

Poetry Series

**Dagmara Anna
AuraDagimar
- poems -**

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Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar(06.08 1983 r.)

' Say, Say More' - For My Friend (Cg) - Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

You are like the volcano...

You have the beautiful name and a lot of virtues
which don't have other.

If to let you go between people,
with the right to behave
the way you like,
rows of happy girls,
craving for women would follow you...

You are pulling as magnesium
with one's personality...

Say... say more...

Your words are so warm
that it is hard for them to be resist.

You are a wonderful speaker and whisperer
of love lines, if somebody isn't immune
should escape...

It is hard to resist your words, for gestures...

You are a real conqueror of unfamiliar land,
therefore... better to flee, while there's still time.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

...By Me - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

You are
and it will be
enough for me
for long winter days
and sleepless nights

far
but close for me

You are
as if you were by me
and fulfilled my dreams
as if you filled with happiness
fitful sleeps

far
but close for me

You are
and you didn't hurt
in my feelings
selflessly you are console me,
you didn't betray me

far
but close for me

you are
believe me darling
dreams are coming true
when really
we want it

far (?)

but close for me...

--

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Fear

it causes that the heart
is beating more quickly
at the rhythm familiar to oneself
you are shaking and are sweating
you cannot make the footstep

it is slowly drawing you
you are dropping in like
the animal into snares
which it crammed. already
has you in its possession

you are afraid and are shivering
you are freezing to the spot
it is only waiting for it
is goggling large eyes
is clenching the throat is growing

look into the window, isn't of what
to be afraid because, everything is
in its place: the same dome above you
in the day with blue, at night with the
grenade clad, people, the tree, birds

everyday life of the day bringing
can win something
as a good lottery ticket and don't
be afraid is, at arm's length distance
perhaps meant only for you

everything is possible

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Beauties Of The Night

the night like the rock
what is covering
entry to the cave
it doesn't let watch

belle of the day
it is summoning to itself
the prince and the beggar
promising delights

for everyone individually
due according to the birth
sometimes it is only
exchanging their roles

like actors at the scene
are waiting then
for good an entry
and a happy end

in order to return
into the their a faces
and to miss for the
moment which passed

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Game In Green With..

the summer and forest
roe, trees
wild life
in grass thickets
curiosity
timidity
nature the naked
truth...

in dull green
by the water the dragonfly
is dancing and he is flying
I am singing you are playing
a game in green with night
with neon
when you are coming back
after the night...

with your chubby
moon.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Holidays

painted with the sun
with floweriness of the meadow
with noise of the sea
with holidays
with you with me
with people
with us
with packed suitcase
with travel by the rucksack
by bicycle with bird
with weather and
with rain
and what you will
only still
be willing with
the golden summer
and the adventure
the mountain water forest
everything what is
surrounding us
the entire nature
is pleased
with a summer and its charm
with slow footstep
heading towards
the autumn...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Letters From A Distance

along time ago, a wind already brushed grass,
with rain are washed, to clean
and clouds then again covered my world
because you are writing me in letters

that there is green around, and is sunny
and transparent colours of the sky.
only so longingly, for me is something reason,
and you only need us...

the sun already, went for itself into the distance.
drowsily, and dusk is falling
I don't know, why I am feeling regret.
probably, a rain is starting then again.

for the second time, I am reading
that there is sunny, and transparent
colours of the sky and I already know,
what you are lacking - you only need her...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Minute... And...

in the cosmic house mirrors cracked
heavenly the Venus and ancient Mercury
meeting half way, to new reflections in the way,

joined they, into the unity too violently

on the astral carpet is now great a crowd
from everywhere are watching placed,
interested planets
in order to arouse their admiration,

Venus as comely as diva wonderful,
she is to urge the partner, she is galloping,
imitating the amazon on the back
of the one, which is now, a Pegasus of the outer space.

she touch him her abdomen,
is tickling him with the heel
the Moon is shining them, which
in the direction to the Sun

is blinking, is motivating them encouraging
for the agreement and the together play - he likes it.
only Mars isn't changing his face,
is clouding the pale forehead

- in a minute eclipse.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Nice Murmuring

to the lake and the bridge
a fog sloped down.
the thick shawl of the fog,
doesn't let the good visibility.
I am afraid of depths
which is humming unwillingly,
and is always dark. '

not one daredevil
is refraining from it.
and is waiting patiently
for a change of weather.
on the map the TV shows,
that tomorrow will be a sun,
and I am smiling, when

I am thinking about it,
because I like it, when
it is with us,
when we are listening to the
murmuring waterfall
nice for eyes and ears
in our green nook...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Nicer Returns

the day is waking up
darkness slowly
is getting over.
sun behind the branch,
already visible.

now is not much dream
up to the morning
night is coming to an end.
time for awaking.
under the shower

you are reaching yourself
in a minute with the
sandwich in teeth,
you are running on the street,
and you are rushing by car

by the asphalt, and so,
you welcome the new day,
unknown people
in the familiar shop.

you are greeting with
hand entire, world and you are
waiting for a moment, when
then again, you will run

behind the door, in order
to return, to one's four walls
and blissful dreams, as usual,
at the same time, with greater

joy than in the morning.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Pale Winter Went Away.

ice icicles are dripping.
the icy heart in a winter, is melting.
the winter is planning the retreat.
because birds on the fence.
announced the close return.

of the spring.

the sun is heating up
more and more
the melt is testing
and is other air
appropriate

for influenza

I saw her how was going,
so proud and pale.
and a reindeer,
that her sleigh
it pulled, and she bent
one's whip

and cracked

I woke up suddenly
when the sun looked
and I was surprised
the spring came back
and after the winter
it didn't stay

of track

like from my dream

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Price

enveloped with smog welcomes next
normal with everyday life, day

stone buildings, grey places of the human existence
indicators of happiness and the human drama
are glancing with eye sockets of shutters
towards the moving board of the roadway
after which are dragging, not ended
caravans of the vehicles

with diversity of colours, glittering of varnishes
they are trying to revive the pitiful panorama

are throwing at the eyes striped zebra
and colour lightings of intersections
when this way you are waiting for green
look at the rushing death
think about it how many
a life is worth....

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Roads And Crossroads

crossroads, intersections, roundabouts
from such places, roads are forking
in different directions
and we, going unwittingly,
and this way, we are heading to one

a life isn't sparing us
kicks of digs
is giving out concerns,
to everyone who feels,
not always being able to counteract

we are being driven with the own
lively energy therefore
- ATTENTION! - for the man,
slowly, to brake or else
you will approach the roundabout

from which,
we are heading
everyone
in the same
direction

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Seaside Picture

a sunny weather
seagulls are flying so low
to the sea waves near
there is wet sand under feet
boy is building the castle

turret only stayed
is finishing it quickly
he is happy now
suddenly a bad surprise
and everything tumbled down

the same as the house
weak, because built from the cards
the dog is running
it is leaving only tracks
but it are transitory

our destroyed dreams
are a painful memory
it will often leave
permanent tracks on the heart
it is hard to remove them

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Skunk Of The Everyday Life In The Action

a shadow of the lion is tormenting me
he is opening his jaws, and I can see it
on the wall is lying down, without the question
the large mane, I could see similar
which from close up is arousing the respect

the lion is raising the paw
and he indicates on the small skunk.
it every day is treading on my flowers
when there is no me.

the short beastly coward, is leaving,
the cloud of the smell, of which long time
there is still a smell in air. the shadow
of the lion is friendly

is reminding me, that I am also a lion,
at least zodiacal, and the skunk, will always stay, what is and will leave only
what...he...can afford.
I can afford on more.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Spark Will Be Enough (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

in my dream we are running
along a rainbow
to fulfilling the land

in your blue eyes
two sparks
hid themselves

suffice one
that in order
excite fire

gentle roar
of the waterfall
inviting to morning frolics

in the water
we are cooling down
warm feet

(for CO)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Tear Of Happiness

happy times flowed down tea
wiped with the touch of loved hands

so a lot our friendship was worth
and now love took the place for it

in the heart it sat down in the first row
as the spectator on the auditorium

close to the stage
and is showing what is happening

at the theatre of the life
it is checking for me

whether it was in a repertoire
space for the art about the truth

of such emotion what most beautiful
it is planning strophes in order

to spice up love
with the poetry of often

repeated words
but each time differently...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A Tunnel Of Fear

question mark on the lips
and you are going into dark tunnel
of the gloomy ill nature

on the way you are passing rows of chairs
of observers what
this way last not lighted

as people for which time
stayed in the place is standing
so as broken watch

long standing chairs already notice
how you are striding between them
you are following your fear

it is assuming the black form
of the shrewd agile leopard
what is a fatal guide

and it is leading you to nowhere
above the steep deep chasm
of the nervous breakdown

and you don't give up
there is always some exit
try at least to change direction

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

A View.

There on the horizon forest
with the sky is touching,
houses such small, that they,
are located in a hand.
By the sandpit, a dog
is chasing the cat
and a swing is creaking
with everyday sound

enlivening silence
which in the morning got up.
The view from a few levels
for my eye, is revealing secrets
of the nearby dustbin.
There the prosaic aspects of life
are encountering the man,
gloomy tragedy not one is touching.

Not you? What of it?
It isn't changing never mind.
You can have pricks, that you
are looking as the spectator
and you to help not able
and you don't want.
Now, you can do, for the present,
what you only will want.

What for you a trouble,
worry oneself and have a dither?
Perhaps however get rid,
of your mirror,
or else you will see
other reflection, accidentally.
Of not oneself, a life
will draw the surprise for you.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Accent Of The Autumn - Tanka

accent of the autumn

the small yellow leaf.

it lies, on a wet roadway.

and... around, summer.

dried in autumn, fell out of.

from the children`s colour book.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Addiction

you are defenceless
when it is stopping on your road
doesn't let go

as the intruder

it is sneaking in the life
in order to destroy it
is taking the power over you

is showing the countenance of the tyrant
is opening the door to world
perdition and distraction saying

come, I will introduce
my friends to you
it is a gambling, drugs, alcohol...

other world

gradually you more and more
often taste its charm
losing on the way, remnants of

humanity

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Advice`s

you are accepting
taking to heart
you are sorting

it as objects
you sometimes reject
given for free

for money
and the smile
sincere, and not

they are helping
they are encouraging
and they harm,

if not hit,
it are exposing
to ridicule

willingly heard out
given by everyone
met all along the way

and the most we have
'doctors'...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

After The Rain

and where the sun is now?
you are waiting all morning,
did not come.

and you are sad, and now
you become a face to face
with sorrow like in front
of a mirror
the first drops your tears

everything is mixed,
and you do not want anything.
you want to have peace of mind
and suddenly you see a pen,
and white pages waiting.
You start to write about May.

and you are feeling the sun.
it's nice,
like now,
it all happened,
and now, he is and you.
and he is wiping your tears.

and after the rain.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

After The Rain The Rainbow And The Sun - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

clouds and is already starting to rain
rainy morning
greyness behind my window

I welcome ungrudgingly

rainy drops
are typing against the window still

after the rain glitter is dew
fleeting treasure of the nature
on vivid green

garden fresh
only white rose

my treasure into your hands

the day quickly is passing
tomorrow it is a time for sun
and our love

(for CO)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

After The Storm

wet streets.
after the rain,
was fresh air,
and on the roadway
traffic hold-up.

cars in the water,
aren't taking
the passer-by
into account.

and then again
it's beginning to rain.
rainy splashes
reaching
to my ears.

it is a real
music of the rain.
engrossed,
I am falling asleep

entering into the dream
which will be finished
off in the morning.
I feels breath...
so is good...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

After The Strong Gale - Tanka

after the strong gale

trees are tangled up.

and embracing each other.

like with a shoulders.

affectionately divided.

suddenly branches knockdowned.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And Before The Night...

on roofs rows of aerals
nowhere one can see birds
it is a place of the foggy dimness
of the day
going down into the evening

small wet windows steamed up
and big shining eyes of the child
smeared with finger
tears are tasting
mixed with drops on the pane

the small town
is struggling with sleepness
still two strikes to the midnight
living will begin
buried by day

filth, acquaintances struck up
by a rubbish tip
similar hunger and desires
the straight love
as short as the life

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And If... (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

if it is love
it will be eternally living
and if it dies
there was no truth in it

don` t need pledges
nothing oneself not
if you and I
aren` t a mirage

and a set of illusions
today you somewhere are wandering
with own ways
I am escaping far

I am getting out of your way
a second or two more
and then we will remember
that important what between us

was only our love...(?)

(for HN)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And It Is A Life...

here green lights.
lead straight
to the safe route.
sometimes are relieving flashes
of dangerous looks

when you will be
on a passage don't forget
that world is people
and their behaviours
not always are predictable

you are putting pink glasses on
and it appears to you that you are
safe forgetting
that behind the bend a death
is lurking without the reason, ruthless

directed with the stupidity of the drunk,
the frenzy of the idiot or
the ordinary mindlessness
before you will do a forward step
look around who is in the action.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And Small Fishes - Tanka

and small fishes - TANKA

-

mesh in the garden.

between stones, water plants grow.

and colour flowers

small fountain like the shower

is very well integrated.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And The Noise Will Pass

violently it is forcing its way
intersecting silence as scissors paper
the tub-thumper and the rebel

which is speaking with scream
it is letting nobody to take of voice
it is only falling into every niche,

the crack and the gap,
it is waking the blissful peace up
omnipresent everywhere, always troublesome,

is heightening our anxiety, opposition,
discouragement, invariably it is making
it difficult for the everyday life

in reserve it always
has grey colours the most
we will rest when the time passes

as everything as with us...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And To Believe - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

your solitude
will deepen every doubt,
giving rise to pain, measured
loss of the faith, even
what relief is bringing

the solitude in pain
most often suggests
bad answers
sentencing to being silent
and withdrawing

therefore starting doubting
try to look for real faith
she is a light
and an always opened
initial gate...

--

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And Very Well...(For My Friend E.R.- Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

Your eyes are looking at me
as if you knew me for ages.
Indeed.

We know oneself so long.
You are and you have still place
in my heart.

when all digits are placing oneself
into number, appropriate for you...
are you thinking about the case?
and maybe about regularities?

You are 'from always' and
I don't know how it happened
but when I am looking at you
I am feeling more cheerfully
and more warmly.

it is written somewhere,
that we met at one time
still it stayed...

and very well... ;)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And What You Have For Showing...

deep neckline,
sometimes is only
hiding secrets
not for everyone

revealed...

if you think
that you are a natural-born
conqueror, don't wait.
come up to her

and say..

let uncover yourself nice
I waited for it so long
and I know that it is for us
an appropriate moment

girl...

she will say this way: - you are right,
or... fall boy, to the sorrel.
take your jewels out at the sight of.
if you have what to show.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And Write To Me...Your Letters

at least swift years are passing
nightingales identically are singing
in the process with voice
in the green clump, and love then again,
is decking itself with the May

so that in the gift, you can give,
enchanted in strophes of poems, words,
you try into lake bulrushes to hide
and listen to the wind, what still anew,
with swinging, is caressing meadows.

because you, you want to declare
what you feel to me. I know, that it is
usually difficult. more freely
it is writing, than it is saying.
you are bewitching on the marvellous lines,
into flowers. you are picking them for me,

or you are not you are first,
and not you are last, which is sending
colour envelopes, what oneself, from your
confidences and is browning,
shimmering with the fire being on fire
it are finding their way to me so that

I feel your eyesight which includes
my waist. even though gently, still
I feel, as if sea wave affected me,
what is moving closer to the edge,
and isn't moving away
write...to me.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And You Will See It

closed eyes
notice it from under eyelashes,
of what didn't see
wide open.

you are like the statue
of carved heroes, and you are making
a profit when I am looking.
at your classical profile.

give the bow to me,
and the arrow with the cupid.
I will drop it in your
direction and I will hit.

don't forget to close eyes.
from under eyelashes you will see it,
of what you didn't notice,
when they were wide open.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And... Teach Me To Dance...

on the parquet
are still dancing
the hubbub already for moments
will become quiet

now dance alone
I am barefooted
and to it
quite new

teach me
most beautiful of steps
when you will hear
bossanova

I will be light
I will be agile
and adult and children's
and truly barefooted... new

and bossanova...

for you

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And...I Want To Say

I notice every your reaction
analysing causes and effects
a notebook is breaking with notes
drawn up live
without correction they are in the disarray
like your feverish thoughts
uninterrupted movements
aren't separate events

discontinuous simple to observe
these are gestures being symbols
the ones it is always possible with ease
translate into words
assenting negative
marking the circle on the forehead
they are functioning in our communication
as the word yes you aren't crazy

words with more difficulty are going through the mouth
a gesture is simpler
is helping with associations
of admiration of the hate of the stupidity
well we know what means
clappings preading hands
dragging them out in the gesture of welcomes pleases
it is saddening when it means with request for the
charity

we are shrugging our shoulders in embarrassment
feeling the unconcern or the helplessness
when I am waving the finger you are thinking
whether these are a threat or a disapproval
and I only want to say
that man which is lying
is speaking the top notes than the one
which fraternized with the truth

And...Let Somebody Else Help You

For the devil you planned the candle-end
and you didn't give the candle to God,
so already stumbling on the threshold,
you broke your leg and fell down the stairs,

you paled
and you promised loud:

- God! If you will help me
I will never offend you.
Rescue me! I am in need.

And God looked from the sky and He said:
- Your need is miserable,
because for yourself you ask, so
you aren't having God in your heart.

You are an egoist!
you didn't give me the candle,
it be a herdsman
of black sheep, now.

Let a fiend help you
what you gave him
the candle-end, and I meanwhile
will go to adjust the watch...

for your fate.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

And...You Said

so ordinarily you said
brush your hair into the crown

or dissolve it long to the wind
and in the green dress

dance barefoot in a clearing washed
with fresh cold dew

look how yellow marsh marigolds
are smiling to you

we breathed that day
sweet aroma of green

and now, a day is long at least still,
but not had flowers there,

as then, let us wait, new will
bloom only for us even in our dreams

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

As Rita...

before a theatre
trip I am adding
to my toilet

the jewellery and one
of warm smiles
emphasizing the femininity

it will be a memorable evening.
I will remember admiration and joy
in your eyes.

in order
to cover thrill,
I will cover half

a face with the wave of my hair
and like at one time
beautiful Rita,

I will go through the red carpet
lightly in order to wake up...
in your opened shoulders.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

As Sucking And The Fullness

it was close the old house
our place where we escaped
as children in order
to disappear there in bushes
before the too strong sun

edge of the forest, covered with
grass and dense bushes
covers the hiding place, in which
We felt perfectly
away from the world of adults.

around us ants walked, beetles
and other insects hung
which caused unexpected
shiver to very their,
we came back hearing calling parents

around us ants walked, beetles
and other insects hung, and it
caused unexpected shiver.
on it view. we came back
hearing calling parents.

in order to wash oneself, to eat
and to stay in adults' house, which
understood and no, our small world,
smelling of the weed, grass,
and the of earth dug by the dog.

