

Poetry Series

Aglia Nost
- poems -

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Agia Nost()

Adieu

Au revoir amitié, amour, espoir
Salut et à plus tard.

Au revoir beauté scintillante et excellence totale
Bon voyage perfection, joie, passion,
Paix, été, pitié.

Au revoir mon chéri, adieu ma vie, adieu mes images, adieu mes mensonges,
adieu ma vie, adieu mon tout, adieu pour toujours chéri.

Car chacun de tes mots émouvants font de mon saint pourri une nouvelle vie et
chaque unes de tes insultes me tue, me tue, me tue quand elles font mon cœur
battre, battre en me laissant inutilement la vie.

Alors part, part, part, part s'il te plait, car je n'ai plus l'âme pour t'aimer.

Je n'ai plus les sentiments pour purement t'admirer.
Je n'ai plus la folie pour t'imaginer.
Je n'ai plus la croyance immature pour vouloir t'aider.
Je n'ai plus les pensées perplexes pour essayer de te décoder.
Je plus la patience pour discrètement te rêver.
Je n'ai plus que le pouvoir de toujours, sans arrêt, sans aucun doute,
obsessionnellement, éternellement, t'adorer.

Aglia Nost

Departure

Kicks may hurt, words may pain, there is nonetheless no agony as deep, as endless, as restless as that of thoughts, thoughts of a love alive, a love vibrant; which has from my sole willingly resigned.

A love not dead, no. For life is not as stunning as poets wish and sadness is beyond the cures that exist, and love, true love makes a lover die more than he lives

Nights after nights, starlights after days of incredible darkness, unbearable silence, sheer nothingness and deep, deep, hard, violent emptiness; which I can no longer lift without the total power of your love that now, life, has irreversibly fled

So please, my dear, I beg you my soul, my thrill, my all

I hope that during torturous nights you too will be taking a stroll

I hope that you will suffer from the same disease

I wish that you are woken by equally devastating dreams, that you are shattered by the same cynical beings

I crave that one day you'll have the courage to respond to my love's screams.

Aglia Nost

Everyday

I fear my words are too small to describe stupidity in all its timelessness. And I wonder how better could have my thoughts described it then when stupidity can't hold her horrors tight and just speaks for itself.

When you walk out of darkness, open a door convinced that you will be blinded by the true flaming light of a better reality, and see the utter nothingness of a content blank. It is then that you are hopeless, then thoughts are gone and roughly, in your wobbly heart strikes an even more deeply dark reality; you know regretdly in you'll always be.

You listen child. Ignore big words of meaning and truth; forget of finding truth whether it be love or cheap-movie quoted philosophy for innocence will drowned in an unnecessarily human reality.

Aglia Nost

Everyday Life

I fear my words are too small to describe stupidity in all its timelessness. And I wonder how better could have my thoughts been expressed then when stupidity can't hold her horrors tight and just speaks for itself.

When you walk out of darkness, open a door convinced to be blinded by the true flaming light of a better reality; and see the nothingness of a content blank. It is then that you are hopeless, then thoughts are gone and roughly, your wobbly heart strikes an even more deeply dark reality; that you know regretedly always in you'll be.

You listen child. ignore big words of meaning and thruth; forget of finding truth wehter it be love or cheap-movie quoted philosophy, for your innocence will be drowned in an uncessairily humain reality.

Aglia Nost

I Wonder

What might life be without you? What might love feel aside you? What shall a sole be without you? I question, cry and weep, for the thought of your desire elsewhere being, makes the world's plants dry, and the kids dead nearby and my love nothing but a worthless alibi. Yet I wonder and wonder and think.

What is God? What are we? What is life? Why so cruel and dark must it be? I ask and question and think. But they say I'm too young, I'm too stupid, I'm too immature to think. Yet, recklessly, I wonder and wonder and think.

What be death? What be war? What be madness? I keep trying to speak but how can a mind of video games, porn and boredom listen? How can a being whose veins depend on insensitivity understand? How can a brick grow ears, and minds and hearts? Yet regardless of their atrocious words and their endless name calling, still I wonder and wonder and think.

