

Poetry Series

**Elena V. Moonray**  
**- poems -**

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## Elena V. Moonray(April 24,1880 (I wish))

My life is some sort of a paradox - the longer I live, the less I know. And I kind of like it that way :)) . I mean, I enjoy learning – learning new things is the best.

I love my family and my many good friends. They are very warm, funny, and encouraging people, though sometimes they are trying to hide their best qualities. I can't even imagine myself for a second without them.

Basically, I am easily amused and happy with my life. And I have a serious and logical side, as well, but I will keep it away from this Site cause you might find it boring.

# A Scary Dream

I had a strange dream this night  
That I cut off my finger  
And was running around  
Looking for a hospital  
To sew it back.  
They told me there:  
According to the newest findings  
We don't anymore  
Sew back the fingers.  
I was disappointed  
I was very scared  
My hand looked ugly  
Without my middle finger  
There was no pain, nor blood  
Just no finger  
And I was very concerned  
About wearing gloves this winter.  
I tried to tie it back myself  
With a handkerchief  
But it did not hold  
And I got tired quickly  
From doing this monkey job;  
And, after giving it a thought,  
I decided to become a lizard  
And grow my finger back  
Like they grow new tails.  
With that simple solution  
I fell asleep again  
Pretty satisfied.  
And was very surprised  
To see all my fingers there  
In the morning when I woke up...  
And then I remembered -  
My dearest friend,  
Is leaving today,  
Moving to New Orleans  
Leaving me her fish  
Named Joy

Nov 5,05

Elena V. Moonray

# A Tiny Bit Of Light Red Wine, A Tiny Bit Of Sunny May...(Translation From O. Mandelshtam)

The inexplicit sadness suddenly  
has opened its huge sleepy eyes...  
a flower vase woke up....and twice  
spilt over all its crystal, utterly

\*\*\*

A little bit of light red wine  
a tiny bit of sunny May  
and picking biscuit off the tray  
your graceful fingers are divine

May 1909

Elena V. Moonray

# A Way It All Started...

The way it started  
it could have  
easily become  
love...

The words we said,  
on a dirty bench,  
where we sat  
in the dark  
in the Union Square  
park  
closely monitored  
by bums...

The way we held  
hands,  
and secrets  
we bravely  
revealed  
about ourselves,  
and things that we  
did not tell,  
but were going to...  
It all was so  
precious  
and so insanely  
engaging...

Our starting affair  
smelled  
like a fragile  
Snowdropp flower\*  
breaking through  
melting armors of snow...  
A crazy little flower  
that could not resist  
its desire  
to get all the sun  
and all the love on Earth,

even if it has to  
die for it  
right after.

It felt like  
I will never  
get cold again  
and will never  
feel lonely  
just because  
of the way  
you were with me....

It felt like  
finding  
a long forgotten  
home  
after being lost  
for so long...  
It felt like no wars  
ever existed,  
and everything  
will be just fine  
with me  
from now on...

Remember we talked about  
being a grown up man  
and a grown up woman,  
and what that meant for each other  
and how good it must be  
to be such a confident grown up person,  
who can take care of things  
and assume responsibilities  
for his own actions;  
and protect another  
from being wounded  
before protecting himself...

We talked about  
all these important things,  
like children,

who ran away from home...  
I was very shy about it  
cause I used to talk about  
important things  
only with shrinks,  
and not with nearly strangers...

You know, some words  
that people say  
just go straight  
through your ears  
without impacting  
your thoughts in any way...  
and some get  
right into your heart and  
stay there for years,  
even if you knew  
someone for a day...

Well... all  
what I am trying  
to say here -  
it was very brief,  
but I am still  
under impression,  
I am still  
under the influence  
of your every word,

...and I am still  
deeply surprised  
by the fragility  
of your soul.

And of my own...

...and I am remaining  
your fan.