I smell this smell the same as sucking
in the empty stomach and the fullness
after eating the too lavish meal
because it was a place, which I recall.
it accidentally is pushing as the image,

remembered once and for all.

As The Bunny

I feel myself beside you
to be the bunny without
the scut

I am covering
the place
where could be grow

I am covering the confusion
with my smile
I know what you expected

surprises are my strong
point still
more than once

I will surprise you
with frolicsome pranks
and the delicacy of caress

with unusual project
of the bedroom
on the tree

you will get to
like everything
what is bringing

variety and anxieties
of the body
under my accidental touch

I it I know,
for the present, my dear,
cast a glance bunnies

from the 'playboy'.

As The Siren...

Shimmering spangles
are harmonizing
with the light
creating reflections.

like a small small stains
are crawling along the face,
hands' and spangles.

I am feeling almost
like as the siren...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Associations.

I am sitting calmly and you
are painting me with the eyesight
and imagination...

waves of my hair
lightly churned up
are accepting shoulders

both I feel on myself
your eyes and the smile
it is brightening every moment

and I can see even teeth
although it is not an advertisement
I associate you with the well known

man from the poster...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Be Happy And Happy From Very Morning

not yet you know how
I am able to be silent

without the word
without the smile
without you

not yet you know how
I can escape

before feeling
before living
before you

not yet you know how
I can missing

to love you
to forget
after yearn

not yet I know how
to name what is what

what is missing,
what wasn't,
and can be

today I wish you the nice day
don't you worry, that it is a day
without me

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Beaks

ducks have strange beaks
like people are jawing
sometimes not begrudging themselves

and oh, all right
and they don't know
what difference

whether I will let go after water
the pebble, or in the water
and what results from it

for everyone something different.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Beautiful-Colourful - Tanka

beautiful-colourful - TANKA

parrots in the cage.

are almost identical.

looking carefully.

on the examining crowd.

birds seem proud to us people.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Broken And Scattered

flash in the sun
observation
the golden hull
is glowing
is flashing
blue, blue
with a blueish tone...

colours and shadows
tea rose
in the vase
petals
are falling
softly
on the tablecloth

on the table cherries
behind the window morello cherry
the girl is catching
the skirt on the chair
lawn, barefooted feet
necklace
under the tree

my pearls...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

By The Water

already Sunday.
we are going
to the lake.
the longed-for
relaxation and tanning.

green little frogs
are jumping for us
under legs.
then again there
will be a concert.

in the vicinity
long-necked an elderly
lady is feeding swan.
I am putting pink
glasses on.

everything
now, seems
warmer
and nice.
even living...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Changeability

When you run short of love,
don` t wait, alone
you will burn yourself out

every emotion can be first.

if you are able to breathe
the same rhythm,
if you are able to track,
it down what best,
if you accept
what he is sorting.

every emotion can be first.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Changeable Weather

wet morning
but is already
brightening up
a time for the sun
on your face

the impish wind is raising
my gauzy scarf
is sailing and as the kite
on the sky
an August sun

through leaves
it is lighting
and is going out
as the candle blown out
when the night is falling...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Close Your Eyes... (For My Friend I.E. Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

In our dreams
everything is possible
in our dreams
I am by you.

you are speaking to me
my sweet dream
with you I feel,
just like, in heaven.

close your eyes and in a minute
a sunray will take you
and it will raise to edge of the rainbow
there, where happiness is lasting forever

I will be waiting
patiently for you
in our dreams
everything is possible.

You are talking
to me, my dream
my sweet dream,
love me... love me...

fall in love with me...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Colour Marbles Of Memories

dedicated for my niece - KB

completely slowly with promenade of emotions
thoughts and dreams are walking
creating 'excessive' view
of reality and of fantasy.

the wind of events and cases
is bringing up the see-saw
of human emotions and unusual
experiences not rhythmically.

and we are only freezing to the spot
with eyesight we are observing
colour marbles
scattered on the carpet

my and your memories
from the childhood
which for moments will try
reconstruct from the memory

how many there was left
in us of a child

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Comparison - Tanka

comparison - TANKA

red bush in garden,

on a brightly green background,

it looks like ginger.

as the wig of the neighbour.

only he, has colour bronze.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Dancing Sun

in flounces of the skirt
the sun today is dancing.
and the skirt is of colour,
of the orange.

I have exposed shoulders
the solar light
is heating me up
when I want.

and now, bath.
I have nothing... to discover.
don't peep...
secretly.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Desert Island

surrounded with water in the shaded
clump a greenness
of colourful wonderfulnesses
is hiding the symbiosis of the mystery
of the flora and fauna.

oasis of peace
place of meditation
is calling the shipwrecked person
with noisy cry
of exotic birds.

it is tempting human foots
into leaving at least
for a moment
own tracks
on golden sand

for some
attainable
only in the dream
but we still have
fingers and... maps

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Destroying Storm

storm clouds are hanging
above our house.
it was an accurate forecast.
restless birds and flashes
in the sky,

they are letting know,
that it is approaching.
thunder is striking
right after the lightning,
in nearby forest, where

darkness already at this hour.
in the morning the announcement
of damages, and repairing
what will be given to repair.
rest, for wasting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Drizzle

it is only a drizzle.
I am opening the umbrella,
she is protecting me.

you are saying:
- you look like
the ladybird

from a distance
and I know then that
fit to me
and to everything
what I like.

I am smiling and
I am thinking
about you:

- my loved beetle,
and I am paying back
with the warm smile,
so that you know.
`how I like you

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Elo Elo, Yoł And Much...Rap Excitement

a bit too the heat
is too hot
here
is now
it sometimes happens - yes! you!
sweat is flowing
and I am shoving
off
I am going
off
for a moment

I am leaving everything in so much
if only to shelter from the sun
I will be binding
myself by the evening
end at the end and I will entangle
the knot I will drown
someone's connection out
I will connect the
electric kettle
for myself
I will do the ovary
or the egg, the bal
but you be very keen on a start
don't do jokes from it that

a bit too the heat
is too hot
here
is now
it sometimes happens - yes! you!
sweat is flowing
and I am shoving
off
I am going
off

for a moment

when you are out of luck it is
not yet a tragedy
try to understand strategy
needed for you
a life is a grotesque
not a comedy
in the media
search
evil touch
wood one I certainly
know that

a bit too the heat
is too hot
here
is now
it sometimes happens - yes! you!
sweat is flowing
and I am shoving
off
I am going
off
for a moment

behind the city quickly behind the city
I am casting the password for you
temperature from the hour
to the grows hour
it is happening unbearably
behind the city more joyfully
because as here
as in the tropics
of the walking
and stick in bras
play the lifeguard
at the swimming pool they
in the price because

a bit too the heat
is too hot
here
is now
it sometimes happens - yes! you!
sweat is flowing
and I am shoving
off
I am going
off
for a moment

elo elo, yoł and much...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

End Of The Party - Tanka

end of the party

these are fireworks.

today, park lightened up.

the red squirrel in fear.

performances ended now.

but we don` t want to go home.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Evening Picture On The Sea

on the edge boats
in the distance ships
evening on the sea
the beach and benches
a bit farther

sunset
on horses people
the evening riders.
they are galloping
their horses

stars above us
as hung
your eyes
made dreamy
and in them fire...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Evil

'I am afraid of angels, they are good,
they will agree to be satans'. (S.J. Lec)

in the vestibules of the hell stray souls
they are hanging their sins on the steel hooks
of attentive looks and all associations
there already waiting groups of chosen ones
of fiend and bad what is ruling this world
in the darkness a venomous chick hatched

it is belching out fire is spitting bile for no reason
assigning future sins and guilts for others
it doesn't let catch the breath, destroying the ones
what they are unsubdued, and they won't find forgiveness
it isn't changing the diversity of the overinterpretation
neither place of the broadcasting station, salutary,

and maybe leading to the self - annihilation(?)

to oppose it is possible without the absolution
it isn't changing love of the mutual relation
which applause found at the majority
not out of fear with joy are committing
the same offences still

they are loved with hate,
for the long time suspended
with sins of stray souls
in the vestibules
on the steel hooks

: (< ___I___I___> :)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Fastening - Notches

they are cutting themselves, as zipper,
like this man, when he see me

he is starting from - good day,
and then, of already, cutting only...

small stammering, for as far as me sorrow,
when I am looking at remains

after the morning toilet, and shaving off,
paste still in corners.

and this smelling water, kind of
well-known about - brute, supposedly.

after all other. so interesting,
as visible rose-colour

of cheekbones. painted
with my look through...

... I will set in new... or buttons...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Fleeting And Elusive

Saturday

in the summer morning
the yard and the porch
light
and shade
up in the air bird
sun on water

is already sitting
and the man with the book
has the peace on the lake
the beautiful landscape
and he is reading
not feeling the touch
butterfly on the hand

orange you are touching
is fleeing
eternal traveller
where fields
freedom
the opened hand
and the space...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Fleetingly So - Tanka

an summer landscape

your hands are open so fast

butterfly on it

my thoughts are flying away

together with colour kites

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Flew Away - Tanka

flew away - TANKA

bottle with water.

today, I bought it fizzy.

it`s now, no longer.

too warm, so is tasteless.

I`m drinking only juices.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

For Future Generations - Tanka

for future generations

tracks of the nature.

I see all along the way.

the rain and the wind,

created, and strengthened.

form, the unique patterns.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

For New Holidays - Tanka

for new holidays - TANKA

a Christmas tree grows,

planted after holidays,

in our big garden.

on second Christmas, will be,

more and nice decorated.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Forest Stop - Tanka

forest stop - TANKA

under umbrella,

a gentleman is sitting.

on the stone small bench,

from the basket is taking

mushrooms, and he is cleaning.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Four - Leaf Clover

you wanted for me to hang beads
of red rowanberries, too early
only chestnuts were on the way
you collected it for me, stumbling over
looks of girls in the park.
they sat observing how you

are bending down and with the smile,
you are running between trees
and then you tore the sleeve,
completely by chance coming across my look,
and their voice, ran up to us and you rubbing
the scraped cuticle, you laugh heartily

alone from oneself, and running up quickly
you closed the four- leaf clover,
for me in the hand - fortunately
you said - let it will come true,
and I by myself always keep it,
when you are far...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Friendship In Words

when you are talking to me: you always...
I know that you can rely on me
and I won't disappoint

when you are talking to me: I for you...
I know that you will do nothing because you think
the friendship must be disinterested

therefore better leave
not needed for nobody words
your acts will certify to you

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

From You - Tanka

from you

already rising,

red balloons are flying now,

it towards the sun.

the colour is to tell me,

about your love, this ardent.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Grassy Meadow - Tanka

grassy meadow - TANKA

on the horizon.

low a sky is being put.

is hugged with clouds,

to the earth like I, to you.

is nice and warm, for us.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Growing Up

between choice about the good and evil
shut in world of the illusion of dreams
every day is coming into life
she is climbing consistently

as up as up the stairs
aiming at the maturity
in transit an sudden
platonic infatuations

of emotion are similar
to unstable railing
shyly is crossing borders
of bans and complexes

teenager stepping into life
years later she will recall
difficult growing up
like children's illness

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku

sweetness in her lips

now, is good time for truffles

pleasant addiction

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 321

a weather still

the pink and white sky.

sun is rising lazily.

the snow continues.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 584

with garden path

with the apple on spikes,

a small hedgehog is migrating,

straight to the greenhouse.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 588

fast ride

-

bus, on the run.

and only one strong pulling.

I am on the knees.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 683

by the seashore

blue, purple and white.

water and the sky and rocks,

evening on the sea.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 743

helper of the wind

leaves are flying up.

and our vacuum cleaner.

is turned on max.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 878

red wine is standing.

in the crystal glass goblet,

forest aroma.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 10

hampered ride

-

morning in the fog

winter images blurred

I `am looking for way

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 100

reality

he took illusions

all rose petals are falling

the parting aches

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 101

changeable weather

the first shy warm rays

the bad weather passed now

it time for the sun

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 102

under the influence

the cat is squinting

hidden behind the basket

and sun is blinding

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 103

surprise

-

is straight from the heart

picture, colourful greetings

present for the mum

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 104

debut

the young small artist

is declaiming his poems

parents are clapping

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 105

the amazing sea

blooming blue flowers

waving sea in my garden

aroma in the air

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 106

unexpected guest

the spring butterfly

is entangled amongst leaves

guest in the garden

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 107

it returned

the dream is real

spring is waiting in garden

flowers now bloomed

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 108

beach weather

today sky is clear

lack of even one a cloud

sun above the head

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 109

explosion

a first flowers spring

the garden decorating

exploding with smell

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 11

change of colours

the sun is passing

an evening is approaching

grass is darkening

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 110

rainy weather

today still raining

you are looking at the rain

longing for the sun

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 111

expectation

--

cat the observer

waiting for the sun now

snuggled to the pane

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 112

time for the dream

-

evening is coming

a next light is going out

general silence

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 113

today

-

this is free concert

as usual purring cat

I won't fall asleep

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 114

drying room - smoking room

its night travelling

the drying room is waiting

there and back and back

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 115

egotistical addiction

the cigarette smoke

is felt in air densely

and cough is prompting

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 116

seeking the shadow

is heat, air muggy

in the shadow of the trees

we are hiding fast

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 117

malicious remark

she is doing draughts

but worse than the runny nose

the mindlessness

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 118

fox

fast clever hunter

hidden in the greenery

rust-coloured flame

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 119

influence of smells

the nice fragrant oils

combination of the smells

impulse of senses

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 12

on the river

the old wooden steps

are running to river bank

amongst slender trees

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 120

wet ornament

nice fleeting treasure

after the rain the fresh dew

charm of the nature

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 121

surprise intercoursés

started rainy day

walk with the umbrella

rain is moving close

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 122

grey and wet

is rainy morning

the greyness behind window

I do not like this

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 123

forgotten chair

then again rainy

a green chair is getting wet

a sun was missing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 124

the weather disappointed

dark clouds in the sky

it's beginning to rain now

threads from the trip

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 125

sounds of the rain

-

gloomy a morning

the rain is drumming loudly

wet drops on the pane

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 126

escape

it started to rain

we are running at the trees

umbrella at home

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 127

slight nap

listening to rain

we are dozing in armchair

world is wet again

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 128

amongst umbrellas

wet morning today

people with big umbrellas

I`m opening my

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 129

after the rain

a cool rainwater

is squelching under ourlegs

walk in the puddle

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 13

in the park

efflorescent trees

are full of the loud big birds

now, pleased with a spring

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 130

fresh beauty

garden-fresh flower

it is red rose your treasure

now, straight to my hands

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 131

straight from the above

shower of the sky

it natural rainy drops

are chilling my face

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 132

return of the sun

it the first shy rays

finally after the rain

time for the sun, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 133

warmth

heated up with sun

noisy streets of your city

ready for the walk

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 134

forest thicket

the warm August sun

is showing leaves of trees through

road to the forest

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 135

reason for joy

it warm gentle rays

you are already smiling

and sun on your face

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 136

expectation

it is next wrinkle

signs of the time on the face

and it is passing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 137

morning nature

the rising sun shy

and landscape is in the fog

water in the gleam

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 138

on the way

the wooden footbridge

straight to forest is running

nature is there

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 139

resting

-

bicycle at the tree

we are sitting engrossed

the chirping and trills

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 14

it will be new

-

under the cut trunk

the white lilac put out twigs

it grow green pliable

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 140

soft and fluffy

little shaggy ball

we are holding in the hand

it timid rabbit

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 141

diligence

collecting the best

eternal flight of the bee

is flower nectar

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 142

from the cage

wings of the parrot

now are spread out for the flight

freedom is calling

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 143

encouraging creaking

the deep mountain lake

is inviting to its edge

a bridge is creaking

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 144

quiet longing

solitary tree

as the abandoned man

is withering fast

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 145

blooming

tulips on table

sun from behind the window

blooming in the vase

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 146

colourfully

colour beads and lights

they are playing and the dance

in the sun Joyfully

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 147

at sunrise

already morning

he is going on the bridge

the dog is leaping

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 148

solar reflections

the blue big windows

rays are reflecting firmly

the solar morning

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 149

blissful rest

cat on the pillow

it is time for morning rest

purring is heard, now

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 15

like in the mirror

-

new inshore houses

the water is reflecting

good visibility

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 150

to reach the sun

the place in the sun

cat is stretching little hands

it is catching rays

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 151

like on the frying pan

it is solar bath

her shoulders are exposed

there, nothing to hide

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 152

slender shadows

the strong solar light

bottles on the terrace

are casting shadows

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 153

on the sea

-

it charming photo

Dad and daughter on the beach

sun is in their hair

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 154

tanning

-

it is bright morning

you have face out to the sun

very pleasant warmth

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 155

smokers egoists

another evening

cloud of nicotine under

his wooden double door

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 156

in the summer

a blue gauzy skirt

sun is dancing in flounces

it`s her summer walk

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 157

a sun was missing

our fast return home

car pane is wet from the rain

puddles on the way

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 158

somebody strange

evening is coming

quiet footsteps at the door

but it is not you

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 159

what a ride!

