold silver voices of night
when neither the worlds was brought to life, nor fatality's fright
were known; the earth was empty, and angels knew nothing of death
or of existence's ashes, or of the brightness of gifted path
when voiceless, they all obeyed him without being taught
of a temptation that lurks behind a moment of reason.
unending burning bridges were crossed for treason
until they met the sacre hands of forgiveness.
these angels discovered a damaging weakness
and began to perceive essential darkness
tasting from the chalice of holy power
as preparing for the longed for hour
with armies made of daring angels
and swords rised up in spirals
by tremoulous winds of sins
at life's precious ruins.

while above their cloudless camps, only sharp wings of ravens flutter,
and holy wrathful revenge, through their menacing croaks is uttered
when infernal arcane awaits for them to be threw inside, tortured
with slaughtered wings, hpes, and the story of a riot forgotten.
now, the brilliance, gentle colours crowning their faces fade
as from the bottom of the pit, deprived of solar serenade
with tearfull eyes, and hands surrounded by the flames,
astonishingly it's the rancid existence they taste
of godless earthly creatures fallen from grace
condemned to turn Eden into an empty place
too proud, won't show any trace of regret
and desires grow, breaking their chest
but still they riot when they love
despising everything from above
all that is divine and pure
as their riot's failure.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Search

He, my beloved, shared my name
to the waves of the sea
to hide it all away,
but this troubled little thought
was turned into a pearl which
adorned the mermaid's flowing hair.

Betrayed, he whispered it to the wind
to lose its resonant trace
like gilded, feeble autumn leaves
carried on paths astray-
but again, the echo disobeyed
and relentlessly brought it back.

He trusted then his secret to the moon,
the sun and stars, to ancient
gods; he put the words
on gentle lyre,
on drums, on gleeful flute
he sang of love with all his heart.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Serpent's Kiss

Indulge yourself now in dark caress,
troubled soul of mine,
reluctant to the flux of time.
One can't find love where
there is essence of
betrayful vanity of man,
so ruthless, but yet divine..
sleepless mind of cruel mankind.
The serpent's heart of mine.

I have once sailed the empty meadows,
touching the holiness of dreams,
that made me feel the shiver.
One can't find love where
there is beginning of
a garish self-isolation,
so splendid, but yet shallow..
rooted in this everlasting wallow.
Magic in the world will start with me.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Soldier And The Deadlock

Heal your wounds by not being silent
do not clean the powdery blood
that stained your face,
and do not interrupt the music
of the bullets falling in those
fragile, forever trembling palms,
all the winters you spent away from home.

Oh! Do not shake the dirt
off your old, ragged and sweated uniform
hiding the tears you've shed
on the beginning of the disaster,
the beginning of the war..
This bleeding carcass may be your only
friend. Your hope. Your tomb. Your number.

Nail your country's flag
to the last remaining wall of the world..
a pile of rusty guns and rubble
chanting a dirge instead of an hymn
while mourning your comrades,
and the days when peace could be bought
only with tanks and soldiers
invading the borders!
Your guilt follows you like a shadow,
forever attached to your hands
like a bouquet of rotten black flowers
on the chest of a dead man.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Solemn Oath

Betray me not, comrade of mine
with whom I shared my bread and wine
the creeds, and the blood spilled
in the sacredness of an solemn oath.

We formed the lines, and rather
fought a war of will and ideologies,
necessity for others to have
this precious land to call a 'home'.

What will they write of us in
the history books? I wonder..Where
is the fire we grew inside us,
the torch that was meant to keep our
legacy alive? You were born
with clean hands, as ours were drenched
in the blood of the kings. For yours
to be the freedom. The holes in the flag
the holes in our ragged clothes, the
walls with fingerprints and bars
scratched deeply to mark the days and
nights, the long way to the light.
Long lost are the days when the chants
and bullets resounded in the streets
and their echo set the children's hearts
aflake..

