

Poetry Series

Katerina Val
- poems -

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Katerina Val()

Animals

He looks like a fish
she looks like a freak
he, crawling in deep waters
she, drowned in her shallowness

He looks like a science-fiction character I saw
a cartoon I enjoyed, a balloon I was cheerful to hold
a nice caricature
of which the incarnation I craved

And she looks like a rare species of a bird
an ugly bird
but-oh my god-such a rare one

His lips seem suppressed
he reminds of a compressed figure
I once secretly coveted to unfold
I can loosen the ties
but she will continue looking
like a disabled doomed camel

Like a lonely zebra
with a pair of broken legs
with stripes
indicating her suffering
black for the pain
white for the insomnia
melancholia
grey
united stripes
for melancholia

They both look like koala twins
they are funny I believe
and sweet and small and incapable
and wondering
and wandering

As the animals move

and their lips move
a howling they crave to seek, find and free
and free from their lips

as the animals move
the smell of a needless
hovers in the air

I smell it in the air
I see it in the air
the howling
in the diaphanous air
which hides despair
and their controlled howling
reserved howling
how free can you be?

The howling and the air
that I can see
and hold in my hands
I hold their most wanted flaw
I hold their essence

I hold the human in the animals
in my hands

I wish I could be like them

Because I am not a human
nor an animal
not even a beast
or some kind of entity
I am a plain observer
too used and usual
t be seen
caught between the grey and red
of their mouths
caught between their howling

Katerina Val

Baby Monster

Curtains

hide

closets

slaughtered pride

time

you have ran out of time

Balls

and triangles

grafted smiles

that forgot how to be childish

compressed smiles

as you toy with your toys

as the toys toy with you

monsters

under your baby bed

atrocities

that you never really controlled

never really managed to console

Chaos in your head

yet better

than the monster lying underneath your bed

yet brighter

than the sunlight unfolding beneath you

burning your feet

Iceberg rising huge underneath your pace

freezing your feet

immobilizing the feel

do you feel?

I bet you are real

but only when the monster underneath your baby bed

climbs the iceberg

steals your breath

hides it in the closet

cuts your hands
and hangs them on the curtain's edges
only then
you can be real
and alive
Real
and alive
until you give in
until you desperately give in

Curiosity...

You have already given in
you giggle
huge smile
and choked voice
the contortion of your muscles
is only frightening
indicating a gruesome smile
horrified
and perplexed
it's only till
the monster
disassembles you

Baby bear
on your baby bed
clench it on your chest
near you, on you
embalm your chest
your inside
with some cotton from your cloth doll
with some warmth
that flows through the veins of your frozen baby bear
it is your only hope
to hold hope near
it is your only hope
to trick the monster
baby monster

Katerina Val

Ballerina Skin

Scabby skin
hide me in
carry me between
the sickness and the guilt

Pale skin
caress my sin
and throw a cracked smile to my faux-pas
console my cracked integrity

Scratched skin
grieve for me
carry me within
the darkness and the kill

Delicate skin
give a few excuses to my depressive figure
excuse my gentle shudder
and my shivering, I'll grow faster through this ladder
soften my rigid turn
as a ballerina through my twist
as I fell

and as an anorexic perfectionist
I shall bleed
to a place where heaven kills any kind of hell

Heavenly clean skin
purify the hypotonic rose I have never been
and don't forget to uproot all the thorns I scarily need
too often to find the hurt that I feel

So tear yourself in two my dear skin
open up and let me in
through your bleed I feel
and through your fall I breathe

Dangerous skin
hear me

eavesdropp me
closely
I beg you to hurt me
for I can rise up through this
through you, I can be the ballerina I always was in my fantasy

and all the things I want to be
the ballerina of my dreams.

Katerina Val

Beast

Sing to show there is solution
scream to show this cute gruesome illusion
smile and sink in that tasty disturbed confusion
it's the same one, don't you recognize yourself?
Your hands are drunk, they can't show the road, still so numb
You fight in dark
You breathe under dark
and still haven't caught the moon
but still burning under the sun
Your weapons are lost, destroyed too soon
look at the beast you have become

Senorita, put on your high cute heels
You sir, you look exquisite and so gentle as hell
now show your teeth
non, now that the ground is fragile
show that you, you are the beast!

Tracking the human scents in the cold
You are so hungry and so thirsty, so starting creating the sense
Suddenly all of this makes sense
all of it
do you want to die again?
don't you?
So thirsty to stay alone
hiding their pain behind your laughing soul, deeper in your fist
all the hatred and the interest is gone
cutting the latest rage and now only laugh staying in your fixed wrist
sarcasm

for, you are the beast
You' re supposed to be the beast

It is never too late to fade
it is never too soon to kill the shade
or worse, to start slaughtering pain
from the things I saw, the rage lurks in the corner
oh, but you are the corner
did you forget?

It was your teeth sparkling behind these black and grey shades
Rage inspires you to hit yourself
through the excuse that she's the only one to care
so that you can go back to your skin when you are no longer there
my god, how is this fair? Don't you find it fair?
aren't you dying to die, still not there?
Stand better at your feet for you have to stare
there is the beast, look, you are still there

the beast is still there...

You are trying so desperately to catch the last breath
In case that you' re out of the cage
but can't you see that the claws from which you' re trying to escape
are stuck on your fingers
they scratch your skin through your own rage
through your own body
you kiss the pain
claws stuck on your own fingers
you aren't able to escape?
can't you see
standing under your own shade
there is the beast
ops, no time to pray.

Katerina Val

Behind C Minore

Headshots
on the piano
flames
on his fingers
disereless flames
but hungry

Snow
around the piano
ice
on his heart
frozen tears
on his fingers
but able to flow
like igneous tongues

Blood
on his movement
immobilized lust
behind his thoughts
death
behind c minore
death
in him
crave
he craves
but he closes
his eyes
and he hides

find me now
try to find me behind the sound
behind the breath of the piano
sarcasm
he laughs
and congeals in a smile
frozen
because he has gained triumph
with the hand of their ignorance

"my dear beloved naives
I greet you for the acclamation
I shall now retire"

and with the hand if their ignorance
he manages once again
to hide
behind c minore.

Katerina Val

Belief

Wider than the air
Is just an uninteresting relief
For those that don't feel yet prepared

To see
Underneath the cold air

And if they tide over just in the breath, they breathe
The air that tangled beneath their reckless feet
So you take care
For they'll never see

Being grateful to its useful sin
But holding on just to the air
It's like grasping the gap to feel
They'll never find relief
For pain hides behind belief

Stick to it
and you are about to have no more than one breath
to live.

Katerina Val

Black Heart

The opponent of the battle stroke the first'
The ride of the silent bitterness, the loneliness
The donkey of honor howled him back
He stared at the final point' he thought against his black-stained luck
He laughed, and laughed

This is the toll of the black heart
This the thing they have to pay to take their pride back
This is the fall of the black heart
The thought of the exchange on an ornament of spilling blood

Then once more they stepped before
The soldier that had lost and the wounded shadow of his host
They stuffed their hearts with golden straws
They terrified him till his land had no longer him entitled as the boss

This is the toll of the black heart
This the thing they have to pay to take their pride back
This is the fall of the black heart
The thought of the exchange on a nornament of spilling blood

They, full of rage
For the things they cannot have
To them is more than enough
And old, used, shadowed black heart

The black horse-rider took a cut through his knife
He was considered to be the one true fighter when his friends had killed his wife
Buu he still would cover them and fold them in the night
With torn old blankets and warm furs to make them feel alright

As he'd suffer in the cold, they d laugh sleeping a blissful sleep alone
So as soon as they would wake up, they'd have their strength
A full of priority and courage cup, they would have their fear disarmed
And as his fingers would stay bony in the freezing cold
They'd take down the knife to cut off his Lord
But still, he had a black heart made of gold
What he could not have, he would give them all
Still, should they avoided him as devil's avoiding the incence

He'd hold his hands before the cliff
Admitted once that he was ill
He'd take that gesture just to kill
His egoism before their salvation
That's the reason way, decades after
Before this grace they'd kneel.

Katerina Val

Black Swan

With blackened shards of glass
I rake up your wound
and this hypocritically unpretentious trauma you born
how salacious it is!
an obscene scenery
of what it used to be
offends me with it's classy sparkling
when it's lonely and breaths solace and crawling sympathy
that the sable blood gave your trauma an abhorrent smell
a stinky fragrance of a peccable
and your scent is pouring now
drops of unconsolated solace and it's proud
your aloof and cold fire
a pride
that deprived you of all your foundations
your selves, your dignified fight
what kind of theurgy is this?
when you push yourself to defy
your purest, most righteous pride?

Your trauma is ugly now
and you need to choose
between you and you

Unsedused yet as I stay though
I break the spell of the black swan
with a dose of reticent truth
a timid truth I closed within
a few drops of a roughed-up self
half-honest and half-sold
to a body I know I cannot live in anymore
by the time I lost control

or a soul drenched and black as well
maybe we could both be
a white swan
maybe if we could try
we could break the curse
of being many destructed selves in one

Your trauma is crying now
and you need to adore
you or a further you

But my ill-fated glass
sticks deeper in my skin
and my tears are shattered once more
on me, in me
inside me
there is a curse
living in within
to the body I shall lend
to this faded hopeless entity.

Katerina Val

Bleed

Self-righteous was my sadness
my resistance, the denial
and the darkness
Self bewilderment was your chasing
so you could hide yourself in a dark safe place
and treat it like it was not your own race

And here, I, bleed
realization, they say, is so hard
it makes it a little hard to breathe
and gives a hard time to those who can not really easily feel
I gave you an itch of life
you gave me feelings
I believe
and now my irritated skin admits
you gave me some heart
now I bleed

I have died so fine
I had to bury this beating thing so deep
and so I did
till you came to me
and either I am laughing or I am crying
'let it out' you begged me
'you' ll be fine'
so I did
now I bleed

Help me now to hide it back
please, at least, help me breathe
but, no, I watch you stepping ahead
taking a step full of pain
and safe at last you whisper 'thank you' to me
the race is no longer yours
no, now it is to me
I am the one to bleed.

Katerina Val

Bloody Chess

Thus, the rabbit was burnt in its rush
and thus
the lady in red was chopped off her heart
there are no avidly purple games among us
shall we stand in front of everything, a lake of stagnant insanity;
shall we move above eternity, four rusty hands melting to be composed again;
we re-see, re-do, re-feel everything
how can I passionately be bond to your decoloured voice
when impressions are the pantheon of a human mind
how can my hands shake when your hue touches my hair?
that is nothing more than an alternated weakness, a stunted feather drifted by
the wind
how, how can I, my love, trust eternity?
I am nothing more than an apathetic mass of emptiness
I am not being banal for nothing's sake, I am just being mental
when you comb your hair, remember me; I am just the lady in red

Katerina Val

Bones And Arrows

Across some hearts
venomed arrows
penetrate any bones that may had survived
with their walling as they were enclosing this precious detail
this red beating and despairingly moving thing
this bloodstained despair
enclosing it forever
yet someone else enfolds it!

Skinny fingers like vice
clenching the red beating thing
till asphyxia
till the point where there is no relief
enfolding it with hectic studiousness
or shall I say malicious circumspection?
correction
till the point where is no relief
suspicion
till asphyxia
stupidity
till anorexia of the nerves
when the bones are not enough
to hide the redundant detail

Thick, scared bones
a quick insecure hug
an hysterical holding
a consoling yet indefensible folding
a holding
full of remains
completely empty of calcium

Bones, dear bones
Where is your strength?
Where is your elasticity?
now you fall

I will be your milk
I will be your strength

I will create calcium
I will feed your despair
your tears
even if asphyxia killed your borders

Empty as you are
of you

Just bones, holding you

A pair of bones, loving you

Bony
You turn your head to the other side
and you are bony
as Earth rotates
you hit yourself to the window
because you should rotate too
and you don't rotate

So now, dizzy
Rightful in the languor
But alone
Your head is finally spinning
And you smile

Pathetic
As you deny everything
as you deny hands you say they don't exist
as you reduce your existence
as you sink in stupidity

As you are breaking the arrows
trying to smash the difference
to unite the gaps
to bridge yourself with innocence

To shatter the steeliness of the bones
to engulf their endurance
and yet
trying to suckle the calcium
trying to drain the red beating thing

after you cross the bones
but, you forget
the bones are being chocked
by your greedy hands
your sad but yet not regrettable fingers

So when your insane hands
smash the osseous mass
reduce the light
and shed the dark
they will find their way straight to this red beating thing
the bloodstained query
the precious despaired

I will be your righteous fairy
Your instant query
Offering you nectar
The milk your bones never drunk
To see relief

The suffering
The bones
Your entity
Your holding

Smash the osseous mass
And when you are sure you had enough
Roughly appeased that you stopped
I do not want to be the bad one
(desire has faded a long ago for me)
Do not wish to be the sad one
(sadness fading in front of me)
to remind
What you will see
But even if you hide your eyes,
You will see:

Your bones were being rubbed all across the way
Can't you see them rubbed?
and with your rubbed pride
you do not see
sad me,

you cannot see
you were the damn arrow.

Katerina Val

Breath Of The Dawn

When the sunset fades
and the sombre breath caresses the day
let them pray
and let them fade
away
in their way

They are in their way
Their paces tangled but steady
alone as they all fade
the fraudulent breath will fill the day
empty as they pray
the fictitious breath will embrace their pace
an indicate their way

their tempo
in which they suffocate
suffocate
as if you could pray for one last time.

Katerina Val

Carnival

Through escape they shall catch you
through your vein they can finally reach you
quickly, withdraw all your weird dark sides, hide them back inside
quickly, get back control
before they find it too and before they find the dark inside your soul

Through the carnival of laughs it is you they can tease
and through the carnival of brains it is you they will try to teach
so that they can hold the keys
don't open up your mind, please, they' ll never reach you
act like you care, be the Pantaloon of their final act
pretend, but don't give to them the right to be the end

End of the story?
No, not the time you step into my territory
in the straw bed, there I lay, I order the rules
and if it is about another brick to break
I' ll take the burden of the pain

Twist around and dance in the carnival of hearts
if I have to tear me up, I' ll take the rage and all this stuff
agree to light your soul in the carnival of hearts
and act

You are not the one that killed the silence
you are not the one that turned gold into dust
you are not the one that freed this promiscuous carnival
this sickened ritual, the act of hearts
but you can be the one to free, of one broken, the cold surrendered heart
you are not the one that forgot how to laugh
they, they are
the ones to not get what you call "holder of the dark"
so, push them away, cut them deeper
in the carnival.

Katerina Val

Category

Remember
how to cry
when you dropped the last grip of relief
decimated every hole where you could ever hide
so now, try desperately to remember
to believe
that you can cry
that you have the right to die
death's not a gift
even for death
you have to fight

Remember
how to fight
how to put diamonds categorized
inside the dust
how to discriminate
even the stars
how to wreck
the light
how to destroy
time
by turning it into an unpalatable joy
flavorless, tasteless, meaningless
into a mute colorless noise
categorize the light
why don't you give a name to the undefined?