Why work under idiots and pigs? Why surrender to mindless makeups and wigs? Why collide with successful assholes and heart ripping beings? I complain and reject and refuse, but still they think of my thoughts nothing and my words unseen. Yet, regardless, I wonder and wonder and think.

Why cease all passion? Why die an unaccomplished being? Why speak of empty relationships, quick break-ups and much awaited deaths? How can you let such hope suicide in this life's grey cliffs? How can you abandon a love so boundless, so inmost, so painfully sincere?

How can you flee and take thought and questions and talks way from me? How can be so depraved as to leave me a common, thoughtless being?

Aglia Nost

My Best Friend

My best friend

Will keep track of me until the end.

A brilliant mind,

Always by my side.

A small chamber, shut, containing important secrets,

Coded accounts, private confections, and closed booklets.

Always listening to me,

Whatever my crazy story might be.

My best friend,

Is an illusion or a confusion.

So, in the end who is my best friend?

It might be me, but we shall see.

Aglia Nost

Ode To Silence

So many words were spoken yet still nothing was said.
Our toy-machine, rushed vows are now broken, and purely within you I lay dead.

Aglia Nost

Poetry

To poetry I owe everything, I owe all that life and love, together haven't given me.

I owe it your adventurous descriptions of highness and standards, those boring words, those so-called stanzas.

It's my hope, my thoughts and the only place that any good I might have stolen from this world of mean might come back for me.

Poetry fills all the odd gaps of uncertainty, mystery and unfair between two separate columns of a chapter that couldn't fit in any other books, pages or gaps. Why must we both be two columns and one unity?

Feel sorry for what you are, for your lack of chemistry, the total lack of movement in your veins. For your lack of originality, honesty and personality, in summary, your lack of everything.

Try to understand with all its greatness your stupidity, your averageness and the fact that it isn't income that makes a common being.

Sophia, Emma, Annique, Riona, Bronwen, Isabel. Nothing harsher than the truth can I say, for this time my ugly imagination is not required.

Look in the mirror. Look for once purposely. I only hope that one day you will have the eyes eyes to see its endless show of nothing, lack of content and permanently thorough obscurity.

Aglia Nost

The Thought Of Your Loss Is Too Heavy A Grief

I miss you already my darling dear, for my love for you is uncontrably,
uncomfortably, sencere

I love you already despite knowing the dangers of having you near

I hate already for my life's shed you've torn apart, dear

All the beauty, all the shine, all the interest, all the mystery and the impatience
have vanished because of you, destuctive, dear

And now only the truth, only their essence can I see. Nothing but a repetitive
routine lies forever ahead of me.

Blinded by a truth deeply unwanted, a truth too hurtful, too brutal, too real

Deaf of the nothingness that goes on inside them

Disabled of their meanigles gestures that have no aim but to physically excite
them

Made stupid of their meaningless quests, mariages, diet pills, aimless reports and
tests

Dead of their pride to be just another cloud in the sky.

Rotten from the loss of a presence that covers all the bad of life.

A presence that gives bones to wonder and flesh to dreams. A presence that life
and emotion, even to those dead born beings, ed from the lifelessness that brigs
the absence of your wings.

Aglia Nost

To The Heartbraker, Whom I'D Give My Heart To Again And Again

I now fully understand why you're acting so insanely, why you've so logically gone mad.

I now know you're tearing me to unbondable crums and making me beg, before with grace you untidily stick them together to reform my crippled heart.

it's an expirement you've thought of to put into your blank CV, saying: Oh, look, I've done some really avant-garde atomic science.

Dividing your admiror's heart down, chopping it up in a manner only you could make as dreadful to find its atom, its core, its magma and you real enemy. but watch closely deqar, for when this miniscule atom fusillades you'll see hw loud and deep your crash will be. Perhaps much, much too loud for your small, constricted reality.