Long lost are the days when the bards
wrote poems, depicting our feats
and ultimate sacrifice..

Long lost are the days when women
sent their tears in yellowish envelopes
but we died before even saying 'goodbye'.

We're nothing but sad ghosts standing
behind the graves, reminding you the price
one generation pays in order for
the new ones to be free. N'oubliez jamais
que nous avons fait ça pour vous!

Dans les âmes colonisées également
par peur et par l'espoir,
on fait des efforts pour retrouver le courage
par des chansons on écoute, ces hymnes élevés
en l'honneur des nos héros et martyrs..
les personnes qui ont forgé un pays et une nation,
promettant que nous ferons la même chose.

Mon cher camarade, tu t'es souviens
les réunions autour du feu,
dans des endroits cachés et secrets pendant une
telle soirée? Nous étions si jeunes et rêvions
d'une Révolution glorieuse qui nous donnera
la liberté. Combien vaut une idée?
Maintenant, nos yeux sont vides, et l'esprit
est déjà mort;
alors, on est totalement déprogrammés,
déconnectés d'un passé comme les étoiles
d'un ciel blessé, terne et pâle
quand le soleil se lève.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Strange Novel (Called Life)

Frozen claw-like shades descend
flowing down the walls, like a bride
of yore's embroidered shawl
draped in the smoky trail of your breath
so loving, so tender, so warm
longing for an eternal embrace
pulsing through the blood...but
I am still here, waiting
barefoot, gazing motionless
in this empty room trapped somewhere
behind the illusion and the actual
behind the concepts of loving and being loved-
behind a symphony of giggles contrasting
the echo of the hysterical laughter
in the damp hallways of an insane asylum
marked on the pages of a long lost novel.

I hear the author is dead...so are
the characters; the castle is burnt down
but life springs through...
caressed by a glowing moonlight
and nourished by the rays of sun
growing stronger each time,
so determined to fulfill nature's cycle.
Isn't it strange, my dear? -
In the ashes you can still see
the marvel: a footprint, a faint
scent of wilted white lilac, a ghostly hand
struggling so hard to reach yours
an icy whisper from beyond
calling you to softly surrender
to descend, to abandon your body, to let yourself
dragged slowly in the vortex
of this strange novel called life.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Street

Behind me
the line of trees gets blurred
dissolves into particles,
from fresh-cut green
to ashen grey,
glittering
like the sharp splinters
of an incandescent
ever spiralling
large, speckled diamond
through a mirror-like blue sky.

The people are walking by...
burdened by the long hours
the upcoming night,
too shy to greet,
too confuse
even to ghost by
with their smiles
filtered
through stained glass,
painted in autumn's colours.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

The Unconfessable

A scream dissects the life
separating the pain of the body
of that of heart;
symphonies of chaotic instruments
filling the ever tensed void
deflating veins that once
were clogged
by rust, dead forms and ash...

We are linked by the secrets
that made our roots
spring from the same one -
the unconfessable
yet we're strangely
tranquil, and kind-hearted,
always stepping on velvet-like
sounding strings, which have
thorns underneath.

Our unshakable trust is like
a bridge, over which
you can hear the ravens mourn
and from the vast unknown
tiny black feathers
land on our shoulders,
covering us all
in an ancient war goddess' cloak!

We now long for another dance
around an ancestral fire
for the names that crowned us
long before this time, or
the entire world has forgotten us,
as inside the curtains of flames
that burned you once
will never break your spirit

or ever kill you off again.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

These Flowers

These flowers of ours are dusty
and wilted. They're sent to you
from hostile, far away lands
pressed in old books, with smooth
leather covers, and gilded letters
so you won't notice the tears
the sadness, the homesickness,
the exile.

We were removed from our roots
once, all young and eager to fight
sons and daughters of a country
which always dared to stand up...
We've seen the flag covering the
coffins, the pages torn from books
the scars, and bleeding wounds on
the body of our nation,
and all this world we knew violently
falling apart.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

These Mountains Won't Stop Me...