night in the big block

and playing with buttons now

lift is working good

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 16

wrinkled blue

on a river bank

is slowly rinsing stones out

a cool calm water

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 160

shared tasting

warm August evening

cup of tea on the terrace

we only in two.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 161

without a question

the full bright moonlight

as this uninvited guest

is coming in room

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 162

night nightmare

you are escaping

somebody is chasing you

wake up, it a dream

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 163

sleeplessness

more and more later

you cannot still fall asleep

your eyes are closed

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 164

too hot

today hot evening

your window is opened

and moth are using

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 165

power of a dream

you feel tiring out

the dream is closing your eyes

bed is waiting now

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 166

surprise nap

it stopped action

dream in front of the TV

somebody is lost

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 167

instead of the lullaby

is time to the bed

Teddy bear good mate of the little boy

is the best plush pal

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 168

a dangerous service

the garden is safe

on the night, dog working there

intruder won't come

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 169

from angling

we are coming back

the day quickly is passing

our bucket empty

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 17

in way

I can't see the bus

the road aspiring uphill

I am going ahead

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 170

dreams of youthful hearts

their love is blooming

rapt into the noise of waves

dreaming pretty dream

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 171

time is passing

this waiting is worst

fifteen minutes are passing

anxiety in heart

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 172

pranks of the doggy

my best friend the dog

it playing hide and seek now

grass is hiding place

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 173

walk at dusk

in nearby forest

the heron scared away

is disappearing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 174

hunger

time of the fishing

a struggle with the network

birds are waiting now

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 175

in the centre of town

an empty funfair

the good old devilish wheel

is standing in sun

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 176

permanent direction

the road to the beach

the sea welcomes us with noise

our morning bath time

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 177

painter in the action

the pretty young girl

like the nymph amongst flowers

he is taking brush

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 178

to the trail

the blue and clear sky

is encouraging for walks

we are going up

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 179

to catch rays up

the man in the boat

is rowing fast to the sun

lovely bright August

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 18

time for the snowman

the nearby small hills

covered the morning snow

a white winter came

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 180

natural-born hunter

dark silhouette

in pursuit of the wild birds

your pedigree dog

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 181

amongst waves

solar reflections

our play in the sea, now

I am golden fish

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 182

cat dreamer

blue eyes of the cat

admiration for the sun

looking carefully

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 183

by the water

young boys on the bridge

they leaned against fences

movable shadows

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 184

a night guest

I hear night noises

the hedgehog on our terrace

walking in the dark

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 185

before the storm

is change of weather

sun already behind clouds

rain will start the show

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 186

a dancing gilding

slowly walk on field

the August sun is dancing

on the tips of spikes

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 187

a sadness

in the cloudy day

my tears instead of the rain

are covering face

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 188

let us rejoice

way for the sorrows

four the paws and loved shaggy

our friend a good dog

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 189

a tanning

our stay on the beach

we are using the sunlight

the skin likes bronze

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 19

greediness

one girl in the park

is looking at the snowman

eating the carrot

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 190

beginning of the day

-

an summer morning

noise is waking me from sleep

bird amongst the branch

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 191

scorching heat

-

it is tiring heat

so difficult to breathe

and stuffy indoors

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 192

walk along the seashore

their shared a walk

beach welcomes with noise of waves

man and dog moving

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 193

summer nights

warm July evening

moon is looking into eyes

window is open

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 194

growing

hastily uphill

it is climbing up the pole

the fresh smelling peas

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 195

flower garden

colourful lilies

they are more and more high now

cause have much a sun

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 196

bird's doctor

it small sharp a beak

is tapping the bark of trees

woodpecker working

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 197

as the cut

I feel strange body

hand, more and more is swelling

effective stinging

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 198

ore

of wood to the tree

a ore squirrel is jumping

it is waving the tail

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 199

sounds

I am admiring

forest and a loud cuckoo

echo repeating

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 20

winter play

-

it long skating rink

how at one time is tempting

I am a big child

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 200

meadow

music amongst grass

invasion of grasshoppers

the wind is helping

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 201

falling asleep

sleeping little town

lights going out in windows

cats eyes are shining

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 202

the painting

summer colour

grabbed hold of on linen

picture July field

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 203

before the rain

a clouds are dimmed

swallows now low are flying

I feel the first drops

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 205

cucumbers

I feel the freshness

green cucumbers in salad

is fresh and healthily

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 206

tomatoes

are already red

on the green bushes densely

good pulp is tempting

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 207

lettuce

green heads of lettuce

are keeping the solar heat

a wide-stretching leaves

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 208

carrot

vegetable basket

a garden-fresh young carrot

it good vitamins

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 209

African violet

in the greenhouse sun

it is warming through a panes

violets like warmth

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 21

good room attraction

sweet aquarium fish

it is waving the small tail

scales are shining

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 210

blooming garden

colourful flowers

smells quickly are mixed now

it real perfume shop

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 211

lifeguards are on the alert

warm, with sun hot waves

are inviting us to swim

sea into the noon

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 212

baths

from the sea to sand

we are drying our bodies

salt in the my mouth

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 213

little calm lake

in a minute race

sailing boats from the start now

appropriate wind

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 214

ball on the beach

the ball is in the game

we are playing volleyball

sand is burning feet

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 215

basket on the beach

very young high boys

are playing the basketball

the rain is winning

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 216

under the stars

the July evening

is heralding the warm night

sleeping by the tent

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 217

horse racing

-

the white-maned horse

is overtaking other

I`m winning the race

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 218

unusual view

beautiful peacock

is walking along the park

me enrapturing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 219

not yet it is raining

it gray cloudy sky

and still cut with the flashes

calm before the storm

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 22

NESSIE searching

circles on water

mystery for researchers

and where the truth lies

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 220

pier

the old wooden pier

are taking over seagulls

here and there young man

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 221

flight

aeroplane is up

it flying above the head

I`m steering in thoughts

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 222

experienced

the lonely yachtsman

is waiting for a strong wind

now waiting calmly

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 223

on a mountain path

on a mountain peaks

remains as patches of snow

the sky is more close

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 224

skiing school

skis on legs are now,

you are ranking dumper trucks,

you are standing up

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 225

difficult jumps

next jumper and all

are waiting for the weather

jump is canceled

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 226

win not this time

he is flying high

the wind is in his favour

suddenly blast and fall

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 227

willingness of the win

they are going up

everyone for the medal

only one will win

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 228

unsuccessful jump

-

in the T-shirt of the leader,

is supposed to be winner,

disappointing us

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 229

annual competition

-

winter and skiing

now it is time for ski jumps

happy hearts of fans

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 23

where monster is

-

walking by the edge

we are waiting for Nessie

lack of happiness

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 230

from best

-

pretended bilbord

a face very familiar

he is smiling now

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 231

to mushrooms

-

walk to the forest,

we are finding four mushrooms,

is one real good

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 232

picnic

-

it forest clearing

we are laying food and drinks

it is a good meal

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 233

he and the doe

-

he stopped and look,

is leaving from behind trees,

her fear, is stronger.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 234

their smell is attracting

-

a dots in the grass,

white lilies of the valley,

bells are tempting me

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 235

only in the dream

-

it the rainy drop,

is falling off the leaf, on nose,

after the dream now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 236

with night

-

the tall and green trees

are hugging to near crowns

forest is sleeping

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 237

road through forest

-

light from the flashlight

night darkness is scaring of

I`m clearing my way

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 238

forest after the storm

-

the fresh vivid green.

I feel the morning air.

after the rain nice.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 239

view of the pond

-

ducks are on water.

all are swimming one by one

the frog is croaking

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 24

waiting

-

resident of depths

it fascinates tourists

the legend still lives

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 240

in the fresh air

-

little soap bubbles

are spraying above our heads

are more beautiful

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 241

on fish

-

old man in the launch

the attentive observer

is waiting for fish

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 242

jump with eyes closed

-

now, on the springboard,

an man is bending over

is closing his eyes

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 243

a spark

-

barn is on fire

fire service is driving

spark is the reason

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 244

the flood

-

water is rising

evacuated people

broken embankments

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 245

the flood -2

people on the roof

belongings are floating fast

the boats are sailing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 246

place of the Cupid

the small summerhouse

it is tempting quiet place

with intimacy

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 247

change of seasons

yellowed leaves

again rustle under feet

it`s going autumn

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 248

winter

is white and frosty

it will cover up, sweep up,

like every year, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 249

the summer sun

already brown skin

colour tanning everyday

about one hour

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 25

long-term observation

above of depths

head of the monster and neck

it`s only eyestrain

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 250

g

'she' awoke our hearts

it is finally ruling

the May is near

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 251

in field

two clouds are floating

only solitary tree

is waiting for it

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 252

holiday on the sea

I have a sea view

and I hear scream of seagulls

opened window

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 253

nice surprise

between forest trees

a rapid stream is humming

is rolling on stones

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 254

hot summer

yellow and green belts

a solar fields are blooming

spikes are ripening

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 255

meadow

camomile flowers

are looking into the sky

with yellow eye up

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 256

preparations

squirrel are planning holes

hazel nuts are ripening

winter is coming

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 257

morello cherries

branches are bending

cracked ripening fruits

a juice is dripping

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 258

apples

spreading apple tree

bent to the ground with fruits

is inviting us

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 259

plums

--

still warm from the sun

are waiting for frying now

sweet large swollen fruits

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 26

income

fairly good business

Nessie still is on the top

attracting tourists

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 260

balcony flowers

colour underwear

is fluttering on the air

is knocking petals

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 261

ripening in the sun

golden sunflowers

are sticking out to the sun

every ray needed

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 262

tomatoes

remarkable heat.

in the greenhouse ripening.

falling from the bush

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 263

cucumbers

on bushes tied up

cucumbers climb up quickly

every day are more

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 264

garden in the summer

sprinkled green fresh lawn

daisies are leaning their heads

colourfully now

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 265

smell

I smell the sweetness.

the night-scented stock smells most.

I have colour dreams.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 266

Red macaw ('Macaw macao')

the colour macaw

on the gray branch without leaves

is bending her claws

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 267

Parrot - Macaw ararauna (light blue Macaw)

yellow abdomen

green-blue enrapturing wings

colourful parrot

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 268

Bassed Hound

short-legged a dog,

long ears are flying about,

it is running fast

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 269

basilisk hooded seal (Basillscus americanus)

arboreal lizard

comb on the head and the back

male basilisk sleep

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 27

windy

my window is dark,

the wind is growing stronger

now play in pipes

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 270

wild boars without

the black and wild high

forest bush, grows in our park

good to preserves

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 271

in front of the house

a fountain gushing

cool and branch water non-stop

is refreshing air

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 272

green Italian broccoli

full of the small rose

delicacy of gourmets

sprouting broccoli,

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 273

box tree (Buxus sempervirens)

leaves as leather

fast grows, pleasant to the touch

a boxwood hedge

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 274

grey heron as the angler

large heron light grey

is paddling in the water

waiting for fish

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 275

searching with eyesight

the man is standing

motionless in the water

is looking for fish

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 276

breakfast

the big umbrella

this is healthy the mushroom

fried with great pleasure

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 277

dahlia (Dahlia)

garden dahlias grow

on the Polish flower bed

Mexican origins

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 278

red oak

impressive high tree

leaves, it are turning red,

natural beauty

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 279

attention - vicious dog!

behind the fence,

very gently looking dog.

big black Dobermann.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 28

slippery

--

water frozen now

February showing a grit

on the roadway glass

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 280

pedigree dog on the exhibition

big, strong and battle

now, white and the black

it Harlequin Dog

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 281

woodpecker

on head as the cap,

he red belt and black feathers

forest telegraph

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 282

Wild boar (Scrofa Leap)

ancestor of pig

the large wild boar is digging

the fresh forest floor

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 283

dogs - boarhounds

trained hunting dogs

on hunt are tracking wild boar

and in the end, is.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 284

geyser

our admiring is really

it steels reproaching both

hot water, and steam

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 285

bullfinches - (PYRRHULA PYRRHULA)

colourful birds

are from sparrows. protected.

are pecking at the favourite grain.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 286

Paniculata hydrangea

in flowerpots grows

people still enrapturing

pink hydrangea

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 287

Stars far

electric breakdown

behind the window darkness

but shining the moon

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 288

lanterns and neon

municipal light

Flicker quickly and non-stop

jauntily in the dark

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 289

Flashlight

a bright streak of light

is lighting the forest path

now, the road is straight

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 29

Ragdoll

ready for the play

a doll from pieces of cloth

move needed for it

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 290

on the sea

lighthouse and it lights

showing the way to the port

big ships are waiting

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 291

sea view

seagulls are perchin.

on sea waves for a moment.

buoys are moving

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 292

View from balcony

Today, dense fog.

enveloped sleepy town.

people in the move

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 293

from the lightning..

now lightning will strike

we are counting how far is

sounds of the storm are

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 294

rain

drops are on the nose

it dripping to my wet chin

holes in umbrella

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 295

small pond

is touching water

rainbow in the my garden

beautiful colours

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 296

rain, the natural garden cleaning

today hedge is green

and gleaming, because dust flowed

now, is fresh and clean

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 297

watering

sprinkler is working

I direct streams of water

directly to the lawn

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 298

it grows, and it is ripening

a young woody stalks

now are climbing together

with the fruit, green grapes

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 299

there will be a storm

muggy and stuffy

in the distance big flashes

it will be pouring

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 30

visit of 'Emma'

'Emma' came running

not sparing a people, is

blowing trees over

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

'Emma' - here, name of the hurricane!

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 300

going by the pond

I`m looking surprised

frogs are jumping a green path

quickly and nimbly

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 301

funny photo

I wove the garland

it is a white fresh clover

dog will have a pic

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 302

hunt

this is sounds of hunt

now wild boar in the escape

dogs are baying loud

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 303

the cart on the road

the white mane is blown.

horseshoes of horse's hooves.

I hear knocking them

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 304

domestic news

in the country joy,

a harvest is beginning.

they speak in TV

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 305

on field, the weather disappointed

are placing sheaves.

a weather is frightening.

now, is starting rain.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 306

an apple tree ripened

apples are falling.

are ripening, are heavy.

and there broken branch.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 307

brightly and nicely

moon above forest

scattered stars on the sky

full of lights is now

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 308

in the morning

dew in the garden.

I am fast chilling my legs.

diamonds are bursting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 309

without the clock - longer

I `m winding a clock.

and a spring is breaking now.

I `m sleeping longer

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 31

hurricane with night

rabies the 'Emmy'

behind the window howling

and tragedy close

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 310

time for the day

the moon is setting.

now, a dawn is getting up.

the sky is shining

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 311

as nightingales

--

this is choir of boys

they sing in honour of God

it angelic tone

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 312

her face

smiling face.

there are no tears and worries.

visible happiness.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 313

without question

it heart is burning.

love is kindling the fire.

feel a pleasant warmth.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 314

flying beauty

moon shining crescent.

big dragonfly is flying

over a water

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 315

healthy oak

is a cracked earth.

discovering the bare root.

the old oak tree.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 316

diligent

it weave silver threads.

is hanging it on the trees.

spider is working.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 317

good night

a silver moon, now.

is surfacing from water.

a night is coming.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 318

two babies

two white teddy bears

are romping about in snow

in the Zoo is trip

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 319

accustoming

gallop of the horse

clatter of hooves is heard

it is still very wild

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 32

hurricane in action

it is mad ' Emma '

everything - real havoc

is wreaking vermin

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 320

they aren't colliding

a road is snowy

on the bend, there are five a trees

it grow from the side

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 322

all white

trees are going gray

hoar frost is on branches

charm of the winter

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 323

resemblance

stick in the anthill

nervously ants are running

just like a people

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 324

the night song

evening on the beach

we are listening music

a girl is singing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 325

hot sand

tracks of daily walks

on the edge is the little shell.

I`m collecting it

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 326

before the storm

morning rainy clouds

are gathering above us

sky is darkening

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 327

with every step hat

the short and wide way

mushrooms like after the rain

at the forest clearing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 328

in the park

is agile and fast

is jumping lightly on branches

the red little squirrel

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 329

white belles

white swan dignified

somebody is feeding them

are stretching necks out

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 33

'Emma' in attack

--

together with death

their a victims are mowing

are mercilessly

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 330

before the competition

colour sailing ships

are standing big by the edge

waiting for the start

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 331

pleasing noise

the little cascade.

foaming, is humming her.

transparent water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 332

pleasing noise

the little cascade.

foaming, is humming her.

transparent water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 333

active rest

the wind is fanning

bicycle wheels are spinning

pleasant with useful

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 334

tired (?)

on the net curtain

the colourful butterfly

like from the picture

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 335

beauty to the beauty

flowers in her hair

it the beauty and the charm

smelling colours

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 336

stormy weather

I on guarded beach.

I`m looking, sea is churned.

ban on the bath, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 337

learning

colour swimming caps.

swimming pool full of people.

they are learning swim.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 338

fish and chip shop at the beach

from the frying pan

I `m eating, near a sea.

good fresh fried fi

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 339

pile-up

collision on road

the heat is from the sky

quarrel of drivers

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 34

without rest 34

working firemen

feel effects of the action

'Emma' - painfully

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 340

three fallen

I bought the ice-cream.

on the pavement lies, now.

these are three tastes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 341

accident

it banana crust.

on the pavement fast skid.

must need plaster, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 342

and...steak

it is good fast food.

fast, for our hungry man.

the chip... as ever.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 343

trainee

young hairdresser girl,

she is fast cutting hair, all.

only is learning.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 344

experienced hairdresser

a man is cutting

quickly and efficiently

isn't leaving hair

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 345

announcement

it is hairdressing.

new methods of the cutting.

the wigs on the spot.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 346

white singer

like the nightingale woman.

is singing with soprano.

husband is old bass.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 347

poppy field

field sown densely

is blooming with red flowers

like blood poured out

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 348

other fashion

I `m swimming by boat.

the wind is combing my hair.

it cosmic hairstyle.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 349

it passed

on the big old tree,

the knife, chiselled two big hearts.

it the vandal love.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 35

for some

bad 'Emma' with winds

leading again in the dance

it party with death

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 350

coolness and the warmth

we are entering forest.

it is quietly and coldly.

glade in the sun.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 351

I bought new

the rainy July.

I am not counting on sun.

still it is raining.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 352

rainy day

my wellington boots.

they are leaving my wet tracks.

I`m wringing the dress.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 353

as it with summer

high temperature still.

more and more great desire.

I am drinking tea.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 354

they aren't letting forget

as your eyes, blooming,

light blue small forget-me-nots.

you remember me.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 355

flowers

fragrant cut flowers,

long are standing in the vase.

ask for the water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 356

with one ear by the earth

I lie quietly

I am listening carefully

what there is in grass

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 357

real too

green grass of meadows.

it is hiding in itself.

other lives and world.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 358

don` t smoke

cigarette smoke still.

grey mist. it is poisoning.

the environment.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 359

the time isn` t standing

sheet less every day.

more and more thin calendar.

I more and more old.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 36

'Emma' is changing direction

is flying above

are saying - walked away

it wreaking havoc

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 360

image of the village

cock is on the fence.

the village smells of fresh hay.

it is from the film.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 361

cat

cat is on the fence.

made indolent with hot sun.

it fur too warm, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 362

diligent birds

black crows in the move.

they are working in the field.

are checking seeds fast.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 363

after the walk

large puddles around.

and mud of the forest way.

on my summer shoes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 364

weaver

the small black spider.

walking after the white wall.

weaving will be here.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 365

observing the nature

by light blue water.

the calm heron is dozing.

it very nice view.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 366

in the morning

morning fogs today,

they are obscuring the view.

but they are falling.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 367

like the mirror

it is a race of clouds.

and calm water of the lake.

is reflecting it.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 368

tically

small island at night.

it view is enrapturing.

when the moon is high.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 369

amazing

between big green hills.

pushed with belt, dark blue lake.

it as the huge eye.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 37

beautiful long neck

-

little restless pond

every day is swung water

is caressing swans

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 370

the sun is setting

sun is hiding fast.

in orange and red colours.

on the horizon.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 371

from above - more lightly

the sandy long road.

is directing from above.

to the green valley.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 372

dangerous and beautiful

long rocky edge.

here waves always break.

with times of the boat.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 373

beauty

gold desert sands.

it is sometimes dangerous.

for strange tourist.s

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 374

memory

the painted meadow

resembles me the summer

and unguarded beach

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 375

in grass

little nap on field.

a touch is waking me up.

a butterfly wing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 376

on the desert

the green oasis.

inviting a caravans.

it not a mirage.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 377

shore of the ocean

the two old green palms.

hammock swung, by the strong wind.

owner on a sand.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 378

resemblance of shapes

straight from a water

from a distance like a man

big rock amongst waves

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 379

in the vicinity

mother with children.

are wandering with seashore.

beside sailing ship.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 38

season for hats

-

big hat in green grass

it`s autumn composition

mushrooms are waiting

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 380

on blue water

a sun is setting.

blue sky is almost pink, now.

cutters are moored.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 381

by the house

red small bridge, around,

and all colours flower, smell.

middle of summer.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 382

secret place

there is a chasm down.

old ruins of the castle.

this view is fearsome.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 383

don't let surprise yourself

heavy rains non-stop.

it is frightening people.

embankment is bad.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 384

singing

a brook is humming

is running under small bridge

it is river song

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 385

by car, after midnight

it lights on the road.

a terribly, looking now,

in the thick night fog.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 386

lightning from the sky

stumps of the big tree.

resemble the storm string a storm.

and hitting lightning.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 387

storm at night

in the sky of torn.

and electrical discharge.

darkness and lightnings.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 388

admiration of the imponderable

it`s a beautiful.

a wildness of the nature.

and to acquainting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 389

avenue in red

it is going along stairs.

autumn, red, yellow, and gold.

is scattering leaves.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 39

from the autumn park

it is red chestnuts

material on figurines

at school is display

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 390

love

the couple of swan.

it flowing towards itself,

and we in the lake.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 391

already winter

homestead, more low.
the tall tree is the higher.
everything in white.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 392

weather without changes

into clouds a trail.

of the grey, smoke is going.

knee-deep in the snow.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 393

sleigh ride

runners on the snow.

are impressing tracks of sleigh.

a real winter ride.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 394

winter colour

a whitewashed fence.

winter this year is sincere.

it is white around.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 395

carelessness

-

I`m shaking the branch.

snowy cotton is spilling.

on my head and coat.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 396

high and beautiful

white crowns.

donned all trees.

dignified appearance.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 397

of in length enclosing

stuck densely, stakes.

marking the road out, for us.

now, it is snowy.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 398

reflections

red, on the white snow.

turn reflections from the sun.

and it, is setting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 399

of the gardener hand

spherical hedges,

they are cut regularly,

and the one`s order.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 40

living model

narrow window sill

in the pane pure-bred cat

living mannequin

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 400

road

it is white small church.

red leaves of the tree.

only stairs uphill.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 401

carpeted forest

tips of Christmas trees.

now, it look from the snow.

winter is snowing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 402

with road into the distance...

on the right, and far.

it`s really, snowy forest.

but passable road.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 403

view casting spells

the calm waterfall.
amongst the greenness of trees.
is flowing down blue.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 404

I am getting some more paint

it`s autumn colours.