Why don't you try
to dissolve every concrete lie
lie
LIE
and once again
put the diamonds back in line
categorize

Why don't you try
to set freedom in their pride
instead of putting names

and colors
and definitions
to their fight?
depressed
confessed
caressed
mad and sick
scared, phobias
alcoholic
to what death should bring
drunk
in their phobias
so why don't you define
their endless cry?

Define
Their cry
I dare you
To try
Death is not a given right
Diamonds are made to be undefined
categorized
you keep them categorized
don't try to name the light
or change the smell
the way you can taste the night
the repulsive smell
of deadly covered lies

Don't make choices
don't define
when you are not enough
not to even try
when you don't remember
how to even cry
not with a handful palpable tears
but buy putting your heart inside
the desperation in every single cry.

Katerina Val

Caterpillars

Caterpillars

they have potentials
they have perspectives
they have dreams
we don't

Caterpillars

they are possibilities
we are not

Caterpillars

they are able to crawl
they crawl
we don't have the right to
we don't even have the right to burst into despair
or to degenerate
we should be terrified
in our sentence

Caterpillars

bumping ideas of butterflies
butterflies
we could be
look through the mirror
and cherish your wings
before you see them uprooted
too thin, they rive
too wide, they cover the light
of the sunburn

Butterflies we are

we live one day
we die
the another
our life expectancy is too short
but yet
insatiable as we are
we wake the other day
from our brief demise

and we endeavor to crawl again

then wishing to be butterflies again

We could compromise
with being pre-butterflies
only because we can live in a cocoon for a while
we have learnt to live in a cocoon
with the hope that it will pop one day
and as the cocoon tears apart we will emerge as butterflies

Larvae
craving the day to form into butterflies
the day we will be butterflies
to live one day
that is our dream
to live once
and die the next

Hidden in our cocoons

Lurking in our cocoons
Lurking in ourselves
then wishing to be butterflies again
but we are not
because we can't be caterpillars.

Katerina Val

Coincutter

He, who thought the sun through blinded heart
Survived the bites of shark through torn old flesh
He despised his self through loneliness
And would not lot love the human less
He gave in his soul to the coin-cutter

They that found the source of youth
They used the bloodstained crown to talk about the truth
They loved the cession of soulless sound
They kept striding pretentious around
To valleys and rivers covered with god
They saw silently the coin-cutter, it made them stop

She who fell in hate with her spouse
She built alone the half-destroyed house
Through pain and sudden truth revealed through rain
She prayed, she praised and vowed to the silent fuss
She could not love the less her loneliness
But bent before the coin-cutter

The kids that the sun had given as a gift to earth
Had been a sad unlucky birth
And then their stupidity had been folded before the wrath
They touched their back and followed the hated path
So, what was left to them, through loneliness of hell
Had always been and always will, the coin-cutter, their pride then fell

Oh, how should I hate the steady bleaching of the rain
How can I hate the sudden scream of truth and pain
Side by side I pray to the coin-cutter
They say it's the source of youth
The only path you can go through
Should I refuse
Or should I try to use
The only thing that they obeyed
The only pride before which they had to stray
How can I force these thoughts of fall(and gold) to go away?

Crystallised

Thoughts of consumed steadiness
anger floats through reflections of Irene
but for crystallized birth
we choke the bellyache

so you run crystallized
so you run asphyxiated
did you see?

It's the flash of hypotonia
it's the shadow of inspiration
hold the cold entertainment till it burns
till it fades to the agonic grasp
of the unfinished symphony

The hacks of truth
towards the axe of the useful lie
you think you had it synchronised once
but you only let it devour you
alive

so you run crystallized
so you run asphyxiated
did you see?

Of course there are aches colder than serenity
of course, your heart can break into a million tiny pieces
but you don't own your soul
so why are you pending on it?

You constructed yourself through silver threads of crystal
sitting here, screaming that you lost the gold
but how can you hurt for what's not yours?
how can you sew yourself on the cloth of other's cell?
How can you entice your entity
To look further?
When the only thing grabbed on your skin
Is your crystallised mentality

Don't run free
Its for the best
don't run free
you are in danger
for the crystal is about to break
in a thousand pieces and years of ache
and your endeavors
do not contain the fix.

Katerina Val

Cut

Cut me
And I'll drown
Press my tears
as I drown

Cut these scars open
They became my friends
And I used to call them enemies
Times I knew them well
But I guess you already know
how to always laugh at their weird ends

Laugh at my wounds
They became my scars
Laugh at me
I became tears and parts

Don't try to end me
There's nothing there to end
You shall try to pretend for me
But you need to have, in order to give an end
I don't have
I am not

So hide an end
Behind our heart

You don't need to come
Just look at me in warmly eyes
And my tears will dry
Cut me open in a smile
You' re my weirdo
you will never be mine.

Katerina Val

Dared Depressed

My instant cry to save the day
My tears are shy
To the body I kill I lend my cry
The sun darkened above my head as I throw your hand away
and as I lend my heart, inside I dry
the weird echoes I forget
I shall know the day became the night

But I still crave the catchless light
Why do I try to grab the screaming of the fight?
Why to be so thirsty to defeat the height?
I'll touch the unreachable goodbye
the fear of height
but still I stand to the edge
and wish to die

I pray to die

Saving me is not a choice, try in the endless dark
Saving me was never a choice, try my heart
touch in warm hands my inside cut
and press my blood
regret, then stop
my wounds, my cuts, the shy, the dark
accept my opponents
as I lay weakened under the frozen sun
in my vindictive luck
inside my cutting heart

I am a cutter and still a fighter
I have my mind darkened and still remain a lighter
I have my soul destroyed
It's the censure in your eye I need to avoid
in our minds hatred
I circulate
I keep the pace among our veins
I'll hold your heart, you'll hold my feint
together, we can justify and swell the pain

Amplify
the pain.

So keep it up, our cries are not our shame
Insane who calls our fear the latest blame
So circulate against it
they won't stop
as I throw the blade away
take the knife
and end the shame
I shall take this knife
and end the day

Katerina Val

Definition Of Grief In Freedom

Grief

breathing through the loss
and we keep dissolving in the burning tongue
for we have weird thoughts to toss

In the fire where I burned you
You are burnt

You feel the things I need and those I have to say
and you realize it when I am too folded up to breathe
You are fine when I'm free
But you hate it when I really find myself in it

When the loss is about to find it
why are you feeling so opposite
trying deliberately to convince me to not be free?

Mentally ill my love, mentally ill.
that's what you must be

Oh I see, freedom is so dangerous
some poor hide from freedom
so that it cannot find them and tear them
I'll rip out the grasp of time
and I'll rip out the ground
till it accepts to swallow me
so when I 'll be ready to be free
you, and all those things, will feel fine
with it

Will you be fine with it?
I hope you' ll never be

Should I try to escape, lock me back
'cause out there, it's too frightening for me to stop
So frightening to be
Out there, freedom, touches you with cold sharp hands
hands like scissors and holding weapons that we cannot understand
if you don't die to be free

if you are not tragically thirsty to be
let me
don't touch my hands
forget me, forget it
I burnt you in the fire
the second that I saw
you'll never be enough to be free

So, how do you want me to not be free?
Swallow me, before I dig you in

You say that
you can be so desperately attached to freedom
that you could give your heart for it
but if you had the chance to fly underwater
would you accept it, knowing that you couldn't breathe
would you give away some seconds of life
in order to feel even for some idea of it
that you are for those seconds, free?

If not,
how do you expect me to not desperately want to be free?
Hide me in, before I bury you in me

Let's say you escape from me
Could you give away all your belief
So to be someone else in the place of you
More fast, more unprotected and more free?
What if I don't think so, what if I see
that you are not that close to be ready
to feel free
would you still be in love and in pain with me?

Quickly, hide me back in
before I swallow me

For this, I am asking you
to set me free

Katerina Val

Demise (Alone)

I have been treated like
I was untouchable
I have been treated like
I was unreachable
To the core

Like there was no core
And now I'm dying alone
In this cold somber place
I am dying alone

I have been spoken
words I did not understand
words that don't reach me
but hurt me
don't beseech me
I am a monster inside
and as a monster I hide.

A weird side
a well known cry
and I die
but they won't stand to watch me bleeding
they don't know me
I don't know them
don't touch me
don't try to reach me
I am unreachable
to the core.

It's freezing
and these words were heard again before
but it wasn't until now that they reached my door
I don't want to die alone
I don't cherish this unbreakable cold
I don't want to be alone

They all die
and live

alone.

I am scared and I am cold
Their words reached my core
They won't hear me, here I scream, Alone.

Uneven thoughts
chopped prayers
lost in the half of the flight
upwards
while I am dying down here
alone.

My demise
as I conjure the pain
It swept away
And then it ran back again to me
Faster as it could
and breathless
it reached me
to the core.

Katerina Val

Denial Of The Creep (Weirdone)

When I surrender myself in the desireless fright
It's the way our hearts destroy the hope of the wantless fight
and the freaking way we want to die
the scary day where we need to dry
don't kill me, I swear I'll kill you
if you won't let me raise my creep
you're a weirdo, I crave to feel alive

Don't try to kill me, I'll kill you first
just let me decide, I'll sink
in the weirdest deep
don't try to kill me first, you're a creep
I'll let you be
as long as I can be
if you see once again the creep in me

Endeavor to grab your hand and break the knife
try to find all the lost control
and forget to wonder the reason why
if it's needed I'll let you dry
I'll make you dry
If you'll try to make me die
Should you try to watch me die
I would, I will give up the fight
and give in myself inside the fright

So I'll croon myself this weirdone lullaby

So why don't you fucking(bloody) fight?
all they say is try and try and try
they don't see our desperate whisper to smolder between the light
to dissolve in dust, and wave our creepy hearts the last goodnight
the desired relieved goodbye

but I repeat myself, damn you I'd prefer you'd took the fight
because I won't die
I'll kill you first
but I won't let you and me die
so, if it's needed, I'll let you dry

all drained even as you are, I demand, you repeat the fight

Katerina Val

Deny

Sweet surrender
of my soul
carry me tender
to the place I'll lost control
disassemble my parts
spread our hidden cards
tricky
caress me till I die
sweet surrender
crone to me a timid lullaby

I deny, and I deny

Sorrow as it embraced me
Pain as she embraced me
And timid sweet loved lies
Where I believed
As she carried me
To the place I had to be
Lie to me, pray for me
Die for me, lay for me
on parts covered with blood
bare with me
again
sing, and sing, and spill my blood

I deny, again I deny

I cried
We died
And again, once again, I denied
I deny. (I had to deny)

Katerina Val

Different Kinds Of Freedom

Through the bottom of the crystal bottle I shall rise
If I feel a little over this, the bottle shall be cracked, the bottle shall bleed
through the bottom of your kindness I shall kill any kind of pride
I should have known, my soul is not the same one as it used to be
and had to be three years before
I' ll clutch at my soul, I' ll strangle my soul
for one more second, I shall accept through kindness to lose control

Gently, as I retreat and shudder in front of my soul

Behind the dark, I endorse the shadows and the next second
I am incarnated in the pellucidity
I have not the flesh, they hide my flesh
the sharp rude shadows ate my flesh
and as if they hadn't been that full of dose of my skin
they carried me within
satisfied as they could not be
they chocked me in

they should go on stealing the breath
that I had used a couple of seconds to get out of that cell
they took my breath and yelled
'through our skin, through this hell
You shall find the things your eyes can't sell
and you shall swim through lakes our fairytales cannot tell
you shall see the things you hoped to hate
and through us, you' ll finally get to run away'

I had to do nothing less than to accept
they stole my apart unforgettable loneliness
they slaughtered it's depths
they made it less, they had it curved and etched
not yet flat or hollow
but still empty
they seized the hole of my emptiness
and frozen and different
I could hide behind these handrails
even if they are too thin to get me think
I could hide them in, inside me

and refuse the free I could not be

from what my heart had supposed
to be the end
asphyxiated, I had to hide, not there yet

Pretty little kids played around the cold stiff earth
their naïve subconscious laughs had to echo in the valley
in the lost land where lucidity had won
like frozen crystals posed in front of the melancholic sun
those imitations of depressed people touching the edge of the pin
yet, too sharp, yet, too strong
so that it can hurt enough
or too fragile to stop?
reflecting like forgotten crashes of the wildest fantasy
this ignored hullabaloo
gave me a taste of what freedom should be.

But yet I could not feel
the reason that I had to run from the bleed
from the sharp shape that my thoughts seemed to seal
on my head
even if I had the possibility to run and scream and cry and yell
all them under the perspective of eternal bliss and happiness
I should not care more or less
I should not find the second to succumb
this is my cell
my private hell
the only place I can trust
to touch freedom through cold hands
under the burning sun

Because the other kinds of freedom
are insidious and envious and heinous
with the truth
they are perpetual, unkind and two-faced
worse than any cell, they don't offer any kind of help
I prefer
hundreds of times I prefer
to freeze, bite my tongue and die down in this hell
than to take the pain away
through it, I can stay

and touch freedom
even if it is thousand miles away.

Katerina Val

Ecstasis

Catfish
she's drown in a lake
Goldfish
drunk in golden yellow waters
shrunk
In the depths of your drama
you prayed to regret your sins to Dalai Lama

I'll fight your drama
but you' ll promise that
you'll bring to me an insulting big black trauma
with blessed red blood, I'll fix your karma
and when our lives are not good enough
when our lines become too desperate to stop
I give in, my heart is a golden fish

I give it up

Big blue eyes
or red
or dark
They caught me as I ran
They demeaned me as I drowned
They killed me as I ran
and I still run
my head is full of run
I die in the run
I'll dry in the run
but I still breathe in the run
I slip and lose my head
and still the night has yet to come

I give it up

And as I laugh
they say it's not enough
I said too much
look! -there's an elephant
do you see the run?

hey, tall yellow giraffe
hold me in your golden arms
carry me in your heart
they said it's not enough
for them it's never enough.

for them my decadence is never enough

Katerina Val

Elegy

The pain
the endless pain
the funny way we push ourselves to throw the blade away
the coldest rain
the shiver that we get
as we crave to swim in our deepest darkest lake

as I wave, to death desperately as I wave

and I'll take what I need to take
all the pills you tried anytime to throw away
and I'll bleed if that's needed
I'll take the shame
I'll walk with you on the surface of that hated lake
It's our abhorred beloved old lake

as I wave, to death desperately as I wave

But, promise me, don't pray
don't try to diminish the heart of all the things you say
I hate the wicked method that you use
everytime you need to get our lake confused
you desire the image of a furious self to see the way you break
but dear, forgive me, that's more than you can take
all the hate, all the abuse
you mindlessly and heartlessly use
against your purest pain
I can't misuse your purified shades
darling, forgive me, that's more than I can take

as I wave, to death desperately as I wave

the funny pain I taste every moment I need to say
that, god, I don't believe but still I pray
that, god, you don't exist but still I lay
between your funny names, above my pain
I crave

as I wave, to death desperately as I wave

the phrase you need to hear, the one that feels like god
it does not exist my love but still I must
prefer the lie rather than the truth that dissolves in dust
that burns among our most intense and fakest lust
but still I'll take these pills, don't let me pray
together we can do it, we' ll sink both inside this doomed cursed lake.

