

Poetry Series

Evi Koroni
- poems -

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Evi Koroni()

Evi Koroni — Born on December 9,1989 in Kavala, Greece as Evangelia Koroni. After school Evi Koroni moved from her birthplace in Thessaloniki where studied acting on theater at “Vasilis Diamantopoulos Drama School”. From the beginning of her studies, she had started to work as an author. Poems and articles of Evi were published at many blogs and newspapers of the town.

She is an actress, writer of poems and plays, director or asst. Award-winning artist.

You can read more about me on my website

A Blues For Her

Stop talking, leave me alone.
Keep the silence, let me catch the sun.

I watch her. A smile, that's smile
A strong reason to live.
This is the day, the noon, the sunset, the midnight.
Oh god, she looks so frail
I'm afraid to touch her.

Questions are torturing my mind today
and keep me awake all the night.

How is her kiss?
How is her walk?
How is her breath when she is sleeping?
In the evening, is she embrace her pillow;
or not; Is she laugh when she is sleep; or not;

Stop talking, none is talking to me now
Keep the silence, let me dream that sun.

December 8,2017

Evi Koroni

Black And Red

Planet is screaming for a change.
Murders, Pain, Hate
Black and Red
such wonderful colors; love them.

Murders, Pain, Hate
The murder is pleasures
Money is your happy
Money wants more money
and more money needs
more blood.
Yeah, blood baby...
Devil, is in the Earth
call us to offer him blood.
Killers everywhere are smiling to you.

Where are you, peace?
Where are you, people?
Where are you, love?

Planet is screaming for change.
Murders, Pain, Hate
Black and red everywhere
Mothers screaming
Kids crying
Fathers, brothers keep the guns
Black souls
Red bloods
lovers of well thought out visuals.

Where are you, peace?
Where are you, people?
Where are you, love?

March,2016
to my friend Heather Rautenberg

Color

Color, the gift of nature
black or white
white or black
and black-white hatred sustains itself.

□

We are shipwrecked by our souls
We sank the sun. Hate is everywhere.
Racism is still in our ways.

That once was man; we will say
but now is just, a hate.
I am in love, with all. Living from
through everyonethe beautiful diversity.

March,6 2018

Evi Koroni

Drunk Words

I'm crying for love but, love
doesn't hear me.
I'm crying for you and me but,
only my shadow is here to hear me.

I miss you. I'm writing for you
by the shadow which follows me.
A pen, a paper and my love.
Love for you.

Brain; is full of smoke.
Body; full of alcohol.
A cry for you, a cry for our love.

Words in my brain are running tonight
playing an underhand game.
I remember -you.
I remember -the past.
I remember -what made me love you
more and more.

Yes.
More and more
More and more

It's me who I scream and it's me that I'm crying,
do you hear me?
No? Yes? Perhaps?

I'm crying for us. I want
you say again "I love you, babe"
this feeling of your body up mine.
This night looks as a blues song.

I'm crying for my love but,
my love doesn't hear me.
Words, thoughts, memories
drive me crazy, this night.

Love.
I said... Love.
Feel me. Again.
Feel it.
Can you feel me?
Again?

I know. You have gone
like tulips are dying in winter
You, the little star. A free spirit now
Are you traveling in secret sea?
Are you flying in through moonlight?

Feel me.
Feel that drunk words.
Feel my broken heart.

I'm crying for love but, love
doesn't hear me.

Feel my heart.
Can you feel my heart?
Feel it.
Feel my love. Again.
Can you?

Drunk words.
Drunk mind.
Drunk feelings.

Written in February 2012
by Evi Koroni

Evi Koroni

Naked

Such a beauty have bodies
when they are naked?
It is the normal. This is their natural side,
so they shine even in the dark.
We are born naked
clothes are coming after
as an attempt to cover the fear.

Such a beauty, bodies soften
together by a hug.
Heart is same, it keeps its pace
and gives life. The sharks are living inside the mind.
What's the matter in humans color skin; from where you are;
or where you live; if you are black or white
homosexual or heterosexual
rich or not
all bodies when they find the Person
will bloom the dead of winter.

November 29,2017

Evi Koroni

Peace

Racism, islamophobia, homophobia, war, blackphobia

Why so fear in the air?

Why so fear in their lives?

Why we are not living in a cool jeweled moon?

Joke; but why not?

Moment of inner freedom

when the mind is opened.

Shake dreams from your brain

you will find your peace

of your own Paradise.

Written November,29 2017

Evi Koroni