These mountains won't stop me...

The freezing winds won't chisel
the wrinkles out on my cheeks
with a sharp scent of pine.

In this winter of soul, I cannot
stop the sparkling snowflakes
and the sky from falling...

Sometimes, from the shy grips of my
fingers, even my tired companion
turns mute and pale; He quietly leaves me
as my spirit is reduced to ash,
but always returns
in the fertile Springs to collect
the splinters of
old bones and seeds
and the verses that were left behind
hiding in the dew of each flower
in the shape of each leaf
in the golden rays of the sun
that melts the blankets of snow,
and chases the shadows of death
away from the majestic mountainside.

Along with the ripples I travel to
that place where you grow wings,
and get to live a second life.

My voice becomes an echo of the
winter that carried me here,
my body is an instrument

Through which the nature flows its
perpetual course in the open
wound of mankind...

In this game of taking, leaving
and returning, I found the
deep meaning and sense.

These mountains won't stop me...
I will die, transform
and end up in their womb again
to be born once more..and
the mountains won't stop me
as I am one with them.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

This Is How I Miss

your furtive hands are covering my sight
as thin shallow veils of purest silk,
when the warming morning sun rises
I welcome it with a bitter sigh.

unbroken silence of the hours that go by
I hear a tuneless neverending elegy,
of the strings of minutes played
by invisible hands of destiny.

a radiance of your aura breaks in poetry
as I pretend to enjoy the creativity
of a new poem you dedicate to me,
but my heart breaks suddenly!

to me, dark nightfall is a somber requiem
I tamed, made me the carrier of flame
alone I came, and hidden for awhile
behind the fourtress of a smile.

I cried like an angel waiting at the gate
please, do not take my solitude away!
pain and sadness, now all I've got
lost in fields of forget-me-not.

it is not my fault we were born this way
I am the night, whilst you're the day!
my frozen lips, awaken with a kiss
of yours! for this is how I miss..

Agatha Eliza Laposi

This Modern Troy

At night, the borders are shattered
like wooden fences, eroded by moths
unkindled, prepared to be forgotten
as when the guardians sleep tightly
basking in their embrace-like palsy,
our identity is stolen and the flag
is repainted! Bring in the war horse!

There's nothing romantic about this modern Troy;
no flavour of greatness, Ancient Greece, no gods
and goddesses fighting over the Apple of Discord.

We are no longer the descendants of
the brave elders who forged nations
Even our lives are planned, on debt
or borrowed. Our history's for sale
our passports are blank, they think-
but freedom keeps us going...we will
never kneel. Bring in the war horse!

There's nothing romantic about this modern Troy;
no flavour of greatness, Ancient Greece, no gods
and goddesses fighting over the Apple of Discord.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Twigs

The roots of the ancient trees
are the woven cradle
of my heart; glowing..pulsating life
carrying the nurturing sap,
amplifying the movement
of this wickerman-like structure
made out of twigs, of flesh
and bones, all joined together.

There was a time when we had
those crosses so
clumsily carved in stone
in the hermit's cold cave
covered with our palms, as if
we could cast a veil
over that dark chapter of history,
or to soothe the wounds that
take centuries to heal
on the severed body
of our ancient spirituality.

There is always a bridge between
us, and our holy ancestors;
their ash and blood is what
binds our worlds..our bodies
are crackling vessels
through which they, the gods,
and time have found a dwelling.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Twilight (Thoughts That Hindered You Today)

The twilight stretches its fan of splendour
with silky veils caressing a widowed sky
sweeping the powdery, red sun away
somewhere, hidden behind the roving clouds
all bats are turned to velvet butterflies.