Katerina Val

Endlessly Alone (The Process)

Beats

I cannot pull my mind back together
nor myself
and if I ever saw my heart
it was just for a few moans of an hour
of a time that faded and I devour
what is left

when my soul sighs
when my passion is that high
beating fast
my veins
red cold lines
are beating fast
if my passion is really high
I cannot finally reach the paranoia of my mind

From deep shadows
I rose
I once knew I was going to shut (close) my petals
before I withered
I sensed my fall in the dying(moribund) air
and I was ready
I was finally a fresh entity, a filthy breath ready to start the process
follow the alleviated light with half-closed yet blinded eyes
I knew the light was evil
I still know
I am being burnt in the light

To scorch
means
to be ready to burn
when I lose myself
I know my blood no longer belongs to me
I know my shadows build a truce against me
the thick lines separated from the thin lines
and the black stripes dried on my skin
meet all the white lines that separate me
from what madness seems to be

my dried blood and me
as we try to co-exist in the same entity

but I know
I feel
when my soul sighs
I am ready to give in
and start the process all over
reminisce my broken entity
and separate my existence from my skin

Katerina Val

Envy

Envy
in the box
it curves us

Pandora
disseminates envy

Envy
in our food
it eats us

Envy
in our pockets
that it fills us

Envy
behind our moves
that moves us

Envy
in the way that we laugh
it consumes us

Envy
in the way that we stare
it reveals us

Envy
in our thoughts
it consoles us

Envy
in our hunger
that sates our minds

Deleterious saturation

Repletion

Ludicrous repletion

Envy
when we are thirsty
it chokes us

Asphyxia

the most miserable sarcasm
as we strive to not suffocate

Envy
when we give up
it defines us

Envy
in the way we are
so we are not.

Katerina Val

Explosions (No)

I feel I need you
But yet I have to kill you

I fear I feel love
And honestly, I'll let it go

I'll explode
And I'll watch you as you'll go

I'm in rush
And I still take my time to observe your eyes sinking in dust

I fear I'll crush
Like volcanoes I feel I'll die in this cold slowly taken rush

My lava that painfully rises above your decisions
The heat I share the cold you bare, we both make new collisions

My lava that slowly descends to your scariest thoughts
I'll explode, and yet I won't never be able to let it go

I know, I hate the way you know
But I adore the way(method) you use to keep it cold

to remain strong
for silly pointless, painfully useless things the way you hold it on

to be frozen and impatient all along
to keep it calm, frozen, impeccably strong.

I hate the way you let me go

Even If I fight and scream I need to go
I hate the way you don't say "no";

Katerina Val

F

Flying galaxies above your head
Demented fantasies say to you are better off dead
But in the beds you are sleeping there is dripping blood
All the golden thoughts and the stable nightmares you had

So you tried it for one more time
I hope it was the last
You tried again to cross the line
When my heart was about to burst

Hanging agony above your eyes
Soaking inflammation for your drenched allies
Those nasty little creatures that have entered your gorgeous mind
for them and all the pain that they can give to you, my heart aches and dies

Silent vigilance so you can be so safe
If my plan to save you has choked your fantasy
then my fair trials have all been burnt away
the constant stress I yet can't feel
another stubborn wound that can't decide to heal

A gun that's loaded shoots your conscience
a gun destroyed that tests my patience
the self-destructive that kisses my arrogance
the self-constructive that bites my boredom's balance

Resuscitate
So I can save you when you burn
Kill and pray
So I can say you still can have your head
Stay insane
So I can say you are not yet dead

Fantasies and death
Trying to kill your self-conscience
But testing again my breath
I am not planning on leaving you that dread

The terror can hide its tail behind my fairy's net

For my protection and my care for you cannot forget
That I love you in sacrifice and regret
That I hold you in hate and in galaxy's rebirth
That galaxy of live and death above your head
Gets to my most sacred missions'
To prove you all the tears that I have shed
When between the freaky lines of safety and danger
You have put your pretty messed-up head'
Let me inform you it's clear pure hell.

Katerina Val

Forgotten Fixed Fakers

Scents

and traces of planned and brief staccato pain
proof we were there
the saddest remains of our moaning share

Cut me in the despair

and I 'll set your lies between revenge and fair
don't throw yourself in woeful scents and words we used to have
don't remember all the deaths, keep your thirst weakened for the love
don't remember all the lies, keep your mind opened for the past

all our deaths became our creepy love

Don't recall what they said

'cause their cutting breaths were infinite to last
Take nothing more than a breath ahead
and shutter all the razorblade signs of the past

our pain is too, too much to not last

don't seek yourself hidden and rose somewhere in the past
don't lose the grip or the strength we used to have
an indifference that we knew how to trust
a demeaning concept in their words we used to give
a depreciation in their hung cut eyes we used to seek
before it disappeared with you and me in dust

beloved old dust, you are too grey to not last

Don't remember all the cuts

the scars we now consent and have
we use to seek through them the endless past
forget this blood, it's not your blood
regret to touch the last remaining scar
the painfully weirdest deepest cut

Don't recall the pain between the shades

the way we'd tremble when we took the whole fixed blame
for the pain

I'll live in your eyes for the shame
and don't recall the way we'd condemn ourselves
to be the weirdest, living, moaning shame.

Katerina Val

Go Away

Go away
when I pray
so i lay
on the ground
go away

Go away
when I fall
when I need to fall
when they violently lay me
to the ground

When I intoxicate
go away
and when I am benumbed
go away
substances
some roughly standing alleviation
and cracked condemnation
substances
and wonderings
not enough volition
to condemn

not enough humanity
to forgive

substances and wonderings
leave them in my empty hands
and go away

When I am shattered
by the multiple needs of a syringe
to drain it's vindictiveness
to drain me
go away

And when you are scared
when you cannot stand my skin

go away
I hate it
when you cannot take your eyes off
and with them
to just go away
I hate it
your pretentious sickened care
scared
we are both scared
your disgusted love
and with it
the way
you can't but have to just go away

When you see
lines of time
on me
on my skin
when a scratch
is more than you can see
or you can bare to feel
go away
and let my scarifications to be
forgive their way
but humanity has faded

Let my scarifications to be
forgive their way
or their love, their hate
they are the only thing
that can stay.

Because humanity
is born to fade

But these lines love me
not my acts
but me
not my words
but me
not myself
but me

they love me
as soon as they are the only things
that bare to live in me.

They will grow in me
and they will meet my scars
someday
they will laugh at me
and they will touch my scars
just to shout
"Pain"

Pain
is the only thing
from which you never got away
so if you are fine with it
with me
stay
for you can be the only thing
that never got away.

Katerina Val

'Grave Is A Grim Horse'

Grave is the difficulty you use to stare at your opponent
The knife you throw to pull it through his chest
The regret, through it you console by the terror of the end
Grave is your crime and your pretentious regret

Crave is the technique you use to fix the rights
The broken screws you use to toughen all the easy fights
The instability in which your silence cares
Grave is all the pains you refused, all the passivity he bares

And then, when the gun is loaded, he still dares, he still dares
And then when your heart is bloated, he still cares, oh he still cares

"Grave is a grim horse" as Steve Von Till has said
But staring now through my opponent's grey eyes
I see his bad and easy sparkles are all dead
As I am staring at the grim sides of this grave
I see its stones are all curved
By the backing off of death

I can sense the harshness in the heat
I can feel the dryness in his beat
The things he doesn't want to feel
That's what I get as real
And the things that he doesn't want to see
That's what I get as his strongest fear

I try to pretend I stand here
So that my opponent, cold and fresh by the hit
Gives me one more part of that wrecked opportunity
Less death for me
Less pain for him

But we both can't feel
This grave is open
This grave is closed
When our chances get too broken
Indeed
"grave is a grim horse"

And then, when the gun is loaded, he still dares, he still dares
And then when your heart is bloated, he still cares, oh he still cares

Katerina Val

Growing Older

Once you don't care, happiness gets to slide to you easier
She's hidden but often, she is still there
Should you try to share things you have sealed in the box
happiness will hide away, again
for she's the one to not care if you have a friend
to offer him a piece of her

She has got a name, happiness has got a name
She hides behind euphemism, all these things you are used to hate
all these things you fake, and still stare to ease your pain
she scratches at your back a little bit and cracks a dim smile
a thin line hard to distinguish
a poser of time
she left the last scratch on an obvious rush
before she forgets to dive in deep, so deep
that she forgets to sign
her real name

Happiness hides behind distress
she offers a plaintive valse to sorrow
and she holds her cold hands and the tears for herself
she tends to be these things that resembles to nothing else
so different
so rare
she holds your hand though
and sighs through sadness
she knows this is not herself
but she can't escape it that soon
she shouldn't surrender
shouldn't give up, haven't reach yet useful hell
she has to hide behind these bad and sad things
for they are so tender to help her find out

She can cut off the umbilical cord, if she decides so
but she doesn't have to this second, she shouldn't hide this time
away from sorrow
she needs to grow
older and older
for, happiness can ripen and rot

through sorrow

And then shining new
she can rise through your glass door
she can give you back your sparkling teeth
now stand up at your feet
think
it is time for happiness
to thrill.

Katerina Val

Hallucinating(My Lover's Guest)

Caught in a frightened confusion
I opened my head and wounded my chest
Trapped in an early delusion
I closed my self and healed my lover's guest
The heart he had suppressed

I used this cell and broke my neck
As I bet my head before the great disaster of fires, I smiled
That sadness had smirked, sneaked out and crawled until their hats
It tickled their hearts and frightened their acts
They respected me for I had caught the laughter in a middle-act

Then I had to caress a wandering hurting cat
Her broken leg, my useful arm
I carried her in my embrace, I tore her apart
She trusted me and I did not
My lover's guest was my pure poor love

I was something like an unfair queen
To that one lover that my pain enjoyed to have seen
That one said one day to me
"you keep torturing me' this is a sin' I have to redeem"
I have to leave you, so the lover opened the door, the lover had to leave
He returned for I was holding the guest, crashing it under my feet

This is love is not yours, it's a lie, it's a truth, its something to hide
Side aside to our chests, side aside to our pains, we are players
This love belongs to dirt, to the sunburn and to shred
That love had crashed this morning our lovely bed
That love destroys, that love refused to give the relief of a fairly truthful end

That love separated the end

Then the lover turned his back to hide the tears of shame on his behalf
"I have to tell you what
I mostly hate you and I crave to tear you apart
But then, I tore your heart, and I accepted every venom of your act
You are a poisonous queen, you are an evil scene of my wildest dream"

"Coming true? " I breathe

"Crashing down to the point of the guilt" he slowly pressed his lip

He bit the angles of my face, and pulled the sidings of my hair

He screamed in inconsolable despair

"I wish that rope of truth and sin had not been there

I wish the stars and planets could have reached you when I could not care

But you, my queen, you had never been that fair"

"For you held the guest that I hold, the precious shred that is still so cold!

"

I yelled to him in frozen thought

"I feel so immobilized by that lover's sword' I hate looking at your face and seeing the pain I have thrown away

I hate having to face it all again' from the start to the very end

I hate this guest' I hate the love you have suppressed"

"But your heart is a fair guest inside my mind a brained act, a prepared start

You can hate me as much as I despise your sad

For you copied all my pain and love

And then you broke it, threw it, tore it apart! "

Killing each other was our final act

Now we haunt this poem, searching for the guest of love

Have you seen anywhere my heart?

Maybe you are wearing it right now

Its not yours' it's a ghost

The feeling you have still leaves you and breeds you alone

For you are a ghost' your lover's guest has bred a ghost

Oh love, what a confusing point you hold!

Katerina Val

Happiness Is Just An Act

Is it so simple like that?
Or is just happiness just another glorious act?
The more you try to laugh
The more pain you breed behind
It is in the water love

The way it flows unbothered
But keeps in its guts all the dirty rocks that gathered
Through its frantic running
Beneath the gutter

The river seems so clean and steady and untouched today
So transparent, like a bland reflection before the fray
But in its core, it's crying further than its frantic run
It overflows for those that laugh so much
And still stay pretty bad

And all this guilt piled up
Inside the holy water of the human
All the darkness behind the blissful acts
Is the reflection of those that silently bother
Behind the laugh

And as much as they need to throw it off
They are getting worse
Enough
Happiness needs to stick to reason
To defend your laugh
Happiness is not the carefree season
But the stained whole.

Katerina Val

He Is Sick (The Monologue Of A Sick)

I am sick
weak
shouldn't you seek me?
shouldn't you accuse yourselves
when they refuse to see?

I am sick
and I cry
I am sick
and I scream
because I am sick
but even if I extirpate my throat
to show you the way I am cold
and alone
you wouldn't listen to me

Would you listen to me?

Do you hear me?
I am sick
Damn you fools
you can stop believing
if you need
but you cannot stop to believe
you are weak
weaker than me.

And you cannot stop believing
it is intriguing
it is crucial
yet not essential
and it is your fate
to let me die
it is your fate
to hunter your pride
and leave me sick

here, I lay sick
here, you made your God sick

my dear children, my perished humans
you hailed me here
where you left me
sick
and weak.

Katerina Val

Head Howl

Not everyone can get
the things running down on your little head
not every single person can see
the things twirling on your twisted head
the things you can pull out of your hectic fantasy

No one has the right
or the right instinct
to testify
the things that happened in your head last night

No one can explain the reason you said you had to fight
should we decry the candles for burning so bright and gloomy?
was it the burning light?
or the trembling grin of a shadow that stayed still?
of a shadow that got to obsess your rusty dark old mind?

Was it you fighting as a mighty knight?
or were you that poor crippler creeping and begging
for some candles to light on
for some hysteria to speak on
for some pain to go on
for some function to keep it on
for some twisted function your head protects
in order for you to not lose the way
in your reverted battle
and the reaper stands above your head

You are the only thing among the wronged
that is sentenced any way

But there are still things that you can gain
even if your mind after all that time, stays the same
I say, you can still find things in the loss
you can still gain time in the loss
or feelings you ignored
an instant howl that once consoled
your artificial mind

If you are still able to escape
throw behind you the little stones
that will lead you back, because it's you, you will return

On the side of the warms you crawl
on the side of the ravens you howl
on the side of the crocodiles you cry
on the side of the losers you still give up
and on the side of the winners, you put off the fight

For there is a big howl in your mind
for there is an uncontrolled hole in your mind
trying to follow it with your eye
but your eye blinks too many times
to be able to find some space to breathe
before the light
to catch the lonely inconsolable glimpses of your twisted mind

for your pupil has so much expanded in the dark
that you are used to show already way too much
for your endless fight has given the opponent the right key
to open the night
the night that you have inside
that grows older and still stronger than you
the gloomy night that keeps you behind
and you smile for this retardation
for you are not ready
to howl, enough

So howl!
What are you expecting of, howl!
But I keep seeing with a tear and a sigh in my soul
that you are not even ready to crawl
for if you want to gain, you should lose again
for if you want to stay, you should fall again
and crawl, crawl in the dirt
in the dust where you spit
the things you say you do not like to be
the parts that made you the person from whom you cannot get away
you do not get to see
you should crawl first
and fall

in the parts of you, you dropped and chopped
behind where is the one truth you left to call
the only truth that stands you
the only glimpse that will destroy your fight
and will prepare you for the coveted howl

You are the only howl in your head
that never found the time to run away

Is it the howl you deny?
or is it the sense of freedom
you shall taste
haunting you
hidden behind the crawl, keeping you behind?