I am painting a picture.

the park avenue.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 405

behind the city

ice cold icicles.

dripping are hanging from roofs.

village is snowy.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 406

sea view

the wooden gangway.

leading simply to the beach.

on the way palm trees.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 407

remote place

big and lonely rocks.

a beach is emptied, now.

quietly... sadly...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 408

natural resources

the completely green.

and maize on the big fields.

it is like a gold.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 409

she finally came

spring is coming now.

snows, very slowly melting.

the first flowers are.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 41

walk in the rain

-

it`s raining non-stop

couple under umbrella

taken out on rain

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 410

time for leave

--

my house on the beach.

I am resting from the work.

sea is soothing me.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 411

winter it still lasts

hat. on the pillar.

sewn with hand, of the winter.

is strengthening frost.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 412

smelling and healthy

a field. camomile.

white flowers amongst green grass,

yellowed inside.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 413

I from a distance

bright solar bullet.

and golden belt in the lake.

I`m photographing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 414

from the meadow

the white dandelion.

is flying away again.

it white and soft, down.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 415

this slender and high

the slender poplars.

lasting with row, on river.

water reflections.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 416

morning

light in the bathroom.

smell of your paste to teeth,

and blue undervest.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 417

fly

it is on the wall.

it`s entered by window.

swat in the work, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 418

gusty

seaside sand dunes.

it is throwing dust to eyes.

wind in the attack.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 419

bath

on the way, a stream.

I am stopping, but while short.

face, again is clean.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 42

wet concert

dropp behind the dropp

autumn concert in the park

it is rainy notes

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 420

on the cross-country

path on the meadow.

well already trampled down.

straight to the platform.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 421

gymnastics

I am exercising breaths.

my heart, better is working.

more fast beating.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 422

there, everything is possible

between many stars.

the moon on the milky way.

a meeting in dream.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 423

enchantment

is night-time concert.

cricket, behind the chimney.

I am listening.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 424

in the vase

it is white small bells.

I am carrying fresh lilies.

here smelling spring.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 425

stranger

a lamp is lighting.

standing behind the window.

and dogs is bark him.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 426

it flew

contrail in the sky.

aeroplane is above us.

is disappearing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 427

now, is warmly.

it morning coffee.

the cup is hot, now.

I am warming hands.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 428

stop

under roof, the crowd.

water is leaking from up.

rain is persisting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 429

memory from the dream.

on a street-organ.

the funny cheerful monkey.

and the grandfather,

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 43

careful helper

dog of gardener

is pulling the wheelbarrow

entire flowerpots

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 430

plum jam

very sweet fruits.

now are sticky to my hands.

I `m slowly frying.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 431

under the pine

ant, on the long path,

and it, one, after second.

are carrying needles.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 432

compulsory stop

now, is closed gate.

we are waiting on the level.

fast is driving up.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 433

return from the shopping

everything is sniffing.

is checking, what I bought now.

our loved, puppy dog.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 434

small doggy

it is not sleeping

from the morning is barking

maybe is afraid

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 435

night-time talks

lights are going out.

and everything is bright now.

I `m going to sleep.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 436

disregarding

--

it is paper world.

on the bookshelves with books.

fly is not caring.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 437

beyond the time

you live, like people.

are wandering, coming back.

walk away, as man

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 438

rising

in the green leaves, now.

is glowing. a morning sun.

day, slowly is going.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 439

between

wide canyon a narrow.

river, is cutting in two.

it`s tearing ahead.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 44

alone by the edge

wave is chasing wave

one lonely dog on the beach

nice morning frolics

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 440

fall into a reverie

sitting, at the edge.

the wind is tousling white dress.

and she thinks of swim.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 441

remains of the autumn

an autumn, was gone.

still, on the trees. yellow leaves.

and around, winter.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 442

as the flower

colour butterfly.

a beauty wings, is stretching,

between the flowers.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 443

rapid stream

on the washed stones,

foamed water is falling.

with white foam down.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 444

through binoculars

high mountains.

are covering horizon.

I see a trees, good.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 445

sweet view

the house on water

in the style 'on summerhouse'

the warm memory

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 446

I am photographing the nature

the fog rose more up.

is covering, with half tree.

isn` t disturbing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 447

painting

lilac-purple bell

the nature is mixing paint

and pink is the most

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 448

from the arrival to the arrival

the tall and large tree,

and is wobbling in silence,

is waiting for birds.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 449

cascade

still, by every days.

old washes stone steps.

falling clean water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 45

jazz night

neon lights attract

now moon above the city

a jazz in the club

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 450

beauty in 'mirror'

glass of the nature.

is reflecting views mountain.

in blue calm water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 451

a dream put him to sleep

horses, are grazing.

beside, a lot of trees grow.

boy on the green grass.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 452

creatures of imagination

sky is in fire.

now, on it the red background.

the tree like the hand.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 453

and with night...

above us white clouds.

the whipped cream for the stars.

the moon. offering.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 454

fulfilments

armchair on the bridge.

the boat always is at edge.

his dreams have big sails.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 455

walk

house, is on the way.

it green, old, forester's lodge.

big forest, around.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 456

after sadness

on your loved nice face.

the sun is drying all tears.

your a smile, is nice.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 457

armchair which is...

in my memory,

are always: the old armchair,

grandfather which was...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 458

cookies at one time

always grandmother.

is baking more sweet cookies.

in my memory.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 459

shower

small watering can.

is on the big iron hook.

a shower mini.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 46

hot holidays

golden - yellow sand

rest in the shadow of palms

charm of the tropics

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 460

birthday cake

the big layer cake.

there are now, colour candles.

every year is more.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 461

beautiful and wet

small leaf rolled up.

there, inside are rainy drops

like the jewellery

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 462

around and over

meadow and mountains.

white angel from the clouds, is...

sailing on the sky.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 463

polypody clump

thick ferns are growing.

and greenness under the trees.

atmosphere is clear.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 464

the first rays

It`s good lighted leaf.

slowly, are disappearing.

drops, as the wet balls.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 465

forest pond

through a thick branches.

I am looking at water.

it behind the tree.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 466

trim garden

on the flower bed

the gardener is watering

spherical bushes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 467

races

on the leaf small drops.

are racing from the morning.

and fast falling down.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 468

lane with gaps

narrow avenue.

lightly bent trees to oneself.

are creating roof.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 469

forest surprise

are running middle.

the wooden steps of forest.

between a green trees.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 47

it is easier to write

love declarations

sand told her everything now

huge heart is drawing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 470

lakelet

strong, bumpy lakeside.

in the water a tall trees,

are looking oneself.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 471

in the greenness

small bridge by the water.

in the water white water lilies.

beautiful and clean.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 472

come across...specimen

it the large hat grows.

here on the forest meadow.

big healthy mushroom.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 473

grass

it grass trodden down.

animals passed this way.

I can see their tracks.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 474

rest

the blue sky today.

clouds feathery are floating.

I, on the meadow.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 475

swimming pool

the blue big water.

tourists, inviting today.

the water is warm.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 476

like a child

the little kitten,

is romping about in grass,

is playing with ball.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 477

forest pond

transparent mirror.

even more beautiful tree.

lies in the water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 478

happy family

she is smiling here.

it is a colour picture.

parents with the child.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 479

country picture

on the pond, ducks. now,

are swimming families,

between reeds here.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 48

multi-storey

delighting the eye

sweet inscription - best wishes

always your creamy

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 480

as enchanted

the little green frog.

are looking innocently,

they goggled eyes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 481

the lifeguards are essential

it the golden beach,

inviting, with clean water.

and protected still.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 482

ladybird

subtle black small dots.

it is a red ladybird,

walks on the table.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 483

as people

leaves full of holes.

and one, some in yellow stains.

trees are ill here.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 484

only to be afraid

ginger in bushes.

is posing as the tiger.

it impish small cat.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 485

in the forest

it`s covering moss.

I`m stumbling over the stone.

is amongst the fern.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 486

I am admiring

on the farm of hen.

in the orchard large fruits.

I straight from city.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 487

on the car park

she, amongst the cars.

the woman with the shopping

is searching, for car.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 488

gallery

unbleached canvas.

admiring work of champions,

I see their hands.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 489

to have imagination!

the branch tangled up.

wooden web in the forest.

in eyes of artist.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 49

unforgettable evening

their dancing shadows

cheerfully a fire is cracking

party on the beach

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 490

such a nature

the lurking big fox.

is waiting, on a quarry.

it is must still hunt.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 491

their garden

trees and thick bushes.

the colours like in Eden.

Adam and Eve, too.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 492

after the mushroom picking

border of forest.

the wooden table, benches,

and is where to rest.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 493

suspended

farther and higher.

a swing is flying away.

bent branch to the earth.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 494

hot

is round tent, here.

instead of the summerhouse.

shadow is cooling.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 495

quickly and efficiently

on map of the world,

I am finding my good place.

to you, is more close.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 496

joy of the reading

I have your letters.

each of them I am sealing.

with my sweet kisses.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 497

always talk to me

it is your frankness.

is correcting the heartbeat.

and tenderness thinks.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 498

bewitchment

reeds by the water.

softly for me are singing.

only he, loves you....

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 499

I already know

above the seashore.

I`m thinking about your eyes.

I know, that you love...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 50

delight to the palate

old a teapot blue

fresh green is soothing senses

time of the tasting

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 500

beauty of the nature

sweet white small roses.

man 'with the class' it is you.

thank you for posy.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 501

the deep depths

it`s bridge on the lake.

water enveloped is fogs.

depths are horrifying.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 502

forest with night

the moon amongst trees.

is already heard howling.

it wolfish nature.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 503

speed

galop, amongst grass.

white horse in one's element.

rider on the saddle.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 504

time of the autumn

it gold and redness.

in leaves, sinking avenue,

autumn is going.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 505

appealing

delighting the eye.

blue amongst the leaves.

butterfly from dream.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 506

nuts, on the table

here, closed window.

somebody, looking inside.

this is red squirrel.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 507

at the crack of dawn

orange sky, today,

and birds in the departure.

are like aviation.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 508

new household member

beautiful green eyes.

curiously they are looking.

kitten in your house.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 509

nostalgically

here, with drops of rain,

on the pane, a good, visible,

new tracks of your tears.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 51

on the stick

sweet white little cloud

temptation for everyone

my sugar cotton

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 510

at sunset

it is scenic landscape.

a boat is swinging itself.

in red water lake.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 511

on the branch

one bird is a red.

three are in orange colour.

it is 'cardinals'.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 512

is in a house

my nice animal,

it has a big and blue eyes,

a cat - home mascot.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 513

element of the fire

firemen in the action.

flames are more and more small.

a man is won, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 514

element of water

a wave of the storm.

more growing the sea,

reproaching ashore.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 515

before the revolution

an earth, shook moving.

it general commotion.

there, were no victims.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 516

from above

it white like a milk.

now, water is flowing down.

after mossy stones.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 517

I am going

street is from above.

I`m coming back from the trip.

for legs more lightly.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 518

photogenic

the blue dragonfly,

is flying low near water.

I am doing pic.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 519

together

the spotted big cow.

is nibbling grass on meadow.

with the little dog.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 52

without the occasion

morning crimson red

my fresh surprise in crystal

today bunch from him

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 520

in the darkness

it is the lighthouse.

is giving the bright lighting.

orange on water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 521

I love animals

it is small tiger.

looking on me trustfully.

cute and nice photo.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 522

water is boiling

the kettle whistling.

dog is barking at neighbours.

we have ill nerves.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 523

in the own sauce

I `m closing windows.

in this house they are snoring.

I `m suffocating.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 524

up-down

he is running up.

suddenly a bag is breaking.

apples are rolling.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 525

carefree manners

he has flame in eyes.

and empty in the pocket,

he lives on credit.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 526

behind the city

it the sandy road.

all over, yellowing grass.

the tree is in red.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 527

image

this is strange nature.

and it, landscape as painted.

the artistic hand.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 528

fragrant

the big limewood tree.

sweet aroma is tempting.

there will be a tea.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 529

in the forest

between green bushes,

more and more, wild large thicket.

I`m clearing the way.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 53

taking will be

away in the fog

all waiting for the fishing

the lake is silent

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 530

from a distance

the circle, red sun,

is spilling the rest of gold,

on the horizon.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 531

high won't cover

three ancient large trees,

grow on the edge of forest.

behind that steep hills.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 532

immune to the wind

the wide and green hills.

lilac-coloured heather.

is washed by dew.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 54

symptoms

low flight of seagulls

storm-tossed sea is humming

an approaching storm

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 543

in the sky and in water

with the red, yellow.

colour is combining, now,

pink complementing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 544

side of oneself

the two small a trees,

seated on the green, big hill.

now, are as a couple

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 545

from the distance

this a red squirrel.

keeping something, in the claws.

her tail is a long.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 546

for lost and confused

the same as the lamp.

the forest house, post lightings.

still are raising hope.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 547

rainy day

a car is shining.

the roadway after the rain.

shower from above.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 55

tasty breakfast

sweet golden on bread

nice beginning of the day

it is good bee gift

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 550

time for changes

spring on the threshold.

the first flowers in my vase,

and birds come back, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 551

and it is a summer

we are buying oil.

now, the sun is blazing down.

needed protection.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 552

golden autum

it is ripening,

a time for autumn harvests,

and to supplies, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 553

time and dream

the dream is taking.

the wasted time up - used up.

I am not sleeping.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 554

emptiness

-

sometimes, seems to us,

a spiritual emptiness,

it`s in us alone.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 555

words

-

knows, the silent screen,

like necessary to save words.

it must be enough.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 556

empty street

-

it is the dark street.

shadow of the lonely girl.

the town is sleeping.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 557

on the street

lightings of the street,

are enlivening the city.

this is at more ease.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 558

cat in the action

waiting in the dark.

behind the corner black cat,

and...curtain falling.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 559

light out

a little children,

their noses are on the glass,

waiting for a light.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 56

Filemon cat

between green trees

in the big hammock

little 'hairy ball'

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 560

run

her thumping is heard.

is running with empty street,

fear is seizing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 561

shadows

whole night is of lights.

long shadows of the lamp post,

and is yours inside.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 562

like in the garden

it opened room.

now, on the table are fruits,

flowers in the vase.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 563

climbing roses

the smelling roses,

are climbing up the side wall,

of the small white house.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 564

invitation

the opened gate.

now, is inviting all guests.

'holiday of potato'.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 565

aromas

-

all fragrant plants.

are attracting with one's smell,

same as the good dish.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 566

very losses

--

curtain is falling.

broken thin white net curtain,

needed fitter now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 567

new cost

-

the new expense is.

arrived nice household member,

she bought the gray cat.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 568

gasket

dropp behind the drop,

the gasket for the exchange,

it masculine work.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 569

profit

July rains are now.

sales of wellington boots rose.

the shop has profit.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 570

your face

sun from the morning.

is dancing in our garden.

your face is radiant.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 571

in accordance

take care of nature,

cause it is our long healthy,

living, on the earth.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 572

treacherous sun

it is severe rays.

we are protecting our eyes.

are so delicate.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 573

warmth

in the fireplace.

sparks are spilling in fire.

wood is very dry.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 574

nicely and brightly

today light is out.

candlestick on the table.

here is bright again.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 575

in the kitchen

family cookbook.

between it sheet of papers,

mint leaf is dried.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 576

vernally already

ringing cheerfully.

it is knocking on closed windows.

early May drizzle.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 577

playground

it merry-go-round.

the small cluster of children.

their ride on horses.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 578

at the sight of

the hall of mirrors.

amused the sourpuss today.

he saw his 'picture'.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 579

out of forgetfulness

the hat with water.

is getting wet on the rain.

is disposable.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 58

night observer

trees in the darkness

little gap only in crowns

near the pane kitten

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 580

I will complete at home

the dark clouds coming.

first drops are falling on book.

end of the reading.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 581

peacock

it spread the tail out.

is strolling about the park.

proud and beautiful.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 582

solar game

the sun wants to play.

white keys of the piano, now.

are more and more white.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 583

red fruits

bush of the wild rose,

is already bearing fruit.

petals earlier fell.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 585

bath

waves are in motion.

white bear is taking a bath,

churned up water

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 586

non-stop

your eyelid twitching.

it `s a sleepless night, today.

the storm is raging.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 587

in the crowd

bus on the bend, now.

suddenly, we are fitting tight.

so like two parrots.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 588

fast ride

-

bus, on the run.

and only one strong pulling.

I am on the knees.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 589

rain

--

we are passing trees.

our panes, are washed by the rain.

it is real pump.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 59

the walk upside down

the dog and the girl

on wet asphalt reflection

movable picture

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 590

with brush after the bush

-

is painting the fence.

a part of the hedge is now,

more and more dark-green

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 591

good cosmetic

-

her new pink lipstick.

is giving her a real charm.

he is admiring.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 592

sweet smell

it fresh peonies.

aroma, is in the house.

olfactory mist.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 593

the old piano

worn-out piano keys,

dust is covering sometimes.

it is a past time.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 594

beads of the autumn

scattered beads it.

the red rowan already.

children are pleased, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 595

he much can, he can.

the malicious man

is tearing fresh flowers out

he is important...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 596

street sonata

rain drops are flowing.

like money into his hat.

music is playing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 597

sad song

wistful melody.

is reaching from river bank.

with the noise of trees.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 598

morning

walk in the forest.

empty and quietly here.

the rustle of leaves.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 599

cloud for me

here above our heads,

feathery clouds are swimming.