Forget the thoughts that hindered you today;
they're miles away, on ships that harbour
to distant places, as some say...
sailing under a suspended bridge across time,
across life. Forget and wait for the sunrise.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Two Faces In The Mirror

brittle being, brought into my life by crystallic oceans,
it's you who embraces the mortals' love with your tears
is it the sweet bloom of love which is shown only to me
or isn't the world created from chaos to long for agony?

from painful shards of broken mirrors, we gather our past
as we are competing life in order to explore the unknown;
we reflect upon glimpses of dreams and obscure illusions,
underneath pale crescent we discover the secrets of love.

what mystery beyond veils of night, carefully lies hidden
if not the precious love which by cruel death is stained?
but now grievance within pure angelic hearts will remain
as icy strokes of dagger in the petrified nocturnal pain.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Two Hunters

We are like two hunters chasing the golden light
down the map of our imagination
sinking our toes into the silvery green surface
of a lake, in a forest known by us;
the two wild children, walking together
holding hands tightly, when we go on our adventure!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Unrest (Reasons To Exist)

Restless, through dust and rain, my icy hands
moulded a marble silhouette,
with pale skin, with bloodless veins;
I gave a heart-
I gave a meaning to its feelings,
I gave a smile to the world!

And with my fingers that I shaped the face
touched the spectral creature,
with darkest hair, with coldest lips;
I gave a kiss-
I gave a meaning to its existence,
I gave a smile to the world!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Unspoken

Unspoken words. Our secret, flowing river,
our thoughts - rapidly generating ripples
disturb the shallow gloss of our world
contouring and exchanging the colours
projecting a splash of red on the effigy
of an unseen, topaz-like moon...
always nostalgic..always longing to return
to our mother's arms. The shade that shelters
us from a sun that burns away each memory.

And we are the ones who came a long way
remnants of those ancestors who healed
humanity with the herbs and blessed touch
of their agile hands..
or the ones whose hands were tainted with
the blood of their enemies and fellows,
or crushed the skulls of the defeat,
while grabbing the sword in a firm grip.
The midwives holding babies above their heads
and the wise witches burnt at the stake..
A thick veil of history was cast over us
Voiceless..rootless..boneless
roaming around, trying to find out who
we are. The bridge is burnt, but their
names will last as long as life itself lasts
written in this hidden, pocket sized book
where lays the very essence of the divine.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Waldeinsamkeit

Closer and closer, times and again
the gentle moon tries to pull
the black, and
star-sprinkled tresses
of the night, for a final kiss
above the dormant crest of the trees
caressing the clear surfaces
of the enchanting rivers that spring
at its feet...

The fresh breath of an autumn gale
carries their wine-like scent
made of dried leaves,
wild rose petals,
jasmine, sweet honeysuckle and pine
which spreads across the world
embracing it like a long-lost
friend, or lover of yore,
infusing the roots with its
muffled words and poetry
blending in with the crickets'
chirping in the stillness
of the woods...

The moon sighs...the splendour
of its faded smile becomes
the light that guides the stars
the insomniacs, the drifters,
the lonesome travellers,
and invites their spirits
to a dance...until the curtains
are blurred, and the colours
of the approaching dawn
patch and pour the healing balm

over its wounds.

-Waldeinsamkeit-

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Wanderer

The violet sky trickles..

a wanderer-

in solitude, a cloud roams

at the end of the rope;

it 's raining!

The sun-just a memory..

of a sour burning disk;

the sorrow

acid burns the red eyes

the dream dies!

Just another day..

few hours left; a cold smile

the blurry exile,

of a romantic grave,

covered in ivy!

But I will never see

the rising sun..

or hear the icy sound

of the drops falling

and found!

The disintegrated show

of your mind,

but you're born of water

and it takes you alive-

and wide!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Wastelands

You laid at my feet wistful memory traces,
as rusty and worn out like the century that has gone by
I've left behind the thought, the hopes,
of building something when blackness overwhelmed my eye.

shards of my reflection press the wastelands,
and lifting my bones, I pluck white flowers of asphodel
on the plains of your desolating eternity,
while waiting for my ashes to rise to heaven astraight.

you dispersed from my hair the crown you made
which relieved the forlorn cold stone that lies ahead,
because when I drank the water of the Lethe
I forgot everything that has ever linked us as mortals.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

We Rise!