You are dying
fight and howl
or lose the fight, howl and crawl
exhausted from what you did not do
exhausted from the howl
you never got to fool

Your head might,
might fly
when you are ready to give up.
Free as you already are
you will never be ready to give up.
Exhausted from the howl that creates you.

Katerina Val

Heroes Of Mud

Heroes
that were forced to play
circumstances frightened though provocative all the way
pushed to change
urged to stay
and fall

Or slip away
to just slip away
and cause the minimal pain
to those who need it
them, who forget to stay
and breathe the day

Pushed to change
pushed, to stay the same
the hero.

Heroes of mud
made of mud
rolling in mud
covered
renewed
reborn
in mud
through mud

Because nothing is static
and everything is so static
when you don't want it to be

Weapons, wings and superpowers made of dust
built from dust
dying in dust
reborn
and dead

Muzzy hero

forced to play
I pity you
and I love you
because I join you
when you are urged to join the dirt
and be the dirt
Urged to play
and urged to give up
so just cross your fingers on your chest
dormant

Dormant,
forced as you are to not change
but to follow the change

to not feel pain
but to suffer the bites of the dust

forced as you are
to construct with mud
but to not enjoy crawling in it
may I call you
to enrich the slosh?

All you need is some anti-heroism
and an affirmative nod of your head
to them

Faces of mud
them
smiles that crawl
till your feet
and then they disappear
they fall
they secretly fall

woefully sinking in the slosh

Because, mud,
knows only
how to remind us of the soil

of the ground we used to stand on

but heroes
know how to not sink
even if their smiles
are already drowning in the quicksand

Katerina Val

Hey, Heart...

A heart beating from enthusiasm
trembling for all these times it got stuck on a faux-pas
and yelling for all those seconds it forgot to ask
did you adore it enough?

A heart tearing into one and a second part
before it decides to reach the third, it has to stop
and hold the fact that it fell and still, it is not enough
so, giggling in a false step
stuck off, you stole my sit in hell

A psychotic heart
redeeming the things it didn't kill enough
strangling the thoughts it didn't need to have
oh my poor, frozen heart
don't you see yet that you are tired enough?
hide your lament in my brain and I'll call it insane
hide your pride in my shame and I'll have to call you insane
'cause we still have to cooperate
we shall work together heart
I'll give you my body and we'll find a step so far
far enough, to hide from all these things we didn't have
we don't have
to hide from all this stuff...

Don't cry my heart
keep on pushing blood to run
sending blood to my veins so that I can breathe enough
before I fall and die I need to know that you'll be fine
don't die my heart
for, if I die
they need to love something that I don't really have

Get rid of them my heart
we don't need any of it to keep it strong
we shall be hard enough
to stay alone
and fight for the things we have to hate
and stop

hide it my heart
pain was never yours
and I was never enough
we shall dive together, heart
take off your cover
and undress the truth
you need to see me
for one last time
before you reach me.

Katerina Val

His Grace

And as I silently rose despair
beneath his eyes
the breaking sound of violence was no more there
but I could feel it had intoxicated the air
the smell of poison as I keep, as I dare
Remembering his sins
The signs
And our prides

And now I seat in this chair made of wood
Or is it dust?
A chair made of dust
I fear I must
return to dust
from where I come
behold my strongest wills to not desire our past
to drown the hopes
to cut the ropes
I fear the most

I fear his help became this endless line of ropes
A mass of ropes
Behind my house
Behind my home
I'm back home
I return my soul
To where I belong
Behind my soul
Behind my heart
I fear, I, now, tear apart.

And I know, judges, I won't use this rope
Know, judges, that alone I drown
In dust.
But, wait, I hold
They say it's the fear of the unknown
But I know, oh my sorrow, how I know
My deepest honesty will hold me near
Before I fall apart

In dust
My grief will embrace my tear
And as he's gone, my love for him
The pain
Is clear.

Katerina Val

Hold Hell High

I'm sick
for I have a feeling inside I didn't need to feel
and lately I have been to places I've never been
saw and killed things I didn't have to steal
your thoughts made of steel
and my agony made of what resists
from me

I saw and fell for things I never really had to be
yesterday
and the other day
closed in cage built of my perfect piece
because I could never give the whole me
I could never see the perfect image of what I should be
I broke the mirror and breathed insanity

Delve into my old traumas with cold hands
for you should offer me some company
even if I can't really respond or feel
and laugh with all your heart 'cause you did it once again
you pushed me one step closer to death
you failed to chafe what was frozen in the end

I'll start from the end
it's better crying in hell
than dying in heaven and painting frozen breaths
in a wall covered of our agonizing feel to yell

Even if I still have things to tell
I prefer a hundred times burning my thoughts in that hell
I have to hide once again
I prefer all those sick things
rather than giving all my pain in one stranger's hands
his hands are cold, his agony adds bricks in that haunted wall
don't stay so close to me
because, about all these times I fell
you should have let me go straight back to that hell

At least I had my private place to enjoy the things that fell

now I'm crying in heaven
grant me the last love spell
and hate the fact that you can't admit this to yourself
it never worked on me
I'll laugh and yell
'cause you failed again

Retreat?

That is all you used to be?
and still asking things of me?
I'll give you the last yelling
hug it with your cold hands
and say
"friend, thank you for
showing me that road
to find relief though hell
that has to be one good damn end"

Katerina Val

Howling

In the shadowed valley
kids are growing faster, running through fallen pines
there Veniamin meets Haley
both hiding the fire that shines

In the shadowed valley
problems dive to find the truth
there Shakespeare meets Sally
and they both shake the grace of stolen youth

In the tears that laugh
trust resuscitates the theme of dark
there all the questions stay undone
and all the freedom rests breathing indolent

Through the shadowed pines
the water runs refreshed and younger

In the shadowed valley
begins to grow a mystic alley
between friendship and survival
there Veniamin stabbed Hailey
and Shakespeare hugged the faith of surrender
that had escaped through Sally's eyes

Transparent kiss
guarantees eternal bliss
for one night
for one shadow
hanging from the pine
save your thought
it's turning into dawn

The water running un-shadowed
and the thought escaped of Sally's head
she stared the scenery but didn't fall for death
converted into a sparrow
of eternity and greatness

As you grow
the pines cherish your growth
and as you fall
the pines hold your strength
till the dawn
when you'll be better

So your philosophy's confessed
the shadows hold your structure of readiness
radiant your thought
the scenery still cold
Shakespeare's hanging from your throat
but Veniamin is paying the toll

for, sentiments
run the definitive role

Hailey, Sally grab your hands
walk through the valley
the fright is not yours
but of the shadows that set a chant for your eyes

In the shadowed valley
everything survives
even tired eyes.

Katerina Val

Hung In Th Stare

Loneliness

I ask from her to seek in me
to see in me
to free in me

Perfection

is what she responds in one ogle
the silence of the second
a light of a slight truth
a distant light, for a while I can see through
her

A glimpse

just a glimpse
and I reveal
she reveals
and then we can stare
and hung ourselves in the stare

I can inhale

the remains of asphyxia
and I can stare
so that I can have the right of relief
so that she stares back

She does

She expects
Anticipation
or just
sufferance
quiet sufferance
flaccid pending
fluent glance
as she stares
words that flow towards me
like unscrupulous relieved gusts of wind
relieved
as she hangs in the stare
I am relieved

Katerina Val

Hypnotized (Rhymes Of A Groggy)

Clench the voices you cannot see
Kill the opaque portraits running down in me
Reject the victimized voices that you can hear
Listen to what inside us can truly disappear
Hold your breath, and hold you near
Insane noise
But hold yourself, reject the fear

In the fire
There is a liar
Living inside us
Trying to escape from desire
Running down on us
On an unstitched worn wire
Fire
Burn him in the fire!

Fear the pain I cannot feel
The distant life I shall not live
Apparently there is one road leading to belief
And this is not me

I am an old man caressing his skin
And tearing his sin
Making it many sins
Diving it
So it can fit into my skin
Settle down in my unproven, humble entity

Humble for them
Irregular for me.

Katerina Val

Hypocrisy

Asphyxia

and still breathing underwater so fine

Paranoia

and still holding thoughts in the back of our mind

Homicide

and still tangled through the innocent

Kill it

but don't forget to grab it's last deadly scent

Failure

because the fear of succession was not terrifying enough

to make us stop

Fall

and still we have to hold a hand

Death

and need to have some life 'cause we have to hide a sickened laugh

behind it, the last human unhealthy laugh

Running out

and still creating time to stay hidden back

Interrogation

and our fixed cold resistance in a confession

Diving into deep

and still pushing ourselves to not breathe

To breathe less

from what we could confess

Weighs his weights

and still too heavy to give attention

Cracked a wrong correction?

Light your heart and laugh

because devil is not too contemptible to act

to hide behind it's mask

like us

Devil Is more descent

than we are

I see that devil is more innocent
than we are

And for sure he is more honest
than your rotten heart

He is sick from what we are
So he lights a fire
and refuses to let us burn in it
Our torture, this, shall be
our torture is that
we will never be punished
for the hypocrisy

Katerina Val

Hysteria

Using the fly that's drowning in a bowl
full of nothingness
do you use it as a tiny weapon of excuse?
or are you hopeful that it might actually spread its wings
to you?

Hanging from a tiny rope
There's no use
Hanging from the loss of control
Fine excuse

How could you believe the grocery's story
had sold meat and fish and solid things?
it was only yesterday
when you crossed the road and saw
that it was gone
And you made a thick wish, nice and bold
God, oh an apple how I would love!
And then you'd crave for more

For, when the simple's gone
and the illusion gets more old-fashioned than what's already old
You stand helpless and alone
Waving your hand like a monkey standing for a tearless clown
Gawp
Then you might be saved
For it's the only way

Play it indifferent and serious
But it will keep being the same
The gaps will get more narrow and selfish
Worse than your naïve walk next to the grocer's store
Did you know he spilt water in a cup
To intoxicate that next-door alcoholic
And did you know he used wine to cover his wounded arm
To pretend that a bit of poison brings some joy?

And did you know he killed a dotard cat
To prove his force before the sun?

And how bloody insane he could become
When hysteria would knock his door

Well, grocer darling
It's just a matter of control

For, when the simple's gone
You're hanging from a tiny rope
And that cat soul you tried for a second to control
Is going back to you in the clear form of remorse
Then you might be saved
From insane

Then you might be saved
From hysteria's game..

Katerina Val

Impromptu

Crowns

Made of charcoal

Blackness

Tar

In the infinite trembling of a pain

Of a sound that silently sits on the sick piano just in vain

Their pain is plain

Drained

they say they are all drained

and still they lead the way

with their blood half poisoned

half changed.

Tunic

Made of dust

reveal their latest hungry precious lust

their rich and poor unstable lust

which they fear the most they have to protect

lost

they are lost

in lust

and soon they give in their trust

they give away their eyes

themselves

the things they made up

the performances

all the solitude they had to love

all the vanity they had to waste

all the loneliness they had to taste

they made it up

and soon they were told to stop

by an undefined entity

a creature no one knew its name, where it came from

a relief that they could at last throw somewhere the blame

What was his name?

Or if they are praying on it in vain

Whose appetite should you first blame?

His or theirs

But still they had to pray
They had to give all their things away
The laugh, the pain
With blood in their hands
Their hunger would still last
They need
They had to pray.

Katerina Val

Killing Time

Brother, should I trust again?
But I shall sink in my special distrust
there I can fold though pain
there, the things freeze and get solid
better than those I have, sacrificed to dust

And my body is the cage
there I can kill some time
and hide the things that never age
there, I can cross any line
and still be fine
between the grey lines of my shade
I hide a scream, the grief, the pain

I feel busy therefore
I try, to shake my character through shards I cannot put back
I feel easy though
each time I break, I forget to hide the hurt behind their back

Indifferent cold heart

Behind a shudder I try to laugh
for I still have so many cracks to crack
for a drowned the strangle is never clear enough
for a hung the rope is too short to end his luck
for my hysteria, a reason is never a good reason to stop

Good times are going to be sent to you
but if you invest a little less than they expect
bad breaths are going to reach you, hit you
eat your soul
is, there, any kind of control?
they are going to take out all the things you had to ignore

Heart, hung and drown in waters that stagnate

Killing good signs
frost behind these broken untidy lines
hurt is not that fine when the razor is too tired

to pay attention to you

Hide me in the last line
I'll cry, you' ll cry, I cry
It is you turn to cry
but we' ll still be fine.

Katerina Val

Last Drop

As I'll run through time
I'll give you my wine
And as I'll give away what was never mine
In time
You shall accept this glass of wine

Because you can see my heart inside
There is my heart inside
some drops of my blood, of my divine
as I drained my veins in their weird intoxicating lullaby
before you drink my soul
seek with your blind eyes, inside this cup I give my all

(chorus)
Running in the wild
A shiny, skinny happy unexpected line
A wave of time
As we drink our last cup of wine
Look the animal inside us
It hides from as
I die
But still you find some time
to awaken it with the last cup of wine

Hold my hand as we walk among these trees
Tall pines between our lines...
Now our hearts became like twisting desperate drunk bees
Flying from flower to flower
As they wither
Slowly
Trying to catch the last dropp of happiness
As we sink our hearts in this last dropp of wine
Try to catch the last dropp of wine.

Katerina Val

Little Lies (A Letter Of A Bitter Hate)

Thick fog
twirling among our legs
freezing our already numb feet
shards of glass stuck under our skin
and you, away, so far away
from me

The sense of losing all control
and rising sharpened yelling in the air
intriguing and irritating
where I hide me

Aren't you feeling irritated yet honey?
Can't you feel my anger?
I swear, it is not a pretentious rage
I swear, this time, I am not protecting you
this time
I am protecting me

Because if you cannot be saved
through your little disaster
then I can't breathe
that is at last me

through your little disaster
you will finally find me
in a narrow shattered hypotonic place where I can't breathe
that is already me

Pain's and despair's most hated company
trying to save you, constantly
trying so hard I am losing me
your pain and your passion truly hates me
I am the unheard voice you always hated, up, in within
You are still down
You won't find me in

Because standing up
Is the only way you can get through

the gasping of my breath

There is no light
no light my dear
there is only dark
and an edgy full of protrusions fear
The fog is too much to cover me up
up, in, within,
I need to disappear

The fog tries to reach me
to steal my breath
to clench my throat
and it still reassures itself though
that I am going to suffer till eternity
so I have to laugh
to laugh hard
till the moment of pain
till my laugh is too sharp
that it's hurting my stabbed back
oh, enough,
darling, that's enough!

Till I stand behind a wreck
Because when my hands are shaking
when my courage is breaking
when I am already really terrified,
trembling,
i keep saying:
"no honey, I am fine
I just cannot stand the cold of this rather hypotonic day"
the same second that my numb blue fingers can't stand the cold
I know my lie is growing more endless, more alone
I know the day is truly the night even if I moan
that the night can never fit in a sickened sun
even if it is dying
it is still the sun!
right?