Sept 29,2005



# A Yin Strategy

I am a little wildflower...  
I will strike you  
with my fragility  
I will touch you  
with my softness  
and you will feel an  
irresistable  
desire to  
fertilize and  
protect me  
with your love

Oct 8,05

Elena V. Moonray

# Aftertaste

I could not feel a thing  
when I saw you again  
may be just a touch of emptiness  
with a tiny spice of disappointment

or may be it was just  
an aftertaste  
of an Italian frozen desert  
in my mouth  
that we shared together  
before saying good bye

It was unexpected but true  
that the only connection  
between us was a piece of chocolate ice cream,  
tasty and refreshing, and gone pretty fast...

I am not looking for any meanings of things  
I am simply looking...  
and sometimes saying  
a word or two when they come to my mind

June 26,2007

Elena V. Moonray

# Against The Rules

I am cool if you don't love me,  
I am good if you don't smile to me,  
It is even OK not to adore me  
But I can't take it  
When you completely ignore me

This is against the rules!

Elena V. Moonray

# Be Like Water, My Friend - Hypnotic Induction

'Be like water, my friend, be like water,  
Don't be rigid; just go with a flow...'  
'Be like water' - you asked me. 'Don't hold to me.  
I am leaving, so please let me go.'

'Water is shapeless, my friend, water is flowing  
Water is moving; and it cannot die...  
It may freeze sometimes, when it gets too cold,  
But you know, the spring will arrive.'

\*\*\*

I'm becoming shapeless, I'm becoming fluid,  
I am listening to what you say...  
I got frozen, my friend, by your sudden coldness  
But I'm finding through cracks my new way.

\*\*\*

Now I am floating, again. I am glowing.  
I'm reflecting the sun and the sky...  
And sometimes the clouds. And the wind is blowing...

I'm already far away...Just stopped to wave 'Good Bye! '

October 6,2005

Elena V. Moonray

# Boneless Chicken Song

I am a 6'.2" boneless chicken  
I am afraid of everything  
I am afraid to act, I am afraid to talk  
I am afraid of you, I am afraid of her  
I am afraid of every thing,  
Except for my blues, good vodka  
And one night stands –  
With them I feel happy and pretty safe

I am afraid of women  
They always want too much of me.  
I am afraid of you  
Cause you want to know who I really am,  
You want me to say real things to you  
You want me to do real things to you  
You want me to care, you want to feel my soul  
You want me to make you fell good ...  
...and I can't!  
Cause I don't care about anything ...  
but my blues,  
good vodka and  
one night stands

I know you want me,  
I know you want to know  
real me  
I know you want me ...  
but I can't ...  
Cause I don't care about anything  
but my blues, good vodka  
and one night stands

You want me to talk to you  
And I've got nothing to say  
You want to know my intentions  
And I've got none  
I've got no voice, I've got no thoughts, and no intentions  
I just wanted to cheat with you on my old girlfriend,  
Like she cheated on me...

And this is all.

Sorry, Baby! I don't care who you are and what you think of me  
I don't care what you dreaming of, and if I make you smile or cry...  
In fact, I never really cared bout either of you  
Cause you women always want too much  
of me  
and cause I just don't really care  
about anything  
but my blues, good vodka,  
and one night stands  
So leave me alone, woman...

...Alone with my pain... and fears...  
and may be one day I'll grow my bones back, and feathers, and wings...  
...and fly

Aug 09

Elena V. Moonray

# Fear Of Thunderstorms

I am afraid of thunderstorms and can't look at the lightening  
And am avoiding being in thunderstorms all my life  
And hide under the table when it catches me off guard  
So that I won't see all these scary blue lights  
That may hit me  
And I may die

When I was little I was caught by a storm in a forest  
And my dad told me  
Don't stand by the trees -  
When the lightening hits a tree, you will get hurt  
So we stayed in the open  
Surrounded by blue lights  
And there was nowhere to hide...

I think this scared child  
Once caught in the lightening in the middle of the forest  
Was always inside of me  
Ready to hide under the table at the sight of everything  
That seemed too electrical...