We shine..our light reflects the magic
of an inner sky known only by us,
and a sea whose dark,
and glowing waves harbour tiny, unseen marvels..

We do not lose our way in the storms
holding hands, in the streets
walking side by side,
fighting the same battle, bearing the same scars.

But we are not here to blend in those
deadly, cold colours of theirs;
We live for the freedom
that unites all beings, pacifies all minds..

They cannot hinder a pure revolution
that gathered us under its flag
with fire in our hearts
'Pulvis et Umbra sumus'..but we will rise!

The wind will carry our essence far and wide
and ancient whispers would utter
'Now! It's your time!
Follow on the footsteps of your dearly ancestor.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

We're Made Of Stars And Dreams..

We're made of stars and dreams,
and glimpses of poetry,
gliding from the sky
into the unknown
carried away, by gentle winds
falling, sinking
deep down in the streams of time..

we're made of stars and dreams,
and echoes rising from
the woods..we are the ones
whose whispers
pierce the cosmic solitude!

we're made of stars and dreams,
somewhere far beyond
the wondrous night
and the iridescent beam of light,
somewhere..
at the edge of life itself
where our love will last forever.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Werewolf Moon

We're all forced to gaze at a blood red moon...
What a somber spectacle world has to offer us!
Dreaming aloof, in your ideological tower,
won't you take a second to mourn with me
the destruction of the ruins of the great Antiquity?
The moon is now touched by foreign hands-
shot down, dismembered, fleshless, boneless
and devoured by the stealthy wolves. Bit-by-bit.

Hanging by a rusty thread, a forlorn memory
fights to spread a message of death
under the black flag of an unearthly tyranny.

Who stole the moon? The night sky is still there
but no moon to guide our steps, or stars
to lead the way- We walk barefoot on
a withered grass, and the very water we drink
tastes like blood, sea water or desert sand!
Orphaned we'll keep on running
under a sky that is no longer welcoming,
until our own heads will fall under their sword.

How frail our bones are...How sharp and shiny
their blade...How rootless the tree,
that nourished the sprouts of our restless hearts!

We are the last who have bathed in the colours
of sunset, the last who gazed at the
moon's splendour, the silent witnesses of its
pale, final goodbye.
But now...
surrounded by wolves, deep down in our heart we hear
the ancient voices whisper:
'Hannibal ante portas...Hannibal ad portas! '

Agatha Eliza Laposi

What If

In the pocket of my old coat
I've found a lost love note,
a heart-shaped locket, remnants of
an expired red lipstick
a handful of sand, and some wilted petals.

The lines were crooked; the letters
barely hang on to each other
refusing to form, word after word, sentence
after sentence..
way below, several ink blots, and stains
your name...and the rest is history.

"Oh! Those bitter, hurtful words! " I sighed
What if the "past" is just another
forlorn country, across the vastness of oceans?
Or perhaps, partly chartered
covered in the fog of distant memories
of volatile, passionless kisses
where we, the hopeless romantics, get our souls
tangled in alluring strings of idle embraces?
No shadow song could move me, but this
voice of yours which keeps echoing
in my last love poem, and your last love note.
I'll throw these tiny relics away, no longer
useful to feed the flame of a fire long dead.
As we walked on separate paths, the bridges
are no longer there, all the boats are gone
the harbour's closed, and our island
gradually sinks under the water.
The world with you disappears.. and surely,
No...I'm definitely not going back to that.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

When You Tell Me (Quand Tu Me Dis - French To English)

When you tell me that the whole world
lives for finding love
like the angels trying to find their
wings within a vaguely defined space,
populated by vagrants,
artists, and famous photographers
with frozen expressions
and hollowed eyes
travelling aloof, without strenght
always in search
of something precious...
And how funny are they,
those eternally agitated passengers
of a world either too common or too strange!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