And my cursed realization grows truly fast
when I am scared, I deny the dark
and I praise the cruel sun

the only foe that burns my heart
then, I know when it is time to grin
for what could be
for what will never be
for the lies may have set me free
but it is a wreck my honey
where I am trying to fit in
wreck your cold breath
when there is no soul within
only you
you
a total, absolute and painful absence of me

Because if you cannot be saved
In your little disaster
You will find me
Cold, frightened, aloof, alone
and so pleased

Pleased that the truth is so obvious
when the cold and the evil are so clear
I feel proud of me
For being so discreet
For tracking the truth from a distance where I can finally breathe
For I am so gentle
For I am so me

And the worst part
my selfless adored old love
is that realization
is what truly lacks from your sin
is what makes your sin
sound so endless
the frozen breath of your conscience
is what truly makes your sin
sound so non-existent
like you never ceded it the chance to be
to breathe
in me
like your demented tremendous truth
was tiniest than your sacred lie
from me the truth was all you tried to hide

for you never truly realized
because the absence of realization honey
was truly the cause of making your sin sound
less than nothing

Is what truly made you seem
As if you were frightened part trying to hide in

Because if you cannot be truly saved
through your worst part
you will find me
through yourself
I swear, darling,
you will find the worst of me.

Katerina Val

Lonely Reason, Hibernial Season

Solitary defense

drenched to the distant eyes of a personal attack
and honesty resents
grudges for tiny fragments, shards of wounded innocence
sadness

Such a sweetness disorienting your blissful kiss
such a 'heat' I guess I cannot and do not wish to reach
that is why cold hearts stay endlessly so still
for they can hear the pain within
for the dead unwilling thing they should not reach

Sitting in a cracked verse of postponed decision
using things and faces to strengthen a possible collision
sudden, scared and hidden behind your true derision
of metal thoughts
iron colds

A comfort, a convenience that you throw
instistance on the black breaths signed on the shatter
if i cant break it I cannot matter
if the glass is so steady I cannot concern your eyes
painful thoughts, lost beats that I loved, dressed in lies

You can hate me for this lonely reason
the confession that crosses consciously your thought
atheists can still laugh sarcastic before the cold
but you are not one of those
you still trust the destruction of the thing you cannot hold

I dropp my sanity against your pretentious skin
its still mine, the healthy in the lie, the healthy in this sin
so I dropp my fake complete
to you, like a poisoned arrow to your poor warm head
like a burning shadow to what you cannot understand

my bleeding open hell

so you can still hate me for this lonely reason

but honey, see, we changed the season

Frantic pieces of a poetic fire growing in your skin
scorching your so true reality
covering the destroyed heart, speaking instead of me
with words of consolation
how deluded baby you can be

Frickles of a shredded moon, I am bathed by an undamaged sin
I am healthy within, but still interrupted for this healthy sin
a cute sad madness choosing me
you, misunderstanding my exhausted soul
melancholy

Let me follow the light, please
forgive me I don't care for falling pride
but forget me and just watch me following this sparkling sight
but alone
I am a loner, so cover me with the sorrowful dark of dawn

Let me find the antidote
but convince me that I am strong
for, healing comes from a deluded song
the one I keep singing, everynight to my crying soul
so I can tame the beast I didn't, never feed

So I can hide the heat I didn't, never feel
so I can hide my fist, I didn't never really drench in injury
they did, you did
deluded
I can still be

So I can hear the sound I didn't, never kill
so I can handle the hate I didn't, never breed
so hate me for being real
hate me for hiding behind
your deluded peal
we are all silent inside
that is the truth friend
but we don't know it
and that is the reason why we still kneel
before hell.

Katerina Val

Mirrors (Faters)

Mirrors

as they cut you
as they hurt you
as they take you
without even trying to reach you
without touching you

Mirrors

as they are the cause of your bleed
as the blood covering their surface
is too deep so that you can breathe
too much for you to see
too much for you
to convince the world

So lie like an actor of the fall
to the world
to the clever and idiot world
lie like you split out the last dropp of your soul
to the world
idiot world
that with a single glance in the mirror
can catch
see
your soul

Mirrors

as they reflect the perfect me
mirrors all around me

surrounding
me
and my soul

It is not you what you are looking in the mirror

How extraordinary me
How exotically beautiful
and vacant

and alone
and not me

How not me
am I
as I breathe

Mirrors
that reflect perfection
and loneliness

Mirrors
where you see me
but not me

Mirrors
depicting aliens
strangers
freaks, priests, politicians
chefs, pianists, painters, fainters
haters
â€œfatersâ€

They depict me
but not me
I am impeccable

Gorgeous me
breathing not through my lungs
but through the glass
of the mirror

And when it breaks
when it tears up
it is not the seven years of bad luck
that I am scared of
that freaks my heart out
it is the miniscule parts of the glass
the
traversing all the way through my body
towards my heart
reaching me

reaching what I am not
what I am
in the mirror

miniscule molecules of truth

and blood
truer blood than what is mine spilling from the cut

The blood that flows behind the glass
is more alive than me
revealing the cut
disassembling the dream
dissenting me
through the truth

Katerina Val

Moon-Cursed (Variation Of A Poem)

After the big ancient war of ages
and between the lines that were curved and etched by the old men
on trees sunk in their age rings
I saw a lady
she was stunning indeed
but who was she really?

Under the doomed and gloomy cover of the moon
through the shuddering sent by the tranquility of the air in the noon
I cursed my heart' oh it was so soon
I should feel the trembling of the pretty small ants
pinned at the dark dead sky
screaming an agonizing dead march oh their sad old lullaby
the sad beauty and the angry sorrow of the night
but no, she was standing by
she wouldn't let me cry
or feel the shocking purging of the transparent sight
and this was one of an unfair time, I refused to fight
she broke the light

Her eyes, deep and dark like charcoal, devil's eyes
animal's eyes, clever, clear and sparkling eyes
crooning lucid, suspicious and filthy lullabies
they shouldn't let me cry
and silently they ordered I should die
cursed into a deep sad slow and unexpected death
through her sparkling eyes I kissed the end

Rising from the depths of my endless loneliness
non-ended pain
she would approach me by, touch my fingers under the old cold sad sky, and say
"don't pray, for there is no sad time to purge or scare away"
"don't stay, for there is no kill to save your day"
" should you yearn to save the day, you should not have run away..."
"don't go away, your feet are stuck under the roots of these ancient
trees"
"hang yourself like the oldest insects of time,
the stars that hide that emptiness of that dim sky"
"don't try to escape, your heart is buried deep

your hands are cold and still
"your lungs have no air"
she said tangling her thin fingers through her silver hair
"I shall give you time to think
there, in the most sparkling light of the dark you shall see your clearest entity
the purged shadow, the cleanest version of me
there is no broken hope you can't redeem
only despair, to seal the free"

Katerina Val

Nature's Laws

THEY WILL COME

They will come to demystify us
so plainly willing to defy our future collapse
they will slowly plant triggers on our garden flowers
and we will step on mines made of love and antagonism

They will agonize us to the point that we can start laughing
this was not madness my dear, that was crossing the borders
we definitely do not deserve those paralytic rules
but stick a bone back to your tortuous spine
and your laughter shall be shattered
your laughter will resist
contra to your madness

But see, the paintings on the wall depict the withering of the camellias
Yours, your mind, your soul, shall never be yours
You are only inflicting ignitions of talentless creepers
They way they scale till your burning kitchen, the way they fight back and then
they wither

We are not creepers, we are not plants, we are not trees
We are not nature
Nature was burnt long ago
You and I are possibilities
Soon they shall come
To defy even them

Katerina Val

Oblivion

Have we forgotten
the things we never wanted?
Have we sunk
in the deep cold water
of oblivion
of languidness

And aren't we yet cold
with all these hypocrisies, lame pretensions, all the lies
and another one broken pole
we are growing weirdly old
observing our skin
as it shrinks
as it is dried
as it takes us in

Everybody wants to feel free
Or needs
but each one of us waits for the day
that he will finally meet it
the shivering
the timid but stentorian touch
of the air
that wandered around our hats
and never stays in

Caging it
keeping it in
before we forget
trapping it in
for (because) we need desperately to not forget
to not regret
our chosen freedom
footing on our sensitivity

Katerina Val

Opulence(Kind Of Darkness There So Keen)

Troubleshoot her thoughts
Sat on her boots and destroyed the clocks
She grabbed and rubbed her reddish nose
Defied the cold and stood on her cracked toes
She purred a blanket heart out of the howls
Didn't hear the run screaming to her fingers
To stop breathlessly as first second lingers

Took her poor brain out
Shouted for a shout
Had fixed an equitation of x sound
Just to keep sticking around
But the pain would stay devout
And the boned hands would still crack down

Trembled to the point she couldn't fix her sight
Cried to the point she didn't see
Really, what else is there to be?
The f minor or the fortissimo under my ripped out sleeve
Holding the ace I cannot feel
Creating gaps under the torn sad skin

What kind of darkness is there so keen?

Oh but then she shouted for the shot
She grabbed her face and laughed to the point of dark control
Behind her porcelain eyes
She had run errands for the flies
Behind the used seconds of her pride
She had cried rivers of goodbye

Opened the crystal box and grinned to a soft face of remorse
It was not her fault' it is still not her fault
Greedy people needed to have it all
But her golden Irish hair would defy the code
The epitome of the black broken chord
She pinched it with her finger
And that itself, creeping till her thought
Stole her brain control

Valium is it
or some kind of antidote?
drug oh is it
or some kind of poison
who cares she thinks
People read behind the lines but never redeem
So she lifted her left arm and grinned
swallowed her heart till the last drop, till the last pill

What kind of darkness is there so keen?

A few seconds to redeem
They left
She stayed so seen
Before the screen
She laughed and grinned
And the pain stayed frozen, hidden in.

Katerina Val

Paraphonia

The blasphemy of the passenger
is so dissonant for the singing birds
that hang their lavish plumage upright to the buried trees
never been so dissonant, never again
for the unsolved half dead of the day
for the cracked fingers of them
that endeavor to tear the terribly still seas

But the blasphemy of the stranger!
Oh, this kind of dissonance
unhangs the withered miracles off the sleepy trees
and never, ever again
has an uttered cross from dried lips
crucified sable hearts
For, the blasphemy of the strange & indifferent
is such a freedom
it was such a relief and thus they sing
the bird, the singing tree

For, blind as they compose the tissues of their elegiac cries
the blasphemy of the passenger
fills their lavish sides with diamonds of doubts
And that is the wonderful death of change
admitting that the seasons of the passenger
and the seasons of the stranger
stagger through the shakes
always alternate
through the blasphemies
and through their every new god's games

So, every time you change
think of new suiting name
or, why not
delete this urge
and just create the paraphonia of change

Katerina Val

Perfection And Loneliness

She
as she leans upon the withered tree
and she doesn't mind
they
as they lurk behind their woeful schemes
their deepest emptiest dreams
their aggrieved tree
and sorrowful
they mind

Our hearts
as they are better apart
our intelligence
as it's true only when we waste and loose our laugh
our thoughts
pure and weak
wicked
only when we are apart

Forget your hands
and warmth, regret it, it's not yours
our thoughts
pure and dark
only when we are apart

Our warmth fake and trusted till death
Fake and needy
Only when we hold hands
Forget hands
Forget your heart
God did not invent any such thing
God
did not invent any heart

we, as we are made of nothing
our thoughts
pure and deliberate
never enough
never straight

never done
perfection as we touch
when we are about to go mad

Lonely as we stand
Forget to hold hands
Perfection derives from what you are
Don't involve stranger's hands
I'm afraid then
Perfection is not about to last
But to tear apart
Perfect at last
Perfect
and alone
at last.

Katerina Val

Pigeons

Pigeons
as they run
as they pace
waving their heads
and then they smile
though the stirring of their wings
eternal search
always seeking
for food
for the purpose of the day

I fear, the similarity is huge, my friend
look yourself at the mirror
can you see your beak?
aren't you yet croaking?
You should too bulge your chest with pride
and stride around
just stride
Are you hungry?

Aren't you hungry?

Extremely great and beautiful
through their symbolism
promiscuous blurred colors
and gait
freedom rests in their idiot stirring
in their idiot flying
they fly
and they croak
like fallen ravens
"freedom! Freedom! "
like parrots

these birds are confused
they would crave to be parrots?
they are idiot
mediocre
and defused

on their repetition
deluded

Decide which bird should you choose
let them buy their identity
in the same way they copy freedom
let yourself reveal it's idiocy in the mirror
as you can't decide
should you repeat
or accept your everlasting hunger
and seek?

are you hungry?

aren't you hungry?

Think wisely my friend
Should you be a parrot
or a pigeon?
Or should you let freedom rest
In the arms of a wiser?
Cra, cra, cra
"wiser, wiser"
"freedom! freedom! "
Cra, cra, cra...

are you hungry?

Aren't you hungry?
for freedom

Katerina Val

Prayer Through Pain

Trembling hands, wounded arms
Holding the fetus of a battling heart
Drawing circles of water on a dry unstable land
Hopeful promises blown through glass
Turn to nothingness

He bent and prayed to his God
He grew a greedy pain inside, he couldn't stop
He dragged a cigarette out of his pocket
And then a knife, a gun or a dagger
Black heart, blackened brain
And his thought avoiding me abandoning him
Like the devil does before God

His mind kneeling before that cry

Who's the God of God?
Who cant stop him from continuing the terrible things that he has done?

I saw God yesterday on a bench sidewalk praying for today
His eyes so fake, his existence could not save
That single man's pain
He stayed sore
So why exist?
When there is not a safe road to die?

Why to live
When there is no hope of crying?

Who's the god for god right here?

Why to forgive
When there is no reason to sin.

Katerina Val

Proud

My life is in danger
Myself is in danger
as I cut the small pieces
tiny failed autonomies
my mouth opens wider
greedier
badly as it's burning my need
virulence
becoming worse
monstrous
for my need
will lend me to my destruction
for me.

My Pride
breathing
for me.

A wreckage as I am
I go ahead with my head up
hoity toity
or just provident?

I keep my head up
pretentious and cautious
and I keep walking
prisoner of my pride

My Pride
handling the world
for me.

My words are in danger
but I shall know I have no more words
I kill my tongue
and with it
I enclose myself
in my personal demolished world

a long ago
when I killed myself
for Mrs Pride.

I play along
and I toy with the emotions
I never show
I never feel
so proud and controlled
so shattered as I go

My Pride
hating the dogs
instead of me

Pretentious
or just wrinkled
between my arrogance and my mind?
Twisted brain
Twisted soul
I break in pieces as I go

My Pride
loving the sunburn
instead of me.

And the words I never have but hate to hear
spilling out from some stranger's mouth
ten million times worse than they can be
I lay angry covered in my cold rage here
and I repeat
"you only endeavor to run away from the sound
of a word
of a thought
that beats harder
and worse
in your mind

trying too hard to escape from a tempo
that bites harder
and more painfully
behind your mind"

somewhere in the back side of your mind

But there I can find my Pride
it's stuck there
and it uses words and knives for me

Twisted mind
Budding brain
Incubate me
my brain doesn't mind
free me
my eyes don't mind
parrots saying
they don't mind
but if you expose myself
to make it real
my pride will kill your idea
because she minds

My pride
minding
for me.

Mrs Pride
seeing
for the blind me.

Let me die with some company
it is definitely what I want
with warm tears drenching my repented face
as I, with humility obey, hands and eyes surrendered towards the sky
but, fat too fat and stuck between myself and my pride
my last wish is
desperate, needy and lonely I should cry
alone I should die.

