

Poetry Series

Ivana BrP
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ivana BrP()

Any Time Soon

Any time soon
I will get rid of my skin.
I will be light like a feather.
My soul will live house.
My being will be floating
in endless space.
Any time soon.

Ivana BrP

Heavy

Heavy is the day
when I saw you for the last time.
Heavy is time
to live without you.
Heavy is my life
endless road of regret.
Heavy is my head
full of memories.
Heavy is my hart
beating black.
Heavy is my body
laying in bed.
Dead.
Light.

Ivana BrP

Stupid Woman

In her head
lives a memory
of love
who has past
away.

Long, long,
time ago.

She reanimates
this love.

Calling memories,
pictures, feelings
from the back
of her brain,
from subconscious.

She is standing
above the grave,
crying and
hoping for
resurrection.

Ivana BrP