The only problem with it is that you never questioned, you never considered that you were in my heart. And now you're little and destroyed, you're drenched in misery and pain and just this once, at least you're worried my love might fall apart. It's only now that you've discovered and developed, it's only now you're more than a scar in the inside of my chest. It's only now that you're better than enough.

And now you're done and you complain. You say you're less of a man. But you don't seem to think. You speak of your expirement as flawless, that is your passion oyu say. The way I'm sure you never described me.

Aglia Nost

To The Most Delightful Mystery

If my appreciation for you was a droplet than the universe would burst open of floods every day.

If my respect for your exquisite excellence was a lie than the world would be too honest a place to live in.

If my thoughts for you could be put into pills than prescriptions, anoraxia and antidepressants would be words genuinely unknown

If the tenderness that I have saved for you among all people could be spread, than there'd be no envy, no crime, no hatred, no potential dead.

If my love for you that you crushed you had thrown from above the Earth, where you sit and watch us suffer than the world, dear, would be a far better place.

Aglia Nost

Untitled 1

Je pleure pour un homme qui ne comprendra jamais mes problèmes. Ta ville, mon garçon est trop longue, comme ma vie et le pouvoir de la sienne. Je pleure pour une pluie noire bien trop proche et pour une mémoire bien trop lointaine. Je t'aime.

Seule je marche sur une rue grise aux ponts trop fragiles et au brouillard plein de promesses mortes et panebres. Et mes larmes sont si molles, comme une pluie agressive, ni sonore, ni célèbre.

Il n'y a rien sur l'écran de ma vie et de la sienne.

Il n'y a rien dans ce monde qui nous appartienne.

Aglia Nost

Valentine's Day

There is no more lonesome day, no single saddest way to die

There is no time that can murder as brutally

There is no slowest way to shoot me, dear

There is no worst way to make me miserable than to act so mysteriously as to bust my heart open, dear

There is no madder connection than the way that bonds our souls together, dear.

There is no darker way to end than to live adoring you, dear.

Yes, yes I suffer incredibly since I've sufficated in the floods of your drunken luster that demolished all the insignificance in my life, dear. But at least, unlike your friends and my enemies, at least we live, at least we breathe, at least we think, my dear.

There is no experience more ecstatic than the one, that this morning, you offered me, dear. The moment when you coolly announced that the rich red rose that with such firm pride you carried, was from a funny male gent and not a ruthless girl's scent.

Then with your excessively enchantic humour you took off the petals of your strange red rose, one by one. Dexterously, sublimely, conveniently, with that absolute form of elegance that only you, my dear, possess. You stripped off all hints of my deathly boredom with your class, with your superbness, with your radiance, with your heart, dear.

Finally, she loves me not you announced as they all wondered of the validity of such a contrivance statement that displayed a terribly insupportable validity. A bomb of lies you threw and indulged them in excruciating doubt; that they ever so poorly attempted to hide behind their intentionally careless squalls.

What more proof is required to convince you of how misleading the results of such games can be?

Aglia Nost

Why I Love You

For those long, rigid, golden fingers that seem to ever so elegantly seduce every little thing that they as much as approach, those long, endless wonders that ever so eloquently soak my mind in our excellence.

For that touch of godly empathy, heartfelt compassion, and hurtful, truthful honesty. For that touch that so madly I envy, dear. That touch that you vividly possess, dear.

For that innocent, enigmatic smile that everybody and every soul can cheer

For your proud, confident, graciously lean and promising appearance

For those pale arts of genius sculpted in arms, for those branches of superiority that bloom from a so rich, so harsh, so stunningly clear
For those veins that so clearly break your ski, tearing beauty apart and waiting there ready to improve it

For that voice of yours that so finely shakes people off their nests and into a fairer place

For your calmness and your coolness and your temper

For the abundant sense of justice that lies within you, dear

For the child-like, white lies that so regrettably pass on to protect others

For your miraculous heart, for the source that all the seas of beauty nurtures

For the magical quests one must go on, to attempt understanding you, dear

For the fact that deep down you're tremendously weird

For all that and much, much more I adore you dear.

Aglia Nost