Not reconciled with my Pride yet
her, being
instead of me.

Redhead

Dear lord, I thought red fire grew only from the hands of the cold
alone and poor
between hands that lost their soul
but they rubbed my thoughts
She entered my soul
She escaped the world
She came through my doors
Though she's unimportant, I know

She's got the eyes
She's got the gaze
I know
There's something I adore
On the way her hair are red
And her figure is perfection
When she walks through the door
Perfection hidden in one drop, I'm dead
She is perfect
lord, I know, I'm insane, I need to cry
but I crave for her
I need her to be mine

She's got the eye
The look I need
To be alright
The firm touch, the way she would easily say goodbye
And I'd accept
We'd both accept
And no time to cry
I lust for what I can see in her face
Like I can penetrate to a new-though expected-place
It's not mine
But I still crave, I won't cry
I die for what I can't see in her eyes
I need her fix cold gaze
The way she would(could) impose silence
As she knew it's the only thing that would make me stay.

Resistance (You Stay Fine)

I have to give it up
The trumpets shrilling to my totentanz
I shouldn't have seen me falling down
The devil cracking my articulation's sound

The hell's post has a stamp
For me, for what I have become
It's burning messengers shall give me a sign
Being prepared to kill me but I stay fine

I am fighting the inside
It's a lost fight
But I stay heavenly fine

Rocks growing underneath my faking pride
A silent staring at my lonely sight, a sane sad head I have to guide
You can struggle, lose and win
But you 'll be fine, as long as you stay true and stable in

After all
Its just an earthly sin
Its fine to be kind or mean

Or both, tangling them within

Stay cool, stay fine
Refuse to give your demons their favorite sign
That you forgot your self behind
I am sorry you wont have that cry tonight
The cry that says "I give it up, I am dying"

No, as you sit there crying
You know how it feels
Among the sceneries of ash mistreated
You shall be fine
Denying every kiss
Denying every bliss
Very blossoming night
Sarcasm fitting behind this

Throw that sorrowful kiss

They sang in bliss and died in shame
To your tired experienced eye, demons are all the same
They choose your fall before you get to choose your fate
But it is their burning blame so stay, stay
Fine

Tearing you down then force you to get up and stand before the ground
Their death is not really your resurrecting dawn
But your cracking down, is their favorite tickling sound
They are still around, they keep gaining this round

But concordance and getting better than their sarcastic evil yawn
Is what can make you truly proud, young and less alone

For you didn't fall
You stayed still
You stayed and still struggled against this
Before their resistant cold
No, resistance stands alone
Like your loner soul

And they don't have it all
But you do, you are fine, not lost at all
For, hallucinated as they stood
You ran and paid the toll
Like your struggler's strong sad soul

Eat your falling line
Yet you stay fine
Condone them and they are dying
You are fine!
Before them as you stand, to your shade they are crying

The demons fell behind.

Katerina Val

Restrain

Restrain

Things I need to obtain

A trust you want to gain

The things we both, apart, together crave

A game

It's a vain game

If you are wick enough

It's your turn to play

I'll restrain

So I restrain

Let us restrain

Dry lips that come closer

And deeper

They've already gained my trust

Haven't yet given me the end in this throne of lust

I fear I must

now turn in dust

hide my face

regret

forget

your bittersweet grace

I hide my face

I'll hide anyway

Hands, cold and warm

Fixed, they caught me as I broke

A breath, inhale all that's wrong

As I hold on

A tear as I let it go

A disappointed sign as you watch me go

A desperate gaze and I'm sinking slowly

As I hide my face behind the wall

As I built a brand new wall

Now with pain you watch me go

Don't let me go!

Insist on what I seemed to fear all along

Break the person I seemed to use to hide my soul

In all those dark moments I needed to be strong
Don't let me go!
Burn the ice behind my moves
With the fire your eyes your soul you have still
We've got nothing left to heal

You are wise
Just let us play the game
And watch me this time
The way I won't restrain

Katerina Val

Rings

Rings

rings of time and rings of solitude
rings of plenty and of richness
rings made of gold and rings made of charcoal
dusty rings
diamond rings
silver rings
filthy shiny things

Black grey rings of ash clenching the heart
dancing around it like brutals
strangling it the way they did with my thin unprotected throat
when I was hiding in order to breathe
as if it was a thin already used piece of paper
etched with smudges of my hectic inspiration
they strangled it
and the heart sits there
to die alone

Tight rings, inconvenient rings
misfits
doomed and exiled
in a long term unconditional exile
never fading always shaking
rattling contra to the ground
and rageful they twist humming
going back to their exile then
where the rings shatter
and the shards cut it
they cut the skin

Scratching the skin that covers the heart
and the soul that never had that the time to grow
because the rings kept it in the ground
restricting it from breathing the air of her existence
and things, lonely, immortals going around
but still the filthy old-fashioned rings
slip in their skin
of their tatty fingers

keeping them in the ground.

Katerina Val

Run From Me

Like you can't see the curiosity beating behind your eye
Like I can't feel the anxiety of a need heating up your pace
Like I can't touch the sharpness sculpturing your frozen edges
Like I can't see that these cold edges invented warmth for me
Like I can't see
That this Is you

Running from me

This is you
Running from me

As if you fought against me
As if you fought against what you need
So why do you still need?
Why do you still breathe calmness
As if it was real?
Why do you inhale this sweet anxiety
As if you can't see
As if you've never seen
It was all invented from me

'cause I know when time comes
It will be you
Running from me

You don't see, you can't see
Sometime you regret to see
That you cannot always firmly believe
What is not there to live
I need you need
Is not what we should seek
So don't invent things for me
'cause when time is right
You'll run from me

I can see you firmly and indecisive in the heat
Running, running once again from me

Spinning round and round
Endeavor to keep the heat
to grab the heat with hands made of our beat
you violate belief
my belief
you should let me leave
be
instead of trying to warm up the deadly frozen heart
run before you burn
try before you bend

try to run, run away from me

but you won't make it, like you can't see
that you won't make it
like I don't know I cannot breathe
like you can't feel this
you can't run from me

Katerina Val

Salvation From Madness Lies In Simplicity (Murder Of A Mad)

When my hands are drenched
sunken in nervous tremor
and sweet languor
my dry throat
protests
against me

Revolts
for I never gave it a sound
a tongue to speak
aloud
for what is in me
because the absence of control is not enough
I have to be plain
I have to be sad
So that I kill, what I call in me, the mad

Oh, there is a poor boy, living me
transforms into a girl, a rich girl, and then into a boy again
a modest boy
and these two, complicated
they occur in absolute concordance
a murder
of my serenity
so I have to be fast
to shut it's pretensions
to minimize the horror
of what may touch me
of what shall find me
when I am alone

A child when I am alone
a timid boy or girl
a timid tomboy
I rise my madness instinctively, frightened by joy
and what this shall bring when I am not alone
and I turn my dichotomous minds into a sickened toy

for if I was alone in my mind,
I could possibly find some time to breathe

A man I am in the threshold of something incomprehensible
Something personable but unpresentable
Yet, that charming
and essential
and poisoning.

I have to take one or two breaths
and calmly sit in my ramshackle chair
remember to push perplexity away
and all those people with who
some thoughts of me I carelessly once had to share

it is not fair
cause I cannot wait
till the murder dies in me
or I can become the killer
may I become the killer of my own outline?

Shall I become the killer?
and steal the last breath of my sangfroid
to ignore
the own presence of my own mind?

to smother the salvation in me
to spit on the face of relief
to spit in the face of the light
that one day may had come to me
and bound me to see?
to kill belief
so my parts can finally breathe?
Because it is the only way
to be me
It is the only way
to feel free

To kill serenity
To kill it

My own salvation from my own madness

So it will soon occur in me
as soon as I
kill the sadness
that stems from clear simplicity

Shall I be the killer?
To kill serenity
To kill it
To be free

Should I be simple as I am?
madness would take the whole of me
everyday
we need to kill ourselves
so that we can feel free.

Katerina Val

Scarecrow

Pouring rain
I need you
to leach me away
before I vomit
all my bleached thoughts
all my cruelled skin

Pouring rain
meet me in the golden mean
and with straws stuff my dichotomy
stuff me before I, again dichotomize me
dress me as a scarecrow before I start envying my skin
through cutting I once breathe
you should cut me in two
before I feel further worn out
take out all the alive things
and exhibit me to the people
they can see

They shall see
as an individual
the person will never be able to see
but should they be all together
consisting in one body
against me
they will see
they shall be deeply touched
as soon as they
see me

Me, trapped in my body
my slaughtered dichotomized entity
trying not to move, to hinder my breath
just to see if I can still be
as I am scaring off the crows
I still do not succeed in sending them away
they are still there
eating me up
eating my lungs

so that they can finally breathe

eating my heart
so that they can finally feel

devouring my mind
so that they can finally think

eating me up from the inside
so that they can at last get outside

so that they can escape
from what's eating them within

Shallow as they are
in their sallow light they swallow me
still, the bite sticks in their throat
and again, they, once again swallow me
cawing like retards
sitting on my skin
tricking with it
caressing my breath
laughing with what I may not be or be
do I, do I really exist?

Philosophical queries
cogitation
great thinkers
philosophical hunting
of my entity
of the query
do I exist
or maybe not?
Should they believe?
But still, they don't

Caressing my breath
Kissing my eyes
begging for me
for what I can give
and save

But, retards, see
See!
You are just craws wandering
around me
wearing me out
pecking the straws
that you stuffed in me
with which you stuffed me

So the time is finally here for me
the time for your God, to beg
your relentless existence
stop asking me
stop supposing for me
for if you are not ready to believe
stop stuffing your God with broken straws

Otherwise, I should give you in
unfold your aged cracked skin
to your other query
to the exhausted but cold breath of him
of my opposite
of the exhausted breath of me
of an angel that couldn't be
may this be your skin
always cold and still hurting
may you
re-think of me
in the hypotonic hell I am drowning you in

Katerina Val

Scratches

Scratches

lines of solitude
lines of lies
and lines of protest
when we react
when we decide
to be despaired

Abrasions

brief excuses
of sententious insanity
cut concise sobs
of
for
undisclosed paranoia

Scarifications

for unintended laughs
scratch
and catch
catch me when I laugh
and cut them when they laugh
not a single smile in their seedily accessible faces
hasn't put venom in my scratch

In my skin

inside
where I need to bleed
but I don't bleed

I don't bleed

so I decide to scratch
and hide
behind the lines
and laugh
with their unexpected sulkiness
as I am drowning in my pretentious weakness
they are sinking in their despaired query
bewilderment

as I laugh among their laughs

bewilderment
for what I am
when my laughter sounds that sharp
and unpretentious
so I scratch
to laugh
my surface to delude
so I scratch.

Katerina Val

See

Do you see what I see?
Can we make our souls complete?
Do you redeem what I redeem?
Can I give an end, without your tears drying on my dreams?

I see your tears dying on my sleep
and all the fears dissolving what I am, the creep
Do you see what I see?
Do you sleep the way I sleep?
Can we even bury our minds that deep
and believe that our nightmares can become complete?

Do you mean what I mean?
Can our worried sickened spirits become complete?
and do you feel what I feel?
Can we both accept that we are stuck in the same one entity?

I can't see, I can't sink myself that deep
my surface aches from the cuts, the scars I push myself to see
you cannot see what I see
I push my heart to feel
But I won't try with you, do you see what I mean?
I am nothing less than incomplete.

Katerina Val

Selfless Soul

Tears I shed
Fears you break
If love defeats all
Why am I feeling this way?
Falling away...
I'm tired of feeling sickly and strong
Combined in one thought
If love creates our continuities
Then something must be wrong
In the way that we love
In the way that I sink

If selfless love breaks all the cells
Why am I feeling it in my cells
Why am I stuck right here, imprisoned here so well
Abutting on your righteous hand, I am now burning in hell
All the tears, all the fears, all the consequences, we fell
It's not my chance to break the cell
I will never have this chance, honey I'm waving my wound
It's cold down here in hell

If love was not too much
Why did we fill our hands with the sun
Sunsets as we walked towards dawn
Why did we use to breathe like it was all infinite
Unable to cease
We were unable to cease
I see now, we must fear love
Love defeats all
It defeats us
I'll love you more and more
Defeated as we'll fall.

Katerina Val

Sirens Of The Strings

The only face having the lips I want to be kissed by
The face that beholds The lips that I crave for a haunted night
Is resting impersonal on the cold air
Its breath strengthens me
And its tranquil force fools me
So I can be real for a couple of seconds

The only hand I want to be killed by
Is that one of the bow of a black violin
The wild horses resting there have run free
For its shrill sorrow can deepen me so much deeper
Where I won't hurt but grow
Where I will be suffering happy and alone
For being reborn
So I can appreciate the skin that pulls the string

The only voice I want to be seduced by
Is mine
So I can calm myself when the beasts hit me through their cell
So I can be softening the scare of the soul when it's tortured through that hell
The fight is a song that hasn't yet made me cry

I can be the serene of my distorted entity
So I can call my name without someone to deny it
So I can proud behind my hiding

So the sirens struggle laughing dauntless on the strings

Katerina Val

Smile Or Die

When you pleased your complacency
I was busy trying to catch your soul
When you praised darkness underneath my slightly lighted paces
I was busy trying to let it go

And I know that fear's one way of a weakened mind
And our laugh some kind of communication that failed through time
That lacked control and soul, your soul
I could never let it go.

So drink, drink my pain
Raise your glass and pray to my name
Because I gave my whole to you
and now I ' m letting it go.

Now why should you try
To feel the mess they hide with old personal fights
and devoid meaningless pride?
Smile or die
Why fill your empty bottles with tears and shame
When they already gave me the chance to take the blame?
Smile or die

If I had one more word
I' d advise you to run for your soul
Because I'm coming for you
Try to run but I'll make you fall
Try to breathe and I'll let you drown
Try to feel and I 'll leave you know
how It (is) feels to let it go.

Katerina Val

Specialist

You're a specialist
Aren't you really
And the thing you specialise in
Is so concrete
It's the sin

You're stupid
Aren't you sickened cupid
And the thing you're stupid for
Is so specific
It's your skin

You're perfect
Aren't you proud to affect
And the thing you're perfect to
Is so unseen
It's the incomplete

You're so bold
Isn't this that you still hold?
And the shadows you're bold to
Are not that specific
They are your head that twisted
Before the dark pacific
And you hold
One black thought
When will I succumb
To the thorough?

Well, when are you going to be
More faded before the sea?
For, the thing you wish to see extinct
Is dying right now underneath your skin
Only to get reborn after two days
To grant you a fresh itch

So define the second that you' ll be
Less definite.

Sun Of Scissors

You can be so cold
changing through the seasons
speaking on the behalf of people
that missed the chance to grow old

Sun of scissors
You can be half- prepared
for the destruction of no specific reasons
that led people to forget how they still can share
sun of scissors, burn me I am not fair

Sun of scissors burn me if I am not fair....

Sun of scissors
or sun of the scared?
for, if they hold the silver agony
they can behold the golden epitome
of loss

Sun of the scared
did the epiphany held their hearts in rusty holes?
did the consistent prisons refuse to hold them
because they have wanted nothing less
than eating stinky fish
on golden bowls?