White Rose, Red Rose

Join me when the flowers sear
in the midst of fall,
at the ruins of long lost glory to
take again their toll:
Of love..Of dream..Of lore.
My handsome knight, all cloaked in blood,
our secret has been kept untold,
for cenuries, and yet to come.
' I fell for thee..
I love you more!
you're everything to me now-
my white rose, my red rose.'
We can't break what destiny had sealed,
all written in the clouds that yield
your noble kin all brought on shield.
the coat of arms..
the battlecry!
all shattered by the sword that flied.
Can you not hear me,
in the whispers of the ancient trees? !
Am I condemned to breeze alone
and cry my heart out all along
besides the cross of a tombstone?
The time has come for you to see:
the red rose is meant for you,
as i keep the white one just for me.
' Farewell, my lady ' he said to me
long before wandering throughout eternity-
' You'll always be the one I love
my precious white rose,
my red rose'.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

White Roses

White roses grow into the garden

of my heart;

their sweetness breaths the wind

of spring,

it rises up their tiny petals

and turns them into brittle wings!

They fly the fields and empty streets,

and stop upon your lips;

there's a love note on each petal-

the thorn, the bitter agony, the bliss!

Your love has turned the world

into a rose garden..I dare to dream

and see,

the steps you take to share this

creative vision with me..

but on our way, embraced by love

all feelings burst into poetry!

Wild Contrasts

There are 'wars' that carved their way
from history books...part of our legacy
we water the soil with the same blood
with the same tears as our ancestors did...
we follow the same patterns
we still share their ancient beliefs
us, we...

those late bloomers of a slaughtered revolution
chained and jailed, divided by ideologies
swayed by the fickleness of the crowd
deceived by whatever is 'right' or 'wrong'
'left' or 'right', and black, red or green
revolving around the same old curse
that kept us divided for so long..
But we are all made of the same flesh,
and the blood that animates us
was the same that poured through their veins
along with the anger, desire to be free
and to build anew with some contorsioned
tools, ancient tools..unfit for a new world.
us, we...

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Wilted..

among the burning ashes,
my dream lies in suspension;
clinging on a fiery sky
with crimson clouds
too dead..too wilted..

here, on my tombstone lie
red wilted roses of our autumn
plucked by your cold hands,
right before the dawn
of winter..

but..how can I ever forget
how time's quickly running out,
in this frozen space
that's breathing
the icy vapors of the death?

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Wings

In the embrace of night,
our wings are secretly growing
so we can reach up, higher
to borrow a tiny spark,
a reflection of momentarily joy
in a vast sea of stars
in this cosmic spectacle unfolding
before our very eyes...

But all our paths lead
somewhere..our hearts are melt
by this mesmerizing grace
this unbreakable union
of strong, unconditional love
blessed we are, bonewhite fragile
fuelled by hope, thirsty for knowledge
always searching for a place
where in ancient, gilded sarcophagi
wing-giving ideas lie in suspension.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Within The Dream..

In dreams, love lies free from
from all that perishes within me;
unafraid of life,
unafraid of the burning
touch of death,
and its eternal flames-
far beyond
the earthly time itself!

Whispers fade like ghosts on
water..
not a single word they utter,
and not a sound
is ever added
to the universal music
of the night's blessed realm!

Yet as they fall, they tell the tale
but little do they know..
is there someone out there,

to listen..

and gladly come to embrace

their lore?

They say that I'm of special

kind; but really..

what's the point? their

words are as bitter as

the sharpness of a sword!

When I'm with you, within the

dream, it's the world

I leave behind..like a shadow

melted in the streams of time!

Our love builds temples in

the sun..they shine,

and last for ages.

Please stay with me, and take

my hand..because..