I was scared of storms that may shake your heart, and your life and Your soul  
and your pride,  
And your views of yourself...  
But I forgot that storms can also make you clean and strong,  
When you are ready...  
And to avoid getting hit by the lightening  
All you need to do – is just go deep inside and watch closely  
What is happening with wide open eyes and wide open heart

And then it was so good  
Letting a perfect storm into my life  
Though a few dead trees got broken  
And an old house fell apart  
I got out of it so fresh, so serene and quiet  
So clean and subtle...and so open  
So aware of things and confident in myself  
And looking forward to build a new house  
On the top of the mountain, with a view on the lake...

So when a thunderstorm is coming, I will see it in all its powerful beauty  
And I am so grateful to this perfect storm for making me brave...

But I won't tell his name.

Aug 16,2005

Elena V. Moonray

# Give Me Your Paw, So I Would Have Good Luck! ('To Kachalov's\* Dog' - Free Style Translation From S. Esenin)

Hey, give me your paw, so I would have good luck!  
I have not seen a paw like that for ages  
Let's sit together quietly and bark,  
Bark at the moon at stillness of the night

Hey, give me your paw, so I would have good luck!  
Come on you silly, don't lick my fingers  
You don't know what my life is like  
And if it is worth a dime; and I don't know either

Your owner is so famous and cool  
His friendly home is always full of guests  
And every one of them is smiling like a fool  
And tries to pet you by your plushy fur

You are a devilishly handsome dog  
You are so pleasantly naïve and fun  
Without asking anyone a thing  
As if you're drunk, you're kissing everyone

My dear dog, among your fancy guests  
All kinds of different people you can find  
And what about her, who got so quiet recently and sad,  
Has she by any chance stopped by?

She will, my dog, I promise you she will  
Please in my absence look into her eyes  
And kiss her hand with tenderness I feel  
And ask her to forgive me for the things I've done...  
And things I have not done

1925 (transl. Nov 11,05)

\*A Famous Actor

Elena V. Moonray

# Happy Poem

How does it feel to have a fan  
How does it feel to have an admirer  
It must feel so warm...

I am so happy that we talk again  
It feels so good to be in peace with you  
Like the whole world just gave me a hug

I am so happy that sleep went away  
I should call my dad tomorrow  
And thank him for... something

Oct 25,05

Elena V. Moonray

# I Got Pregnant

I got pregnant  
From your words.  
I was pregnant  
With your thoughts.  
I gave birth to  
Little poems...  
So, now they are  
Our babies.

Elena V. Moonray

## I Will Repeat The Name... (Translation From I. Annensky)

Among all worlds, among all shiny stars  
I keep repeating the name of one star only...  
And this is not because I am in love with her  
It's just because I feel with others lonely.

And if I can't resolve my doubts anymore,  
She is the one, who I would ask for answers,  
And this is not because I see the Light in her,  
Just near her the Light makes not much sense...

Translated Sept 30,2005

Elena V. Moonray

# It

My love  
is big as a stadium  
and tiny  
like a morning star;

it is weightless as a butterfly  
and deep as a canyon;  
it is funny like a cartoon character,  
and dramatic like...like War and Peace;

it is thoughtless  
like a child  
and very stubborn, like a bull  
sometimes;

sometimes it gets wise,  
like a look on my  
grandma's portrait...  
but not that often...

and it smells adventure, like wild  
strawberries, just found  
in the grass  
after a thunderstorm...

It is something  
I do not control,  
it is independent  
of me: although I am  
made of it and  
it flows through my veins,  
I have no clue  
what exactly it is  
and how I should  
properly handle It...

Oct 18,05



# Little Monsters' March Song (Inspired By British Punk Rock)

You spit in my face  
I spit in your soul  
You pushed me off the stairs  
I pushed you off the cliff

You make me feel un-comfortable  
I make you feel un-comfortable  
You make me feel mi-i-iserable  
I make you feel more so

We make each other feel  
m-i-s-e-r-a-b-l-e!  
We guard our Monsterland!