Sun of the wise
Correct if I am wrong
functioning before the darkened hermit
oh, he can rip off my soul
correct me through the times I am not so bold
for I refused to miss the chance of growing old

and now the trees will weave my sorrow with silver threads
hanging them from spider tissues
to prove they are dead
for, before mother nature
so few are the tears that I have shed

So now the creatures of this falling land
will knit my empty around the golden sticks
of sad
and the feelings will be proven wrong
before the great qualms that my courtesy froze
Correct you if you're wrong
and excuse the nuisance that you behold

For, sun of scissors
If you cannot feel the sharpness through your teeth
If you cannot touch the coldness hiding behind belief
If you can't reach the night that swallowed you in the deep
Then you are nothing more
than a bright hole of guilt
emptier than me
and while I am running free
You'll never be released
for the ground knits your final sound
and it will be sung
by the lunatic betrayed bee

Now, sun of scissors
You are intoxicated with the dawn
so it's your time to fall
before the change of the ingrained sorrow
that mother nature has to behold
in order to feel complete
before your russet guilt

Sun of scissors
set you free
this reddish hour, we all have to feel complete
it's your turn to fall, prepare
and for nature's shake,

Sun of scissors burn me if I am not fair....

Katerina Val

Surrender(Sleeping Skin)

Soothe the sharpened sadness that I use
Console the raging madness I confuse
Can you?
Other than that, bye, thank you
You just abuse
My changing existence

Violate the sealed coffins of my head
Ease the leaving and separate the dead
The tired the awful and the scared
Full of pain that cannot be repaired
The laughter in the dread

This chained existence

Sparkle before the silence of my scream
Hold my hand and say to me: you have to deeply redeem
You hollows, your sadness and the recent scene of your dream
Can you?
Other than that, disappear, thank you
You are just another flabby scheme

Run beneath the failures that I see
They are fake tell me "like you and me"
Destroy the steady melody
The so successful gathering of re-birth and light
The start, the fight
Underneath my dying skin
I am just the mirror of my sleepy dream

The chained existence

Hide behind their constant questions
Open my chest and find out resurrection
Truth finds always the better excuse
Than you
Believe the lie and you can definitely confuse
Other than that, you just abuse

My sorrowful existence

Kill the innocence

Carry it with the breeze of early emptiness

Of the one that they created to take everything out

Surrender to an insane sense

So they can gather together and murder loneliness

Hurt a cold dressed in warmth

Cheating on their clinging struggle, old lost war

Kill it all

Can you?

Other than that entice me with an irresistible act

Lead to me to a broken land

Full of charcoal and ashes that can built you back

Can you, can you not

Tame the calmness I construct

Once again, burn the theory I can ghastly distract

Your head is yours, so play it mad

Behave smarter than the things you cannot have

Devil's genius hides behind the greatest act

Of unaccomplished sad

Spare the starts I have to count

If I cannot see them, you can surround

If you can trap me, then I can be found

Kill them for you are just another hollow sound

Underneath my sleeping skin

Try me

You cannot see

Katerina Val

Tall Pines (The Last Seconds Of A Hung)

Tall pines
huge excuses
terrible endless cries
remorse
and then silence
cessation

continuous cessation

Tall pines
infinite shame
undefined cries
needs
passionate
last flick of passion
last spark of a need
passionate again
to wave goodbye
with a blooded tear running from his closed eye
to prove his innocence
to prove
his regret.

forgiveness
and an innocent soul
but bloodstained hands

incessant cessation

Tall pines
and strained innocence
unexcused cried
unfounded words
unfounded screams
and laughs
that penetrate his chest
inflated with half-finished pride
and remorse
regret

that make the pines twisting around
like he's intoxicated
like he can lose his shelf again
for a while

"Pray for forgiveness my son
pray to rest your soul in god's arms";

Strained innocence
Stained innocence
and a sarcastic giggle
"father, I am alone";

Tall pines
and the hung cries
tall pines
and they wave to him goodbuy
as they laugh or fearlessly smile
he cries
he dies
under the small tall pines.

Katerina Val

Telltale

Stuck

between the poisoned grey trees
the poison flows inside their rings
if I cut them in two
I can see their rings
the telltale of the time
spent

Enriched

with poison
grey mixed with red poison flowing
I am one step ahead
of the storyteller
but still I am left behind
the poison binds me
and creates my skin
defines my blood
and trusses my tissues
my disaster
such a chatter
I cannot stand
I cannot even sit
to rest

for my sit

is enriched with thorns

Pained

by the shocking originality of the thorns
I touched
of the nails that pinched me
pressed me, reached me, penetrated me
made me
haunted me
hurt me
took out a scream of me
but did not left a single dropp of blood flow(drip) out of me
did not give me the right to bleed
they made my cut dry up

before it even finds time
to bleed

for they want me to sleep
on a straw bed
implanted with thorns
that grow into nails

And then I had a trauma
a telltale of my drama
a fairytale for a bitter surly prince
I heard it being recited to me as I was deepening in the comma
of my fake reality
of what I thought reality felt like
now I see my thoughts were blind
my straw bed was sinking in the nails
and my bedtime stories touched me
as the fake me, had already melt
under the heat of wasted time
of my wasted, lonely mind

but I do not know any real me
for what I know so far
was stuck among the nails I built

and then they saw me
so the telltale had to throw me
in the lions
to give my secret away
so that I would lose my way
did I have a real one?
did I ever have a real way?

For now it is my time to betray
me

Bitter
of everything that is
for all that's nothing, it can never be
Bitter for all the times
the telltale put his faith in me
and I had to walk towards paradise

the telltale gave his blessing to me
and I had to pass through the gates of paradise
just to prove he was not right
to prove that
all the truths are sharp
so should I want to really breathe
I should lie
for once.

Katerina Val

The Beast Of Sea

The red lines of the sea, bloodstained to me
subside before the hypothermia
of thousands crystal eyes

those glass surfaces are so unseen
but they crack ten epidermic times
when the beast of the sea calms its spirits

Agonised to touch the Hypocrites of the dark
again
it murmurs little croons of the sirens

and the mermaids die before they listen to them
through the void velvet night

But those blunt torn eyes, have drawn red circles on the sea
and the fire seizures of its movement
dance beneath its feet

it cannot walk again, the time is past
it cannot work again, the time has passed

the time is past
but the beast is made of sugar
its lungs, of dust, of cigarettes
and black sand
though

if you ever search for it
the beast rests under the sun
unfortunately unseen, fortunately sparkly
so if you ever search for it
the beast is burnt, undone
alone, happy
calm.

Katerina Val

The Cloth Doll And The Weeping Wallow(Recitation To Sorrow)

She straddled over the lake
as she approached the only existing living hell
as she approached the lonely
she opened her violet eyes
eyes made of three buttons of a dress
lace dress
beauty
half-burnt dress
I can inhale the smell
of seared fabric
and my soul with sorrowful compassion can follow
the threadbare fringes as they creep painfully and woefully
across her skin
and across the ground
where she leaned
but refused to kiss

I can inhale the sadness
emitting through her skin
I can repel the darkness
but she said it is the only way
she needs, to see
the only way she needs
to breathe

"I can see. And I can breathe. Through darkness.
As they are blind. And breathless. Before the light."

Enigmatic contraction of her muscles
around her smile
around her cloth lips
when they slowly open
to utter a cry

and I can look inside her third eye
where I can lay and cry
inside her white third eye

that remains closed
closely-guarded eye
embraced and warm
by a secret lullaby
by a frozen sorriness
by a woebegone loneliness
it is not her
but she has to live
in her third non-violet eye

Within her beauty and her pride
the cloth doll prepares to die
behind a weird smile
die
she prepares to die
among the lonely

She twiddled once before the sadly plaintive weeping willow
with her girlish legs
like sticks
she twiddled
once
twice
in front of the weeping tree
"dance with me"
and she touched her dress like a noble lady
with hands soft and skinny, inconsolable and gently graceful
considerate and lonely
hands
gentle and frozen

And the weeping willow leaned
and gratefully murmured a trite elegy
yet moving like death
yet motionless like death
like death

She stands still
and as she stands still
among the lonely
ice cubes fall off the waving tree
"I am not alone"

said the sallow
"stay with me
or I shall never be."

And the cloth doll caressed the rugose trunk of her desperate friend
and crooned those words
sweetly and carefully
cordially and heartlessly
words that brought the morn
wreathed in the veil of the deathly dusk
"we shall accept solitude
we shall accept death"
and carefully again,
she grinned
and whispered to her desperate enemy
"my dear lonely sallow
as you mournfully dance to the echo of the wind
as you painfully straggle though your waving against the sun
your mind shall not be shallow
but let your heart lay dead as it should be"

And the cloth doll leaned upon the lake
and repeated her purified sin
and as she waved back to the crying tree
to the sniveler
she knew her mind should never again be awake
she shall let it sleep
her mind should sleep
so sleep cloth doll
lean upon your lament
and sleep

Melancholia
and grief
but lean upon your melancholia
and just fall asleep...

Katerina Val

The Healing

Harshened weels keep creeping to fix your freakiest sin
Fellow's deeds, shallow creeps
You follow the healing
But it's all false and it's all dripping
A hallucination that stuck under your skin, a delusion
And it's all healing, it's all healing

The beat and the heating of your body
The protection and the freezing of your sadness
you follow the empathic
in your dirty hands you hold nothing
A disarmed memory that tries to get out something
But pour and spill your drink, this is healing

Disarm your weapons, they are wooden and they are plastic
They are made of glass and their stained sound is fantastic
You are sick sarcastic
You have to wash your hands and then forget the sin
Before the devil decides to catch you in your sleep
Because then, you will have destroyed healing, healing

Soon, you can feel infected
Soon, the venom can have taken over your noble blood
Soon it can all get bad
Soon, healing gets so sad
Soon, a beast you have to stare at your back
Soon, healing gets so bad

Soon, healing gets so mad
At you
For the things you grabbed and burned through
You stabbed her thinner spot, now it's all yours
Her tears, the disappointed sigh of healing
Gets to your unharmed soul, gets to your heroic control

You had it all!
With an inch of lessened trying
You had it all....
You had amelioration to your pocket

So easy, you could fly to the infinite like a disposed rocket
You are disarmed

For the wheel now have crashed your hero's body
For, your weapons now are stronger than you
For your sin has despised you like a bitter buddy
And the venom, oh god, is getting bored of your tasteless blood
For you precious fighter
You hurt the healing

You hurt her deepest feeling...

The trust in you.

Katerina Val

The Hiatus Of Fall

One fall

you stepped ahead and you destroyed them all
the russet velvet feels passionately behind your veins
but your mouth is dry and the water rests deep dark
somewhere unknown
where the demons define you
and the gods relapse before you

You gave your sparkling hand
to a sterile fashion
of breathing and of hating
you cherished your soul with glitters of sorrow
you thanked it
but endorsing your shadowed fall
feels like apathy

Choose the right dagger
that engraved your pressure
and curved it on arms
that histrionically mattered
finally, dance
and if they laugh, choose a better dagger
it's resting on the water that you tasted
never, never before

For, forgetting the hiatus of your fall
You suddenly have lost it all
And it slips away
Mystically ingrained to your head
Resting on the lies of a quick repeated death

And in a glimpse of light
you recognize the feeling of restoration
the deep breath of the unpredictable
breastfeeds hatched hopes of fall
but of a new kind
the one you want' and waited for
the one that secretly recreated your palm
through a rain of daggers

Pull out your dagger
but choose the right one
choose wisely
for she stands before you
her figure is white
but it's a lie
she's your yellow death
she patiently waits your wrong
till she collects your useful thread

the thread connecting mind and heart
if she owns it pull the dagger out again
choose her white death
for if you forget the hiatus of the fall
secretly and wisely, you lose it all
so keep your mind in your heart
and your heart ingrained in your mind

the hiatus of the fall
regenerates in time

Katerina Val

The King

The king
stood up on the edge of the cliff
wise men said
he was too brave to take a step ahead
but he, the mighty king
said
he was too small to give it up

He hates what he is
he hates what they are
when I will try to distant him from the cliff
he will hate me

He will grave for me
and he will need to feed
from what I feel and re-nourish inside of me
Reborn
Vanity
insanity
a salvation
he never touches
but can preach
the things we, the plain, cannot reach

But most of all
he hates you, it is you he hates
you,
the whole you
whatever is you
with all his heart
he hates you

when you push him too close to the cliff
and you decide to let him live

With all his hate he hates you
and with all his mind, ready to sake the shame,
the honest honorable loneliest king
too fair to tremble

too king to fall
or kill
too not him to be dethroned
chooses the rope of the fall
and so he ignores you
the reason growing separated in his soul
and takes a step ahead
in that cliff.

Katerina Val

The Marionette

Can you see the cracks?
Can you feel the signs?
and can you see the rope?
It is the silent dream of a hung
that hasn't asked for thirst yet

that hasn't asked to die yet
that hasn't asked to fold his soul yet!
You can't see the rope, so run, it's set

This is the heinous act
of an already dead'
these hands are cold, the rain shouldn't have to stop
they hide their rigid pain behind this idiot act
this is their latest act
the marionettes are ready
ready, set, act, cut.
But cut.

The viper rises higher than their howl
the venom stirring through the throat finds the way to hide
but
it keeps flowing like it can never be saved
the venom cannot purge itself
yet
for it is the basic ingredient for the marionette
a marionette can act only if the venom pouring in her fake hands
is not enough
not that satisfying to kill
not that inadequate to go and let her breathe

If the pain is solid, the marionette stays still
She tries to move and yell and scream
but cracky as her hands and eyes are
there is not much there to give her back
the marionette belongs to the things that never are
the marionette is dead
because the hands that handle her, are cold
and tremble in the tears that the marionette shed

the marionette is shot.

The pain that's guiding her
It is the same one trying to shake her head
to see her dropping dead
trying to shock her
so that she can rise through her rigid immobility
the marionette sunk and hidden in morality
her dreams are stealing her
and through the cracked mirrors of them
she reached immortality

Her dreams stealing her
build the fingers of the hands that keep shaking her

The shuddering that frightens me
Is hidden behind this cold hand playing with me
messing with my head, staying In me
stumbling with my body, I can't find the end
I can't see the end
of the yarn
I guess it is endless
and the seizures that keep me to the ground
are the puppet mechanism
they are the cracks of the pain
I never got to tame
the weird temper of the hand
the laugh and cry of the marionette
It isn't going to stop.
It doesn't, ever, stop.

Katerina Val

The Obituary

Send your thoughts
to the obituary of the silent echoes
carefully folded to a faulty package
expensively and dearly selected
but don't you forget'
it has to be deadly empty

Take the step behind
the past doesn't hurt pal
what they told you about philosophies, the karma and the chin
is just a lie

Take a step back to your thoughts
Should they be black horses
Should they be swans
with diamonds stuck on their stabbed back

Take that step
and your folded echoes
of your ego,
through the personality of the moon
that didn't swim inside the sea
because of its shame that's still unfree,
Is yours

Katerina Val

The Saviour

As she whispered she had no chance
My loneliness rose above her frozen hands
her silent rage slept away
and the anger melted in the poison
where her heart had laid
where her heart remained

"I sing, I pray, and still no chance"
she looks upon the broken
they, half proud and half mad
half animal, half man
"I raise a chance, it's for them to see the sun
and still they cry, they die before they even try to sleep
they are all fool and incomplete"

Her heart resists
Her hands are wet in blood
"I cut, it's all pain that it always consists
Our world is endlessly in a mad head
Take off your hut my dear and try to take a step ahead"

She smiles in a weird cold smile
And she holds my hand like it was never mine
"I'll lead you to your heart, let them die,
watch them as they dry their heart, ask no questions why"

and silently she pushes me away
and leads me to the way
regretting that their minds are among all of it, the coldest freakiest lie.