We dream, therefore we are!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Without Thee

'What's the meaning of the night
when I'm not around'?
you once asked me-
let's see..Without thee, the
stars do not shine so bright
as the cozy fire of the candle light,
nor is the sky so blue and serene
as the sweetness of the poetry
which blooms within me..

Without thee, all my dreams perish;
and the seconds rushing by,
turn to echoes of the pain
which crush against my mind's eye!
I could not take another step..
maybe it is the way our love
was destined to be,
you see..when you're dead to the
world, you're very alive to me!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Wrathful Winter

Burn away now, sweetest angel of sun,
for our love turned into memory
I reached your core; it dry and cold
with no forgiveness in its immensity.

You climbed the mountains of denial
and gave into seclusion..
but I was there all time, hoping
you won't perceive me as an illusion
of the decomposed visionaire,
a concussion of a world in passions,
crucified upon pyres of destruction.

Together we watched the crimson sky
for the very last time..
where onyx-like clouds scatter,
revealing the iridescent shards
of a heartbeat burnt down to cinder.

How I miss that wrathful winter,
the deadly gale, sleepless blizzard..
you were distant, breathless
once alive..now numb and painless
embrace my storm, my loneliness..
please forgive me, close your eyes,
but it's about time we said goodbye!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Yearning

Let these flowers grow on my skin
the thought of love,
your presence
melting away on paths unwalked
words uttered in hushed tones
carried through the night
by the trail of sparkling stars
and a moon's whose splendor
robs you of your soul.

In my garden, all these white roses
are blooming after midnight...
planted on your foot steps
so you can find your way back anytime;
they're thornless, nourished
by yearning hope
waiting for colours to be splashed
on their brittle petals
and fragrance to be sprayed at their roots.

I am still looking for you, through the maze
of summer's playfulness
with its long lazy days
and evenings filled with wonder...
dreaming, welcoming
whatever the winds of memory sweep back
through my threshold
counting the tears that leave a burning mark
on the paper, as
what we're left with in the end
is just poetry.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

You Found It Only By Chance

The bitter mercury of life is washed away
as the last hours of night are cast aside,
and deep down, in your embrace, the light
mingles with the blight, reaching the dawn!

I cannot hold longer a minute rushing by
nor stop the time..love, just keep in mind,
not all the feelings last for lifetime.
but you..well, you found it only by chance!

Could you retrace what you once lost
among quivering ashes of a fire long dead?
maybe only by chance-just for a while,
I will enjoy the warm sunrise of a smile!

Agatha Eliza Laposi

You Were (Silver And Gold, But Mostly Gold)

Where have you wandered, where have you hidden
the silvery, pearly moon?

Where have you wandered, where have you hidden
the golden, warm torch of life
during the soul-freezing Canadian winters?

Where are you now, where are you travelling?

Is it to that place where
the white shroud of the clouds
conjoins the tapestry of earth and leaves?

The dirt on your hands, the ash that I taste
from my burning lungs,
the volatile death-scented mist
raises up, carressing the peaks
of the wild, evergreen pines
but reaching you
means transcending the barriers of time,
the barriers of nature, the barriers of life...

To me, you were the moon, the torch, the life,
the poetry, the words; the voice that was
never silenced..The echo of a thousand hearts
pulsing deeper in the everlasting rains,
carving and scratching underneath the concrete
of the grey, modernly designed buildings
the empty avenues, the broken street lights
reminding us how worthy and precious life is.

Agatha Eliza Laposi

Your Branches Which Bend And Twist

I am just like the tree whose roots
grow stronger during the storm,
standing firmer,
on the same very spot,
whom despite the changing of seasons
remains the same
unlike others'
whose roots
and branches bend and twist
to please, and to deceive
the eye of the wayfarer
who's lost in the vast field.

If you are a weed, you can't pretend you're a rose
if you are a bush you can't pretend you're a tree.

The fruits that you offer are tainted
and bitter, as you grew them
hastly, over night
like your everchanging purpose
of your "life".

Agatha Eliza Laposi