Because this is what we know  
Because this is what we do  
Because this is how we live  
Because this is what we deserve

We are greedy  
Ugly monsters  
Incapable  
Of love

Lets never be happy,  
Lets never trust anybody  
Lets make everyone feel bad  
Lets never grow up

Lets make everything ugly  
Lets be proud of our troubles  
Lets dance on the ruins  
Lets fail our lives

Because this is what we know  
Because this is what we do  
Because this is how we live

Because this is what we deserve

Lets fail our lives

Lets never look in the eyes

Lets hate each other's guts

And bite those,

Whoever ever dear to come close

We are proud to be

Unhappy

Ugly monsters

Incapable

Of love

We are from Monsterland...

11/27/05

Elena V. Moonray

# Looking Back

This city is full of strangers -  
About seven million or so,  
Not even including tourists...  
They come and go freely  
Through the streets, through the thoughts,  
Through the lives of each other...  
Without ever wanting to stay.

Without  
Looking  
Back.

That's probably the way it should be  
Like the waves of the ocean  
Come and go  
Sometimes rough and scary,  
And so caring and gentle sometimes.  
They can rock you softly like a baby,  
So that you'll forget all your  
Worries and fears...  
But if you try to keep a wave  
From moving forward  
It will carry you back to the shore  
And will take off,  
Off for its  
Journey...

...without even saying good bye  
without looking back...

We all know what happened to those,  
To those keepers who wanted to hold to  
Things they used to admire and care about,  
Sweet memories of their lives...  
We read about them in the Bible,  
Some people wrote thick books about them...  
How Lot's wife turned her head around  
To look for the last time at her home,  
Where she lived and where she loved.

And turned  
Into a  
Pillar of  
Salt.

\*\*\*

...I know this, I know,  
My friend  
I better  
Let you  
Go,  
My friend,  
Without even  
Thinking of  
Asking you  
To stay my friend.

Without  
Looking  
Back

Without  
Looking  
Back

October 5,2005

Elena V. Moonray

# Looking For Guidance

I am looking for guidance  
Looking for guidance  
Asking the moon,  
Looking at the stars,  
Catching the whispers  
Hearing rain drops  
Feeling the winds  
Hugging the dogs  
Asking the birds  
Listening to the heart beat  
Looking in the mirror  
ing of the past lives  
Loving my friends  
Watching my fish swim  
Asking for wisdom  
Looking for guidance.  
Becoming an antenna

Looking into the eyes  
Looking for guidance  
Smiling. Breathing the air  
Becoming a heart beat  
Becoming a moon  
Becoming the stars  
Disappearing. Checking reception.  
Thanking the winds  
Thanking a smile  
Following the warmth  
Letting everything be  
Feeling the flow  
Becoming a stray dog  
Becoming a bird  
Smelling the flowers  
Walking on the sand

Opening to beauty  
Surrender to silence  
Growing inside  
Becoming a tree

Growing roots  
Growing leaves  
Enjoying the winds  
Dancing in the rain  
Greeting the sun  
Becoming a child  
Loosing the fear  
Loosening my hair  
Opening my arms wide

Nov 4,05

Elena V. Moonray

# Making Your Way To Me

I know you are making  
Your way to me  
Through the subway  
Through the phone line  
Through the rain

I sense it - you are making  
Your way to me  
Through all your past lives  
Through all your deepest loves  
Through all your pain

I feel it that you are simply  
Making your way to me,  
To where your heart  
Tells you to be

And this is all  
My heart wants me to do -  
Listen and smile  
Making  
My way  
To you

Nov.6,2005

Elena V. Moonray

# My Friend Fell Off His Bed

I called him late, so late at night  
When he's already turned off the light  
He thought it was a call from Hell  
And off his bed on the floor he fell

And now his knee is swollen  
Cause off his bed he's fallen  
And though he politely says "nothing at all"  
I know his knee hurts and it's all my fault