Katerina Val

The Secret Of Bliss

Clench the voices you cannot see
Kill the opaque portraits running down in me
Reject the victimized voices that you can hear
Listen to what inside us can truly disappear
Hold your breath, and hold you near
Insane noise
But hold yourself, reject the fear

In the fire
There is a liar
Living inside us
Trying to escape from desire
Running down on us
On an unstitched worn wire
Fire
Burn him in the fire!

Fear the pain I cannot feel
The distant life I shall not live
Apparently there is one road leading to belief
And this is not me

I am an old man caressing his skin
And tearing his sin
Making it many sins
Diving it
So it can fit into my skin
Settle down in my unproven, humble entity

Humble for them
Irregular for me.

Katerina Val

The Shot (The Demons Dance Around The Sun)

I feel sorry
for hiding myself behind you
behind this cut
because for the demons that I feed inside, is not enough
another one second that I fell
they made it quickly once again
these little filthy freaks dragged me back to hell

If I could not breathe, it was not your fault
If I couldn't, cannot feel, you cannot call it failure of love
It is the sadness of baby cupid
it's sigh of sorrow
for should it decide to strike one
forgets to see that there is no goal
Not everyone in this galaxy, is born for love

As I was trying to run
there was a thing fading in the sun
I turned my eyes to see better for once
and full of the burns of hope and light and renaissance
I saw there was no sun
so I had to kill my enthusiasm
and hide my burns
since this burning melting thing called 'sun'
that looked and tasted like one, but only faking it
sunk in an euphemism
so I had to hide back my enthusiasm
and kill my heart
for it was not enough
if it was not the sun, it was could never be enough!

And demons laughed and played
created a circle around the sun
and in their conference they danced
they smiled and took my hand
that was enough
this one was enough
to start again
to run

to hide from us
to shoot the sun

Hate is not a thing my indifferent heart should feel
and love is not enough, it's still blur to see
I shiver for all the things I cannot breathe
plus all these terrified cracked smiles I refuse to see
hidden behind them, underneath my bed and today inside of me
the demons laugh on me
at least I recognize their company
and once again
I accept to breathe in hell
for me

My hurt darling, whisper at my ear
in your terrified cracked voice
that you want to see me bleed
that you don't want to see me seek
for me
for I am hidden behind the sun
and I'm almost there, almost burnt
yet rejected from death

Whisper close to my throat that you don't want me to breathe
as myself
but only to need
you
hold the demons and you too
push me quicker than they can, in hell

Ask to fold critique behind any single lie
those times you say you don't care enough to cry
abase my eyes each time I lie
bleeding for all these things that are fine
and stick out of the sun
shouldn't you love my lies?
They are the only grasp
that saves me
before I dive deeper in the gasp

They are the only tool I have
to bridge the gasp

Before the demons accuse me of not being enough
of not dying that much
of not killing properly my heart
do you want to take a shot?
For you, before death and all this stuff
I'd accept the fact
that you could take the last one shot

So shoot, shoot my love
and hide your doubts behind the things we never got

And for all those pains we could not have
I'll shoot the sun
shoot me when I'm done
when the demons will no longer have a sun
to dance around and burn the hurt

Try to shoot me once and at last
The exact second that the demons
will no longer keep my heart

Hurry
before the demons
decide to keep my keep my shiny shady heart.

Too late.
the demons already ate my heart.

Katerina Val

The Soldier (Deep Sad World)

From a deep sad world
it appeared to be that cursed people were born alone
from a deep sad sphere
when there was no oxygen in the hypotonic atmosphere
came a deep sad boy
he took a puff from the cigarette
and as the yellow dreams diluted in the smoke
he cracked a bitter smile
'Here, either you live or die'

They cut his brother's throat
in this deep sad world
and snakes as they bite their cleaned sour necks
'they sentenced me to a life through hell'

Too sad for me I won't make it till there
till that boiling place where dead people only dare
to feel thirsty
only try
to feel the pain
so that they can finally feel
but never care
never cruel enough to cry
dead, as they are, torture should be more sweet
to them from me

So if you send me up to heaven, god
do not forget, I beg you, to send me back down
in this cold place I was born
I need to know
that when I arrive there to be 'safe' and warm
down to hell, to my desperate arms, they will finally belong

and as I fall, they shall fall

Full of the thirst of revenge
continuously neurotic
in the need of finding them
and replacing their throats with my guilt

with the guilt that I did not save you brother
with the guilt that I was standing there
and you were dying in front of me, of my despair
I won't rip them out
I can't just cut their throats
for suffering is far more better for what we cannot control
In hell, I promise bro
I will meet them there.

Katerina Val

The Surface

Is there something better
Than the surface?
Is there such a thing that greater
as the suppressed echoes?

And I question
Before the faces that didn't see
And I choose resurrection
For the shake of the souls
That can never make me feel complete

Is there such a strong thing
as the infinite?
Besides the loneliness
Is there any face more definite?

And it's really funny
How you distort ideas like freedom and reality
How you convert them into stories with true gravity
While they are just thoughts flowing
In an endless scary lullaby

And as I am trying to find a person more concrete
I slide back to the distracted
And as I am trying to stick back to the realised cold feet
I fall back to the evil scheme
My heart destructed

They try to see you constructed
When you are about to win
So that they can go on without knowing
But as they realise truth burns behind hiding
They feel surrounded
By the stupid guilt

Never believe me
But see through me
There
Hides the infinite.

Katerina Val

The Sword

Long blood lines
sour and bitter ends
for a hung's incubus tall pines
and for the agony of a death row the endless day that fades
they are slowing defends
they are saving cold caustic sarcastic breaths
for the last second of their death
but he is holding the sword

Short horizontal rectangular cuts
Cuts turn into scars
Scars turn into violated forgotten blood
and demented decadent vessels resurrect scenes
short vertical lines
deep and open or closed
like butchered mouths
throwing their laugh with malevolence
and malice
but she is holding the sword

Header on the floor
spinning around on the floor
crying and laughing on a toy that he found
on the floor
as he was trying to stand up or pull himself
back together
that's funny
pull himself back together...
the small young boy, big on his pain experience
"I am an expert" he waves his hand
because he is now playing with the sword

Control
as their brains and hands are slow
as they lose this rare sense of control
like gold
control should equal with gold
they say

Consumption

as a bigger mouth is more homiletic than theirs
yet better capable to be tongue-tied
is hovering above their heads
preying their dignity
or whatever they shall call "self defense";
overeating their liver
shiver
they begin to shiver
but they never feel the carnal pain
even if they are torn up and bleed to the minute of the despairing entreaty
their psychic pain is even more minor

Because there is no self
there is no one
but they are holding their swords
they are waving their swords

They rip the air in two
with their swords
in two
trying in idiocy
to distribute the air among them
to share
but an idea is never enough
so they stand there
holding the idea of sharing the scope of the air
the scope of breath
they cut the air in small pieces
with their swords
by chopping it they are contented
and with it, surrendered
as they are laying their swords
before him

before their offhand insatiable God
as least a sane perfect entity

Drenched in pain
or in decayed pride
decadence
in a shame aside

you can feed with decadence
because
he is still having his sword

May his sword be the cause of his calamity
the silent fellow traveler of his misery
misfortune
or they may all say
when the light is too heavy to see
and the air too much to breathe
inhale the thick fog
and watch them
they can all pull out their swords
and rip the air in two.

Katerina Val

The Theater

Lead me to the theater babe
where we can finally pretend
what we are and what we love
the things we say we adore and all this stuff about "control"
touch my fingers gently and wisely as they point the way
for they will point the way
from where I shall escape, you shall escape
away

Learn how to estimate the lies
and underestimate their sight
their poisoned light
with which they washed their hands
in this theater of time

Take out the useless use of all the soft and mellifluous lullabies
You needed once to cry out
as I was trying in my corner to shut up
for I was trying to eavesdrop the silence
and fighting against their war of sounds

But now silent as I stay babe
I need to cry babe
and I need to die babe
and if I need to misuse myself babe
you should let me do it babe
you will love me cause I am free
you will need me cause I am free
so now start and hate me
for I am me.

Your hatred as I shall greet
kneeled before this king
of my eternal theater

And you need to stop using all this trash
shut up your mind instead and croon a bit
sing out of tone a little bit
and try to hurt a bit

and I will love you for what you are not
but just for this single time-is it fine for you babe?
For they are saying
repetition is tragically one of a bore
and I need
I need to stand to this theatre
for once
alone.

Katerina Val

There Is A Place (Seaweed)

There is a place

called carnival with seaweed

where the mermaids knit miracle wounds with their damaged hands

and sing quietly screaming for the moon

with grey voices of contempt

when its reddish wings are done

There is a place

called feast of the sun

there the refugees of the caves

hid their pain and their pride

and the tiny fragments of loss

that got stuck on the golden hair of the tortured sirens

Now they kill to touch the infinite

today their home is called a place'

somewhere in the sea, somewhere under the golden straws of the sun

that are vomited by the loss of the shipwrecked

and where a place could be called as infinite

Is replaced with the reckless sentiments of waste

that happiness might have left behind

if they ever got to define such a thing

Said the seaman as his laughing whiskers moved.

Katerina Val

There Is A Thing Called Choice

Run

oh but you have to hide first

Stay

too hungry yet to get away, to find the golden means to escape

Things, you cannot utter

Pieces and shards you cannot shatter

Sharp edges of a mirror you didn't get to break

Blue

or black?

pink

or red?

Covered your head in blood

Purging and darkening your thoughts through black

the choice you didn't have

the road through the seizures you get to run

the seizures

the thousand miles, it shall never stop

stick the pink in black

mix your white thoughts with blood

stick the one piece to another, it is a puzzle so far

free your head, it is you in the corner

nothing more than this will ever come

then free choice is not that enough

free choice shall never be enough

it shall never be an option, don't even stop!

Fatalist and querulous

a catalyst to all that happened but too chivalrous

to spill dirt as it is

Running, thousands of a faux-pas as they run

finding the golden shuddering

any golden means is not destined for their humble heart

I mean to do no harm

but it shall never stop

Choose

between the pride, the cold and the sun

the sequence shall never be enough
an outburst as I had
don't solidify your inconvenient heart
unsatisfied heart
don't have her cry
accept the fact that it shall never be enough
the tyranny of free choice, shall never stop.

Katerina Val

Times

Times you're near
I tear
apart
You're not enough
You're never, was, ever enough

Times you stand close to me
Are pointless and infinite
You're never impeccable
To fill the gaps or expectations
I crave

Don't let me be

And I fall
Because when you are absent
I know i'll let it go
I feel intensely that I ll always let it go
The pride, the egoism, the shades, the soul
A soul
without you is never enough

Times you're near
The most I fear
And I consume myself
By wasting it behind our hidden mess

Times you're here
I tear
apart
but when I cannot see you stand a breath to me near
my heart will drown
my heart knows
that's the most I fear.

Katerina Val

Tongue

Tongue

long short tongue

thin fat tongue

unfolding

and hiding back inside

Red tongue

bloodstained tongue

hitting

killing

hurting

and hiding back inside

Brief tongue, tongue that lingers

shut up tongue

waking a whole life alone

not knowing

never learnt

what silence

or humanity

silent respect

meaned

Chivalrous tongue, tongue of a cretin

he is noble

but his tongue is not

his tongue is sick

it is green and it has pickles

and It hurts

others and itself

and I can fry garbage on its surface

and create a new form of bourgeoisie

something in the middle

because his tongue is green

and it has pickles

Never clean

never truly healthy

Tongue of a noble
I wonder how it could be
it would taste like strawberries
and it would have the color of paradise
with lots of unhealthy pickles on it

Or it would be sour and bitter
Rough and sharp
brusque and curt
because truth is edgy
and modest
the truth is painful
and loather
than noble pickles

The truth is evil and it is shameless
and proud and corrects or better fills the emptiness
it is fearless, a saint and a sacrilegious
a bitterness hidden in an abdication

But tongue captures the truth
like a carnivore plant
folds it in and spill is out
different
turn in a shiny lie
reformed in a new and fresh
lie
ready for use

And should one try to crack the Tongue
the tongue is mighty
clever mighty tongue
controlling Brain, poor out of order soul
cheating on Heart, ignorant all along
cheating the one
that tried
a poor body that does not truly know how to use the tongue

Wooden tongue
invisible
invincible

and impeccable
so let the tongue
unfold her grandeur
she is in control.

You are under
her
control.

Katerina Val

What It Is Not

Yet, I' m using words like swords
And I'm changing sides whenever I forget to go
Each time I forget to set myself to belong
I try to call silently your distant name
But you seem to hide your pride behind our priceless shame

I forget to cut your heart open
And you forget to dry my tears
Oh, these sweet lonely signals
You were giving your core to me
I was running to the center
But I was hurting before I even reached the top
Descending to a shelter
Using your hidden enemies
I could never really hope
You' d let them go

I thought that love was all I should care to give
Though your eyes would let me be and hide for eternity
Be whatever my head needed me to be

Whenever I `d call your shy scared name
You `d hide yourself behind their worthless shame
But, no, love was just a rushed despair
Lonely I was denying the meanings behind the share
And you had to whisper "darling you `re not exactly fair"
I, was never really there.

I thought that love should be the one thing I should worry to lose
Though, your eyes would cut me open
And let me choose
It was never love what we had behind
It was not love we feared to lose between all this fearless pride
It was me, our tears, it was you

It's not love that binds our scars together
Yet I doubt, but I know
It's not the love
Not what keeps us scarily strong

It's the way we cannot be
When one of us stands alone
Because it's on the way that all things then become incomplete.

Katerina Val

Wooden Heart

As the fire warms my eyes
I cannot not burn myself
Inside
As the cold hands all my cries
I cannot not loosen the flaws I have, hold
Inside

As I use some wood to make my heart
I throw the blooming flowers in the fire
that grow from my wooden heart apart
And those sticks I hold between my broken hands
I throw them in the remaining cold
The flames as they slowly eat my grown respect
The fright that fearlessly warms my eyes

I've learnt to appreciate my multiple faces
Respect my wooden hearts all the exhausted made-up tears
I've been taught how to show gracious respect to my clothes made of laces
And how to be incapable to bare my nudity inside the cold
In the weirdest crowded and vacant places
Between all the exhausted made up cries
And their coldest faces

I bleed, I'm touched
I feel moved like I'm taking far too much
I tear as I let the fire stop
I'll burn my heart
My wooden heart
And as I lie
I'll let the freezing cold
Regain my trust
And burn me till I die

I burn my wooden heart
At last i get control now
In my wooden
paralyzed
cold
hand.

Katerina Val