I want to get one.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 60

at the sleepless night

-

very quiet purr

this is kitten lullaby

they are snoring both

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 600

pinned

in big display case,

colour butterflies are still.

no flying will be.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 601

healthy specimen

big hat of mushroom.

it is specimen Cossack.

elderly man shows.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 602

between trees high

in the gap of crowns.

of gold solar bullet.

it is motionless.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 603

lonely man

there is a sea shore.

the sky and the sea are in.

pink robes of the dawn.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 604

departures

bird's key, in a flight.

they are flying, where warmly.

the winter is close.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 605

fishing cutters

like a small houses,

all boats, are standing moored.

straight from the fishing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 606

dawn is waking oneself

in the sky is bright.

it wavebands of the rays.

are breaking darkness.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 607

secret and strange

an rocky mountains.

waves are breaking at their foot.

it is dangerous.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 608

looking down

-

surface of the lake.

it is redness of the sky.

darkness of forest

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 609

occurring

the solar circle,

is drowning, in dark water,

on the horizon.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 61

the unusual champion

at the neck has gold

it is flexing brownish back

the proud cat winner

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 610

it is swimming and slithering

foamed water.

is flowing between a rocks.

is still speeding up.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 611

fishing rod

boat, at the water.

and fisherman is sitting.

he is motionless.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 612

time of storms

firmly heavy wave.

now, is big swinging at sea.

my body is cold.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 613

flag to the mast

there is the crow's nest.

deck-hand at the very top.

is peeping seagulls.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 614

history to the script

this an uncanny.

story of his early life.

it is a real film.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 615

dining room

on the window sill.

two little sparrows perched.

there is no grain, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 616

surprise, on the road

the walk in forest.

and is the meeting with wildlings

is horrifying.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 617

in the sky

here, moon in the trap.

it is hidden behind clouds.

and around the stars.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 618

I am looking up

old stars are hanging.

and young are on the milk road.

looking at the moon.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 619

walk of the comet

the comet in way.

is draggin it is long plait.

a natural view.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 62

leaves

--

trodden in the way

colour the diversity

rustling under legs

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 620

truth and dream

pillow of my dreams.

it is suggesting events.

they are real, and not.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 621

I hear it

moonlit night fully.

there the angelic music.

is only for stars.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 622

summer falls

the warm drops of rain,

are falling on our warm heads,

and are washing dust.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 623

sand dunes

green grass are waving.

on the edge of sandy dunes.

wind is pouring sand.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 624

fruits ripened in the orchard

wide-stretching fruit trees.

now even thin twigs are bending.

sweet fruits but sweet weight.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 625

only not to frighten

toad stopped in middle,

and is standing on the field,

I go out from way.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 626

autumnally in the garden

here between wide roosts,

big yellow watermelons,

lying as the balls.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 627

morello cherry

are tapping on panes.

uncut twigs of the young tree.

flowers in window.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 628

prankster wind

the old wooden gate.

is wobbling and is swinging.

the wind is playing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 629

for the decapitation

heads of the cabbage

they grew, are keeping distance

sorrow to cut out

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 63

63. in the forest

fresh slashed pine stumps

we are counting rings of wood

it is old really

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 630

my colourful

I am taking to the streets.

umbrella breaking dimness.

of the cloudy day.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 631

in dreams

still it is raining.

you are dreaming of hot sun.

and in the sky clouds.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 632

escape from the rain

these are the first drops.

I will now escape to gate.

the rain is starting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 633

alone in the rain

wet street, dog is wet.

I can see it behind pane.

the dog is single.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 634

bright a day

sun in the window.

rays are walking on a here.

is a warm and bright.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 635

flowers for the birthday

the fresh red roses,

and birthday present, for her.

it is smile on face.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 636

behind the house

grey housing estate.

rain is already falling.

it is crummy view.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 637

September day

a September bad,

weather is sorting the sun,

is giving the rain.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 638

empty

the rainy morning.

getting wet in the park bench.

nobody come today.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 639

too weak

the cold wind and rain.

I must close the umbrella.

it`s bending oneself.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 640

velvet of the nature

eternally green,

moss on the big stones,

it is like velvet.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 641

set

the little white stones,

it is washed by the small brook,

and decorative.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 642

after the mushroom picking

basket of mushrooms.

is filled up to edges.

it smells of forest.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 643

we are eating fruits

on plate are lie fresh,

an apples with a red blush.

are clean and shining.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 644

I am looking after oneself

eating vitamins,

I care, for my health non-stop.

and less I am ill.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 645

caution

to the bad weather.

I have raincoat, umbrella,

and wellington boots.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 646

bad weather

the grey afternoon.

it` s resembles evening.

when it is raining.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 647

watercolour

sun from the morning.

weather, like from the picture.

which I am painting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 648

end of the summer

we are roasting meat.

in a minute is dinner.

firmly spices smell.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 649

biology lesson

class trip of children.

they are collecting pine cones.

leaves for handicrafts.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 650

fullness

fruit trees in orchard.

on ground lie many windfalls.

nobody wants them.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 651

race

at sea many sails.

they are rocked by the waves.

today are starting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 652

golden autumn

painting the landscape.

adding the yellow colour.

to the forest path.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 653

the meadow

the forest meadow.

overgrew with the lush grass.

mown with the scythe.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 654

maize

it has big, and butts,

grow, golden maize in the field.

I like it the grain.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 655

gifts of the autumn

I am shelling beans.

we planted it recently.

today, a harvest.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 656

grapes

green grapes in garden.

It are ripe and without stones.

I like from always.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 657

habit

a plaster statue.

fell down on the floor in room.

sorrow in the heart.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 658

favourite

the nice green kitten.

is standing on my long shelf.

it mascot of wood.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 659

pleasant surprise

the new good read book,

it brought me the surprise.

a small dried flower.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 66

the end of the autumn

on the grey pavement

a strong wind is blowing leaves

is time for first snow

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 660

with fruits

beautiful colours.

dried the flowers, in this year.

memory of summer.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 661

not only for the winter

now is chopping wood.

fuel on winter will be.

fireplace is heating.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 662

my workmanship

I`m making the long.

scarf on wires to the neck.

it soft 'all the rage'.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 663

silence is missing

today, very loud.

we are cutting the hedge.

dog quickly hid out.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 664

deep

dog in the forest.

is finding, the deep ditch.

of it is kicking.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 665

to frying

it a big mushroom.

I am admiring his hat.

it will be tasty.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 666

dessert

-

on the tree, a birds.

under the tree, are pecking.

it leftovers of fruits.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 667

help

it is bird feeder.

for the winter is needed.

we are helping them.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 668

ride on a train

the train is swinging.

everyone becomes drowsy.

feeling braking.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 669

horse

short happy rider.

the horse is rushing quickly.

hooves are knocking.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 67

shaft

-

high up in the air

colourful toy on the string

in gusts of the wind

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 670

division

--

on the horizon,

separated with border,

the sky and mountains.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 671

like pleasantly

on warm golden sands.

in colours of the summer.

best we are feeling.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 672

rest

-

on the green high hill,

we are observing sunset.

its a solar bath.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 673

like every year

summer impressing.

I see on your healthy skin,

shades of bronze and sun.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 674

friend dog

a good trained guide.

is wandering with master.

he has a white stick.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 675

chosen place

the rocky seashore.

here, our colour deckchairs, now,

replacing blankets.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 676

relaxation

on the blue seashore,

now we are soaking our legs,

summer is fully.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 677

the sun is beating down

on the beach is hot,

it is my fresh suntan now,

is going down skin.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 678

with Mum

delight for the kid.

this new little bicycle.

mother is guarding.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 679

help

it is bird feeder.

for the winter is needed.

we are helping them.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 68

blooming bush

-

bare branches

viburnum in the winter

is full of flowers

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 680

for thirsty

the sun and the sea.

today, little is teasing.

is water supply.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 681

to the night is close

slowly is dying.

hubbub on the solar beach.

evening is coming.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 682

suntan

after the beach, now.

I have the achy body,

too long in the sun.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 684

by the seashore

blue, purple and white.

water and the sky and rocks,

evening on the sea.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 685

nice shades

depths of the ocean,

it colours of your blue eyes.

transparent water nice shades.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 686

only to paint

beauty of nature.

the sky is under fire,

sunset with red glow.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 687

like in the picture

road by the meadow.

on the other side is field.

it country landscape.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 688

there will be a harvest

cereal waving.

in the middle of field road.

gold spikes ripen now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 689

we are washing the dust of the day

warm pleasant water,

is refreshing our body,

'breath' after the beach.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 69

the midwinter

the dried bunch it is

strengthened colours

flowers as living

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 690

loved moments

today, Sunday walk.

family now together.

father is leading.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 691

guest forest

this forest landscape.

new fresh branches smell firmly,

and green green moss, too.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 692

a lighting is missing

flickering candles,

power station has problems.

and at us brightly.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 693

aromatherapy

the stove heated up.

nice smells at home of roses.

it is fragrant oil.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 694

with walk into avenues

flooded with sunshine.

our avenue in the park.

is supporting walks.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 695

solar souvenirs

summer memory.

my very big hat of straw,

and shells from the sea.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 696

playing

Cricket behind the chimney.

want sing in holiday home.

it is musician.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 697

more important freedom

canary in cage.

is lacking freedom for it.

luxury... for whom?

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 698

raining

the rainy weather.

is not inviting for walks.

continuous the rain.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 699

hardships

warmly and lightly,

good dressed for the today.

suffering hardships.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 70

the flowers charm

the big high flacon

stylish the composition

and cut red roses

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 700

ore

the agile red squirrel,

released the nut in hurry.

is jumping on trees.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 701

seagulls

-

big noisy seagulls,

now on a quiet nice beach.

it are often guest.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 702

different colours

the sky in colours.

is overbalancing blue.

additive is white.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 703

rainy impression

I hear the music.

somebody is practising.

behind windows rain.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 704

ant scared away

the tiny black ant.

is escaping into grass.

by a forest path.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 705

stress

your obsessive thoughts.

by a continuous strong rains.

are only stressing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 706

sauce

-

I`m making salad,

spicy sauce to vegetables,

is improving taste.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 707

sad tree

on the river bank.

is hanging one's long branches.

solitary tree.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 708

morning

-

a warm morning sun.

it shining bright bullet far.

on the horizon.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 709

sunset

turn red at water.

with colour is it bouncing.

the sun, occurring.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 71

green light

sea is mad again

the lamp post in the thick fog

is summoning lost

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 710

diamonds of nature

thin stalks are holding.

on to the little green droplets.

of the dew diamonds.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 712

foul weather

the same as large tears,

drops are sailing on the pane.

it`s an autumn rain.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 713

autumn fog

small town in the fog,

it is so like milky way,

hard to see something.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 714

twinkling candle

shadows on the wall.

a shimmering little flame.

for moments, will go out.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 715

real mushroom

it the large a hat.

stopped the smell of the forest.

healthy boletus.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 716

festival of stars

red carpet spread out.

stars are already going.

their 'gala' is now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 717

fame

the diva at scene.

second time, an encore.

tears of happiness.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 718

stage fright

clenched now voice box.

emotion is taking voice.

it is a stage fright.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 719

autumn dance

in gusts of the wind,

we are dancing on pavement,

leaves are flying up.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 72

changeability

time of the sunset

sun on top of a mountain

in a minute dark

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 720

emotion

bouquets of flowers.

for persons celebrating.

are triggering tears.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 721

rush off

are repeating now.

the radio announcement.

pirate, on the road.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 722

unexpectedly

up-down a small street.

is rushing behind the bend.

so I must brake, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 723

intense colour

the morning dew still,

is covering clumps of grass,

is emphasizing green.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 724

departure

the small ladybird,

fast is spreading wings for flight.

now, it is starting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 725

fall

the little cold drop.

now, is falling on your head.

raining is starting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 726

medicine for sadness

the disarming smile

on your nice, beautiful face,

is soothing sadness.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 727

time of the learning

on the beach empty.

summer holidays ended.

a school revived.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 728

at the library

the old, thick volumes,

contain stories familiar.

not for everyone.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 729

glow

in the black of night.
now are lightening the street.
neon lights and lamps.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 73

in the garden colours

not yet naked trees

the autumn in the garden

gold yellow and red

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 730

happiness

the young poeess,

she searched the park for mood,

and found a husband.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 731

the walks

the nice golden lanes,

are inviting for the walk,

in the autumn mood.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 732

instead of flowers

the golden and yellow leaves,

are looking out of the vase.

now, an autumn came.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 733

trees by the water

slowly moving waves,

is twisting shadows of trees,

water reflection.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 734

disappearing suddenly

on water, circles,

a quickly are spilling out.

and disappearing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 735

cloudy day

a storm-tossed sea,

connected on horizon,

with dark clouds and storm.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 736

only half

the moon through clouds.

shyly is coming out, but,

only up to half.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 737

in morning colours

pink the purple dawn.

is settling with a grey fog.

on waves of the lake.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 738

already morning

rays of the morning,

now, are chasing the dimness,

sleepiness is fleeing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 739

looking up

it is fluffy cloud.

portion of the whipped cream

in the large goblet.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 74

looking

water in the fog

I am looking from the bridge

poor views are pushing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 740

patterned clouds

-

unusual patterns,

are creating clouds only.

that order will hide

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 741

on the stall

fruits of the autumn,

colour equal smelling belts.

arranged in rows.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 742

cockerel

-

on the fence the cock,

is shaking the red comb.

but is not crowing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 744

at the edge of the forest

herd of wild horses.

now, are plucking of green grass.

young foals are jumping

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 745

on fields

are swinging lightly.

cornfields, of the cereal.

and now, golden spikes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 746

smelling beauty

wooden and old house,

everywhere in enclosing,

the wild pink roses.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 747

wilderness

a few small houses.

and two wide-stretching high trees.

around, only fields.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 748

end of the autumn

leaves were falling now.

grass already yellowed.

winter is more close.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 749

the colour pic

on the forest edge

are the red-green trees

white and dark horses

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 75

ice fallout

-

hard white the hail balls

now are tapping out on panes

resounding rhythms

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 750

at the gardener

the fresh strawberries.

from sand is protecting fruits.

the wide big clean foil.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 751

film landscape

cows, on the trail.

the clumps of grass amongst sand.

beside flowing stream.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 752

clean village

white houses are built.

amongst fields and vivid green.

everywhere flowers.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 753

I am going through field

the road through the field.

around both sides is greenness.

I`m breathing freshness.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 754

colouring

there, in nearby lake.

today, the colour rainbow,

is decorating.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 755

lying shadows

on road, it stretched.

shadows of crowns of the trees.

in even spaces.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 756

everything fits

it the white fence, now,

integrated into green.

is contrasting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 757

twin trees

three trees by oneself.

are growing integrated.

in middle of fields.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 758

with the carrot-coloured nose

the little snowman.

got nice shoes from somebody.

guest of the winter.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 759

statue

statue in the stone.

face of the man, as living.

but is hardened.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 76

departures

-

every year bird's walks

thousands of kilometres

searching for the warmth

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 760

flight up

the colour balloons.

they are flying up suddenly.

freeing the shout, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 761

wind on the meadow

all red poppies here.

are shivering in the wind.

like thin material.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 762

the aroma

the delicate smell.

is emphasizing beauty.

of the colour rose.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 763

on the balcony

the yellow flowers.

it have dark velvet middle.

charming subtlety.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 764

harmonizing

in white pink colour.

delicate rose near the fern.

it fine collation.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 765

real winter

forest is snowbound.

the white assumed branches.

all trees are buried.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 766

a red carpet was missing.

I lie on ice, now.

I saw stars, in the moment.

the ice dancing lasts.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 767

tomorrow competition

snow frenzy fully.

and we are planning the sledge.

to fast going down.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 768

twilight

big dark clouds too low.

are hanging above their heads.

a twinge of conscience.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 769

after slaps across the cheek

it the small nice girl.

is swallowing salty tears.

are flowing as peas.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 77

spring on the threshold

-

dirty snows are melting

again are wreathing long necks

beautiful white swans

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 770

I knew the poet

I`m reading poems.

and it is close, for my heart.

I can see his face.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 771

amongst fogs

golden October.

is spinning with many leaves.

along our wide roads.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 772

as always

is enrapturing,

beauty of the waterfall.

cleanness of water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 773

beauty of the nature

waterfall foamed.

and now, is touching smooth stones.

murmuring with stream.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 774

solar aura

on the waterfall.

I am chilling my body.

the sun heated up.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 775

what a ride

I am cycling fast.

I have the wind in hair now.

and sand on the lips.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 776

already time

a key in the sky.

here many cranes are flying.

autumn journeys last.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 777

as every year

sounds of forest birds.

now, fast are falling quiet.

end, of the autumn.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 778

together with a wind.

boat at the water.

it is sailing very fast.

a wind is in hair.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 779

May trip.

our picnic basket.

is full of food and flowers.

eating on a grass.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 78

red beads

-

tempting bloody red

and on trees of the rowan

beads are hanging now

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 780

like rose garden

with a rose petals.

our May bath in the morning.

it is spring joy now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 781

after day

a summer evening.

meadow is warm. we wait now,

on the morning dew.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 782

darkness and light

lights are going out.

moonlight is enough for us.

we will find a way.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 783

on bad weather

on the nearby lake.

as the forehead of the man.

water is ripples.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 784

gift from a garden

colors of summer.

here in my vase fresh flowers.

room decorated.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 785

are looking

the old big willows,

are bending down on the pond,

branches in water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 786

birds

the glider in flight.

sparrows are surprised, now.

large bird in the sky.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 787

to pain...to blood...

swarms are of insects.

now, are rife on the pond.

mosquitoes, cutting.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 788

flying brotherhood

there an apiary.

hives, are standing evenly.

the bees in garden.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 789

thistles and other weed.

now, weeds on the path.

and it is the weeded lawn.

revive sprinkled with water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 79

grateful actor

small dog the actor

is pretending the reindeer

sleigh is pulling it

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 790

winter frenzy

runners on the snow.

are creaking more and more loud.

by road is driving sleigh ride.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 791

seasonal caretaker

on field is snowman.

with the big pipe, and the broom.

he is guarding still.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 792

in the distance

fields, of black and gray,

are filled in with the snow.

as the feather quilt.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 793

blizzard

unconscious snowflakes.

fast whirling, are falling down.

delicate, white fluff.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 794

the wind, tearing leaves

in the autumn rain.

old park trees are getting wet,

such a bad weather.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 795

foul autumn weather

autumn cold a wind.

it is whipping, and whistling.

storm is felt, in air.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 796

white and cold is coming

the big bowl of fruits.

red fruit wine on the table.

goodbye, for Autumn.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 797

now, a moonlit night,

it is still in full glitter.

slowly is passing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 798

only tracks stayed.

is already a border.

he isn't turning.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 799

candles and candles,
are lightening the cross up,
are crawling the flames.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 80

movement of the sun

on the line sky-earth

is progress of the sunset

new sunrise in way

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 800

the summer is gone.

wet tracks on sand, a long time,

ago washed away.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 801

it`s getting brightly.

you are lighting the fire.

face is visible.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 802

it is long, warm, night.

we are observing the moon.

it shining brightly

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 803

water is with stars.

and the sky is mirrored.

so like in your eyes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 804

water is rippled.

the wind disturbed the peace.

and it flew farther.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 805

it autumn evening.