This story would not be that terribly sad  
If people just started to understand  
That it could be cruel to bother a friend  
Who's already peacefully snoozing in bed

Oct 13,05

Elena V. Moonray

# Namaste For Myself (After Yoga Class)

Today  
I thanked  
myself  
for being  
precious,  
I thanked  
myself  
for being  
patient,  
for having  
beauty  
for eyes  
delicious,  
and for healing  
wounds  
that were  
being ancient

Oct 3,05

Elena V. Moonray

# Omnia Mea Mecum Porto\*

My heart is broken  
But I am alive  
And I intend to continue  
Remaining this way

My pride is broken  
But I will grow a new  
Because my pride  
Does not depend on you

My cheerfulness was gone  
But not for good  
I will smile again  
Before a new moon

My confidence was broken  
But not for very long  
Everything mine  
Is coming back to me

It was great when you thought I am special,  
But when you changed your mind  
Everything mine  
Still stayed with me

I did not know this  
I thought it would all go away  
Everything I had  
When you left

Smart people figured it  
Centuries ago, saying  
"Omnia mea mecum porto"-  
Everything mine I carry with me

And now I finally know  
what it really means...  
Things that are mine  
Nobody can take away.

Everything mine I get to keep!

\* a latin proverb

Elena V. Moonray

# Only When...

Some people  
will never like me,  
some people will  
never care about me;  
some people  
will never be my friends...  
or anybody's...  
and so what?  
most people simply  
love their isolation  
and don't relate to others  
in any way, except for  
riding  
the same subway, gliding  
over faces,  
thinking their own thoughts...

and this is simply how things are -  
it never bothered me a bit.

only knowing that you...  
are becoming one of them,  
one of these strangers  
hurts

Oct 24,05

Elena V. Moonray

# Smell Of Flowers

I woke up  
from a fresh smell of  
flowers  
that you brought  
for me  
last night.  
You are gone,  
but your tender  
thoughts  
stayed with me  
for 3 days  
on my desk  
in a glass vase  
in my sunny room

Elena V. Moonray

# Tender Than Tenderness (Translation From Osip Mandelshtam)

More tender than tenderness  
Is your face,  
Whiter than white  
Is your hand,  
Your mind is so far  
From the entire world,  
And everything in you  
Is made of inevitable.

Made of inevitable  
Your sadness was,  
And your fingers,  
Which get never cold,  
And the quiet sound  
Of your cheerful words  
And eternity  
In your eyes.

December 1909 (Translated Sept 30,2005)

Elena V. Moonray

# The Guy Who Told Me

The guy  
who told me  
he did not  
want  
to know me  
any  
more,  
and did not  
want  
my  
fare  
well  
gift  
and did not  
want  
to hear  
about  
me  
no  
more  
or ever  
talk,  
as I've  
commit  
ted  
a crime  
and  
no longer  
exist  
on this  
planet...

He thought  
he would  
save  
himself  
from his  
fears  
by erasing

me  
from his  
world.

I know  
I should not  
have  
let him  
steel  
my peace,  
and should  
just have  
let his  
words  
pass  
through  
me  
like winds...  
and be  
glad  
that someone  
who has no  
love  
for me  
is gone  
forever...

But it was  
not  
that easy  
and  
I could not  
do it...

After you  
open  
a secret door  
in your  
heart  
it becomes  
abosolutely  
vulnerable.

And everything,  
good and  
bad  
comes straight  
into it.  
That's why tears  
still  
cover my eyes  
when  
I think of what  
happened  
between you and me  
this  
past  
summer...

Sept 27,2005

Elena V. Moonray

# Traveling With The Breath. The Boy (Part I)

I breathe in loneliness...  
I hold it... I feel it for a moment...  
I breathe out love...  
I breathe in the pain of disconnection from my loved one...  
I hold it...I feel it ...  
I breathe out love...  
Right to the world...right to the sky... right to the face  
Of my  
Asian  
Lover

...I am beginning to see a face of a little baby-boy,  
He was just born in a large family...far, far away in Vietnam;  
He is naked, unprotected and open to the skies ...  
He does not know yet  
What's waiting for him in this big world...  
...But he knows his family loves him dearly  
And wishes him well...

