

Poetry Series

Denny M.X.
- poems -

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Denny M.X.(3.6.1983)

Born in India in 1983

A Child Speaks...

being lost in childhood
is nothing
but meditation
often in serene atmosphere
i tune my nostrils
to absorb
the lost fragrance of childhood
and the ears
to hear
the lost voices of childhood
and memories...
where i lived with nameless grass
nameless plants...
and their nameless Flowers...
nameless colours...
i played with ants
and nameless insects...
nameless butterflies...
i lived in shrubs
as if in a wild forest
without name
without words
a child speaks...

Denny M.X.

A Great Dream

this universe is a dream
if God is sleeping

Denny M.X.

A Tree To A Bird

oh... bird

how sweet your song

how smooth your feathers

how nice your dance

how pure your mind

you came to me

just to take rest

and not to make nest

it is getting dark

and you have to go

you shit on my branches
now you can fly away...

after all i'm a tree
just a tree!

Denny M.X.

Being Water

I lived like water
shaped by the containers
that hold me
sometimes cooled
sometimes frozen
sometimes hot
now i want to boil
i want to spread
i want to be a cloud
i want to rain
i want to flow
i want to be the ocean
i have no end
i have no choice either
i am the water!

Denny M.X.

Blotting Paper

water drops
we are
blotting paper
love is!

Denny M.X.

Death

Death sleeps in life
as a tree in a seed

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Kaleidoscope

i hope
if we were
in the kaleidoscope
again
just to feel
the infinity
of moments...

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Life!

When life becomes hard
I think life is a dream
And When it becomes harder...
I don't know how to wake up!
My friend...
I don't know...

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Muted

you are muted
me too
yet...
we can hear
what we couldn't speak

Denny M.X.

The History

The history will go on repeating...
until man has learn from it.

Perhaps...

then there will be no man
to repeat the history!

Denny M.X.

The Masks

we have many masks
for anything
and everything
for anyone
and everyone
even for sleeping
i'm not sure
whether we have faces too
anyway
since my birth
i haven't seen my face
and...
i'm not remembering my face
before my birth
that doesn't matter
but what really matters is
sometimes i see God
behind the mask of Satan!

Denny M.X.

The Peripheries

How far you can follow your thoughts
without disturbing your existence?
how many dreams you can cherish
without touching the realities?
how long you can go
to find the peripheries of love?
i know not
yet i keep running...
through the infinite radius
just to reach...

Denny M.X.

The Poetry

once you told...
rain makes me gloomy
you are poetic,
i thought.
now look at me
can you see me becoming a cloud...
please don't ask
what happened?
it may makes me rain.
while raining...
you are not just poetic
you are the poetry itself
being written by God

Denny M.X.

The Signpost

when you arrived
I was a signpost
without name
without direction

you stopped
and looked at me
for a moment
and walked away

turned towards
where you went
I named me
your name

someday
on way back
you will see
where you are

- Denny M.X., 2013

Denny M.X.

Two Miracles

It's a miracle
that I'm still alive!
but the greatest miracle is that
I think that I'm still alive! !

Denny M.X.

Would You Ever

would you ever walked
from what u seems to be
to where you were not born
to where your ancestors were not born
to where human beings were not born
to where no animals were not born
to where no plants and trees were not born
to where any livings things were not born
to where the earth is not born
to where no sun and other stars were not born
to where the universe is not born
to where the emptiness is not born
to where the creator was alone...
and would you ever walked beyond...
and beyond the creator
and beyond everything you can imagine

Denny M.X.