I `m taking the umbrella.

a drizzle attacked.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 807

walk, by big forest.

path, in conifer needles.

it smells of mushrooms.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 808

night without a dream.

moon is shining into eyes.

net curtain is thin.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 809

sweet smell in air now.

it is delicate perfumes.

are expensive gift.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 81

tear to tear

sadness of the parting

and tear mixed with the dew

too much is a salt

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 810

there, is on long leg,

the sunflower is swinging.

petals are falling.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 811

apples, in the bowl.

are waiting for a sorting.

leaves are dry, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 812

table with the vase.

there, two yellow sunflowers.

are in the water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 813

lady in armchair.

in the garden summerhouse.

is sitting, with book.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 814

snowy little house.

between banks, is the snowman.

as the caretaker.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 815

now, fog is falling,

and I am starting seeing.

the closest first tree.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 816

*

the bird on the branch.

it cheerfully is leaping.

is pleased of a spring.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 817

green is in the park,
now, buds of blooming bushes,
are appearing fast.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 818

in the street lamplight.

the same, as the big people,

long shadows of trees.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 819

in the blue river,

there`s of mirror reflection,

of the big, red tree.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 82

harvest

-

low bent heavy spikes

weigh a ripened out grain

time of golden sets

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 820

yellowed bushes,

it are contrasting with green.

rock, is strengthening.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 821

I now choose baubles.

embellished Christmas tree.

in our garden.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 822

Autumn at the door.

She says goodbye to us rain.

come back here next year.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 823

slippery are road.

now is fast changed weather.

everywhere is glaze.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 824

the pre-Christmas rush.

green trees from the forest, smell.

and chains are shining.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 825

on top of the tree,

there now, cherub is swinging.

brittle ornament.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 826

the cold winter came,
suddenly everywhere white,
and frost now is pleased.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 827

lighted Christmas tree,

and ornaments are shining.

green tree... it fresh smell.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 828

the wound melodies.

are flowing very softly.

it musical toy.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 829

bright lights of the church,

are already inviting,

to a midnight Mass.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 830

now is Christmas Time.

in the creche is little Child.

joy for everyone.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 831

it is my present.

I`m buying the toboggan,

I`m sledging downhill.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 832

it is my present.

I`m buying the toboggan,

I`m sledging downhill.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 833

it is sleepless night,

we are going to the Church,

to sing Christmas songs.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 834

our entire house,

smells of spices, and the cake.

it a holidays.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 835

not yet it is time,

to make a big white snowman,

cause the snow as sand.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 836

I am sending cards.

St Nicolas and presents.

are on the paper.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 837

in the market place,

St Nicolas with the beard,

is giving presents.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 838

in the feeder, birds.

there have their food, in winter,

good, for holidays.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 839

now carol singers,

they are knocking at the door.

they will show the shed.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 84

out of fear

-

frog scared away

it jump for the new record

and small pond is near

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 840

home dried flowers.

are standing now in vases.

are decorating.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 841

on the fields is white.

children are sledging downhill.

a sledge is creaking.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 842

sleigh ride is driving.

snow is pouring into eyes.

the white road is wide.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 843

strong, cold wind breeze.

we feel cold in my bones.

Autumn is over quickly.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 844

winter is near.

this is last dance of the leaves.

sad autumn leaves.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 845

the golden apples,

there are, and red tomatoes,

garden on table.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 846

*

this is last mowing.

already, winter going.

mows the lawn mower.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 847

autumn bad heather,

cold rainy drops cause shiver,

and a runny nose.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 848

healthy, hot, fresh drink

well known to all, chamomile.

delightful aroma.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 849

jar on the table.

I reach the golden honey.

is a real sweet lime.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 85

roasted - hot

--

in field a bonfire

we are tasting potatoes

it is straight from ash

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 850

on the label, bees.

lubricates our fresh bread.

in jar is honey.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 851

is much shorter days.

grew lazy all this darkness.

so, the best in bed.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 852

cold, foggy mornings.

and air strikes in the face,

unpleasant coldness.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 854

is white everywhere.

snowman is looking at us.

is from yesterday.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 855

on the skating rink.

here all are dancing in pairs,

lonely instructor.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 856

an autumn evening.

long broken branch of dry tree,

is carrying the crow.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 857

herons and seagulls.

the walk at edge of pond.

there nice splashes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 858

falling off the twig.

it is giving off a juice.

forest blackberry.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 859

the sad solitude.

she went away too quickly.

there is no return.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 86

necessity

we have the crossroads

here choice is a dilemma

I am choosing straight

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 860

in the little bath.

now remains of water froze.

sparrows are surprised.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 861

it a softly flows.

water, between the grass.

frost will chill it fast.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 862

now leaves are falling.

they are lying at the road.

the wind is blowing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 863

there, transparent drop.

a rain fell moment ago.

and water on leaves.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 864

it in the stream trouts.

are rushing so high today.

water churned up.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 865

in the high mountains,

now furious winds diminished,

at the bottom peace.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 867

crushed small crystals.

cause, a large mirror fell down.

image disappeared.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 868

a fallen petals.

now, returning for the branch,

in my sweet sleep.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 869

are disposing us.

only for sombre sadness,

a dark rainy days.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 87

white surprise

her hands are frozen

now, frost firmly is hugging

signs of the winter

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 870

dry boughs are creaking.

fire of the fireplace.

sparks are gushing out.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 871

in the big clean stream,

I am watching reflection.

it is the moonlight.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 872

this old and wide path,

is leading long up non-stop.

and now, tired legs.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 873

our faces are bright,

the light of the bonfire.

other for the day.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 874

high up in the air.

a pale moon, is wallowing.

in the dark blue depths.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 875

on a spring evening.

scented candles are burning.

aromatic smell.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 876

night is clearing up.

new morning is starting off.

I am on legs, now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 877

on the path, a grass.

on the roadsides, a violets.

all is purple here.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 879

there large antlers,

are hanging on the small wall.

pic of the neighbour.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 88

play of the tiny tot

--

amongst many nuts

the fluffy little bullet

mewing and humming

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 880

there, between the grass.

green frogs, are jumping calmly.

I can hear their croak.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 881

the black small swallows,

then again have a new nest,

beneath roof of house.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 882

now, great and small stars,
everywhere, they are falling.
continuous operation.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 883

smelling flowers, there.

it garden of your mother.

variety of green.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 884

plants are climbing up.

they are creating the screen.

giving the shadow.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 885

In my home town, now,

I`m feeling like passenger.

I am sometimes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 886

noise of the water.

in a minute my dark hair,

will fast flow, down waves.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 887

lathering shampoo.

on my hair is soft, and smell.

it is a white cap.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 888

wet locks of my hair.

are adjoining to the face,

I will dry them off.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 889

the lonely boat, far.

is sailing with the current.

and in it, one man.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 89

feline rest

after the night walk

now, nap on my black keyboard

the cat like to sleep

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 890

melody is heard.

somebody is playing good.

wistful melodies.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 891

now a bright lightning,
is piercing the dark sky fast,
suddenly, a storm.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 892

a gale is breaking.

is sweeping up yellow leaves,

and remains of grass.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 893

many tumbling clouds.

are floating for us above.

changeable weather.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 894

in the green deep pond,

is densely from the duckweed.

bird, by the water.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 895

again restless thoughts.

it is an overeating.

and long sleepless night.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 896

nothing is changing.

the rain, the snow and the cold.

it is unpleasant.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 897

changeable weather.

is like changeable woman.

sulky and not good.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 898

now, sharp icicles.

they are hanging from the roof.

needed attention.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 899

a car is rushing.

the driver is incautious.

loud squeal of tyres.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 9

view

-

the winter evening

in flickering reflections

lights of a district

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 90

understanding

the black and white cats

are rolling a ball from wool

mother is in dither

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 900

on the snow is cat.

he drew his little hands up.

chills are bothering.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 901

the lake froze over.

on ice the boys are playing.

it is the hockey.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 902

low temperatures.

fever is expanding, now.

and I caught the flu.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 903

now, the shy sun's rays
looked out from behind the clouds
but very shyly.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 904

today, noisily is and loud.

now, the migrations of birds.

will be keeping quiet.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 905

there, on the playground.

there is a snowy battle.

and applause is heard.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 906

it amber apples.

they to resemble autumn.

this year, certainly.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 907

everywhere is crowd.

before holidays shopping.

we must have, a time.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 908

I `m making the scarf.

the Dad will be satisfied.

it is soft and warm.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 909

there on wire sparrows.

and it are making much noise.

they are small, and loud.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 91

a small builder

a sand castles grow

one and two, after onself,

mum is admiring

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 910

I`m sweeping the snow.

entire night it rained still.

I have what to do.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 911

carp in the bathtub.

is waiting for the Christmas.

children are pleased.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 912

at home cheerfully.

we are decorating the tree.

it grows, in garden.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 913

beginning rain, it can,

will do more damage for us.

a black ice will be.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 914

scarecrow on field.

and beside, a large snowman.

we are doing pics.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 915

school trip in the park.

they are making a snowman.

there is much laughter.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 916

roses on the desk.

they resemble the summer.

a winter is now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 917

drops against the pane.

phone in the the pocket.

teeth out of fear.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 918

now, the cloudy sky.

it is covering the sun.

is grey and coldly.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 919

it is pleasant smell.

there fresh flowers in the vase.

smell the green, of spring.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 92

appropriate time

morning on the beach

warm water is inviting

the time of diving

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 920

everywhere puddles.

it slowly is divering.

is all, in the melt.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 921

it spring green flowers.

and the spring vegetables.

revived market.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 922

snowdrops are now.

sticking neck out quietly.

a spring is coming.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 923

on field, I see birds.

everywhere sing, a green spring.

joy is on a heart.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 924

toboggan, in cell.

all icicles are melting.

end, of the winter.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 925

the green grass, around.

in corners of the garden

is heating the sun

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 926

already warmly.

I `m holding the umbrella.

it can be useful.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 927

it is the spring storm.

and greeted by me with joy.

lightnings in the sky.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 928

after the great storm.

the real warmer weather.

I`m changing clothes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 929

on the promenade,

they are sitting and laughing.

my near friends.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 93

feeling

in the sea of stones

your heart is very hardest

cynicism pushing out

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 931

on the sea, noisily.

people are on the walk, now.

but it is morning.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 932

looking at dresses.

I am buying bathing suit.

I am as some fish.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 933

I` m collecting shells.
they are very delicate.
as our emotions.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 934

dog with the owner.

are racing after the beach.

nice view slender legs.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 935

searching for amber.

I think perhaps I will find.

wave is reproaching.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 936

here noisy seagulls.

are sitting on the sea edge.

like on some debate.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 937

begining of rain.

warm drops don't harm us at all.

I have the wet head.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 938

I am choosing big.

sunglasses are protecting.

my eyes from the sun.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 939

circles are spinning.

the ones big and these little

our efficient bikes

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 94

for the birthday

-

lovely, living gift

is in the wicker basket

it is dream come true

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 940

there is a large ball.

will be useful on the beach.

for mixed doubles.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 941

I `m tanning the back.

I have my hands, brown now, and....

in a minute legs.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 942

new delicate oil,

is good quality for me.

and its smell is nice.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 943

I `m buying blanket,
is only to two persons.
it good on the beach.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 944

the sun is heating

on the beach, is little place.

And I try to push.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 945

the large umbrella.

is protecting from the wind.

I spread above us.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 95

the bad weather

angler - amateur

is sailing at the lake, now

ready runny nose

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 96

but luck

at last a taking

wellington boot as a reward

joy of angling

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 97

greeting you

joy of the return

multicoloured lanterns

are hanging for you

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 98

fulfilling wishes

the lonely angler

is waiting for the gold fish

to fulfill his dreams

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 99

more dark - more pleasantly

evening in two

darkness is supporting us

last candle went out

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - 998

of knee-deep is snow,
entire night was snowing,
we are clearing road.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - Dad Is Waiting

frying pan in move,

and we are making pancakes.

Dad is waiting now.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - Glutton

husband is glutton.

kitchen is waiting open.

he is going fast.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - In The Kitchen.

now, pleasantly smells.

mum it`s now in the kitchen.

there will be chickens.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - On The Chin

sticky on the chin.

white sugar cotton candy.

it is like fast food.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - Salad.

it there are fresh eggs,

we are whirling mayonnaise

it to the salad.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - Smells Of Christmas

joy in the kitchen.

children are baking cookies

now, smells of christmas

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - Sweet Baking.

strong and hot coffee.

on the plate, now, apple pie.

it her sweet baking.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - Tasty And Healthy

in kitchen is warm

and a yeast cake is rising

tasty and healthy

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - The Gift

heart is in the gift,

it was very sweet gingerbread,

your already broke.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku - With The Icing.

made, with the icing.

are tasting for him always,

his lovely teacakes.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku 204

cherries

I` am climbing a tree

I am tasting the first fruits

sweetness in the mouth

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku 548

skilled hand

artistic cut trees.

assumed different shapes.

a good gardener.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku -57

sleepiness

our charming kitten

sleepy is the back flexing

hammock is swaying

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku -64

wild boars

small striped boars

are digging in the soil

sow on the guard

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku -65

tourism in the winter

Its main trail Beskid

Vistula is inviting

around the town peaks

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku 711

morning fog

the park in the fog.

the trees are of shawl from her.

slowly dawn is getting up.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku 806

there golden sand dunes.

the wind on them is dancing,

and is blowing sand.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku 83

expecting the return

a fear in the eyes

it threat of the avalanche

waiting in silence

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku- 866

the scream of the bird,

and the knocking woodpecker,

it living nature.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Haiku 930

this a gusty wind.

is bringing waves of the warmth.

is more pleasantly.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

He Cracked A Whip - Tanka

rushing creaking sleigh

slender horses are snorting

January sleigh ride

silver cheerfully bells sound

our girls are laughing

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Home Among The Flowers

it is a summer landscape.
the sun, clouds, green,
flowers and everyone,
joyfully are taking
faces out to the sun.

you have opened hands,
and the concealed heart.
a butterfly is landing on them,
and your thoughts are flying away
as colour kites.

and you are coming back there,
where everything what best you recall
stayed and you remember, because you have
in the memory written,

encrypted forever.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

How To Live...?

live so that,
if only other sensed,
when you
would be missing.

live so that,
if only your smile carried joy,
and it gave hope with the one,
with which it is needed.

live so that,
if only your living
wasn't onerous
for other.

live so that,
don't build your happiness
on of the another
person's misfortune.

live so that,
you not have
to be ashamed
of your acting.

live so that,
you can sleep calmly
and you could call
yourself the MAN.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

'I Am ' - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

I would like
to find the way
to have enough strength
for a few persons

we would carry
altogether
it what is too
heavy for you

remember please,
about it
when you will be
in need

I am by you
and I will be
standing this way
like by me

you

what for
us the most
i being counted

is we (?)

-

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

I Am A Drop... With The Dedication For My Friend T. (S)

I am looking at the photo of the man
and I can see your young face
is sad, or perhaps
only thoughtful?

where the smile
and sparks in the eyes, which
shot in known,
and unknown directions?

whether you rushed, into the whirlpool,
of the 'novelty', assuring yourself,
that always...and everywhere....
that it only to less did ache?

you... somebody?
it always aches, of what
we don't know, or we aren't able
to understand, that moment

it isn't counting so much,
as the time, known well for us
and the one, which it is possible to have...
only for itself... friend.

in memories, never
I won't be a dark stain.
I am the clean drop
needed for the life.

never mind... that not for everyone...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

I Am Putting The Dot Not Above 'And...' (Satire)

very cute and gorgeous!
o yesss! o yessss!
so cute! ! ! so cute! ! !
it is really very best!

and

hi is only very best!
very cute and gorgeous!
o yesss! o yessss!
and so cute!

so,

so cute! o yes! ! !
my dear friend
but I know good, that you
not aren` t for me,
the best...

not, now

.....auuuuuuu! ! ! !

her eyes so pretty
her lips so sweet
she is really angel
very cute and gorgeous!

she, now...(?)

o yesss! o yessss!
so cute! ! ! so cute! ! !
very cute and gorgeous!
she is really your friend

...the best!

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

I Didn'T Want... (For My Friend O.G.- Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

I would like to tell you,
a lot of words,
this way, so that you don't manage
to hide them, to a pocket.
but it is impossible.
they are like plants,
which quickly grow,
as soon as they strike
susceptible land...

you are showing me your
loved face
and I can see eyes which
are looking
reproachfully at me...

forgive, I didn't want
and I hurt unwittingly
this way many roads are dividing us
this way many words are moving closer
look for the golden mean for us
perhaps we are able to find the road
which for us is only assigned
and will take
to happiness...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

I Got Wet - Tanka

I got wet - TANKA

circles on water.

are becoming more and more big,

a small rainy drops,

are shortening observation.

my drier is humming.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

I Know Such People

so so this way
I know such people
you too you know them
they have different faces
and not one face
they are always false
artificial not real
willing the aid
want to give good advice
actors of the masquerade
what like taste of the betrayal
like of the good wine
face innocent of them
is a dodge and a game
don't let so be conned
to this caramel dropp
and for other tricks
which they are foisting on you
because in front of you are playing
their taught roles
waiting for the applause
aren't casting off their mask
they still will
always be two-faced
for the beginning to help
then to kill ready.

so so this way
I know such people
you too you know them
they have different faces
and not one face
always false
artificial not real

by the way
in the mirror look
to one's face...

I Know This Face... (For My Friend O.G.- Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

I am recognize this face
in the photograph you are
so sad
and sweet like at one time

exactly I can see everything
what hard time changed
although it left
our hearts without changes

you are, and what's more is important
you hardened in sadness
and you can afford even
for a grimace of the smile

I know how the soul pains
there is no medicine for it
unless we will find it
together... at one time...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

I Want To Tell You - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

not yet you know
that you are
my good ghost

when I am feeling sad
and I cannot to fall asleep
suddenly, you are appearing

you are singing the sweet
lullaby to the sleep
you are humming as the cat

you are telling fairy tales
for the good night
and the good day

more and more often
you don't disappear
at midnight

you are
my good ghost
now you already know

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

I Will Turn The Sand... (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

all sorrows and worries
is soothing your smile
and the word.

i will turn the sand
of the desert for you,

into carpet juicy green
nobody will change
this friendship
which isn't afraid
of a truth

after the storm
sun will shine
and the rainbow
will show a simple way
to me and maybe to you

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

I Wish You - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

Each moment in a day
has its own value.