...I breathe in the fear of unknown...I breath out love  
...I breathe in family hopes and expectations...  
I breathe out love...  
Right to the sun...right to the stars...  
Right to the face  
Of my  
Beautiful  
Asian  
Lover...

...Now I see that little boy two years later...  
He enjoys playing outside with baby pigs...  
He is happy and he feels loved...  
What are you dreaming of Chau baby, what are you afraid of? ...  
..I breathe in a fear of disapproval ...  
...I breathe out love...  
I breath out love...I breathe out love...  
Right to the sun... to the stars...  
Right to the face of my Asian lover...

...Then I see a boat and a scared family with a little boy,  
The youngest son of the woman's sister...  
They are going to escape from Vietnam,  
where there is war, death and no future for them...  
They are scared of getting lost and dying in the ocean,  
As so many did before and after  
On their way to being free...  
But they have hope, lots of hope...  
And their hope guides their ship through the storm...  
They are hugging their boy; they are smiling and cheering him...  
They don't want him to feel their fear...  
They are doing it all for him, so he will have a happy life  
And realize his full potential;  
So that he will become a rich and successful man,  
With a pretty wife and kids  
For all of those, who could not make it...  
They want him to always feel loved...  
They' never let him down...

I breathe in the fear of death...I hold it...I feel it... I breathe out love...  
I breathe in the pain of disconnection from the loved once...  
I hold it...I feel it... I breathe out love...  
I breathe in the fear of making wrong choices...  
I breathe out love...I breathe out love...  
Right to the sun...right to the stars  
...Right to the Buda face  
Of my Asian lover...

...I want him to feel loved...  
I want him to know how to make me feel loved  
and never let me down!  
I need your love, boy!

\*\*\*\*\*

Elena V. Moonray

# Traveling With The Breath. Two Women (Part II)

## II. Two Women

More and more often now I see a face of an older Asian woman,  
Whom I never met...but could have, so many times...  
She is cooking delicious meals in a backyard of her cozy house  
in Houston...

She is growing veggies; she is saving them  
For her son to try when he comes back...  
She is thinking of him all the time...they are close; they a real family...  
She wants him to feel loved...She is waiting for him  
To come back from New York soon...

She is powerful and wise; she knows what's best for her son,  
she prays for him at the temple  
and she will never allow anyone to take away her hopes  
for her son's happy future with their family

I see her face so clearly... she smiles, she talks, she looks,  
She loves...  
And she will never be able to accept me...I was told...

\*\*\*\*\*

I breathe in discouragement of limitations... I hold it ... I don't want it...  
...but it got me...and I feel it...  
I hold it...I breathe out love...  
I breathe in a pain of dismissal... I hold it... I don't want it!  
I hold it...hold it.....I embrace it...I burn it with my breath...  
and I breathe out...love...

I breathe in a cold darkness of no future...God! ...I slowly take it ...  
I melt it with my breath...and...I breathe out love...  
..I breathe out love... I breathe out love....I breathe out love...  
Right to the sun...  
Right to the heart of the Asian woman ...who knows  
whose hopes guided their tiny ship through that scary storm...and many other  
storms of life...  
She knows...She remembers...She smiles...  
I look, I smile...I breathe...



# Wake Me Up

Wake me up  
With your kisses  
Wake me up  
With your desire  
Take me away  
With your passion  
How long  
I've been asleep for?  
The last thing I  
Remember  
Was a spindle;  
And then it all went dark...

10/12/05

Elena V. Moonray

# What's Next?

The topic is exhausted,  
And so am I.  
All I want now  
Is a good rest.  
And then I will see  
What to do next.

Oct 8,05

Elena V. Moonray