Morning brings hope,
afternoon brings faith,

evening brings love,
night brings rest.

Wish you find then all.
Have a great day...

--

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Illness In The Day Of The Valentine`s - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

Influenza is collecting its crop,
Fever isn't leaving
The nightmare became reality
I am dreaming of places

Where I never was,
And not I will be also
Only are imaginings
Under the influence of illness

I see too much,
And I have dark image
It is becoming vexing
Eyelids are heavy as the curtain

I am trying to expose
It without success
Is puzzling me where from comes
Monotonous buzzing of bees

Or other insects
I am not able to distinguish
It is, are like
Unapologetic thoughts

New shivers are running
Through the too hot body
I am dreaming about
'Valentine`s for my heart'

from you,
an you are in my
imaginatione
always only by me

--

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

In Reality And In The Dream (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

my emotion is warming me
up as hot summer nights
a natural spring water
is extinguishing
growing desire

water is flowing between rocks
and is changing in foaming
waterfall
in my dreams
is assuming your name

(for CO)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

In The Centre Of Forest

we lived in the midtown,
and around for us, green forest buzzed,
and it jingled with white small bells,
with early spring, when we ran
uphill and from above, and Rex cheerfully
wagged its tail, barking loud out of joy.

and farther, there was a road, leading
directly to the graveyard...
I went out there with our nice neighbour.
she took me when she went
to carry flowers and to light out a candle.

I was there with her not one time.
people were surprised, that such
a small child, and so diligent,
and remembers about the ones, which walked away.
I examined photographs on graves

later, I felt sad and parents
didn't let me there more walk.
Sometimes it missing was sad for me because
as if I didn't complete something.
but then again I started smiling
and I stopped asking questions

for living...after the life.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

In The Garden - Tanka

in the garden - TANKA

the rose garden.

from a distance, smell flowers.

it very beautiful view.

above the gate, is a rose.

her petals, of in dew drops.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Invitation 'To The Sky'

a May came
so, give me your heart.
I am in a dither, why,
don't I still have
your heart?

a May came now.
so, give me yourself.
you will see how
there it will be beautiful.
.. in our small sky

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Is Sitting At The Edge. - Tanka

is sitting at the edge. - TANKA

a water is calm.

on the middle, the brown boat.

is sailing, at lake.

I see, two men are rowing.

woman is waiting for them.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

It Is Climbing - Tanka

it is climbing - TANKA

it a pink bindweed.

goblets are looking on sun.

flowers are subtle.

are here, amongst green creepers.

as if they smiled to me.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

It Is Hard To Measure

the garden after the rain
more firmly smells.
you are touching velvet petals,
they are red and pink.
avoid the spikes.

have them almost every day
from adverse human.
you need a smile,
to show strong, healthy teeth,
and dimples in the cheeks.

When you close your eyes,
eyelashes place equally
below the eyelids, and he will saying,
that you look like, sleeping doll
and then sings a lullabys,

who remember, like his face.
everything has its own dimension,
which is difficult to measure.
Fortunately, even at a distance.

and friendship... always

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Jungle

in the thick jungle of associations and oblique
statements words. are tangling mental shortcuts are missing.

we like to dress up as birds, pieces
of newspaper gossip are best

we are trying to notice the cardboard sun
and polystyrene clouds, on pastel sky.

we are trying to answer why
not always we feel like laughing.

you are opening the umbrella, it's beginning
to rain colourful rain confetti. let it rain!

after the rain everything is different. even tears
of the plush dog, who casually squatted

forgotten, somewhere under the bush.
it is also tragicomic, like the man.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Language Of The Mind

you like to tell uncanny stories
not the ones with 'happy end ' but with your sentence
best put away in stacks of questions
without the reply therefore are most interesting

I am learning to reconcile antitheses
and to a speak the common language of the mind
that is leading to correct associating
and solving everyday conflicts

your stories have more supporters, because it is
exciting all looking for sensation and victims
my rocky way is leading
to constants of incontrovertible truths

and... perhaps we will try together...(?)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Let It Rain - Tanka

let it rain - TANKA

sitting, on flower,

of the yellow sunflower,

tired butterfly.

is waiting, like me, for rain.

first drop, and it, fly away.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Like Of The Net Curtain - Tanka

like of the net curtain - TANKA

in cellar window.

spider is weaving silver.

is getting dirty.

darkness isn't disturbing.

quickly is becoming grey.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Like On The Frying Pan - Tanka

like on the frying pan - TANKA

the half of the August.

the roof is heating oneself with sun.

I am opening windows.

the curtain are on the place.

it great heat causes this state.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Like With The Hand Deployed - Tanka

like with the hand deployed - TANKA

as glass little beads.

on the long green stalk.

is leveling distance.

every droplet of the rain.

nature is astonishing.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Long Time

another evening
you are waiting for returns
but not yet the time

bad words
spoken quickly
brought into force

you remember eyes
there is a reflection of the soul
they do not lie.

another evening
it's finally here
You can relax.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Look For The Truth

sky in red
the apple is browning
on the branch

leaves are falling,
clouds are approaching
like daughters of storm

I am dancing
and I am singing
I am expecting
your applause.

you want to find the truth
what do I want to say?
you will find it
in my eyes..

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Love Is Coming Without Anticipation - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

golden reflections wander
in your eyes,
when you are glancing
at deep waters

there are only photographs

a landscape is silence
printed with words
often, increasingly engrossed
in our impetuous thoughts

we feel anxiety in hearts

waiting is worst
when the thought
is so just precipitating breath
this way it here is born a love
and imponderable
which we will get to know

(for CO)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Loved Friend (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

Your friendship is for me
the most beautiful adventure,
so unusual, rich in
everyday surprises

I thank for everything
what you are giving me
you are remarkable because
you have unchanging heart

I don't know how it happened
that I met you on way
when I laughed perhaps
or even I was crying

today I know that without you
world would be grey for me
when you are in need
for sure you can count on me

such a friendship - my dear
is the first prize on the lottery
- here my signature: Your friend
Dagmara Anna - ofcourse

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Magic View

bird in flight
living nature
bright July
two pointers
and the sky about the sunset
bee

magic of the smile
drawing breath
unusual world
in the pink
and in colours
of the rainbow

look in the direction of the sun
you will see
the oddity of the sky
in clouds
the hare
and evening trees

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Melodies Of Feelings

most willingly
we are listening
to the music
whom the heart

of the loved person
is playing.
yesterday
and today

when will happen,
that it is starting
singing the melody
out of tune,

it feels our heart.
therefore is starting
singing on other note,
in the completely

different key.
this way,
new emotion arises
unknow for us so far.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Memories

hidden in the old album, lie at the bottom
of the drawer with fading, yellowed photographs
and postcards. wizen with greenness July petals
of the summer, reminded the joy and tormenting
sadness.

ink pages of diaries as chronicles
accustomed to dates written down,
of names, of events, of adventures
are hiding our often not solved secrets
painted with the view, and revived with
memory supported with story other for pasts

notes on the margin are stigmas of passing
are moving it closer memories from holidays
and the light-hearted time, childlike joy
and rapture of hearts accustomed
to the inevitability of diverging already
to the thing next.

and I hear the noise of the sea...
and I see your eyes...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Memory

in a summer house, we are sitting at a table.
I remember this day, when the uncle was with us.
He made potato dumplings, with big plums.

he gave them for us, on the plate
so that we praised what we are eating
and his culinary abilities.

potato dumplings were lightly sour. poured with butter,
sprinkled with the sugar, it tasted delicious.
and after the food, we rested on the terrace

in surrounding blooming flowers.
in the small pond, small fishes swam.
I felt a slight puff of wind and the sough

when it were gushing out to the lawn of water,
from green sprinkler, placed on the path
to home of my childhood.

a memory remained for us... living.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Mind

to sides a sensitivity is rocking
nudging the undecided conscience

which way to direct the faith
in the truth where the case is ruling

whether where it is touching
hand of the Providence

the mind only demands the thoroughness
inducing to logic - doesn't permit

in order that even in the moment,
the vanity replace it.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Moment In The Time - You Are Love (Cycle - Poetry For My Friend)

you are with moment whom I feel
in oneself and somewhere beyond,
I am closing eyes and I can see
a good all colours
how it influence into the source
of the bright weather

she is surrounding me with you
is protected at any time
invariably, adding yourself in past
tense otherwise each time
I can see the swift waterfall
with your eyes

much more (?)
and they the same
are unchanging
with mirror reflecting
resemblance of
our emotions

(for CO)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Moment Without You

returns are different
happy and sad
we are throwing travelling luggage,
we are running all over familiar angles

in order to smell the odour of walls,
appliances, furniture, and
old books in the library
everything like before

the smell only wafted
the one, of which your
shirt smelt in the day
of my departure

today everything fresh,
even window frames have
the completely different colour.
I know, painted (are) for me.

well from, when you were missing,
you were supposed already to be.
when are you coming back?
sadly for me and I am waiting

... with the supper

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

My Cocaine

What are you doing?
What are you doing?

And what does it concern you?
What does it concern you?
I`m burning the joint, because
it doesn't harm me at all,

and straight out very much it`s helping.
When I`am high, I`am in heaven, cause
I have the departure to the max.
Of my mind car crash and collision,
association, pasturage
on the good grass, because I great
am playing and so I have departures,
serves and emergency dashes.
You don't do the lark from it.
Ej! Don't do the lark from it.

What are you doing?
What are you doing?

And you what have to it? you aren't my friend!
you aren't my mate! Alone I am
master of the fate!
When I am having..coke,
it completely not joke,
excessively relax, completely unconnected,
I am leaving the even body, it works!
Are you with it? it is working! Nobody must love me,
even my family, because most
important for me, hour with the cocaine...

What are you doing?
What are you doing?

Better than the girl... it is my cocaine...
sorry Bro - I am already not answering you...
I am dying...
Cocaine...cocaine... you used me too...

+++

It depends from you which road
you will choose.
I hope that you aren't taking,
because your life you can lose.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

My Doll

my doll, has one eye.
second, a friend picked out.

instead of in the nose,
in the nursery school he picked.

now, I am dreaming, that he is wearing
glasses, and okay...

better he will see it,
of what didn't notice.

my doll has one eye.
it is a souveni, r from the nursery school.

she is most beautiful.
I will sew new eyes for her.

then, everyone will say,
that well for her from eyes it is looking

and is growing... lovely...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Naturists - Tanka

naturists - TANKA

is sitting, behind the bush.

I can see, him in distance.

is like... defenceless,

as the nature created.

his slender nymph is going.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Noise Behind Us - Tanka

fresh green of tall trees

the nature is inviting

slowly sunday walk

travel into the forest

noise behind us remained

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Not Only In The Mirror - Tanka

not only in the mirror

on a wet roadway.

lightings of cars are gleaming.

glittering asphalt.

long shadows, of vehicles.

now, very slowly gliding.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Nothing Say...Escape - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

escape escape
somewhere on the end of the world
so that I can` t see you
so that I don` t get to know you

escape escape
let the breeze is wiping
you out of the strong wind
and unnecessary illusions

say nothing for loves
keep it secret about emotions
but blood is revolting
loneliness is plaguing

nice my you wanted with anger
to open my heart
did you think that it was
as straight as unlocking?

it is hurt therapy
will last longer whether
you can wait
without 'unnecessary' of words?

(for HN)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Oblique Statements - For My Friend Ar....- Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

When I saw you on the horse
I felt sun and wind
and shiver and
I don't know why

I wanted to rush with you
ahead of oneself to rush
holding on to the blown mane

to feel the space
to hear the clatter of hooves
and your breath

I wanted to have on the neck
even in the sleep
as short as this night

when...
I had a dream about you oneself
for the first time...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Of Charms Of The Smile

so little are needed,
in order to make...
smile on the face of the child.

will sometimes be sufficient to hug,
to say the good word,
to play with the toddler

to tell the fairy tale...
it is possible to try out
abilities one`s drama magic,

thing
any not sweets!
the momentary sweetness

can do more bad,
than good. so let the child always
have the magic smile

without losses.
and remember, in us also
a part of the child stays.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Old Picture

colours of the meadow.
is painting, for us a nature,
unusual image.

it is fitting, in the big frame,
redness of wild poppies.

grabbed hold of in reality,
is enrapturing with the subtlety.

delicate flower
strengthened for ages
before our coming

to world

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

On The Horizon - Tanka

on the horizon - TANKA

bow, of the rainbow.

enrapturing, with colours.

is always after the rain.

this time, on the horizon,

a big brightness subdued.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

On The Lilac-Coloured Background - Tanka

on the lilac-coloured background - TANKA

cut tiny flowers.

two white and the three yellow.

are standing in vase.

of their selected colours.

it imitate a picture.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

One From The Thousand...

in the cloudy day,
her tears instead of the rain,
covered the face.

already evening.
quiet footsteps at the door,
but it is not he.

she feels the loneliness of the tree,
which is withering in silence,
abandoned.

longing is killing,
good thoughts are escaping,
an emptiness is remaining.

the bright morning,
the walk, and the sun is dancing,
in flounces of her skirt.

return home,
and in the door he is standing
and then... again tea in two...

At the August evening
on the terrace
he is telling fairy tales for her

from the thousand... about one night.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Only Persevere - Invasion Xii 2008

Palestine
Mother Palestine
your children there in flames
today are dying

Palestine
exhausted and crying
to your earth they are cuddling
a child the husband and the wife

Palestine
covered with a pall mournings
for counting
new tombs stayed

Palestine
don` t cry Palestine
years of anxiety
must to pass

Palestine
I know, your freedom
and you will give for human
out great your joy

today I am an uniting
with your pain Palestine
only persevere! ! !
years of anxiety must pass! ! !

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Only Week And Maybe Some More...(Cycle - Poetry From My Friend)

week, two, it little?
sometimes one a day
it already too much

you probably don` t know
a feeling satiety with everyday
too kind - she

for other eyes
it is as more a sweet
dish, which I don't want

to try and what just only
getting to know the recipe with
what and what it is eating itself in

week you say and I thought that more
because where from you know,
how to cause the smile

on my face it appears
and I know that you understand how
I like to smile

to you my friend...

for - (KK)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Our Choice - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

Everyone wants something
and is chasing it
it is creating the noise
and the noise
around oneself
searching for the ideal
the belle
of the wisdom
I am choosing
the friendship and...
you are my favorite
my Good Ghost
I wish you
the bright days

--

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Painting Dreams(2)

In the bright
lighting
more warmly

everything is becoming
there is a good familiar
and sympathetic

dark background
looks like
the night sky

you can
always
paint stars

invented by you
to replace
one in its sleep

the moon
alone will find
the road to you

in the bright
lighting it is
getting more warmly

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Paiting Dreams (1)

this girl
was similar to me
from old frames
looked a young face

her large eyes
they looked somewhere

into the distance
the almost invisible smile
in the corners of the mouth
only wandered unruly hair

put away partly
in the frame

and dark material
into white pea
together provided
about the living nature

masked
with the seeming calmness

similar physiognomy
other of nature
each of us is
an individuality

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Peace

quickly it will approach
with the permitted speed
in a minute I will see
how you are jumping off
almost on the run,
from a distance waving with hand.

on the platform the crowd
and afraid oneself about flowers.
for you these petals,
they are delicate,
if the waft can blow them out.
at last is. it stopped like I supposed.

I can't only see the familiar figure,
nobody is signalling.
suddenly you are covering my eyes
jumping out out from nowhere
nothing didn't change,
always the same invariably

it is important
and it is linking
not arousing anxiety.

beside somebody
is swallowing tears
are flowing too quickly

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Predictions - Tanka

predictions - TANKA

water in the well,

are lighting, some coppers.

we are predicting.

but I forgot my wishes.

I am throwing second coin.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Presence - Tanka

presence

the fog on the lake.

is subsiding now slowly.

I can already see trees.

and you, you are close to me.

fewer than distance of hand.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Protect Your Heart - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

when you have 'heart on the hand'
that will see it everyone

there amongst them is your friend
but enemy also be perhaps

you want world to love you
and for world you are taking turns

your friend will love
but enemy... to kill perhaps

have your heart on hands
with your personal protection

me behind everything suffice
my good ghost

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Real Friendship - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

the true friendship
is not having to come back
because it is never walking away
the true friendship is free,
and will impose himself upon nobody,
not is limiting nobody, also.

if anybody has doubts whether
it is a friendship,
didn't get to know it really
it is helping you to fall asleep
and in sadness always will comfort you

it is not having
to tell you: I love you
always for you it heart is open
the true friendship
is not having to come back
because it is never walking away

--

(for HN)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Recalling The Past July

yellowed, faded,
July petals of the summer,
dried greenness of grass.
as the record of past moments.

in the diary strengthened
with blue ink,
with colour of the river and clouds,
sailing with us, above our heads,

on the clear sky
without flashes and the storm
that image full of the sun
is lightening faces for us

we are franker for good deeds

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Remembered Moments - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

The moment which is passing
will already never repeat

itself next, every perhaps to be
only similar which passed

and I will in the memory
write all your words

whom you gave to me
they will stay written

in corners of my heart

--

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Secure Code

evening Lavender.
fragrant herbs in the garden.
this is a charming moments,
which we have always said
with pleasure.

walking in the garden
between beds,
and to borders, that find
at the end of the corner,
where Wild herbs are growing.

from here, we feel aroma.
smell, which is different
than all other.
with a view of plants,
is stored in our memory.

along with the emotions.
that
been with us.
like secure code.
is, and is doing well.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Slow Closenesses - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

we are too young
to practical wisdoms but too serious
for youthful carefree manner

and to enjoy the frenzy
with it in two
too alone sad
strange passengers

beautiful with body
are strangling with unusual beauty
I have a long way to you
and you to me have more

and more our thought
and hope will bring closer
and my written - everyday
sheet of papers of memories

(for HN)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Smell - Tanka

smell

on the beach is tight.

kids are pouring. into eyes,

now, with golden sand.

every day I wash my hair.

and bit they smell of almonds.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Smell Of The Cake

in our house, it has always smelt of the cake.
the neighbour said, that he always knew,
when mum is in the house. he recognised
it by the smell of dishes.

I thought how it was possible, because I was
because I was an interesting child,
full of questions and the willingness,
to the prospecting of presents. most often

before Christmas. my searches ended sometimes,
of collapse shelves, with breaking the sugar bowl,
or of the plate. it was beautiful to find
the 'house'. beautiful with windows, in which

tasty choccy bars were placed. it was better
than other presents. the mum baked the cake because
we liked to breathe this smell, which could
lured everyone, more than bought cream cake.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

So Lightly... (For My Friend O.G.- Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

look friend!
such a beautiful weather
the bright sky
not a single one cloud
and you are smiling
so lightly
that without the oppose,
sadness, is hiding at least
in the corners of the lips.

look dear!
how much time it passed
from our last meeting
sorrow for me of these moments
passing so quickly
nothing for us of them
it won't come back
and you let
a time pick them up

think friend!
how much we lost
and it is maybe the profit,
is not a loss?
let us look upwards
perhaps somewhere or other
together, we will find
our wasted years,
at one time...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

So That You Fall In Love With Me

a familiar angler is only an amateur
every taking pleases him
he is sailing out to the lake
even into the bad weather
and then he is coming back with the runny nose
and the caught wellington boot

the familiar angler
is sailing out on boat alone
is saying that still he is waiting
for the goldfish
perhaps will grant his
three wishes

and right away is yelling:

first - so that you fall in love with me
second - so that you fall in love with me
third - so that you fall in love with me

forever of course!

the familiar angler is
a wonderful man
has a remarkable sense of humour,
I also...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spontaneous Lullaby To The Dream (For: K.H)

spontaneous lullaby to the dream

=====
=====

- with the dedication for
'sleepless friend ' (for: K.H)

that night is so beautiful,
and our sky lightened up with stars.
everything around is sleeping, and everyone
is breathing the dream, only...only not you...

why? why my friend, cannot you sleep?
and maybe it love it defeated you
and now you are only repeating words
I love you...love you...

sleep darling, and not be worry for tomorrow.
what was dark, the new day will brighten.
and will bring new hopes and happiness.
sleep friend, already sleep now.

why? why my friend, cannot you sleep?
and maybe it love it defeated you
and now you are only repeating words
I love you...love you...

sleep darling, I will be
your angel in the dream.
sleep my friend, for you
I will be humming my quiet lullaby.

sleep darling and don't worry for tomorrow.
what was dark, the new day will brighten.
and will bring new hopes and happiness.
sleep friend... already sleep now.

close your eyes... and you will hear it...
close your eyes... and you will hear it...
close your eyes...

(in the cycle - 'poems for friends')

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spring Haiku - 1

(1)

spring on the meadows

she is painting young green grass

life is waking up

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spring Haiku - 2

(2)

spring sun is shining

fast white daisies are blooming

fresh dew on the grass

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spring Haiku - 3

(3)

on roadsides still snow

it is slowly melting now

it is a spring melt

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spring Haiku - 4

(4)

ice icicles now

they didn't withstand the heat

after the winter

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spring Haiku - 5

(5)

this is real spring

forest is starting singing

birds returned now

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spring Haiku - 6

(6)

the first spring warm rain

it is flowing down my face

as tears from my eyes

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spring Haiku - 7

(7)

agile red squirrel

jumping on branches of trees

is exercising jumps

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Spring Haiku - 8

flashes in the sky

the first spring storm will approach

I have umbrella

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

'Start From..'. For My Friend - B. Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

Sulky and proud,
flirtatious for women.
You realize from your arsenal
with the heart'.

Perhaps for yourself
you are repeating
from very morning:

nobody will resist me,
nobody will resist me,
nobody will resist me,
nobody will resist me...

therefore,
start with the haiku...

nobody will resist
who surpasses in terms
of it goodness other

nobody will resist
the truth about ardent love
if it is born...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Straight Of Wood - Tanka

straight of wood

morello cherry.

it is rich this year.

it are excellent good fruits.

I `m squeezing the sweet juice.

and directly to your lips.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Stumbles

sometimes accidentally, you are stumbling
with lips, for my not hiding the curiosity
about half- closed eyes, you are examining
my pupils, it seem black surrounded grey,
with green edge of humid kerb.

covered with the shadiness of eyelashes,
with skilled, move of the hand, you are
gathering the thickness of hair from my neck,
attracting with smell, and warm sparkle
in order, in a minute, awkwardly to weave

in into it a clover, at least more rainy
pearls would fit, the diadem of tears,
which sometimes I am putting. for concerns
or crimson flower, when the heart
too firmly is hitting with our rhythm,

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Summer Picture... After The Rain

opened gates
of our gardens

flora
flowers and climbing roses

the sun came back
rays through clouds

and already after the rain
sunny spell

warmth more warm
water in puddles

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Sun In The Hat

on the beach joy
the favourite is barking loud
when wet waves
are washing paw marks away
on sand

in the move
even more beautiful
is chasing colourful wings
by the water
dragonflies

the sun is heating up
rays
their light
is dazzling a little
too firmly

I am putting the hat on
it is straw-coloured

good to every
solar
chance

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Sunny Spell

the rain is slowly terminating, the sky
is clearing up and white clouds
are starting sailing on it.

the first rays of sunshine.
are creeping up your face,
you conjured on it, the smile.

which he likes
the same as
the warm touch, of your hands.

these pleasant feeling,
now, off in is walking us,
like a good drink.

we are going into the sun..

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Surprises

unexpected love is arriving
suddenly, quickly and it is
staying, or more quickly
is still diverging

we sometimes want
to stop it more often...
we are doing no movement.
we are breathing a sigh of relief

that it is already an end.
true love is most often
silent giving up its seat
to conversations of the heart.

declarations and promises
are circles on water
with finger written on sand
words of love

the wind will blow it, together love is it
with precarious feeling. whispers of lovers
will go separate ways, all over angles,
and it will fly away with window

true love, doesn't need the noise
of the noise, and the advertisement,
it is in us from the beginning,
and it stays forever.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Taste Of Emotion - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friend)

you are like delectable
Turkish coffee
it power and aroma
pick me up every day
with the additional
supply of the energy
I am going into life
with the thought
about you
and taste of our feeling
a morning is waking me up
and new desire
and water
is already boiling
...

(for CO)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Taste Of Life

sometimes I feel, that life strange has the taste.
Oh! If only this way to receive the sign of hope
and the chance on conditions betterment.
And maybe happiness, it is only
a mirage and an illusion?

the ozone hole,
the asphalt road,
alcohol, and words of the criticism,
drugs the lack of ethics, tactics
and agreements, and in excess
we have bad habits
and zero sympathies,
feelings are bad, is a to paid love,
not only women these which in the street
are fitting and at the wag of the finger
and themselves as article
are selling for the money. because
there are also payable male a close-up
at least officially
it is saying they aren't

sometimes I feel, that life strange has the taste.
Oh! If only this way to receive the sign of hope
and the chance on conditions betterment.
And maybe happiness, it is only
a mirage and an illusion?

At a tram stop
thug is attacking the man
when he calmly is waiting for the bus.
Only shouts are heard,
sounds of the brawl,
and you - louder radio
and listening to the politics.
are describing 'Pig's bulls'

with curses walls,
in the roadway of the hole known,
for years not patched.
These are charms of the life and crummy views.
they are promising frequent and quick sentences.
Because the life isn't as colourful
as adventure films.

sometimes I feel, that life strange has the taste.
Oh! If only this way to receive the sign of hope
and the chance on conditions betterment.
And maybe happiness, it is only
a mirage and an illusion?

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Tearfully - Tanka

in the dull morning

I`m waiting impatiently

the sun didn't come

I am facing with sorrow

the first drops only my tears

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Beach Disappointed - Tanka

the beach disappointed - TANKA

rainy clouds, are near.

are approaching quickly now.

are waking the panic up.

are running, in the panic,

they, burnt with a sun.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Dream Or The Nightmare - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

everything is a nightmare
and it stood on its head
you will believe
what you will want
I won't help you

I sent the old song
on 'fortunate way'
and I don't already want to know
and to see nothing I don't want
you perhaps but I will

and that it not so how
you think so and
I ask you to come back
when for me then again will
have a dream about you

(for HN)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Greatness

The greatness of the man,
doesn't depend on the height
of his stool, and the position,
which he occupies.

Of every, it is possible

identically quickly to fall.

Greatness of the man it's not
the same what height.

It is possible to be high,
small with 'guy'.

You will recognize by acting,
and the behaviour 'who is who'.
Be generous - you will be having
a very good chance, in order
to call you 'great man'.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Memory

on panes are drops
I am smearing with finger
warm rain
greyness of the garden
and the wooden bridge
as long as the day
what is trudging stubbornly
when there is a bad weather

the river is accepting
rainy splashes
flares
on the nearby lake
and I with one's ear
I am still today
catching words
inexpressible

I recall the coast.
rippled water,
dusk on the beach,
golden sand,
altogether us in the summer,
hot August,
coming September
and you ...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Queen Of Flowers - Tanka

the queen of flowers - TANKA

it the rose garden.

from a distance, smell flowers.

it very beautiful view.

above the gate, is a rose.

her petals are in dew drops.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Shape And The Dimension

you are taking the armour of the day
from yourself
and you are already other man
you are intoxicated with sparks
of silver stars
you want to howl sometimes as the wolf
to the pale moon

to wander the roof as the sleepwalker
or to dream...
about night backstreets
where the small cafes
full of stifling thick air
with the smoke and mists of alcohol
and the girls are showing red garters

at night human shadows
are circulating along city streets
lamp posts are dispelling
all doubts hidden
in corners of the darkness
everything has other shape
and the dimension...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Smile Is Relieving Everything. - For Sk..J. - Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

Sometimes, you are like a child
which something armed
and is pretending
that he doesn't know
what it is about.

Your smile
is relieving everything.
In it your heart,
yearnings and desires
are feeling...

You are curious
about the life
and you are trying
to satisfy
this curiosity.

However don't forget
that for other
it is of them 'taboo'...
Not everyone likes
when they are looking him

in the face without
the protective face mask.
There are this many viruses
to which we aren't immune today...
Look at it from...my perspective friend...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Walk Improves Appetite

--

Sunday walk, it is like expedition.
this journey into the forest
thicket, where birds are singing,
voice is not regretting.

squirrel are jumping
from tree to tree,
reddish tail waving
as flag.
hospitable nature invites

its green.
noise is beyond you.
somewhere in the back,
you can breathe
fresh air,

and the dog runs with great
branch, sweeping path.
to the home is near.
and now, everything
tastes better.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

The Walk Well Is Doing

on the beach early in the morning,
chase of wave.
the dog is organising cheerful frolics,
and his master, is running more quickly,
than an age would point at it.

I am listening to the familiar noise,
at the shore I am gathering
a few delicate small
shells, still wet.

on the way I am treading
ruins, of the castle, made by children.
I am coming home with sand in shoes
and I have appetite like a wolf

for everything

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Those Moments When You Sing

The July sadness came
together with a sudden attack of rain.
it's raining cats and dogs,
you are getting wet with the loved dog,
you are running quickly,
the wooden small bridge is creaking.

she could hear
it and she see from a distance,
that you want to overtake the dog,
and it is jumping spraying puddles.
she is standing the tea
and she is opening the door.

you are shaking your head,
like your friend dog
and you are laughing out loud.
she likes these moments,
when you are singing
under the shower...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Thoughts

are rushing, quickly it are flying away,
it are swelling and are collecting
with clouds on the forehead,
like in the sky

filled yesterday and with today
of trouble and concerns, joy and sorrows
harassing, tormenting and the ones
what are comforting for you and other

our thoughts are working non-stop,
even are driving nightmares with the night or
blissful dreams, in order that only in the morning,
anew to try to tune the organism, with optimism

...

controlled

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Time

it is clinging to hands
of the clock
it is rushing tirelessly
as crazy
it is observing when you
are going the filmset up
under the name
the life
it knows that it only depends
on you whether you will be
a supernumerary
or a director unless,
the fate entrusts you
with the major part
dream of every
...actor

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Time For The Dream

red petals
are shuddering lightly
under the touch

the wind likes pranks,
knocking them is whistling,
in green grass a waft.

it is flying above the ground.
flowing straight from flowers,
poppy petals.

for a moment it is still dancing
and it is already in green,

it's time to fall asleep.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Time For Us

garden summerhouse.
you and I...
engrossed in
the music of the evening

I don't notice
the colour of your eyes
the heat from them is gushing out
as the sparks, from the bonfire

darling, darling,
when the moon will stop
by us
it will be for us a time...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Time Of The Rain - Tanka

It July sadness

sudden stroke and its raining

you are getting wet

and together your loved dog

wooden planks of the bridge too

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

To Hear The Heart (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends) - For B(Ch)

long long time
a lot of time passed
from the last conversation
and then again you are
a bit different
tired
dreamy(?)

I don't know
I am nothing know much about you
little I know about myself
I remembered eyes
and your face
gentler today

it is this way well

we will still
remain silent together
I will hear then
hitting of your heart

...

one's also

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Together - Tanka

already sunset

shadows of your joking friends

they are long on sand

and now, the shared way home

only beach is left empty

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Under Glass - Tanka

under glass

in the heated greenhouse, warm.

and green umbrellas.

are climbing up, the unknown.

for me plants, are waking my.

healthy, curiosity up.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Under The Cover Of The Night - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friend)

night is like mother
good and beautiful
is hugging to the sleep
is singing lullabies

she is not setting apart nobody
her light shawl is waving
in embroidered stars
and one crescent moon

under the cover of the night
feels safer
forbidden love
and the first emotions

when this way we are wandering
on the way to you
is bringing unexpectedly
pinkened morning

and germinating emotions
is whispering - care about it
or else they can quickly pass
and they will never already

come back

(for HN)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Unforgettable Evening - Tanka

walk in the garden

the evening smells of roses

the charming moments

they stay exactly there now

written in the memory

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Until Tomorrow

sunset
deserted beach
still on the sand
I see the long shadows
of my friends.

we are slowly gathering
time to home
there, a good show.e.r
common road for us it
isn` t dragging on.

before we reach,
we will sing marching songs
which we remember,
and we will shake
and out of baskets.

behind us empty beach.
we are catching remains
of the ending day
so that it is
how many it is necessary.

there is also a day tomorrow.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Vernally

on the blossoming trees, birds
loud are sitting and twittering,
it is the spring welcome.

with wooden steps,
I am descending to a river bank,
I am touching smooth stones.

rinsed out water, are clean
and smooth, as your hands,
when you are touching.

calm water.
we are going uphill, to look
for the first flowers.

from under the cut, of a trunk
are growing a twigs
and are turning green, now

a spring came back,
and on the heart more lightly.
we are waiting for the May

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Waiting

with waiting, I am salting dishes,
adding the pinch of bitterness
will harm nobody.

mistakes are component parts of us alone
and what of it, that we are usually a cause
of their birth, of growing and the development.

not important, that bad thoughts
are tearing understanding to pieces,
to not to allow for logic

feeling and the need are substantial
of surviving the same emotions still anew
and the delight of the tasting

saltily of bitter dishes added as spice,
waiting for it, what must to fill up.
with waiting, I am salting dishes...

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

We Are Playing Together

the blue of the sky,
green, of grass,
colour of your eyes
beginning of the play

look darling, to the moon,
like it is smiling to us.
my defeat,
is for him, delight

we are playing 'in green'.
we have 'green'
we will give, for ourselves,
you for me, and I for you.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

We Will Remember - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

escape crazy heart
but it doesn't want to listen
why
tell me why
precisely here
you and I

escape crazy heart
somewhere somebody is waiting for you
listen
and perhaps you not yet you know about it
why, you and I
we are together
here

escape crazy heart
my get to know and...unknown
I won't say
it is well..o! yes
I will say nothing
...nothing

escape crazy heart
an appropriate moment is now
the mistake is a mistake
because it won't be after all
our shared excellent
hit

escape crazy heart
escape crazy heart
escape crazy heart
but only... in a minute
we won't hear the heart

we will remember eyes

(for - B (CH))

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Well-Deserved Dream

on the keyboard
a fluffy bullet is dozing
it is mewling and it is humming

tired out after constant
walks, didn't withstand
the sleep was stronger

only first rays
woke the prankster up.
is rolling balls of wool now

and is playing with nuts.
and for half a night,
it will be examining a dark world

from some roof

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

What The Wind Is Carrying - Tanka

two-coloured scarf

the impish wind is carrying

it blew love for you

nice memories remained

shared photos in the room

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

With The Sun On The Face

they switched light off,
some malfunction.
went out even the last candle,
but it evening for two.
darkness is supporting.

spring flowers.
are exploding with smell.
street cats prepared
the free concert.
it's beginning to rain.

engrossed in rain, we are slowly
falling asleep by tomorrow.
warm rays are waking us up
there is a sun on your face
today, we are going to town.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

You Aren` t Alone

the night leaves you
into assumptions of imagination
which is taking the care
of the awareness it is leading
with hills of boundless darkness
to the desert of the moonlight

you aren't alone
you found the place in the hearse
of yesterday people
they are heading
in direction familiar to oneself
not looking at oneself backwards

sometimes they only sense
the presence of the intruder,
demolishing the accepted chic,
they are getting mixed up,
the order of red out
with events of the hardened past

with stropheson cards, wrapped
with ivy of the oblivion.
a next blue dawn, will greet you
so that then again.
you taste solitudes amongst many
you aren't alone (?)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

You Are My Light - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

I am looking into the window
and all lights are slowly going out
the city is falling asleep now
pale lamplights are breaking darkness through

and under feet I feel the carpet
but the cool of the night is bringing
completely unexpected shivers
fever is only deepening it

one minute - I will shut a window
and now, I will try to fall asleep
my thought is heading for you quickly
only you are my light, in darkness

and you will be fire only for me

-

(for SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

You Are Playing - And There Children Are Dying...

you today are having a good time
even after holidays
you are young and healthy
she is well rested

and there children are dying,
I know, it isn't
your fault...

you are swimming in the pool
she is choosing new patterns
and is looking magazines through
you can't see eyes of the dead girl

and there children are dying,
I know, it isn't
your fault...

you love..you drink the coffee and wine
you are using the life because years
quickly will pass, you don't know
that he dead he fell down. it is hard to believe

and there children are dying,
I know, it isn't
your fault...

you are silent because for you comfortably
you want to go the your life through freely
such a silence... is a consent
whether your life - it is still 'in the price'?

and there children are dying,
I know, it isn't
your fault...

(invasion - XII- 2008)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Your Advantage For My Friend - G. - Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

Your advantage

You often are closing eyes,
you are making funny faces,
you are observing my reactions...

So friend I think,
that you have acting abilities.
You can express your emotions
with the face, that means confirm,
and do it as the experienced artist.

That's all not only I can see.
You still have your other side.
There you are hiding your sincere
heart and words
which you are writing in memory
for the ones which you love and you like...

You have the gentle nature.
Hurt, can long ache...
Don't be sad and overlook on the ones
which are lacking the tact.
With poor have imagination.

Not everyone feels what allows
to fly up higher than other...
You have this gift and it is your advantage.

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar

Your Heart Beat - (Cycle - Poetry For My Friends)

it was the first time
when we met
oneself, then I heard
it was your heart beat

baby,
maybe I am crazy
when I am on the street
but one thing that I can hear,
is only your heart beat

I wish that some day
you said that I can stay

when I look at the sky
I know, that your heart
is close to my
and it is not a lie

baby,
maybe I am crazy
when I am on the street
but one thing that I can hear,
is only your heart beat

I wish that some day
you said that I can stay

I will not give you
any reasons to cry, please
give me a try I`am always strong
but now it`s long and long
waiting for you
believe me, this is a true

baby,
maybe I am crazy

when I am on the street
but one thing that I can hear,
is only your heart beat

I wish that some day
you said that I can stay

-

(for - SM)

Dagmara Anna AuraDagimar